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WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 11, 1922.

OUTLAWING GAS.

There will be general approval of the action of the five great powers represented at the Washington conference in placing a ban on the use of poison gas in warfare. Reasons for popular satisfaction with this decision are both sentimental and practical. It is impossible to apply rules of logic to sentiment. There is undoubtedly plenty of logic in support of the use of gas in warfare. The main object in a battle is to kill the enemy or put him out of commission. In the olden days that end was achieved by means of a club, an ax or a spear. Some of our ancestors may have looked with disfavor on the killing of an enemy with an arrow shot from a distance. The thing may have been unsportsmanlike. But the bow and arrow took their place, to be supplanted later by firearms, and there, again, there may have been criticisms of the newfangled device on grounds of humanity and sportsmanship. Obviously, it is quite as humane to kill a man by pouring gas over him as it is to explode a charge of TNT in his immediate vicinity. Nevertheless, there is a sentiment against the use of gas, and that sentiment must be recognized.

The practical objections are very real. War gas, in its most effective forms, is not only fatal to armed men, but may be equally fatal, long after an engagement, to noncombatants. Moreover, the projects for the use of gas against populous cities are thoroughly shocking in their diabolical nature. A civilization which demands that a merchant vessel shall not be attacked until all civilians have been placed in safety cannot consistently tolerate the indiscriminate slaughter of women and children in their city and village homes by means of gas deliberately let loose for that specific purpose.

The verdict against gas has been agreed to by the principal nations at the conference, and all other nations are invited to concur. The step is in the interest of humanity. But the fact remains that Germany, in the late war, inaugurated the use of gas in defiance of existing regulations to the contrary.

POLITICAL ENLIGHTENMENT.

While the enfranchisement of women has failed signally in one of the results anticipated by some of its advocates, namely, that of setting apart the women of the country as a separate voting element, it has influenced methods of campaigning in some sections of the country in a rather important way.

Organizations of women voters were created, not for the purpose of inducing the members to vote in a particular way, but for the purpose of aiding the members to a knowledge of political issues with which many of them had formerly not come into close contact. Various means were employed to place information before the members of such organizations. Persons known to be familiar with the subjects at issue were invited to state their views. Political candidates were questioned by mail as to their attitude on pending issues. In the state of New York, particularly, there has been developed on a rather large scale the custom of having, not formal speeches, but informal talks by candidates to small groups of women, at which gatherings questions are freely asked and answered. The freedom and informality at such meetings contributes to discussions of a sort different entirely from anything possible under the older methods of campaigning.

This plan, as it has been carried out, has been the means of real enlightenment. The purpose has not been to heckle or confuse speakers. That practice is an old one, and, according to most American views, a highly objectionable one. In England it is taken as a matter of course, but in this country it is favored only in the rougher communities. But the conversational gathering, where the purpose is to elicit information, and to reach an understanding as to the attitude of the candidate, is a very different matter. In giving an impetus to this form of campaigning the extension of the franchise has conferred a very real benefit.

HANDWRITING.

Ask any business man what he thinks of the handwriting of the average school pupil, and you are likely to hear some very uncomplimentary remarks. The average business man has a very poor opinion of the kind of writing that is taught in the schools.

Then get the same business man to give you a sample of his own writing in the form of a signature, and you are a wizard if you can read it. The average signature might just as well be written in Chinese. It is an illegible scrawl. Not long ago a Twin City paper published the fac simile signatures of several dozen prominent business men, designating each by number. Readers of the paper were invited to decipher the signatures and send in the results. Nobody succeeded in interpreting anywhere near all of them, and there were very few persons who could read more than about one-fourth of them.

It is fortunately true that the signature does not always represent the real calligraphy of the individual. It is used as a symbol, somewhat as in olden times the illiterate individual sometimes used, instead of a written signature, a crude picture of some object he had chosen for this purpose.

But that does not help the person who receives a written letter with an illegible scrawl at the end of it. One purpose of a signature is to inform the recipient of the identity of the writer, and if the signature cannot be read it fails of its purpose. During the war some of the governmental departments adopted the salutary rule that to every letter must be attached the typewritten name of the sender, as well as his written signature. That insured the transmittal of information, as well as providing for whatever eccentricities of signature the writer chose to employ.

THE MILLER CHARGES

The filing of charges tending to show the unfitness of an individual for a highly important position is not a pleasant act for any one to perform. And when the individual has actually been nominated for an office by the highest official in the land, on the recommendation of at least one senator from his own state, and with the concurrence of the head of one of the great departments of the federal government, there must be strong conviction to reconcile the average man to the formulation of such charges.

