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Definite Program is Needed

AUTO ACCIDENT RECORD IS JOLT

About Those Insanity Pleas

For a Better Record in 1932

In 1931, there were 514 automobile accidents in Klamath Falls. Twenty-five persons were injured. Seven were killed.

That is the record that was sent to the National Safety Council for comparison with other cities, and brought the humiliating announcement that Klamath Falls leads the nation in per capita automobile deaths. It is a record that should awaken us to a realization that we can no longer ignore the necessity for a definite program to improve traffic conditions.

As a step toward that goal, it is probable that Klamath Falls will be entered in the National Traffic Safety Contest, sponsored by the safety council, with Sergeant Carl Cook of the police department in charge. Sponsors of the contest state that it will focus public attention on the need for safe driving, stimulate safety education in the schools, create a better feeling toward law enforcement, encourage scientific traffic engineering, and convince the public of the desire of authorities to make the streets safe.

Such a program would be well worth while. It is readily admitted that up to a few weeks ago, we had done little definite work toward a solution of our traffic problems. They had not been attacked scientifically, except for the keeping of a few records.

There is much to be done. A study of the records to discover the most serious hazards, and the application of traffic engineering principles where they are needed, is in order. A quick study of the records shows for instance, that there were 80 accidents during the year on Main street, with six hurt. There were 65 accidents on South Sixth street, with 65 hurt and seven killed. Spring and South Sixth streets proved a most dangerous intersection, with 11 injured. Where it would be possible to do some work is obvious from these records.

In spite of the record of last year, we feel optimistic over prospects for the future. There is evidence of improvement. Certain of our traffic problems are being worked out by a vigorous police attitude and public cooperation. Others can be handled in the same way. What we need is a definite program.

Shoveling snow from the sidewalks is a beneficial winter sport. Ask the postman?

In Los Angeles, they closed up a show for being too daring. Not really?

Hungry birds will appreciate a few crumbs from the back door.

Should Not Be Way Out of Punishment

In Cincinnati, a 45-year-old odd jobs man has admitted kidnaping and fatally attacking a six-year old girl. After the confession, he indicated he would plead insanity to escape the electric chair.

Authorities have expressed the belief the prisoner is insane, although he withstood for 19 days the efforts of detectives to trap him into a confession. He probably was at least temporarily deranged when he committed the horrible crime.

Suppose the jury does return a verdict of "not guilty by reason of insanity," and this man goes to the asylum. Chances are that before many years he will be pronounced sane and released. What then? We have stalking in society the same potential criminal this man constituted prior to the attack that led to his arrest.

Such procedure is wrong, and it is time American justice was coming to a realization of that fact. Common sense tells us that such persons—any person who pleads insanity to escape punishment for a murderous crime of this sort, should not be allowed to re-enter society. Plea of insanity is a tacit admission of commission of the crime, and the very fact that such a plea is substantiated in court should make the commitment permanent. If the time comes the subject is no longer in place in the asylum, incarceration in prison should be automatic.

That not only would protect society from the potential maniac criminal, but would make the plea of insanity less popular among those who, without justification, resort to it to escape deserved penalty.

Newsies Young Business Men

Much interest was given the item which appeared in these newspapers this week reporting that Herald and News carriers had received a total of \$13,473.56 in 1931. It is a sizable figure.

The newspaper carrier, under the merchant plan used by The Herald and News, is a little business man. He owns his route, purchases his papers from the publisher, keeps a record of his business, and accepts the responsibilities of proprietorship.

This constitutes a real business training, and it has stood many a boy in good stead in after years. It develops judgment, dependability, honesty, and it trains in the principles of business. Many a successful man can trace his start to newspaper carrying. Among some that come to mind are Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Thomas Alva Edison, William Wrigley, Jr., Adolf Ochs, Edward Bok, and many others.

Many a family is helped over the hump by the earnings of a carrier boy, who is making money while still a youngster and preparing himself for a worthy manhood.

and leave him forever. If she left him right away it wouldn't be so hard to forget him. Would it? Joan thought a moment about life without Jerry. He would never hold her in his arms again and sing "Oh, Amherst, Brave Amherst," and "First she gave me gingerbread and then she gave me cake." He would never kiss her again or tell her how beautiful she was, or laugh in that funny little way he did and answer her, when she asked why he laughed, that he always laughed when he was happy. No, she simply couldn't live without Jerry. She couldn't. She would never leave him until she was sure he didn't want her any longer. And she wasn't at all sure of that now.

