

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE PAYS BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO DAUGHTER WHO DIED IN PLAY

SHE WOULD HAVE SCORNEO PRESS REPORTS SAYING SHE WAS KILLED IN FALL FROM HORSE, HE DECLARES; JOYOUS VOICE STILLED.

By United News
EMPORIA, Kan., May 20—In an editorial in his paper, The Emporia Gazette, William Allen White, the famous editor and publisher, pays beautiful tribute to the memory of his only daughter, Mary, 16, whose death followed an accident while she was riding her saddle horse. "Press reports carrying the news of Mary White's death declared that it came as the result of a fall from a horse," the editor and father wrote. "How she would have hooted at that; she never fell from a horse in her life. Horses have fallen on her and with her—I'm always trying to hold 'em in my lap," she used to say. But she was proud of a few things, and one was that she could ride anything that had four legs and hair. Her death resulted not from a fall, but from a blow on the head which fractured her skull, and the blow came from the limb of an overhanging tree on the parking. "The last hour of her life was typical of its happiness. She came home from a day's work at school, topped off by a hard grind with the copy on the high school annual, and felt that a ride would refresh her. She climbed into her khakis, chattering to her mother about the work she was doing, and hurried to get her horse and be out on the dirt roads for the country air and the radiant green fields of spring. As she rode through the town on an easy gallop she kept waving at passers-by. She knew everyone in town. For a decade the little figure with the long pigtail and the red hair ribbon has been familiar on the streets of Emporia, and she got in the way of speaking to those who nodded at her. "A Gazette carrier passed, a high school boy friend—and she waved at him, but with her bridle hand; the horse veered quickly, plunged into the parking where the low hanging limb faced her, while she still looked back waving, the blow came. "She was the happiest thing in the world. She was happy because she was enlarging her horizon. She loved to rollick; persiflage was her natural experience at home. Her humor was a continual bubble of

joy. She seemed to think in hyperbole and metaphor. She was mischievous without malice, as full of faults as an old shoe. No angel was Mary White, but an easy girl to live with, for she never nursed a grouch five minutes in her life. "Within the last two years she had begun to be moved by an ambition to draw. She began as most children do by scribbling funny pictures in her school books—and this year she tasted the first fruits of success by having her pictures accepted by the high school annual. But the thrill of delight she got when Mr. Ecord of the normal annual asked her to do the cartooning for that book this spring was too beautiful for words. She felt to her work with all her enthusiastic heart. Her drawings were accepted and her pride—always repressed by a lively sense of the ridiculousness of the figure she was cutting—was a really gorgeous thing to see. No successful artist ever drank a deeper draught of satisfaction than she took from the little fame her work was getting among her school fellows. In her glory, she almost forgot her horse—but never her car. "For she used the car as a jitney bus. It was her social life. She never had a party in all her nearly 17 years—wouldn't have one; but she never drove a block in the car in her life that she didn't fill the car with pickups. Everybody rode with Mary White—white and black, old and young, rich and poor, men and women. She liked nothing better than to fill the car full of long legged high school boys and an occasional girl, and parade the town. She never had a 'date' nor went to a dance, except once with her brother Bill, and the "boy proposition" didn't interest her—yet. But young people—great spring-breaking, varnish-cracking, fender-bending, door-sagging car loads of 'kids' gave her great pleasure. "A rift in the clouds in a gray day coffin as her nervous energetic body sank to its last sleep. But the soul of her, the glowing, gorgeous, fervent soul of her, surely was flaming in eager joy upon some other dawn."

first meeting of the women's city council, which sat with the men's council, every woman was present. "I say if the women are good enough to run the home, they're good enough to run the city."

Cooked Food Sale.
The ladies of St. Paul's Guild will hold a cooked food sale at Docherty & Barnett's Saturday, 20
Dance at Elks tomorrow night.

Call the Hotel Dalles Beauty shop if your hair needs attention or coloring. Telephone main 4051. 24

Wasco, Moro, Grass Valley Stage.
Leaves Motor Service garage, 7:30 a. m. daily. Arrive Wasco, 9:15; Moro, 10:00; Grass Valley, 10:30. Leaves Grass Valley, 3:00; Moro, 3:45; Wasco, 4:15. Arrive The Dalles, 6 p. m. 171f

SOCIAL HYGIENE FILMS WILL BE EXHIBITED

Two motion pictures dealing with social diseases will be shown in The Dalles in the near future, under the auspices of the Oregon Social Hygiene society, J. E. Waggoner, field secretary for that organization, announced this morning. The first picture will be shown Tuesday evening in the circuit court room and will be for men and boys over 16 years of age. Two exhibitions of this film will be given, one at 8 and the other at 9:15 o'clock. The second picture will be for men and women, and will be shown in about a week. This picture is entitled "The Gift of Life." These pictures are part of a general statewide campaign of education regarding social diseases, being put on by the Oregon Social Hygiene Society and financed by the state. The following persons will serve on a local publicity committee: Rev. Ernest Goudge, Dr. F. R. Brazeau, Dr. Fred Thompson, B. C. Tatro and R. L. Kirk.

