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Land Settlement Work

Progress in bringing new blood to Oregon's farm lands is marked by the annual report of the land settlement department of the state and Uortland settlement department of the state and Port-Ide, which shows that during the fiscal year ending September 30, 909 families have been located on farms in various parts of the state, and that the money invested by these newcomers totals \$2,-999,718.

The program of the land settlement department has been in operation for the past three and onehalf years, during which time 2,228 families have bene placed on Oregon farms directly through the efforts of the department. According to Mr. Ide, the initial capital investment of this body of settlers is \$8,697,440.

In the work of securing the proper growth and development of Oregon by getting its farm lands occupied and used, the cooperation of realtors and commercial clubs in the various counties of the state is proving a great factor. That every section of Oregon is organized for action to make this work effective is shown by a portion of the annual report which shows 28 counties accounting for the distribution of these homeseekers. In 604 cases the county of location has been reported by the local commercial organization, and but 305 of the 909 families were not so listed. These 305 were shown by the department's own records to have found their homes in these 28 counties and the remaining eight of the 36 counties of Oregon. Where the closest cooperation has been carried on by the local organizations with the Portland office, the greatest results are shown.

Lane county took the lead in reporting newcomers for the year, its record showing 102, while Marion ran second with 87 and Josephine followed a close third with 79. Benton reporting 45 almost tied with Jackson which listed 44. Clackamas exceeded Washington county by two, showing 38 to the latter's 36.

The number of families settling in each county is as follows: Benton 45, Clackamas 38, Clatsop 3, Columbia 19, Coos 6, Crook 3, Deschutes 15, Douglas 27, Hood River 2, Jackson 44, Josephine 79, Klamath. 11, Lane 102, Linn 15, Marion 87, Morrow 4, Multnomah 30, Polk 2, Malheur 2, Tillamook 2, Lincoln 3, Harney 1, Umatilla 4, Union 1, Wallowa 3, Washington 36, Yamhill 19 and Wasco 1.

The department is now in correspondence with thousands of farmers in the East, Middle West and Southwest where the diversity of Oregon's resources and desirability of her farm lands are now becoming well known. During the past fiscal year, the department handled 57,102 letters and inquiries from outsiders, directed to the department, and 11,082 referred to the department by the railroad companies. More than 47,000 pieces of literature were mailed out from the Portland office, the local chambers following this service with material descriptive of their own industries.

The Excited Mussolini

It is an unpleasant picture that is presented in the cables from Paris and Rome. Mr. Hamilton writes of the French finally becoming openly angry upon their nation in the controlled press of Italy, and more difficult to deal with, the occasional attacks upon Frenchmen because they are Frenchmen. And the Rome news is that the Fascist chieftains, including Mussolini himself, are preparing to remove the fruits of violence by applying more violence.

The thought of war between France and Italy is well-night inconceivable. France would exhaust every other resource for the preservation of her dignity and rights, and would be aided by the statesmen of the other great powers, who believe that another serious war would take Europe to destruction. And it is difficult to believe that Mussolini would so completely lose his mind as to force a war on France. True, Robert Dell reported lately that the French statesmen did not dismiss the danger. True it is common talk throughout Europe that the time will come soon when only a foreign war may save Fascism from domestic revolt. But if Mussolini warred on France, it would simply mean that, facing failure, he had elected to make failure colossal.

Yet there remains the fact, certainly not lacking in dynamite, the Fascist Italy, having made the reviling of France a habit for several years, is now making bad treatment of individual Frenchmen a too common practice. And on top of that is the fact, also not lacking in dynamite, that the tension in Italy is close to the breaking point.

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

The Christmas Ride For weeks before Christmas Polly had asked Santa Claus again and again for a sled. She had called up the chimney to

him and said: "Oh, dear Santa, please bring me a new sled this Christmas, if you possibly can.
"I do hope you can, for I want

"I'd rather have a sled than any-thing. I've never owned one of my

The one that was given to me that has been in the family for years, is really too old to use now,

"I'm sure you'd say so could see it, Santa. Oh, please do give me s it's not asking too much.
"I'd like a new one, like the other

That was what Polly had asked every evening up the chimney. She would talk to Santa and send messages to his reindeer and tell him again and again where she

"Don't forget, dear Santa, I live in the white house. It's next to a stone house. And outside, you know, it has two little green posts and there is a hedge in front, too. "I know you never forget where children live, but I'm just telling you to make sure you to make sure.

"Oh, dear Santa, I do love you so much. Good-night."
When Christmas came there was a beautiful new sled for Polly which Santa had left. And there was a letter for her,

and there was a letter for her, too, which said:
"Dear Polly:
"I have heard all your messages and your talks, and they have pleased me so much. I also got your adorable little letter, and



Up the Hill.

was so glad you said you wanted to send me the hugs and kisses.
"I hope you will like your new sled, and that you will have lots of fun this winter. "From your affectionate

"Santa Claus." Well, you can imagine how pleased Polly was! It was so perfect to have Santa Claus call her letter adorable, and she was so proud that he was glad that she had said she wanted to send him hugs and kisses.

She would save Santa's letter as long as she lived.

