

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

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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.

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.

But even a writer of the first magnitude, with as fine an early volume to her credit as "My Antonia," may find revision profitable.

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."

What have been long passages of explanation have been shortened into paragraphs, just as this long sentence has been made more concise.

Miss Cather is a westerner in her art, but it is the west of human beings, not of cowboys and hennemen. 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.

The Golf Dinner

With the announcement yesterday of a golf dinner to be staged at a local hotel, the Golf business is beginning to loop up.

Golf has become a universal attraction. Other cities throughout the state have recognized this and are completing or have completed excellent courses.

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 omnibus?

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.

(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 it.

SAP AND SALT BY BERT MOSES. A cartoon illustration of a man carrying a large sack labeled 'SAP AND SALT'.

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

Anyhow, the hair in the butter is shorter than it used to be.

When a man starts sliding down hill, laziness acts as a lubricant.

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

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

Hez Heck says: "It's about a stand-off whether wimmin spends as much for bargains as men do for tobacco."

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 and a return, promising to show up promptly Wednesday morning.

JAMAICA, L. I., Matt Wiesen of the Hillcrest Golf Club isn't a hole in one. He is the sole member of a little golfing feature organized by himself.

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.

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

Midnight The clock had just struck.

Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Ten. Eleven. Twelve.

It was midnight. Christmas Eve had come and gone once more and now Christmas was here.

All was very still and quiet in the house. He glanced up at the clock.

The fire had gone out long before. The rooms were so silent. 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, slight bells, prancing. And there were sounds in the chimney, sounds as exciting and interesting as they could be.

"Well, well, well," came a low, cheery voice. 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 two 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! Such beautiful decorations. Wreaths with red bows in the windows, greens and branches over the pictures, red candles in the candlesticks, even some wreaths with little cones and bunches of red berries."

"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 decorations."

"I like to see all the cards on the mantelpiece and the bits of red ribbon 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 many, many presents, and Santa worked with all the quickness and speed with which Santa can work.

And as he left and looked about the cheery, Christmas 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, ticking, ticking, but the clock said nothing about Christmas for it knew that it had

LYDIA of the Pines

By Honore Willis

(Continued from yesterday)

IT WAS MARGERY, just home from boarding school, who she gayly announced as she shook hands she had been "nearly finished."

"Margery," cried Lydia, "you're so beautiful that you're simply above envy. What a duck of a dress!"

"Isn't it?" agreed Margery. What were you all discussing so solemnly when I interrupted?"

"Indian graft!" said Billy, laconically. "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 shortly. "Well, I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself," cried Margery, airily. "Don't you, Lydia?"

"No, I don't. I'm proud of him, though I'm scared to death," said Lydia.

"Well, I just tell you, Billy Norton, there was a sudden shrill note in Margery's voice, "if anything 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 foot-bicycle."

"But I just got here," protested Margery. "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 dresses."

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 think you minded Kent and Margery that much?"

"I don't mind them at all. But Lydia, I found yesterday my father got one hundred and twenty acres from a ten-year-old full-blood boy for five dollars and a bicycle. Last week Charlie unearthed a full-blood squaw from whom your father 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 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."

as we could always have money and food. Never be hungry any more—never. "Then he said while he was getting that done, he would pay us a little every month to go through the woods and chop down the best trees. The Big Ones will let whites get 'dead and down' timber out of Indian woods, he said. But not let whites cut any. So we say yes, and though full bloods are very mad when we cut down big trees, we do it. For many moons we do it and in winter, white men had it to swallow."

"Every little while, Levine comes up there and we have a council and tell him everything that happens. All about things Marshall and other whites do. And he pays us always. Then he tells us that the Big Ones will let whites get timber out of Indian lands but not full bloods. So then we agree when he wants any full-blood land to swear that any full blood is mixed. And we have done this now, perhaps twenty times."

"The mixed blood and Charlie passed. Mr. Smith took up a paper. "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 dollars worth of lumber. And 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 in William Norton, Sr., through you. It is Levine rose quickly. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "surely you can find enough counts against me without including Miss Dudley, who has never heard of the matter you mention."

