

# Capital Journal

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## BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

For thou, Lord will bless the righteous; with favor will thou compass him as with a shield.—Psalms 5:12.

## Santa Barbara

As if to equalize their beauty and charm and their delightful climates with less favored lands, nature has subjected many of the world's most attractive countries to earthquake and volcanic violence. Many a stately city has been crumbled to fragments or been buried under cinders and ashes along the lovely shores of the Mediterranean in the centuries gone by, and more recently along the turquoise seas of Japan, and many a California city is probably destined in the years to come to suffer the fate that overwhelmed San Francisco a score of years ago and that has now overtaken Santa Barbara. It is part of the penalty nature exacts for their allurements.

Before such cataclysms of nature man is powerless, but the magnitude of the disasters seem to inspire him to still greater achievement. Ruined cities are rebuilt as if by magic and Phoenix-like, arise from the ashes, more beautiful than ever.

In some ways it is an advantage for a city to suffer destruction, for it enables rebuilding upon a comprehensive and systematic plan, avoiding the mistakes and failures that occur in the growth of the average city from a cross-roads village to a metropolis. Every structure can be erected to conform to accepted plan and uniform beauty assured.

To Santa Barbara in her distress flows the sympathy and assistance of the world, and with the undaunted courage shown in disaster, the rebuilding of a yet more beautiful city than the old Santa Barbara is assured. Certainly no man is better qualified for the task than Herbert Nunn, former Salemite, her city manager, builder of Oregon's great highway system.

## An Airy Subject

Women's clothes are a light and airy subject for discussion, suitable for the good old summer time, for they form the nearest approach to Eve's fig-leaf of any era since the Garden of Eden—that is women are wearing fewer clothes, with less material in them than ever before. But they cost just as much as ever, because women go more places.

The flapper has triumphed over dame fashion and holds her captive. When a young woman starts out, now, she runs a comb through her bob, works hard for a few minutes with Mascaro, rouge, lipsticks and powder puff, chooses the tint of her garters carefully, and says, "Well, clothes, if you want to go with me, hang on."

Women have adopted the simplified system in apparel, principally for comfort. A fashion writer says of these mysteries:

Everything is out short except a good time. Lingerie has almost disappeared. Vests have given way to brassieres. Below the vest is a blous extending to the top-line. The latter are known by a dozen different names, kitted and the like, but it is a pity the English language has few diminutives since all models are small.

Again the blouses until the rolled-down proceeding upward and upward to the discomfort of the wearer. The new hose are reached. Elastic girdles for those of plumper mold have not disappeared, but the old models have been discarded since, with rolled-down stockings, there is nothing for them to hold.

Shoes consist of a sole and heel and a few strands of leather or satin. Hats are small and light. The bob reigns supreme in a score of different forms, including waves, straight bob and bang, curly mop, shingle, close crop and part, etc. Gone are the days of concealed ears and flowing tresses, and arrived are the days of paint and powder.

A yard and a half of material is ample for a fashionable dress and the hem line is shrinking above the knee. Bare knees are becoming as common, as bare arms and bare chests, while bare legs are not infrequent. A man in his B. V. D.'s doesn't show as much of his anatomy as the modern maid, and if he wants to compete, its breech-cloths for him.

## One Wife on Approval

By Violet Dare

### A Request—and a Promise

Cynthia and Phil Graham settled down to their marriage supper party with unconcealed delight. He had news of many of her old friends to give her, people whom she had not seen since before her marriage. They finished supper long before he had told her of everyone, and adjourned to the big couch that stood before the fireplace in the library.

"Jim ought to be here before long," she told him, "and we can wait for him here. Now tell me—where's that pretty Adams girl—the one you liked so much? I always expected you to marry her, Phil."

"You know perfectly well that I never was likely to marry anyone but you, Cynthia—that is, if you'd have had me," he answered quietly. "I ought not to speak of it now, of course, since you're so happily married to someone else, but I can't help it. I'll never care for anyone but you."

"Oh, Phil, I'm fond of you, too, only—well, not that way," she answered, laying one hand lightly on his. He caught it in both his own and held it tight.

He told himself that he would not have come to the house at all had he known how bitter an experience it was to be for him. To be there with Cynthia fuming about the kitchen, and sitting there on the wide, deep couch before the dancing fire—he could not help thinking of how wonderful it would be to belong there, to have her with him always.

"You were always like a big brother to me; I never suspected that you cared in any other way for me till you told me that you did," she said, after a moment. "I—I'm sorry things had to be this way, Phil."

