

Things a Novice Should Know



A. L. TETU High Priest and Prophet.

Some Noble is sure to ask you some question. It is better to answer it with the truth. He would not ask if he did not already know the right answer. Open the seacoaks of your ears and let your understanding be drowned in a flood of wisdom. Remember that where your feet are your body will be found. Admitting that a monkey was one of his ancestors, the Novice should not speak disrespectfully of the jackass. Don't pin back your ears and run amuck. The gang will simply unpin them and go ahead with whatever it was that roiled you. There are a lot of mysteries ahead—deep, dark, dank, but never dreary; never. Put thy faith in Allah and hold to the rope. If you let loose of either, don't overlook the rope. When you are asked to sing, you are expected to make some sort of a noise. Cigars handed to the Press Agent for Al Kader have been known to secure pleasing obituary notices. The use of musk in scenting your clothes is offensive to the camels; they prefer just plain goat smell. Read what the Recorder says about the time the various events will start, and be there a little early. This caravan does not wait for stragglers. And think what you are going to miss if you get left. When the Ceremonial Masters get

hose, so she said, disgustedly, "I'm going back just as soon as my husband can get me a pass. What sort of a front piazza view is this hayfield and potato patch? I'm accustomed to at least a bit of green lawn and some flowers bordering the walk, and you go out into the country barn-yard to see the hay and potatoes. Not a green lawn in sight all along this street." "But it's an unusual season," I began; she sniffed and said, "water is common enough. And common-sense to water things ought to be common, too." "If you would only ride out into the valley and see the exquisite views—" "The valley is the place for crops. I want a neat view at my front door," answered the woman, and my companion said, rather thick, she is right. Tho we do have lawns, when we can get the water, and we always have green trees." "Yes, some trees, box-elders, locusts and Lombardy poplar seem to grow well in the valley where there are those Noah's Ark arrangements of trees. It is a pity so few kinds of trees grow, isn't it?" "Few kinds? Why practically every kind of tree grows here, if people will plant them the trees will grow, but you can't expect a tree to plant itself for a tree isn't a plant. What did you mean by speaking of Noah's Ark foliage in the valley?" "Why, the trees, set so primly and so sparsely always close to a dwelling, look for all the world like the toy trees that come with Children's Noah's Ark; also the people seem to put them just as precisely as youngsters place them, and they all seem the same sort of pattern-cut trees." I told him "a clump of trees about a house, a couple back by the barn, perhaps a row of them as wind-break along a driving fence, but so seldom any number of trees growing just because they are so beautiful and strong and graceful and add extra charm to any landscape." "But we'll have them give us time. Have you planted a tree yet?" "I hope the town always keeps a good supply of Indians on hand," said I, looking after the copper hued equestrians benignly as they trotted on toward the heights. "They are so picturesque, and so beautifully bridge over the old and the modern." "Think so?" smiled he. "Some places, perhaps, but in this progressive Grande Ronde country Indians own automobiles and piano players, and the wife of one I know is suing him for divorce. The world moves. However, these Indians are going out for buckleberries, and until the last berry is gone similar processions of aboriginal Indians may be seen going after the berries and fattening their horses in pasture." "It makes you feel you are really West anyhow, to see them, whether they pay alimony or try to scalp you," said I; then pointing to a nice fat bare mountain near at hand, so brown and shiny-smooth you wanted to pat it same as you would a horse's flank, I cried, "there is more

"I? No. Why?" "I'd plant one if I admired them so. Trees are more like us they are live Indians, so we must plant and foster them." "How are they rather like us?" "Not native here? They come with civilization same as we do, and so every new-comer ought to bring a tree in his wake-plant one every year. If you want to see what kinds of trees will grow here jump into my rig and I'll drive you out to a man who will tell you all about trees." I climbed in and we rode out into a beautiful valley full of sunset, and down a cross-road came a cavalcade of Indians, two braves on fine horses in the van, then several poor, thin, riderless horses followed by a couple of children riding puny ponies, then a few more lean, lank equine animals ambling on white two squaws, in picturesque garb one with her papoose, finished the little procession. "I hope the town always keeps a good supply of Indians on hand," said I, looking after the copper hued equestrians benignly as they trotted on toward the heights. "They are so picturesque, and so beautifully bridge over the old and the modern." "Think so?" smiled he. "Some places, perhaps, but in this progressive Grande Ronde country Indians own automobiles and piano players, and the wife of one I know is suing him for divorce. The world moves. However, these Indians are going out for buckleberries, and until the last berry is gone similar processions of aboriginal Indians may be seen going after the berries and fattening their horses in pasture." "It makes you feel you are really West anyhow, to see them, whether they pay alimony or try to scalp you," said I; then pointing to a nice fat bare mountain near at hand, so brown and shiny-smooth you wanted to pat it same as you would a horse's flank, I cried, "there is more

others blue as the elder. Mt. Emily mistily violet and the Three Sisters golden as the setting sun itself, while a quiet mountain near at hand glowed like a blush rose in the reflection of a pink cloud floating near its summit. The whole country was bathed in happy peace and a lovely incense up from fields of new mown hay and clover so that it seemed as though a benediction rested over the land; no rough sounds

