

BANK BANDITS USE MODERN METHODS

But Business Is No Longer Profitable.

Oklahoma City.—Descendants of outlaw bands that once plundered towns and looted bank tills still ride Oklahoma plains.

Gangs, led by desperadoes who fear neither gun nor law, continue to prey on Oklahoma banks.

But the night riding bandits who "blew" the safe and then sometimes "shot it out" with townspeople while making their escape, have given way to gangsters who hoist the strong box into a truck, take it to a secluded spot and obtain the money at leisure.

Bank bandits in Oklahoma last year ranged from a \$75,000 pay roll robbery here to a sensational horseback robbery in which three men rode into the little southern Oklahoma village of Caney, hitched their horses, looted the tills and rode out of town with \$500 amid a fusillade of shots from surprised citizens. They were caught.

Bandits Change Tactics.

An evolution is noted in the tactics of southwestern bank bandits. Methods employed in the days of the Dalton and Jesse James gangs—the "sweep bandits"—are used no more.

It was Henry Starr, who occupies a prominent niche in Oklahoma's hall of fame for bad men, who inaugurated daylight horseback robberies.

Starr and his henchmen rode into a town, shot at windows and occasionally a luckless bystander who did not move swiftly enough. They forced the banker to hold his hands skyward while they looted the till and escaped.

With the advent of the automobile the bank robbers changed tactics again. The movement was led by the famous Matthew Kimes and Ray Terrell, both now serving life terms.

Fast automobiles were used by the Kimes-Terrell gang in fleeing from the scene of a robbery. Sometimes they "pulled a double header" and robbed two banks in the same town the same day.

In the last half dozen Oklahoma bank robberies the bandits have talked and joked with early risers while they dragged the safe outside the bank, hoisted it to a truck and then left town waving good natured farewells to residents who watched their savings carted away before an alarm could be given.

Safes carried away are often found in abandoned wells or in river beds, their contents missing.

But figures show, Eugene P. Gum, secretary of the Oklahoma Bankers' association, said, bank robbing is an unprofitable business.

Six Bandits Killed.

Last year 75 per cent of the men engaged in bank robbing in Oklahoma were either apprehended or killed. On the other hand, only about \$50,000 of the approximately \$150,000 stolen from banks was recovered.

Oklahoma bankers have declared "open season" on bandits by announcing the state association will spend \$50,000 in the next 18 months in warfare on bandits.

How this money will be spent remains unannounced except that a certain amount will go for rewards for robbers, dead or alive.

Last year six bank bandits were killed in Oklahoma. The average number of officers and bankers killed in the state annually by bandits is four.

Wild Sheep, Deer, Birds Fed in National Parks

Glacier Park, Mont.—The government's "free lunch" has stations for wild deer and sheep in Glacier National park are being liberally patronized this winter, according to J. R. Eakin, superintendent. The heavy snow in the mountains has left others of the animal kingdom famished, for Ranger Lee, of the Two Medicine district, reports that three weasels, one mink and many Clark's crows, "camp robbers," bluejays, magpies and other birds regularly come to his cabin for food. A large number of elk are wintering on the feed ground nearby.

Ninety-four inches of snow fell during the month of December. Fifty-five big-horn sheep now are on the feed ground at Many Glacier, with new arrivals nearly every day. West of the Continental Divide, where deer are most plentiful, up to date only 240 deer have come into five feed yards.

Jail Negligent Firemen When Fire House Burns

Caracas, Rumania.—While members of the fire brigade were busy "wetting their whistles" in a nearby saloon, the local fire house with all equipment was burned to the ground. The firemen returned home in time only to receive the information that all of their personal belongings had gone up in smoke together with the fire truck. They were arrested by policemen who had been battling the flames in vain for almost an hour.

French Award Medal to Nurse Who Died of Post

Paris.—The French government has just awarded a posthumous gold medal of honor to Mlle. Jeanne Arnaud, a nurse who refused to cease caring for a number of patients stricken with a deadly and contagious disease. She cared for them night and day until she was stricken with the same disease and died.