"You mustn't; I don't want anything to dim your happiness," he answered. "You are happy, aren't you, Cynthia? Your husband is everything you want him to be?"

"Oh, yes, Jim's wonderful," she told him quickly. "The only thing is—well, it's his mother and his sisters. His mother especially. She thinks she's awfully good to me, but she meddles with everything I do, and finds fault with me, and corrects me till I nearly go wild."

"I'd get along well enough if she'd just let me alone, but she won't even let me order meals by myself! I have a good maid and a splendid cook, but she superintends every single thing that is done. When my trousseau's worn out I suppose she'll go with me to buy new clothes—I shudder to think of what will happen then!"

"But, Cynthia—why, that's absurd! Doesn't she realize that you're an intelligent human being?" "No; she thinks I don't know a blessed thing, and I don't blame her, because it seems as if she's right. I forget engagements, and do all sorts of things like that, because she gets me so rattled. I think she resents me, too, though she doesn't realize it. But she's always adored Jim, and I've come between them."

There was a moment's pause, while the fire danced and sparkled, and the roses on a low table beside the davenport glowed golden and pale pink in the mellow light.

"Cynthia," Graham exclaimed suddenly, leaning toward her eagerly, "promise me something. Promise me that if ever you feel that you need a friend who will do anything for you, you will send me word and let me come to you, or that you will come to me, if you want to leave here."

"But I don't suppose—you see, I love Jim as much that no matter what happened, I'd stay with him," she answered slowly. "Yes, I know that. But sometimes things we don't expect happen, you know. We can't ever tell what lies ahead. No matter where I am, I'll come to you, Cynthia, and managed to help you."

## To Cynthia it seemed as if a cold wind blew through the room, carrying the odor of the cedar logs that burned in the fireplace, carrying a feeling of chill straight to her heart.

"But nothing could happen," she protested, forgetting the moments during the last week when she had sat in her room wishing with all her heart that she could get away from her life as she was living it. "Of course not," he agreed, readily enough. "But—well, remember what I've said to you. You will promise me, won't you, Cynthia?" And Cynthia promised, unthinkingly.

It seemed only a few moments till the clock on the table behind them struck two; Cynthia, glancing around at it, turned to Phil in real concern.

"I'm worried about Jim," she confessed. "He ought to be here by now, unless something really very serious has happened. Perhaps his mother is ill—I wonder if I ought to phone. Yet he didn't ask me to go with him, and he'd have done that if it had been ill-ness."

"Let's see—" "Wait till quarter after and then phone," suggested Graham. "Look, Cynthia—here are some kodak pictures of the old house, that show how I've rebuilt it. You remember that wing—"

She sat down again, close enough to him so that she could see the pictures that he held. And so engrossed was she in them that she did not hear the purr of a motor on the drive, or the opening of the front door. So it happened that when Jim and his mother came into the hall, and stood there for a moment, looking into the library they saw Cynthia apparently sitting very close indeed to Phil Graham, her head almost on his shoulder.

Tomorrow—Breakers Ahead.

## READ WANT ADS

## BRINGING UP FATHER



## ANNUAL BARGAIN DAY EXPECTED TO BRING CROWDS

(Continued from page one) what they want. Below is a list of merchants who will on that day be offering to the public their odd lots and discontinued numbers, shelf-worn and slightly soiled merchandise at greatly reduced prices. The shopper should clip out the list and then on the street watch carefully for the display of the bargain cards, which will indicate that that store or place of business is authoritatively numbered among the bargain-giving concerns. Efforts have been made to see every merchant, requesting his cooperation, and if any have been overlooked, we would like to have them phone 23 or 31 and we will list their names. It was announced yesterday by the committee in charge.

Following is the list of the business houses that have already pledged themselves to make this the biggest bargain festival of the kind on record:

- Price Shoe company, Shipley, Gahlsdorf, Pickens & Haynes, Kaffoury Bros., Miller Mercantile company, A. A. Clothing company, Tyler drug store, Al Krause, G. W. Johnson & company, Salem Electric company, French Shop, Smart Shop, Kafaterla shoe store, F. W. Woolworth, Man's Shop, Dowell market, Buster Brown, Schaefer's drug store, John Rottler, Rostein & Greenbaum, Hartman Bros., Piggly Wiggly, C. J. Breiler company, West Fur company, Midget market, Scheel's mens wear, Simpson grocery, Square Deal hardware, M. Haniger, A. E. Lyons, Army & Outing Goods store, Salem's Leading Army Goods store, Grand theater, C. & C. store, Max O. Buren, Spa, Gleas-Powers, Sheldon-Sherwin, Roth Grocery company, Capital drug store, Central Pharmacy, Perry drug store.

