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EDITORIALS

Sound Business Tradition

(Christian Science Monitor)

If staid old Father Knickerbocker's buckled brogans are tapping out a tune today that sounds suspiciously like a sailor's hornpipe, New Yorkers need only look down their skyscrapers into the teeming waters of New York harbor to learn the reason why. The cut-and-dried greeting New York dusts off for homecoming heroes, maiden superliners and such distinguished arrivals naturally had its sentimental side in the official welcome of the moment. The exuberant greeting Father Knickerbocker bestows on the new queen of Holland's merchant service—the Nieuw Amsterdam—must be attributed to family pride. For tradition reminds us that New Amsterdam is New York's other name.

But tradition is not all on one side in this gay affair. The Nieuw Amsterdam is the shining embodiment of traditions that have made the Dutch hard to beat when it comes to trading around the seas. For a kingdom that is in large part water, the Dutch do amazingly well at keeping both feet on the ground. The fact that they built the Nieuw Amsterdam without government subsidies in a day when no other nation would attempt to build a 36,000-tonner without first building a pipe line to the national treasury shows how well the Netherlanders have succeeded in maintaining a sound business tradition altogether worthy of the Dutch navigators who established it back in the golden age when Holland ranked first among all the great sea powers.

The Fire Season

(Exchange)

Fire is always dangerous: It's doubly dangerous in summer.

We are close to that menacing "fire season" now. Vacant lots and fields, if left uncut, are ready to burst into flame at the touch of a match. Woodlands are drying out—and when this dehydrating process reaches a certain stage, trees will literally explode when attacked by fire, and start conflagrations that may extend over tens of thousands of acres. Crown fires running with hurricane speed and force along the tops of great trees will extinguish all life, human or animal, in the area they cover.

These holocausts can be prevented—and easily prevented—if only we'll help. Keep fire in mind, and act accordingly. If you own property, see to it that it is kept clean and unlittered, and free from dry grass. When traveling about, never throw matches outdoors, never build fires near trees or other inflammables—and never leave a fire until it has been thoroughly extinguished, preferably with both water and dirt. Obey the fire laws—they were made for your protection, not to annoy you.

As a matter of fact, the greatest tragedy of fire is that it is almost always unnecessary. Every year we burn up resources and property valued at hundreds of millions of dollars. We destroy thousands of lives. The indirect fire loss runs into the billions, and is reflected in unemployment, less business, reduced spending power. This toll is the result of carelessness, ignorance or just plain laziness. It may be that the unpreventable fire exists—but it is a very rare exception indeed. Human failure underlies at least nine fires out of ten.

A little care and thought on your part may save your home or someone else's from destruction. It may save a life. Don't forget that.

Intelligent Dog

(Pathfinder)

A man couldn't have asked for a better friend than Buddy. On the lecture platform and in the classroom she was everything that a good dog should be. This may sound like slight appreciation for the first trained dog guide in the United States, but those who know the story of Buddy will understand how much this simple praise implies.

For years, Buddy toured the country with her blind master, Morris S. Frank, enlisting support for The Seeing Eye, training school for dog guides at Morristown, N. J., which has developed 350 dog guides since Buddy first showed them how a dog can be taught to "think of the safe way out" for its blind master. Or even to disobey a command as when Buddy plunked down in a hotel corridor one day and wouldn't budge for Morris until a maid appeared from a room near by and screamed at the sight of a blind man and his dog standing near an open elevator shaft.

Patience was part and parcel of this German shepherd who paced her master through his daily rounds or stood for hours at a time while other blind folk ran admiring fingers through her shaggy coat. She licked the hands of presidents and paupers with an impartiality only real devotion knows. It was surprising how "No Dogs Allowed" signs melted in the wake of her much-traveled career. But not so surprising to those who knew this keen, sweet tempered lady with the alert, stand-up ears and the steadfast gaze. That is why anybody who knew anything about her agrees that Buddy was a good dog.

If He Had a Son

(Exchange)

J. Edgar Hoover, hero of every American boy and Chief of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, gives a G-man's advice to parents, in an article by himself and Herbert Corey published in the current issue of Woman's Day Magazine.

Although a bachelor, there is probably no man in the United States better qualified to discuss children, for he has had more experience than any other person in the world with men who were brought up wrong as boys.

