

Financier, Ambassador, President—They're All Included When

GENE PLANS HIS CAREER

By ALLENE SUMNER
(NEA Service Writer.)
CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 10.—Some day, James Joseph Tunney, champion heavyweight fighter of the world, wants to doff his white cotton ring shorts for the satin knee breeches worn at the court of St. James.

This does not mean that the heavyweight champion of the world has a wild hankering to be presented at court. Rather, he hopes to do a little presenting himself in the role of U. S. ambassador to the court of Britain.

Gene Tunney, the Adonis, Beau Brummel, Lord Chesterfield, Euripides, Shakespeare and Whom Have You of the prize ring, would exchange his right to the title for which most of the masculine world would sell its soul, for a "more dignified and lasting title," such as ambassador, statesman, senator, famed archaeologist, or a name meaning financial wizardry.

Unbruised and unscathed from his fight with Jack Dempsey, Tunney, resting in a millionaire's palatial estate in this city, left his book long enough to tell what it really means to him to be world's heavyweight champion, what he plans with his title, and what he hopes for.

An Horatio Alger Hero.
Listening to Gene Tunney, one wonders if he can be real or if here is an Horatio Alger hero come to life—an ambitious boy willing to do anything for the sake of my future.

"Boxing can never be my life work or profession," says Tunney. "It's just a good job—a business into which circumstances drew me. I am not a prize fighter from real inclination; things just broke that way."

"I was offered a million-dollar job—a job for which I never really planned or prepared. But if I can hold the job, wouldn't I or any one be foolish to turn down an opportunity to put one on one's feet and leave one in a position to put through almost any life program?" There, in a nutshell, you have it! Gene Tunney will learn his pile, and then begin to do the job he really wants to do.

Gene Tunney is no born fighter like Jack Dempsey—a fighter to

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE



Gene Tunney, in bathrobe and slippers, lolls at ease on the lawn of the palatial estate of Leonard Hanna, at Cleveland, and considers the future.

whom the smell of resin is most and drink—a fighter who would rather fight than be president. In fact, one gathers that both "boxing" and his title are distasteful, if anything, to Gene Tunney, wizard of boxers; that he is merely counting time until his "pile" is ready, and he can be the power he wants to be.

Gene kicked his bedroom-slippers and feet a bit impatiently when pressed for an exact description of his future life.

"Something gentlemanly, scholarly, and powerful," he said. "Some sphere where money counts for real constructive work."

Gene's sidekick and friend empowered with all rights of attorney, Eddie Egan of Yale, Oxford, and other scholastic corridors, elaborated where Gene's modesty forbade.

"I think Gene would make either a great ambassador or financial power," he said. "He has poise, tact, and the assurance that his title naturally gives him."

Gene has his next five years as carefully scheduled and planned as a great actress.

"I will box until I am 35," he says. "I will leave before I am defeated. Nobody will have beaten me in that time. By that time I will be ready for a job of my own selection—not one which is the outcome of circumstances."

One gathers that whatever that job is, Gene Tunney, world heavyweight champion, expects to be just as important out of the ring as in.

A senatorship, a governorship, an ambassadorship, even the presidency fall within the scope of his ambitions.

Getting Friends Lined Up.

"A man is successful in proportion to the number of people who know him and are for him," Eddie Egan explains. "Gene says that no man is so well known or has such loyal followers as a boxing champion. When he's ready for his big job outside the ring he'll have his crowd all lined up plugging for him."

Tunney's stay at the Leonard Hanna estate near Cleveland is but a sample of the invitations before him.

"He doesn't exactly want to be a society lion," explained the boy friend, Eddie Egan, "but he does like to be in the best homes and with the best people."

Gene Tunney at rest is as unlike a gladiator of the ring as one could well imagine. He sat in a wicker semi chaise-longue, a loose dressing gown ending in checked, felt-trimmed bedroom slippers. He might have been posing for a "when the man of the house rests" ad.

"But I don't really need rest at all," he protests.

STATE PRESS COMMENT

"Old Mac" Sounded the Note
Judge L. H. McMahon of Marion county, better known to most of us as "Old Mac," sounded a note that is ringing in the ears of many loyal, patriotic people when he firmly and emphatically stated that alleged law enforcement officers were becoming a menace to society.

