

Capital Journal

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"Without or with offense to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes." —BYRON.

The Locarno Pact

The Security pact of Locarno appears to be the most important event in Europe's history since the treaty of Versailles. It promises to insure peace by mutual guarantees promoting friendship and end the era of suspicion, dread and fear in which the world was drifting towards another conflict. Even if inspired by selfishness and the fear of bolshevism instead of idealism, it offers a practical way for return to the old concert of Europe and the settlement of quarrels on the basis of reason.

The security pact guarantees inviolability of the French, Belgian and German frontiers. The treaty of mutual guarantees stipulates that Germany must never invade the soil of France or Belgium or attempt to create war in the demilitarized Rhine zone, while on their parts, France and Belgium agree never to violate Germany's western frontier. If either one of the countries should violate the pact, it would be the duty of Great Britain and Italy to lend aid to the aggrieved party.

There are also six treaties between Germany and France, Belgium, Poland and Czechoslovakia and between France and her eastern allies, Poland and Czechoslovakia. Germany is to set up machinery for the arbitration of disputes which can not be settled through diplomacy. Treaties between France and Poland and Czechoslovakia provide that if Germany shall have recourse to arms against any of the three countries, they shall immediately go to the aid of one another.

Arbitration of all disputes is necessary. None of the agreements outlaw war. In some circumstances war is legitimized, but the treaties seek to evade war as far as possible, and prevent it from arising.

There seems little question but that the treaties will be ratified by the various parliaments concerned and thus emphasize the desire of the people for permanent peace.

Nearly Saved

In order to prevent God from hanging a "for rent" sign on your heavenly mansion, you must attend the revival meetings conducted by Billy Sunday, asserts the reverend acrobat. In other words you'll go to hell if you don't. Billy, who knows all about heaven as well as hell and is on familiar terms with the Almighty, gives this convincing argument for attending his tabernacle:

There will be "For Rent" signs in the windows of their mansions in heaven and I will say: "Jesus, whose house is that with the 'For Rent' sign in the window?"

And he will say: "That is for one of the big Portland bankers, but he would not go near the tabernacle."

"Who is that one for?" "I will ask."

"That is for some of the professors out at Reed college who did not care for it. They did not believe."

"Who is that one for?"

"That is for some newspaper editors that didn't go near the tabernacle."

The Portland editor, whose heavenly mansion is for rent, is of course the editor of the Oregonian to save whom, along with Mayor Baker, is the principal object of the revival. That some progress is being made in the mighty effort is revealed by the fact that Billy Sunday is back on the front page of the Oregonian and prospects are bright for the editor's attending the tabernacle—in which case the "for rent" sign in heaven will be removed on Billy's orders.

SECOND WIVES

By VIOLET DARE

A SIGNIFICANT MEETING

When the chimes that Caroline Phillips had substituted for a bell sounded for a dinner, Marie Lane, turning slowly from the great mirror in her dressing room, nodded her satisfaction.

"Madame looks very beautiful," ventured Caroline's maid, who had helped her to dress.

"Thank you, Celeste," Marie replied. She had thought, when she was in Paris, that she would not buy any clothes; her heart had been too heavy over the business of getting a divorce for her to feel that she would ever care again what she wore. Then, in a sudden season of revolt against her life, she had ordered extravagantly from the modiste whose models she liked best, now, studying her reflection in the mirror, she was glad that she had done so.

Her dark hair lay in deep, soft waves about her face. She had never had it bobbed, and now that long hair was glad that she had clung to her convictions. She was very slender; her frock, of pale green, chiffon brocaded in figures of thin velvet, clung to her, as she walked down the broad hall, and to the head of the wide, beautiful stairway that led to the floor below.

Bob Randall was standing there, smoking, as she approached he tossed his cigarette into a tray and hurried to meet her.

"I was waiting here in the hope that I might see you before you went downstairs," he told her, as eagerly as a boy. "I wanted to ask how you are, and to well, just to see you," he concluded frankly.

"I'm quite all right; the twisted ankle is itself again, thanks to your care," she replied. "And it was kind of you to wait for me here, so that I wouldn't have to go alone into the den of lions—that's what they're human beings. I hate to face strangers alone."

"But—these aren't all strangers, are they?" he asked quickly. "They were talking of you at tea-time today—some of them, that is—and they—"

He stopped, apparently realizing

that he had said what he had not meant to. Marie laughed softly. "They were gossiping about me, and you hadn't meant to let me know it!" she exclaimed. "Tell me, what did they say? That's the least you can do."

"I'll leave that to Caroline," he replied. "They said nice things; you may be sure of that. So nice that one young man can hardly wait to see you."