Mr. Hoover says the whole matter of good citizenship revolves around the single proposition of honesty, and for that reason he would put truthfulness first in dealing with a child. If he had a son, Mr. Hoover says, he'd tell him the truth; encourage him to join the Boy Scouts, have him go to church, give him duties to perform, and urge him to take part in good rough games.

"If I had a son, I'd swear to do one thing:" Mr. Hoover writes in Woman's Day. "I'd tell him the truth. I'd never let him catch me in a lie because I wouldn't tell him any lies. I wouldn't skimp the truth, either. That might be a trial at times, for little boys are sometimes very inquisitive and persistent. Some of the thousands who visit the display rooms of the Federal Bureau of Investigation will certainly grow up to be cross-examiners.

"This matter of the whole truth is doubly important because every boy is a hero-worshipper. His inclination is to look up to his father as head of the house, a repository of all knowledge, the universal provider, the righteous judge. He cannot do so if he's continually catching father in half-truths. A liar is a weakling and a boy admires strength. No matter how difficult it might be, I'd tell my boy the truth.

"And in return I'd insist that he tell the truth. That might be hard to enforce. But though some scientists have said that all children are born liars, it's certain that the courageous telling of truth is a character-builder. If my son broke a rule and told the truth I wouldn't punish him. But if he tried to take advantage of me by covering deliberate mischief with a cloak of truth I'd show him that's cheating—and penalize him for it.

"Each year a parade of rogues passes under the eyes of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. They're of all sorts—handsome, old, young, rich, ragged, plausible, murderers, thieves, forgers. They're alike only in one thing: They're all liars.

"The whole matter of good citizenship revolves around the simple proposition of honesty. A truthful boy is an honest boy. And an honest boy grows into a successful man. A thief can't be truthful; he can't afford to be. Mickey the Mucker, around two corners and down a back street, wouldn't be a hero and a leader to my boy, but an unpleasant kid with bad manners and vile speech and a habit of telling lies."

Sentence Comments

(Exchange)

Do you remember that crazy Merry-Go-Round? It must have broken down for good.

A WOMAN rare indeed is one who doesn't think her husband got a better wife than he deserved.

What a wonderful world this would be if we all did as well today as we expect to do tomorrow.

The old fashioned full dinner pail seems to have been succeeded by the skimpy relief basket.

Of our present-day crime-breeding conditions, the most culpable of all is the unthinking American parent.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

By J. B. M. CLARK

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DR. PIKE had been on the point of proposing to Martha Summers on several occasions, but something had always made him pause.

Martha attracted him tremendously with her pretty eyes and bright ways. Her people were well fixed, too, and Martha was the only child. But that was just the stumbling block—her people.

Mr. Summers had been a carpenter and had grown rich quickly in one of the Los Angeles building booms. He and his wife were excellent people, Dr. Pike felt, and had been very kind to him. But as possible "inlaws" . . .

The thing had worried Dr. Pike and held him back, for a dentist with a fashionable clientele simply had to be particular.

Then came the Scott stockbroking scandal and Mr. Summers' fortune disappeared overnight.

Dr. Pike met Ruth Swinnerton on the way home from church and turned to walk with her.

"What do you think?" said Ruth vivaciously. "Poor Mr. Summers has lost everything in the Scott smash—at least it is thought he has. I can't suppose anyone will know till after the meeting of the creditors next week, or until the books are cleaned up. Martha's gone and taken a position in the Boulevard Lunch Counter—serving pie and things. Isn't it a shame?"

"Boulevard Lunch Counter!—pie and things!" said Dr. Pike aghast. "Good heavens!"

Martha seemed further away from him than ever.

"Yes," said Ruth nodding briskly. "I must drive down there and take lunch one of these days just to cheer the poor dear up. You know where it is—down near Exposition park? You might go, too. It becomes a duty, you know. I believe they're going to sell their beautiful home and move to their old neighborhood out east."

At the first opportunity Dr. Pike motored over to the Boulevard Lunch Counter, where Martha received him with a blush and a smile of gratitude that somehow suggested tears. She looked prettier than ever in her white apron, Dr. Pike thought.

A tall, dark-haired, white-clad male attendant who had observed Martha's blush and smile, scowled disapproval.

