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MOST CHAMPS NOT EAGER TO RISK LAURELS

They Fight When the Spirit and the Box Office Moves Them, Walsh Declares

TAKE FEW REAL RISKS

Pushovers and No-Decision Fights Are Greatly Preferred by Most Title Holders

By DAVIS J. WALSH
(International News Service Staff)

NEW YORK, June 5.—When Dempsey knocked Willard flatter than a plate of soup at Toledo four years ago the innocents sat back, and in tones of vast satisfaction gave voice to this famous remark:

"At last! A champion who will fight!" They had every reason, save one, to believe that Dempsey would oblige in this respect; He had faced all contenders on his way up to Willard and slapped them silly. He was a fighting man who loved his fist better than his fortune. To all intents and purposes he ate his meat raw. So much for Dempsey, the contender.

The single exception, however, was all important. They should have known that no champion fights unless the spirit—and the box office—moves him. Since beating Willard the hero of Mamee Bay has met just three men—Billy Mike, Bill Brennan and Georges Carpentier—all pushovers. Tom Gibbons may or may not develop similar tendencies at Shelby, Montana, July 4. So much for Dempsey, the champion.

They are making much of Luis Firpo because the South American contender is willing to sign for matches without tedious preliminaries and arguments. It is the common belief that Firpo would be a fighting champion. It is to be sure. Even now we can see Firpo, as champion, giving promoters the elevated eyebrow.

That seems to be the accepted procedure for all title holders. Freddie Walsh indulged in so many no-decision bouts that the customers howled with great gusto when he was knocked over by Benny Leonard. The latter had fought them all, good and bad, in his non-championship days and was confidently expected to proceed with this commendable business. Instead, for several years he showed a marked preference for the no-decision game and even now is just a little cautious about venturing into the ring with a live one in a bout to a decision.

The other champions are much the same. Pancho Villa was a most active agent until he beat Johnny Bull out of his flyweight title. After that it took months to get the Filipino into the ring with Frankie Genaro, the present champion. Johnny Kilbane, featherweight boss, is another business man. So is Mickey Walker, welterweight champion, although before he won that title Mickey was fighting almost every week.

Johnny Wilson was never particularly anxious to expose his middleweight championship to uncouth savants, and even if he did Muldoon's proclamations would have deterred him. Neither Harry Greb nor Gene Tunney, who have been playing put and take with the light heavyweight crown, seems able to hold on to the title long enough to furnish direct evidence on his inclinations.

STATE PRESS COMMENTS

Imper Crops
One of the most cheering facts regarding this section of the state and country is that bountiful crops in agricultural and fruit products are assured. The weather has been ideal for the bright promise, and it is a promise that will be fulfilled.

Never in the history of this section has there been a total crop failure. The past prosperity of so many of our agriculturists and horticulturists is evidenced by the improved appearance of their farms, their comfortable, some beautiful, modern homes and other improvements. Contentment should reign, generally speaking and all should feel happily

stratified with the dawning outlook this year.
It is expected that the pessimist should bob up and express fear that, even though crops will be exceptionally good, the markets may be low. There is no evidence that such will be the case. There is not an abundance all over the land, due to a backward spring and disagreeable climates with which the Willamette Valley is not familiar.—Woodburn Independent.

An Effective Remedy

And still the patient is robbed by the sugar barons. Housewives boycott, men fume at the enormous bills for this commodity, the government investigates, investigates, and then threatens, threatens, and threatens. The speckled vested plutocrats who dictate sugar prices lay the robbery to the tariff, grin at Daugherty's bluster and continue to pocket the swag.

A few good long prison terms for the monopolists dictators would do more to create the highest regard for Uncle Sam's government than any other possible accomplishment at this time.—Banner-Courier.

To Save Fools

The recklessness of drivers who bring death or injury upon themselves or the occupants of their automobile causes one to speculate on how much righteousness there may be in some pedestrian's complaint that motorists alone are to blame for accidents which result in the loss of lives or the maiming of those who pursue their way on foot.

