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ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

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A Western Artist

Willa Cather, that much respected writer of books with western scenes and western people, has rewritten one of her first novels, "My Antonia," after an interval of nearly 10 years. Miss Cather disputes with Edith Wharton the honor of being called the leading American woman novelist. Mrs. Wharton held the rank for many years, until the late war, say, but she does not fit in the modern tradition continues and survives, as it promises, Miss Cather will continue to be regarded as the greatest writer.

Mrs. Wharton has been living nearly all her time in France for many years, and it is fair criticism to say she has lost touch with the American development. Her approach is still American, but it is touched with a European attitude. It is approximate justice to say she is a Henry James, rather than a Theodore Dreiser. Miss Cather is a writer of the first magnitude who is still wedded to American scenes and to what may be called an American art.

But even a writer of the first magnitude, with as fine an early volume to her credit as "My Antonia," may find revision profitable. The first version drew praise from critics as far apart as Hugh Walpole and H. L. Mencken. The English novelist called the book one of the very finest written on this continent, and the bold man of Baltimore said no romantic novel of our is one-half so beautiful. But the few changes which have been in the writing in the later version show that in detail it has been improved, although in large plan it has been left undisturbed.

Miss Cather's opening sentence in the first book contained the following specimen of prolixity. "Last summer I happened to be crossing the plains of Iowa in a season of intense heat, and it was my good fortune to have for a traveling companion James Quale Burden-Jim Burden, as we still call him in the west." Her later judgment put down these words: "Last summer, in a season of intense heat, Jim Burden and I happened to be crossing Iowa on the same train."

What have been long passages of explanation have been shortened into paragraphs, just as this long sentence has been made more concise. Miss Cather was led in her first edition to give a long description of Jim Burden's wife, which has been boiled down to a very small space. In making the change, Miss Cather brings her book to date. For the interest Mrs. Burden displayed in the first book in woman suffrage, there is substituted "she finds it worth while to pla ythe patroness to a group of young poets and painters of advanced ideas and medicore abilities."

Miss Cather is a westerner in her art, but it is the west of human beings, not of cowboys and hemen. She finds the same simple human problems in this country that great writers have found on the steppes of Russia, in the valleys of Scandinavia, on the farms and in the vineyards of France and Germany, and on the great Wessex plain. Her work is an illustration of the kind of literature the west can take a legitimate pride in, not because it or its creator came from here, but because it shows our people capable of a fine art.—Des Moines Register.

The Golf Dinner

With the announcement yesterday of a golf dinner dance to be staged at a local hotel, the Golf business is beginning to loop up. There is an absolute need in Ashland for a golf course. This need extends beyond the limit of our own selfish desires, it has reached the stage when it becomes a real business necessity. Necessity because, the tourist trade has been recognized as a large factor in our yearly business life. We have received a generous portion of this business, and it is up to us as a community to not only hold our present standing but to increase it in every legitimate way possible.

Golf has become a universal attraction. Other cities throughout the state have recognized this and are completing or have completed excellent courses-It behooves Ashland folks to at least do as well, as a step towards protecting that which we already have. Consequently anything, that will boost this project along deserves the support of the entire community. The dinner dance will do this, if it is kindly received. So bear this fact in mind, that when you are asked to purchase a ticket, you are doing your bit towards bringing before the public the necessity for an early completion of this work.

Four centenarians died within a month in Ireland. What we want to know is what kind of armor they wore.

Endland has a man 41 inches in height who can walk under an omnibus. But who wants to walk under an omnibust

By Williams



What Others Say

(Garibaldi News)

Ike Patterson and Calvin Coolidge would make a good pair to draw to, both as to silence and achievement. The governor's mansion at Salem will be unusually quiet for the next few years, and the number of speeches delivered all over Oregon will decidedly fewer. All of which comes in pat for Thanksgiving day.

一种 一 (Medford Mail-Tribune)

Science proclaims "there is no life on Mars." This has been worrying a lot of people who now, with their minds undistracted, can go right ahead and rake up the leaves in the front yard.

(Malheur Enterprise)

When the girls of a Nebraska high school complained that the school rooms were too chilly the board made the ridiculous suggestion that they should wear more clothes.

