

BLOOD NOW WILL TELL IF A MAN IS DRUNK

Scientist's Estimate Brings to Mind the Many and Often Absurd Tests of Sobriety

NEW YORK, Feb. 11—Blood, it seems, will also tell whether a man is drunk. The answer, if Dr. Thorne M. Carpenter, of the Carnegie Institution in Washington, hasn't made any mistake, is about two-tenths of one per cent of alcohol. That figures out to a trifle less than a pint from head to foot. With so much in you you can't be sober, no matter how fast you talk to the traffic judge.

Dr. Thorne's estimate is brand new. He made it just the other day. He is not, however, the first to turn to the blood to prove a man's sobriety, or lack of it. Leon Bonn, a chemist who works in cahoots with the courts of Paris, had the same notion quite a time ago. So did a fellow in Berlin, to say nothing of Dr. Walter M. Bartlett, a United States examining surgeon in Trenton. Any one of them and a thousand others, can take a single drop of blood, put it through the proper course of chemical sprout and settle any drinker's hash.

One way or another, the law is always looking for a last word on the subject of drunkenness. An occasional magistrate, like Louis I. Tumen of Ashbury Park, will charitably insist that a couple of spoonfuls don't make a tippler. Occasionally some partisan will bring up the old rule of the House of Lords, that a man isn't drunk so long as he can stand up. Kind hearts, like Jimmy Walker, will beg the question by arguing that no man ever gets drunk deliberately. Once in a blue moon a commissioner for example, Robert T. Hurley of Hartford, will insist that a man with a whole tankful may be less of a menace than one who has just had a snifter. Mostly, however, the critics are all unfriendly. For every Edward Spanberger of Denver who helpfully suggests a softly colored room as a good place for a hangover, there are scores like William D. McNally of Chicago who meanly proposes to run a culprit's breath into a test tube, or like Dr. Milton Lehman, of Mineola, who substitutes a balloon.

There used to be a lot of rule-of-thumb tests, but all these are in bad odor now. Rarely these days is a suspect asked to walk a chalkline, or pronounce tricky words, or pick a coin off the floor, or find a telephone number, or stand with feet close together and eyes closed. Not long ago in London a sober police doctor tried to demonstrate that last one and fell on his nose. Science is the only safe resort for an accuser.

Consider another casual police surgeon of London. "If the prisoner had been a pedestrian," he told a court. "I would have said he was sober. But as a motorist he was drunk."

"Dismissed," said the court. "That view is not the law. Only recently our Lord Chief Justice stated that drunk is drunk. If this man is sober as a pedestrian he is sober as a motorist."

Even the long definition of the British Medical Association is scarcely exact enough. "When, owing to alcohol," the definition runs, "a man is unable safely to do the work on which he is engaged a police charge of drunkenness is justified." But any good judge would insist that the association be a lot more explicit about "safely" and "unable."

Nor would police sergeants get very far smelling a prisoner's breath, or reporting on how many times he hiccuped, or noting his exuberance or surliness. Exuberance and surliness and hiccoughs don't count at all, and as for the breath, it is evidence only when some expert like Dr. Emil Boden of the University of Cincinnati tests it with say, potassium bichromate. Then it changes from yellow to green in proportion to the amount of alcohol in it. If it changes to bright green there is no escape from a verdict of guilty.

Oddly, with so many scientists at work, none has tried to prove degrees of drunkenness. Science seems able to say when a man is all the way under, but how about being just on the edge, or half-seas over? Not a word on this from science! There are, however, quite a few words from another source. A philosopher has worked out all the successive stages. Dr. A. E. Heath, actually professor of philosophy at University of Wales, gave a full explanation a while back. There are, he says, seven stages.

1. Self-criticism. A glass of wine removes the tightness with which we hold ourselves in. We are, therefore, probably better partners at dinner than if we ate gloomily, hearing all and saying nothing.

2. Loss of the inclination to criticize others. In this stage we are an ideal audience for an after dinner speaker. We can listen to the most arrant nonsense.

