

EXPERT ADVOCATES THREE MAIN TAXES

(By NEA Service)
 NEW YORK, March 28.—A flat registration tax, a gasoline tax, and a weight tax. These are the only three methods of taxation by means of which states collect money from motorists for the development of their highway systems, says A. J. Brosseau, member of the taxation committee of the national automobile chamber of commerce.

Brosseau's opinion is that of the committee, and is based on a formula that has been based on the amount of the demand made upon the highways.

Pays Expenses
 "A flat registration tax," Brosseau is advocated to defray the cost of administration of the highway department and for the privilege of using an automobile which carries with it permission to use the highways.

To measure the use of the highway, we have to reckon with not only the space occupied by an automobile, but also the distance traveled. All admit that if the space traveled is to be one of the elements in a formula, a tax on mileage is an equitable one.

Proportions
 In determining the amount of tax assessed for the demand made upon the highway, it is generally admitted that a graduated weight tax is equitable. This tax should be small in amount on light cars, somewhat higher on heavier automobiles and still higher on heavy trucks equipped with big tires.

In addition, Brosseau declares all special taxes on automobiles should be levied on highway purposes.

And, to make the system of collection simpler, only the state should be the taxing agency on automobiles.

New Process Used On Nickeled Parts

Heavy nickel plating, of a uniform thickness never before achieved, being used on all nickeled parts of automobiles since the recent invention of a new plating method at Olds Motor works, Lansing, Mich. The new process not only gives a smoother and more uniform plating but also conserves labor.

The principle innovation in the new method is an endless chain which conveys the articles being plated through plating tanks at a set speed. This chain each part just the exact time the plating bath that will give the best results. Heretofore the length of time was gauged by workmen, and, therefore, subject to human error.

Parts to be plated come from the conveyor to the plating room where they are first polished with soft emery on a leather wheel. They are then placed in a cleansing solution, after which they are attached to automatic conveyors that carry them through a tank filled with copper plating solution. This copper plating bath consumes 15 minutes, and the conveyor regulates to make a complete circle of the tank in that time.

The parts are then buffed on a buff wheel, cleaned and given a second copper plating to make sure that all portions are sufficiently well plated. The parts are then rinsed and placed in the nickeling tanks where automatic conveyors make a complete circle of the big tanks in 15 minutes.

Three men using the new equipment can plate in a day 300 pieces of each of the eight nickeled parts on Oldsmobiles: radiator shells, control levers, accelerator pedals, brake levers, make latch rods, carburetor choke valve, radiator crank hole caps and tip holders.

Duty 45 Per Cent
 Czechoslovakia extracts an import duty of 45 per cent of its value for every car shipped there from the United States.

Our Advice on Balloon Tires

We have some strong and practical ideas about low pressure tires.

And Brunswicks are the Balloon Cords that measure four square with our ideas.

Their plus comfort and other special motoring features are worth looking into, and you will find our advice and Brunswick Balloons a safe combination.

GUSS L. NEELY COMPANY
 Eugene, Oregon

BRUNSWICK BALLOONS



Not Two-Way, But Two-Purpose Auto



This looks like a two-way auto, one that might be useful for going one way or the other directly. But the back of the car merely has an auxiliary engine for the purpose of running a rock drill.

BAREE, SON OF KAZAN

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD
 Copyright, 1917, by Doubleday, Page & Co.
 "BAREE, SON OF KAZAN," a Vitaphone Picture. With Wolf, the War Dog, is an Adaptation of This Story

(Continued)
 AS THE Willow pulled the trigger of her rifle, Baree sprang into the air. He felt the force of the bullet before he heard the report of the gun. It lifted him off his feet, and then sent him rolling over and over as if he had been struck a hideous blow with a club. For a flash he did not feel pain. Then it came through him like a knife of fire, and with that pain the dog in him rose above the wolf, and he let out a wild outcry of puppyish yapping as he rolled and twisted on the ground.

Pierrot and Nepeese had stepped from behind the balsams, the Willow's beautiful eyes shining with pride at the accuracy of her shot. Instantly she caught her breath. Her brown fingers clutched at the barrel of her rifle. The chuckle of satisfaction died on Pierrot's lips as Baree's cries of pain filled the forest.

In this humor Baree came, an hour later, out of the heavy timber of the creek bottom into the more open spaces of a small plain that ran along the foot of a ridge. It was in this plain that Ooboomisew lived. Ooboomisew was a huge snow owl. He was the patriarch among all the owls of Pierrot's trapping domain. He was so old that he was almost blind, and therefore he never hunted as other owls did. He did not hide himself in the black cover of spruce and balsam tops, or flat sedge through the night, ready in an instant to swoop down upon his prey. His eyesight was so poor that form a spruce top he could not have seen a rabbit at all, and he might have mistaken a fox for a mouse.

