THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

ESTABLISHED IN \$876

C. J. READ, Managing Editor

W. H. PERKINS, News Editor

PUBLISHED BY THE ASHLAND PRINTING CO.

ASHLAND DAILY TIDINGS OUT OUR WAY

Entered at the Ashland, Oregon Postoffice as Second Class Mail Matter

The Incredible Tunney

Will Irwin has interviewed Gene Tunney, and out of the interview with the heavyweight champion of the world has come a picture of an incredible mauler, a bruiser who lives because of his ability with punches, displaying an acquaintance with literature and art that would confound the average state university graduate, including, we believe, the Nebraska candidate for Tunney's belt, Monte Munn.

The Dempsey who fell before Tunney was a Dempsey softened by easy living from the wealth that the prize ring had yielded him. The Dempsey who won the championship was the kind of heavyweight king authorized by tradition - something of a bum and outcast, a battler who knew little more than to give and take sound blows. It is true that Corbett had come up from the ring to become "Gentleman Jim," an actor with more than a fair amount of skill, and with an ability to write sentences that ran as straight and simply to their period as an uppercut to the chin. He was the exception.

But Tunney—is he the product of a new age? In spite of all the ridiculous publicity that has smothered him, surely there is some glimpse of the true nature of the man when he says to Will Irwin: "You see, certain brilliant men are blind on the spiritual side. Wells, though he believes in God, is practically an agnostic. .. He doesn't perceive spiritual values. But he ties up history for me-puts one era in relation to another as no one has ever done before And then there's the vivid style. He makes me see things."

There is a certain naive simplicity in Tunney, found in his professed belief of miracles, and his one reversion to the slang of pugs, when he inserts the emphasizing "see?" in his talk. But a champion who is caught by the allegory of "Les Miserables," who enjoyed "The Way of All Flesh" because "of its original philosophy;" who apologizes for his fondness for Dumas, who is learned in the history of religion, who has read Gibbons' "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" clear through; who thinks it too bad that Jean-Jacques Rousseau ever lived and wrote; who calls Leonardo da Vinci his favorite painter and Caruso in "Pagliacci" his ineffaceable memory of a war-leave visit to Parissuch a champion is unbelieveable.

Yet it is true. Will Irwin says so, and Irwin is a good reporter-which is to say he is accurate. truthful, faithful in presenting this picture.

Do we want the Tunney type of champion! Or isn't prize fighting for the purpose of giving relief to our cave instincts, and don't we want to go to the ringside to see blood spout and hear the thud of bruising fist and watch the conflict of giants who resemble our cave-men ancestors! When we go to baseball games do we not prefer the home-run socking Ruth to the master-minded pitcher who passes him? Are not sports the modern expression of that side of man's personality that, in ancient days, permitted him to seize a club and go out and buffet nature for a square meal, or a bride, or just, perhaps, for the animal pleasure of buffeting?

A New Motor Fuel

From the time almost that gasoline was first utilized as a source of power by the invention of the internal combustion engine there has been talk of a substitute. As time goes on the feeling becomes stronger that some day necessity will compel the invention of this substitute. The earth's great reservoir of gasoline has not yet been tapped at all its points. Its whereabouts and its capacity are not even known, but it is widely believed that there is a definite limit to the supply which may be reached at most any time.

For this reason chemists have been experimenting with this and that, attempting to find the fluid which combines just those properties that make gasoline an ideal motor fuel,

Now a Russian inventor living in Francé is said to have discovered the combination. He calls his new fuel makhonite carburant and extracts it from coal tar. According to the report the French pavy is so well satisfied with the new fuel that it has been adopted as the official fuel for torpedo boats and hydroplanes. It is said to possess the added advantage of being non-inflamable outside a motor, but the paradox is not explained,

Next to the test of whether it will do the work in a standard motor a substitute fuel must meet the test of whether it can be produced at a price to compete with gasoline. The report of this new French motor fuel does not mention the cost at which it can be produced, but it might easily enough meet the tests in France and fail to do so in America, where gasoline compared with the cost in Europe is comparatively inexpensive.

