Capital Journal

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GEORGE PUTNAM, Editor and Publisher

Protecting Presidents

Congressman Reid, republican, of Illinois, proposes federal laws "to make it unlawful to solicit or bribe any one to assist in a malicious attempt to impeach the president of the United States; and to make punishable an attempt to libel or slander the president of the United States, or to maliciously by words, writings, pictures or the like, tending to blacken the memory of any president who is dead or to impeach the honesty, integrity, virtue or reputation or to publish the natural defects of any president who is alive theret. to expose him to public hatred, contempt or ridicule."

Monarchs and kings from the earliest times have found it convenient to claim divine rights to shield themselves from public censure. Alexander the Great became so obsessed with his own importance and the necessity of confounding his critics that he proclaimed his own divinity. Augustus and the Caesars created themselves gods and set up their statues for public worship, so perhaps it's all in the course of empire for the republic to decree the presidency sancrosanct.

This censuring, attacking, ridiculing and libeling the president, is however, part and parcel of the great American past-time of politics. Whenever partisanship becomes passionate, the flood gates of abuse are opened and the muddy torrent belches forth.

The abler our presidents, the more they are libeled. No one was more villified than Washington in his day, or Jefferson following. The abuse heaped on Jackson was matched only by that directed against Lincoln, and everyone is familiar with the systematic persecution of Wilson. Yet some how the republic survived and the fame of the presidents shines all the brighter to posterity for their scouring in the slime of slander.

Better far the abuses of free speech and press than their curtailment, for when the humblest cannot criticise the highest as his public servant, we cease to function as a democracy to ape the decadent autocracies of the old world.

Congressional Hyprocricy

Testimony given in Congressman Scott's divorce case again calls attention to the hypocricy prevalent in congress, which enacts dry laws and remains wet. Referring to social conditions in Washington, Mrs. Scott said:

In Washington every time you turn around it is a cocktail. We served them to everybody, even to the waiters in the hotel. * * * There were always egg-nog parties in Washington at Christmas time. We went to them and I went with my army friends. * * * On the trip to Panama in 1921 we wives of congressmen were thrown together a lot because the men gambled all day and drank.

Drinking prevalent in official circles, at the McLean "breakfasts", at the "little red house on K street" on the Forbes trips, are all matters of record. Every congressional junket is a booze party. And some of the worst boozers, such as Congressman Langley re-elected with the support of the Anti-Saloon League after conviction in federal courts for conspiracy in looting government warehouses and selling the booze stored therein, arrested last week in Washington for drunkenness, are the loudest adherents of prohibition and staunchest advocates of the Volstead act.

If congress is in earnest in drying up the country, it should spend a fraction of the $55,000,000 spent for prohibition enforcement in drying itself up.

Civil War Memories

Among recent books of the civil war period, few are more interesting than "Some Memories of the Civil War" by George Haven Putnam (Putnam & Sons, New York) who served as major in the 176th Regt. N. Y. S. Volunteers, and suffered incarceration in Libby prison.

"'Tis sixty years since'—reads the forward, "and two generations of American citizens have grown up since the war was begun with the firing of the first gun at Fort Sumter. It had seemed possible to Major Putnam that there would be interest for some members of the citizens of later date to have recalled to them a few of the incidents, and perhaps something of the atmosphere of those strenuous years—1861-65."

With war reminiscences and letters written while at Libby giving a vivid glimpse of treatment accorded war prisoners, are a number of lectures given by Major Putnam before historical societies upon topics related to the conflict and its origin, including addresses upon Abraham Lincoln, Jefferson Davis and other figures of the day, most of whom the author knew personally and intimately, making the book a valuable contribution to civil war literature.

ADAIR RESIGNS BANK BOARD JOB HICKOK NAMED

Frank C. Bramwell was yesterday re-elected state superintendent of banks by unanimous vote of the state banking board, surprised of Governor Pierce, Secretary of State Kozer and State Treasurer Kay. The appointment is for a period of four years.

Bramwell has served as superintendent for four years. He assumed the duties of the office January 2, 1921, by appointment of the board, which then comprised W. T. Vinton, acting governor; O. P. Hoff, state treasurer, and Sam A. Kozer, secretary of state. Vinton was acting as governor while Governor Olcott was attending a convention of governors at Harrisburg, Pa.

