

The Evening Herald

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1929

Interesting Information

IN yesterday's editorial summary of Klamath's murder trial record during 1928 and 1929, to date, the Herald omitted one case—Blurton Baker, Indian, charged with the murder of Bid Riddle, Indian, on last Thanksgiving eve, was tried and acquitted in federal court. He pleaded self defense.

Analysis of this record reveals the following interesting information:

(1) Including the murder of Johnny Ansil on the last day of 1927, there have been ten killings in Klamath county during 1928 and the first four months of 1929.

(2) Of ten defendants in murder prosecutions, four were found not guilty on pleas of self defense; one was fired when the murder charge was dismissed; another was allowed to plead guilty to manslaughter and sentenced to three years in federal prison; one defendant was sentenced to hang 14 months ago and his appeal is still pending; one killer was found guilty of second degree murder in federal court and sentenced to serve ten years in federal prison; another killer was found guilty of the same degree of murder in Klamath circuit court and was sentenced to life imprisonment. The slayer of Johnny Ansil is still at large and the trial of Ted Captain is pending.

(3) Klamath has had more murder trials than any other county in the state, including Multnomah county, during the year 1928 and 1929 to date.

Remaining silent over such a situation does not serve a good purpose. The rest of the state is aware of Klamath's record during the past 16 months, however silent one may be.

What should be done is to call the attention of every citizen in Klamath to existing conditions so that something may be done to solve a serious problem.

A Blow To The Crooks

ONE perhaps unlooked-for result of President Hoover's order prohibiting the granting of permits to prospect for oil on the public domain has been a severe blow to the crooks who sell wildcat oil stock.

The Interior Department reveals that of 34,000 permits issued before the new conservation policy was adopted, only 56 ripened into leases. The claims of the others were allowed to lapse.

What happened? Simply this. An unscrupulous promoter would get a permit to prospect on public land. On the basis of this he would sell stock in a hastily-organized company. The government permit would make the "suckers" believe that the promoter was really offering shares in a company which actually owned oil-bearing property. Once the stock was all sold, the promoter would fold his tents and steal away, leaving the purchasers holding the bag.

The new policy, under which no permits will be granted, will stop that sort of things. One pitfall, at least, is removed from the path of the unwary investor.

EDITORIALS

From Over the Nation

TO CURB STORMS

Mark Twain used to say that everybody complains about weather, but nobody ever does anything about it. Still true, but perhaps not true forever, says Edwin E. Slosson in Colliers.

At present meteorologists confine themselves to observing and predicting the weather and do not attempt to control it. But an outsider need not keep within the confines of professional caution, and a plan for the practical prevention of hurricanes has been projected by a professor of physics in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, W. S. Franklin.

He was born in Kansas in the days when the settlers had to be ready to turn out in a body, day or night, to fight a prairie fire. Then, in order to protect their crops and homes, they started back fires, that is, small conflagrations, which controlled nearer the settlement which burned up a strip of the grass in front of the advancing flames and so checked their advance.

Prof. Franklin proposed to apply the same tactics to storms. As the pioneers of Kansas fought fire with fire, so he suggests that the people of Florida fight wind with wind.

A violent storm occurs when the atmosphere is in an unstable state, as, for instance, to the south and east of the point marked "low" on the weather maps where warm moist air near the ground is coming in from the south and southwest, and is overlaid by a vast body of unduly cold air which has flowed outward from the "low" at high altitudes. Any local disturbance

is likely to upset this unstable equilibrium, and there the atmosphere is set whirling for hundreds of miles around. Prof. Franklin thinks that dangerous conditions might be prevented from gathering by setting up steel cones, fifteen to twenty feet in diameter at the base, forty to fifty feet at the top, and a hundred feet high. Exploding a ton or more of gunpowder in each of these would send up smoke rings to an altitude of several thousand feet, and so forestall the storm by relieving the tension.

I wrote Prof. Franklin asking him how the recent Florida hurricane might have been diverted, and he answered:

"Look at the weather maps for Sept. 11, 12 and 13, 1928, and you will see evidence of a very severe atmospheric state to the south and east of Florida. On Sept. 14 this severe state persisted, but the great collapse is under way, and is going strong in the neighborhood of Porto Rico.

"A glance at the maps for Sept. 14, 15 and 16 will show you that the potential energy of the unstable state which is in process of collapse is being carried to the central part of the storm as it travels along, and that energy is thus collected from a belt three or four or five hundred miles wide.

"If the delicately poised state of instability could have been touched off at three or four places to the eastward of Florida, anywhere in a belt 300 or 400 miles wide and 800 miles long at any time during Sept. 11, 12, 13, 14 or 15, the central energy of the storm might have been

THOUGHTS ON U. S. AFFAIRS

(Continued from Page One)

ated, are pure Americans and are of a good, solid home-loving people.