Nevertheless, reputable citizens of unquestioned standing in their own communities, finding that, failing positive action on their part, Andrew Miller, of Bismarck, is certain to be given a position on the federal bench, have placed before the judiciary committee of the United States senate a formal statement reciting their belief in the unfitness of Mr. Miller for this position, and stating in detail their reasons for this conviction.

The men who have signed this protest would not have done so unless they believed they had abundant reason. They are in a position to know what the facts are. They state what they assert to be facts, **without** qualification. If the facts are as stated, if they are even approximately as stated, it would be a shameful act to place Mr. Miller on the bench. For the committee to ignore the protest would be to say that they do not care what may be the character of a federal judge. Responsibility in the matter cannot be shirked. There are sinister rumors of the means employed by Senator McCumber to force this appointment on the administration, an appointment which has not been supported by any element in North Dakota outside of that which is purely political. But whatever influence may have been brought to bear on the administration, the senate cannot take shelter behind that. The senate has too conspicuously and too emphatically asserted its right to independence of action to "pass the buck" to the president in this case.

The charges against Miller demand thorough and impartial investigation. And thorough and impartial investigation, with the determination to act on the facts as ascertained can lead to but one result, the emphatic rejection of Miller's appointment.

THE HEATON VERDICT.

In the case of Frank C. Heaton, former teller in the Scandinavian-American Bank of Fargo, whose trial for embezzlement has attracted attention throughout the state, the jury after hours of deliberation found the defendant guilty of embezzling less than $20.00. This subjects the defendant to a fine of not more than $100 and confinement for not more than 30 days in jail. The verdict was accompanied with a recommendation for leniency.

The case has been followed with unusual interest because it involved transactions bearing on the conditions in the Scandinavian-American Bank during a period when that bank was in close alliance with the Bank of North Dakota, and was a recognized part of the political machinery of the Nonpartisan league. The bank was closed by order of Attorney General Langer on the ground that it was in unsound condition and was no longer a safe depositary for the funds of the people. The contention of the attorney general was denied by the officers of the bank and by the administration of the state, and every effort was put forth to prevent the actual facts concerning its condition from coming to the knowledge of the public. Upon the demand of persons representing the state administration, a majority of the supreme court, denying opportunity for the attorney general to present the facts in the case, ordered the re-opening of the bank, and it containued on its way until even with this kind of support, its further operation became an impossibility and it collapsed of its own weight, its doors being finally closed some months ago.

The testimony in the Heaton case has revealed not only that all of the statements as to its condition at the time of its first closing were justified, but that these represented only a part of the material facts in the case. The bank was utterly insolvent and according to the testimony submitted and not controverted, its funds had been misappropriated right and left, some of them apparently having been stolen outright, and others having been used to bolster up decrepit banks elsewhere and to strengthen the credit which the league managers were attempting to use for the promotion of more of their political schemes. The charges made against the operation of the bank have been more than sustained. There has been abundant ground for the filing of additional charges, and the public will demand that the case be prosecuted until every person involved in the attempt to defraud the state and the depositors shall have been properly tried before a jury. The verdict in this case is of course an absurdity. If Heaton embezzled anything, he embezzled more than $20.00. The finding of a verdict of this kind is one of the illustrations frequently given of the peculiar workings of our jury system. The juror is sworn at the outset of a trial to decide according to the facts as presented in the testimony, and according to the law as interpreted to him by the court. The adequacy of the law and the equity of its application are matters with which the juror is not supposed to have any concern. Nevertheless, jurors have a fashion at times of disregarding both the law and the facts as presented. Regardless of what they have promised to do, they decide not only on whether or not the facts come within the purpose of the law, but upon the justice or injustice of that law as applied to a particular case. They do not always confine themselves to the testimony presented in court. They read between the lines of that testimony and assume the existence of other facts which appear to them to have a bearing upon the case at issue, and upon this sort of consideration, they endeavor in many cases to administer what they believe to be justice regardless of what the law says and of what the sworn testimony reveals. It is in this manner that the Heaton verdict must be interpreted. There is absolutely no ground presented in the sworn testimony for finding Heaton guilty of the embezzlecent of only $20.00. It is quite apparent that the jury believed Heaton to have been used as the tool of other men, some of them holding more responsible positions than he, and that regardless of law, they did not intend to permit him to be made the scapegoat for the sins of his superiors. Apparently they felt that there was no escape from a verdict of guilty, but in rendering that verdict they limited it in such a manner as to reduce it to absurd terms.

