Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.—Revelation 1:8.

The Advertising Drift

A survey of the leading stores in seven different lines of business in twenty-five representative cities recently completed by the Wichita Beacon reveals that newspaper advertising is "primarily" for all classes of business, that more stores are increasing than decreasing advertising and that newspapers are carrying the bulk of the increases. The past three years have shown a strong tendency away from Sunday advertising toward week-day advertising, and nearly as strong a tendency to use less morning and more evening newspaper space.

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Newspapers averaged 85.4 percent of department store advertising as against 3.3 percent for mail, 2.1 percent for bill-boards, 3.4, percent for package inserts, 0.2 percent for novelties, 0 percent for films, and 5.6 percent for miscellaneous. The newspaper advertising appropriation averaged as follows: morning papers, 19 percent; evening papers, 67 percent; Sunday papers, 14 percent. The percentage of gross receipts invested in advertising ranged from .005 percent to 5 per cent, with an average of 3.24 percent.

In the past three years, 56 percent of the department stores have been using more advertising of all kinds, and 8 percent less; 22 percent using more newspaper and less bill-board, and none using less newspaper and more bill-board; 20 percent are using more newspaper and less mail and 8 percent using less newspaper and more mail; 61 percent are using less Sunday and more week-day newspaper space, and 8 percent using more Sunday and less week-day; 57 percent use less morning and more evening space and 8 percent less evening and more morning. Seventy-nine percent prefer evening over morning papers and 8 percent prefer morning over evening.

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Women's ready to wear stores reports showed 35 percet using more advertising of all kinds the past three years, and none less; 12 percent using more newspaper and less bill-board than newspapers; 64 percent using less Sunday and more week-day newspaper space, and six percent using more Sunday and less week-day; 33 percent using less morning and more evening, and 12 percent using less evening and more morning. The percentage of gross receipts invested in advertising ranged from 2.4 percent to 7.3 percent with an average of 4.4 percent. The average division of the advertising appropriation was: newspapers 91 percent; mail, 5 percent; bill-boards 0.75 percent; film 0.25 percent; package inserts, 0.75 percent; miscellaneous 2 percent.

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Thirty percent of the men's stores report an increase in advertising during the past three years and 9 percent a decrease; 34 percent are using more newspaper space and less mail and 17 percent less newspaper and more mail; 38 percent are using more newspaper and less billboards, and 4 percent using less newspaper and more billboards; 56 percent are using less Sunday and more week-day newspaper space, and 4 percent less week-day and more Sunday space; 39 percent are using less morning and more evening and 17 percent less evening and more morning space. The percentage of gross receipts invested in advertising ranged from 3 percent to 7:5 percent with 4.8 percent average. The average division of the advertising appropriation was: newspapers, 72 percent; mail, 16 percent; bill-boards, 1 percent; film, 0.5 percent; novelties, 0.5 percent; package inserts, 2 percent; miscellaneous, 8 percent.

A Courageous Veto

Governor Donahey of Ohio has vetoed the Brehanan bible bill, a Ku Klux Klan measure, that would have compelled every public school teacher in the state to read ten verses from the bible every day to her pupils and every student above the fourth grade to memorize the ten commandments.

The veto was based on the grounds that the bill was "opposed to those principles of civic and religious liberty that have made this government a model for the world." It was clearly unconstitutional but what is the constitution to a Kluxer?

After the reactionary laws passed by Tennessee and some of the other states that mix religion in their politics and make it a state affair, it is a relief to find a governor courageous enough to stand for real Americanism and not cowardly leave it to the courts to sustain the fundamental law of the land.

Gentle Spring Comes with World Nutty as Usual

On the lee side of the alley fence an urban lilac sends forth its fresh emblems of new life. The lawn, day by day, sheds its brindle aspect, taking on impalpably a new complexion.

We see in the papers that there is some talk of a Willis presidential boom in Columbus. Mr. Dawes plans a lecture tour, in which he will anathematize the senate's disposition to talk. Mr. Dawes will talk at these lectures. Mr. Haynes announces that Kansas is the model dry state—Kansas which William Allen White describes as a commonwealth in which any man has just had a drink or is having one or is on his way. Mr. Hylan in New York still bores the populace but no subways.

The younger Roosevelt, bound for Asia, will hunt wild fauna and his father's foot prints.

Mother Goose is found to have a deleterious effect on young New York, and William Jennings Bryan, now a millionaire, is engaged in pressing down upon the bleeding pocketbook of the visitor to Miami parcels of high-priced ocean frontage. Miss Swanson, of the films, returns from the Old World with a slightly synthetic marquis and a new tilt to a nose already retrousse. Evolution is banished from Tennessee and revolution is spoken of in Lima.