The next thing, then, was to decide how to stand for something like that business of last night. Better just ignore it or joke about it. That would be a difficult thing to joke about something that had hurt as last night's affair had hurt. But you had to be game about things. No use going on living with someone if you were going to ride him about everything he did.

She would joke about it, then, she decided. Pretend that she got a great kick out of it, and pray inwardly that he wouldn't let it happen again.

She drove on in the warm stony air and presently she felt quite peaceful again. She was glad of her decision. Aside from the fact that she knew she wouldn't be happy without Jerry, she didn't want to admit to anyone that she had made a mistake in her marriage. A lot of people would get too much satisfaction out of it. Besides, she had always heard that the first few months of married life were the most difficult to weather. If you lived through them, the rest would probably be a lot easier. It was a sort of period of adjustment. Until now she had dreaded facing Jerry; she felt as though she would be terribly embarrassed about it all.

She turned around at the next crossroads and started back home. On the way back she passed Dick Taylor's car filled with a bunch of fellows headed for the club to play golf. They all waved at her and Dick slowed down the car, but she didn't stop. She didn't want to talk with them just now. She hoped Jerry would be up when she got home. She turned the key in the door and went in whistling merrily. The bedroom door was open.

"Hello, honey, up yet?" she called.

There was no answer. She went to the door and saw that he was gone. His pajamas were lying across the foot of his bed. She ran to the closet. His green felt hat was not there. She knew he had gotten up then, and probably had decided that she had gone off and left him. She looked around for a note, but there was nothing, nothing except the crumpled yellow notepaper with the scribbling on it.

The telephone rang. "Hello," she hoped it would be Jerry, just as she had hoped it would be her last night. It took a long time for Jerry to say, "I'm sorry, honey." He didn't say, "Hello," just, "I'm sorry, honey." She was forced, but it sounded quite natural over the phone to Jerry. "You haven't anything to be sorry about, except that you drank a little too much." Jerry was jubilant. "You're not angry with me, Jo?" "Of course not, silly, I love you."

(To Be Continued)

Klamath Names

MAKLAKS PASS (From "Oregon Geographic Names" by Lewis A. McArthur). This pass is in a spur running southeast from the rim of Crater lake. It divides Dutton ridge to the north from Grayback ridge to the southeast. It is a Klamath Indian word meaning literally the encamped, hence a body of Indians encamped, or a community, or tribe. Jerry felt that he was a chameleon, changing colors a thousand times, and every color was red.

That was all he could get out. He wanted to say more, but he couldn't. He wouldn't have so much to say about it if just Bud had been concerned, but he had to consider Joan now. She must think he was the prize husband. Oh, God, it was terrible. He couldn't face her. He hurried into the bathroom and took a shower. Then he dressed and caught a car for the office.

He stopped at State and Madison and bought a copy of the Press. Then he went over to Tony's and had a few glasses of beer to pick him up. His story was in the paper, probably better than he could have written it. Bud had used his imagination. Well to have a friend with a little creative power.

He would never let it happen again. Absolutely not. He had learned his lesson. He laid the paper down on the table. It did not occur to him to look at Damery's column.

Last night had been Joan's first taste of a keen disappointment. She was going to handle it bravely. Of that she was sure. After she had talked to Bud she got up and dressed, went over to the garage, and got in her car. She needed to be all alone to think this thing out. Jerry had promised so faithfully that he wouldn't drink—that is, get terribly drunk as he used to do—and here he had gone and done it so soon after they were married. She wouldn't have done anything to hurt him, no, she didn't think she would ever do anything to hurt him.

She gripped the wheel tightly as she turned the car northward. She would drive out on the North Shore Road. It was a gorgeous day. If her spirits were only in tune with it she thought. Her first intention was to drive back home, pack up her things,

SIDE GLANCES By George Clark



"I'm not sure he means all that, or I wouldn't let you read it."

