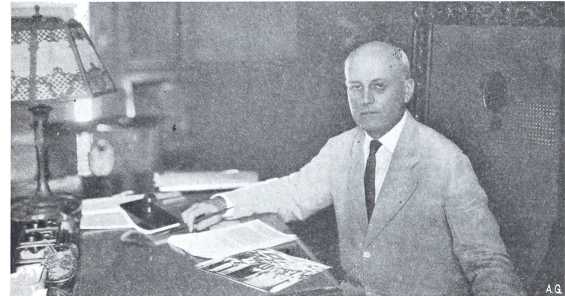


of an average per capita income of \$75.16. It requires \$73,833 men working 300 days each year, at the rate of 80 centavos per day, to earn the money needed for the operation of the government.

"Another way in which the Press can assist in creating a favorable atmosphere for business development is to preach the doctrine of tolerance, mutual confidence and good will. No community can develop its business in an atmosphere of discord and suspicion. Trade and business are founded on good will and fair dealing. The Philippine Islands possess great resources. The opportunities for business are great. Common participation in the enjoyment of these opportunities will improve the



Gilmore at Work at the Executive Building

welfare of everyone and prejudice no one. Americans and Filipinos should realize that in the material prosperity of these Islands, there is mutual advantage and that this advantage can be realized only by mutual cooperation. There should be more consideration given to those interests which Americans and Filipinos have in common and less to those which they have apart.

"The Press will serve best if it emphasizes at all times the common interests rather than the diverse interests; if it stresses harmony rather than discord, confidence and good will rather than suspicion and prejudice."

Since this was issued Governor Gilmore has himself taken effective steps to have it complied with in so far as the press is concerned. He has adopted the rule of seeing the reporters but once each week, no offense than the President does; and surely insular news is no more vital than Washington news. He will see morning news men one day a week, and evening news men on another day. The *Journal* is inclined to suspect that it is precisely because Gilmore

does have a policy and is carrying it out, that some are displeased with him. Others are in a better category. They have honest misgivings which do them credit. But the press rule will surely redound to the benefit of the press and the public alike. The columns must be filled, and news will prove to be superior to thoughtless political gossip.

On August 26 the regents of the University elected Dr. Gonzalez acting dean of the college of agriculture, vice Dean Baker, deceased. Headlines the next morning shouted, almost gleefully, *Gilmore Loses!* The regents' vote was 6-3, Bewley and Pond were absent. Now it is no doubt true that Gilmore did have a personal choice for the deanship, in Dr. Pendle-

ton. He is not only qualified, but there was keen rivalry between Gonzalez and Dr. Roxas, which argued, for the welfare of the college, the selection of a third man. This was no doubt Gilmore's advice, which was not followed. The advice, however, was confined to proper limits. The regents were free to choose a dean; the University is a republic of letters, enjoying a charter; and the legitimate steps a governor could take were only those of counsel. It was misleading to say that Gilmore lost, there was but one nomination. Gilmore followed the law, and while he did not hesitate to counsel, still the onus of the choice rests upon the regents who made it. If things turn out badly, the public knows exactly whom to blame: those who exercised their right of choice and used bad judgment. If they turn out all right, the regents have a feather in their cap: no victory over Gilmore, who wasn't in the lists, but victory for their judgment.

Confidence in Gilmore is quite general now. Nothing has occurred since he assumed the duties of acting governor to inspire any other opinion.

Sinclair Lewis and the Vienna Summer Revolution

Into Vienna at last at 1 in the morning—and never have I seen a more quiet, spacious, revolutionary city. Oh, yes, they had killed a few people that day while we were flying, but not even the volatile Viennese can revolutionize twenty-four hours a day. And about us Vienna slept and dreamed of cakes and whipped cream while we whirled up to the hotel—and our old friend, the night porter at Sacher, greeted us as though he had never heard of a revolution.

I am going back to the life of the wild, enchanted, romantic novelist again and cut out these humdrum newspaper men. * * * It all seemed like a courteous and gentlemanly revolution until that scene at Central cemetery, where they buried the dead. A mass burial for men and women who died in a mass movement. A string of sixty coffins, hidden under flowers. The flowers were the true Vienna of light hearts and waltz tunes. They were bright, like these sunny days which have followed

the quickly ended revolt, but under them were the coffins. And in these were bodies of children and young girls.

