

Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

BIBLE THOUGHT FOR TODAY

For I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist.—Luke 21:15.

Vindication

By unanimous decision, the United States supreme court has declared unconstitutional the Oregon law providing for the compulsory education of all children between 8 and 16 years of age in the public schools, as destructive of the ideals of liberty which this government was founded to perpetuate. The court holds that the child belongs to the parent and not to the state. Justice Reynolds declares in his decision:

We think it is entirely plain that the (Oregon) act of 1922 unreasonably interferes with the liberty of parents and guardians to direct the upbringing and education of children under their control. As often heretofore pointed out rights guaranteed by the constitution do not become absolute by legislation which has no reasonable relation to some purpose within the competency of the state. The fundamental theory of liberty upon which all governments in this union repose excludes any general power of the state to standardize its children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only.

This law is an instance of the pernicious interference of secret societies in government. Fathered by the Scottish Rite Masons, championed by the Ku Klux Klan, endorsed by many other fraternal organizations, the campaign in its behalf to control other peoples' children raised the issue of religious bigotry and caused a political revolution in Oregon that gave the state a Kluxer governor and legislature.

This school bill was clearly unconstitutional and on its face, a violation of American ideals, for it would have made the child as much the ward of the state as in Soviet Russia, yet only half a dozen newspapers in Oregon and even fewer prominent men had the courage to openly denounce and vigorously combat it, and in keeping with the intolerance that inspired it, these were subject to boycott and persecution by its proponents. Now that the fires of fanaticism have burned themselves out and mass hysteria has subsided, and there is nothing to be lost in taking a position, the Oregonian and other newspapers are discovering that they opposed the bill all the time. Perhaps now that it is safe, they will discover, editorially, that the Ku Klux Klan really existed.

The supreme court decision settles the issue as it should be settled, and vindicates the attitude toward the measure taken by Governor Oleott who rather be right than be re-elected.

Pierceized

Commercial fishing is one of the largest industries in Oregon bringing in an average of over \$5,000,000 a year of outside money, furnishing employment to hundreds of people on the streams and in the canneries. Its growing importance has been recognized in the past by appropriations of state money to build and maintain hatcheries to replenish the supply.

In the past few years, principally due to the ability of Frank M. Warren, when a member of the commission, and since his retirement, of Fred P. Kendall, and the organizing capacity of Carl D. Shoemaker as manager, the commission has been put on a business basis, made self-supporting and its operations greatly enlarged. It really controls the industry, by issuing licenses, dictating policies and enforcing statutes.

Until the election of Governor Pierce the commission had been selected from those recommended by the commercial fishing interests. Mr. Pierce's first appointment was a Portland physician, who when he found that the governor wanted a political machine built-up, refused to endanger a vast business and was ousted. The second appointee was an Astoria lawyer. The third appointee was a Portland lawyer, who has refused to remain. The fourth and fifth appointees are two state senators, neither of whom are from fishing districts.

The fish commission has at last been Pierceized. Three politicians, who know nothing at all about the industry, or about fish, or their propagation, and are in no way representative of the fishing industry, either of packers or of fishermen, are given full control of this \$5,000,000 industry.

Hitherto, the fish commission has been in politics for the benefit of the industry—now it will be in politics for the benefit of the politicians.

COURT SAYS WILL PURDY NOT GUILTY

(Continued from page one)

He allowed further that Purdy's first failure to furnish him an abstract and conveyance of the property.

In a supplemental complaint White alleged that by a mutual rescission of the contract Purdy's realty company assumed control, ownership and management of the bath house and the apartment house, and appropriated all the financial proceeds.

Purdy Makes Denial

All of these allegations were denied by the Oregon Realty Exchange. Retreatment charges, which accrued in his answer that White was also every opportunity to satisfy himself as to the value of the property, and that it did not agree to a rescission of the contract, but that because White refused to take possession of the bath house and the apartment house it was necessary for the realty company to retain possession. The defendant company offered to give an accounting of the business covering the time that White should have had possession.

Justice Holt holds that White dealt with the defendant "at arms length with his eyes open," and that he "had investigated property values in the city of Salem with a view of disposing of his property," and that "it is fair to assume that he knew as much about real estate values in Salem as the defendant did about farm values in Linn county."

