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BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

And some of them of understanding shall fall, to try them, and to purge, and to make them white, even to the time of the end; because it is yet for a time appointed. Daniel 11:35.

Belfast Worried

That the Irish linen industry views with alarm the proposed establishment of a linen mill in Oregon is shown by the following special dispatch from Belfast in the New York Journal of Commerce:

Belfast, March 23—Sir James Craig, the premier of northern Ireland, who is usually buoyantly optimistic, is now so pessimistic as to declare that we have to look forward with much anxiety to a continuance of the depression of the linen industry.

Curiously enough, because an American concern announces, that it will enterprise in a manufacturing plant for spinning and weaving fabrics, so a few concerns predict, that this is the beginning of the end of the Irish linen industry. The list of previous American linen mill failures is decidedly prolix.

Just how much part foreign intrigue and interference have played in previous failures of American linen mills, is of course wholly conjectural. But we do know that all efforts to establish flax plants in the Willamette valley have been consistently and mysteriously fought for years.

We know that plant after plant has been destroyed by fire, both private and state owned, and that ever possible pressure has been exerted for years to thwart and discourage the industry. Even today the present project is being mysteriously fought. A Portland periodical specializing in insidious propaganda, has evidently been subsidized to knock it, and by mailing marked copies, discourage investors.

Sir James Craig will have a right to be downcast if the proposed Salem mill becomes an actuality—which it will, for nothing can prevent the valley's developing a great textile industry.

Passing the Buck

The people of Oregon, by repealing the income tax law, are responsible for the financial muddle in which the state finds itself, says Governor Pierce, and his claim is echoed by the Portland Journal, which says:

Pierce and Myers didn't repeal the state income tax. It is that repeal that is likely to bring about bedlam in state finances. Time and again it was pointed out beforehand that the repeal of the income law would throw the state finances into confusion.

What are the facts?

In November the people repealed the income tax law.

In December, Governor Pierce and Treasurer Myers, in defiance of the mandatory law which reqquires that the state levy be fixed to meet expenditures, deliberately reduced the levy so as to raise a million dollars less than required, making the levy just as if the income tax was still in existence.

In February, to meet the forced deficiency, following the recommendations of the governor, the legislature reluctantly passed measures levying special taxes on tobacco, etc., and provided a special election for September to pass upon referendums of these taxes if invoked.

In March Governor Pierce vetoed the bill providing for a special election, thereby delaying the vote upon the measures until the general election, November, 1926.

In April, referendum petitions are in circulation, which when filed, automatically deprive the state of any revenue from the special taxes and insure a financial crisis.

The mischief, it is plain to see, was caused by the tax levy being lowered as a political play to enable the governor to claim credit for a reduction in property tax, to compel special taxes, and to punish the public for failure to sustain the income tax.

The special election bill was vetoed in pursuance of the same personal politics, to prevent a vote upon the Dennis income tax prohibition bill and by creating a financial muddle, force reenactment of income taxation as the cure-all of high taxation ills.

So it is plain that if the people had only done what the Grand Lecturer told them to do in his swing around the circle he wouldn't have forced a financial crisis. By the same inexorable logic that one and one make eleven, it is plain the people are to blame.

Raisins and the Dry Bible

(By W. Irvine Cross in the Baltimore Evening Sun.)

Most instructive is the appearance of the prohibition Bible, replacing the word wine with the more innocent expression "a bunch of raisins." Momentous results attend a wise selection of terms. Mr. Anderson substituted the word "expenses" for "salary," as being what Mr. Weller called " a more tenderer word," and landed in Sing Sing—a great apostle of humanity actually dethroned by a linguistic purism.

This intrusion of the raisin into the Bible may have its dangers. The raisin is, of course, dear to the prohibitionist—a dried-up thing, naturally appealing to a cult bent on taking all the juice out of life. But the raisin is a fraud and, like the prohibitionist himself, his dryness is a mere deception. He lends himself to intoxication with as little scruple as an enforcement agent. Not only is that royal wine the Lachrymae Christi made from raisins, but the raisin shipments from California are immensely valuable as the basis for those horrible intoxicants herewith Volstead is debauching our youth.

