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EDITORIALS

Real American Music
(Exchange)

What is real American music? Is it Gershwin or Grofe? Tin Pan Alley or Torch? A recent survey among artists and orchestra leaders brought forth some surprising and conflicting answers, of which we quote only a few:

Ted Weems who leads the band for Fibber McGee and Molly's broadcasts, thinks swing music typifies the American spirit more than any other kind, naming tunes like "Stompin' at the Savoy" and "The Merry Go Round Broke Down."

That's just Ted's opinion, with which many heartily disagree, including Eric Sagerquist, musical director for the First Nighter program, who says: "Real American music is sweet music, like Grofe's 'Grand Canyon Suite' or Gershwin's 'Porgy and Bess' score. Swing music may be all right, but you won't hear much of it on our program. If we stomp at the Savoy, we'll do it in rubber sneakers, and if the merry go round breaks down, it'll have to break gently. In my opinion real American music has lots of rhythm but no razz-ma-tazz; it's melodic but not mournful; it's sweet but not hot!"

But Captain Baker, star of the Hollywood in Person program, disagrees with both, and votes for mountain music, which he calls sidelights on life, whose songs are fact, not fiction—folk music, pure and simple.

Bruce Kamman, former cornet player for John Wanamaker's Boys' band, now playing the role of Professor Kaltenmeyer in the Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten program, perhaps has the right answer.

"It's band music," he said, "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

The True Sportsman
(Exchange)

Some of the characteristics of the good sportsman are enumerated by Tom Ford, secretary of the Alabama Wildlife Federation, in a recent statement, in which he tells what the conscientious hunter does and does not do:

He obeys the hunting laws and insists that his fellow hunter does likewise. Respects the rights of the landowner and complies with the law by obtaining a permit to hunt on his lands. Cuts no fences, shoots near no barns, homes or other buildings; tramples no crops, and endangers no livestock by wild or careless gunfire.

He takes only a lawful amount of game, as his license does not permit him to shoot for another. Stamps out all campfires, including those left by careless hunters, and throws no lighted matches on the ground.

He does not shoot the last two pairs in a quail covey, or a doe, fawn or turkey hen, but leaves them to replenish the game crop. For the same reason he feeds the birds and other game in winter. Finally, he gives all game the sporting chance to escape that he would like if he were being shot at.

If all hunters would observe the rules of conduct outlined by Mr. Ford, the cause of true game and forest conservation would be greatly advanced—and there is no excuse for not observing them.

Spying on Housewives
(Exchange)

Several newspapers have commented recently on the so-called Green River anti-peddling ordinance, which illustrates the extremes to which some authorities will go in the matter of regulating our daily lives. A provision of this ordinance, which has been proposed in a number of municipalities, is that no salesman may call at the home of a prospective customer without an invitation.

At first glance, this might appear to be a reasonable measure designed to keep objectionable persons from annoying housewives. But its terms are so broad as to affect everyone without exception.

It would make lawbreakers of a little girl selling her fudge, a boy with his magazines, a farmer with his produce, a subscription solicitor for a home town newspaper, a local widow taking orders for hosiery and the like, and many other persons engaged in a worthy pursuit.

In vetoing such an ordinance an Ohio mayor recently declared it would give any vengeful neighbor a pretext to spy on the housewives in the vicinity, and that its provisions could not be enforced with justice. He therefore properly refused to permit the city's statute books to be cluttered up with such rubbish.

Ford and the Schools
(Exchange)

Up at Pequaming, where the Ford Motor Company operates a large sawmill, Henry Ford has undertaken some novel experiments in rural education. At Pequaming, Dearborn and other points where Mr. Ford has endowed grade schools, students are given special training in the manual arts and some of the other practical things of life.

"What we are trying to do," Mr. Ford explains in an interview just published in The Country Home Magazine, "is to develop non-failure schools, which means more than non-failure in the classrooms. It is non-failure in life that we are aiming at. If the farmer knows how to farm, and also how to do other occasional work, he is not so likely to find himself hard up. If the mechanic knows his machine, and also how to grow his food, he has insurance against trouble, and the kind of insurance we all need most is that which comes from individual skill and the ability and opportunity to do more than one thing well, plus energy, of course.

"That kind of insurance must be written and underwritten by and in the common schools. And remember, the lowest grades are most important, because they are the only grades attended by all boys and girls."