Charges Not Proven. "Assuming that defendant made the representation alleged relative to the value of the lots upon which

the apartment house is situated," says the court opinion, "we think in view of all the facts and circumstances, that it was merely a matter of opinion and not a representation of fact upon which trial could be predicated."

The court opines that both parties placed inflated values upon their property. Other allegations of fraud are not upheld by the opinion.

The rescission of White that there was a mutual rescission of the contract is held by the court as wholly untenable.

Other opinions handed down by the supreme court today were: Edith W. Stubbs vs. W. H. Able et al. defendants and appellants, and Richard C. Williams et al. defendants and respondents; appeal from Multnomah county; petition for rehearing of partition suit involving construction of will of Richard W. Williams, deceased; opinion by Justice Brown; petition for rehearing denied.

In the matter of the claim of John W. Bratt, retired state accident commission, appellant; appeal from Clatsop county. Opinion by Justice Coshove; Judge A. L. Leavitt reversed and case remanded.

E. D. Wilson vs. Maude Wheeler appellant; appeal from Clatsop county; motion to dismiss appeal overruled in opinion by Chief Justice McBride.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL 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 square 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 squares remain uninterruptedly.

VERTICAL

- South (ab.)
- Dried grass
- Wrath
- Sailors (collog.)
- Loose
- Respiration
- Low
- Breezy
- Plot
- Wild goat
- Hatched point
- Count on
- Outside edge
- Alling
- Ditch
- Old school (ab.)

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

S	H	U	D	D	E	R	S
W	E	O	R	E	A		
I	S	T	A	R	T	D	
N	I	T	Y	I	M		
D	E	A	N	T	R	I	O
L	R	Z	E	R	N		
E	C	L	I	P	S	I	
S	H	N	O	A	S		
H	Y	A	C	I	N	T	H

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My Matrimonial Vacation

by Violet Dare

Nobody who has not spent some time on an island in tropical seas can realize how beautiful such a place can be.

Bill Ewing's island and in the Bahamas was marvellous. All plants grew in the garden, which covered nearly all the island. The sea was streaked with blue and green, so that when we went swimming we seemed to be bathing in pure color, instead of in just water.

Everything about the place was perfect. Never had I seen such a beautifully managed household. The servants were perfect. The maid who was assigned to me was a treasure; she could do everything, from arranging my hair to telling fortunes.

She told mine the first day we were at the island, when I was dressing for dinner. Push had fallen, swiftly as it does in the tropics, and I was sitting at my dressing-table, looking out of the window into the garden, as she brushed my hair.

She laid down the brush, and handed me a pack of cards. "Shuffle them, missy, and cut into three piles with your left hand," she said. "I was amused, but interested; I've always loved to have my fortune told."

She set down on the floor and spread the cards out around her. "There's a man for, far away who thinks of you," she began. That didn't surprise me especially; it was quite possible that she had heard about Jim, from Nathalie's maid, who had come down from New York with her. He's writing to you now," she went on, "but I don't have a letter; it's a message that comes quick through the air. And it doesn't come straight to you."

"And there's love, love you'll say 'no' to, and then say 'yes,'" she went on. "And it brings you happiness, and it brings you pain. And I see a woman—"

Just then Nathalie rapped on the door and came in. She frowned when she saw what Claisy, the maid, was doing.

"Black magic, Nancy?" she asked. "Better not bother with it." Her tone was pleasant enough but there was an expression in her eyes that said Claisy was about to pick up the cards, and begin to brush my hair again.

Bill Ewing laughed when I spoke to him about Claisy's fortune-telling at dinner.

"The servants have a lot of faith in her," he said. "She claims to be the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, and she's hit on two or three rather important things before they happened, so of course they believe whatever she says now."

"Don't let her read the cards for you again, Nancy," Nathalie urged. "She can't tell you anything, and it's foolish to let her try. You'll be believing her, the first thing you know."

I considered why Nathalie was so insistent; she was leaning toward me, across the table, her face serious, that I knew she was sincere in what she said.

I had no opportunity that evening to talk with her alone, but the next morning I came out to the terrace where she was waiting for her husband, who was going to take her out in a motor boat.

I brought up the subject at once, she flushed, and looked away from me.

"Before I was married, a woman

read the cards. Finally, "Ah, I married the wrong woman, in the end then the man said that he would me, that I'd decide to and then everything would straightened out again, and I'd be happy for a time, but that soon a terrible thing would happen, and bring me both joy and sorrow. And—well, enough of her prophecy has come true so that I'm afraid to think of the rest of it."

