Mrs. A. R. Wright is leader of the meeting and the topic for

discussion will be different ata-

Officers for the coming Mis

sionary year will be elected and

THAT MY

a good attendance is desired.

tions in India.

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THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

ESTABLISHED IN 1876

C. J. READ, MANAGING EDITOR

W. H. PERKINS, NEWS EDITOR

the white shield of intelligently innocent youth.

Ruth was calm now as her slim
hands laved the fortunate dishes in
their agate bath. Even polite and
friendly, because she saw that she
must be—as a defensive measure.
Murtagh somehow felt curiously
defeated before he opened his
mouth. His admiration, his lashing
desires, led him on:

"Ruth, I want you to please take
dinner with me tomorrow night.

dinner with me tomorrow night.
We'll go to Cavanaugh's. And we can take in a little show afterwards, eh? There's a swell play at the Winter Garden—" Talk . . .

"I'm sorry, sir," said Ruth, plop-

ping an unused smear of butter into the sink drain, "but I've got a

previous engagement."
Silence save for sloshing water.
Then: "With young Ford, I sup-

school. The school that reached tentacles into every slummy ward from the big Wigwam on Four-teenth street. He had not always been of Chelses. He had been born in a lower East Side hotbed of underworld politics. He had suckled political canniness from the breasts of his mother, herself the daughter of a ward czar and the wife of a fat and furtive man who "collected" from the various sources of resource that keep opulent the dark thrones of precinct bossism. He had been unescapably nurtured and

had been unescapably nurtured and educated in the destiny of shady politics; he had sharpened his soul

by groveling on his marrow bones after those men higher up who could extend favoritism—until such time as he himself had crawled and slunk and wriggled from henchmanship to leadership. There was not a trick of the political ritual nor a letter of its alphabet that he had not learned and employed, frontwards, backwards, sidewise, from above and from underneath. How, therefore, could an unsophisticated slip of a Chelsea colleen steedfastly and guardedly match her wits against his wiles?

The lion and the lamb. The lion

The lion and the lamb. The lion and the mouse. Tones such as

fangs.

"Nice boy, that Jimmy. I'll be glad to see him get ahead. Indeed, more than once I've put in a good word for him with the captain, whe's a friend of mine."

The fright, the suspicion, the grandedness dropped from Ruth

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"Murphy" and the Vitaglass

"Murphy" is a reasonably well-behaved young orang-outang in the London zoo. Vitaglass is the invention of a Cambridge scientist, F. L. Lamplough. "Murphy," it must be supposed, does good to men, enlightening their minds about other lands and other lives -- otherwise "Murphy" would be still back in the Malay woods from which he came. And the vitaglass, which is in the roof under which he lives at the 200, does good for "Murphy," so his keepers say.

Thereby, says medical science, hangs a tale which may promise to overthrow the hitherto existing conditions of civilization, and take mankind back to the growth and longevity of uncivilized nature from which mankind came some many thousands of years ago. The only step still to be taken, say the British physicians who have been watching "Murphy" under his vitaglass roof, is to make the vitaglass do for mankind what it is doing for "Murphy."

The crux of the situation, of course, is in the violet actinic rays of the sun, the rays which used to beam down blessing and health and happy old age on people, but which were shut unkindly out of doors to play with the flowers and the birds and the bees when civilization came and built mercilessly opaque shingle and state and tile roofs over the tendering heads of men to keep the rain and the snow and the sleet off them.

The protection - so goes the theory-was too good. It not only kept off the rain and the snow and the sleet, but the sunshine too, and so man has just merely been sprouting along ever since, like a potato in a dark cellar in February, long and gaunt and pale and bloodless.

The vitaglass lets the real sunshine in. Ordinary glass even if it were much used for roofs would be little better than slate or shingles or tile because it keeps out the violet rays, which are the very things that do the good. But vitaglass lets the violet rays through. And it may be frosted, to keep out the heat and the glare of light, and still the actinic blessings will flow in just as well as be-

Just one little matter remains to be settled before we all will live under vitaglass roofs and live to be hearty Methuselahs. That is to make vitaglass cheap enough so that it will be available for everybody. Just now it is extremely expensive, not too expensive to be used on "Murphy," who has grown a new coat of hair under it and otherwise fattened and perked up, but too expensive to be available for all the rest of us "Murphy's" brothers.

But we, for one, have enough confidence in the marvels of present-day inventiveness to believe that this matter of cost is only trival, and that we shall soon be buying our vitaglass cheap with the money we save by no longer needing to keep up our life insurance premiums.