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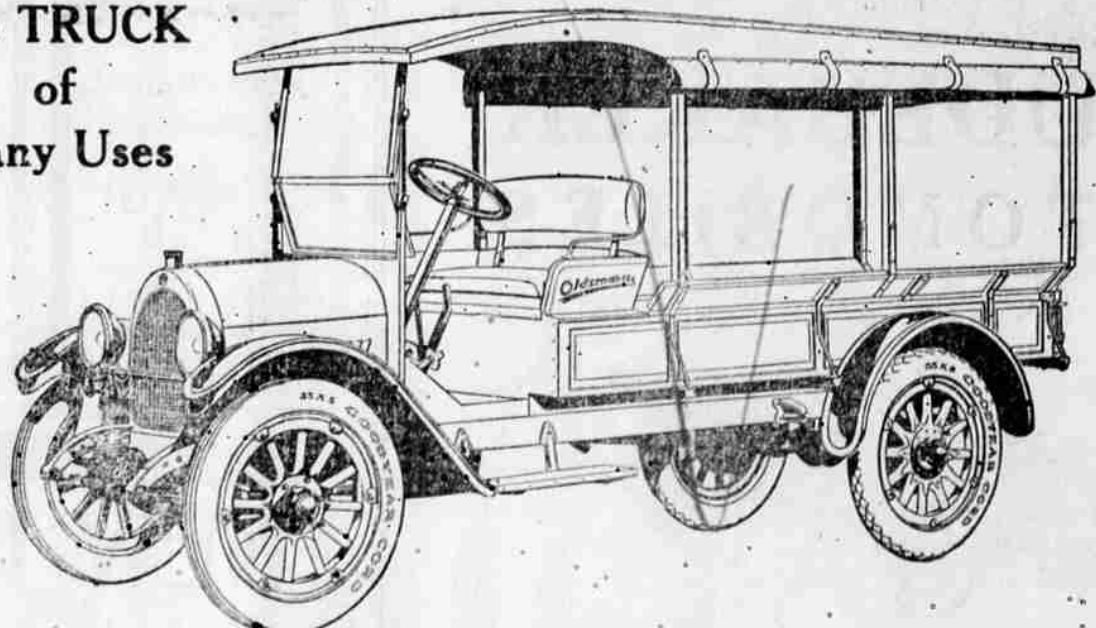
"Aside from the climate what chief differences do you note between this far west and the rest of the country?" I was recently asked. Promptly came my reply, "The strange and delightful mingling of the old and the new. They meet and mingle across the centuries just as the refreshingly cold air bears mates with the mid-summer heat every day. La Grande is a most modern town with perfectly paved streets—yet outside some roads would disgrace pioneer times. An up-to-date fire department here, yet forests abaze all about us. Indians ride down the streets, Chinese with pagoda hats and beards balanced from a stick across their shoulders give Oriental breath, and women walk along carrying water in pitchers, pails and jugs some as they did in Bible days. It's such a quaint and pretty custom you keep up here, the women all going to draw water, same as Rebekah at the well." "But they don't carry water in order to be picturesque?" "Indeed? But what for, then?" "Why, because the river is too low to drink the water, and the reservoir is out of commission and we dare not drink the water they give us." "Don't drink the water they give us?" I repeated, surprised, "who are they" and why won't they give good-water if they give any." "We can't just find out who of

through with you, you have other rights—maybe you will not feel like exercising them. Feather beds in which to rest your bones after the Ceremonial are not obtainable in La Grande. Bring them with you. You get the right to wear a Fez and smile all the rest of your life. No member of the Patrol understands the English language when spoken by a Novice. Address your pleas for mercy to Allah. Please remember where you lose pieces of skin from your body. We want to collect and use them to make a crazy quilt. The name of the donor will be embroidered on each patch. No greater honor can come to the Novice than to be thus written up in history. Some of the fellows who went to France got medals for being skinned up just a little bit. We recently gave Noble Van Kirk a life membership because of his ability at skinning Novices. But, fear not, Launcelot, it will not be painful—very. SAFE JOURNEY INSURED IF— The Novice be lusty of heart— Able to lift a ton— Throw a (not the) bull— Catch a bullet between the teeth— Drink blood— And face the open door of eternity without a quiver. "they are. That is the trouble. Nobody knows just who's responsible. And they don't rightly 'give' it to us either for the town has paid mightily dear for a good water supply." "Then why don't you give it to them? Give it to them good and proper? The town surely is entitled to good water when it has paid dear for it, and there must be an unfailing supply in these entrancing mountains which are rich in springs of crystal pure water. And if there were plenty of water the town could keep green the things which should be green. One general dile is enough, and green people are not necessary, but grass really is prettier green than gray or brown. Also green trees go well with landscape. A hay field is no thing, a front lawn quite another thing." "What do you mean?" he asked, puzzled. "Well, the other day I called on a neighbor and we sat on our front porch and all up and down the street the grass was untimely dead. A block of water (hundreds of millions) nursing thousands of springs all about us) and thirty residents had dying potatoes and bean crops in their carbstone gardens. But the neighbors recently arrived from the prime and proper vegetable little did not know how beautiful every inch of La Grande when "Showers of diamonds" fall from the sky or a

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