An accident in mind is the fatal wreck reported from Detroit. According to the dispatches, the driver brought about the death of seven persons and the injuring of 20 others when he deliberately drove around the left of another stalled motor vehicle and crashed head-on into an interurban train. The two moving bodies hit with such force that the engine of the automobile was dashed several feet into another automobile killing two of its occupants, and caused such a jarring of the train that passengers jumped through the windows, fearing a cosmic upheaval.

Here was a plain violation of the simplest laws of the road and a blatant disregard of the commonest rules of personal safety. The automobile was pleasure-bound, and an unbecomable form of engagement or appointment on such a mission could be sufficiently important to warrant such haste.

Just as automotive power is an essential factor in modern affairs, so should extreme caution be made an inevitable quality of that power. There, perhaps, ever will be reckless motorists and reckless pedestrians, but more careful driving will go far toward protecting fools from their own folly.—Portland Journal.

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INDIANS TORE OFF UNIFORMS

Pawnee Scouts Preferred the Naked Hide to Soldier Garb That Had Been Provided.

In the sixties Major (then first lieutenant) Frank J. North of the Pawnee reservation was authorized to raise a company of the Pawnees for scouting service on the plains against the Sioux and Cheyennes. Eventually a battalion was formed, each company under a chief and all under the white commander.

An earnest effort was made to drill and discipline the scouts; and they really performed simple evolutions very well. As fighters of their hereditary foes they were whirlwinds. Further to impress upon them their role of soldiers, they were issued uniforms—obsolete Civil War black hats, blouses and the old sky-blue trousers.

Upon the first march thereafter a sight for gods and men was presented. The square felt hats had been transferred to the ponies' heads with the ponies' ears sticking up through holes. The blouses were worn like short mantles, with the arms tied about the horses' necks, or else had been discarded in favor of naked hide. And the entire seats of the pants had been cut out, so that the two sections were retained merely by the belt at the waist.

In the first charge away went the hats, away sailed the blouses, the seatless pants drifted behind and the plain was strewn with garments while the yelling Pawnees rode stripped for action—stripped to breech-clout and moccasins.

There were no flies on them, either.—Adventure Magazine.

"A PURITAN WIFE"

By Jane Phelps

CHAPTER XLIV

Grace and Ned drove up to the door. Bessie had refused to accompany them, indeed had used every argument she could think of to keep Grace at home, even going so far as to say that she would think she would be ashamed to face Ann. Grace had replied:

"All you people with no sense of humor make me tired. A joke's a joke."

"Such a joke is cruelty. Ann loves Dick. He is her husband. It wasn't pleasant to hear you saying for him."

Grace colored a bit but laughed as she replied:

"Ann's a dunce! She doesn't know anything about keeping a gay fellow like Dick entertained. And her Puritan ways make me sick. She's had it in for me every since I let Dick have a drink. I made up my mind to get even when she sent me home; even with her and with Dick."

"If you feel that way I should think it the last place you would want to go," Bessie replied. "Act as if I had done something. Not me! Come on Ned!"

So it was that Ann looking out of the window as she heard the honk-honk of a car, saw Grace, saucy as ever, laughing and talking with Ned.

"I can't see her—talk to her! I can't! I can't!" Ann almost sobbed as she wrung her hands.

"Hello, Ann!" Grace's voice rang out, and in a moment more she was in the room.

Ann, white as chalk, pulled herself together. "I mustn't let her see how she hurt me," was the thought in her mind.

"Aren't you coming in, Ned?" she asked, seeking time to recover. "By and by! I want to see Dick. I've got a chance to buy a lot of young seedlings at a bargain! I can't use all of them, but have to take the lot if I get the price. I thought maybe Dick would like to go halves with me."

"I think he will. He was talking only this morning of putting in another lot."

"All right! I'll see you later." And she was alone with Grace, who called after him.