Santa Claus

We have just read about a minister who has boldly announced himself an infidel against Santa Claus. Too bad! All of us in this world are children only some of us are taller grown and more cynical and hardened than others. But nearly all of us, tall or short, have faith in much at which the scientists and materialists scoff.

The faith in Santa Claus is one of our deepseated and most helpful faiths. It is a faith born of another and even finer faith-faith in God and His goodness and loving kindness. It helps us to grasp and understand that finer faith; helps us to attain it where otherwise we might wander in darkness and be infidels utterly and for keeps. Love and kindness are at the bottom of our religion. Personified they become our God. To the little children they are personified first in mother, then in Santa Claus, who together lead us to knowledge of God. When at five years we understand that there is a good saint eternal in this world who on each recurring Christmas day comes to us, as the Wise Men came, bearing gifts to childhood, it helps us to understand, when we are older, that there is Another even more loving than he, forever and everywhere dispensing even finer gifts.

Because it is a good thing to know love and believe in love it is a good thing for our children to know Santa Claus and believe in him. It is a good thing to know that love is to be found not alone in mother's arms, or in the family circle, but that it comes to us from far away lands, from complete strangers, even from the Arctic zone and with whiskers on it; that it knows not race or tongue or color; that it is universal.

The "Apache" motor trail, Maricopa, county, Arizona, follows approximately the route used by "The Apache Kid" and his band of warriors in raids on white settlements in the early 80's.

TURNING BACK THE PAGES

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

C. C. Wisenberger was on the treet yesterday for the first time ince his recent illness.

E. C. Gard has returned from ancouver Island, where he has been engaged in lumbering and anching.

C. A. Swanson leaves today to ake his old position in the mines near Kennett. His family remain in Ashland.

Perry T. Howard was a business isitor in Medford recently.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Brown have noved into one of the houses of the Morse Réalty Company. Brown is employed by G.

ASHLAND

20 Years Ago

M. L. Pellett and wife, leave oon for a visit to Southern California and may extend their trip to St. Louis, before returning to Ashland.

N. S. Young, the Southern Paific trainman, formerly of this city, who now has a run out of Sacramento, Cal., spent a day or wo in Ashland, this week, closing up a deal in which he disposed of a valuable piece of realty he owned here.

H. E. McWilliams, messenger n the express service, is laid up emporarily with an attack of

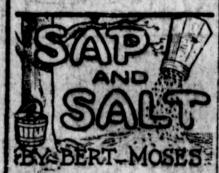
Mrs. Sarah Foudray and Mrs. Robert Goodyear, who went to Southern California recently are now in Los Gatos where they exsect to remain for awhile.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

The Shakespearean Club held ts anniversary party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Wagner Wednesday evening. Those pres ont were: I. E. Vining, Mrs. Sarah Johnson, Mrs. E. A. Sherwin, Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Carter. Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Donnelly, Mr. and Mrs. A. C Dixon, Mr and Mrs. F. D. Wagner, Mrs. G. S Butler, Mrs. Gertrude Barclay, Miss Fannie Ralph, Miss Carle Roper, Miss Ross Dodge. Besides there the invited guests present were Mr. Day Parker, Mr. E. E. Washburn Mr. Honry Galey, Mr. G. S. Butler, Mr. E. A. Sherwin, Mr. and Mrs. J Wagner, Miss Jassie Waguer, Mrs. George Engle and Mrs. W. H. Mowat.

G. M. VanNatta has purchas alf interest in the Medford y and will move there with

of. W. Wann, the new mem or of the Normal faculty, reached this city last Tuesday.



A new tenant always kicks for w wall-paper.

The farther off a distant rela ive lives the better.

My experience is that the bumnest cigars find their outlet in

If the South had won the Civil War, where would the Northern baseball clubs do their spring newspapers than of any other in- beautiful, where do the plain training?



CHAPTER 3—Continued

Never before had Ruth realized that the look of a man could be so tangible as to stifle her; so terrifying, so tightening, so repulsive with an unwelcome ardor, as to make her whole body and soul go tense against its imaginary caress. She wanted to cry out, to ran, to make some wild desh and beat frantically against the walls of the little kitchen as a swallow might beat against cage bars.