As my companion and I shot along the Rennweg—the ancient road in Vienna where two hundred years ago gay nobles of ancient Vienna raced horses, not noticing the silly peasants who got under their hoofs—we found ourselves in the midst of a newly formed citizen's guard in awkward, shambling uniforms of ill-faded green buckram.

There were more than 2,000 people standing there at the funeral ceremony. The city was afraid of the bullets of the communists and of the police.

Only the lowly realized that on the long platform before the gates, concealed under the splendor of flowers, red banners and black streamers, were no less than sixty coffins. From three torches waved the dim flames of gas, burning not to unknown soldiers but to unknown

citizens shot by police. The crowd was firm in Viennese traditional politeness and seemed no more emotional than a bored group about a Fourth of July orator. Then one saw that most of them were in mourning. But it was the pathetic mourning of the very poor—ragged arm bands made from black petticoats and pathetic straw hats of the cheapest. And when the citizens' guard made way for a woman who walked blindly with her head buried on the shoulder of her son one saw that the quietness of this crowd was the quietness of a wire leading to Sing Sing death house.

And then the speakers started. Two thousand broken-hearted persons were standing for this last glimpse of the coffins and Austria's orators got out an ozone word. Such leaders and! Such measured, useful and reasonable words! And they were generous. They permitted not only the social democrats but the communists also to speak. Words uttered by bearded and clever men—the whole proceeding like a nice debating society. Explanations that they really were quite sorry that people had been killed but that it could never happen again. And the well-behaved crowd in their agony listened considerably more politely than certain American correspondents.

When the coffins were carried off the crowd didn't sob. Curiously, it only wept a little. I stood there with three American newspaper men, very hard-boiled ones, indeed, and I saw that all three were crying shamelessly. I saw them, that is, after I had wiped away my own ludicrously sentimental tears.

In the midst of all this came inevitable comedy. Among red-eyed women following the baby's coffin came an eager youngster. A red guard held him back. They had exactly as lively a jaw contest as any Irish policeman and Irish street cleaner ever had at a Yom Kippur parade.

The crowd split suddenly. Until then I hadn't seen the half-dozen stretcher bearers waiting there, somber men with the blessed red cross on their arms.

I followed them as they kicked their way through the crowd and saw them head off and place on a stretcher a screaming woman who hid her eyes behind an upflung arm.

This was only the first of six occasions when I saw the stretcher men working. Once it was a big man who had fainted and was carried away. Once it was a young girl with fine features and clear eyes, standing beside one of the glittering coffins, who, after a moment when his face worked in grief, went literally mad.

Once as I was briskly following a stretcher away, a man standing alone, sobbing, seized my hand and said: "He was my brother. Are you alone, too?" Then, seeing suddenly that I was a foreigner, he explained: "Thanks for your handkerchief, I have no one but him. He didn't have anything to do with the riots. He was shot while bringing me a Mozart score last Friday evening which we were going to play together in duet."

I don't know why that crowd should have been most gripped by sorrow when the coffins were taken away—not to the quiet fields of a cemetery, with those cursed arrows always so cheerful everywhere, but to a crematorium, where in half an hour all these victims of love of life would crumble in flame.

Then we started home. And on the way my guide showed me the charming new brick houses which the socialists have been building to make Vienna laugh again.—*Chicago Daily News.*

JOLO DEER PRESERVE

Mrs. Caroline S. Spencer has applied for a lease of the land comprising the top of Bagask mountain. This is the historic site of the General Pershing fought several thousand rebel Moros in 1913. However, Mrs. Spencer's purpose in leasing this tract of land has no connection with its historical appeal, nor does she expect to cultivate it, but it is her desire to control this section of territory in order to give protection to the beautiful Jolo deer and save them from extinction. Unless some re-creation like this is made, the famous Jolo deer will soon be the past owing to the present rate of hunting.—*Mindanao Herald.*