The Pageant Story Day by Day

The Wasco Indians.

The Wasco Indians were the original owners of the land upon which The Dalles now stands. Wasco county takes its name from this tribe of Indians. The village of the Wascos was Winquatt, which stretched along the banks of Mill creek, the Indian name for which was Quenette. The word "Wasco" literally means a "horn basin."

The Indian tribes from this vast territory gathered here for fishing and trapping and the Wasco country or Wascoport was well known even to the Rocky mountains. A dusky, populous nation, years ago, inhabited the little valleys which we know as Three, Five, Eight and Fifteen Mile creeks on the south, and Mill and Chenoweth creeks on the west. For many years circular depressions, similar to miniature circus rings long abandoned by the sawdust troupe, marked the background of rolling bunch grass. Here formerly stood the picturesque teepees of the Wascos; in after years the plow points dulled on the round broiling stones in the long-forgotten hearths. Often the deadly arrow-head fashioned from flint was picked up and curiously inspected. Here in the long ago the tribal youths rounded up their fleetest steeds and tested their endurance before matching them against the champions of rival bands. Under the pines, the hides of deer and shaggy coats of bear were beaten by strong armed squaws until the finest of

buckskins and the most luxurious robes were made for their lords and masters. The frames of their wickiups were alder poles; the roofs were of cedar bark, brought down from near the sources of the streams. Some of these naked trunks can still be seen.

The Wasco Indians were a superior tribe as compared with their neighbors. As a tribe they never took up arms against the whites but a few renegades at different times joined the hostile bands. Billy Chinook, as

a chief stands out prominently. He was intelligent, honest and trusted by his tribe. He accompanied Fremont to Washington, D. C., in 1843. While there he learned to read and write in English, and then returned to his own "illahee." He finally removed with the other Indians to the Warm Spring reservation and ended his days there. His descendants still live there.

The descendants of the original Wasco Indians are educated and Americanized now. They dress as we

do and the men do not wear their hair long. About 100 Indians will appear in the pageant, from the Warm Spring reservation. Most of these are not of the Wasco tribe, but since the long-haired Indian is more typical of the past they are preferred.

Carpentering and building. C. H. Merryman, telephone red 5741. M30

Dr. S. Burke Massey, dentist, First National bank, rooms 307-308. Telephone main 3911. res. main 1691. Stf

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Believes In Women In Politics: Appoints Seven On City Council

HIGHWOOD, ILL., MAYOR NOT ONLY WANTED FEMININE VOTES, BUT THEIR HELP ALSO; MORE CONSCIENTIOUS THAN MEN, HE DECLARES.

(Written for the United News.)
By T. E. Welch, Mayor of Highwood, Illinois.
HIGHWOOD, Ill., May 20—I'm somewhat like Will Hayes—I believe in women in politics. Women know more about things than we give them credit for. They are big helps if you give them a chance to help. Most men office holders don't look at the matter of women in politics in the right way. All they want is their vote. I wanted more than that—I wanted their help. I got it freely and gladly I got to thinking of my own wife. She is like other women, the mother of five children. I've seen the way she has raised those children and handled my pay for these many years, and I can't say anything too good for her judgment and ability. So when I was elected mayor recently, I determined to give the women of my town who had shown such interest in politics a real chance. That is why I have named seven women in each of our three wards as our women's city council. What has been the result? Enthusiasm, civic betterment; cooperation. Women get action. Appoint them on a committee and you never hear from them again. Why my city council of 21 women are staging a big patriotic and community welfare show tomorrow night. They've made every woman in town a member of the welfare committee. We'll have the Great Lakes Jackies, and the war veterans on parade, the school kiddies out and an array of civic speakers. These women are doing it to boost the town. They're doing other things too—seeing that each ward has health inspectors, insisting that other women have their husbands keep the lawns up and that their children are not sent to school with the mumps or the

chickenpox and things along that line. The women are making Highwood everybody's town. "Too many mayors adopt a policy of concealment. They're afraid of this element and that element. They don't let the people know. I don't try to run the city alone. As a result no one is asking 'why don't you do this and why don't you do that?' The women tell them why I don't. Women understand city finances and politics, if you let them in on it. And they want to be in on it. Why, at the

Base Ball

SUNDAY, MAY 22

THE DALLES

—VS.—
GOLDENDALE

OLD BALL GROUNDS

2:30 p. m.