The top bills—those of $5,000 and $10,000 denominations—haven't changed much. After all, banks usually keep a record of these bills and know where they are—which would defeat the aims of the black marketeers and the income tax dodgers.

In June of '42 there were only about eight and a half million dollars worth of $5,000 bills in the hands of private citizens and today the figure is only a million dollars greater.

The $10,000 bills, even hotter to handle, are significantly not so popular. There were 29 million dollars worth in circulation six months after Pearl Harbor. The value today has dropped to $23 million. The tax dodgers don't want them.

WE GATHER from the readers' mail that among the ladies more bitter resentment has been aroused by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's acceptance of a $11,000 mink coat as a furrier's press agent stunt than by the other recent foibles of American history or the White House priority that made possible the transcontinental air cruise of Gen. Elliott Roosevelt's dog, Blaze.

The mink coat gift definitely disturbs the feminine critics. One writer, by way of contrast, recalls the White House days of the great T. R. and points out how the First Lady's distinguished uncle handled these matters. From the volume "Theodore Roosevelt: Hero to His Valet," written by James E. Amos, T. R.'s faithful servant, these paragraphs were quoted:

"Both at the White House and at Oyster Bay all during Mr. Roosevelt's term and for a long time afterward, every conceivable kind of present and offering was sent to the President. The mail, too, was extremely heavy . . . Obviously the President could never touch these things until they had been opened and examined.

"But this precaution is necessary not only to protect the President against cranks and criminals, but against persons who send these gifts for all sorts of reasons, principally seeking publicity or advertisement.

"One time a barrel of beer arrived at Sagamore Hill from a well-known and nationally advertised brewery. Several days later Mr. Roosevelt sent for me and asked if such a thing had been received. I told him it had. He wanted to know what we had done with it. I told him nothing had been done with it as I did not know just what to do.

" 'Well,' said he, 'I know what you are to do with it. Ship it back immediately.'

" 'IMMEDIATELY' meant at once, and that barrel of beer left Sagamore Hill in twenty minutes. What had happened was this:

"The brewery had sent the beer and then, a few days later, had sent a letter to the President asking him how he had enjoyed it. An acknowledgment from him saying he liked it or that it had been enjoyed in his home would have been worth a good deal to that brewery. But Mr. Roosevelt was not to be caught that way. In fact we were always on guard against such things."