"Why, Ruthie, what in the world is the matter with you?" asked her father deprecatingly, almost reproachfully. Tarnation, he did wish she would not be so womanly, so scary, when Murtagh was visiting. Bother women, they were always that way—fushing and stammering and taking things so. Ruth's mother had been that way, too. Ruth was being a silly, frightened little schoolgirl in front of Murtagh, a worth while man who courted; yet always so headstrong courted; yet always so headstr and obstinate, and merry bright in her attachment for boy cop! Alien nodded apologetically to Murtagh: "She's ill, I know. She isn't feeling good this moraing. Women are always ill—"
Murtagh wore such a grin as makes the Sphinx, or an Old World

Ruth, blushing furiously, tried her level best to dissemble, to be hospitable and grateful to the man who was her father's benefactor:
"It's so stuffy in here. And I'm so excited about father going to his

who was her father's benefactor:
"It's so stuffy in here. And I'm so excited about father going to his new job."
Murtagh grinned wider—and still said nothing.

James Allen beamed indulgently, yet uncertainly, upon his daughter as she held his coat. He piped to Murtagh: "You see. Just as I told you. Ruth's just as grateful as I am, Mr. Murtagh, for your kindness. I don't know why you should be so kind to a poor nobody like me, neither."

At this point Murtagh came out of his grinning brown study—a moment relaxed the lecherous first yet his gaze upon Ruth's worried, harassed face. He shrugged and outspread his oily hands:

"Oh, don't mention it. I'm only too glad to be of service to you—and Ruth."

Realisation of the meaning of Murtagh's present looks and words and of his assiduous attempts to be helpful the past two years, was draining the strength from Ruthebody. He wished he would go. Instead, be sat down.

Ruth said: "Wourf father have to be hurrying along now if you're going to take him down there and get him started?"

"It's all right if he doesn't show up exactly on time as long as he's wift me," reforted Murtagh easily. "By the way, to get back to my reception downstairs, your friend, limmy Ford, makes rather early calls, don't he?"

Murtagh's face swrkoned. "That Rinty's a nasty beast, and I'm going to try to make Capitain O'Brien have him shet."

Murtagh's face swrkoned. "That Rinty's a nasty beast, and I'm going to try to make Capitain O'Brien have him shet."

Ruth forget everything clae in a guick Bood of alarm for Rinty; "My the starter's neighborhood, and he thinks the will give him a dainor to find out who killed his face, They'il do to him what tay did to his father. He said he may to work—he and Rinty" was going to ask for that post, and prince of find out who killed his face, They'il do to him was going to ask for that post, and he'ple bear of the meaning of the propose of the

stitution on earth.

More free things are asked of Every bride being described as

married women come from?

Wednesday, Dec. 15,—Auxiliary to Trinity Gulld meets in the Parish House Wednesday, Dec. 15.—Missionary

rid of him. I'm dead set against using such vicious animals on the force. He ain't safe for honest folks."

"He's safe enough for honest folks. It's the crooks who need to watch out for him!" retorted Ruth with aspecify Thursday, Dec. 16 .- Baby Clinic with asperity.

"Ruth's very fond of dogs," chimed James Allen, who upon catching a significant signal from Murtagh when Ruth's back was momentarily turned as she busied herself clearing away the breakfast dishes smiled in service accuracy and made a casual experience. club house, on Winburn Way. Thursday, Dec. 16.—The Emman-uel Cantatta will be given in the Normal auditorium, under direction of Miss Leons Marssters. fast dishes smiled in servile acquiescence and made a casual excuse to leave the room. Murtagh and Ruth alone now—Murtagh and Ruth and four walls and the hot indecency of carnal covetousness and the white shield of intelligently in-

riday, Dec. 17. - Junior high school visiting day. Christmas program.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Yeo of this city, wish to announce the engagement of their daughter, Bernice, to Dr. George E. Stannard.

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1/3 Cup Milk or Water 2 Eggs 1/2 Tablespoon Snowdrift

Mix together the dry ingre-dients, best in the liquid gradually, and stir in the egg yolks, beaten until lemon-colored. Add the Snowdrift and then the egg whites, beaten stiff. Then dip in the fruit, drain it for a moment, and drop each fritter into deep Snowdrift, but enough to brown a bit of bread in a minute. When golden brown on one side, turn to brown the other. When done,



fifteenth, at two-thirty.

will meet in the church parlors,

Wednesday afternoon, December

Society of the Presbyterian church meets in the church

The wedding will be an event of the Christmas season.

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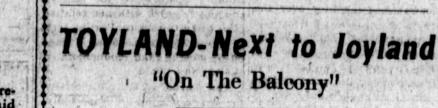
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drain on crumpled paper, dust with powdered sugar, and serve with or without and serve with or without nutmeg or lemon source. If apples are used they should be cored and pared, then aliced in rings. Peaches should be pared and quartered; bananas should be peèled, halved lengthwise, and then quartered. , and then quartered.

Snowdrift



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