SEEN HEÄRD around the NATIONAL Carter Field

Washington.-There is more de sire on the part of President and Secretary of State Hull to co-operate with the League of Nations in the sanctions against Italy than has appeared on the surface. Both regret exceedingly that the neutrality law passed by congress did not go further. They wish that the word "munitions" had been used instead of "arms, ammunition and implements of war," which phrase is so narrow in its strict definition that it could not possibly be stretched to include oil, or copper, for example, without subjecting the administration to another upset in the courts.

But despite this lack of legal authority, the government has been bearing down hard on exporters and would-be exporters of war materials. One of the latest incidents of the Department of Commercesurvivor of the old shipping board -warned a certain concern about to ship a cargo of oil to Italy that the proposed shipment was "disap-

The excuse here was that the ship and cargo would have to run the gauntlet of the League sanctions, and the government had an investment. It so happened that the ship the would-be exporter desired to use had been subsidized.

As a matter of fact, the only risk involved is that in the time elapsing after the sailing and before the ship reached her Italian destination an actual blockade of Italy might be declared. For up to now there has been no more than a hint of actual blockade. No ships have been stopped by British or French war-ships in the Mediterranean. No threat has been made that any will

Nevertheless, insurance on ships traversing the sea that Mussolini claims the British now dominate, but that the Italians ought to, has jumped tremendously. For example, an American importing firm, which brings cargos of figs and dates from Persian gulf ports, has been serily considering sending this freight overland to Atlantic ports. or else around the Cape of Good | in Ottawa-which incidentally seems

Change World Cruises

Further, most world-cruise ships for the last month or more have been advertising visits to South Africa, and have been eliminating the Mediterranean entirely, although normally most world tourists want particularly to visit Italy and Greece and the Holy Land.

So that the government, in this raise of insurance rates, which is interpreted naturally enough as a danger signal, is perfectly within its right in seeking to restrain shipments. Yet everybody knows that this is not the real reason at all, but merely an excuse. For the government could be just as much protected in its investment-through subsidy-in ships making the journey through the "war zone" as it is from any other maritime danger. Questioned about the situation, of-

ficials of the shipping bureau replied blandly that the bureau "must conform to administration policy." That is the real answer, although the interesting fact is that the policy has never been stated. It has merely been hinted.

The first hint came when the State department, with no hint of publicity, sought to restrain the Standard Oil from shipping oil to its Italian subsidiary. The company made the thing public by giving out its answer. Standard's real point is also concealed. It would be perfectly willing to stop shipping oil to Italy if it were protected by public action on the part of this government against its Italian sub-

Keen observers here figure the government will do something to restrain copper shipments also, per-haps using the same tactics

Copying Wilson

President Roosevelt is taking a leaf from the book of Woodrow Wilson in talking over the shoulders of the diplomats to the peoples of the world. The President and his advisers know perfectly well that there is going to be no curtailment of armaments at the disarmament conference to be held in London. It has been a long time since there was the slightest hope of it. Hence the administration's objective has been switched to the future, and from the world's rulers to the world's peoples.

While there is considerable pessi-

mism about this accomplishing anything, no one is particularly disposed to criticize it publicly. Army and navy officers have some bitter words about it in private. They agree with the general feeling that no one now living will be here when the fruit is borne, if ever. But they add that this propaganda will also reach the taxpayers, and through them the congress of the United

Hence, they fear, the net result may be to make no change what-

ever in the armament spending of any other nation, but to tend very directly to slow down such spending by the United States.

In particular, they point out that the one nation which has given less heed to world opinion than any other, for some years, has been Japan. Naval officers, especially, have always believed, and still believe, that war between the United States and Japan is inevitable.