THIS story was told at an afternoon tea in Klamath Falls the other day:

A minister called at one of the homes in Klamath Falls and after bending over the little boy of the house to speak to him, he asked, "Well, my little fellow, do you always do as your mamma tells you?" And it is said the little fellow looked up into the minister's face and replied, "Yes, indeed, and so does papa."

WHEN we see good strong people advocating correct living and stating that health is one of the greatest manifestations of correct living, we wonder what they would do if they were not so fortunate in having robust health. In our opinion deserving more credit is the one who carries on and smiles even though under great physical handicaps. We see them only occasionally, but when we do see them it is an inspiration and a joy, because the old saying comes back to us, "Count your blessings."

THERE was a lot of good sense in the utterance of John E. Andrus, a successful business man of an eastern city, who recently remarked, "I never yet crowded anyone off the gangplank to get success."

THE high school is very fortunate this year in getting Dr. Arnold Bennett Hall to deliver its commencement address on May 17. Dr. Hall is head of the Oregon University and is well known. He will be a welcome guest here, from a personal standpoint as well as educational.

ROAD VIEWERS WILL INSPECT NEW HIGHWAYS

Appointment of road viewers who will appraise value of property over which the Poe Valley-Malheur highway and the Edgewood highway will pass, was announced today by County Judge F. R. Goddard. They are U. E. Reeder and E. E. McClay.

The two men will go over the proposed highway routes tomorrow.

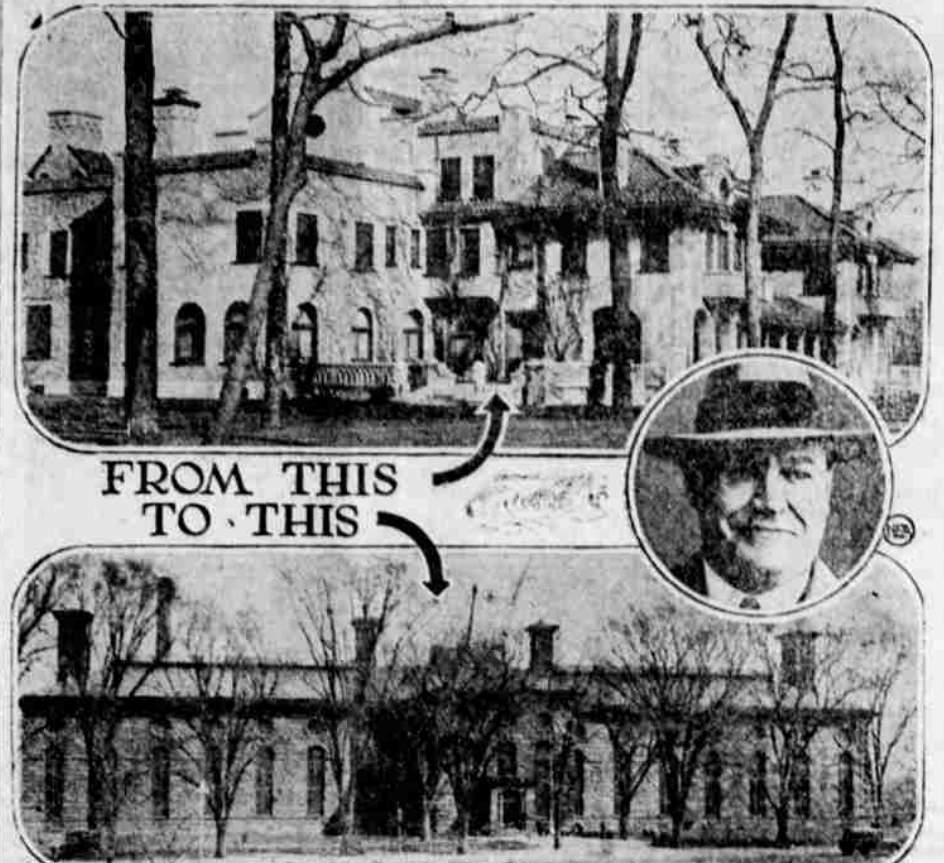
very greatly decreased and the local touch-offs, or "back-fires", would probably have been only moderate storms, each bringing in energy into its central path from a narrow belt only.

EASY TO LOOK AT

Philadelphia Bulletin: A peaceful American nation, therefore undisturbed by any serious reflections as to why it acted as it acted and liked what it liked, got the first real lesson in subjectivism when it heard that psychologists were rejecting otherwise perfectly good fighting men in 1918 because they didn't react rightly to laboratory standards of mental quickness. Ever since, it has had itself and its conduct on its mind to an almost hypochondriacal degree. It has been studying a flood of works of psychologists and philosophers to and why it behaves, why it doesn't behave, and how it ought to behave. Its ear is alert for new teachers and new teachings, domestic or imported. Within a few days it will have opportunity to hear President Yourievich of L'Institut Internationale Psychologique, who is coming over to enlighten America. And according to such hints of the professor's theories as have come across ahead of him, he should stand a good chance of popularity in America.