But the insidious effort to debauch the Bible by putting raisins in it ignores the history of the book. The Near East, including Palestine, has suffered frightfully from intemperance, both in ancient and modern times. Early in its history we find total abstinence societies—the Rechabites, Nazarites, etc. Mohammed much later was a prohibitionist and his massacres in that cause might well be the envy of our uplift today. And yet the wisest Hebrew writers frankly recognize the contribution wine has made to the life and joy of their people.

Isaiah describes wine as "the mirth of the land," and the son of Sirach says:

"Wine is as good as life if it be drunk moderately. What life is there to a man that is without wine, for it was meant to make men glad?"—Chapter XXXI, verse 27.

But the attitude taken by the founder of Christianity is still more striking. The central idea of His gospel was a contemptuous repudiation of the whole enforced morality theory on which Mohammedanism and our uplifters base their hope. The old religions and that of the Pharisees in His day taught that man should be strict in his morality, and that would give him a right to tyrannize over the immoral. We have a charming expose of it in the little allegory of Jonah, where a superpious reformer tells the Almighty that, if he is to be disappointed in his hope of seeing the massacre of a whole city full of sinners, his life is not worth living.

It was a dark, gloomy, sanctimonious, degrading set of ideas, differing little from those of our uplift. The teaching of Christ was the direct opposite. "Enjoy life, and let the sins of others alone. Take the beam only out of your own eye." It was a call to joyousness, liberty and refinement of feeling. He came "eating and drinking," so much so that He was called a winebibber. He said that no man who had drunk the old or strong wine would want the new. In a land scarred with intemperance He actually took the vine for his emblem. But it is in the shadow of His passion that we see what an emphasis He put on this. When He was voluntarily passing into darkness and gloom—"Descending into Hell," the Creed says—He pours out the wine, tells His disciples to drink it and recall Him whenever they do so; that He will not drink it again till His passion is over."

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

1. Tee
5. Came together
8. One of three Norse goddesses
9. A scourge
10. Also
11. Grants temporary use of
12. North (ab.)
13. Street (ab.)
15. Third month of year
17. United States (ab.)
19. So
21. A bad spelling of cinch
24. Grassy plain
26. Any three things associated together
27. Place where food is cooked
28. Notwithstanding
29. General direction

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

N	G		E	S	T		B	E	
B	A	A		L		P	A	D	
	S	C	R	I	B	E	R		
A		C	A	P	E	R		S	
F	E	E	T		D	I	N	E	
T		D	A	Z	E	D		E	
	R	E	N	E	W	E	D		
G	A	D		S		D	O	G	
A	N		U	T	E		M	O	

VERTICAL

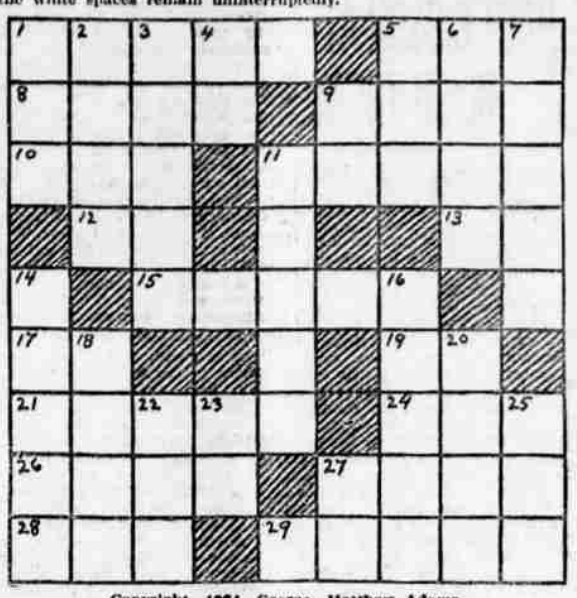
1. Insect
2. Midday
3. Servant
4. Into (prefix L.)
5. Male human
6. Finishes
7. Tries out
9. Bill of exchange (ab.)
11. A swaying
14. Loss of skill for want of practice
16. To cut in half
18. Term of respectful address to a man
20. Was visible
22. Egg of an insect
23. Company (ab.)
25. Conjunction
27. Elder

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

THE NEW LIFE BEGINS

I was too unhappy to care where I stayed. All I knew was that my husband apparently was in love with another woman, and didn't care what became of me.