The world, in short, is a trifle nutty and will remain so until the pear tree sheds its petals and we are well into May. We approach that period in which nine of every ten great wars have started, when men have embarked on strange crusades, when poets from time immemorial have retuned the rusty lyre and the radiator is too hot or not hot enough. We are a little muddled and indecisive and uncomfortable and our clothes take on an appearance of sudden antiquity. We are on the threshold of spring. The world awakes and the air is redolent of earth and rising sap and sarsaparilla.

Stoke Pogee, Eng., May 2.—(By Associated Press.)—Miss Glenna Collett, former American woman golf champion, defeated Cyril Tolley, former British amateur champion, by one up in a match over the Stoke Poges course this afternoon. Miss Collett made a strong finish, pulling out a victor after she had been two down with three to go.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

1. To bark hoarsely
3. Condition
8. Gold
9. Refuge
10. Ocean (ab.)
11. Some of a number
12. Definite article
14. For instance (ab. L.)
16. One in servile subjection
17. Hairless
19. Royal Exchange (ab.)
21. Oily sticky substance
23. Straight slim piece of wood
25. Word negation
26. Calculating
29. Company (ab.)
30. Congregates
31. Religion (ab.)

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

A	S		E	D	I	T	O	R
R	E	P		U	S	U	R	Y
D	R	I	N	K		R	E	
E	G			E		N		P
N	E	R	O		T	S	A	R
T		O		B			Y	A
	A	T		R	I	P	E	N
A	R	O	S	E		A	R	K
S	T	R	O	D	E		S	S

VERTICAL

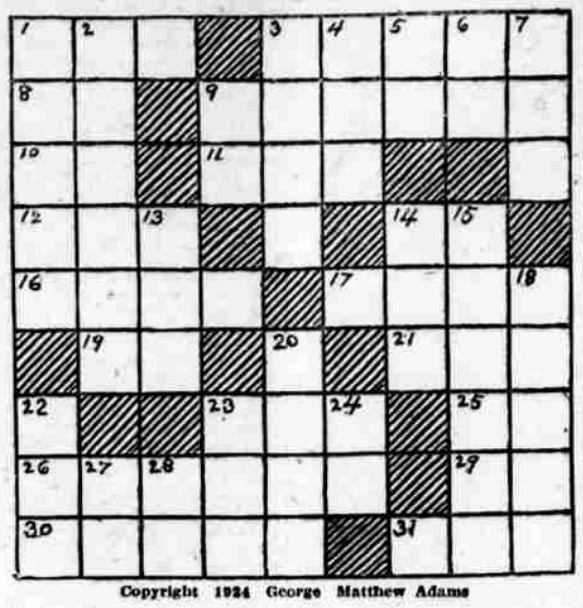
1. Shoes
2. One who practices archery
3. Was submerged
4. Make an effort
5. Able-bodied (ab.)
6. Telegraph Office (ab.)
7. To make a mistake
9. Exclamation
13. Before
14. Consume
15. Passing look
18. To drivel
20. Couscys
22. Kind of tree
23. A color
24. Doctor of Divinity (ab.)
27. Personal pronoun
28. Right Reverend (ab.)

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.



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MY MATRIMONIAL VACATION by Violet Dare

MY NICE YOUNG MAN

But I realized that I'd never noticed young people, people my own age, so much as I did that evening. The room seemed to be full of them. There was a party of debutantes with the nicest looking chaps as escorts. I sat and watched them, and wondered why my life couldn't have made me one of them, instead of a semi-widow with a man old enough to be my father. Everybody else looked so young!

There was one such nice chap, big and dark, who looked as if he'd be such fun. He'd glanced my way several times. He was dancing with a cute red-haired girl a lot, and I could see that she was quite crazy about him.

"Bet I could cut her out," I thought, making a little wager with myself. "I'd like to know him—and he looks as if he'd like to know me."

And then a man who had been acting as master of ceremonies stepped into the middle of the floor.

"By special request, we're going to put on a Paul Jones," he announced. "Everybody dance!"

They wouldn't have dared do it in a less exclusive club, of course. But here it was quite all right. I jumped to my feet, ignoring Harrison's protest that of course we wouldn't join in. I had a queer little feeling that Fate was playing into my hands, and rescuing my evening from utter boredom.

I've always loved a Paul Jones. I like joining hands in the big circle, and then going around in a "grand right and left," pausing an instant to touch hands with the men going in the opposite direction and then stopping suddenly when the whistle blows and dancing with the nearest man. There's such an element of adventure in it, especially when any of the men but your partner, as was the case with me that night at the club.

