

Capital Journal

Salem, Oregon
An Independent Newspaper Published Every Evening Except Sunday
Telephone 21; News 32
GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

And when the chief shepherd appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.—1 Peter 5:4.

The Muss of Motor Laws

Perversion of government for special privilege and private profit pervades some of the 20 odd new motor and road laws going into effect this week. That these could be lobbied through the legislature and approved by the governor is proof positive of the stupidity of some of our lawmakers, if not of the corruption of others.

The result of this legislation is to expand our already inflated bureaucracy and increase our top-heavy taxation, saddle the state with cumbersome and unnecessary burdens and weigh the statute books with unneeded and unworkable laws, mulet owners of motor vehicles for substantial sums as well as cause them no end of annoyance, to the end that a few may profit at the expense of the many.

Chapter 250 of session laws puts the state into the business of registering titles of motor vehicles for the benefit of dealers in used cars. It creates a new department of government at a cost of \$50,000 a year to taxpayers, and it forces every car or truck owner to fill out a blank duty certifying to ownership, liens and indebtedness before securing annual license.

The secretary of state is required to mail to every person who secures a license to operate, an application blank for a certificate of title, and every sale or transfer of a motor must be officially recorded, and the purchaser must pungle up a dollar for a new certificate of title, and the old filed for reference, so a card index system record the history of the car.

As hundreds of motor vehicles change hands daily, no end of needless work is created, the many inconvenienced for the convenience of the few.

There is Chapter 323, which re-enacts in Oregon the unworkable and discarded auto headlight law of California, which requires all motor vehicles to use lenses of certain specifications, said specifications being part of the patent granted the General Motors Company, and giving it virtually a monopoly, as no other lenses fill the bill.

Thus everyone is forced to re-equip his motor vehicle with lenses that are no improvement over lenses already on the car, and which are just as glaring and just as dangerous as the old lights, and have been so proven in California, where no pretense is now made to enforce the law.

However, if everyone is forced to install these lights before the effort to enforce the law is abandoned, manufacturer and dealers will clean up a fortune in autoists' expense.

Chapter 93 increases the state traffic officers force from 5 to 25 men under a chief at \$250 and expenses a month, the speed cops to draw \$125 and expenses per month for the first year service, \$150 and expenses for the second year, and \$175 and expenses thereafter.

This gives us five times as many state speed cops as we have now at five times the expense—yet our highways are sufficiently well patrolled as it is and no emergency exists for public safety.

Chapter 102 makes the state of Oregon guardian and bill collector of Oregon motor clubs, by making display of insignia and emblems a misdemeanor unless dues are paid-up and rules lived-up to.

Chapter 245 puts the state of Oregon into the business of booming membership in motor clubs by making "unexpired card of membership in a lawfully organized automobile association" acceptable as bail for violation of traffic laws—a special privilege extended only to members of motor clubs. The general public must pungle up the cash or go to jail, but clubmen simply give their cards. The moral is, join the automobile association and enjoy insurance.

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Two good laws appear in the bunch of new statutes, that imposing a small fee upon auto buses and truck lines, upon which petitions are in circulation for a referendum by those who want to use paved public highways as rights of way for private profit, and that forbidding joyriding in state owned vehicles, which reads:

Chapter 56—It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to drive, operate or use, or to authorize or permit any person or persons to drive, operate or use any automobile, motor truck, or other motor or horse-drawn vehicle owned by the state of Oregon for any private purpose. Any person or persons violating any of the provisions of this act shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$25 nor more than \$100.

ROSE FESTIVAL PROGRAM FIXED

Portland, Or., May 25.—Three big "shows" and a half dozen other attractions are announced for the 1925 Rose Festival, which opens Monday, June 15, and continues through the week. Previous Rose Festivals have extended only over three days.

"Rosaria," the floral parade and "Merrybans" are the three big attractions and two of them are to be the first attractions of their kind ever seen anywhere. "Merrybans" is to be a distinct novelty—a conglomerate parade with the carnival spirit dominant in all sections except "The March of Nations." Thirty-seven nationalities represented in Portland's population will have characteristic entries, many of them with bands. Other sections will be the "Funnys," the "Bazzberry" section, the industrial, fraternal and booster clubs. Every civic club in the Pacific northwest is eligible to enter with a comic float or stunts.