(Central Oregon Press)

An eminent star-gazer says the moon is made of ice. A chorus of voices under voting age are asking him to cheese

ASHLAND

10 Years Ago

Verni Mills left Saturday to

old car and some coin of the gon.

resume his duties at the Univers-

realm for a beautiful new Stude-

Floyd Fraley of San Bernardino

and Earl Fraley of Pomona, Cal.,

are here visiting with their par-

ents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Fraley.

District Came Warden Driscoll

ity of California.

California schools.

Josephine Caves.

baker Six.

"Celebrating" makes few folks

It isn't what you do, but how you do it, that counts.

Anyhow, the bair in the butter s shorter than it used to be.

When a man starts sliding down hill, laziness acts as a lub-

What the average town needs s more sense rather than more population.

We see only the good points in eople we like, and only the bad points in people we hate.

Hez Heck says: "It's about a tand-off whether wimmin spends as much fer bargains as men do fer tobaccer."

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND

20 Years Ago

C. B. Watson has returned from

Methodist church in Ashland, ar- tives there.

rived Saturday from Illinois.

Mr. Hockett purchased the Pratt

They are both teachers in the place on Oak street and they have , Col. Jas. Scoble, so well and

Fred VanNatta, a former Ash-

returned Monday from a trip to land boy, arrived from Goldfield, by his wife, have just returned

the mouth of Rogue river. He Nevada, where he holds down a from a trip abroad during which

was accompanied down the river position in Wells Fargo & Co.'s Mr. Scobie visited his native

tarry until after Thanksgiving.

taken possession of it.

Walter Kittredge has traded his Oregon upon the geology of Ore- day.

a trip to the Willamette valley, went down to Salem Sunday on

He delivered a lecture before the business trip, accompanied by

The family of Rev. J. O. Hock- his return to Klamath county, for

ctt, the new pastor of the Free a three week's visit with rela-

Isn't It Odd?

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 17. United Press)-Just to get himself in shape, H. Levett, the "human dynamo,' began a 128 mile gallop Monday from here to Romona, San Bernardino a n d return, promising to show up promptly Wednesday mornin. Then with the stiffness out of his legs. Levett plans to trot to New York over a 3157 mile route in 450 to 500 running hours.

JAMAICA, L. I., Matt Wiesen of the Hillcrest Golf Club isn't a hole in oner. He is the sole member of a little golfing feature organized by himself. Wiesen drove off Monday, sliced into the turnpike and his ball broke the windshield of a police department automobile, sending Patrolman Herman T. Cook to the hospital.

NEW YORK,- "No man that can make goulash like Etel Welesz will ever become a public charge," Alexander Kordat, Hungarian motion picture director, almost tearfully told immigration authorities. Moved by the director's plea that he could not make American pictures without Hungarian goulash, the officials released Welesz from Ellis Island.

ASHLAND

.30 Years Ago

ied her uncle L. B. Applegate, on

favorably known as a contractor

during railroad and construction

days, and an extensive land own-

er in this vicinity, accompanied

et had just struck.

ll was very t and quiet the house. walls, usually so quiet and willing to be out of the way of people, though serving a very useful pur-pose just the same.

The fire had gone out long be-

fore. The rooms were so stlent.
Only if you had gone into some of
the bedrooms you would have
heard quiet, even breathing.
The clock had made more sound

and noise than anything in the house with its striking twelve times to let anyone who cared to know realize that Christmas had come. Then there came some sounds, voices, sieigh bells, prancing.

And there were sounds in the chimney, sounds as exciting and interesting as they could be.

"Well, well, well," came a low,

Down the chimney, pack and all, came Santa Claus.

He glanced up at the clock.

There it was, just a few minutes after midnight. In fact, it was only twe minutes after midnight.

"I arrived just on Christmas," Santa said to himself. "Merry Christmas to everyone in the household: This is the first Merry Christmas I've whispered as yet this year. For a few minutes ago when I was in the house next door it was not quite Christmas.

"Now it's Christmas morning. Ah, how they've greeted me here!

how they've greeted me here!
"Such beautiful decorations. dows, greens and branches over the pictures, red candles in the candlesticks, even some wreaths with lit-tle cones and bunches of red ber-

"Then I do admire the red bells that are hanging about in different places, and there seems to be so much care and thought about the

"I like to see all the cards on the mantelpiece and the bits of red rib-bon around.

"There are twigs from pine trees in vases and flower pots which look as though the pine woods had come

To the house.

"But I must get to work."

So Santa unpacked and put the presents around. There were so worked with all the quickness and peed with which Santa can work.