It is commonly known that the Japanese are oppressed by very heavy taxes to carry their armament load. But there is not the slightest indication that the Japanese people intend to rise in their might and demand that their government curtail its military expenditures. On the contrary, all indications are that the Japanese people approve Nippon's militaristic course, believe it to be essential to their future, and are flercely willing to make any sacrifice for their coun-

Military Rule in Japan

Even those most optimistic about America's contention that armament cost should not be increased by any nation concede this. What they hope for is a change of sentiment, perhaps a year from now, perhaps

The answer of the army and navy to this is that if the opinions of the is that the shipping board bureau Japanese did change, it would not make any difference. It has been demonstrated too often, they insist, that the Japanese people believe what they are told, and are absolutely under the thumb of the military oligarchy.

In this respect, in the American military view, they differ sharply from two of the most military powers of Europe-Germany and Italy. For the present there is no one to oppose the will of Hitler in Germany or Mussolini in Italy. But no one knows what will be the situation in either country ten years from now. Or even one year from

Italy and Germany are each dominated for the time being by one strong man. And no one can venture a prophecy as to what would happen after that strong man passes from the stage.

There is nothing comparable to that in Japan. In Nippon it is a group of high army and navy officers who dominate.

Canadian Treaty

Down underneath all the clamor against the Canadian reciprocity treaty, expert detectors of popular sentiment here believe the country will approve it. Further, they believe that if the treaty is approved no means certain despite the ma jority by which MacKenzle King so recently came back into powerthe net effect will be a Roosevelt asset at the polls.

Should Ottawa reject the treaty, on the other hand, feeling here is that the net effect will be injurious to the administration in the election next year.

This is based on a fundamental political factor - human nature. Many business men, economists and experts in international trade have figured that if the reciprocity treaty negotiated with Canada in the Taft administration had gone into effect. the net effect would have been ben-

Had the treaty gone into effect, it is reasoned, and had the opposition to Mr. Taft promised the country to abrogate the treaty, then every one who was directly benefiting under the treaty would have been driven to Taft's defense, to protect their selfish interests,

But there was no possibility, as it appeared when Taft was running for re-election, that the treaty could be revived. Hence there was no selfish element to be driven to Taft's aid, while all and sundry who thought they would have been hurt by the treaty were still resentful at what they thought Taft had tried to do to them.

Lumber Interests Howl

This time the loudest outcries are coming from the Pacific Northwest, where the lumber interests think they would be badly hurt by the treaty. Applying the 1912 chapter to the present situation, if the treaty is rejected the northwestern lumber interests will influence a heavy vote against Roosevelt next year for what he tried to do to them. It is not a question of big special interests affecting the electorate. No one ever accused former Senator Clarence C. Dill of Washington, representing the big interests. He worked for a high lumber tariff because it would benefit his state, and he figured the folks out there would appreciate it. So much has been said by Dill and others that a very considerable segment of the Washington voters are now convinced that Roosevelt simply is not the type to understand their prob-

On the other hand, if the treaty is ratified by Canada, although the feeling in Washington and Oregon on lumber, and perhaps in upstate New York and Wisconsin on that million and a half gallons of cream which may be brought in at reduced duties, will be no different, there will be offsets. For example, the orange growers of California, to say nothing of the producers of other fruits, will want to know if the opposing candidate proposes to abrogate the treaty-to take away the advantage they will be enjoying under it.

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Life in Sweden



A Lock in the Gota Canal.

Prepared by National Geographic Society. Washington, D. C.—WNU Service. 66 THIS is Sweden," says the peasant of Dalarna (Dalecarlia), as he looks out upon the rolling pastures and birchclad hills of the province dear to him as life. "Our ways are changing, of course. The good old days are no more. But you may still find a handful of us Dalecarlians who go on living as our fathers lived, tilling the same soil, hewing timber in the forests for our houses. spinning wool and flax for our clothes, hammering out copper and iron from our mines for utensils and tools."