By Williams SAY, IF, YOU M-M-M-M-M



What Others Say

(Eugene Guard)

Already one hears spesulation as to whether new state income tax legislation will be attempted in the forthcoming session of the legislature: Why, for goodness sake, should there be such an attempt? Two years ago the voters repealed the tial majority. The Pierce crowd at once began to threaten that a more drastic law on the subject would be substituted for the one repealed, and this year they made their attempt. The people rejected the proposed law even more emphatically than they repealed the old one. Why talk now of trying it aagin immediately? Are not the voters to be credited with knowing their own

(Newport Journal) Can U. S. U'Ren, "father" of the Oregon primary law, and the Portland Journal, its most pretentious defender, offer any valid excuse for the further existence of the law, after their treatment of it during the past few months It seems to us the law should be either fixed or scrapped. There are too many flaws in it for reliable

ASHLAND

10 Years Ago

Dr. Geo. E. Jarvis of this city

attended the Southern Oregon

Medical Association meeting in

Roseburg Tuesday and delivered

an address on the subject, "Vago

Visceral Reflexes in Diagnosis."

A good attendance of physicians

from throughout the state were

"Doc Funk" Tolman has a car

which is guaranteed to give the

casual beholder the blind stag-

gers. The car, which is a Ford.

is stripped down and painted a

checkerboard black and white.

Doc has achieved an accomplish-

ment in having a car which would

be easily recognized among a

thousand. The license number

exceeding the speed limit.

at the convention.

do the prices.

seems preposterous.

Bad judgment is responsible for nearly all bad luck. 121.1.18

Those who want little find easy to get a big supply of it.

When a man is in a hurry to sell something, take your time about buying it.

To have many things is desirable, but to appreciate a things is real joy.

Hez Heck says: "I don't care how good the eyesight may be we all occasionally see things that sin't there."

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

ASHLAND

20 Years Ago

Joe Hurt left today on a trip

David Payne, a former resi

dent and son of Mr. and Mrs. C.

T. Payne of this city, arrived last

week from Nevada, where he has

after an absence of eight years.

Ashland and elsewhere in the

Northwest for several months.

left Saturday on their return

would not be necessary to identi- Campbell and Edna Bryant, left Central Point and C. W. Sher-

ty him if a speed cop detected him yesterday for San Francisco to man of Portland. Mrs. L. Gillet-

home to Los Angeles.

Silsby, Daisy Mingus,

attend the Grand Opera.

been residing for several years lake section. In the party were

past, on a visit to relatives here, E. B. Barron and family, Mike

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Vining who and Homer Barron. They expect

April-A party of Ashlanders Raiph of Ashland, Belle Willis of

consisting of the Misses Esther Roseburg and Messrs J. A. Whit-

Mabel

have been visiting relatives in to be out several days.

to Modoc county, Cal.

Isn't It Odd?

NEW YORK - Harvey Krause of Philadelphia piloted American planes during the World War and never got a scratch. Here to attend a social gathering of former flyers in Greewich Village, Krause slipped and fell to the sidewalk, fracturing his skull.

IRON RIVER, Mich. -Sheriff-elect James A. Dickle has announced something "new" for prohibition enforcement. His deputies will form a secret organization. "I won't tell anybody who they are and I'll fire any deputy who isn't efficient," Dickle said.

CHICAGO - Safety first is the policy of Chicago's gang - harassed citizenry. Louis Bruzo, slightly under the influence of alcohol, bumped against the door of the home of Edward Goetz, 80. Thinking a burglary was being attempted, Goetz fired a shot through the door, wounding Bruzro in the leg.

HAVANA, Ill., - Boating after pecans and hickory nuts has become a new pastime near here as the result of floods which inundated groves of the nut trees with six feet of water.

ASHLAND

30 Years Ago

Butler Walker of Sprague rive

has been in the valley the past

A well equipped Crater Lake

party started from Barrons yes-

terday for an excursion to the

Tucker and wife, the Misses Pat-

terson, daughters of S. Patterson.

Ajolly party of young people

leave Ashland today for a two

weeks' outing at Pelican Bay. The

party is made up as follows:

Misses Lou Brown and Fannie

man of Medford, John Olwell of

te will chaperone them.

snowflakes.

out, Buiry Wondrous Secrets," said the Stove.

"I don't feel cheerful. I feel old and tired, and I can't help it if I'm not very good-natured."

"Ah, but just do as I ask now," Fairy Wondrous Secrets said, "burn and glow for the Christmas disner. Don't be a cold stove."

Now the stove thought that after all, as it was Christmas Day, it would not behave so badly even if it did feel old and tired and cross. So it started to do its best and after all the worry and fuss and fear, the dinner did get cooked on time and was just as delicious and perfect a dinner as it could be.

