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C. J. READ, Managing Editor

W. H. PERKINS, News Editor.

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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY bered at the Ashland, Oregon Postoffice as Second Class Mail Mat

THE REDWOOD HIGHWAY

Members of the Redwood Empire Hotel and Resort Keepers Association of California, extended their trip into Grants Pass, where they held a business meeting, and mingled with members of the Hotel Mens Association of Oregon. Oregon hotel men attended one of the meetings sponsored by their California friends, and they were aghast at the cooperative spirit expressed at this meeting. They were surprised at the way the committee members prepared their reports, and they were elated over the manifestations of cooperation that was expressed by the visitors.

The Redwood Highway means something to the hotel men, but it does not mean any more to them than it does, every business institution that may be basking in the sunlight of additional business through this highway. There was some concern felt by Ashland representatives at this meeting in that there was a possibility that traffic might be diverted over the Highway way to the detriment of this section. California supporters attempted to point out, that tourists could be routed up the highway and come down the Pacific. Little consolation can be derived from this however in that a good portion of the tourists, from the east will find other roads back to their homes, from their southern destination. It behooves Ashland and other communities who are not on the Redwood Highway to look into this matter. This meeting should bring a realization to the communities that might be effected that other districts want the tourist traffic and that they are making an organized effort to secure it.

THE POULTRY INDUSTRY

Yesterday we received a communication from the Petaluma, California Chamber of Commerce, in response to a question we had asked them as to what steps had been taken to make their community the recognized poultry center of the west. Their reply was characteristic of California.

"Petaluma is a poultry center because we have the climate, the soil, the water, and every natural resource for making it what it is." He might have added they were fortunate in having people with sufficient vision, to forsee the great possibilities of this industry, and hence capitalize upon them.

Petaluma has nothing that Ashland does not have, we have the soil, better many say, than that of California, we have the climate, we have the water, and above all we have the people, who have demonstrated in the past that they have vision sufficient to take advantage of the natural opportunities. We believe that a united interest in this great project would bring untold wealth to this community, and it's only a question of time until this united action will start gaining momentum, and when it does, Petaluma and other places where poultry now flourishes, will have this community to contend with.

AS HE SEES OREGON

Oregon, in the opinion of Sam B. Trissel, internationally known newspaper correspondent and former member of the American diplomatic corps, is the premier state of the Union. Trissel, who spent several hours in Ashland today the guest of his friend C. J. Read, declared that if he should enter Oregon sound asleep in the middle of the night, he'd know where he was. 'I've had the good fortune to visit nearly every part of the world," he said, "but I always look forward to my trips through Oregon," "There is something in the atmosphere of this state that peps you up, that makes you want to live here. The people who live in Oregon are the biggest hearted, the kindest, the most hospitable on the earth, and while, of course, I love my own home-Honolulu-and boost for it, I must admit that I never miss an opportunity to sing the praises of Oregon-the state in which I intend some day to settle down and enjoy life as God intends us to enjoy it."

BACK TO THE MEDIEVAL

They served a medieval banquet in Paris a few days ago. The price per plate ran about \$50. A multi-millionaire Peruvian magnate gave the banquet to twenty South Americans in honor of Ecuador's minister to France.

Medieval meats, breads, pastes and pastries were prepared from the famous recipes of Taillevent, famous cook to old Charls VII of France, who was known as somewhat of an epicure and gourmand.

One dainty phase of the feast was the serving of the wine. According to old custom, the waiters stuck their thumbs in the wine when serving.

The banquet room was covered with sweet-smelling herbs into which the guests threw their gnawed bones, and where the waiters dumped the general food refuse. There were no forks, and the table was laid with a voluminous cloth serving as napkins as well and used by each guest to wipe the face and



Isn't It Odd?

PORTKVILLE, Pa.,- The hillside grave prepared for Joella McCarthy is empty and the infant is kicking gently in the hospital where she was born two weeks ago. Joella was so sickly at birth that her father bought a cemetery lot and had the grave dug, but the baby recovered.

