

ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS

(Established in 1876)

Published Every Evening Except Sunday by THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO.

Part R. Greer Editor Telephone 29 George Madden Green Business Manager Telephone 29 OFFICIAL CITY PAPER Entered at the Ashland, Oregon Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter

Subscription Price, Delivered in City. One Month \$1.95, Three Months \$5.25, Six Months \$9.50, One Year \$17.50. By Mail and Rural Routes. One Month \$2.65, Three Months \$7.95, Six Months \$14.50, One Year \$27.50.

DISPLAY ADVERTISING RATES. Single insertion, per inch \$3.00. One insertion a week 27 1/2. Two insertions a week 25. Daily insertion 20. Rates for Legal and Miscellaneous Advertising. First insertion, per 8 point line \$1.10. Each subsequent insertion, 8 point line .65. Card of Thanks 1.00. Obituaries, per line .02 1/2.

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No donations to charities or otherwise will be made in advertising or job printing—our contributions will be in cash.

THE AFTERMATH OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas Day, 1924, is history, and with it nine-tenths of the good spirit, the hearty good fellowship which fills the air on that day. In all probability, it will not be with us again until late in December, 1925. Why this good feeling toward our fellow man cannot continue throughout the year is a mystery, but it certainly does not. Christmas is a sort of an armistice, under the terms of which we agree to let our enemies live for another day. Some few do good the entire year. Others of us do good only during the holiday season.

Ralph Cole, one of the cleverest human interest story writers in the country, but with a confirmed cynic, in an article written under the heading, "What Christmas Day Means to Me," strikes a sarcastic, almost cruel vein, still more cruel because of its truth. Cole's article follows:

"Christmas. Good Samaritans, kind ones, Christmas tree trimmers, benefit workers, let's forget for a day that we've forgotten the whole year 'round there have been needy widows and hungry kiddies. The Great Humanitarian smiles upon the world this morning. We want to make a showing. Candles burn in many windows and holly wreaths hang from the shades. They help make the farce persuasive for a moment and promises to be one of prosperity and good things.

"Trot out the poor—the widow in her shawl, the little girl who doesn't own a doll, the broken down ditch digger with tuberculosis, the washerwoman with seven kids. They are necessary to keep alive an illusion. Trot them out. His birthday is at hand. We want to make a showing. We will buy a pile of wood for the widow, a doll for the orphan. Bells ring in the churches, cotton batting hangs on the Christmas trees—give them the first page for a day—we've neglected them for a year. There will be cartoons of Santa Claus and a manger, and photographs of wizened orphans smiling "Thanks", and of dull, white faced ones kissing our hands. Don't tell the real story for 50 weeks—but play it up now—while we have the spirit.

"Put the little pretense on the front page. We love our neighbor. Play up the lie. Do unto others. Let us forget for the hour that God has been kept in the shadow—and that His charming words too seldom got into the record. Come! Call off the winds that have blown our hate away. We have cheated, stalled, lied, bribed, and dragged Him down the wrong road for 19 centuries. That's an old story.

"But trot out the poor. Give us a chance now. We want to tell our little annual lie. We hand ourselves a valentine today. Cords of wood, baskets of food, toys and clothing and coins—give the poor a headline today. Let them look out of their cracked windows at the crystal blue night—their little rooms heaped with our little gifts. Lay off the rest of the year. Remember them today for an hour. Repeat their words: 'Christmas has come'."

Why can't we do away with this "once a year goodness?" Let's have this holiday good fellowship remain alive throughout the year.

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN

Doubtless many of us are getting various kinds of amusement or diversion out of the controversy between former President Eliot of Harvard university and one Edmund J. Brandon of Boston, discussing whether the Irish have been assimilated as Americans. The discussion may in fact throw some light on the nonsense that is offered us at various times as to the "assimilation" of Italians, Germans, Armenians, Russians, French and others.