Evils of Prejudice

Prejudice surpasses all the other sins of men; it has made history an orgy of carnage and makes civilization today a brief interval between two catastrophes.—Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick.

Generous

The main difficulty about people who borrow trouble is that they want to pay back more than they borrow.—Groversville Leader-Republican.

They Were Bogus Officials

By LEETE STONE

WITHOUT an invitation it appeared that Melodrama rode with the brothers Brown, Joe and George, as they piloted a heavy-laden truck down the Westchester reaches of the Boston Post road toward New York—Joe at the wheel, George general helper.

It happened on one of those flagrant April mornings that seem to give the everlasting life to Death. Destruction, Trouble and Tragedy by reason of a bad day, soft atmosphere and a feel of hope and life everlasting.

Joe and George were hungry after an all night drill from a small seaport on the upper sound, but notwithstanding their hearts beat in unison with the peaceful pulse of spring. A hard winter was behind; today was not only another day; it was another year with all the rich promise that imagination is heir to.

As if to paint the morning with the perfect shade of peace, along the road as they reached the upper Bronx suddenly appeared the reassuring figure of a policeman in a touring car, with two men in the rear seat. The car spun easily to Joe and George in leisurely fashion. The brothers did no turn to look after it.

They missed seeing the car turn, just after it passed, and slowly trail them for several blocks. Without warning it lurched up beside the heavy-laden truck and a blue-clad arm waved its familiar, compelling gesture. No mistaking authority. The two men in the rear of the car displayed shiny detectives' badges.

"Let's see your consignment papers this morning," the policeman barked.

"We ain't got none; didn't know it was necessary," Joe offered in conciliatory tones.

"Certainly it is! You ought to know that." The officer stepped onto the short running board of the truck.

"What you got in those packing cases?"

"Get down!"

The brothers Brown meekly got down.

Events ensuing puzzled the brothers Brown exceedingly. The policeman ordered his two detectives to mount the truck and drive it to headquarters. Then as the big truck gathered way, he ordered Joe and George to get in his car with him.

Whereupon the two brothers, who could not believe that so glorious a morning could sponsor trouble, embarked on a strange ride. A long, long ride—one that ended on Lancaster avenue miles away, somewhere near the Indian stadium.

The scene shifts to Officer O'Meara, speed cop, on duty a few blocks away from where the truck was apprehended by the law's arm. Two or three neighborhood bystanders who had witnessed the affair, told him they had just seen a truck seized.

It being a dull, early morning hour, O'Meara decided that he ought to offer assistance and at least get the truck's number, if only to prove that he was "on the job." He pursued the truck at fifty miles an hour or better.

Ten minutes speeding furnished O'Meara with the tall view of the heavy-laden truck. His motorcycle screamed its raucous cry to heaven as he bore down on the machine. Then something strange happened.

The great vehicle suddenly slowed down, and two men sprang from the running board of the still moving truck and hopped around the corner of the nearest block.

The veering truck lurched dizzily into a water hydrant. The hydrant toppled over like putty. The front of the truck and O'Meara were drenched in a spouting geyser of water.

Resourceful O'Meara, wet as he was, at once blew his police whistle for reserves. They arrived in a jiffy and the block where the two "detectives" had abandoned the truck was instantly surrounded and a combing search inaugurated. It proved thorough, for at the end of an hour two vigorously protesting "detectives" with shiny badges were dragged without ceremony from a basement.

The masqueraders were taken to the police station and held for robbery. About two hours later, after tedious waiting, some slow trolleying and a couple of speedy taxi jaunts, the Brown brothers arrived at the same station to tell their tale of woe and loss; to describe their enforced journey to the hinterlands surrounding the Indian stadium.

O'Meara had just checked in preparatory to going off duty. He heard the brothers addressing the sergeant.

"You guys'll find your truck three blocks away draped against a busted hydrant," he spoke somewhat gruffly and closed the door sharply behind him.

The curtain falls on the brothers Brown rolling off in their heavy-laden truck, the seat beneath somewhat damp and squishy—rolling off to a peaceful, proper destination downtown—their load of \$50,000 worth of silks dry, intact and ready to be unloaded.