He reviewed the number of murders and whoring scandals that had blotted Oregon's fair name of late—many being due to some inferior bum who was in the employ of the state as a law enforcement officer. He minced no words but told of the fellows who, like a submarine, bobbed up immediately from their lower life when the state offered to put them on the pay roll to chase booze or do some other law enforcement job.

That his wisdom was sound is shown by recent events. In an eastern Oregon county we notice that a former law enforcement officer has been captured after a gun duel with the sheriff when the criminal was operating a still. We find several instances where men handy with their guns have turned out to be the state's pets. Over in Medford there is a murder case now agitating the minds of the state officials who turned loose apparently irresponsible men to enforce law. Those men were eager to shoot something and they did. Murder followed, at least, it appears to be murder, according to the reports.

A special deputy attorney general has been set on the case. Evidently the administration has been awakened to the enormity of the crime that law enforcement officers can commit. It is to be hoped so.—Klamath Falls Herald.

Installation Plan

Many a man in straitened circumstances has been enabled to purchase his home and furnish it with the installment plan in effect. It is equivalent to borrowing the full amount needed from a bank or individual, if there is collateral put up, and gradually reducing the loan.

Certain loan savings and other financial companies are issuing propaganda against the installment plan for selfish purposes, but they are not making headway and their arguments fall flat and are injurious to their own interests.

There is truth in the assertion that it is better to pay cash down, but when the purchaser has not the means at hand and desires such credit, it is merely the encouragement of opportunities afforded to obtain needed articles, some of which are necessities, for a small payment down and the balance divided into reasonable monthly installments.

It is true that except with other than thoroughly reliable houses and honest firms, the buyer enters into agreement at a higher than a cash price, yet if he is intelligent and proceeds in a businesslike and careful manner he will find places where he will be accommodated at market values.

There always have been houses taking advantage of the installment plan to charge exorbitantly, and even when one pays cash, and with these the purchaser, a shopper in the true sense, should avoid dealing. That is no reason why this plan, properly carried out, is not a convenience and very helpful.

The majority of homes and much of the needed furniture have been obtained through this method. Most of the automobiles have been purchased on the installment plan, also furniture, machinery, type writers, musical instruments, the

"I agree with George White that Luckies are the Best"



Said Flo Brooks to Lou Holtz while waiting for their cue to appear in "Manhattan Mary."



Photo by G. Mallard Kessler

George White,
Producer of
George White's Scandals,
writes:

"In the theatre world, Luckies have become almost universal. Stage folks are very critical—voices must be kept in condition, throat irritation is a handicap. In 'George White's Scandals', most actors and actresses whose voices are important smoke Luckies both for voice protection and finer flavor. For these reasons I prefer them, too."

George White



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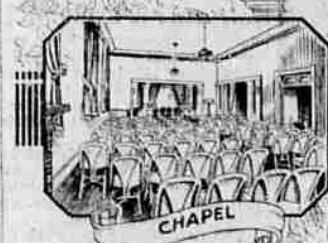


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Drying Up a City

A sea-change has come over the bootlegging business in at least one great city in the last seven

years. Cleveland is said to be at this time the driest of the cities. Retail bootlegging, the police chief says, was a prosperous business several years ago, but has now retreated from bar and public places to the kitchens of the very poor and the cellars of the very rich. The middle class has stopped drinking.

The "real stuff" has become too high-priced for most people, says the chief, and there have been so many poisonings, deaths and cases of blindness that a wholesome and

justified fear has grown up of any booze the buyer has not bought himself in some place where it is still legal to sell it.

The cheap stuff is dealt out from kitchen to kitchen nowadays, and seller and buyer alike are afraid to have much of a stock in hand. The amount they keep is small and at sight or sound of suspicion they dump it in the sink. After all the tales one hears about "more liquor being sold and drunk today than before prohibition," this kind of news, coming

from neither side of a controversy, but from the police who have the best opportunities for observation, is reassuring.

It is patent to anyone who makes a mental canvass of his friends that the dry reaction has set in. Whether from fear or principle, the percentage of one's acquaintances who make one excuse or another to decline the cocktail before dinner or the drink of any other sort at other hours is increasing.—La Grande Observer.