In fact there have been known to be very earnest suggestions made that the most difficult sort of a European to "Americanize" is a Britisher. And yet, if one could go deeply into the Eliot psychology, it would doubtless be found that his primary requisite for a thorough American would be a middle class person, preferably born in mid-England along late in the sixteenth century. To be sure, there were no "Britishers" then—the kingdom of Great Britain being formed in the year 1707. And it may be those of us who are Irish or Scotch or German or French or Italian or something else in our ancestry do not appreciate the purely monopolistic character of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Some day, perhaps, we will have through the attrition of minds like those of Eliot and Brandon arrived at the truth that ancestry, important as it is, is comparatively ineffective in the making of "Americans" in comparison with the conditions under which our Americans are born, reared, schooled and envired on the street, in social contacts and by industrial conditions. We will have rejected the notion that only a New England or a Virginia or Carolina colonial ancestry makes for Americans, but we will have also rejected as Americans those, whether that of German progress, Irish republicanism or British imperial success. We have enough to do, when we are blatantly patriotic, to be patriotic for these United States.

A MOVEMENT TO PROMOTE SAFETY

A campaign is under way to enlist the interest of Oregon motorists in the work of the national safety council during the coming year, to a larger extent than heretofore. With each state motor license issued for 1925 there is being sent out a copy of the pledge of the Oregon safe driver's club, which is the organization in this state affiliated with the national organization. The reverse side of the pledge blank carries a letter from Sam A. Kozler, secretary of state, indorsing the movement.

The object of the national safety council and its local, the Oregon safe driver's club, is to reduce the number of preventable automobile accidents by inculcating the sense of personal responsibility and the practice of proper precautions, among individual drivers. This is the pledge that they are asked to sign:

- 1 To drive carefully at all times, observing all safety rules, traffic laws and ordinances. 2 To regard the right-of-way at intersections. 3 To see that the brakes on my car are always effective. 4 To approach all railway and street car crossings with my car under control. 5 To signal to the driver behind when turning or stopping. 6 To cross all intersections and enter all main arteries of traffic with my car under control. 7 To observe school traffic signs, drive carefully where children are playing in streets, and respect the rights of pedestrians. 8 To do my part to reduce the frightful number of automobile wrecks, casualties and fatalities.

The driver who signs this pledge and returns it to the headquarters of the Oregon safe drivers' club, is thereupon enrolled as a member. The desirability and value of such a movement are so obvious that it is difficult to imagine a motorist declining to participate. Undoubtedly there will be general response to this effort to promote the safety of the highways.

GAINED SOMETHING

There was a good deal of interest in the recent lighting contest held by electric companies all over the United States, and some prizes were won. Knowing a good deal about human nature, we conclude that those who won prizes are very happy and those who did not win prizes think they failed. It is to the latter we wish to address a few remarks.

In the first place we were in sympathy with the effort because while back of it was the desire to increase the consumption of electric juice, carrying with it was better lights for the homes. Of all the modern improvements, electricity comes first, and anything that makes the home brighter is to be encouraged.

All these student competitors have learned something practical from this contest. Their rewards may not lie in the intrinsic value of the gold watches and other merchandise offered as prizes. The real value to them comes in the research work they have done and the thought they have applied to the better lighting of the home. They have had a valuable training in clear thinking and in expressing their thoughts briefly and forcibly. Those who won are to be congratulated, but those who did not figure in the prize lists learned something of practical value which they can apply immediately in improving conditions in their own homes. There is no more worthy enterprise or one capable of more tangible results.

Correct this sentence: "I forgot my compact," she said, "but I won't need it for just these few hours."

If he talks to her for hours about himself, he loves her; but not as much as he loves himself.

And so there is "less friction" in prohibition enforcement. Greasing the palms seems to help.