As soon as Jim decided to leave me behind when the regiment went to the Philippines, Virginia began looking for an apartment in New York. She found one so quickly that I couldn't help suspecting that she had had her eye on it for some time.

It was small—a living room, two bedrooms, a tiny kitchenette and bath. But the living room was big enough for a few people to dance in, and there was a fireplace. The apartment was in a huge old house that had been remodeled, so the ceilings were fairly high, and the floors and woodwork were beautiful. It was in an excellent neighborhood, in the Fifties, only about three blocks from Fifth avenue. We had a gorgeous view of the East river from our windows. And the rent was low, because that section of town was just being reclaimed and rents hadn't gone up yet.

Virginia made it look lovely. She had a knack for picking up bits of old furniture, which she promptly gave a history—they had been in her family for generations, of course.

The man who owned the house lived on the first floor, and she asked him to tea the minute we were settled.

"He's a bit of a boor, but be nice to him, Nancy," she said to me, as she got into her prettiest tea gown. "He has loads of money, and it's always well to stand in with one's landlord, anyway."

My heart still ached over Jim. He and I had said a horrid goodbye to each other; I'd been flippant, to make him think I didn't care whether he held other women in his arms or not. And he'd accused me of being quite willing to have him go away without me.

"Oh, well, we've been married six months, so it's about time we each had a vacation," I told him gaily. "Get leave in a year or so and I'll meet you in Hong Kong. Think of how thrilled we'll be to see each other!"

"Think of how lonely I'll be without you!"

"Oh, as to that, I've delegated Claire Eaton to look after you; she'll keep you from missing me too much," I told him, looking especially innocent so that he would not suspect me of knowing anything.

He did suspect me, though; his quick glance swept over my face, but I just laughed and lighted a cigarette. I didn't want it—I hate to smoke, but diversion was needed at that moment. He turned away abruptly and dropped the subject.

I went to the train with him; the Eatons were going to San Francisco on the same train, and I filled Claire's stateroom with red roses—she loses every speck of color when there's anything red around.

"Red roses of passion—advance payment for your keeping Jim amused for me," I told her. "It's so sweet of you, dear. I'll do as much for you some day."

"Oh, I never let my husband leave me—I can't bear to be separated from him," she murmured in a sugar-sweet tone, gazing up at him. Claire goes in heavily for sweetness.

"No? And does he stand without hitching?" I asked. "Be careful that he doesn't bolt—any husband worth having is sure to, some time or other—and a woman of your experience would be bored to death with any other kind."

Score two for me. Claire was looked her worst that day, and hated me for accenting the fact. And big Bill Eaton looked up as if he'd just heard something new to him. I'm sure that until that moment he'd never thought of wanting a vacation from matrimony.

"Sorry to leave you before the train starts," I babbled on glancing at my watch; as a matter of fact, I was afraid I'd burst into tears and beg Jim to take me with him if I stayed another moment. "I've an engagement for dinner and the opera, and mustn't be late." I gave Jim a kiss as light and meaningless as the touch of a butterfly's wing, gave Claire one exactly like it, and held up my face to Bill as if it were a matter of course for me to kiss him too.

He laughed in embarrassment, bent down and kissed me. I trailed away, adjusting my corsage bouquet of flame colored sweet peas and rose buds—they looked so expensive that nobody would ever have suspected me of buying them for myself.

When I glanced back Jim was staring after me with bewilderment in his good looking eyes. Bill was grinning, and Claire looked uncomfortable.

None of them knew that I cried all the way home in my landlord's car, which he had lent me to go to the station in. And none of them know that, though I did go to the opera that evening with him my heart was like lead.