ELIZABETH, N. J.,-When Andrew Esposito awoke Wednesday he was the father of four children and the stepfather of five total brood had increased to 12, his wife having given birth to triplets.

PARIS - In marked contrast to the flood of books which come off the American presses in autumn, only 11 ew volumes have been published in France during the past two months.

MILWAUKEE-Tke a 30 pound Airedale, is convalescing after being operated on at the Columbia hospital by Dr. John L. Yates, whose surgical work previously had been confined to humans. The surgeon removed a large tumor from the dogs stom-

Modesty does no advertising, while immodesty does nothing

An ounce of sympathy is usually relished more than a pound

logic when she can accomplish so much more with tears?

Why should a woman resort to

Nothing maks us quite so s're at a man as the discovery that he is smarter than we are.

Wives who run the lawn-mower and tend the furnace are not prominent characters in modein

Hez Heck says: "The only thing I ever knew to keep a mother-in-law where she belongs was plenty of flattery."

What Others Say

(Grants Pass Courier) It was somewhat of a surrise to local people to find that a move had originated in Medford to pay W. H. Gore, "father of the O. & C. tax refund bill" soine \$120,000 for his services at Washington this spring. Not that they don't think Mr. Gore entitled to something for he certainly has something more than thanks coming. He has worked for a long time on the matter. The common belief was that Gore was building political fences, looking to a United States senatorship

That notorious sneak Oralston of Los Angeles naking himself as hard catch as the De Autremont outlaws. If ever they do catch him they should poke him in a barrel-so he could not bite and scratch-and spank him with a red-hot skillet until he can see stars

and that the mere mention of pay in cold cash would be magnanimously refused. But what's a senatorship to \$120,000 in Oregon?

(Harrisburg Bulletin)

as big as Mt. Shasta.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

The Ashland relegates who attended the Christian Endeavor has been at work on Medford's panied John S. Silsby to Sacra-Precilla Carnahan, Lillith M. today. Hall, Nellie Peachey, Marie S. Caldwell, Robert Evans, Malel E. Russell and M. W. Hayes.

A five-course luncheon served at 153 Granite street Tuesday evening with Miss Lucille Barber as hostess. Five-hundred and music furnished as hour or so of entertainment after the luncheon. Quests were the Misses Clayre Johnson, Nellie Sayder. Cherie Starkey and the Messrs Ray McDaniel, Ande Gee, Kenneth McWilliams and Johnnie Enders.

A Portland bootlegger who went into the business on the wholesale plan cleaned up \$1,320 since the first of the year, and was finally detected. The maxi- F. Mulkey went up to Salem yes- Chrismas, with Sidney Carter as mum fine is \$500. Profit \$820

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Geo, Watson, the painter, who

Percy Brown, a young Englishman, recently from the old country, is visiting with his friend, Wm. Taverner of Ashland, and may locate in this section.

Messrs E. D. Briggs, J. E. Crowson, Isaac Moore and F. 2" Calkins of Ashland and Attorney W. E. Phipps of Medford, are in Jacksonville today on business connected with the settlement of the Moore estate.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Dr. J. S. Parson, who accomstate convention in Grants Pass new school house, has completed mento yesterday, will continue were: Madge Glover, Alda Heer his contract, and returned home his journey to San Francisco and seek a few days rest from his extensive practice.

> Judge T. J. Howell, who has een at Salem since the opening of the legislative season, returned home today, having concludea that there was no immediate prospect of the house organizing and getting down to business.

Marco Polo, the TIDINGS regllar correspondent. will now write "breezes' till the flue beils bloom. Misses Hevener and Surton wrote the last two issues and did splendidly.

Hon. E. V. Carter and Prof. B. Clyde Payne, Archie and Ro

Kiddies' Evening Story By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Mother Polar

"I don't care about the people

make me laugh when I see them shiver with the cold. "For they seem so weak and silly

And the children are the same way.