With quiet dignity he towers in the doorway of his home, into which his gracious "Valkommen" bids strangers enter. The wind plays with the wide brim that gives his black hat a quaintly solemn Puritan air. But against the weathered gray of log walls he is a vivid figure in his long, singlebreasted blue coat, his yellow buckskin breeches, red-wool stockings tasseled at the knee, low hand-made shoes adorned with gleaming steel

Overhead, slender blades of grass of apple-green lightness shoot up from the sod of his thatched roof. Behind, framing the scene, stand silver trunks of stately birches, the graceful "white ladies" of the forests of central Sweden.

"We are a proud and independent people," he continues. "Sweden, as you know, has never submitted to alien rule. Only once, for a brief century and a quarter, Sweden joined Denmark and Norway in experimenting with a joint sovereignty. But we do not like the iron hand of our Danish kinsmen.

"In the Stockholm 'Blood Bath' of 1520, King Christian II of Denmark beheaded more than 80 Swedish nobles, therewith sealing his own destiny. It was that act of tyranny which led young Gustavus Vasa, later king for 37 years, to rouse the strong men of Dalecarlia to the country's defense. So one of the most illustrious chapters of Swedish history has been written

The blue eyes glow with the fervor of conviction. There is a challenging ring in the sure, softspoken words. "Know Dalecarlia and you will know the very heart

But the landowner of Skone goes a step further. Within view of crumbling fortress or surviving splendor of medieval chateau, where lazy swans swim forgetfully in the encircling moat, he haits in the shade of the wide-spreading beeches that line his fields of sugar beets or grain.

Traces of Ancient Civilization. "The ice sheet slipped off this southern tip of the Scandinavian peninsula ten or fifteen thousand years ago," he begins. "Our scientists find traces of a civilization not unlike our own running back through seventy centuries and more. Our rune stones are not all deciphered; some of our Viking mounds are still unexplored. Not long ago we unearthed a grave from the Bronze age. Here in Skone"-lovingly he slurs the long o sound of the vowel a-"we turn

up thousand-year-old traditions with our very plowshares!" Were it not for his imperturbable poise, he might be off, at a signal, to search for the cradle, or one of the cradles of the human race. But quietly he turns instead to historical fact, as he would like to read it: "Once Skone was an independent kingdom in itself." . . . He checks his flow of words and, chuckling, adds: "Know Skone and you really do not need to know the

rest of Sweden!" In Stockholm the city-dweller, born into an atmosphere of Old world leisure and acquiring by choice the ultra-modern conveniences that mechanical genius contrives to our age, wanders out to enjoy the lustrous tranquility of one of the "white nights" of the

northern summer. He passes the magnificent willows of King's gardens and halts on Norrbro (north bridge) to listen to the

singing, foamy waters under its span. It forms a link between the old "city between the bridges," with its medieval quaintness of narrow lanes, and the newer Stockholm, with its many public buildings impressively modern in design, which suggest something of the splendor that legend and history have cast over the age of the

Before him rises the facade of the house of parliament. "With the Socialists in the majority, things are in a bad way for our country," he reflects gloomily. But he catches the incongruity in his fears, too, as he faces the commanding simplicity of the massive royal palace. Within its walls, for more than a century, rulers of the Bernadotte line have held the reins of a limited monarchy, untouched by the terrors of revolution or the tumult of war.

The quivering beauty of the amethyst twilight, which before long will begin to throb with the glow of a ruby dawn, possesses his soul. And love for his capital city, of silvery waterways and emerald islands, conquers doubts.

"Courage to experiment with new forms of the changing social order, ranging widely from statecraft to architecture," he reflects, "and wisdom to direct these experiments, rooted firmly in past experience, toward evolutionary progress—some-thing of that courage and that wis-dom is the spirit of Stockholm, of Sweden, today."

In the Forest Land.

In the solitudes of the Norrland forests the frontiersman has swung his ax during the brief dusk that is high noon of the winter day. Throwing the logs on the ice-locked rivers, natural floating channels for the timber industry of the Far North, he waits for the release that comes with the thaws of spring.