After his appointment yesterday Mr. Bramwell announced the resignation of his assistant, W. M. Adair, which was effective November 19, 1924, so that he could become president o. the reorganized Lincoln county bank at Toledo. The board confirmed appointments made by Bramwell yesterday as follows:

Assistant superintendent, Guy N. Hicock; examiners, Stanley L. Stewart, E. M. Watson, H. O. Voget, Tinkham Gilbert; assistant examiners, C. E. Cusick, A. H. Olson; secretary, Edna A. Simonton; stenographer, Doris Allen; deputy superintendents, David F. Graham of Nyssa, A. R. Campbell of Klamath Falls, George F. Huston of La Pine, George N. Hostetler of The Dalles, William C. Christenson of Newport and P. E. Norbeck of Sherwood.

The deputies were under special appointment to liquidate the assets of insolvent and reorganized banks.

PRISON TRUCK HITS STATE PRINTER'S AUTO

A motor truck driven by Lloyd Wilkins, life-termer of the state penitentiary, and an automobile driven by H. S. Bosshard, state printer, collided yesterday at Court and Church streets, with heavy damage to Bosshard's car. The truck, according to Bosshard's statement at the police station, struck the left rear side of his car, smashing a wheel, and bending a fender and an axle. He says the truck driver was looking in the opposite direction from that in which he intended to go.

Warden Dalrymple today said that Wilkins is one of the most careful and trustworthy men with a truck in the city and that he has the confidence of many business men about town. No statement from Wilkins was recorded at the police station.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

1. Opposite of false
2. Russian (abbr.)
3. Mental image
4. By
5. A path
6. Prone
7. Tattered
8. Egyption God of Light
9. Labor
10. Chart
11. Corn pit
12. Long life
13. Leg joint

SOLUTION OF YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

VERTICAL

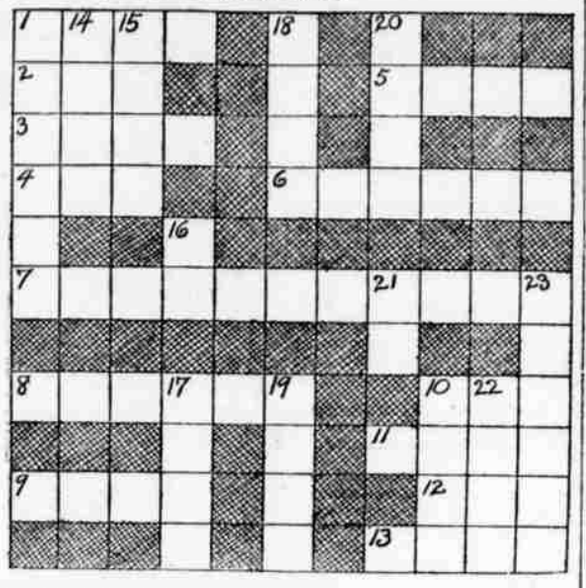
1. Three-legged device
10. Manner
14. Uncouth
15. One who uses
16. Hectare (abbr.))
17. Yes
18. Maid
19. River of the dead
20. Slide
21. To wit
22. Century plant
23. To testify

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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A Modern Marriage

An Absorbing Novel
By IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

THE ARREST

"As Miss Leonard opened the door," Rodney Evans continued in explanation to the officers, "we were able to recognize, just as you came up, that the man was Elton Foss, a friend of ours."

"Well, the man is dead—murdered probably," roughly decided the policeman. "Here's a gun in his pocket. He must have had some enemies or he would not have gone around armed."

"I never knew that Mr. Foss was in the habit of carrying a gun, did you, Rod?" spoke up Kathlyn, whose mind was working hard, knowing that everything either she or Rodney said would register itself on the officer's mind to be told at the inquest.

"Not this gun!" exclaimed the policeman suspiciously. "This gun is wet."

Neither Rodney nor Kathlyn missed the fact that the policeman in handling the gun had taken it in his two fingers at the end of the barrel. Instantly they knew that he was thinking of fingerprints. Wrapping it carefully in his handkerchief, the man dropped it in his own pocket and, turning to Kathlyn, he asked:

"You say you know this man?"

"Yes, I know him very well. He called upon me this evening."

"What time did he leave?"

"He stayed quite late because of the storm. At last he decided that he would have to brave the rain and left my house only a short time before Mr. Evans rang my bell. I was just getting ready for bed when I heard Mr. Evans' ring I though it was Mr. Foss who had come back for something."

The officer faced Kathlyn. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm Kathlyn Leonard, a painter and illustrator. I live here," she answered, pointing to the still open door.

"You know both these men well?"

"Yes, they both have been friends of mine."

"Officer," interrupted Rodney, "I am Rodney Evans, an author and playwright. You probably know that I have a comedy on at the Criterion now. I have lived at the Seven Arts club for five years."

"Miss Leonard, you are drenched with rain. Don't you think that you had better leave this mystery to be cleared up by this officer and myself?"