"I'd go too, but I don't want to hear a long discussion about trees and prices. Bring Dick with you when you come."

Ann pressed her lips together. She wanted to scream, to tell Grace to go, to do anything to rid herself of the unwelcome presence. But she said:

"You'll find a new magazine in the hammock. You'll have to excuse me. I have my work to do."

"What a kitchen maid you are,"

Ann! Why not let the work go for once? You seem to think there is nothing else in life but keeping this house clean, and cooking. Wake up! You'll be sorry some day you didn't get more out of life while you were young. You're going off terribly as you look; you don't mind my saying so do you? But no one can save you from 'morning until night and keep fresh and attractive.' Nonchalantly Grace went out upon the porch without waiting for an answer, much to Ann's relief.

Poor Ann! Such a situation was far beyond her. She had no idea how to handle it. She must hold Dick; and instinctively she knew that he would resent her quarrelling with Grace, even after all that had occurred. He had taken her act as a joke, had dismissed it as being of no importance.

As she worked about the house while Grace lolled in the hammock, she wondered what he would say when he came in, how he would greet the girl who had pretended to spend a day alone with her? Ann had not deceived herself. She knew that had not affairs on the ranch demanded his attention, Dick would have gone with her. That he would have considered a day's outing his due. But she had failed to understand his devotion to his ranch, had asked him to go at an inopportune time.

Ann saw Ned and Dick coming, and placed herself where she could hear what he said to Grace, without being seen herself.

"Hello, there, you little fraud!" was his greeting. "Cheated us out of buying flowers, didn't you?" Ann turned back into the kitchen, her eyes smarting, a sob in her throat. He had taken Grace back to the same old intimacy in spite of her—knowing how hurt, now wounded Ann was.

"Ann!" Dick called, and composing herself as best she could she went out to him. "What do you think of taking part of this lot of seedlings?" he turned to Ned. "Ann keeps the books you know. She's the financial man here. Can we afford them now, Ann?"

"Yes—I think so, Dick. We will have to go slow on other things, but it seems to be too good a chance to let slip."

"Well, now that the boss has given her consent, send them along, Ned." Dick placed an arm about Ann's waist. "Not many men have so clever a wife," he finished, looking down upon Ann's upturned face with a smile, a smile that took away much of the bitterness in the woman's heart.

Tomorrow—Grace's Goss Market—With Dick.

TO HOLD ANNUAL SERVICE

The Salvation Army will hold their young peoples' annual service on Wednesday evening, at 7:30, in the Army hall, 311 North Jackson street. There will be instrumental duets, vocal solos, recitations, and dialogues. We not only have our own talent but there are friends outside of the Salvation Army that will take part in our program. Some of our friends from the Soldiers Home are in our program. Do not miss this treat. Admission free. Captain and Mrs. Briggs have been promoted to the rank of ensign, as a mark of appreciation for seven years of efficient and unbroken service. CAPTAIN.

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Short Story of the Almond.

Almonds came from Morocco and the Mediterranean countries generally, although Spain makes a considerable contribution. They are gathered at various minor points through the African country and brought by camel to Mogador, which is the export center. Here they are weighed and a record made of the quantity and quality for reference when the settlement is made. They are tested for the percentage of bitter almonds by an inspector who bites the end off and elects the piece, for the bitter almond contains a certain amount of poison. The next operation is sifting, which is done by a native squatting beside a pile of the nuts and performing the operation by hand, at which he becomes very deft, great speed being acquired by practice. The sacks designed for export are "blessed" by the natives with a sort of a chant.

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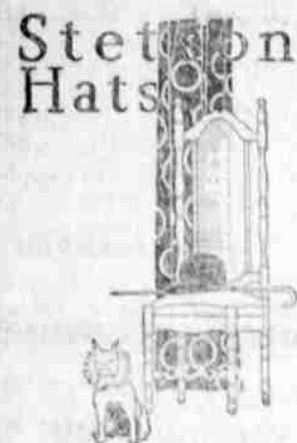
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