Under his hand the primeval forest has almost vanished, but the regrowth of spruce and fir and pine is straight and tall. For several decades the Swedish state, stepping in to check indiscriminate waste of virgin forest, has been a zealous guardian of this its most important source of wealth.

By midsummer the rivers will have carried their cargo of logs, numbered by the millions, well down to sorting boom, near the mills, on the eastern coast, where the freighters lie in port. Hope sings in the lumberman's heart as, fascinated, he watches that silent trek of the logs toward the sea.

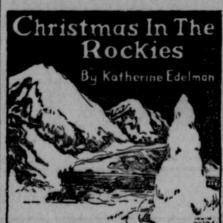
It is the season of light. On the upper reaches of the Norrland rivers the midnight sun blazes unrelentingly on glaciers and snowcapped peaks, converting them into rushing torrents and swift-surging rapids. Modern industry steps in and in turn converts that tremendous natural force into "white coal" for the country.

Electricity is conquering the wilderness of the North. White coal, not black, feeds the trains that in unending procession haul ore to seaports from the huge mountains of iron in the Arctic regions.

The tempo of life quickens in the Far North. The frontiersman catches the rhythm of the whir of wheels in sawmill, the roar of turbines in power plant, the click of steel rails in mountain tunnel.

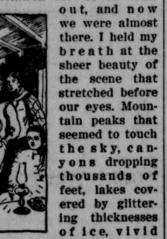
"Ours are the riches of the future," he exults. "Here are ironore fields among the largest in all Europe. Outside of Finland, probably no other European country has such a high forest wealth (ours approximates 1,000 acres per 100 inhabitants), Excluding Norway, what European power is so lavishly blessed by nature with bounteous reserves of latent white coal? This is Sweden, the Sweden of tomorrow !"

Stockholm, the capital, turns away from the West. Sweden faces the Orient. The winds of industrialism coming from the West seem to have been tempered by the restless battling of the North sea and the lofty snow-capped fields. It is as if Sweden had looked beyond the turbulence of Russia and caught and preserved the spirit of the once serene



HRISTMAS in the Rockies! I felt thrilled, excited, as our train wound its way in and out through the mountains, thundering through the crisp, pinescented air. Now, we were climbing an almost precipitous grade, now, slowing down for a dangerous curve, while every little while as a stretching plain was reached, the steady hand upon the throttle sent the long line of cars speeding like an arrow through the bright December sunshine.

We were on our way to spend Christmas with Uncle Jerry and Aunt Emma. They had sent a hearty invitation for us to come



of ice, vivid green pines, looking like giant Christmas trees. I had never seen, never even visualized anything so

A loud shrick from the big whistle, a slow crunching and grinding of brakes, and our wain came to a stop. Uncle Jerry, rosy and smiling, stood waiting upon the platform, giving dad, mother, Helen and myself a true western welcome. "Aunt Emma is all excited about your coming," he beamed.

A short drive through a wonderland of beauty, and the big sprawling ranch house came in sight. Aunt Emma stood in the doorway, and a cowboy, who was grooming a pony, looked curiously at us.

All was bustle and excitement, hurry and preparation. Even the horses and ponies in the corral seemed excited, as if they sensed something in the air. The afternoon and evening went by on wings.

a world that looked even lovelier than it had yesterday. A million jewels hung on bush and tree, a sky of turquoise stretched itself across the snow-covered mountains and valleys.

Inside the ranch house a fire of crackling logs threw its ruddy glow over the living room. The dining table was spread with tempting foods. Breakfast of home-cured ham and sausage, fluffy flapjacks and syrup, steaming hot coffee with thick cream.