And as he left and looked about the cheery, Christmasy room and peeked out into the hall with its

Christmas trimmings, too, he said half-aloud to himself: "Merry Christmas, cheery household!" He left, then, but the old clock

on the mantelpiece, with the Christmas cards all around went on ticking, tick-

when its share when it had struck the hour that made it Christmas morning.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven,

The clock had helped to make it Christmas when it had struck the hour of midnight! (6. 1916, Western Newspaper Union.)

student body of the University of Mrs. Conner. They returned to-At the Oregon Hotel-Mr. and Mrs. H. Lander of Los Miss Lydia McCall accompan-

Angeles, Cal. W. A. Johnson of San Francisco, Cal., and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Graves of Portland, Ore., were among those who stopped at the Oregon Hotel yester-

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"Now there fore ye are no ore strangers and foreigners, at ficlow citizens with the ints, and of the household

by State Game Warden Carl Shoe- office. Mrs. VanNatta proceded Scotia. Mr. Scobie came to Ashmaker of Roseburg and Deputy him a fortnight and has been vis- land precinct last week to attend Society's discords are due at bottom to a divided self.
Its harmonies are schieved
only as Jesus controls and
harmonizes the inner life. Perester Flory of Portland. On Sting with her sister, Mrs. W. O. the wedding of his niece Miss their return trip they visited the Long, of this city. They will Wilhelmens Ross with Mr. Ho-

Kiddies' Evening LYDIA Story of the Pines By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

(Continued from yesterday)

it was Margery, just home from boarding school, where she gayly announced as she shook hands she had been "finally finished." "Margery," cried Lydia, "you're so beautiful that you're simply

What a duck of a

"Isn't it! agreed Margery. What were you all discussing so solemn-ly when I interrupted?" "Indian graft!" said Billy, lacon-

"Isn't it awful! Oh, Billy, by the way, daddy says he thinks Senator Alvord started the whole thing. Did he?"

Yes, and I helped," replied Billy "Well, I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself," cried Mar-gery, airily. "Don't you, Lydia?" "No, I don't, I'm proud of him, though I'm scared to death," said

"Well, I just tell you, Billy Nor-ton," there was a sudden shrill note in Margery's voice, "if anything really borrid is uncerthed about

really horrid is unearthed about daddy, I'll never speak to you again. Would you, Kent?"

"I don't intend to anyhow," replied Kent coolly. "Let me take you home in my toot-toot." "But I just got here," protested

"It's now or never," said Kent, rising, "I've got to run along."
"Oh, if it's that serious!" Margery took Kent's arm. "By-by, Lydia! Come over and see my new

After they were gone, Billy sat up and looked at Lydia. "Lydia."

he said, "I'm going to quit. You know I've worked with Charlie Jackson right along."

"Quit? But Billy, why I—I didn't Levine's feet and sank trembling think you minded Kent and Margery that much!"

"I den't mind the sank trembling the was silence for a moment.

"I don't mind them at all. But In at the open window came the rumble of a street car. Levine got one hundred and twenty acres cleared his throat. from a ten-year-old full-blood boy for five dollars and a bicycle. Last week Charile unearthed a full-blood squaw from whom your fa-ther had gotten two hundred and forty acres for an old sewing machine and twenty-five dollars. I've done so much for the Indians and Charlie is so fond of you that he'll shut these Indians up, but I can't go on, after that, of course.

"Yes, you'll go on, Billy," Lydia's voice was very low. "After I faced what would come to John Levine through this, I can face anything." Billy gave a little groan and bowed his head on Lydia's knee. Suddenly she felt years older than Billy. She smoothed his tumbled blond hair.

"I told you all the battles of the world were fought for a woman," he said. "Dear, I'll go on, though it'll break mother's heart." "It won't break her heart," said Lydia. "Women's hearts don't break over that sort of thing."

CHAPTER XV

Ducht Amor Patriae. IT WAS the last week in August when John Levine was sumbefore the commission Lydia and Amos were summoned

There were two long tables at one end of the room behind one of which sat the three commissioners. At the other table were the official tenographers and Charlie Jackson. Before the tables were chairs and here were John Levine and Kent, Pa Norton, and Billy, old Susie and a younger squaw, with several

Lydia gave a sigh of relief when Levine caught her eye across the room and smiled at her. She looked at the commissioners curl-ously. She knew them fairly well from the many newspaper pictures she had seen of them. The fat gentieman, with penetrating blue eyes and a clean-shaven face, was Senator Smith of Texas. The roly-poly man, with black eyes and a grizzled heard was Senator Firman was Senator d, was Senator Elway of Maine, and the tall, smooth-shaven man with red hair was Senator James

"Mr. Levine," said, Senator Smith,
"we have found that you had carried on so many—er—transactions
that we finally decided to choose
three or four sample cases and let

that we many decided to choose three or four sample cases and let our case stand on those. Jackson, call Crippled Bear."