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What Price Food

Experts tell us that we should spend about one-fifth of our food allowance on starches, meat, eggs and the like, a fifth on milk, a fifth on fruits and vegetables and oils, the remaining fifth among fats, daisies and beverages.—Farm and Fireside.

Too True

The people are always incensed about something in their public affairs, but the object of their indignation changes often and they get little done.—Exchange.

WARSHIPS FAILURE AS POWER PLANTS

Test at Tacoma Is Declared Unsuccessful.

Washington.—A new peace-time use for warships and other fighting navy craft, their utilization as power plants for seaboard cities in emergencies, has been tested by the navy and found impracticable.

When the airplane carrier Lexington, largest ship in the navy, was lent to Tacoma, Wash., as a power plant, because of a breakdown of the municipal unit, some far-sighted persons had visions of warships steaming up to city piers and furnishing cheap electricity.

"Nothing doing," is the unanimous opinion of naval experts. Navy ships are primarily for national defense and not public utilities, it was pointed out.

Plan Unconventional.

The generation of electric power for municipalities by navy ships is both impracticable and uneconomical. The Lexington had more than 2,000 officers and men aboard while she was docked at Tacoma, to whom the government pays a salary and furnishes subsistence costing more than \$1,000,000 a year. Navy officials estimated that a steam power plant for the city could be operated by fewer than 100 employees.

In return for the power Tacoma is to pay the navy about \$5,000 a day, or 2.8 cents per kilowatt hour.

Officers pointed out that, except for great emergencies, the navy has no authority to lend vessels to municipalities, but that the department has authority to lend ships to states for sea scout work and naval militia operations.

"We considered every phase of the situation before the Lexington was lent to Tacoma," one high official said. "It was even pointed out that if the power break had been in the Mississippi valley, where a ship was unable to operate, the people would have used candles and lamps."

"Finally the ship was lent, and now we are waiting for howls from congress against use of a great ship like the Lexington for a power plant, because of the expense."

Dockage Facilities Scarce.

The Lexington did not furnish its full power possibilities to Tacoma, for the vessel's great turbine engines generate more than 192,000 horse power, or enough electricity to supply a city as large as Philadelphia.

Another drawback to using war craft for power plants is that the Lexington is 888 feet long, 106 feet wide, and draws 29 feet of water. Few ports have dockage facilities for this ship or even a warship like the West Virginia, which is 624 feet long, 97 feet wide, and draws 31 feet of water.

The Lexington left Tacoma on January 16, after furnishing power to the city for ten days because there was insufficient water available there to operate the city plant and the available steam plant facilities were inadequate.

Britain Builds Bulk of World's Shipping

London.—Britain now builds more than half the world's ships. She has almost recovered her pre-war position, after ten years of acute depression, according to well-informed shipping quarters.

The famous Wear yards are already building as much as in 1914, when British construction was 90 per cent of the world's new tonnage. Other areas are not yet back to pre-war records, but the Clyde is building almost as much as France, Germany and Holland put together, and the North-east coast is building more than Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the United States and Japan combined.

"The past year has been one of the best since the post-war depression," said a member of a leading firm of British shipbuilders in an interview.

"When final figures for the year become available it probably will be revealed that tonnage launched and under construction in 1929 amounted to 1,500,000. The figures to hand so far show that for the first year since the war, the tonnage we have constructed as an industry for overseas customers has exceeded pre-war totals."

"The shipbuilding industries of Germany, France, Italy and Denmark have declined tremendously. Foreign shipowners have been turned steadily to British yards for their new ships. This last year they gave twice the orders given in 1928."

Soviet Women Give Up Jewels to Aid Country

Moscow.—Women in a number of Soviet cities are reported to be voluntarily giving up their jewels towards a fund to assist the industrialization of the country.

A movement for the collection of jewels was started in Rihinsk and the idea spread to other cities. Bracelets, rings, necklaces and other items were contributed by housewives and office workers in Rihinsk.

The press is especially pleased to find among the contributed items jewel encrusted crosses. The sacrifices of these crosses serves at the same time the anti-religious and the industrialization drives.