"It frightens me, and spoils even happiness, when I remember it. So that's why I urge you not to let Claisy tell you anything; you'll believe her in spite of yourself."

"Oh, I won't believe her, truly," I laughed. "I've had my fortune told loads of times, and it never comes true. Why, a woman told me I'd be happy with Jim—and see how things have turned out! Here on the other side of the world, devoting myself to Mrs. Eaton, and I'm here, not at all sure that I'll ever see him again, and not caring much whether I do or not!"

"Well, take my advice, and don't let Claisy try to read the future for you," Nathalie answered. Her husband came down the terrace just then, and she turned to him, her face so radiant that I could have killed Dick Jordan for ever making her unhappy.

They went down to the boat-landing and I stood there watching them. Would I ever be so happy as she was, I asked myself.

Oh, I tried to see Bill Ewing standing beside me. And my heart answered my question.

Tomorrow—A Message Through the Air?

How About It?

The Capital Journal Tells You

By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL, DAUGHTER, I THINK WE'RE RID OF THAT CAT I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM AROUND THE HOUSE TODAY.

I'M SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR THOUGHT, DADDY, BUT I SAW HIM JUST AN HOUR AGO CRAWLING UP A TREE IN THE YARD.

I'LL GET HE'S TRYIN' TO CATCH SOME BIRDS - I'LL FIX HIM.

I CAN'T SEE HIM, BUT THIS IS THE TREE THAT DAUGHTER SAID HE CLIMBED. I'LL SCARE HIM OUT OF THERE.

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BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

BARNEY, WHO'S THAT FROWZY LOOKING BIRD HANGING AROUND YOUR STABLE?

SHIRK - THAT'S THE WELL KNOWN MAJOR POPOVER WHO CHASED SPARK PLUG ONCE UPON A TIME - DON'T SHOUT SO LOUD, YOU'LL HURT HIS FEELINGS. HE'S HAD A PILE OF TOUGH LUCK BE PLAYING THE RACES. I'M GOING OVER AND CHEER HIM UP.

OH, BARNEY, WHEN I THINK OF WHAT I USED TO BE IN MY PALMY DAYS -

COME, COME, MAJOR, DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD - BUCK UP! WE'LL STROLL OVER TO THE RESTAURANT AND GET A GOOD DINNER - CHEER UP - I'VE GOT MONEY.

WELL - I'LL BE -

WHAT'LL YOU HAVE, MAJOR -?

THE SW'S THE LIMIT.

CAFE YOW

MY WORD! THAT MUST BE ONE OF THE VERY JOKE'S I WAS KICKED OUT OF LAST WEEK FOR NOT PAYING MY BILL.

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KRAZY KAT

LIL DROPS OF WATTA - LIL GRAIN OF SEND MAKE A WERRA BIG OCEAN. AND A WHOLE LOT OF LEND.

OF COURSE.

COULD IT ALL BE MORE WUNDAFIL?

SURE IT COULD.

IN WOT MEANNA?

THINK OF ALL THE BRICKS IT WOULD ALL MAKE.

LIL ANJIL ALWAYS HE JUMPS MY KINGS.

LELLOOSE!!!

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MUTT AND JEFF

THAT WAS A FINE IDEA OF MINE; I HEARD THAT A TRIBE OF NATIVES TEN MILES FROM HERE HAVE A DOZEN BABY LIONS AND TIGERS AND I SENT JEFF OVER TO GET THEM!

WE'LL SEND THEM TO TERRE HAUTE, MONTREAL, TORONTO, QUEBEC AND SPOKANE; A PAIR TO EACH CITY; HOT DOG!

WELL, WHERE ARE THE CUBS?

THE AFRICAN CHIEF WOULDN'T PART WITH THEM; IN FACT, HE WAS NASTY ABOUT IT!

NASTY, EH? IN WHAT WAY?

WELL, HE SAID IF I SHOWED MY FACE IN HIS VILLAGE AGAIN HE'D FEED ME TO THE SACRED HIPPO!

LISTEN! I'LL LET THAT CHIEF KNOW I'M NOT TO BE INTIMIDATED!! YOU'LL GO BACK THERE IN THE MORNING AND GET THOSE CUBS!

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