Charife spoke quickly to one of the bucks, who rose and took the empty chair by Charlie.

He began to talk at once, Charlie interpreting slowly and carefully.

"I am a mixed blood. Many meons ago the man Levine found me drunk in the snow. He picked me up and kept me in his house overnight. When I was sober, he fed me. Then he made this plan. I was to gather half a dozen half-breeds together, he could trust. In the spring be would come up to the reservation and talk to us. I did this and he came. We were very hungry when he met us in the woods and he gave us food and maney. Then he told us he was going to get the big fathers at Washington to let us sell our pines COMPRESENTATION OF THE PARTY OF

wants any full-blood land that any full blood is miss

per. "I have here, Mr. Levine, a statement of your dealings with the Lake City Lumber company. You have had sawed by them during the past six or eight years millions of feet of pine lumber. I find that you are holding Indian lands in the name of Lydia Dudley and her father, Amos Dudley, these lands legally belonging to full bloods. Amos Dudley is also the purchaser of land from full bloods, as is William Norton, Sr., through you."

Levine rose quickly. "Gentlemen" he exclaimed "surely you

Levine rose quickly. "Gentle-men," he exclaimed, "surely you can find enough counts against me without including Miss Dudley, who

to tell?"

this same daughter having sold her pines to Levine for a five-dollar bill and a dollar watch. She held out the watch toward Levine in one trembling old hand.
"I find this in dress, when she dead. She strong. It take her many days to die. I old. I pray.

Great Spirit take me. No! I starve! I freeze! I no can die. She young. She have little baby. She die."

but doesn't make me the murderer of the squaw."

"No! but you killed my father! shouted Charlie Jackson. And ristold Lydia, years before. Lydia sat with her hands clasped tightly in her lap, her eyes fastened in hor-ror on Charite's face. It seemed to Lydia that the noose was fas-tened closer round John's neck with every word that was uttered. Suddenly she sprang to her feet

Suddenly she sprang to her feet. "Stop, Charlie! Stop!" she screamed. "You shan't say any

Senator Elway rapped on the table. "You're out of order, Miss Dudley," he exclaimed, sharply. Lydia had forgotten to be em-barrassed. "I can help it if I am," she insisted. "I won't have Charshe insisted. "I won't have Charlie Jackson picturing Mr. Levine as
a fiend, while I have a tongue to
speak with. Mr. Levine's not a
murderer. He couldn't be. He's
been as much to me as my own
father ever since my mother died
when I was a little girl. He's understood me as colla my own meth derstood me as only my own moth

"You think he could murder when he could hold a little girl on his knees and comfort her for the death of her little sister, when he taught her how to find God, whenoh, I know he's robbed the Indians oh, I know he's robbed the Indians —so has my own father, it seems, and so has Pa Norten, and so has Kent, and all of them are dear people. They've all been wrong. But think of the temptation, Mr. Commissioner! Supposing you were poor and the wonderful pines lay up there, so easy to take."

"You're covering a good deal of ground and getting away from the specific case, Miss Dudley," said Smith. "Of course, what you say doesn't exonerate Mr. Levine. What you say of his character is interesting but there remains the first section." you say of his character is interesting but there remains the fact that he has been proceeding fraududently for years in his relations to the Indian lands. You yourself don't pretend to justify your acts, do you. Mr. Levige ?:

(Continued Tomorrow)

ON VOLLEY BALL TEAM

OR E G O N AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis, Nov. 18 .-Rosina Gallatin of Ashland is a member of the sophomore co-ed volley ball team. Volley ball is one of the major sports conducted by the Women's Athletic associa-

Participation in more than half the games in which the class plays entitles each player to 100 points toward membership into W. A. A. and toward the Orange "O" sweater awarded to women earning 1000 points in class athletics. Miss Gallatin is a sophomore in the school of home econ

Tidings Ads Bring Results