Boy's Dog Held Immune

Little Rock, Ark.—"You can't part the kid from his pup," Attorney General Hal Norwood said in declaring the state dog tax unconstitutional. Scores of boys wrote him letters of thanks.

Mechanical Stuttering

The height of curiosity would seem to have been reached by the man who wants to hear what a slow-motion talking picture would be like.—Portland Oregonian

And the Breakable Kind

Fannie (showing her new doll to her little cousin).—But you mustn't drop her, Marian, 'cause her head is made of glass.

His Hunch Meant Something

By JACK WOODFORD

PROBABLY Mickey had never even heard the racket about "Do Unto Others As You Would Have Them Do Unto You," but curiously enough, such is the paradox of life in this vale, that he actually observed the axiom, even though he had never heard of it, whereas thousands of people in town, who had the axiom drilled into them from childhood up, and knew all about it, paid no attention to it.

But, then, Mickey was a dip, which is to say a pickpocket, and he took his philosophies more seriously than most.

It was when he was returning to his room, at twenty minutes past three, that he saw an officer pulling a box at the corner. Because it was such an early hour, and because it was a section of town so tough that even hard-boiled citizens did not often lounge about it at that hour, the street was deserted.

The officer, Mickey observed, had handcuffed a man to him. Furthermore, the officer held in his hand, the handcuffed one, a bottle. A bottle whose significant shape was unmistakable.

Mickey hadn't the slightest idea who the victim was. Nor had he the slightest idea who the cop was; but their relative positions interested him. And, besides, he had had a most successful evening and was in an expansive mood.

Evidently a small dealer, who didn't run with the right mob, and had not the proper protection.

Didn't the sup have sense enough to kick the bottle out of the cop's hand, thereby destroying evidence? Mickey was contemptuous. Such a fellow hardly deserved his aid. And yet, wasn't he not a member of the brotherhood, if even indirectly? And was his captor not one of those to be hated and feared by all of the brotherhood?

Mickey stepped back a little way. He was in the shadows. The policeman and his victim had their backs to him. By crouching very low he could see the bottle clearly. It was between the men. A clear target. And Mickey prided himself upon his ability as a marksman.

Very carefully he considered every contingency. If he shot, the policeman could hardly blame the man he had handcuffed to him. True, he might think it was one of his mob; but, even so, he couldn't directly blame him. And, too, the officer could hardly give chase, handcuffed as he was. By the time he got the cuffs off, Mickey would be between the two houses and out in the open alley, every inch and crevice of which he knew intimately. In fact, if the bull should unhobble the man and give chase, Mickey could far outdistance him, and still his victim would escape in the ensuing excitement. Impossible for the officer to return the fire quickly enough to get him before he could run in between the buildings. Chicago cops weren't that quick on the draw; and, besides, it was very dark.

Mickey put his hand inside of his coat, grasped the butt of his thirty-eight, grinning. Some precaution, however, held him back. He stopped to consider carefully all over again. Usually his hunches meant something. Why had he such a strong hunch against the act this time?

Mickey shrugged his shoulders. Pulling the gun forth, he took careful aim, sighted until he could see the bottle perfectly along the barrel of his gun. It was an easy shot. Why, oh, why this dread premonition?

Slowly his finger pulled back the trigger. Expertly he squeezed both stock and trigger at the same time, so as not to interfere with his aim. And as the trigger drew back, the hunch grew stronger.

Any moment now. The trigger was back just about far enough to catch. And then, suddenly, the gun roared. There was a deafening explosion. Windows all around shattered. Mickey rocked back and forth on his feet, dazed. He rubbed his eyes. Looked ahead. Both of the men were gone. Even the call box was gone.

"Soup! Nitroglycerin!" Mickey murmured to himself, dazedly, as he fled down the alley.

