Capital Journal

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BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence.—Acts 1:5.

Lexington and Concord

The S. A. R., the D. A. R., Hell'n Maria Dawes and other professional patriotic organizations are this week engaged in celebrating the 150th anniversary of the battle of Lexington and Concord, where on April 19, 1775, the "embattled farmers fired the shot heard 'round the world," and shed the first blood of the revolutionary war.

About daybreak between 70 and 80 militiamen had assembled on the Lexington commons to oppose the advance of a British force of 800 dispatched to seize military stores at Concord, 6 miles from Lexington, and arrest Samuel Adams and John Hancock master malcontents of the colonists. Upon refusal of the militia to surrender, the British opened fire, killing 4, wounding 9. The colonists retreated and dispersed, 4 more being killed and a few of the British being wounded by the shots of the militia.

* * * *

The British continued to Concord, but found the military stores gone. They destroyed some flour, set fire to the court-house, threw some cannonballs into a well, and started back. A murderous fire, however, was poured upon them from rail fences, trees and rocks along the road by farmers and minutemen, with deadly effect, and only reinforcements from Boston prevented a rout of the entire force. Acts of vandalism at Lexington and Cambridge during the retreat, brought fresh forces of sure-shot farmers, and 300 British were lost before Boston was reached. The American loss was 100.

Lexington had been warned of the coming of the British by Paul Revere, whose ride has been commemorated in Longfellow's poem. Revere was accompanied by William Dawes, an ancestor of the vice-president's, and after leaving Lexington for Concord, by a resident of the latter town, named Prescott. Revere was captured by the British, Dawes fled, but Prescott reached Concord, gave the alarm and summoned the militia.

* * * *

The revolutionary war was fought to establish equality, liberty, freedom and insure no taxation without representation. Today most of these principles, have been abandoned one by one as obsolete. Our bureaucratic government is as tyrannical as ever old King George's was, and we have less equality, less freedom, less personal liberty than the colonists enjoyed.

While we celebrate the fact that our ancestors had courage enough to fight for that freedom George Mason summarized in his Bill of Rights, those principles of government Thomas Jefferson enunciated in the Declaration of Independence, and that fiery love of liberty that inspired Patrick Henry, we must deplore our own inability to realize the blessings their blood sacrifice secured, and greive for that present day decadence that tolerates the loss of such a heritage without courage to protest, let alone fight. So we present the anomaly of a liberty loving people complacently destroying the charter of our freedom, secured at such a price a century and a half ago.

No Cut In Taxes

Governor Pierce now admits, after many denials, that he really promised to cut taxes in two during his campaign and declares that he would have accomplished it, as far as state taxes are concerned, had the people not repealed the income tax. The people are to blame, as usual.

With something over $42,660,000 property tax in Oregon this year and only $4,316,000 or 10 percent as state tax, even a 50 percent cut in the latter would not equal the increase in other taxes, and as the income tax is paid by the same persons who pay property tax, there would be no real relief under the Pierce program, if carried out.

The small decrease secured in the state levy does not indicate a reduction in taxation, merely in property taxation, as it is more than made up by special taxation. There has been no reduction in public expenditures, the only way to secure a real cut in taxes, and none attempted.

Until there is an honest effort made in reducing expenditures through consolidation and elimination of overlaping of bureaus and superfluous commissions and departments and centralizing their control under the budget system, taxes will increase rather than decrease—and the governor has offered no constructive program for the former.

OVERHEAD DRILL RILES COUNCIL

All proceedings of the city council last night were greatly disturbed by a tramping in the room overhead that was probably intended to be rhythmic. After the aldermen had stood it about two-thirds of the way through the session, Alderman Dancy arose and wanted to know what was going on up there.

"I don't know," said the mayor. "What is it, Mr. Recorder?"

"Some women," Mart Poulsen answered.

"Women! It sounds like horses," declared City Attorney Chris Kowitz.