3. Various faculties begin to go. We are not dead sure of what we hear or see.

4. We can still see and move, but we are doubtful about where our wine glasses have got to.

5. The co-ordinating movement of the eyes go.

6. One sees double.

7. One is 'blind.'

CHARGES GRAFT IN ADMINISTRATION OF PENITENTIARY

TORONTO, Feb. 11—Testifying before Mr. Justice Archambault, Montreal, and R. W. Craig, Winnipeg, commissioners investigating the Canadian penal system, Dr. O. C. J. Withrow said that mismanagement, graft and waste marked the administration of Kingston penitentiary.

Dr. Withrow charged that the women's prison there, erected at a cost of \$1,500,000, could have been built for \$250,000. Referring to the time he had been a prisoner at the penitentiary, he said from his knowledge, the hospital at the institution was nothing but a 'joke.'

Tubercular prisoners died there, he said, because the patients were placed in cells that had no windows. He recommended centralization of all prisons under Federal guidance.

Earlier, the commissioners were told by A. G. Hall of the National Committee of Penal Reform, that inspections of penitentiaries were like 'Cook's Tours,' so that parties inspecting them saw only what they were supposed to see.

Of the 28 prisoners who were released through the amnesty granted at the King's Jubilee, all but seven had returned, Hall said, and of these three were in other institutions on minor sentences.

DEATH CAUSES FIFTH VACANCY IN HOUSE

LONDON, Feb. 12—Sir Reginald Craddock, member of Parliament for the combined English universities since 1931, died today following an operation. He had been ill a week.

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FLOOD LIFE LIKE A KALEIDOSCOPE

Wide Variety of Human Emotions Seen as the Refugees Pour Into Concentration Camps

MEMPHIS, Feb. 11—Standing on a sandbag levee, watching the flood waters of the Mississippi flow by, you see all sorts of things.

In that muddy stream—the color of weak coffee—is the best way of describing it—are houses and driftwood, trees and wreckage, everything the waters have caught and swept away in their mad rush to the sea.

Refugees who have fled to Memphis bring another flood tide, a tide of diverse human beings, of activity, of suffering and of humor. A few will serve to show what it's like.

Visit the concentration camp for thousands. Cot is jammed against cot, families grouped with their possessions. You talk to a middle-aged farmer in faded jeans and sweaters. He's from Osceola, in Arkansas, 40 miles away. Before that he lived in Oklahoma. Why did he move to Arkansas? To "get away from the darned drouth," he snaps.

A nurse tells this story: A refugee, ill, was told he would have to go to the hospital. Refusing, he said no one would care for his pig. The nurse told him it already had been placed in the swine building and was in good hands.

"Maybe so," he answered, pulling back the covers, "but what do you call this." It was the pig.

A farmer from the Little River section killed four of his fattest hogs before water forced him to move. He brought the meat along in an old car and every day he was permitted to go to the baggage quarters and salt down his pork.

Land Highly Fertile
In Memphis they speak of Kentucky and Arkansas in the same way a Philadelphian speaks and thinks of Logan and Darby. Those who live in the lowlands—and that includes an area roughly within 50 miles of the river—have few possessions and want little aside from a good crop, food aplenty, and a place to raise their children.

Nurses tell you about four-year-old Betty Jane Knott, of Luxora, Ark., whom they put in bed after giving her a good bath and warm flannel pyjamas. Half an hour later when the nurse looked in, Betty was on the floor. Fearful she might have fallen out, the nurse picked her up, replaced her under covers. It happened

again, twice more in fact, before Betty Jane could make them understand that at home she always slept under the bed.

The flood brings news ideas. P. C. Henry, of Island 40, not far from Memphis, built his home on a foundation of 100 steel drums. When the river came up to his door, it was a safe Noah's ark for him and eight families who lived nearby.

Rivermen, cashing in on the driftwood, roped a complete house, porch and all. They tied it to a tree, stuck on a sign announcing the fact it was theirs and if it doesn't break into bits, they will be ready to move in.

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WHEAT FLOUR EXPORTS

The export of wheat flour amounted to 313,923 barrels valued at \$1,600,015 in January against 314,311 at \$1,310,929 a year ago and 346,099 at \$1,315,644 two years ago. The average export price in January 1937 was \$5.097 against \$4.17 in 1936 and \$3.80 in January 1935. Grand total exports of wheat flour for the twelve months ending January were 4,849,683 barrels of the value of \$20,927,804, the average price being \$4.315 against 4,849,269 barrels worth \$18,996,335 with an average export price of \$3.917 during the same period of the previous year.

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