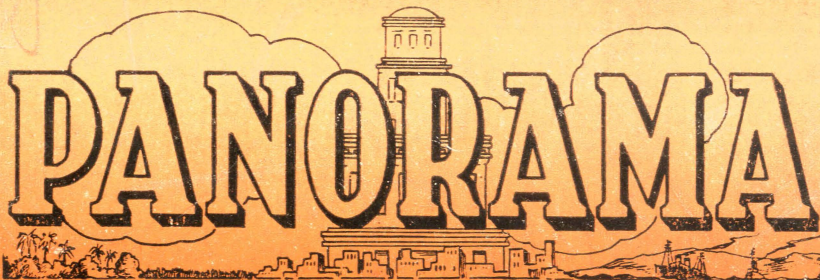


Fourth Year of Publication

PANORAMA



The Philippine Digest of Good Reading

Vol. 4

February, 1939

No. 2



RIZAL ON THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

Wise Taxation — Student and State in Imperial Japan —
You Need a Lawyer — Husbands Prefer Plain Women —
How Long Can You Live — Conquistador in Khaki —
Getting Engaged? — If a Woman Wants Beauty —
The Speaker of the National Assembly

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CONTENTS



Rizal on the Education of Women	1
Wise Taxation	2
The Guarantee of Democracy	3
Student and State in Imperial Japan	4
Osborn—The Famous Handwriting Expert	7
Six Red Roses	9
You Need a Lawyer	10
The Disappearing Surgeon	14
I Believe in God	17
Husbands Prefer Plain Women	19
The Sheik Entertains	22
Finland—An Honest and Patriotic Nation	26
How Long Can You Live	29
Rubinstein—The Great Pianist	32
Panorama of Philippine Life (Pictorial)	33
For the Victim of Seasickness	39
What do You Know?	40
What Does the Joint Preparatory Committee's Report Mean	41
Conquistador in Khaki	44
My Adventures in Deep-Sea Diving	49
Curing the Sick with Music	53
Epitaph for a Man	54
Getting Engaged?	55
Write Me a Letter	56
The Nobel Prize Goes to a Woman	59
If a Woman Wants Beauty	61
America Proclaims Dislike to Dictators	64
The Speaker of the National Assembly	65
Self-Expression	67
Readers' Comment	68

PANORAMA is published monthly by the COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, INC.
454 Dasmariñas Manila, Philippines

President: Manuel Camus — Editorial Counsel: V. G. Sincio
Managing Editor: Bert Paul Osborn — Business Manager: Benjamin Racelis

Subscription Rates: In the Philippines, one year, ₱2.00; three years, ₱5.00
Foreign subscription, one year, \$1.50, three years, \$3.75. Single copies 20 centavos a copy.
One month's notice is required for changing a subscriber's address. The request for
change should state both the old and the new address.

Entered as second class mail matter on May 9, 1936, at the Post Office of Manila



Rizal on the Education of Women

OPEN your children's eyes so that they may jealously guard their honor, love their fellow-men and their native land, and do their duty. Always impress upon them that they must prefer dying with honor to living in dishonor. The women of Sparta should serve you as an example in this; I shall give some of their characteristics.

When a mother handed the shield to her son as he was marching to battle, she said nothing to him but this: "Return with it, or on it," which meant, come back victorious or dead, because it was customary for the routed warrior to throw away his shield, while the dead warrior was carried home on his shield. A mother received word that her son had been killed in battle and the army routed. She did not say a word, but expressed her thankfulness that her son had been saved from disgrace. However, when her son returned alive, the mother put on mourning. One of the mothers who went out to meet the warrior returning from battle was told by one that her three sons had fallen. "I do not ask you that," said the mother, "but whether we have been victorious or not." "We have been victorious," answered the warrior. "If that is so, then let us thank God," and she went to the temple.

Once upon a time a king of theirs, who had been defeated, hid in the temple, because he feared the popular wrath. The Spartans resolved to shut him up there and starve him to death. When they were blocking the door, the mother was the first to bring stones. These things were in accordance with the custom there, and all Greece admired the Spartan woman for them. Of all women—a woman said jestingly—only you Spartans have power over the men. Quite natural—they replied—of all women only we give birth to men. Man, the Spartan women said, was not born to live for himself alone, but for his native land.—*From Rizal's letter to the women of Malolos, February, 1889.*

WISE TAXATION

HISTORY bears no record of any people who did not become expert tax dodgers when the shoe pinched. Taxation destroyed the later Roman Empire. The American Revolution began with a sales tax.