## LOOTERS BUSY IN WRECKAGE DURING NIGHT

(Continued from page one) year old son of G. Allen Hancock, wealthy realtor operator of Los Angeles. Bluejackets Arrive During the night upwards of 200 uniformed police arrived from Los Angeles to aid the local militia in patrolling the streets, which were closely cordoned from sunset to sunrise. Shortly after four o'clock the battleship Arkansas, Captain Frank Lyon commanding, dropped anchor in the harbor and began landing short patrols of bluejackets to aid in maintaining order.

Other assistance came from Los Angeles, including a trainload of supplies, several trucks of fire apparatus and a powerful electric generator and portable lights from the Famous-Players-Lasky studio at Hollywood, which was used to illuminate the ruins which were being combed for bodies of possible victims.

The landing of the force from the U. S. S. Arkansas was a signal for the reorganization of the guards about the quake-numbered city. Thirty-five members of the ship's company came ashore at day break, among them a hand radio outfit in command of Radio Gunner C. S. Denton, who immediately established a plant for communication between the shore forces and Captain Frank Lyons, commanding the battleship.

Police Augmented Naval officers estimated that a battalion of bluejackets would be ashore and in major command of the guard before noon. They will be under command of Lieutenant Commander H. B. Sampson. Chief of Police Desgrandchamp, of Santa Barbara, announced that the police and sheriff's forces of Santa Barbara and Los Angeles combined, number about 450 men, would be reorganized for more efficient guard duty at once.

## LIQUOR STORES DESTROYED IN WRECKAGE

In the crumpled ruins of the exclusive hotel Arlington the mecca of world travelers for years, the fall of a tank containing 60,000 gallons of water had swept to their deaths Mrs. Charles E. Perkins, aged millionaire widow of Burlington, Idaho, and Bertram B. Hancock, son of G. Allen Hancock, wealthy Los Angeles realty dealer. The latter escaped with three broken ribs and scalp wounds, after falling and sliding three stories to the ground from the room beside that in which his son met his death.

The San Marcos building, recently finished and held to be one of the finest structures in the city, was a paradox of stability and ruin. The center caved in when the earth waves struck the community. The wings stood, apparently intact, but close survey showed them to be badly cracked and twisted.

New Structure Falls The brand new California hotel, a hostelry of 100 rooms completed within the week, was a total wreck. The roof had collapsed in several places and thru out its entire height one corner had been ripped bare, exposing the beds as they stood prepared for guests, careening at a dizzy angle and threatening at any moment to slide out into the wreck littered street.

Another comparatively new hotel, the Carillo, two large wings of filled concrete construction was badly shaken in its two lowest floors, but above that the walls seemed to be as good as new. The interior furnishings however, all showed the marks of the temblor.

Here and there throughout the downtown section the pavement bulged and cracked, while in some locations it had been slashed and chopped into fragments of foot square by the grinding force of the successive tremors.

Queer "r"icks Played In the older and less pretentious residential districts the earthquake had played queer pranks with the wooden homes built a quarter and half a century ago.

## SLEEP OUTDOORS

Nowhere, or only in very rare instances, did the men, women and children of Santa Barbara spend last night within doors. Many whose homes were wrecked were forced to bed down in the open under the equestrian lawn. The remainder slept on their lawns from choice, not knowing when a fresh earth tremor might bring their ceilings down about their ears.

Two facts stood out from many striking features in this city today. One was the continued, determined calm with which its citizens faced their destiny and their duty, and the other was the absence of any serious fire, which in earthquakes elsewhere had added to the horrors of stricken communities.

Early today the leading bankers and business men of Santa Barbara plan to meet in general session and outline the reconstruction and outline the reconstruction program by raising \$10,500 in ten minutes at a hastily summoned assembly to finance the clearing away of the wreckage.

## By George McManus



## BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG



## SPARKY HANGS PP A NEW RECORD



## KRAZY KAT



## MUTT AND JEFF



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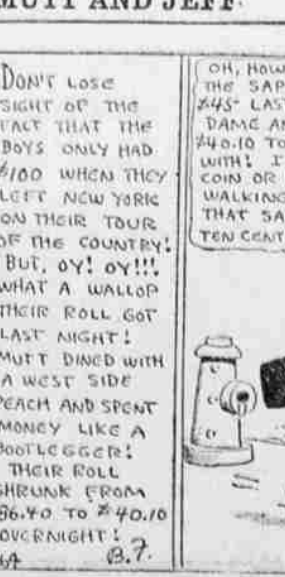
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