An ostrich is worth about $300. The size of her egg is satisfactory, but the frequency of it is not.

It is hard to dispute the hen's right to make a noise when she drops a nickel egg into the slot.

Cork was all for the treaty, but South Boston was against it.

OH, MAN! - - - - - - - - - By Briggs

MAIN STREET

The Story of Carol Kennicott

By Sinclair Lewis

CHAPTER XXXVI.—Continued.

IV.

The theory of the Dauntless regarding Carol's absence:

Mrs. Will Kennicott and son, Hugh left on No. 24 on Saturday last for a stay of some months in Minneapolis, Chicago, New York, and Washington. Mrs. Kennicott confided to Ye Scribe that she will be connected with one of the multifarious war activities now centering in the Nation's Capital for a brief period before returning. Her countless friends who appreciate her splendid labors with the local Red Cross realize how valuable she will be to any war board with which she chooses to become connected. Gopher Prairie thus adds another shining star to its service flag, and without wishing to knock any neighboring communities, we would like to know any town of anywheres near our size in the state that has such a sterling war record. Another reason why you'd better Watch Gopher Prairie Grow.

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Mr. and Mrs. David Dyer, Mrs. Dyer's sister, Mrs. Jennie Dayborn of Jackrabbit, and Dr. Will Kennicott drove to Minniemashie on Tuesday for a delightful picnic.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

I.

She found employment in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance. Though the armistice with Germany was signed a few weeks after her coming to Washington, the work of the bureau continued. She filed correspondence all day; then she dictated answers to letters of inquiry. It was an endurance of monotonous details, yet she asserted that she had found "real work."

Disillusions she did have. She discovered that an office is as full of cliques and scandals as a Gopher Prairie. She discovered that most of the women in the government bureaus lived unhealthfully, dining on snatches in their crammed apartments. But she also discovered that business women may have friendships and enmities as frankly as men, and may revel in a bliss which no housewife attains—a free Sunday. It did not appear that the Great World needed her inspiration, but she felt that her letters, her contact with the anxieties of men and women all over the country, were a part of vast affairs, not confined to Main Street and a kitchen, but linked with Paris, Bangkok, Madrid.

She perceived that she could do office work without losing any of the putative feminine virtue of domesticity; that cooking and cleaning, when divested of the fussing of an Aunt Bessie, take but a tenth of the time which, in a Gopher Prairie, it is but decent to devote to them.

Not to have to apologize for her thoughts to the Jolly Seventeen, not to have to report to Kennicott at the end of the day all that she had done or might do, was a relief which made up for the office weariness. She felt that she was no longer one-half of a marriage but the whole of a human being.

II.

Washington gave her all the graciousness in which she had had faith: white columns seen across leafy parks, spacious avenues, twisty alleys. Daily she passed a dark square house with a hint of magnolias and a courtyard behind it, and a tall curtained second-story window through which a woman was always peering. The woman was mystery, romance, a story which told itself differently every day; now she was a murderess, now the neglected wife of an ambassador. It was mystery which Carol had most lacked in Gopher Prairie, where every house was open to view, where every person was but too easy to meet, where there were no secret gates opening upon moors over which one might walk by moss-deadened paths to strange high adventures in an ancient garden.

As she flitted up Sixteenth street after a Kreisler recital, given late in the afternoon for the government clerks as the lamps kindled in spheres of soft fire, as the breeze flowed into the street, fresh as prairie winds and kindlier, as she glanced up the elm alley of Massachusetts Avenue, as she was roused by the integrity of the Scottish Rite Temple, she loved the city as she loved no one save Hugh. She encountered negro shanties turned into studios, with orange curtains and pots of mignonette marble houses on New Hampshire Avenue, with butlers and limousines; and men who looked like fictional explorers and aviators. Her days were swift, and she knew that in her folly of running away she had found the courage to be wise.

"Sweethearts Unmet"

To Be New Serial

"Sweethearts Unmet," by Berta Buck, is the new serial story which will appear in the evening editions of The Herald beginning Friday, January 13th.

"Sweethearts Unmet" is a clean and fascinating romance related in a novel manner. It is a story that will please all. Be sure to read the opening installment.

She had a dispiriting first month of hunting lodgings in the crowded city. She had to roost in a hall-room in a moldy mansion conducted by an indignant decayed gentlewoman, and leave Hugh to the care of a doubtful nurse. But later she made a home.