Even if Baree could have seen under the dark brush, and had discovered Ooboomisew ready to dart upon his ambush it is not likely that he would have come very far aside. His own fighting blood was up. He, too, was ready for war.

Very distinctly Ooboomisew saw him at last, coming across the little open which he was watching. He squatted down. His feather ruffled up until he was like a ball. His almost sightless eyes glowed like two bright pools of fire. Ten feet away, Baree stopped for a moment and licked his wound. Ooboomisew waited cautiously. Again Baree, advanced, passing within six feet of the bush. With a swift hop and a sudden thrust of his powerful wings the great owl was upon him.

In the stillness of night there rose a still greater thunder of wings, and for a few moments Baree closed his eyes to keep from being blinded by Ooboomisew's furious blows. But

he hung on grimly, and as his teeth met through the flesh of the old night plater's leg, his angry snarl carried defiance to Ooboomisew's ears. Baree good fortune had given him that grip on the leg, and Baree knew that triumph or defeat depended on his ability to hold it.

Suddenly Ooboomisew ceased his beating and launched himself upward. Like huge fans his powerful wings churned the air, and Baree felt himself lifted suddenly from the earth. Still he held on—and in a moment both bird and beast fell backward with a thud.

Under those wings Baree's mind worked with the swift instinct of the killer. Suddenly he changed his hold, burying his fangs into the under part of Ooboomisew's body. They sank into three inches of feathers. Swift as Baree had been, Ooboomisew was equally swift to take advantage of his opportunity. In an instant he had swooped upward. There was a jerk, a rending of feathers from flesh—and Baree was alone on the field of battle.

Baree had not killed, but he had conquered.

Baree's fight with Ooboomisew was good medicine for him. It not only gave him great confidence in himself, but it also cleared the fever of ugliness from his blood. He no longer snarled and snarled at things as he went on through the night.

He was still a wanderer—papa-moose, the Indians call it. It is this "wander spirit" that inspires for a time nearly every creature of the wild as soon as it is able to care for itself—nature's scheme, perhaps, for doing away with too close family relations and possibly dangerous interbreeding. Baree, like the young wolf seeking new hunting grounds, or the young fox discovering a new world, had no reason or method in his wandering. He was simply "traveling"—going on. He wanted something which he could not find. The wolfnote brought it to him.

The stars and the moon filled Baree with a yearning for this something. The distant sounds impinged upon him his great loneliness. And instinct told him that only by questing could he find it. It was not so much Kazan and Gray Wolf that he missed now—not so much motherhood and home as it was companionship.

Baree did not travel for that night. The fact that his wound had come with dusk, and his fight with Ooboomisew still later, filled him with caution. He did not travel that night. The dark shadows and the black pits in the forest were possible ambu-

scapes of danger. He was no longer afraid, as he had once been, but he had had fighting enough for a time, and so he accepted circumspection as the better part of valor and held himself aloof from the perils of darkness. It was a strange instinct that made him seek his bed on the top of a huge rock up which he had some difficulty in climbing.

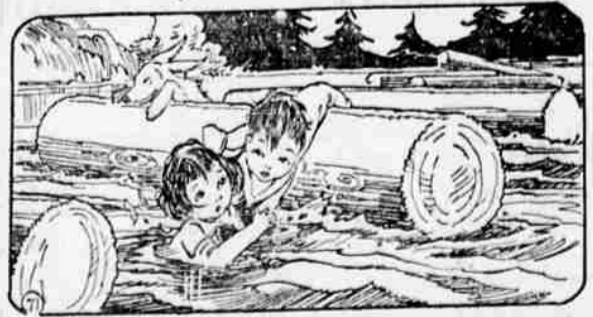
Baree's rock, instead of rising for a hundred feet or more straight up, was possibly as high as a man's head. It was in the edge of the creek bottom with the spruce forest close at its back. For many hours he did not sleep, but lay keenly alert, his ears tuned to catch every sound that came out of the dark world about him. There was more than curiosity in his alertness tonight. His education had broadened immensely in one way; he had learned that he was a very small part of the wonderful earth that lay under the stars and the moon, and he was keenly alive with the desire to become better acquainted with it without any more fighting or hurt. Tonight he knew what it meant when he saw now and then gray shadows float silently out of the forest into the moonlight—the owls, masters of the night, and he knew that he had heard the crackling of hooved feet and the smashing of heavy bodies in the underbrush. He heard again the moaning of the moose. Voices came to him that he had not heard before—the sharp yap-yap-yap of a fox, the unceasingly laughing cry of a great northern loon on a lake a half mile away, floating through miles of forest, the low, soft croak of the night-hawk between himself and the stars. All these sounds held their new meaning for Baree. Swiftly he was coming into his knowledge of the wilderness. His eyes glomed; his blood thrilled. For many minutes at a time he scarcely moved. But of all the sounds that came to him, the wolf-cry thrilled him most. Again and again he listened to it. At times it was far away, so far that it was like a whisper, dying away almost before it reached him; and then again it would come to him full-throated, hot with the breath of the chase, calling him to the red thrill of the hunt, to the wild orgy of torn flesh and running blood—calling, calling calling. (To be continued)

