

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.—Proverbs 13:20.

Painted Atrocities

Perhaps there are people in the world that enjoy static over the radio, that appreciate only discords in music, find delight in the nerve racking shrieks of a siren—there must be or we would not have persons whose idea of an attractive exterior for a store is a glaring, garrish glittering color that offends the eyes as discords shock the ears. It is certainly a strange way to create the city beautiful and keep Salem famous.

A brilliant blue, a vivid red, a glittering orange, a dazzling green are bad enough on the isolated gasoline service station, designed to attract the passing attention of the fleeting motorists, but when we see store fronts in the heart of the business district glistening in hues of many colors, it jars the senses as it mars the scenery.

There has recently been more or less of this variety of ornamentation in Salem. It creates the same human reaction that the unsightly bill board when it cuts off the glimpse of a charming vista, and is calculated to drive away trade rather than attract it. It is quite effective however, in spoiling the appearance of the street, and therefore a mark of the hick town.

Having no city planning committee and no statutes on the subject, the vivid color nuisance cannot be controlled except by appeal to reason. Therefore we urge the various organizations attempting to beautify the city to use their influence against the perpetration of more painted atrocities.

A Builder Goes

By the death of former-Senator I. N. Day, Oregon loses one of her really big men, one whose vision and constructive ability left a marked impress on development of the state. He differed from most of those who loom large in public affairs in that he was a thinker and a philosopher as well as a builder, and the programs that he offered were carefully drawn and thoroughly thought out.

Oregon's highway system is largely Mr. Day's achievement for he is who originated the plan of amortizing the automobile license revenue as a basis for highway bond issues which was adopted in 1917. He was also father of the market road program, designed to supplement state and federal highways.

Among the achievements credited to Mr. Day while in the legislature was the adoption of the state workmen's compensation law. Much other progressive legislation owed both its origin and its enactment to him, including that authorizing the creation of port districts for the building of harbors, including the Port of Portland. At the time of his death he was engaged in uniting the northwestern states to force congressional assistance for port development in districts where the timber lies in federal reserves.

Mr. Day compiled in 1917 a complete report on the water power resources of Oregon. In 1920 as chairman of the Olcott commission he wrote an exhaustive report on taxation and revision of laws and presented the legislature a complete code to reorganize taxation, which if it had been enacted, would have straightened out state finances and averted the present crisis.

Industrious, public spirited, original, resourceful, of unusual capacity, Mr. Day was of the type that, before the days of the direct primary, we honored with high public office, but in these days we discard to honor the demagogues, in spite of which the state mourns the loss of one of its best and most useful citizens.

NO COUNTY AID FOR AUTO TRAMP SMITH ASSERTS

"Give absolutely not one cent of county funds to assist any person that owns an automobile. Let the automobile be sold to assist in defraying expenses and then give such county aid as the case warrants."

That is County Commissioner Smith's solution for the problem of the "automobile tramp," who will be subject of a conference of county courts and various agencies in Portland on June 14. It is probable that the county commissioner will attend the conference and possibly that County Juvenile Officer Mrs. Nona White also may attend.

The "automobile tramp" made heavy raids on the indigent fund of the county last year. The "tramp" himself did not spend so much in the county, but in numerous cases he appeared with a wife and all the way from five to ten children, who traveled about the country in a flivver, packed in with numerous belongings and not provided with enough money to buy gasoline to carry them from place to place. It was up to the court to buy gasoline or support the trip. The court took the line to leave residence and bought the gasoline. The court in the next county on the same thing. And so on until the tramp landed in another state where it was presumed the operation was repeated.

Facing the possibilities of a similar situation this year the conference has been called for Portland to meet the problem as a state matter, with some sort of uniform mode of procedure to be adopted and followed throughout the state.

County Commissioner Smith declares he believes it is a mistake to expend the county poor funds for the assistance of any person who owns an automobile. A large number of those seeking county aid drive to the court house in their cars to get it.