Pioneering in Southern Oregon by C. B. Watson

(Continued from December 27)

On June 3rd, a party of thirty-two Oregonians under Dr. James McBride returning from the California mines were attacked at Willow Springs, about six miles north of where Jacksonville now is. They were attacked by a party of Rogue River Indians under Chief "Chucklehead" as he was called by the whites. The whites had seventeen guns and the Indians about as many; though most of the Indians were armed with bows and arrows. After a nearly five hours fight the chief was killed and his followers retreated. The chief was in the act of shooting an arrow at James Barlow when A. M. Richardson shot him. Six or seven Indians were killed, but the whites suffered no casualties, except Barlow who was wounded in the thigh with an arrow. The Indians got away with four saddle and pack animals, on one of which was a package containing about fifteen hundred dollars in gold dust.

These episodes following one another in such rapid succession confirmed the general impression of the dangerous and war-like character of these savages and determined the whites to muster a strong force for the purpose of suppressing and punishing them. Fortunately it happened just at this time that Major P. Kearney of the regular army, (later a General in the Union army, killed during the civil war), with a detachment of two companies of regular troops, was on his way from Fort Vancouver to Benicia, California, guided by W. G. T'Vault, whose name has appeared in former recitals of this history. The Major was at once solicited to aid in the suppression of these hostilities. About the same time Gov. Gaines being greatly disturbed by the daily reports reaching him of the activity of these hostile tribes along the California trail, particularly through the Rogue River valley, set out for Southern Oregon with the purpose of securing treaties of peace; or at least to attempt such a culmination. Fortunately the presence of Major Kearney and General Joe Lane, with quite a number of civilian adventurers, made the accomplishment of his purpose more probable. Besides his arrival followed the conclusion of a spirited campaign just concluded by these officers and men, tended very materially to the same end. In fact all hands were agreed that without these fortunate circumstances the Governor must in the very nature of things have failed, and probably would have lost his life.

Major Kearney with his two companies, when being solicited to aid in a demonstration against these militant

hostiles entered whole-heartedly into the affair, and engaged them in battle about the 26th of June at a point on Rogue river several miles above the mouth of Little Butte creek, and about ten or twelve miles above Table Rock. The two companies consisted of one company of dragoons commanded by Captain Stewart and a company of rifles commanded by Captain Walker. The latter, with his company crossed the river for the purpose of intercepting a retreat of the savages if such should be attempted by them. Captain Stewart dismounted his men and charged upon the Indians who were gathered at a rancheria. The Indians fled almost at once. Captain Stewart approached a wounded Indian, who was upon the ground, with his revolver in his hand intending to dispatch him. The Indian with great quickness of action fixed and shot an arrow into the Captain's stomach transfixing one of his kidneys, inflicting a mortal wound. The fight and pursuit soon ended and the troops returned to their encampment which was subsequently known as Camp Stewart. The Captain lived a day and retained consciousness until death. Before dying he said, "It is too bad to have fought through half the battles of the Mexican war to be killed here by an Indian." He was buried with military honors near where the town of Phoenix now stands, and was subsequently disinterred and being conveyed to Washington, D. C., was buried beside the body of his mother. Gen. Lane said, "We have lost Captain Stewart, one of the bravest of the brave. A more gentlemanly man never lived; a more daring soldier never fell in battle."

It happened that at the time of this battle, that Major Alvord with Jesse Applegate as guide was viewing out a route for a military road from Scottsburg on the Umpqua river to Rogue River valley, in the interest of carrying supplies to the mines of Northern California. This was in furtherance of the project of the promoters of employing navigation from the mouth of the Umpqua in the interest of settlers and miners in the interior, stimulated by the successful entry of the Samuel Roberts, and the enterprise of Scott and Applegate. They were at the moment advanced in their work as far as Cow Creek and were accompanied by a small military escort, when news of the Indian troubles came to them. At the same time General Joe Lane with a party of hardy frontiersmen, on their way to the mines in Northern California were camped at the "canyon", and were told of this new Indian outbreak, the fight on Rogue River, and that the Indians were gathering from every quarter with the evident intention of exterminating the small forces with which they just had engaged in battle. This was all that was needed to put the "fighting General" on his mettle and with his small band of Spartans he pushed on with all possible speed for the scene of hostilities. This quick determination and movement was characteristic of General Lane, and consequently he appeared on the Rogue river in the quickest possible time, ready to plunge into the fray, though he was only a volunteer without any official authority civil or military. Quoting his own words, "On Sunday night, while picketing out animals, an express rider came, who informed us that Major P. Kearney had set out with his command that evening to make a forced march through the night and attack the enemy at day-light. In the morning I set out with the hope of falling in with him, or with the Indians retreating from him. We made a hard day's ride but found no one. On Tuesday I proceeded to Camp Stewart, but no tidings had been received from the