JACK DAW'S ADVENTURES

Story by Hal Cochran—Drawings by L. W. Redner
 AT LOG RIVER—CHAPTER 24



DOTTY knew enough about swimming to bring herself to the surface as soon as she went beneath the waves. Jack also popped his head right out and he immediately took a few strokes and grabbed hold of his little cousin. Flip, of course, had stayed on top and he kept very close by.



"KEEP your hands and legs going," advised Jack. "And I'll hold you up until I can get hold of another log." The little adventurer let himself be carried over toward the edge of the stream and in just a few moments he circled his free arm around a log. Flip scrambled out of the water.



"NOW you climb to safety," said Jack. And, with that, Dotty reached up and started to pull herself out of the water. Jack assisted her by boosting her feet up. Flip also helped by sinking his teeth into Dotty's shirt and pulling. Shortly the little girl was up on the log. (Continued.)

scapes of Buddhist and Taoist priests, gathered in the villages and the nightly crowds numbered thousands. A modern and western note was injected into the age-old observance by the bright lights furnished by a portable electric plant in place of the customary dim, yellow lights of candles or the dimmer gleam from buffalo-horn lanterns.

Better Preparation by Teachers Problem

National Education Association Urged to Action

DES MOINES, Iowa, March 28.—(AP)—Better prepared teachers is the fundamental problem in present day education, Dean W. F. Barr of the college of education of Drake University, declared here recently in urging that the National Education Association take steps to place the profession on a higher plane.

"During the last 25 years there has been much talk about better preparation of teachers," Dean Barr said, "but all the agitation has ended in talk, just as many of our great moral issues bring forth nothing better than talk."

"The fact is that school people, as a whole, are afraid to take hold of the problem of securing legislation defining minimum educational qualifications of teachers," Dean Barr said. "To be a lawyer or a doctor, or a minister in the older churches, one must have preparation far beyond anything required for the certification of school teachers. Qualifications for getting a certificate to teach should be written up by some person with a sense of humor, for they would be screamingly humorous if they were not so tragic."

"In spite of the fact that we do not require anything of our teachers legally, we have educational organizations talking about minimum salary laws, the poorly paid teacher, and the necessity of having a secretary of education in the president's cabinet. All of which indicates that we are merely trying to cover up our own weaknesses."

"Whenever we get down to bed rock and demand that we have legislation on teachers' qualifications, as lawyers and doctors have demanded, and when we, as a group of educators, can bring ourselves to organize protests against low qualifications, we are really trying to cover up our own weaknesses."

Chinese Villagers Put On Old Rites

Efforts to Placate Evil Spirits Take Ancient Form

FOOCHOW, March 28.—(AP)—The Chinese year just closing being the "year of the rat" when all evil influences are most potent, recent months have seen the greatest revival of the rites of "pu-do" within the memory of any man in Foochow.

"Pu-do" are special and most elaborate prayers offered for the outbreak of disease, and are supposed to return and plague the living when prayers and offerings are not presented for them.

Every five or ten years villages and cities in north Fukien observe these rites for protection against angered and injured spirits, but this year, being also the first of a Chinese cycle of 60 years, altars have been set up in scores of places around Foochow and priests are chanting their prayers.

Usually from five to 20 elaborately decorated altars are erected in temples or private houses, depending upon the population of the village or town. Special plays descriptive of possible punishment in the hereafter are given, sometimes by life-size paper-mache images operated from behind the stage. Huge mounds of cakes are provided as offerings, usually accompanied by feasts for the living.

The least ornate of these village celebrations costs \$500 and frequently the cost mounts to many thousands.

The "pu-do" is said to be a Fukiense rite, and the village of Uong-dong near Foochow, reputed to be the original home of the ancient custom, witnessed a celebration lasting seven days. People from all the region around, including

Good Roads Save
 A study made by the Iowa State college shows the difference in cost of maintaining earth and improved roads. The former requires an annual cost of \$25,000 a mile for each 500 cars, while the good roads cost \$20,050 a mile for the same number of cars.