The little red-haired girl who was dancing with the nice man I'd had my eye on didn't want to join in the Paul Jones; she quite protested when he insisted on joining the circle. I didn't blame her! I wouldn't have wanted to throw him into that melting pot, either! I dared to hope that he wouldn't have cared to join it if I had been his partner in the dance before.

The master of ceremonies had us do some rather pretty figures in the circle before he gave the signal for the grand right and left. I glanced out of the corner of my eye; my nice young man—at least I hoped he was going to be mine!—was just across from me. Would I get that far before the whistle blew?

The first signal was given. We started, the girls going in one direction, the men in the other. How slowly everyone moved! Surely the whistle would blow too soon. I looked for my man, and saw that he was looking toward me. My heart beat faster—apparently he had something the same notion as I. I looked again. Then the master of ceremonies lifted his whistle. Good gracious—I was going to have to dance with the wrong man.

But my nice young dark-haired man was resourceful. He deliberately skipped two girls, as the whistle blew, and caught me in his arms, when another man had already taken my hand.

The other man was furious, but my new partner tossed back an apology.

"Be kind—I simply had to dance with Miss Larrabee," he said.

We danced for a moment in silence. His step was perfectly suited to mine: I loved the way he danced. When the music stopped for a moment I looked up at him curiously.

"Of course I'd like to know how you know my name—and what yours is," I told him.

He laughed delightedly. He must be even younger than I probably. What a relief after Fran Harrison!

"I'll show you," he answered, and drew me into a corner of the ballroom. Taking out a flat cigarette case, he drew from it a crumpled bit of newspaper, evidently cut from the rotogravure section. He unfolded it carefully.

My own face looked up at me.

It was a picture that had been taken the summer before, at horse show held by some army people. I had ridden in it. The picture showed me in riding togs—rather informal ones, as it had been a hot day. Some newspaper camera man had taken it, and run it, but with a mistake in my name—he had called me "Miss Nancy Larrabee" instead of Mrs.

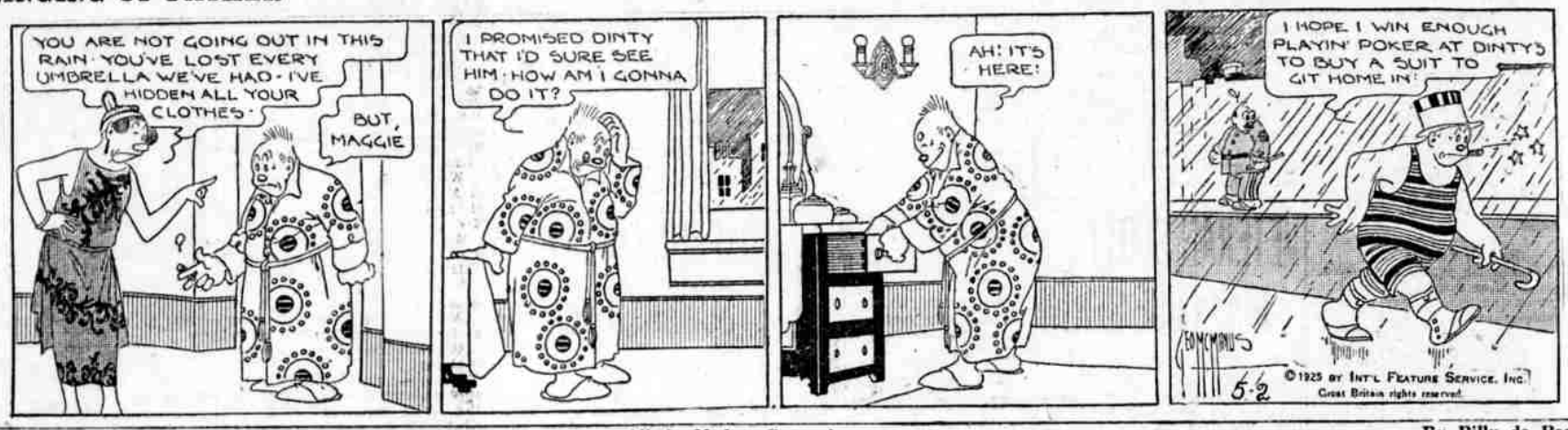
That picture was Jim's favorite one of me, as it happened. He had taken it with him to the Philippines—that is, I suppose he had. And here was this nice stranger, who had been carrying it around with him too!

"I've always like this so much that I felt as if I knew you," he told me. "So you're the original Nancy Larrabee. Well, the original is an improvement on the photograph."

KIMBALL PIANO $95
This is a fine practice piano and you can get years of service out of this piano. Terms $6 a month.
GEO. C. WILL
432 State St.