"If I were wild, way up North now, I would have some fine plant.

"I would be thinking of a time a little later on when the children

then they got a little big



bles, I would take them along with me in the icy waters up North. "Ah, and they would enjoy it

"They wouldn't be like silly chillled up and who say:

"'Oh, my fingers are so cold.'
"'Oh, my toes are so cold.'
"'Oh, my nose is so cold.' "'Oh, my ears are so cold.'"
"You're having a fine time abus

ing people, aren't you?" asked Mr. Polar Bear. "Well," said Mother Polar, "when one is a polar bear and knows enough to love the loe and the wind for people who shiver when it gets

"People are so tame! We're so

go for anyone if we get the "We don't make friends, but just now we're pretty cheerful and

pleasant, for it's the fine winter "The fine winter weather," re-"The glorious winter weather, just made for polar bears," said Mother Polar, as she waved her head, "and the glorious winter weather which makes the foolish recoller the terms mild said to see the said.

people, the tame, mild, quiet people shiver! "How absurd of them to shiver, "I wonder if they know that the Polar Bear has little, if any respect

"Well, I think they have an idea "Well, I think they have an idea of it," said Mr. Polar Bear,
"Good," said Mother Polar. "I am glad to hear that. Now and again you will find a polar bear who is more playful and friendly, but not this one, not this one."

(@. 1028, Western Newspaper Union.)

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"For we brought nothing nto this world, and it is cerwe can carry nothing out. U. Timothy 6:7.

Someone said, at the time of Andrew Carnegies death. "Andrew Carnegie left \$35,-000,000, because he could not take it with him."

Salem Woman Is Killed In Crash

ALBANY,, Oct. 16 .- (United News)—One person was killed and two others injured Friday in an automobile accident between Salem and Jefferson.

Mrs. Emma Cole, 70, of Salem, suffered a severe gash and prob able fracture of the skull from which she died a few minutes af-

Public Rally for School Postponed

The public rally for the week

day bible school, which was to have been held at the Methodist church last night, has been postponed until a week from tomor, F. Mulkey went up to Salem yesterday to be in evidence on the
Normal question.

Ciyde Payle, Archie and Roy
poned until a week from tomor
row night, at which time it is
chaperone, are out in Klamsch
Normal question.

Lake section on a fishing trip.

Ciyde Payle, Archie and Roy
poned until a week from tomor
row night, at which time it is
expected that a large gathering
will be present.

Will be present.



(Continued From Yesterday)

THE STORY

(Now go on with the story)

And 'arrer all, this 'Christinas proved to be one of the high spots of Lydia's life. She had a joyous her sled, cutting pine boughs. As she trudged back through the farm-yard, Billy Norton called to her:

yard, Billy Norton called to her:
"Oh, Lydia!"
Lydia stopped her sied against a
drift and waited for Billy to cross
the farmyard. He was a large,
awkward by several years older
than Lydia. He seemed a very
homely sort of person to her, yet
she liked his face. He was as fair
as Kent was dark. Kent's features
were regular and clean-cut. Billy's
were rough hewn and irregular. rough hewn and irregular,

straight and blond. What Lydia could not at thi time appreciate was the fact that Billy's gray eyes were remarkable in the clarity and steadiness of in the clarity and their gaze, that his square jaw and their gaze, that his square jaw and even at sixteen the framework his great body was magnificent.

He never had paid any attention to Lydla before and she was bushful toward the older boys. "Say, Lydia, want a brace of duck? A lot of them settled at Warm Springs last night and I've got more than I can use." He leaned his gun against the

fence and began to separate two birds from the bunch hanging over Lydia began to breathe quickly.

The Dudleys could not afford a special Christmas dinner. "I—I don't know how I could pay you, Bill—"

"Who wants pay?" asked Bill, in-

dignantly.
"I dasn't take anything without paying for it," returned Lydia, her eyes still on the ducks. "But I'drather have those than a ship. Billy's clear gaze wandered from Lydia's thin little face to her patched mittens and back again.