New Crossing Signal
 An automatic danger signal for railroad crossings, operated by locomotives approaching crossings, has been invented by an Indiana mechanic. A locomotive can be made to turn the stop signal at the crossing if approaches within the distance of a mile.

Insurance For All
 A bill in the Delaware legislature seeks to require every auto owner in the state to provide some form of indemnity insurance for himself, either through straight insurance, bond or some other way.

Many Cars Stolen
 Throughout the United States more than 100,000 cars are stolen annually. This is more automobiles than owned in Germany, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey.

Announcement!

I have taken over the management of The Oregon Motor Co. at 930 Olive street and will personally look after your auto needs.

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 "EVERY NEED OF AN AUTOMOBILE"

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 Beginning April first we will keep our repair shop open day and night for the convenience of autoists.

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DANCES SAID TO DRAW FROM THEATER

Youngsters Who Prefer Hot-Footing to Sitting Quietly Before Footlights Are Blamed for Decline of Road Show's Popularity

- Ten Nights in Theater for New York Visitors
- Candida
 - Is Zat So?
 - Old English
 - The Fall Guy
 - The Wild Duck
 - They Knew What They Wanted
 - What Price Glory
 - Ziegfeld Follies
 - Rosa Maria
 - The Student Prince

By THE NEA PLAY JURY

NEW YORK, March 28.—A week in which only one new play appears on Broadway—and that one distressingly poor—allows space to talk about the drama in the rest of the country.

The trouble with drama on the road, according to the latest of producer diagnostics, is not high railroad fare, nor the movie, nor the radio. None of those so much as the dance craze. Amusement seekers would rather go to the dance halls than pay the difference and see a play.

But to start on the trouble with the drama in New York! The new play is "The Devil Within." It is one of the few detective, mystery plays of the season. A disagreeable rich man dies before the eyes of the audience in peculiar fashion at the end of the first act. Suspicion is distributed around, and in the end an unsuspected criminal is revealed.

If this observer had left the theater at any time before the last 15 minutes, however, he could have gone home without the slightest curiosity as to the outcome. This play is vague, lacking in snap and sparkle, crudely mechanical. William Ingersoll does the most convincing acting. The Irish comedy of Dorothy Walters is a matter for your taste, either very good or terrible.

Following the clean play agitation, Sam Harris has bought an interest in the Cherry Lane players "Loggishends" and moved it to the Gaiety. This sugared and sanitary little drama is an Irish romance in which the perplexed heroine at last decides to become the bride of the church. Gall Kane, Joanna Roos, Whitford Kane and Barry Macollum handle the principal roles acceptably.

Clean plays are not so much discussed since the citizens' play jury plan of the Actors' Equity got to operating. Their first verdicts seem just. If censorship in any form is necessary, this plan appears the most sensible yet proposed.

Blame for the theater's financial troubles is placed on the dance hall by John Cort, the veteran producer who is interested now principally in the musical show, "Shina Rose." He estimates that at least 20 per cent of the crowds at dances would be paying money at the box offices if the cheaper, jazzier entertainment were not the vogue. The dance, he thinks, has crowded the young crowd away from the theater.

"Musical comedy production has become the most hazardous gamble in business," says Cort. Out of every 100, 85 are doomed to failure. The



Above, Peggy Wood, the successor of Katharine Cornell (below), in the leading part of "Candida." Miss Cornell is leaving to play in "The Green Hat."

loss is from \$75,000 to \$100,000 each. Not so long ago if a musical show failed in New York it could go to cost \$8. Chorus girls get a minimum of \$35 a week now, as against a former \$18.

Causes for Big "Gas" Bills
 Under-inflated tires, overheated engines, improper engine lubricant, badly adjusted spark plugs or dragging brakes will increase the cost of a motorist's gasoline anywhere from one cent a gallon up.

Motors Still New
 The newness of the automobile is shown by the fact that the automotive industry ranked second during 1924 in the number of applications for patents filed. Radio was first. Auto patent applications amounted to 4621.

Lower Payroll
 Number of employees in the automotive industry last year decreased by 13.6 per cent below that of 1923, reports the bureau of labor statistics. The payroll dropped 18.7 per cent.

DODGE BROTHERS SPECIAL TYPE-A SEDAN

The Type-A Sedan has always ranked above its price class in distinction of line and appointment.

This Special Type further advances that leadership beyond current standards.

No special feature that could heighten the car's beauty, or enhance its comfort and convenience has been overlooked by the builders.

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 \$1350 f. o. b. Detroit—\$1565 delivered
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