It was such a beautiful letter.
And Santa's handwriting was so
beautiful. Really, it was very, very
handsome handwriting. Polly had
never seen such handsome hand-

writing.
"Oh, it was fun to have the sled, but the great fun of all was when the afternoon came to have her brother take her for a ride. He pulled her down the street and up the hill which wound around the side of a lake, and she went for a long, long distance for a ride.

How proud she was to have her brother take her for a long ride on Christmas day, and it was beautiful out in the cold, clear air.

Everything looked so pretty, and the trees were now being covered with snow, for it was snowing ever

The snow rested upon the pine branches and also upon the bare

trees.

And as she was being pulled And as she was being pulled along and enjoying it so much, she also thought how wonderful it would be when she got home.

She could look over all her presents again and the trees in front of some of the people's houses would be lighted, and they would pass them going home.

them going home.

It was perfect to be pulled along on the sled for a Christmas ride, and it was perfect to think that back at home was a huge, blazing fire, a lighted Christmas tree and

That was the fun of Christmas Day. It was fun to go out and fun to go back home!

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

against me; and he that gatherest not with me scattereth abroad." Matt. 12:20.

There is no neutrality in the cause of Christ, we are either for Him or we are against Him. Here is one place where we cannot sit on the fence.

LYDIA of the Pines

(e by Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

(Continued from yesterday)

"Hold up, Kent," he said in a tired voice. "Don't heckle her any more. After all, I'm getting on



Billy's Face in the Lantern Light

toward fifty and I guess it's too late for me to begin over, anyhow. I'll plod along as I always have."
"Oh, daddy!" cried Lydia, "don't talk that way! You aren't a bit old. You make me feel like a beast, "Well, we don't mean to," Amos went on, "but I guess we have been

pretty hard on you." Amos' weariness and gentleness moved Lydia as no threats could. Was she selfish? Was she putting

her own desire for an easy con science ahead of her father's hap-piness? Amos went into the kitchen for a drink and Kent followed her to the window and took both her "Lydia," he said, "I'm awful

sorry to press you so, but you're being unfair and foolish, honestly you are. You used to let me look out for you in the old days—the old when I used to pull little Patience's carriage with my bicyclewhy can't you trust me now? Come, dearest—and next year we'll be married and live happy ever after."

"Kent!" she cried with the breathlessness of a new idea, "if I should give in and agree to take the land, would you go up there with me and turn it into a farm?" Kent smiled at her pityingly. "Why, Lyd, there's nothing in that! Why should we try to farm it! The money is in speculating with it. I could clear up a mint of money for you in a couple of years, if you'll give me the handling of it."

But Lydia's eyes were shining now. "Oh, but listen! You don't understand. Mr. Levine drove the Indians out, by fraud and murder. Yes, he did, Kent. And yet, he had big dreams about it. He must have had. He was that kind of a man. And if we should go up there and turn those acres into a great farm, and-and make it stand for some thing big and right-perhaps that would make up for everything!"
"Lydia,' said Kent, "be sensible Gee, easy money on one side, and a lifetime of hard work on the

other! Yet you act as if there was a choice." "Kent, can't you understand how feel?" pleaded Lydia. "Have you got a blind spot in your mind where money is concerned? Are all the men in America money crazy like the men in Lake City?" "Sure," replied Kent cheerfully

"Oh, Lydia, honey, don't be so hard! Look at your poor old dad! Think what it would mean to him. Don't be so doggone sanctimoni-

Instead of looking at her father, Lydia looked at Kent, long and wistfully. How dear he was to her! What an inallenable part of her life he was! What was the use her life he was! What was the use of always struggling against her heart. Kent smiled into her face. Her lips trembled and she hurried to look at Amos. Suddenly Lydia realized how gray and broken he looked, how bent his shoulders were with work, and there swept over her anew an understanding of his utter loneliness since her mother's

her anew an understanding of his utter loneliness since her mother's and Levine's deaths.

With a little inarticulate murmur, the ran across the room and threw her arms about his neck.

threw her arms about his neck.
"Oh, daddy," she cried, "I'll do it!
I'll agree to it! If only you'll promise me to be happy!"
Amos dropped his pipe. "Lydia!
You don't mean it! Why, my little girl! Lord, Kent! Isn't she just all right! Make me happy! Why,
Lydia, you've made a young man of

Confessed Auto Thieves Caught By State Police

Rent was notaing one name now.
Amos the other. Both looked at Lydia with radiant faces. And she could but feel an answering glow.

"We'll make this up to you, old lady," cried Kent. "See if we don't." There was a little pause, during which the ice boomed. Then, "Well, what happens next, now you've settled me? asked Lydia.

"Something to eat," exclaimed Amos. "I didn't eat any supper. I swear I haven't eaten for months with any relish. Lydia, make us some chocolate or something."

That hight, after Kent hau gone, Lydia stood long at the living-room window which gave on the front gate. The pine, its boughs powdered with snow, kept its lonely vigil over the cottage.

"Yes," whispered Lydia, finally, "your best friend has deserted you, but I guess I'm keeping faith with Kent and dad, anyhow."

Then she went to bed.