"The lady will be called upon to tell what she knows as well as you. I'll telephone now for an ambulance to take the body to the morgue," snapped the officer.

The policeman blew his whistle and, as though out of the air, two policemen came running to the spot.

"A man has just been shot here. You take care of the body. I'm going into the house of this lady to telephone the station. Come along Evans."

Kathlyn and Rodney followed the officer into the house.

"Where's your telephone?" he demanded.

"Right there on that desk."

As the man walked toward it, his back was turned for an instant. Rodney's and Kathlyn's eyes met. Rodney put his finger on his lips and Kathlyn slightly nodded.

"Send over the ambulance, Conroy, to twenty-seven eighty McDougal. A man has just been murdered over here.

"Yes, a man and woman were standing over the body, which was found just in front of where the woman lives.

"Yes. I'll bring them both over. You'd better send Skelton if he's there."

"Surely, officer, you won't take Miss Leonard out again in this storm. She is wet and shivering now. She should be changing her clothes. I'll go with you if you want me and will answer for the appearance of Miss Leonard tomorrow morning."

"Oh, I'll go with the officer willingly," broke in Kathlyn who wanted to hear if possible what Rodney would say in explanation, "I'm sure you'll wait a little until I change into some dry clothes."

"Yes, go and do that, lady," the policeman shortly ordered. "Here comes the ambulance."

He opened the door wide and Kathlyn had a confused sight of many people gathered at her step.

The rain had subsided into an intermittent drizzle.

"How long will we be at the station, officer?" asked Kathlyn, taking a sudden resolve.

"Can't tell," was his gruff reply.

"Well, I think I'll chance my wet clothes a little longer. I don't think I'll change."

"What's all this, Murphy?" authoritatively asked a man in plain clothes coming into the room.

"I found that body out there and these two people standing over it a few minutes ago."

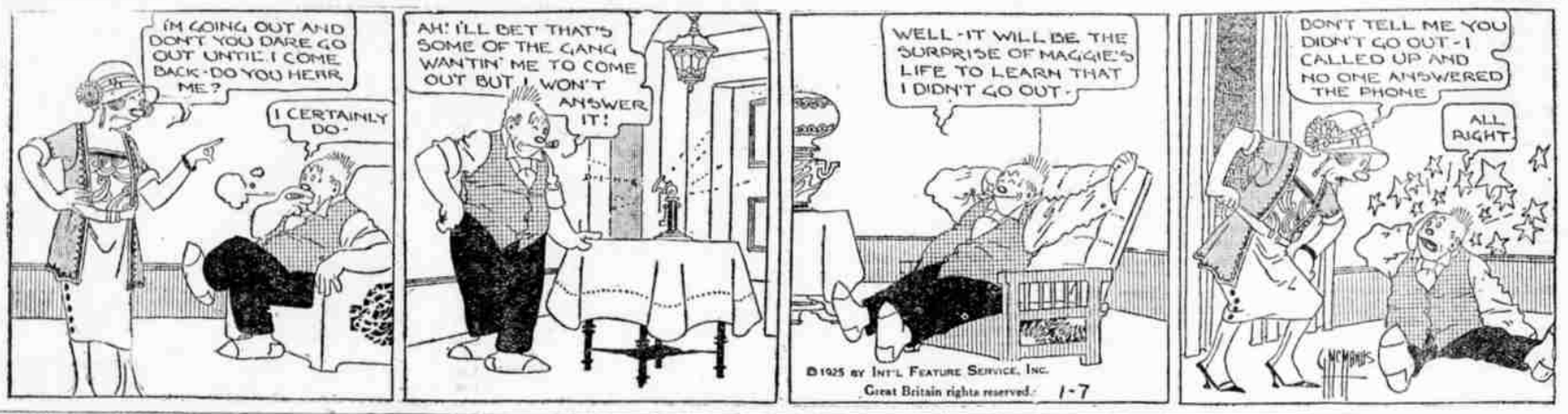
Rodney Evans came forward eagerly. "You know me, Mr. Skelton, do you not."

Tomorrow—Kathlyn's Dark Hour.

Rich Milk, Malted Grain ext. in powder form, makes The Food-Drink for All Ages. Digestible—No Cooking. A light Lunch always at hand. Also in Tablet form. Ask for "Horlick's," at all Fountains. Avoid Imitations — Substitutes

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Barney Gets Rid of All Competition

By Billy de Beck

KRAZY KAT

To Deep for Krazy.

By Herriman

MUTT AND JEFF

If You're a Cross Word Puzzle Bug, Hop to This One.

By Bud Fisher