Take the Yourievich idea of beauty for instance. Beauty in form he believes to correspond to certain "easy" movements of the eye. Here is a kind of psychology that is simple and practical. It ought to be valuable guide to judging art of any kind. Is it easy to look at? Then it is beautiful. Is it hard on the eyes? Then away with it. It offends the psychological basis of art. What could be clearer? The lay dabbler in the American literature contrived to puzzle such votaries will have but one qualm about such a psychological theory. It lacks obscurity. There is no need to discuss whether it is objective or subjective, intrusive or extrusive, Nietzschean, Freudian or just plain Kant. The proposition speaks for itself. The American amateur of the study of the self will doubt whether anything that is so devastatingly simple can possibly be psychology. Dr. Yourievich may command attention from the real philosophers of the United States, but if he expects to win serious regard from our millions of Conscious Cerebrals he will have to disguise his maxims in terms more enigmatical.

It Soon Will Be Moving Day for Harry Sinclair



FROM THIS TO THIS

From his palatial home at Great Neck, Long Island, Harry Sinclair, oil millionaire, must prepare to move for a 90-day period to the District of Columbia jail, according to a ruling of the United States supreme court. The high court affirmed the sentence of the District of Columbia supreme court, which was the penalty for Sinclair's refusal to answer the questions of the senate public lands committee investigating the Teapot Dome oil scandals. Sinclair, his Long Island mansion and the jail are pictured above.

"North 3-1" Tells of His Nightmare Life as Prisoner in "Sanitariums"

By GENE COHN

NEW YORK, April 23.—Those many fleeting hints of nightmare life behind the walls of both public and private institutions for the temporarily unbalanced, or permanently deranged, have suddenly been supplemented by a document of horrible and almost incredible revelations.

Under the title of "Pick Up the Pieces," and signed "North 3-1," this document reveals the story of a man who literally "went through hell."

And because the author is who he is, the warning he has for society is worthy of the wide attention it is likely to excite.

Today Emerson D. Owen is a prosperous, happy and healthy business man whose name carries much weight in advertising and publicity circles. Far behind him, like bad dreams, are those years when he was "North 3-1"—which was the number of his room in a state institution. He has fought his way back to success and self-respect.

Owen was a brilliant newspaper man who drank too much. Relatives and friends decided that a private sanitarium might be the means of bringing him back to normal life. And therein lies his first warning to the public. Solemnly Owen will tell you today—"As you love your dear ones, don't send them to such places unless you have given the resorts the most careful investigation. The nation is cluttered with such inhuman places as I found myself in."

"My family wanted me to have care and attention. The words 'private sanitarium' had a comforting sound. The fact is that many states allow these sanitariums to function, whether competent or not. All one needs is a site and an advertisement in the papers. But hardly had I been left alone when I was shuffled into a room with a barred window. When I revolted against being a prisoner, I was stripped of my clothing by burly attendants who wrestled me into a heavy sack, dumped me on an iron cot and tied me down with ropes. For five weeks I was kept thus, and will be scarred on my wrists and arms for the rest of my life. Each day they doped me with paraldehyde, a powerful narcotic. It deadened my brain.

"One day my brother got in to see me—my relatives had been told that my condition was such that I couldn't be seen—and when I showed him my scars he was horrified. But the doctor—who had no qualification for an M. D.—soothed it over by saying that I had been raving and that it was the bad liquor.

"Then, on a rainy night I got away and, going home, found my wife was out buying a bit in a cemetery. They had told her I was as good as dead—and I probably should have been soon. Anyway, the experiences and treatment and inability to get work sent me back to drinking. A friend made it possible for me to get into a State Hospital.

"The first State Hospital I entered had 3000 inmates—200 of us muddled together on cot and on the floor in some wards. The war veteran's ward is like

Lion Tamer Quits



"It's too dangerous," says Bert Nelson, San Francisco animal trainer who has trooped over the country for years with circuses and vaudeville shows, meaning, not lion training but the dangers of restaurant cooking to his digestion. Nelson explains that for this reason he is retiring and will settle down with Princess Pat, one of his pets, with whom he is shown above. Princess Pat is to have a special cage with modern comforts in the rear of the Nelson household.

that! Going through at night you are likely to step on someone's head. Imagine 3000 of us—all needing attention—and only 20 doctors and 75 attendants. The state law prescribes one attendant for each fifteen patients—but that means money. And that, in turn, means action on the state legislatures. You'll never make me believe that friends of inmates know the facts—they'd be certain to take action if they did.