Small wonder that from time to time in the long course of history statesmen have arisen to call a halt to the theory that people exist for the tax collector. Some two thousand years ago the Hindu Manu observed that taxes "should press lightly on the people. There should be a graduated and flexible scale of taxation. *Taxes must be levied in kind so that the state gets a good share when the people are prosperous, and its taxes do not press so heavily when there is a depression.*"

Centuries earlier than the Manu's words of wisdom, a certain wise Jewish gentleman named Joseph became prime minister of Egypt and reorganized the Pharaoh's tax system. His policy was to save in the fat years against the coming lean years and to collect a definite share of the crops and industrial production and a definite period of public work from laborers for the benefit of the community. His system worked

so well that the wealth of Egypt came to be one of the wonders of the world.

Those principles are as applicable today as they ever were. The Mormons took up the old idea of the tithe—the tax in kind—and applied it to modern agriculture and industry. As a result, they made the Utah desert blossom like the rose.

What farmer in America would be affronted if you offered to take a fifth or even a third of all he produces instead of rent, mortgage dues, and taxes?

What worker would object if he could escape all of his indirect taxes by one day's unpaid work a month? What industry would object to turning over a tenth of its output in the place of all its present heavy taxes?

What salaried man but would feel vastly relieved if one tenth or one twelfth of his income were deducted at the pay roll, leaving him otherwise tax-free?

How could all this be done in modern America? One way has been suggested by what is called the Social Credit idea. This suggestion may not be entirely practical. Yet we must eventually come to some system

as painless as this one is in theory if we are to escape either being bled white or developing into expert tax dodgers.

We have let ourselves become hypnotized by the money angle of taxation. We still think the way to reform is by still higher taxes and by punishing the people with big incomes at the same time we make it necessary for them to earn those incomes in order to pay the taxes we have levied on them. The time to take a slice of their 1939 incomes is in 1939, not 1940. Otherwise we simply push them on to get richer still,

as in fact they have been doing.

There are people today who, with these considerations in mind, are advocating a type of taxation which, they contend, has worked well whenever it has been tried. They are for collecting from people the goods and services that people produce, instead of the money that our banks use as a means of exchanging goods and services.

They warn that, unless something of this sort is done, against his will the taxpayer will be forced to take part in the growing tax strike.—*Jay Franklin, condensed from Liberty.*

* * *

The Guarantee of Democracy

EVEN the most casual observation of human beings in possession of power reveals that the thirst for power is the original sin of rulers. It grows by what it feeds upon, dulling the perceptions, clouding the vision and leading its victims away from that contact with reality which is the very essence of democracy. There is an impatience of restraint, an intolerance of opposition, a conviction of personal rectitude that leads unerringly to the suppression of opposition. It imprisons its victim in the chill isolation of a self-created aura of intellectual infallibility.

In short, power in the social scheme of things is like thyroxin in the human body: too little may cause the individual to become dwarfish, vegetating, idiotic; too much will make him uncoordinated, incoherent, unstable.

And so democracy was born of the demonstrated imperfections of older forms of society and also of the demonstrated limitations of human beings.

Thus we find, in the Constitution, protection against the corroding influence of personal power, protection of the fundamental rights of individuals, and also the guarantee that the individual may have a voice in his own government through the process of election and representation. In short, the Constitution implicitly defines democracy as the guarantee of minority rights under majority rule.—*Raymond Moley, from Newsweek.*

STUDENT AND STATE IN IMPERIAL JAPAN

IN Japan, as yet, little emphasis is placed on higher education for women. But for men who are capable the demand is increasing so rapidly that there are not enough institutions to go around. For this reason, students are constantly faced with severe competitive examinations. Education is compulsory through six years of primary school. To continue in the middle school, the student takes an entrance examination. If he succeeds he is among the fortunate few. Often from more than 2,000 applicants only 150 are picked. This process is repeated in the higher schools and again in the university. The obvious result is that only the cream of the nation's youth ever get near the door of a college.

Democracy of a type is demonstrated here. There is no favoritism. Wealth and family prestige mean nothing. Merit is the only basis for entrance.

As in most states with totalitarian aims, all phases of education are directly under government control. The government wants men of high attainment who have demonstrated their ability to obey orders. There is no place for original

thinking and academic freedom. The curriculum is carefully inspected. Textbooks must be selected from an approved list. The social sciences are particularly under government scrutiny. History is taught from only patriotic angles.

Universities have long been recognized centers of unrest and the breeding ground for what the government styles "dangerous thoughts." Socialism and communism have found ready acceptance among a certain class of students. To cope with these problems the government has adopted methods of censorship and patriotic propaganda.

Several years ago two of my students were arrested for communistic agitation. The faculty was put on the spot, and to exonerate ourselves we had to submit all our examination questions to the school authorities, who passed them on to the Minister of Education in Tokyo for further inspection. The day after the arrests were made, some 15 military officers politely asked if they might attend my lecture. They stood at attention for one hour, understanding little, for the lecture was in English.