For a day or so Lydia avoided Billy Norton. But she was restless and unhappy and found it difficult to keep her mind on her college work. Finally, she timed her return from the dairy school, one afternoon, to coincide with Billy's home-coming from his office and she overtook him just beyond the end of the street-car line.

"Billy!" called Lydia.

He turned and waited for her with a broad smile. "Billy," she said without preliminaries, "I gave in!"

"Lydia!" he gasped.

"Lydia!" he gasped.
"I couldn't stand their pleading.
I hate myself, but dad looks ten

"Lydia!" cried Billy again, and there was such a note of pain in his voice that she turned her face to his with the same dogged look in her eyes that had been expressed in her walk.

"Lydia, I can't believe it!"

"It's true," repeated Lydia. "I couldn't stand Kent and dad both.

And partly I did it for John Levine's memory. I'm not trying to justify myself, Billy. I know that I'm doing something wrong, but I've definitely made up my mind to sacrifice my own sees of conscience. to dad's happiness."

"You can't do it! You aren't built that way," exclaimed Billy.

"But I am doing it," reiterated

Lydia.

"Look here," he cried, eagerly,
"do you expect to keep my respect
and yet go on with this?"

Lydia did not reply for some
time. They were nearing the cottage, and she could see the pine,
black against the afterglow, when
she said:

black against the afterglow, when she said:

"Well, I'm not keeping my own self-respect and yet I'm glad I'm making dad and Kent happy."

They paused by the gate. Billy looked down at Lydia with a puzzled frown.

"How about 'Ducit Amor Patriae' now, Lydia?" he asked.
"Oh, I don't know," she sighed. "Good night, Billy."
"Good-by, Lydia," said the young man heavily and he turned away, leaving her standing at the gate.
'Lydia went over and over their conversation that night feverishly.

Lydia went over and over their conversation that night feverishly before she went to sleep. She tossed and turned and then, long after the old living-room clock had struck midnight, she slipped out of bed and crouched on her knees, her hands clasped across her pillow, her eyes on the quiet stars that glowed through the window.

"O God," she prayed, "O God, if You do exist, help me now! Don't let me lose Billy's respect, for I don't know how I can get along without it. God! God! Make me believe in You, for I must have some One to turn to! You have taken mother and little Patience and John Levine from me! Oh, let me keep Billy! Let me keep him, God, and make me strong enough to keep on accepting that three hundred and twenty acres. Amen."

Shivering, but somehow quieted, she crept into bed and fell asleep.

CHAPTER XIX

The Youngest Scholar. IF AMOS was not happy after Lydia's concession, at least she never had seen him so interested in life as he was now. Nor had Kent ever been more considerate

in life as he was now. Nor had Kent ever been more considerate of Lydia.

All this, Lydia told herself, should have made her happy, and yet she was not. Billy came to see her as usual, and took her to an occasional dance. But he was not the friend of old. And the change was not in any neglect of things done, it was in his way of looking at her; in his long silences when he studied her face with a grieved, puszied look that made her frantic; in his cassing to talk over his work with her with any air of comradeship, and most of all in his cassing to bully her—that inalienable earmark of the attitude of the loved toward the beloved.

March was long and bleak that year, but April came in as sweetly as a silver bugle call. Lydia heard the first robin call, on her way home from college. She had walked up the road ahead of Billy, her black scholar's gown fluttering. Once he would have fun to overtake her, but now he plodded along a block behind, without a sound. Lydia did not pause at the cottage gate. The call of the robin was in her blood and she swung on up the road, past the Norton place and into the woods.

There was a log at hand and she sat down, threw her mortarboard on the ground and rested, chin

There was a log at hand and she sat down, threw her mortarboard on the ground and rested, chin cupped in her hands, lips parted, eyes tear dimmed. She was weary of thought. She only knew that the spiritual rightness with which she had sustained her mind and body through all the hard years of her yeath had gone wrong. She only knew that a loneliness of soul she could not seem to endure was robbing her of a youth that as yet she had acarcely tasted.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Three young auto thieves were saught between Ashland and Medford yesterday by Charley Talent, tate traffic officer. They admitted having stolen the Ford car they were driving in Salem. They save the names of Floyd Carrier, 19; Richard Myers, 19; and Lyle Harrington, 28. They were taken to the county jail at Jacksonville. A fourth young man who was riding with them was released when it was learned he had simply been given a lift by the accommodating auto thieves.

lated Mother

Mrs. Kester Gandee of Duns muir, Cal., formerly of Ashland, visited with her mother, Mrs. Walter James at Klamath



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Light where you want it. They pick out the rough spots, locate street names

Wind Wings

If you've an open car, they protect from rain, wind and snow. On closed cars they afford open car ventilation as well.

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bration and save shoe soles. High-grade rub-ber with strong clamps. For all cars except Fords. Reduced from

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Save your eyes and your temper — also avoid accidents with good cleaner. Automatic type. Op-erates from intake manifold or vacuum tank. \$1.88 to \$4.85 Electrically operated —compact and effi-cient,\$7.50 and \$10.00

Hand Cleaners Bingle Wiper..... 38e



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