Martha and the doctor exchanged a few embarrassed commonplaces while she served him with soup, and pie, and other things which he ordered hap-hazard. "It's too bad you couldn't have found something a little more congenial," said Dr. Pike sympathetically. "Some of your friends might have offered something. I'll try some of my business clients if you like—to get you a job in the bookkeeping line perhaps."

"No thank you," said Martha, flushing again. "I got this position for myself, and it just about suits me. It's my own fault—never learned anything useful you know. I just ran about enjoying myself and trying to be a society girl. Father was too easy with me, poor darling. But I do know something about cooking and food, and Mr. Blake (the proprietor, that tall, dark fellow over there) is perhaps going to give me charge of the kitchen and the buying later on."

Dr. Pike nodded thoughtfully over his apple pie, noting with some slight misgiving that Martha seemed rather proud of what she had done.

"I suppose you'll learn stenography as soon as possible?" he hazarded, "and get away from here as quickly as you can?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Martha with a sparkle in her eye. "Why should I? This work is quite honest, and I seem to be fitted for it. But I might consider learning stenography," she added hastily, noting the disappointment in his face. She had been fond of him in the halcyon days, and thought it beautiful that he should come seeking her in her time of trouble.

Dr. Pike drove round to the Boulevard Lunch Counter at regular intervals during the next few weeks, and ate many things that did not agree with him.

Martha usually took a short walk about one o'clock and he got into the habit of taking her for drives instead.

The unlooked-for development of character in what had hitherto been a light and careless girl charmed and fascinated him. To propose marriage seemed the obvious course. But he was obsessed with the notion that he might now have to include Mr. and Mrs. Summers in the bargain—bring them into his home, and the prospect unnerved him.

He had heard it rumored that Mr. Summers was going back to carpentering, and the vision of that worthy man in his shirt sleeves with a tucked-up apron loaded with hammers and saws going in and out of his select chambers made Dr. Pike shudder.

Again he hesitated.

But Martha's charms proved to be more than he could withstand, and not long afterwards, on one of their little midday outings, he offered her his heart and hand.

They had run out clear of the city on one of the main highways to the coast and turned off into a quiet ranch road that ran between groves of orange trees decked in glorious blossom.

The air was full of sweet perfume, and the sun shone warmly. Martha looked simply enchanting.

However, she proved to be coy. "I appreciate the honor awfully, Dr. Pike," she said demurely. "But now that things are the way they are—it's difficult. Poor father's in an awful tangle, and I must help him out by earning something to repay him for all his kindness."

She was hoping against hope that Dr. Pike would say something about assisting her father, and was deeply disappointed that he didn't. Not that they would have accepted his help anyway—it wasn't up to him. But still she was disappointed.

"Would you come and take me away out of the lunch counter?" she asked suddenly.

"Take you away!" said Dr. Pike, startled. All his life he had hated scenes. "Surely you can go away quietly? There doesn't seem any need for heroics."

"But there is," she persisted. "I have a reason."

The subdued smile on her face made Dr. Pike suspect she was joking, and he promised to call for her the next day.

It struck him as strange on entering the Boulevard Lunch Counter the following noon to find the place deserted.

"The kitchen staff's on holiday," the tall dark man explained, eyeing Dr. Pike coldly.

"There's nothing but cold stuff."

Dr. Pike took a ham sandwich.

Martha was not in sight, but presently she appeared, apparently as the result of some kind of signal from the tall man. She was not in uniform, but looked very genteel in a pink blouse and dark skirt. Then Mr. Summers came into view, smiling, and in his carpenter's apron.

"Gentlemen," he said, taking Martha by the hand and leading her forward. "Who claims this girl?"

"I do," said two voices simultaneously—the voices of Dr. Pike and the tall man.

"And who will take me thrown in with her?" continued Mr. Summers, still smiling.

"I will," said one voice alone.

It was not the voice of Dr. Pike.

"Going—going—gone!" said Mr. Summers, and before the astonished dentist quite knew what was happening the tall man had taken the counter at a flying leap and enfolded Martha in his arms.

"You see, doctor," said Mr. Summers kindly, "while you hesitated another fellow came forward and offered everything he had. But as it happens I won't need to be a burden on anyone—I've just got word that my funds were not all lost in the smash-up. I am going to put money into this business—we will run it as a family affair—enlarge, and so on. I'm not blaming you, you understand, but I believe if you had just been a little quicker you could have . . ."