And the family ate and ate and ate.

STATUE FOUND, THOUGHT OVER 20,000 YEARS OLD

XIENNA, (United Press)-An ivory stauette, representing figure of a woman, has been dug up by Dr. Josef Bayer of the Vienna Natural History Musuem at Willendorf on the Danube.

from 20,000 to 25,0000 years old.

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

"John bare witness of him, an cried, saying, "This was he of whom I spake, He that cometh after me is preferred before me: for he was before me." St. John 1:15.

Jesus is the saving and sat go to lidia or China, to Japan or Africa, it is just as true as in Europe or America.

Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAHAM SONNER

The Bad Stove

burn, it went out again and had to be started once more. Then something happened. It happened, though no one knew how

"Fairies, fairies." the snowfiakes had cried as they whirled about, "there is a kitchen stove that is



Mustn't Be 80 Cheeriess."

"I'll so at once," the Fairy Won-drous Secrets said. So off she went, carried in a beautiful snow carriage by the

snow as the Fairy Wondrous Secrets was making her trip.

People said it looked dark and that the hills were going to be deep with snow and that the sky and air were full of snow and that there really would be a ward beauty would lly would be a very heavy snow-

storm.

But in reality it was the snow carriage carried by many of the snowflakes in which was the Fairy Wondrous Secrets.

After they had taken her back again it still snowed but it was much clearer and the whole air did not seem to be so filled with snow.

The Fairy Wondrous Secrets talked to the stove.

"Stove," she said, "it is Christmas Day. You mustn't be so cheerless, so stubborn, so hard-hearted.

"You must burn with warmth and glow as you help to make the turkey just as tender as it can be, and as you help to cook the vegetables and to finish the plum pudding."

"But I'm old and tired and worn out, Ruiry Wondrous Secrets," said the Stove.

"I don't feel cheerful. I feel old

The statuette is believed to be

LYDIA of the Pines

(Continued from yesterday)

CHAPTER XIV

The Investigation Begins. YDIA admitted to herself that for years something within her had been demanding that she take a stand on the Indian question, something to which Charlie Jackson and Billy had appealed, something which Kent and John Levine had ignored. Yet neither Charlie nor Billy had really forced her to a decision.

Billy had really forced her to a decision.

Bit by bit she went over her thinking life, beginning with her first recollection of Charlie Jackson in the class on civil government, and all that was feminine and blind devotion in her fought desperately with all that education and her civic-minded forefathers had given her.

Coming home from her last recitation, one mild afternoon, she stopped at the gate and looked up into the pine tree. And there with the lowing of the Norton herds and the hoarse call of the crows mingling with the soft voice of the pine and the lapping of the lake, she made her decision. For clearly as though the pine had put it into words, something said to Lydia that it was not her business to decide whether or not the Indians deserved to live. It was her business to recognize that in their method of killing the Indians the the In served to live. It was her business to recognize that in their method of killing the Indians, the whites had been utterly dishonorable, That her refusing to take a stand could not exonerate them. And finally, that by closing her eyes to the facts, because of for love for Levine, she was herself sharing the general taint.

general taint.

It was Lydia's first acknowledgment of her responsibility to America, and it left her a little breathless and trembling. She turned back to the road and made her way swiftly to the Norton place.

"Billy," she said, panting, her cheeks bright and her yellow hair blowing, "I'm against the Indian grafting."

Billy put out his hand, solemnly, and the two shook hands. For all Billy was four years older than Billy was four years older than Lydia, they both were very, very young. So young that they believed that they could fight single-handed the whole world of intrigue and greed in which their fittle community was set. And yet, futile as they may seem, it is on young decisions such as these that the race creeps upward!

"What are you going to do, Billy?" asked Lydia.

"What are you going to do, Billy?" asked Lydia.
"I'm going to get a government investigation started, somehow," he replied "It'll take time, but I'll get it. It'll be lovely muckraking, Lyd!"
"I hate to think of it," she said

unsteadily "Lizzle is miserable, today. Will you tell your mother, Billy, and ask her to come over to

Billy, and ask her to come over to see her this evening? I mustn't stop any longer now."