Then a short drive to the little church, an inspiring talk by the

pastor, and the strains of the old and beautiful Christmas hymns: neighbors and friends stopping Uncle Jerry and Aunt Emma to wish Christmas."

them "Merry Back again through the clear, frosty air, and later the big Christmas din-

ner. Goldenbrown turkey and dressing on a big blue platter, a huge mound of snowy potatoes, native vegetables and relishes, tempting pieces of

mince and pumpkin pie. And best of all, an appetite that only the mountains can give. A hundred things to see during the afternoon, the horses and ponies, the ranch equipment, the

silver fox farm that Uncle Jerry had started, and a special show the cowboys put on for our benefit. Food again in the evening, and

after, a happy time around the fire. The cowboys standing around the plano, where Helen played the old Christmas carols, their lusty voices joining in the beautiful words. I thought of the beautiful setting outside as they sang:

Silent Night, Holy Night! All is calm, all is bright, Round yon Virgin Mother and Child Holy Infant so tender and mild, Sleep in heavenly peace!

I stole outside for a few minutes as they went on to the next lines. A new moon was sending its silvery light down upon the world, a million stars added their smaller gleam, Around me I felt the faint, mysterious noises of night in the open places, the stirring of unseen, unknown things. My lips and heart joined in the words that floated out from the warm, lamp-lit room.

Silent Night, Holy Night! Shepherds quake at the sight! Glories stream from heaven afar, Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia; Christ the Saviour is born!

memorable Christmas, but never one as wonderful, as unforgettable, as this Christmas spent in the Rockies. • Western Newspaper Union.

I have spent many a happy and

Who Are You?

The Romance of Your Name

RUBY HASKINS ELLIS

An Alexander?

THE surname Alexander is derived from two Greek words meaning "to aid or help, a powerful auxiliary."

The Alexander family, according to antiquaries, was originally a branch of the MacDonalds, for Alexander MacDonald, younger son of the Lord of the Isles, obtained a grant of lands in the county of Clackamanan where he made his residence and his descendants took the name of Alexander as a sur-

In the reign of James V, Andrew Alexander married Catherine Graham. His son Alexander married Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Robert Douglas. After two generations breath at the we find William Alexander tutor sheer beauty of | to the earl of Argyle, who appeared



Alexander

at the court of James I of England, and by him was knighted in 1614. It was he who personally conducted the colonization of Nova Scotia in America, for which service the king made him a grant of the province. In 1625 he was made governor-inchief of Nova Scotia.

Scottish Alexanders of the same line came to America and settled sleeved arms and black-cuffed tomac river. The city of Alexandria near Washington takes its name from this distinguished family.

A great general of the Revolutionary war was William Alexander, whose patriotic services in the war and especially in the Battle of Long Island, 1776, are records of remarkable bravery. He was also known as Lord Stirling, have inherited this title from Scottish forbears, dating back for many generations.

The Virginia Alexanders in this country began with John, who came from Scotland in 1659 and settled in Stafford county. He married Tabitha Smart. The Colonial and Revolutionary roster records many b; the name of Alexander who were loyal to their country in time of war.

Robert Alexander (1720-83) was a founder of the first classical school west of the Blue Ridge, later named Washington and Lee university.

Alexanders in the New England states were represented by George, who settled in Windsor, Conn., and Robert, a native of Scotland, who was living in Boston in 1684.

A Gibson?

THE name Gilbson means "the son of Gib" or "the son of Gilbert." Several families of this name fol-

lowed James II, of Scotland, in the settlement of Ireland in 1603, and during his long reign others settled on the lands in the Province



Giuson

of Ulster in the north of Ireland. So it is that most Americans of this name are of Scotch-Irish extraction. Among the first Gibsons to found the family in this country was John who came to New England in 1631 and settled at Cambridge, Mass. In 1637 he became a free man. Another settler was Richard Gibson, a clergyman of Portsmouth, M.

H., in 1637. William Gibson was a resident of

Lynn, Mass., in 1665. @ Public Ledger, Inc.-WNU Service

"Art of Canning"

By IRENE KELLY © McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service.