BRINGING UP FATHER

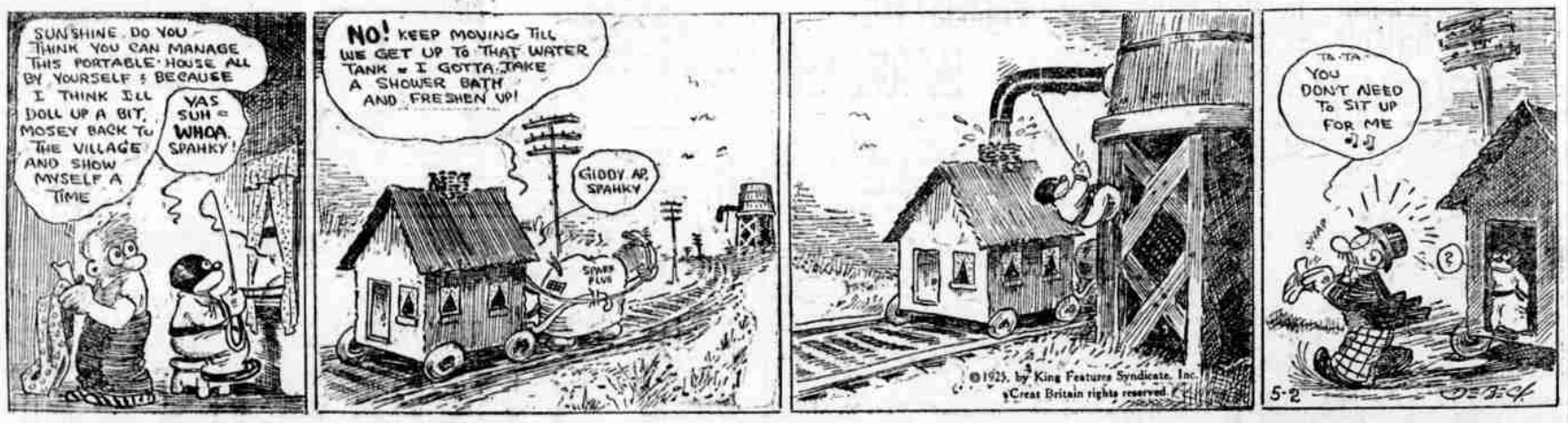
By George McManus



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

All the Modern Conveniences

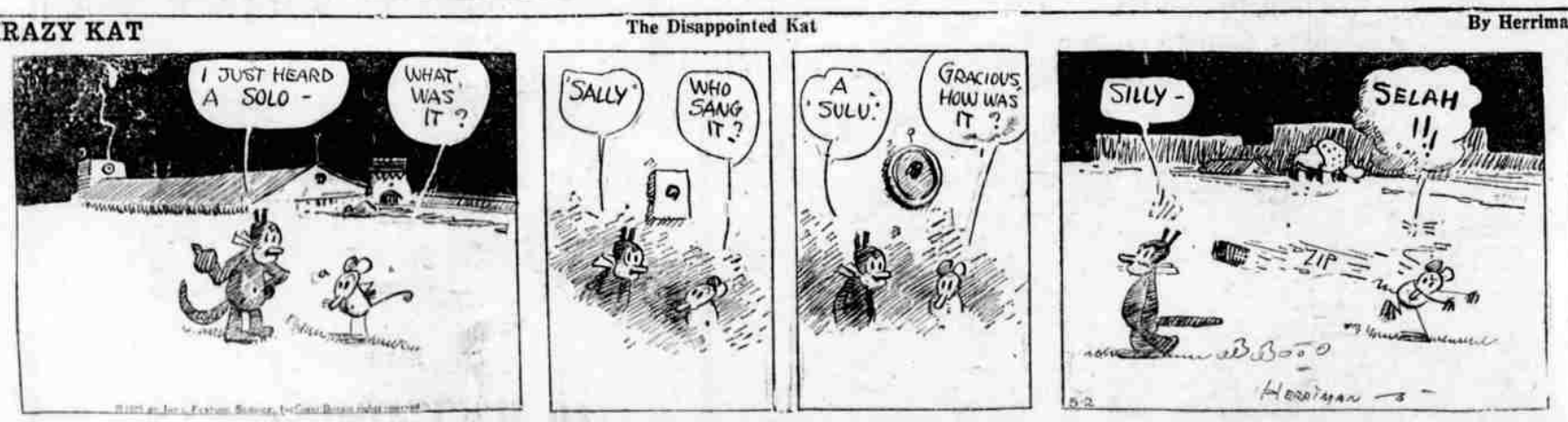
By Billy de Beck



KRAZY KAT

The Disappointed Kat

By Herriman



MUTT AND JEFF

The Big Game Hunters Adoppt Army Tactics in Africa

By Bud Fisher