"Send the chief up with instruction to tell 'em to take off their shoes," suggested Hal Patton.

The mayor didn't go that far but he said he agreed with Dancy that the room overhead should not be occupied on council nights.

City Recorder Poulsen explained that some women had called him up during the day and asked for permission to use the room, promising not to march, but only to go through some drills.

They were very grilling drills.

WHY SKINNY FOLKS TAKE COD LIVER OIL

Because it is richer in vitamines than any other food in the world. Doctors prescribe it for rickets and anaemia in children and for tuberculosis, malnutrition and convalescence in grown up people.

As a producer of weight—good healthy flesh—there is nothing in the world so good.

But it's nasty tasting, horrible smelling stuff that often upsets the stomach so doctors now are ordering cod liver oil in tablet form.

You've got to take on weight when McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets are taken regularly—you simply can't help it.

It's so good that if it doesn't put on five pounds of good healthy flesh on any skinny man or woman in thirty days the McCoy Laboratories of New York authorize J. C. Perry, Central Pharmacy, D. J. Fry and all druggists to return the price you paid for it.

Be sure to ask for McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets—sixty tablets—60 cents. One woman put on fifteen pounds in five weeks, and they are especially valuable to weak, thin children.—Adv.

Finds Relief for Coughs

Mrs. Nancy Mather, Box 56, Richwood, Ohio, writes: "FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR COMPOUND is a fine medicine for coughs and colds, as it helped me when nothing else would." Mothers everywhere demand a reliable cough remedy free from injurious narcotics. Supplying this demand for fifty years made FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR COMPOUND one of the largest selling cough medicines in the world. Refuse substitutes. Insist upon FOLEY'S.—Adv.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

1. Chinese dignitary
9. Freight boat
10. Upon
12. America (ab.)
13. Immediately
14. From a past time
15. Indefinite article
16. 2000 pounds
17. Right Reverend (ab.)
18. Equips
19. Across (prefix Gr.)
20. Man's name (ab.)
22. Doctor of Literature (ab.)
23. Peace
26. Those who test

VERTICAL

2. Bachelor of Arts (ab.)
3. To annoy
4. Doctor (ab.)
5. Once more
6. An action (law)
7. Numbers
8. Those who manage
11. Modified in tone
12. Bitter
14. Signal of distress (ab.)
16. Good fellow
21. Devoured
23. Before noon (ab.)
24. Prefix (form of en)
25. Year (ab.)

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

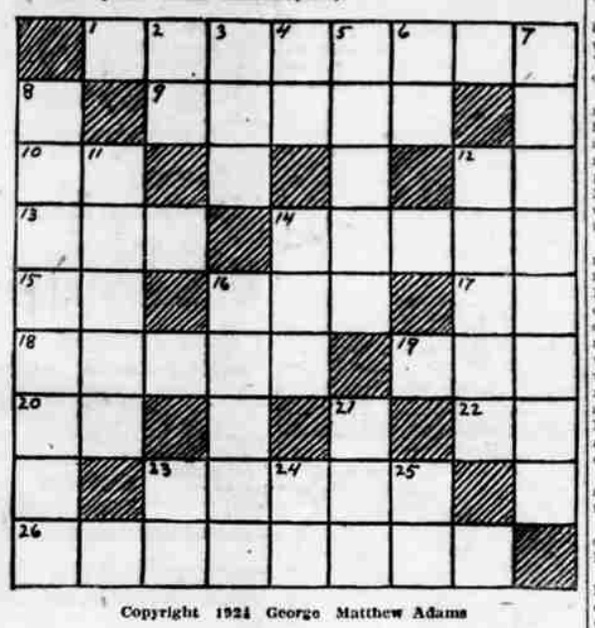
	S	H	U	N	T	E	D	
N		O	N	E		S	A	W
O	F		D	A	W		D	I
C	I	D	E	R		F		N
T	E	A	R		B	A	I	T
U		Y		B	O	R	N	E
R	R		B	O	A		D	R
N	O	W		O	R	B		S
	B	E	A	R	D	E	D	

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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Men, Mothers and Maids

A Romantic Serial of Modern Life

By IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

DREAMS COME TRUE

Nonnie did not tell Lilie that her mother and Harold were engaged in some mysterious compartments. She departed for dinner with her sweetheart.