Feature of "Rosaria" has just been announced. As a special diversion in all sections except "The March of Nations," Miss Marie Lench, dramatic soprano, will sing "A Rose for Every Heart," with a rose ballet and a large group of waitresses in the background. Charles Waketield Cadman, composer of the "Rosaria" music, and everyone who has heard this waltz song predict it will attain tremendous popularity after its introduction at the festival.

Six princesses and 45 ladies in waiting have been chosen for Queen Susanne's court of Rosaria. The princesses are the Misses Dorothy Harnden, Lee Tevis, Sarah Jane Talbot, Leslie Kerns, Flora Jane Senetos and Janet House.

NEW INCORPORATIONS

The following articles of incorporation have been filed with the state corporation department.

Security & Finance company, Astoria; incorporators, H. L. Brown, D. A. Houston, Henry G. W. Knebel; capital, \$25,000; preferred stock and 230 shares of common stock without par value.

Portland Furnace company, Portland; incorporators, C. W. Twining, C. Simonsen, W. K. Royal; capital \$5000.

First Christian church, Turner; incorporators, J. L. Webb, William Butake, S. A. Riches; assets, \$10,000.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

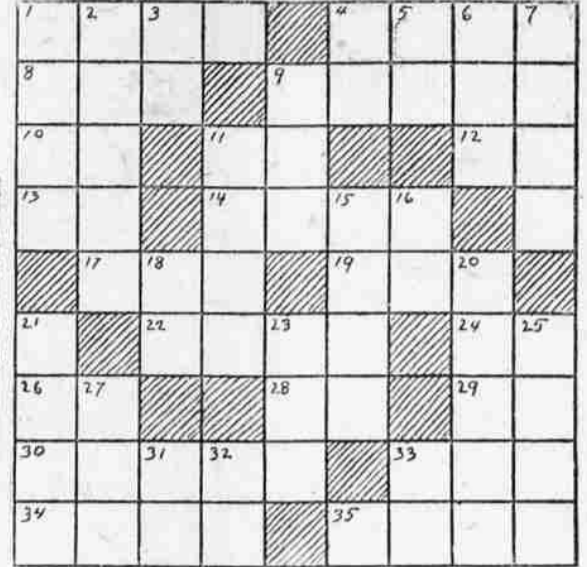
- Will not (contraction)
- To be necessary
- First woman
- Highest male adult voice
- Royal Engineers (ab.)
- Toward
- North (ab.)
- Fourteenth letter alphabet
- Indebted
- Female hog
- Received
- Cozy
- Personal pronoun
- Isle of Wight (ab.)
- Steamship (ab.)
- Executive (ab.)
- Thrice (L. prefix)
- One who entertains guests in private life
- And

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 uninterruptedly.

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 spaces remain uninterruptedly.



SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

G	R	A	D	U	A	L	S
E	I	N	N	A	N		
A	S	P	I	T	S	O	
S	A	P	T	C	A	R	
S	L	O	W	W	A	R	T
E	E	R	W	L	E	E	
R	T	R	E	N	D		
T	O	E	R	E	D		
S	S	P	E	E	D	E	R

VERTICAL

- We are (contraction)
- Used in baking (pl.)
- North East (ab.)
- Objective of I
- Prefix denoting negation
- Child
- A steady jogging pace
- To pull
- Large collection of dwelling places
- Breakfast food (pl.)
- We are (contraction)
- Used in baking (pl.)
- North East (ab.)
- Objective of I
- Prefix denoting negation
- Child
- A steady jogging pace
- To pull
- Large collection of dwelling places
- Breakfast food (pl.)

- First note musical scale
- Old School (ab.)
- Adverb of place
- Desire
- To put into practise
- Passage out
- Pronoun
- So
- Right (ab.)
- Tiberius (ab.)