As we came out into the snowy air that night that same landlord, taking my arm protectively, said:

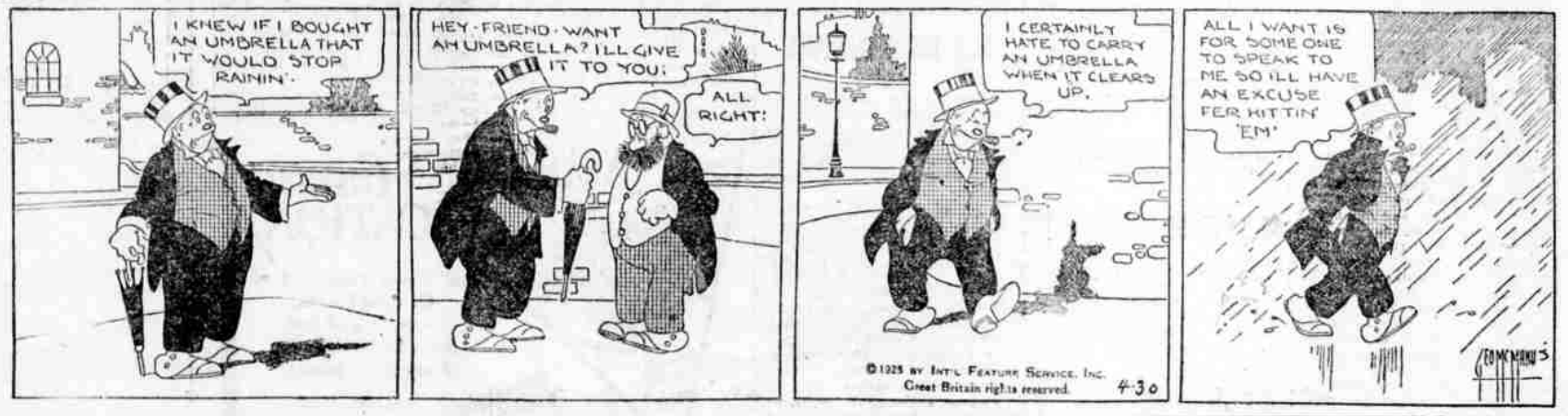
"Not missing your husband too much, are you? How about having supper with me, to help you forget?"

Tomorrow—High Stakes.

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY

BRINGING UP FATHER

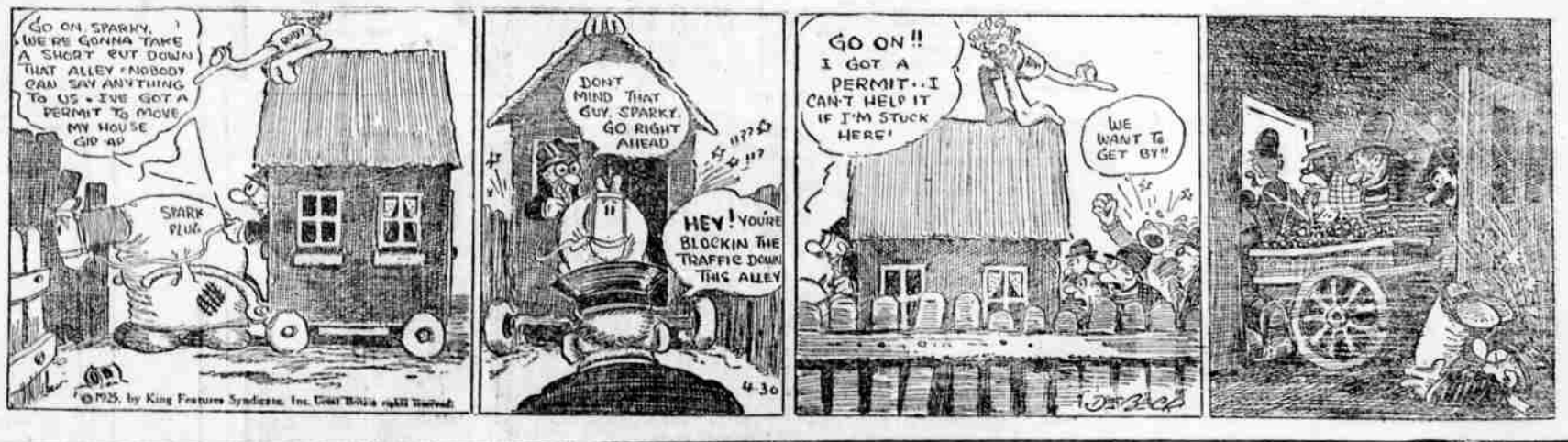
By George McManus



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Barney Keeps "Open House"

By Billy de Beck



KRAZY KAT

A Well Informed Kat

By Herriman

MUTT AND JEFF

There are no Electric Fans in Darkest Africa, but Mutt Should Worry

By Bud Fisher