Health Talks

The average blood pressure of men at 20 years of age is 120; at 60 years of age, about 135. In people who are overweight this pressure is likely to be higher. A variation of five millimeters of mercury above or below these figures may be considered within the average. Variations of more than five millimeters above or below are conditions for study.

There are many reasons why the blood pressure may fall below the average. This occurs whenever a person is nauseated, faints, or has a severe hemorrhage. There are, however, other conditions of general weakness in which the blood pressure is low and in which the physician needs to concern himself with building the person back into a good condition. For instance, following influenza people are frequently weak, perspire freely on exertion, and appear weary, depressed and tired without any apparent cause.

When the infection is cleared up and the appetite returns, when the person begins to resume his daily physical activities, the pressure may rise promptly.

A similar condition may develop following any long continued infection, and the method of taking care of the condition is obvious. Rest is necessary. If everyone who had a severe cold, even without a fever, would stay in bed in the acute stage and if every person who had a fever would stay in bed from one to three days after the temperature became normal, a vast amount of degenerative disease, of low blood pressure, and of general weakness would be avoided.

There are certain diseases which attack the glands of internal secretion which are concerned with keeping the blood pressure normal through maintaining proper elasticity in the blood vessels. Obviously any disease affecting these glands and interfering with their function may bring about low blood pressure. Since the blood pressure is a reflection of the power of the heart to push the blood through the arteries and veins and of the condition of the blood vessels through which the blood passes, any factor that greatly influences these two basic features of the circulation may bring about either a high or low pressure.

Dr. Wingate M. Johnson, after a survey of the available knowledge, feels that low blood pressure favors long life, but that it is not likely to be associated with

body has heard about six—Harry Hansen, magazine editor and writer.

Uncle Sam has never passed a law that can't be enforced. I'm going to live long enough to see America so dry you will have to prime a man to see him spit.—Rev. Billy Sunday.

Woodrow Wilson clearly saw the troubles confronting our times.—Henry Morgenthau, former ambassador to Turkey.

Fashion Tips

If you are a tired business woman, learn the value there is to be had from a nice, rejuvenating face mask.

You won't have time nor the inclination to concoct your own, the way women with more time do. Look over the different types of face masks and packs available. Get a few mud packs at some high grade beauty salon and just see what they do for you.

There is a rather expensive strawberry concoction on the market which is pretty and pleasant to use as well as an effective face mask. You put it on, after cleansing your face thoroughly, and leave it on while bathing and resting and then wash it off, cream your face, and there you are, looking smooth and glowing and quite a bit younger than when you first dipped into the strawberry cream.

There are many different types of facial muds and clays. The texture of your skin determines which ones are good for you and which aren't. But with any of them, you should give your face a good creaming before using and when you apply them, use an upward stroke. In addition, you must leave them on as long as directions specify or how can you expect them really to help you? Just rest your soul in peace, close your eyes, relax and see if you can't catch a little catnap while the clay does its bit for you.

If you have never used any type of face mask, it is a wise move to spend money and have one given you by a specialist. Or, if you prefer to put that money into buying a whole jar of prepared mask of some type, apply according to directions and remember three things:

- 1. Cleanse your face and neck before applying and dry thoroughly.
2. Follow directions absolutely, and do not use too often.
3. Use facial oil afterwards, if your skin is dry, and use a good vanishing cream, anyhow.

Earlier Days

January 18, 1914 Another movement has been started to throw open to settlement the Klamath Indian reservation. This was launched at Tuesday's meeting of the Klamath chamber of commerce, the first gathering since the naming of the new officers.

O. T. McKendree, well known livestock man, who came in Sunday night from San Francisco, returned today from a trip to the Lava Beds. While there he purchased six carloads of sheep, which are to be shipped from Midland to the San Francisco market. McKendree declared that more sheep are wintering in the Lava Beds than ever before, with an approximate total of more than 50,000.

The annual meeting of stockholders of the two local banks was held Tuesday. At this time, directors for the ensuing year were elected.

That Klamath Falls is to take another stride toward becoming a distributing point for this section of Oregon and Northern California is the assurance given by A. C. Glenger, manager of the Ashland Fruit company of the early opening of a wholesale grocery here.

This evening there will be held the first session of the night school course in manual training, offered to boys from 15 to 21, who are not attending school. The hours are 7:00 until 8:30 o'clock.