THE buzzer rang imperiously, once-twice. A green light showed over the door marked "Publisher, Private." It was the signal for the office boy. Alex went in, came out, ambled slowly down the aisle. He stopped in front of a desk bearing the name "Miss Tait," in bold, brass letters.

Perching himself precariously on the roll-top desk he pulled a bright yellow apple from his pocket. Between hidous crackling noises he announced in the loud swaggering manner he affected for fellow employees:

"Big Bug wants to see you." Then he leaned toward her and whispered, "Got a hunch you're going to be canned. He just canned Isobel." Then he straightened up. "Gee, you smell nice. You sure

must use some swell perfumery." The owner of the desk was frightened, annoyed and contemptuous, respectively. "Shut up and get off my desk. . . .

What gave you the idea I'm going to be canned?" The office boy shrugged thin

shoulders. "Didn't I just say he canned Isobel? Didn't I? Heard him spring the old chestnut about too much overhead. If you take my advicewell, it's always better to quit than walt around till you're canned. When you know you're going to be canned anyway. Gee, I got canned once." His eyes took on a faraway look. A pained expression stole over his lean, pale face. Then he

suddenly sprang off her desk. "Guess I'd better get out the mail or I'll be the next one." He was gone in a flash.

Mabel Talt was already surreptitiously powdering her tilted nose from the sheltering bulwark of her roll-top desk.

For the last year she had edited the Love-Lorn columns of the Seattle Ledger, had administered what she thought were just the right pills of advice to lovesick high school girls; she'd lulled the minds of suspecting wives and soothed complaining husbands. Of course, she was ambitious for something better, but she was fairly young and this was a rather nice beginning to what she hoped would bean outstanding newspaper career.

She looked around her, as for thefirst time, noting the downcast heads with green eye shades, shirtwrists moving rapidly about in a maze of disordered papers. Phones were ringing here and there and receiving soft or bellowing replies. Her heart took sickening spiral turns to a black and bottomless pit. She simply couldn't bear leaving this place!

As she passed by the city desk her soft round chin was raised just a little defiantly. Hand on the publisher's doorknob, she turned around and swiftly surveyed the room, as a drowning person in one moment reviews his past. Then sighing heavily she opened the door, crossed thick, soft carpets to the desk of the publisher.

Mr. Cranage glowered up at her, removed his thick glasses, wiped them painstakingly with a pink cloth, replaced them with maddening deliberation.

"Sit down, Miss Tait. What I have to say will take only a minute. I believe in coming right to the point about matters like this. We are having to curtail expenses-er, reduce our overhead, you know-'

"Yes, I know." She was surprised to hear her own voice speaking as from a distance. Alex had been right for once. She was thankful he had warned her. Now she could be first.

"And I suppose some one will just absorb my work with theirs in their spare time. Is that it?" Her voice rose shrilly, and she didn't seem to be able to do a thing about it. Emotion engulfed her like a great rising tide. "Let me tell you something, Mr.

Cranage. You can't can me. I'm quitting. Do you see? I'm sick to death anyway of telling all the nervous women in Senttle how tohold their husbands. My jobwell, anybody that wants her constitution undermined can have it." She waited for him to say something. He didn't. He just sat there smug and-staring, like an over-exposed photograph,

"Well?" Her tone was belligerent, her chin high; but she knew the minute she left the room she'd fold up like a fan. Mr. Cranage toyed with the golf

medal on his desk.

"I was merely going to say, my dear, that our business office reports an alarming number of airmail envelopes from your desk. Of course, if any of your letters are preventing suicides. . . ." His eyes took on a thoughtful look. "But that is of no consequence now, I suppose. I'm sorry your work has been so prosaic. We'll get some one else right away."

She swung on a slim, French heel with murderous intent. Then, as if in a nightmare she heard Mr. Cranage say:

"Er . . . how would you like to have charge of the Women's Page. say - starting the first of the month?"