There is food for thought in the famous automobile manufacturer's last statement. There has been a tendency to place the emphasis on high school and college education, and it may be possible that not enough attention has been given to the educational needs of the boys and girls who will not be going in for higher education.

Bittersweet
(Christian Science Monitor)

As autumn, with its days of tempered sunshine, lures afield a horde of "nature lovers," who, during the summer months have restricted their rambles to the necessary comings and goings, once more the bittersweet or woody nightshade is faced with an unequal struggle for continuance. Herbalists, noting with concern its steady shrinkage, have cautioned repeatedly that unless promiscuous picking is curbed, the bittersweet will go the way of furred and feathered "wild life" which now requires stringent state and federal regulation to the end that it may be perpetuated. Bittersweet, although an exceptionally hardy "native", does not take kindly to the stripping of its branches; neither is its shallow-rooted strength equal to the force exerted in plucking its tough twigs. The bittersweet is no shy and modest violet. Instead of burying its beauty in some secluded spot, it grows where all the world may witness.

The bittersweet is literally "in the hands of its friends" who seek to claim for their own a bit of its oriflammed ornamentation. And upon those hands, whether they be ruthless or gentle, rests the decision whether the bittersweet shall continue to contribute its scarlet splendor to the autumnal landscape, or whether it shall join the once great herds of bison in the march toward oblivion.

Gambling Debunked
(Exchange)

Most parents seeing boys gamble, will either take punitive action or shake their heads and ease the situation by comment to the effect that gambling is an instinct, that instincts are a part of human nature, that you can't change human nature. But Dr. J. Halsey Gulick, academy headmaster, did neither when boys in his charge played the slot machines.

He went to police headquarters secured a confiscated gambling device, and had it set up in the mathematics room of his school. Then he arranged with the mathematics instructor to work up a problem involving the law of mathematical probability. The boys were to play the machine with "phoney" money to solve the problem. And they discovered several surprising things.

They learned, for example, that a player hits the "jack pot" once in 4,000 times. At a nickel a "throw" that meant it would cost about $200 to win $5. They learned also that the biggest "payoff" was once in 2,000 plays, and made it cost $100 to win $1.

Probably Dr. Gulick smiled a bit—to himself. Perhaps he made a few notes for a book on boy psychology. But anyway, it is reported that gambling isn't so popular in his school as it once was.

Dear Neighbor

By JANE OSBORN
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"IF I had a suitor like Harry Tate, I can tell you I wouldn't keep him waiting for an answer," Paula Gage announced, sitting there in Mary's little sitting-room drinking tea from one of Mary's yellow glazed cups. "Why, the Tates have all sorts of money and Harry knows everybody."

Mary smiled a little sadly, shrugged her graceful little shoulders, and said nothing. She wanted Paula to understand that she had her reasons for not encouraging Harry, yet she did not want to come out boldly and tell her that Harry had a rival.

"It's all so indefinite and—and romantic," Mary said, laying her right hand on her left arm where the letter reposed. "You see I haven't even seen him. He lives in the next apartment, and, of course, he hasn't any money. He works on a paper and does writing at home. I hear his typewriter. And he must have talent because he writes the most wonderful letters."

PAULA expressed her surprise that Mary received letters from this man she had never even seen and Mary gladly explained. Once when Mary had gone away for the week-end, her neighbor had borrowed her Sunday paper which had been left out at her door. She found it the next day all nicely folded with a note addressed "Dear Neighbor," and signed "Neighbor." Then once when he went away for the week-end she had taken the milk that was left in front of his door, and she had written to thank him for it, and now they wrote back and forth almost every day. She even made fudge and left it for him at his door, and he had left her some cakes and once some wild flowers.

"Well, that is romantic," said Paula. "So he sent you some wild flowers and a few cakes, while Harry sends you American beauty roses and five-pound boxes of candy!"

"Harry never sent me roses but once, and the candy was for Christmas. Besides, I'm not so mercenary as you are, and what's more Dear Neighbor hasn't said he was in love with me. When he knows me it may never occur to him to want to marry me. Only, of course, I can't encourage Harry when I'm writing every day to another man—not long letters or anything but enough to call a correspondence."

Paula left soon after, assuring Mary that she certainly was lucky to have two men fighting for her.