Some Wise Cracks

The Japanese government learned that several Jap warships had mysteriously left for Manchurian waters. One of those days the Japanese government is going to find out a lot of its generals are doing something or other over there.

Hoover has ordered three big government C's: consolidation, combination and creation. Evidently wants the government to "C" the depression.

STAINLESS Same formula... same price. In original form, too, if you prefer. 26 for COLDS VICKS VAPORUB COVER 12 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

JERRY-and-JOAN By Cleo Lucas

CHAPTER XXVII "I don't know a damned thing about the banquet except that it was for a while yet. Not until he had had a cigarette anyway." He pulled himself up and reached his table. The cool, soothing draughts of smoke made him feel better. Gave him courage to think about last night. After all, what was there to remember? Not a thing after that first speech made by the explorer. Boy, somebody had certainly explored for that liquor they had served. It was something to give to the world. He had only had four drinks—or was it five? Anyway, certainly not enough to have put him under the way it had. He wondered how he had gotten home. Bud—no, Bud had left the office before he even went to the banquet. Well, here he was. He must have arrived some way. Wonder if Joan—Jerry groaned. Maybe she had left him—gone home to her father. He got out of bed and walked unsteadily to the closet. No, her brown lizard skin bag was still there. He listened carefully, but he didn't hear a sound of her. "Wouldn't blame her at all if she had left him. Why, oh, why, did things happen to him that he didn't seem to have any power to stop? He walked over to the dressing table and his eyes fell on the familiar notepaper that was lying there.

My God! His story! What had happened to it. He looked at his wrist watch. Four o'clock in the afternoon. The first time in his life he had ever missed getting his story in. The first time! And it had to be now, when he was married to Joan, and so shortly after he was married to her. He grabbed the phone and rang the office. "Bud, My God! What happened last night? My story, I missed today." Bud laughed. "You know what I ought to call you, Jerry. But I won't. I really should let you think you are going to get fired. But I called Joan and she read your notes

off to me and I wrote your story for you, you big heel." Jerry felt that he was a chameleon, changing colors a thousand times, and every color was red. "Thanks." That was all he could get out. He wanted to say more, but he couldn't. He wouldn't have so much to say about it if just Bud had been concerned, but he had to consider Joan now. She must think he was the prize husband. Oh, God, it was terrible. He couldn't face her. He hurried into the bathroom and took a shower. Then he dressed and caught a car for the office. He stopped at State and Madison and bought a copy of the Press. Then he went over to Tony's and had a few glasses of beer to pick him up. His story was in the paper, probably better than he could have written it. Bud had used his imagination. Well to have a friend with a little creative power. He would never let it happen again. Absolutely not. He had learned his lesson. He laid the paper down on the table. It did not occur to him to look at Damery's column. Last night had been Joan's first taste of a keen disappointment. She was going to handle it bravely. Of that she was sure. After she had talked to Bud she got up and dressed, went over to the garage, and got in her car. She needed to be all alone to think this thing out. Jerry had promised so faithfully that he wouldn't drink—that is, get terribly drunk as he used to do—and here he had gone and done it so soon after they were married. She wouldn't have done anything to hurt him, no, she didn't think she would ever do anything to hurt him. She gripped the wheel tightly as she turned the car northward. She would drive out on the North Shore Road. It was a gorgeous day. If her spirits were only in tune with it she thought. Her first intention was to drive back home, pack up her things,



Any telephone employee will take your order

It will mean a lot, during the remaining weeks of winter, to have a telephone of your own. It costs but a few cents a day.

The Klamath News and the Evening Herald Primer stands for Audit Circulation undergoes. All errors and omissions The purpose to expose. Periodically an auditor from the Audit Bureau of Circulations visits the offices of the News and Herald. He comes without warning as a bank examiner comes to a bank. This auditor is unprejudiced, paid by the bureau, not by the papers. He is a trained accountant who makes a complete analysis of the circulation of both papers which he sends to the Bureau's offices in Chicago. This report is then published and any advertiser may have one for the asking. Know what you are buying! It is an accepted fact that paid circulation is the best result-producing advertising medium. The only real paid circulation is audited circulation. Every circulation claim of the Klamath News and the Evening Herald is substantiated by the Audit Bureau of Circulations.