She wondered just how much had been said. Of course she had commented on her divorcing Billy, and wondered how she'd act when she met Billy and Jimmy again. Probably she would marry again, and here soon, and whom. People always did that, when a woman got a divorce. She looked up at Bob Randall quickly, involuntarily, wishing, as she had when she first saw him, that she could claim him for a friend, a real friend in whom she could confide. His eyes met hers, and he bent lower over her.

"What is it that you want to say to me?" he asked. "Don't be afraid—say it!"

"I was wishing that you were a friend of mine, a real friend," she answered, as simply as a child. "I need one so much. I've come back here a stranger; I have no home, no people—I feel so forlorn."

He took her hand in both his own.

"Won't you please let me give you the friendship you want, then?" he asked. "It would be such a kindness on your part, such a privilege to grant me, please?"

Looking up into his eyes Marie forgot everything and everyone else for the moment; nothing existed but the man, whose grasp of her hands thrilled her through and through. She felt that time was standing still, that space did not exist, that nothing existed but their selves, swept along by some mighty rhythm that was the greatest thing in the world.

"Oh, Marie!" Caroline Phillips' voice seemed to come from a vast distance; Marie, drawing back, brushing one hand across her forehead, felt as if she had returned from another world to the one in which she existed, as she faced her hostess. Caroline sauntered up and

slipped one arm through the girl's arm. "I don't blame you for pausing for a chat with Bob; I'd much rather stand and talk with him than be handed about among the mob downstairs, myself," she laughed. "But everyone wants to see you, so come along down, my child."

And Marie went, drifting lightly down the gently curved stairs with one hand resting on the carved balustrade, making an exquisite picture in her trailing green gown. A man standing below glanced up at her; his glance was like an electric spark. Another followed his eyes, looked up and smiled; a woman looked up, waved to her, another one nodded, a third called "Marie Lane!" in a voice whose modulations were the work of an artist.

Marie smiled and waved her fan. "The old world, a new one now—old friends—and new ones! Old enemies, too. Oh well—she must enter this arena, play the game that was laid out for her."

But not alone. Bob Randall, sauntering down the stairs just behind her, was her friend! Her friend—and how much more?

Tomorrow—The Matrimonial Game

TAXICAB LICENSE IS RAISED 100 PER CENT AT COUNCIL SESSION

(Continued from Page One)

that the franchise holders must improve the street between the rails and for a space of 18 inches on each side of the rails to conform with the nature of the street.

On an appeal by Carl T. Pope and others the council tabled for two weeks the ordinance assessing the cost of improving Winter street from D to Market so that the law covering a technicality can be looked up.

Other measures passed last night were:

Increasing the capacity of 2,350 line tanks allowed in Salem from

Quacks Flourish In This Age of Touted Public Intelligence

Chicago, Oct. 20.—Quack doctoring, an ancient craft, still flourishes to an incredible extent in this age of touted public intelligence, said Dr. Arthur J. Cramp, director of the bureau of investigation of the American Medical Association. He spoke to officers of the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology, which starts its annual convention here today.

"There are styles in quackery," he asserted. "The prevailing modes of the current season are those products sold for alleged rejuvenation. They range from glaucular substance of ring tailed monkeys to radium emanations dissolved in drinking water."

"But in quackery there are certain old standbys that, like Tennyson's 'Brook' go on forever.

300 to 1000 gallons. Authorizing the issuance and sale of \$31,308.57 city improvement bonds.

Assessing the cost of improving Marion street from 23rd to 24th.

Assessing the cost of improving the alley in block 89, \$375.45.

Assessing the cost of improving Court street from 18th to Mill creek, \$1841.32.

Assessing the cost of improving Chomeketa street from 23rd to 24th, \$5870.08.

Assessing the cost of improving the alley in block 89, \$757.44.

Establishing a grade on South Winter street between Cross and Howard.

A measure segregating the assessment for the improvement of North 15th street, between D and

"Of such are consumption and cancer cures, the rupture cures; the female weakness and weak man cures; the quacks who will fit glasses on no other data than your age and ability to pay the bill and the faker who will sweepingly promise to cure deafness of whatever origin."

"Quacks may be divided into two general classes; those who sell a more or less elaborate but worthless course of treatment and those who dispose of trival, worthless, often dangerous devices at exorbitant prices."

"Virtually all of these widely advertised cures are sheer medical fakery. The testimonials, bulletins and other paraphernalia are usually made from whole cloth."

Nebbraska, and a measure amending the ordinance covering the salary of the sanitary and plumbing inspector were introduced.

The city's attention was sharply called by a resident in the north part of the city to the condition of sidewalks that became littered and often overgrown with vines and shrubbery. He cited the fact that an ordinance was passed about a year ago requiring that walks be kept clear of vegetation to a height of eight feet above the walk and that it is not being enforced. The council will take steps to see that it is enforced. The speaker said the sidewalks will soon be little more than cow trails through the brush unless something is done.