"The low grade of attendants is to blame for the terrible care and treatment. Men filling these positions often are not more than a degree better than inmates. Most of them are lazy roughnecks. Their brutality often is more than merely inhuman. Furthermore, the title of

Same Price
for over
38 Years

25 ounces for 25¢

KC BAKING POWDER

Guaranteed Pure

use less than of high priced brands

MILLIONS OF POUNDS USED BY THE GOVERNMENT

HELFIN CALLS WATSON K. K. K.

WASHINGTON, April 24. (A. P.)—Senator Helfin, democrat, Alabama, declared in the senate today that he understood Senator Watson, of Indiana, the republican leader, was "an old he-horse in the Ku Klux Klan," and Watson immediately denied he was a member of that organization.

Helfin interrupted the farm relief debate to repeat his request for a vote on his resolution condemning the attack on himself during an address at a Ku Klux Klan meeting at Brockton, Mass. Senator Blaine, republican, Wisconsin, objected and Helfin turned his ire on Watson.

"Why, I am shocked," said Helfin, "at the opposition of Jim Watson to this resolution. I understand he was one of the finest old he-horses in the Ku Klux Klan. I am almost crushed by his attitude."

"The senator knows I am not a member of the Klan," quickly retorted Watson.

"No, I don't," said Helfin.

"Well, the senator ought to know."

"I don't."

"I am telling you," Watson stated.

MOUNTAINS HIT BY HARD SNOW

DENVER, April 24. (A. P.)—A raging spring snow and rainstorm swept through the Rocky Mountain region today.

Its greatest intensity centered in Wyoming where snow varying from seven to 10 inches was reported in the south and central portions of the state. The snow followed cold rains and was borne on biting north winds. Telegraphic communication suffered heavily. The storm swept into Colorado from the north with increasing intensity as the day progressed. At Denver a cold rain turned to heavy wet snow, driven by a cold north wind.

Gangland War On Police of City Started

CLEVELAND, April 24. (A. P.)—Defiant gangsters today opened a war of revenge on Cleveland police and split in fatal hostility among themselves, according to Detective Chief Cornelius Cody.

Dynamite bombs exploded at the home of Police Captain William A. McMasters and at the recent residence of Sergeant Patrick J. Holland. Shortly afterwards, two men, tentatively identified as "Skinny" Fuerstman and leader Shiller, were shot to death in what police said was an upheaval of enmity between rival factions of bootleggers.

The bomb explosions injured no one but at the McMasters' home part of the porch was torn away and all windows in the neighborhood were shattered. Fuerstman and Shiller had been "taken for a ride" and dumped from the killer's automobile in typical gangster style, Detective Chief Cody said.

The killing of the two was one of the most brutal in the annals of Cleveland police records. Ropes had been twisted about the necks of both men, breaking and dislocating the neck bones. A six inch ice pick had been driven into the heads of each. The ice pick was left, with its handle broken off in the skull of Shiller.

Both Fuerstman and Shiller had long criminal records.

MANY INJURED IN RACE FIGHT

VIENNA, April 24. (A. P.)—A dispatch to the Neue Freie Presse from Lemberg today said 36 students were stabbed and 17 seriously wounded in a battle there last night between Christians and Jews.

A feud has existed for a long time between the rival sects in the student body, and had its culmination, the dispatch said, in the sanguinary struggle in a public restaurant. Swords, knives and pistols were used freely. The restaurant was demolished.

IF PRIVATE THOUGHTS WERE SPOKEN . . .



"That's the last time I'll dance with you," he thought

... yet to be polite he said, "Thanks for the dance"

Good looking... a good dancer but "B.O." killed her charm

(Body Odor)

THE girl of his dreams! So she seemed—at first glance.

She danced wonderfully, too. Yet before the music stopped, the dream had vanished.

"Thanks for the dance," he murmured politely. But how different his real thoughts! He didn't come near her again all evening.

A humiliating experience. But it could never happen to Betty today. For she finally discovered what was spoiling her attractiveness. "B.O."—Body Odor! And then she found an easy way to overcome this unpardonable fault.

Betty is now admired, sought after by everyone. Read her story that follows.

"B.O." certainly fooled me for a long time.

"It was my doctor who told me why we're so rarely aware of our own body odor. The sense of smell becomes deadened to a familiar odor. But even on cool days, the pores give off as much as a quart of odor-causing waste, he said.

"Now, on his advice, I use Lifebuoy all the time and never worry about 'B.O.' Lifebuoy's an 'isepic lather purifier. You do feel cleaner, fresher after a Lifebuoy bath.

Keeps complexion clear

"Lifebuoy keeps my skin so healthy-looking, too. And its extra-clean scent vanishes as you rise. My whole family enjoy using Lifebuoy."

LEVER BROTHERS CO. Cambridge, Mass.

HEALTH SOAP
Lifebuoy
stops body odor