It had been so long since Lilliemay Vail had been in Hollywood that to her it was an unknown city where she had left a sleepy little village.

At the station the whole party broke up and went its several ways. Harold Kennedy and Mrs. Vail went directly to the office of the oil company.

Uncle Ovid took Lilie and Nonnie to their destination, thence to his own home. Lilie found her mother's place a palace (if a low, rambling house could be called a palace) set up in the foothills. Nothing that she had seen abroad was so clean and fresh and beautiful.

She wandered through the rooms alone. Nonnie, pleading fatigue, had gone directly upstairs. Everywhere the girl saw evidences of Harold Kennedy's taste. The quiet elegance of the Spanish furnishings was in perfect accordance with the outside of the house. She was sure that her mother could not have done it, into the landscape and its furnishings gave Lilie a sense of peace—such peace as she had not had since she received the letter in Paris.

"I wish Rob were here," she said to herself, "to see how beautiful it all is."

She closed her eyes for an instant and felt that he was near her.

The feeling was but momentary, however, for the Japanese butler came in noiselessly from the patio. On his trap was a cablegram. It was dated a few days before.

Lilie hurriedly opened it and read, "Leaving for home today. Will stay in New York only long enough to finish necessary business and then on to California and you. Have visited you in my dreams lately. Did you know it. Soon, my darling, those dreams will come true. ROB."

The cablegram was like a message from beyond. Slowly the girl's attention returned to her surroundings.

Lilliemay's three rooms, especially built and furnished by Mrs. Vail, were on a side of the patio. Directly across were Mrs. Vail's rooms.

From every side of the beautiful one-story stuccoed house the view was not only beautiful but awesome.

From her own rooms Lilie looked down through the wild canyon clear to the sea, while on each side the place seemed hemmed in by mountains.

"I will lift mine eyes to the everlasting hills whence cometh my help," Lilie read above the French window that framed a glorious hilltop. She knew that inscription had been her mother's inspiration for in their direct poverty Mrs. Vail had taken her daughter out to a high place on the ranch where the distant hills had been topped with the purple and gold of the sunset and made her repeat the sentence.

Lilie's eyes filled with tears as she recalled the ceremony.

Then she was attracted by a noise outside; her trunks were being delivered. Marie began to unpack them.

Lilie walked into the patio. She was in no mood at the time to think of fashionable clothes and dainty lingerie, now when her soul was filled with the handiwork of God.

She followed the winding path down to the swimming pool. A grove of olive trees beyond invited her. She walked on.

How long she strolled among their shade she did not know, but, turning back, she heard the voice of her mother, and knew that Mrs. Vail would soon be calling her.

She went directly toward her rooms. As she entered from the patio the door leading from her sitting room into the hall opened.

"Lilliemay, my dear little daughter, where are you? I want to welcome you home. I built this house for you. Dearest, I want you at least to be happy in this home all the rest of your life."

Mrs. Vail came toward her daughter, her arms outstretched tears running down her cheeks.

"Mother, mother, what is the matter?" the girl exclaimed as she clasped the little form close in her strong young arms. "Surely you are not unhappy to have me here."

"No, dear, I think I am weeping because I am happy. At last I have you here. At last my plans have borne fruit."

Starts Tomorrow

Mrs. Wallace Reid in "Broken Laws"

LIBERTY

BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus

BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG — A Neighboriy Act — By Billy de Beck

KRAZY KAT — Not Such a Wise Owl — By Herriman

MUTT AND JEFF — What Can You Expect If You Hit Concrete With a Baseball? — By Bud Fisher