Major. Late in the evening Captain Scott and T'Vault came in with a small party for supplies and re-inforcements. They reported that the military had fought two skirmishes with the Indians, one early Monday morning and the other late in the afternoon; the Indians after wounding Stewart, posted themselves in a dense hummock where they defended themselves for four hours, escaping in the darkness. The Indians had suffered severely and several whites had been injured.

"By nine o'clock at night we were on our way, and at two o'clock the next morning, we were in the Major's camp. Here I had the pleasure of meeting my friends, Jesse Applegate and Colonel Freamer and others. Early in the morning we set out, (soldiers and civilians together), proceeding down the river, and on Thursday morning crossed about seven miles from the ferry. We soon found an Indian trail leading up a large creek (probably Trail creek) and in a short time overtook and charged upon a party of Indians, killing one. The rest made their escape in the dense chaparral. We again pushed rapidly forward and late in the evening attacked another party of Indians, taking twelve women and children and wounding several males, who escaped. Here we camped and the next day scoured the country to Rogue river, crossing it at Table Mountain, (Table Rock and reaching camp at dark.

(To be Continued)

EGYPT UNEARTHING WHAT MAY BE FIRST STONE BUILDINGS

BEDFORD, Ind., Dec. 29.—Excavating at the newly discovered stone chapels near the famous Sakkara Pyramids will be concluded by early Spring, according to information conveyed to the Indiana Limestone Quarrymen's Association.

High importance is attached to the find made by the Egyptian Department of Antiquities while investigating the pyramidal ruins at Sakkara, fifteen miles south of Cairo. The two royal tombs, with their fluted columns and delicate design, differ completely from the usual Egyptian architecture and may prove to be the earliest stone buildings in the world. The first Greek fluted columns were 2,500 years later, archaeologists declare.

Original inscriptions have not yet been found. But in hieratic writing on the columns are the names of Egyptian visitors in 1500 B. C., together with remarks on the beauty of the buildings.

Egyptologists associate the chapels with periods of the third dynasty. This would make them older than the great Pyramid of Gizeh of the fourth dynasty. The chapels are near the stepped Pyramid of Zeser, and are believed to be tombs either of the

queens of Zeser or of princes of his family. History of the chapels may be revealed when work is completed on the pyramid ruins lying just behind. Reports say it may be possible to reconstruct the facade, with its fluted columns.

The Limestone Association, which is assembling a collection of stone representing every period of history and every type known, hopes later to obtain specimens from the new find.

Jailer Dares Prisoner To Escape; He Does It

BALTIMORE, Dec. 29.—With the consent of Warden Claude B. Sweezy, Thomas Carlton, prisoner, escaped from the Maryland Penitentiary. Half an hour later Carlton got the warden's daughter on the telephone and notified her he was "out."

Carlton had made good on a statement to Colonel Sweezy that he could get away almost any time he wanted to. Sweezy told him to try it. Carlton told Miss Sweezy where he was and said he would return at once to the prison. He did so. He escaped by hiding under a motor truck.

Homedale — Contract let for building road to connect with Nyssa-Jordan Valley highway.

Bend, Deschutes county dairying has increased 20 per cent during the past year.

There's a message in The Tidings Want Ads.

Check Up On Your Printed Forms

It is a custom with many business firms and professional men to check up on their stationery and printed forms at the end of the year and place an order for a supply for the following year.

The Tidings Print Shop

has a large and varied stock of paper and is prepared to handle any printed form which you may need.

We will be glad to send a representative to talk with you relative to your needs in the printing line.

The Ashland Tidings

Phone 39