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Hair Seals

It is understood that the only important hair-sealing grounds remaining of commercial value lie in the North Atlantic ocean off the coasts of Newfoundland, Labrador and Greenland. The oil manufactured from hair seals was formerly used to a large extent in miners' lamps and in the tanning of leather; at present, however, its principal use is as soap stock. The hides of hair seals produce a high-grade leather, and it is chiefly for their hides that their seals are sought. In the past few years there has been developed a method of tanning and dyeing the pelts of certain young hair seals for use in the manufacture of garments. The product is not, of course, of the quality of that made from the pelts of fur seals.

Radio Tubes

The Loomis Radio college says a radio tube is an evacuated glass lamp bulb inclosing a special type of lamp filament which may be lighted from either storage batteries or lamp-lighting power line, and added parts which are used to make it perform as a valve in the circuit of one of the elements, known as the plate. The other element is called a grid.

Public Taste Criticized

I have always suspected public taste to be a mongrel product, out of affection for dogmatism.—Robert Louis Stevenson

Worse Than Censure

The meanest, most contemptible kind of praise is that which first speaks well of a man, and then quells it with a "but."—Reverber.

DEATH VALLEY HAS ITS "GHOST" TOWNS

Cities, as Well as Pioneers, Buried There.

Death Valley, Calif.—Cities, as well as hardy pioneers, are buried in Death Valley.

Such famous "ghost towns" as Greenwater, Rhyolite, Panamint, and Skidoo, to mention only four, are all in the region. Greenwater, however, was the only town ever built on the floor of the valley.

In 1906 and 1907 a deceptive copper lode brought 2,500 residents to the site of the shaft, and a town, optimistically called "Greenwater," burst into shanty existence. The twisting of the town was indeed happy, since there was neither water nor green vegetation.

A miserable hillside well, the owner of which got almost as much for his water as the saloonkeepers did for trucked-in beer, was the only moisture anywhere in the neighborhood.

Back to Desolation.

After two years the shaft had produced only two carloads of mediocre ore and the town was abandoned to the desolation of the valley from which it had been claimed.

Rhyolite, across the Nevada line, is perhaps the most famous "ghost city" in the country. Twenty-four years ago 10,000 people called it home. Several impressive concrete shells are still standing—the three-story bank, the schoolhouse, and the \$50,000 railroad depot flanked by a roadbed from which the tracks have been removed.

The most unusual building in Rhyolite is the famous "bottle house," the walls of which are entirely constructed of bottles cemented together with adobe. The mine was efficient drinkers of "hard" beverages, so the architect of the bottle house was never at a loss for building material.

As a matter of fact, hundreds of miles of railroad lines have been uprooted. A stretch of over 200 miles, between Rhyolite, Beatty, Goldfield and Las Vegas, has been torn up. "Death Valley Scotty," of special train fame, bought the telegraph wires for a private phone circuit and the ties for kindling wood.

Scotty's \$2,000,000 Home.

In contrast to the "ghost cities" of the old mining camps and to the other towns like Goldfield, which are mere staking specters of their former selves, is the bustle of activity at Furnace Creek, ranch and at "Death Valley Scotty's" luxurious hacienda in Grapevine canyon.

The \$2,000,000 "ranch house" which Scotty is building and the up-to-date resort hotel at Furnace Creek, on which a new wing has just been added, are the only signs of activity in this region of the dead.

The dismantling of the railroad north of the valley, the only approach by rail is now from the south over the regularly established junket from Los Angeles to Death Valley Junction and Ryan. Track and equipment over this line are in excellent shape and the wonderful attractions of Death Valley as a winter resort insure permanent maintenance.

British Writer Tells of Wild Parties in U. S.

Ashford, Kent.—Sir Charles Izzienden, one of the party of 100 British journalists who visited the United States in 1928, has just published a book about the "land of bad tea and wild parties"—the United States.

He says about drinking as he observed it in the United States: "Pandemonium reigns supreme. At early hours of the morning the yelling in the hotels is fearful. Jugs, bottles, glasses, and earthenware of all sorts is hurled out of the windows, especially before college football contests. Hotel corridors are filled with intoxicated young men and women, the latter mostly pretty girls in evening dress, but in such a state that they dance and sing in the manner of a vivago."