BRINGING UP FATHER



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Spike's "Bumped Off" Early in the Race

By Billy de Beck



KRAZY KAT

The Crowning Epidemic

By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF

By Bud Fisher



My MATRIMONIAL VACATION

by Violet Dare

A DANGEROUS GAME

I couldn't really blame Nathalie Jordan for liking Phil Leland. He knew so well how to make himself attractive. Then too, she was lonely and unhappy, and Phil was the sort of man who can make life seem glamorous. I know that lots of rich girls marry men of his type, because they can afford luxury when it comes to marriage as they can in other things. And they'd rather overlook lack of character in a man, and let his ability to entertain them and make love gracefully make up for it.

Leland played little games with Nathalie. He sent her absurd notes—she found one in the pocket of her evening coat that very night—I saw it when she took off her wrap in the dressing-room. She read it, laughed and showed it to me.

"Lovely lady," he had written, "You're particularly beautiful this evening. If you'll look under the perfume bottle of amber glass on your dressing-table, when you get home, you'll find something to remind you of me."

"It's absurd, of course," she laughed, "but I like it. He's always sending me little gifts, that I come upon unexpectedly. Yesterday I received a huge box of panades, with a note urging me to come at once to the old wistaria arbor in Central Park, alone and on foot. I did—and there was Phil, with a huge bag of peanuts which we fed to the squirrels. I felt like a child of six—and I've been feeling old for so long!"

"Of her was clever—I grew a little fearful as I wondered whether I could come between them, and straighten out matters between her and her husband, and make them realize that they still loved each other."

"I had thought that Phil Leland really would make her happy, I would have given up all thought of interfering. But I was as sure that he wouldn't as I was of my own name."

I was dancing with him when a very pretty girl in a brilliant scarlet frock laid one hand on his arm as she passed us.

"Get my note?" she asked. She spoke in a very low voice, but I overheard.

"Yes," he said. "The crystal-room."

There was a crystal-room on the floor above—the dance club occupied the whole building, but all the floors but that one were reserved for private parties.

I wouldn't have thought much about it, but when I got back to our table I picked up my vanity case, which had been lying there all evening. As I opened it a note fell out.

Phil was dancing with Nathalie, and Nick was talking to some one at a nearby table, so I was quite alone. I opened the note and read it.

"Won't you come up to the crystal-room with me—we can shake the others—I must see you alone," it read. And it was signed "Phil."

Now, Nathalie's vanity case and mine were very much alike. Each one had an "N" engraved on the front. They had been lying side by side on the table all evening.

Obviously, that note was meant for her. And that girl in the red frock—evidently she knew about this rendezvous in the crystal-room too!

I couldn't figure it out very well.

I'm not clever about such things. But it was easy enough to see that Phil wanted to go to the floor above with Nathalie, and that the girl in red had arranged the meeting.

Well, I'd go too! I didn't quite like the looks of the affair, and I certainly wasn't going to let Nathalie walk into something that wasn't to my liking.

I told Nick, when he came back, that I wanted to telephone my mother, and hurried out of the room. I got my cloak, and ran upstairs, just to look over the ground.

At first glance I decided that there was nobody in the crystal-room. Then I saw the girl in red, she was crossing the room to the side where the windows were.

Very curious, hung in front of them. She drew one aside, and there was a man—with a camera! She spoke to him, then drew the curtain in front of him, and stepped behind the one that hung in front of the next window.

So they were going to take a picture—of Nathalie Jordan and Phil Leland.

That looked like blackmail to me. I'd read of just such cases. Somehow Phil would manage to involve Nathalie in a questionable looking situation, and then they'd tell her that they had a photograph of her—in his arms, probably—and that they'd blackmail her if she didn't pay them to destroy it. She'd be frightened, of course, and pay them, rather than have them make the facts public.

Not that they could really do anything with the picture, but they'd threaten to.

I heard voices on the stairs just then, Phil's and Nathalie's. Well, since heavy curtains made such good hiding places, I decided to use one myself. I stepped behind one of those that hung in front of the doorway. A moment later Nathalie and Leland passed me, so close that I could have touched them.

Tomorrow—Thieves of Society.

By George McManus