He incidentally believes if the policy he has outlined was adopted

CRISIS IN ARMS PARLEY AVERTED BY COMPROMISE

Geneva, May 18.—(A. P.)—The crisis in the international conference for the control of traffic in arms and munitions, which has been created by America's refusal to have the league of nations council appoint the central office for arms control was averted today by a decision to abandon the plan to establish the proposed central bureau.

Representative Theodore E. Burton of Ohio, head of the American delegation addressing a special committee in charge of the question insisted that the central bureau should not be connected with the league.

Virtually all of the other 19 countries represented on the committee adhered to the idea that no central international bureau should be established if it is placed under the league's jurisdiction. Confronting this impasse the committee decided the conciliatory thing to do was to make progress by marching around it. Therefore, on motion of M. Lange of Norway, the committee unanimously resolved that in its judgment the central office or bureau in the form previously proposed, is not essential and that the same end can be attained by allowing each government to publish arms statistics. The practical effect of today's action is that the league of nations nevertheless will collect all data regarding arms and the result will be the same as if a central office had been created under the league.

Generally throughout the states that it would go a long way toward solving the "automobile tramp" problem.

Capital Journal
WANT ADS
Do the Work

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL HOW TO SOLVE THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE

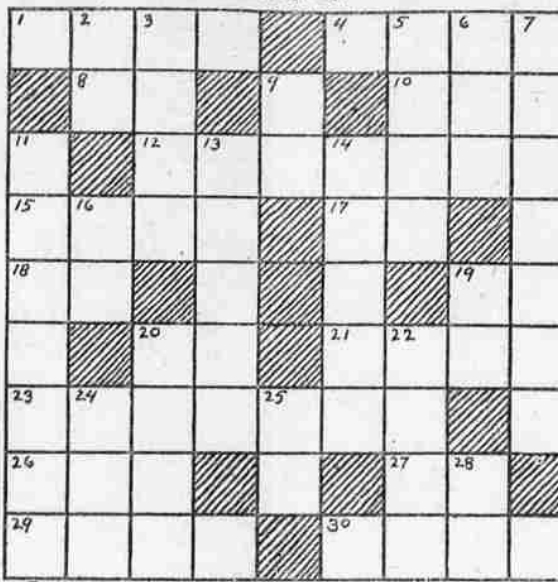
The way to solve the Cross Word Puzzle is to fill in the white squares of the diagram with the words which agree with the accompanying definitions. The definitions are numbered to correspond with the numbers on the diagram.
Any word defined in the text under "HORIZONTAL" will begin at its number, shown on the diagram, and will extend all the way across to the first black space to the right of that number. That is, the word must begin in the square that contains its identifying number, and extend as far as the white squares continue uninterrupted.
Any word defined under "VERTICAL" will also begin, in the white space that contains its number, but will extend downward as far as the white squares remain uninterrupted.

VERTICAL

- America (ab.)
- Manor for cattle
- Wicked fairy
- To place
- To inveigle
- Preposition
- Those who trade with others
- Metalurgy (ab.)
- Superior of a monastery
- Epon
- Pronoun
- Immense
- To disguise
- To tangle
- So
- Biographical Engineer (ab.)

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

E P I T I R E
R A M E N D E R
G R O P E E A R
T E A D A R E
S L E E D
C O D E A D C
A V E S L O O P
L A S S I E Y E
E L K P R Y N



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MY MATRIMONIAL VACATION

by Violet Dare

THE MESH BAG AGAIN

I went for a long walk all alone the next morning. I wanted to straighten out—in my own mind, at least—the various entanglements into which I had walked in my efforts to help other people.

First, there were my mother, Virginia, and Frank Harrison. Frank thought he called a lot for me, and was much better suited to Virginia, who was very fond of him. I'd partly succeeded in transferring his affections to her, but must hurry matters along.

Second, there were Nick and his wife, who I was sure had divorced him because her people insisted on her doing so, not because she wanted to. After seeing her that evening at the Russian restaurant when I was with Nick, and realizing that she was jealous of me, I felt more confident than ever that she still loved him. Well, I must work out a way of making her see it too, so that she'd come back to him.