"Commissioner James spoke for the first time. "Suppose we go on with the witnesses before we open any discussion with Mr. Levine. Jackson, what have these squaws to tell?"

Charlie called old Susie. And old Susie told of the death of her daughter from starvation and cold, 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'll fasten it on your wrist when she's dead. She strong. It take her many days to die. I old. I pray Great Spirit take me. No! I stare! I freeze! I no can die. She young. She have little baby. She die."

"Suddenly she flung the watch at Levine's feet and sank trembling into her chair.

There was silence for a moment. In at the open window came the rattle of a street car. Levine cleared his throat.

"All this is dramatic, of course, but doesn't make me the murderer of the squaw."

"No! but you killed my father!" shouted Charlie Jackson. And rising, he hurried forth the story he had told Lydia, years before. Lydia sat with her hands clasped tightly in her lap, her eyes fastened in horror on Charlie's face. It seemed to Lydia that the noise was fastened closer round John's neck with every word that was uttered.

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

Senator Elway rapped on the table. "You're out of order, Miss Dudley," he exclaimed, sharply. "Lydia had forgotten to be embarrassed. "I can help it if I am," she insisted. "I won't have Charlie Jackson plotting Mr. Levine as a stand, 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 undeniably as much my own mother or could."

"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, when—oh, I know he's robbed the Indians of their land, but that's not my business, and so has Pa Norton, 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 it remains the fact that he has been proceeding fraudulently for years in his relations to the Indian lands. You yourself don't pretend to justify your acts, do you, Mr. Levine?"

(Continued Tomorrow)

ON VOLLEY BALL TEAM OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Corvallis, Nov. 18.—College 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 association.

Participation in more than half the games in which the class plays entails 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 economics.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND 10 Years Ago

Verni Mills left Saturday to resume his duties at the University of California.

Walter Kittredge has traded his old car and some coin of the realm for a beautiful new Studebaker Six.

Floyd Fraley of San Bernardino and Earl Fraley of Pomona, Cal., are here visiting with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Fraley. They are both teachers in the California schools.

District Game Warden Driscoll returned Monday from a trip to the mouth of Rogue river. He was accompanied down the river by State Game Warden Carl Shoemaker of Roseburg and Deputy Forester Flory of Portland. On their return trip they visited the Josephine Caves.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

C. B. Watson has returned from a trip to the Willamette valley. He delivered a lecture before the student body of the University of Oregon upon the geology of Oregon.

The family of Rev. J. O. Hockett, the new pastor of the Free Methodist church in Ashland, arrived Saturday from Illinois. Mr. Hockett purchased the Pratt place on Oak street and they have taken possession of it.

Fred VanNatta, a former Ashland boy, arrived from Goldfield, Nevada, where he holds down a position in Wells Fargo & Co.'s office. Mrs. VanNatta preceded him a fortnight and has been visiting with her sister, Mrs. W. O. Long, of this city. They will tarry until after Thanksgiving.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

J. Conner of the Oregon Hotel went down to Salem Sunday on a business trip, accompanied by Mrs. Conner. They returned today.

Miss Lydia McCall accompanied her uncle L. B. Applegate, on his return to Klamath county, for a three week's visit with relatives there.

Col. Jas. Scobie, so well and favorably known as a contractor during railroad and construction days, and an extensive land owner in this vicinity, accompanied by his wife, have just returned from a trip abroad during which Mr. Scobie visited his native Scotia. Mr. Scobie came to Ashland precinct last week to attend the wedding of his niece Miss Wilhelmina Ross with Mr. Homer Barron.

At the Oregon Hotel— Mr. and Mrs. H. Lander of Los 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 yesterday.

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE "Now there here you are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." Eph. 2:19.

Society's discords are due at bottom to a divided self. Its harmonies are achieved only at Jesus' control and harmonizes the inner life.

Tidings Ads Bring Results