III.

Her first acquaintance were the members of the Tincomb Methodist church, a vast red-brick tabernacle. Vida Sherwin had given her a letter to an earnest woman with eye-glasses, plaid silk waist, and a belief in Bible Classes, who introduced her to the Pastor and the Nicer Members of Tincomb. Carol recognized in Washington as she had in California a transplanted and guarded Main Street. Two-thirds of the church-members had come from Gopher Prairies. The church was their society and their standard; they went to Sunday service, Sunday School, Epworth League, missionary lectures, church suppers, percisely as they had at home; they agreed that ambassadors and flippant newspapermen and infidel scientists of the bureaus were equally wicked and to be avoided; and by cleaving to Tincomb Church they kept their ideals from all contamination.

They welcomed Carol, asked about her husband, gave her advice regarding colic in babies, passed her the gingerbread and scalloped potatoes at church suppers, and in general made her very unhappy and lonely, so that she wondered if she might not enlist in the militant suffrage organization and be aollowed to go to jail.

Always she was to perceive in Washington (as doubtless she would have perceived in New York or London) a thick streak of Main Street. The cautious dullness of a Gopher Prairie appeared in boarding-houses where ladylike bureau-clerks gossiped to polite young army officers about the movies; a thousand Sam Clarks and a few Widow Bogarts were to be identified in the Sunday motor procession, in theater parties, and at the dinners of State Societies, to which the emigres from Texas or Michigan surged that they might confirm themselves in the faith that their several Gopher Prairies were notoriously "a whole lot peppier and chummier than this stuck-up East."

But she found a Washington which did not cleave to Main Street.

Guy Pollock wrote to a cousin, a temporary army captain, a confiding and buoyant lad who took Carol to tea-dances, and laughed, as she had always wanted some one to laugh, about nothing in particular. The captain introduced her to the secretary of a congressman, a cynical young widow with many acquaintances in the navy. Through her Carol met commanders and majors, newspapermen, chemists and geographers and fiscal experts from the bureaus, and a teacher who was a familiar of the militant suffrage headquarters. The teacher took her to headquarters. Carol never became a prominent suffragist. Indeed her only recognized position was as an able addresser of envelopes. But she was casually adopted by this family of friendly women who, when they were not being mobbed or arrested, took dancing lessons or went picnicking up the Chesapeake Canal or talked about the politics of the American Federation of Labor.

With the congressman's secretary and the teacher Carol leased a small flat. Here she found home, her own place and her own people. She had, though it absorbed most of her salary, an excellent nurse for Hugh. She herself put him to bed and played with him on holidays. There were walks with him, there were motionless evenings of reading, but chiefly Washington was associated with people, scores of them, sitting about the flat, talking, talking, talking, not always wisely but always excitedly. It was not at all the "artists's studio" of which, because of its persistence in fiction, she had dreamed. Most of them were in offices all day, and thought more in card-catalogues or statistics than in mass and color. But they played, very simply, and they saw no reason why anything which exists cannot also be acknowledged.

She was sometimes shocked quite as she had shocked Gopher Prairie by these girls with their cigarettes and elfish knowledge. When they were most eager about soviets or canoeing, she listened, longed to have some special learning which would distinguish her, and sighed that her adventure had come so late. Kennicott and Main Street had drained her self-reliance; the presence of Hugh made her feel temporary. Some day—oh, she'd have to take him to open fields and the right to climb about hay-lofts.

But the fact that she could never be eminent among these scoffing enthusiasts did not keep her from being proud of them, from defending them in imaginary conversations with Kennicott, who grunted (she could hear his voice), "They're simply a bunch of wild impractical theorists sittin' round chewing the rag," and "I haven't got the time to chase after a lot of them fool fads; I'm too busy putting aside a stake for our old age."

Most of the men who came to the flat, whether they were army officers or radicals who hated the army, had the easy gentleness, the acceptance of women without embarrassed banter, for which she had longed in Gopher Prairie. Yet they seemed to be as efficient as the Sam Clarks. She concluded that it was because they were of secure reputation, not hemmed in by the fire of provincial jealousies. Kennicott had asserted that the villager's lack of courtesy is due to his poverty. "We're no millionaire dudes," he boasted. Yet these army and navy men, these bureau experts, and organizers of multitudinous leagues, were cheerful on three or four thousand a year, while Kennicott had, outside of his land speculations, six thousand or more, and Sam had eight.