Third, there were my banker friend, Jordan, and his lovely wife, Nathalie. That was a bit more difficult. He seemed so intent on rushing around with chorus girls, giving gay parties and all that sort of thing—would I ever be able to make him realize that his own wife was far prettier and more attractive than any of them?

The harder I thought, the faster I walked. I didn't want to stop and consider my own problem, my husband who liked somebody else better than he did me. I'd begun to lose confidence in myself so far as that problem was concerned. I had thought that I could make myself be happy without him, and I'd found that I couldn't. Since Jim had written me that he and the

But I didn't have, so there was no chance of doing that, and I just kept on walking around the reservoir and thinking about some of the people with whom my life had become entangled.

Nick phoned me that afternoon to ask if I'd go to the theater and a dance club with him that evening.

"Yes, if you'll find another nice man and let me take a beautiful woman along," I answered. I told myself that I might just as well begin my campaign with Nathalie Jordan at once.

At the theater I had but little opportunity to study the man Nick had brought. He seemed quite nice, but as I sat at one end of our group of four seats and he at the other I could judge only by his voice.

We had supper at a charming place, the grille in one of the new hotels. The tables were cleverly placed and dimmed, so that there was a soft amber glow everywhere and the music was entrancing. I looked at Nathalie as she sat chatting with Phil Leland, Nick's friend. She seemed to be having a beautiful time. For the first time I considered a new possibility. What if in the end she should not want to go back to Jordan, but should prefer somebody else?

Stranger things had happened! She looked very lovely, with gardenias in her dark hair; I could see that Leland was much attracted by her.

"This man Leland," I said to Nick, as we were dancing. Is he married?" I wanted to be sure of my ground before I got Nathalie involved in anything new.

"No—he's one of the rapidly disappearing race of bachelors," Nick replied, laughing. "I warn you competition's keen in his case. His only asset is the fact that he isn't married, but it seems to be enough. He hasn't any money, has a good enough job, but it doesn't pay enough to keep him going as he'd like to go. How he manages I don't see. Mrs. Jordan seems to like him, doesn't she?"

"I imagine that women always do," I answered. So this man Leland was like me, just dangling on the edge of things, playing around with wealthy people without having any money of his own.

I stayed that night with Nathalie; she was living in the very beautiful apartment which her mother had bought in one of the huge buildings on Park Avenue.

"Nathalie, did you see my gold mesh bag?" I asked as I slipped into a negligee. "I must have laid it down with your things as we came in."

She said she hadn't. We looked everywhere, and finally phoned the garage to have the chauffeur look through the car. It wasn't there.

"Probably I left it at the restaurant," I said at last. "I'll phone there in the morning."

It wasn't there either. Evidently it was gone, emerald clasp and all.

"Oh, well, I never really liked it," I told Virginia, who was tearing her hair and raving over the loss. "But let's not tell Frank the bad news. I'm afraid he'd give me another one."

Nathalie phoned me later in the day. She had just missed a flexible bracelet, a very handsome one, set with diamonds. Did I remember seeing her wear it after we got home that night?

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Barney Shows Speed as a Thinker

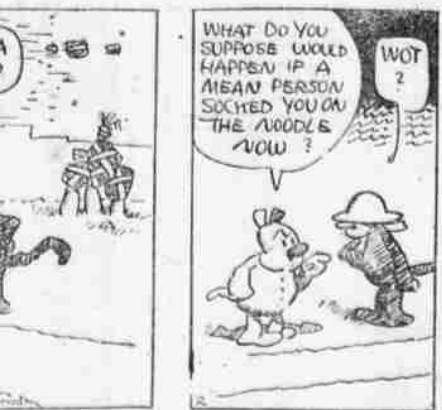
By Billy de Beck



KRAZY KAT

The Innocent Object of Experiment

By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF

A Guys Life Isn't Worth a Nickel in Africa.

By Bud Fisher