"Love of the freest kind is said to prevail among the younger people of the better classes, and the same is said of undergraduates, where the two sexes mix freely in the universities. Mad excess in Chicago and Los Angeles are the result of too much drinking."

Court Rules Dog's Fleas Belong to Its Owner

Cincinnati.—Fleas and other insects which usually abide with a cat or dog are the property of the owner of the animals, Common Pleas Judge Otis Hess ruled here. Mrs. Amy L. Roth sued Charles Poorman, a former roomer, for \$80, charging it cost her that amount to exterminate the fleas, where Poorman kept three dogs, four cats, a parrot, an alligator and several canaries. The insects must be taken with the animals when the owner of the latter moves; the court held, awarding Mrs. Roth \$35.50 damages.

Find Radium Speck Man Threw Off in Bandage

New York.—When a newly placed dressing irked a cancer patient recently at Beth Israel hospital he threw the bandage away. Packed with the dressing was a speck of radium worth \$3,000. The whole hospital was ransacked to recover the precious bit of radium. At last a member of the staff used an electroscope to go through the ashes of the hospital incinerator and it was found.

Bookplates

A bookplate is a printed or engraved label, bearing the owner's name and a decorative design, which is pasted in the front cover of a book. The most popular size for a bookplate is 2 by 2 1/2 inches.

There are more than three million trucks in the United States, not one driver of which has developed an inferiority complex.

STEAL HAWKSHAW PREP EXHIBITS

Now Bar Public From New York Public School.

New York.—Just across the way from police headquarters is the annex housing the police college, where detectives and patrolmen are trained. The college is for veterans, as well as novices. In small groups uniformed and plain clothes men are being taken off duty and put through a Hawkshaw course in the annex. They are taught, for instance, the importance of examining every detail of the scene of a crime. Relics of famous crimes are kept there, not as curios but as practical examples.

There is, for instance, a torn pullman ticket issued from New York to Syracuse. It was that ticket, more than any one thing, that convicted Judd Gray and Mrs. Snyder of the murder of Mrs. Snyder's husband. After the killing Gray was suspected, and traced to Syracuse. It was found that he had an iron-clad alibi. Evidence pointed to his presence in that city at the time of the murder on Long Island.

A detective wasn't satisfied. He poked here and there through Gray's room, and found many scraps of paper in a waste basket. One of them was the pullman ticket. Confronted with this evidence, Gray admitted the falsity of his alibi.

But visitors may no longer go to the police annex. Outsiders have been stealing the exhibits from the Hawkshaw school.

Californian's \$780 Eaten by Tiny Borers.

Los Angeles.—Microscopic bugs made \$780 in currency look like a small helping of cold spinach for M. J. Biddle, eighty, who thought a tin tobacco box buried in the ground safer than a bank.

Unwilling to entrust his savings in the usual manner and fearing burglars might find them if deposited beneath the mattress, the aged man tied his \$780 worth of greenbacks in a small sack and then sealed the sack in a tobacco tin.

The tin box was buried beneath his house. That was nine months ago. The rains came, but Biddle did not worry. His can was waterproof.

Recently he needed a little spending money. The can was dug up, badly rusted, and when Biddle opened it he found only a soggy mass of greenish paper.

Placed under the microscope, the former greenbacks were found to be filled with tiny bugs, invisible to the unaided eye.

Now Biddle is trying to convince the United States treasury that the matted mess was legal tender. A handwriting expert dried out the lump and was able to peel parts of several bills. The silk threads which strengthen currency were intact.

The can, its contents and a full account of the burial are to be sent to Washington, D. C., to learn if the treasury will make a refund of the money.

Cancer of the Skin

Cancer of the skin grows slowly and is not particularly malignant. It is possible to cure practically all individuals suffering from this form of the disease, says the American Public Health association, provided they seek aid at an early stage of the disease.

Two Things to Prize

An old job is like an old friend. We become so accustomed to it that we take its virtues as a matter of fact. We overlook its real value and its possibilities for helpfulness. Treat lightly neither an old friend nor an old job. Grit.

Dr. J. R. Morgan

DENTIST

United States Dental Examiner for this district

OFFICE AT MORO, OREGON</