Petitions were presented for

Oregon Rifleman Wins Championship



Lieutenant Pierson E. Conradi, of the Marine Corps, one of the crack riflemen from the state of Oregon, who led riflemen in national shooting contests, assuring victory for the U. S. Marines at the matches at Camp Perry, Ohio.

street lights at South street and Maple avenue, at Jefferson and North Church and at 14th and A streets. Petitions were received for pavement on Hunt street and Broadway between Norway and Madison.

All sidewalk resolutions introduced by the street committee were adopted.

All Common Sense Rules are Rejected In Love, States Judge

Chicago, Oct. 20.—(A. P.)—All rules of common sense are rejected in love, says Judge William N. Gemmill, noted member of Chicago's court of domestic relations in a book he is writing for publication soon.

When to resist and when to pursue, that's the question, he declares. And he thinks that if one could be inoculated against puppy love, some of the divorce courts would go out of business.

"Life would not be worth living if every fellow married an Evangeline or Maud Muller. We must continue to play 'the same old game in the same old way. It is still 'blind man's bluff'."

"It takes a wise man to know when it is the real thing and when it is only 'puppy love'. The man who sits down and calmly decides what kind of a wife he will have will never have any. Somehow, we are not made that way."

"Falling in love is the most natural, yet the most extraordinary thing in life. The extraordinary things about it is that all ordinary rules of common sense are rejected. Some people fall in and fall out a dozen times without seeing the worse for wear. If one can resist the first attack it is easier to resist the second. The real perplexing thing is to know when you ought to succumb."

"It takes a wise man to know when it is the real thing and when it is only 'puppy love'. The man who sits down and calmly decides what kind of a wife he will have will never have any. Somehow, we are not made that way."

SUPREME COURT DECIDES CASES

The supreme court today rendered the following decisions:

Edmund Bergheltz vs Oregon City, appellant; appeal from Clatsop county; suit to recover architect's fees. Opinion by Justice Brown. Judge J. U. Campbell affirmed.

Outsult Advertising company, appellant, vs Guy D. Jones; appeal from Multnomah county; suit to recover money. Opinion by Justice Coshov. Judge Walter H. Evans affirmed.

City of Astoria, appellant vs Clatsop county; appeal from Clatsop county; mandamus proceeding to compel county court to levy tax. Opinion by Justice Bean. Judge J. A. Rankin reversed.

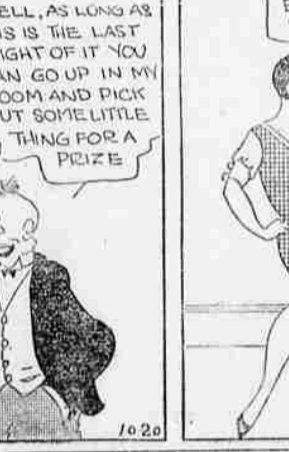
John Larson vs R. Z. Duke, et al, appellants; appeal from Multnomah county; suit to recover money on note. Opinion by Justice Bell. Judge Walter H. Evans affirmed.

Wyma Jungwirth vs P. B. Jungwirth, appellant; appeal from Clatsop county; suit for divorce. Opinion by Justice Bell. Judge C. F. Stone affirmed.

Petitions for rehearing denied in Linebaugh vs Portland Mortgage company and Ramp vs Osborne.

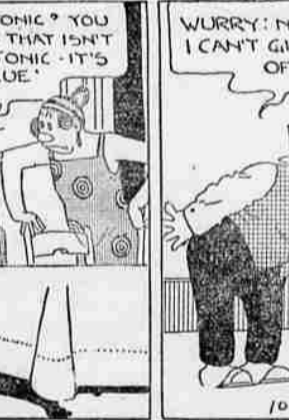
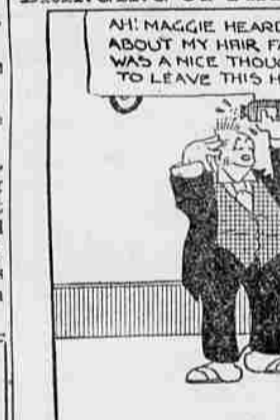
By Chick Young

DUMB DORA



By George McManus

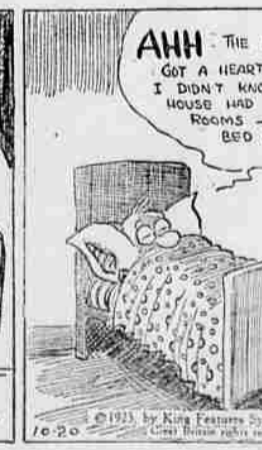
BRINGING UP FATHER



By Billy de Beck

BARNEY GOOGLE

Mrs. Google Takes Pity



By Bud Fisher

MUTT AND JEFF

Now Watch the Boys Flash Some Class In Paris



By Bud Fisher