Poor old Lizzie was miserable, indeed. For years, she had struggled against rheumatism, but now it had bound her, hand and foot. Ma Norton came over in the evening. Lizzie was in bed shivering and flushed and moaning with pain. Ma waited till Lizzie slept, then the told Lydia and Amos that Doctor Fulton had better be called, and Amos, with a worried air, started os, with a worried air, started

"She's in for a run of rheumatic fever. Get some extra hot water bottles and make up your mind for a long siege, Lydia."

And it was a long siege. Six weeks of agony for Lizzie, of nursing and housework and worrying for Lydia. Ma Norton and the neighbors gave what time they could, but the brunt, of course, fell on Lydia.

could, but the brunt, of course, fell on Lydia.

Billy called every evening on his way home to supper. John Levine set up two or three nights a week. Kent came out once a week, with a cheery word and a basket of fruit. And at frequent intervals, the Marshall surrey stopped at the gate and Elviry or Dave appeared with some of Elviry's delicious cookery for Lydia and Amos.

During all this time she said nothing to Billy about his muckraking campaign. He finished his law course in June and entered exsenator Alvord's office as he had planned. There was another election in the fall and John Levine was returned to congress, this time almost without a struggle.

Like a bomb, late in December tall the news that the Indian com-

en appointed to sit at Lake investigate Indian matters. y-how did you do it?" asked in consternation. We had

and in that time they exposed to the burning sun of publicity the muck of thievery and dishonor on which Lake City's placid beauty was built.

Marriage after marriage squaws with Lake City citizens

squaws with Lake City citizens was unearthed, most of these same citizens also having a white family. Hundreds of tracts of lands that had been obtained by stealing or by fraud from full bloods were listed. Bags of candy, bits of jewelry, bolts of cotton had been exchanged for pine worth thousands of dollars.

It was a nerve-racking period for Lake City. Whether purposely or Lake City. Whether purposely or not, the net did not begin to close round John Levine till toward the end of the hearing. Nor did Levine come home until late in the summer, when the commission had been distinct for some months.

mer, when the commission had been sitting for some months.

In spite of a sense of apprehension that would not lift, the year was a happy one for Lydia. In the first place, she went to three college dancing parties during the year. In the second place, Kentasked her to go with him to the last party and, to Lydia's mind, a notable conversation took place at

notable conversation took place at that time.

"Thanks, Kent," said Lydia, carelessly, "but I'm going with Billy."

"Billy! Always Billy!" snorted

"Yes," returned Lydia calmly, "You've always liked me as I have



"All Right," Said Kent Soberly.

blame you a bit, but you can imagine how I feel about Billy, who's
taken me, clothes or no clothes."

It was Kent's turn to flush.

"Hang it, Lyd, I've been an infernal cad, that's all!"

"And," Lydia went on, mercllessly, "I've got nothing to wear now
but the same old graduating dress.
I suppose you were hoping for better things?"

"Stop it!" Kent shouted. "I de-

"Stop it!" Kent shouted. "I deserve it, but I'm not going to take it. I'm asking you for just one reason and that is, I've waked up to the fact that you're the finest girl in the world. No one can hold a candle to you."

There was a sudden lilt in Lydia's voice that did not escape Kent as she answered laughingly, "Well, if you feel the same after seeing Margery this summer, I'll be glad to go to one of the hops next fall

to go to one of the hops next fall with you, and thank you, deeply, Mr. Moulton."

"All right," said Kent, soberly. "The first hop next fall is mine an as many more as I can get." It was late in the spring and after the conversation with Kent, that it began to be rumored about town that ex-Senator Alvord's office was at the bottom of the Indian investigation. Kent accused Billy of this openly, one Sunday afternoon at Lydia's.

at Lydia's.

"I'm willing to take the blame, if necessary," said Billy.

"Nice thing to do to your friends and neighbors, Bill," Kent went on.

"What the deuce did you do it for?"

Billy shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. Kent appealed to Lydia. "Would you have gone to parties with him if you'd known what he was doing to his town, Lyd?"

"Kent, I knew it," said Lydia, after a pause.

"You knew it! You let a lot of sickly sentimentality ruin Lake City in the eyes of the world? Not only that. Think what's coming to me, though Fve done little enough."

"Then I'm glad it came to stop you while you'd still done little!" cried Lydia. "Ch, there's Margery! Isn't sha lovely!"

(Continued Tomorrow)

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TIDINGS MILITER PROMITE - MILE A III AND A HEALING ALLE