"Won't your father let you?" he "I won't let myself," replied the little girl.
"Oh!" said Billy, his gray eyes
deepening. "Well, let me have the
evergreens and you go back for
some more. It'll save me getting

ma hers."

With one thrust of her foot Lydia shoved the fragrant pile of boughs into the snow. She tied the brace of duck to the sled and started back to the wood, then paused and

of duck to the sled and started back toward the wood, then paused and looked back at Billy.
"Thank you a hundred times," she called.
"It was a business deal. No thanks needed," he replied.
Lydia nodded and trudged off. The boy stood for a moment looking at the little figure, then he started after her. started after her.
"Lydia I'll get that load of pine

for you."
She tossed a vivid smile over her shoulder. "You will not. It's a business deal."
And Billy turned back reluctant ly toward the barn.

In an hour Lydia was panting up the steps into the kitchen. Lizzie's the steps into the kitchen. Lizzie's joy was even more extreme than Lydia's. She thawed the ducks out and dressed them, after dinner, with the two children standing so close as at times seriously to impede progress.

"I'm lucky," said Lydia. "There isn't anybody luckier than I am or has better things happen to 'em. Won't daddy be glad!"

Won't daddy be glad!"

Amos was glad. Plodding sadly home, he was greeted by three glowing faces in the open door as seen as his foot sounded on the porch. The base burner in the living-room was clear and glowing. The dining-room was 'fragrant with pine. He was not allowed to take

When the baby was safely aslee Lydia appeared with two stockings which she hung on chair backs by the stove in the living room. "I'm putting them up to bold the candy," she explained to her father,

He rose obediently and produced half a dozen oranges and a bag

Lydia, "then I'll have that to look forward to. I'm going to bed right Alone with the stockings, into which Lizzie put the candy and oranges, Amos sat long, staring at the base burner. Something of the urgent joy and beauty of the Eve touched him, for he finally rose and said:

"Well, I've got two fine children, anyhow." Then he filled up the stoves for the night and went to

CHAPTER IV

The Ravished Nest. T WOULD be difficult to say which enjoyed the doll house ore, Lydia or Patience. It would be difficult to say which was the more touched, Lizzie or Amos, by the package each found on the breakfast table. Amos unwrapped his to find therein a pipe tray fashioned from cigar box wood and stained with Lydia's wainut dye. Lizzle's gift was a flat black pincushion with "Lizzle, with love from Lydia," embroidered on it in red. Lydia and Patience each wore pinned to her dress a cotton handkerchief,

Lizzie's gift. Lizzle's gift.

John Levine appeared at noon, laden like a pack horse. This was his great opportunity during the year to do things for the Dudley children and he took full advantage of the moment. Books for Lydia, little toys for the baby, a pipe for Arms, a woolan dress, pettors for Amos, a woolen dress pattern for Lizzie, a blue sailor suit for Lydia, a fur hood for Patience.

John's thin, sallow face glowed his black eyes gleamed as he watched the children unwrap the packages. In the midst of the excitement, Lydia shrieked: "My ducks! My ducks!" and bolted for the kitchen. "The ple!" cried Lizzle, panting

after her.
"Don't tell me they're spoiled!"
groaned Amos, as with John and
the baby, he followed into the

"Safe!" shouted Lydia, on her knees before the oven. "Just the pope's nose is scorched! The pie is perfect."

"Let's eat before anything else happens," said Amos nervously.

"Lord!" said John Levine, "who'd miss spending Christmas where there are children? I'd gotten out here today if I'd had to come bare-

footed."

The dinner was eaten and pronounced perfect. The gifts were readmired, John Levine, with Lydia and Florence Dombey on his

Lydia and Florence Dombey on his lap, Amos with the drowsy little Patience in his arms, and Lizzle, her tired hands folded across her comfortable stomach, sat round the base burner while the wind rose outside and the boom of the icelocked lake filled the room from time to time. (Continued Tomorrow)

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