"Oh, nonsense, father, he couldn't," broke in Martha from the tall man's side.

But Dr. Pike was sport enough to know he had lost out. And he was also sport enough to be best man at the wedding.

All Weather Is Produced by Sun, Scientist Says

Dr. Harlan T. Stetson, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, writing in Scientific American, describes some of the attempts that are being made by scientists of repute to reach a dependable kind of long-range weather prediction based on the well-known fact that sun spots and the heat of the sun increase and decrease in rhythms lasting an average of about eleven years.

One certain thing, he says, is that all the weather on the earth is produced by the sun. It is the sun, shining over the tropical region, which heats the large masses of the air in the region of the earth's equator. These masses of warm air ascend, while the cold air from the polar regions spreads toward the equator. Due to the rotation of the earth, whirlpools and eddies are formed in these air currents, which bring our variable weather.

Hence, scientists who wish to find ways to predict the weather, study the sun and its periodic increases of spots, but the problem is far from simple because the skein of local conditions that affect the weather that is governed by the sun is so tangled.

Among the many who have conducted investigations, Dr. G. C. Abbot, the head of the Smithsonian institution, and H. Helen Clayton, of Massachusetts, have been outstanding in results obtained and in the confidence with which science regards their efforts. Dr. Abbot says sunspot studies indicate the United States is nearing the close of a period of considerable drouth which will not return until 1975. Mr. Clayton, in 1920, made a prediction for temperatures from 1920 to 1940 which has proved remarkable thus far.

First Cook Book

Waldo Lincoln, in his Bibliography of American Cookery Books, 1742-1860, says that the earliest American imprint on cookery known, a reprint of an English work, is dated 1742, and no work by an American author has been found of an earlier date than 1796. This early reprint was "The Compleat Housewife," by E. Smith, and was printed by William Parks in Williamsburg, Va.

Earthworms Are Fond of Meat, Eat Sugar Readily

According to W. R. Walton, senior entomologist, United States Department of Agriculture, earthworms feed partly on the soil. They swallow great quantities of earth, from which they digest organic matter, both animal and vegetable. Their digestive apparatus is equipped with a gizzard-like organ by the aid of which they are able to grind up the tougher fragments of food. They are fond of either raw or cooked meat and will eat sugar readily. The mouth of the earthworm is devoid of teeth or other biting or gnawing apparatus, and consists of a simple sucking or grasping mechanism which is well supplied with powerful muscles. When an earthworm wishes to grasp any small object such as a blade of grass, it thrusts from its mouth an appendage which corresponds roughly to the tongue of a human being. This is used to oppose the snout of the worm just as one presses his thumb against his index finger, enabling it to grasp firmly any slender object. By use of this apparatus the earthworm is enabled to draw leaves or other objects into its burrows. Fresh leaves are frequently taken into the burrow, and the worm then moistens the innermost ends of them with a secretion from its mouth, which starts fermentation and soon renders the leaves sufficiently tender to enable it to tear off fragments for its food.

Earthworms crawl by means of alternate contraction and expansion of the muscular rings forming their bodies. In these movements they are helped by rows of very short, stiff bristles, placed along the sides of the body. They have no eyes, but are sensitive to light. They have no ears, but are sensitive to air currents and especially to the slightest vibration of the ground. Their eggs are placed in capsules, surrounded by a gelatinous food. Crows find these capsules a great delicacy. Not much is known about how and when the eggs hatch, but the young grow into adults in about three months.

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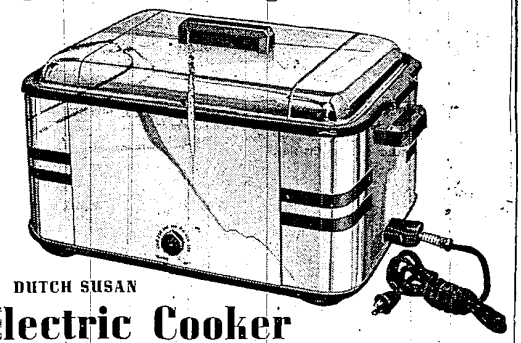

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