Nor could she upon inquiry learn that many of this reckless race died in the poorhouse. That institution is reserved for men like Kennicott who, after devoting fifty years to "putting aside a stake," incontinently invest the stake in spurious oil stocks.

IV.

She was encouraged to believe that she had not been abnormal in viewing Gopher Prairie as unduly tedious and slatternly. She found the same faith not only in girls escaped from domesticity but also in demure old ladies who, tragically deprived of esteemed husbands and huge old houses yet managed to make a very comfortable thing of it by living in small flats and having time to read.

But she also learned that by comparison Gopher Prairie was a model of daring color, clever planning, and frenzied intellectuality. From her teacher-housemate she had a sardonic description of a Middlewestern railroad-division town, of the same size as Gopher Prairie but devoid of lawns and trees, a town where the tracks sprawled along the cinder-scabbed Main Street, and the railroad shops, dripping soot from eaves and doorway, rolled out smoke in greasy coils.

Other towns she came to know by anecdote: a prairie village where the wind blew all day long, and the mud was two feet thick in spring, and in summer the flying sand scarred new painted houses and dust covered the few flowers set out in pots. New England mill-towns with the hands living in rows of cottages like blocks of lava. A rich farming-center in New Jersey, off the railroad, furiously pious, ruled by old men, unbelievably ignorant old men, sitting about the grocery talking of James G. Blaine. A Southern town, full of the magnolias and white columns which Carol had accepted as proof of romance, but hating the negroes, obsequious to the Old Families. A Western mining-settlement like a tumor. A booming semi-city with parks and clever architects, visited by famous pianists and unctuous lecturers, but irritable from a struggle between union labor and the manufacturers' association, so that in even the gayest of the new houses there was a ceaseless and intimidating heresy-hunt.

V.

The chart which plots Carol's progress is not easy to read. The lines are broken and uncertain of direction; often instead of rising they sink in wavering scrawls; and the colors are watery blue and pink and the dim gray of rubbed pencil marks. A few lines are traceable.

Unhappy women are given to protecting their sensitiveness by cynical gossip, by whining, by high-church and new-thought religious, or by a fog of vagueness. Carol had hidden in none of these refuges from reality, but she, who was tender and merry, had been made timorous by Gopher Prairie. Even her flight had been but the temporary courage of panic. The thing she gained in Washington was not information about office-systems and labor unions but renewed courage, that amiable contempt called poise. Her glimpse of tasks involving millions of people and a score of nations reduced Main Street from bloated importance to its actual pettiness. She could never again be quite so awed by the power with which she herself had endowed the Vidas and Blaussers and Bogarts.

From her work and from her association with women who had organized suffrage associations in hostile cities, or had defended political

(Continued on Page 6.)

Try for a Prize

"Main Street" will be completed in Thursday's evening edition.

Be ready to send in your letter telling what you think of it.

The Herald wants to know what its readers think of this story, and is going to give away $20 in prizes to find out.

Is it a true picture of life in a small town in the Northwest?

Are the people which it describes real people?

These are some of the questions to be considered.

HOW TO WIN A PRIZE.

When the last installment of "Main Street" appears, write a letter to the "Main Street Editor" telling whether or not you think the story gives true picture of life in "Gopher Prairie" and just why you have formed the opinion which you express.

To the writer who gives the best reason for whatever opinion he or she has formed, we will give a prize of $10. For the second best letter we will give a prize of $3, and for the next seven best letters prizes of $1 each.

No letter should be more than 250 words in length.

The story is such that you can begin it any time, and get a good idea of the picture it paints.

Here's a chance to win a little spending money just for writing a short letter.

Just Folks

by Edgar A. Guest

WANT.

It's wanting keeps us young and fit.
It's wanting something just ahead.
And striving hard to come to it.
That brightens every road we tread.

That man is old before his time
Who is supremely satisfied
And does not want some hill to climb
Or something life has still denied.

The want of poverty is grim.
It has a harsh and cruel sting.
But fill the cup up to the brim
And that's a far more hopeless thing.

A man must want from day to day.
Must want to reach a distant goal
Or claim some treasure far away,
For want's the builder of the soul.

He who has ceased to want, has dropped
The working tools of life and stands
Much like an old-time clock that's stopped
While Time is mouldering his hands.

I'm truly sorry for the man,
Though he be millionaire or king,
Who does not hold some cherished plan
And says he does not want a thing.

Want is the spur that drives us on.
And oft its praises should be sung.
For man is old when want is gone,
It's what we want that keeps us young.