

THE DAILY TIDINGS EDITORIAL and FEATURE PAGE

ESTABLISHED IN 1876

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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...

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 heavy-weight king authorized by tradition...

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."

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.

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?

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.

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 France 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 navy is so well satisfied with the new fuel that it has been adopted as the official fuel for torpedo boats and hydroplanes.

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.

By Williams



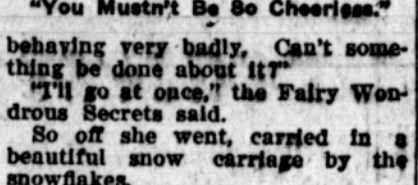
Kiddies' Evening Story

By MARY GRAMM BONNER

The Bad Stove

It was Christmas morning and the stove was behaving badly. It wouldn't go. It was started and seemed to be all right, and then it went out and had to be started all over again.

There had come a rush order to Fairyland. It had been brought by the Snow Flakes as they had whirled around outside the window and then rushed off to Fairyland.



"You Mustn't Be So Cheerless."

behaving very badly. Can't something be done about it? "I'll go on," the Fairy Wondrous Secrets said.

The air got rather heavy with 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.

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.

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

LYDIA of the Pines

Honore Willis

(Continued from yesterday)

CHAPTER XIV

The Investigation Begins.

LYDIA admitted to herself that for years something within her had been demanding that she take a stand on the Indian question.

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"I hate to think of it," she said unsteadily. "Lizzie is miserable today. Will you tell your mother, 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 found her, hand and foot.

Doctor Fulton shook his head and sighed. "There'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.

Billy called every evening on his way home to supper. John Levine sat up two or three nights a week. Kent came out once a week, with a cheery word and a basket of fruit.

Like a bomb late in December fell the news that the Indian commission had been called at Lake City to investigate Indian matters.

What Others Say

(Eugene Guard)

Already one hears speculation as to whether new state income tax legislation will be attempted in the forthcoming session of the legislature.

Every religion but your own seems preposterous. Bad judgment is responsible for nearly all bad luck.

Those who want little find it 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 few things is real joy. Hes Heck says: "I don't care how good the eyesight may be, we all occasionally see things that ain't there."



As women's dresses go up, so do the prices.

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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 Greenwich 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.

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 Bruzo in the leg.

HAYANA, 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.

TURNING THE PAGES BACK

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."

"Doc Funk" Tolman has a car which is guaranteed to give the casual beholder the blind stagger. The car, which is a Ford, is stripped down and painted a checkered black and white.

ASHLAND 20 Years Ago

Joe Hurt left today on a trip to Modoc county, Cal. David Payne, a former resident and son of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Payne of this city, arrived last week from Nevada, where he has been residing for several years past, on a visit to relatives here, after an absence of eight years.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Vining who have been visiting relatives in Ashland and elsewhere in the Northwest for several months, left Saturday on their return home to Los Angeles.

ASHLAND 30 Years Ago

Butler Walker of Sprague river has been in the valley the past week. A well equipped Crater Lake party started from Barrons yesterday for an excursion to the lake section. In the party were E. B. Barron and family, Mike Tucker and wife, the Misses Patterson, daughters of S. Patterson, and Homer Barron. They expect to be out several days.

A jolly 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 Rose of Ashland, Belle Willis of Roseburg and Messrs J. A. Whitman of Medford, John Olwell of Central Point and C. W. Sherman of Portland. Mrs. L. Gillette will chaperone them.

STATUE FOUND, THOUGHT OVER 20,000 YEARS OLD

VIENNA, (United Press)—An ivory statuette, representing the figure of a woman, has been dug up by Dr. Josef Bayer of the Vienna Natural History Museum at Willendorf on the Danube. The statuette is believed to be from 20,000 to 25,000 years old.

DAILY BIBLE PASSAGE

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

Senator Alvord: He has a lot of influence among the senators and is a personal friend of the President. Lydia's lips were set tightly as she plodded along the snowy road.

"I'm doing it because I'm ashamed of what New Englanders have done with their heritage. And I'm doing it for you. To make a name for you. You are going to marry me, some day, Lydia."

"I'm not," she said flatly. Billy laughed. "You can't help yourself, honey. It's fate for both of us. Come along home! You're shivering."

"When you talk that way I hate you!" exclaimed Lydia, but Billy only laughed again.

The commissioners sat for months and in that time they exposed to the burning sun of publicity the muck of thievery and dishonesty on which Lake City's placid beauty was built.

Marriage after marriage of squaws with Lake City citizens was unearthed, most of these same citizens also having a white family.

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.

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

"Billy? Always Billy?" snorted Kent. "Why, you and I were friends before we ever heard of Billy!"

"Yes," returned Lydia calmly. "You've always liked me as I have you. But you've always been ashamed of my clothes. I don't



"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."

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

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

"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 with you, and thank you, deeply, Mr. Norton."

"All right," said Kent, soberly. "The first hop next fall is mine and 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.

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

"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 know 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 I've done little enough."

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

(Continued Tomorrow)

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