Before Mary had cleared away the yellow-glazed tea things that Sunday afternoon Harry arrived. He was tall, well built and certainly well dressed. Mary felt for a moment that it would not have been difficult at all to engage herself to him. Everything was different now, however, she reminded herself pressing the little note in her sleeve. Harry noticed the sigh and looked annoyed. He felt her preoccupation. She invited him to take one of the most comfortable chairs and then poured tea for him and passed cakes but there was little joy in the ceremony. He asked her whether she would go out to supper with him and take a walk.

"How about it, Mary?" he asked.

MARY sighed a little wanly. "I am sorry, Harry," she said with her becoming shrug.

"If there's someone else," he said, sullenly, "you might introduce him to me. I can put up a pretty good fight."

"You have no right to talk that way," said Mary. "You know you haven't. You——" But she did not finish for it was then that a rather fateful knock came at the door that gave Mary an opportunity to rush into the little hall.

She opened the door and a tall, rather plain young woman of thirty, stepped in. She held out a large, well-groomed hand. "I'm so glad to meet you, Little Neighbor," she said.

"So—so you're Dear Neighbor," said Mary valiantly.

"I'm not quite what you expected to see?" she asked.

"Just exactly," said Mary with a little trilly laugh.

After much discussing of plans it was agreed that Mary and Harry should take their walk, while Dear Neighbor went back to her little apartment to make a salad and a batch of muffins, and then they should all have supper together in her wee apartment.

"If there's someone else," Harry said when they had reached the seclusion of the park, "I want to meet him."

"Why, Harry," said Mary, "why Harry, there isn't anyone. If there was, would you care?"

"Don't ask me," said Harry. "Don't you see how I feel?"

"If you mean that you want to be engaged to me, I don't think you are saying it very nicely."

"Do I have to say it, Mary?" he asked, putting his arms around her in the darkness.

"No," she whispered.

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

VIRGINIA APPLES AN ANCIENT CROP

Virginia people have never been without apples, writes Vera Palmer in the Richmond Times-Dispatch. The colonists sent for home varieties in order to graft them onto the native crabapple stock, found here in abundance. In 1647 Sir William Berkeley had as many as 1,500 trees at "Green Spring," his plantation near Williamsburg, while a grower in northern Virginia had no less than 10,000 at about the same time. All of which, however, is a long way from the 6,500,000 trees standing today in commercial orchards, in addition to many thousands grown on the farms of every county in the state.

Because there was no method of transportation, most fruit in Colonial days and in the early years of the Commonwealth, was used at home. Many a bushel went into the making of good old apple brandy, for which Virginia early became famous. Large quantities also were used for cider. Virginia today has no less than 4,000 commercial apple growers whose orchards are scattered throughout the northern section of the state on both sides of the Blue Ridge mountains and all the way down to the North Carolina line.

Child Inventors Aided

Russia is seeing to it that child mechanics are supplied with the articles needed in their inventive enterprises. It maintains a store in Moscow for his purpose and has a consultation service with a specially trained force. The government recently made a survey of the activities of the 10,000 members of the Moscow central children's station. Youngsters are building 56 children railways, a dozen river, lake or seaports and airplane models with gasoline engines.

Two Lions Draw a Chariot

Two lions have been taught by an animal trainer in Berlin to draw a chariot. The man says the idea came from the pages of Plutarch, whose veracity has been demonstrated even to the satisfaction of the most skeptical. He relates that Mark Anthony, in his great progresses, had lions harnessed to his chariots and drove about the country with them.

Pawnshops Specialize in Wives

Existence of a number of pawnshops which specialize in wives has been recently discovered in Tientsin, China, as the result of two women refusing to leave the pawnshop when their husbands called with sufficient money to redeem them.

Rattles Used by Adults as Well as the Babies

Almost 5,000 years ago, babies in the old city of Kish in Mesopotamia were kept happy with rattles, according to Richard A. Martin, archeologist, of the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago. Yet, rattles have been used more by adults then by children in most lands explored by science.

Soldiers in ancient China were stirred by music of bronze rattles in military orchestras. African tribes devised many kinds of rattles for use in magical rites. Egyptians had a kind of rattle called a sistrum, made of a staff with metal rings dangling at the end, and used in solemn religious ceremonies. American Indians used rattles in religion and magic.

Modern Europe and America stand out as exceptions in using rattles mainly for amusing babies.

Rattles unearthed at Kish include some shaped like goats and hedgehogs, to catch the babies' eyes, as well as amusing them with the jingle of pebbles inside the hollow toys.

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