This miniature army was in my classroom to impress all of us that the government would tolerate no more radical thought from either student or teacher. Of course, beneath all this pomp and circumstance a secret investigation was being conducted. After two weeks of hushed activity it was discovered that these wicked thoughts were leaking into the university through the kitchen. The cook turned out to be the culprit. This might not have been discovered if the cook had not become over-ambitious and shot the vice-president of the university in the leg to impress upon him the injustice of the arrest of the two students.

Despite this rigid supervision, the student wields power that is greatly feared. In his strikes and mob demonstrations he is able to bring before the public gaze certain issues, grievances, and radical ideas. By boycotting the classes of an unpopular instructor, or threatening a strike, the students may bring so much pressure to bear on the authorities that they are forced to replace the professor. At Waseda University, not long ago, a strike was precipitated by the charge that several teachers were dishonestly issuing passes to the baseball games.

The greatest strike in academic history broke out in

1933. It was precipitated by the dismissal of Doctor Takikawa, professor of politics in the Imperial Law School, for political unorthodoxy. The students demanded his reinstatement, and went on strike when the Minister of Education remained adamant. A few days later 6,000 students in the Tokyo Imperial University, 400 miles away, staged a sympathetic strike. A series of incidents precipitated pitched battles between the students and the police. Many students were arrested. The strike was given wide publicity. At length, when public opinion began to side definitely with the students, a strict censorship was clamped on the press, and the students were ordered to resume their work in the name of the Emperor. The united force of throne and government was behind the ultimatum. Rebellion against the Emperor was farther than even the hottest heads would go. School was resumed. Professor Takikawa was out and his career ruined.

This incident showed the government that it must tighten its hold on the Empire's youth. The result has been greater restrictions and an increase of national propaganda. Within the recent year the latter has centered around religion. A vigorous campaign is being waged to call the students back to the

worship and exaltation of their heroic ancestors, who lived only for national honor and glory. As a part of this religious revival the Emperor has been granting his portrait to private and Christian institutions which do not come directly under government supervision. This seems innocent enough, but the gracious grant carries with it certain commands. The picture must be housed in a specially-built vault-like shrine, and a 24-hour watch maintained over it so that in case of fire or earthquake the picture can be saved. On special occasions the picture is placed behind heavy curtains in the school auditorium and students and faculty must bow in worship and reverent adoration to the omniscient spirit of the God-Emperor.

In Japanese Christian circles there is an uneasy feeling that, following the bringing of Christian schools within the scope of the national religion via the

picture method, individual churches may come next. There is no way to reject the gift of the Emperor's portrait. To do so would only mean arrest on a charge of lese majesty.

The true patriot must accept the Emperor as the supreme object of his devotion and be ready to fight and die for him. Any philosophy, religion, or school that does not emphasize this fundamental concept is not wanted in the Japanese Empire.

And so the graduates who pour out of the universities today are highly trained instruments of national policy— young men who believe in Japan's manifest destiny, who are rallying under the slogan: "The flag of great Japan will wave above all the world." The few who rebel quickly disappear. There must be but one deity, the Emperor; one authority, the government; and one destiny, world domination.—*Paul E. Eckel, in Education.*

* * *

Thespian

THE class in public speaking was to give pantomimes that afternoon. One freshman got up when called on, went to the platform and stood perfectly still.

"Well," said the Professor after a minute's wait for something to happen. "What do you represent?"

"I'm imitating a man going up in an elevator," was the quick response.—*Grit (Sydney, Australia).*

¶All good Filipino lawyers have heard of him—

OSBORN—THE FAMOUS HANDWRITING EXPERT

IN a New York skyscraper is the office of Albert S. Osborn, an elderly man who has devoted most of his life to performing feats of observation that are truly astounding. He is perhaps the greatest scientific detective on earth. But he would deny that he is a detective at all. He calls himself simply a student of questioned documents. His business is to sift truth from falsity by examination of handwriting, typewriting, paper and ink. He has been known to observe a minute detail of a fraudulent will, maybe just the way a piece of paper was folded, and thus upset a million-dollar claim.

In a courtroom one day, Osborn was asked to examine a note, Exhibit A, in a case involving several hundred thousand dollars. The supposed author of the note was dead and the question was whether the signature was genuine. Lawyers for both sides insisted that they wanted only the truth. After studying the document a few moments, Osborn said:

"Yes, the signature is probably genuine—"

One lawyer looked pleased.

"But", Osborn continued,

"the note itself is *not* genuine."

The other lawyer looked pleased.

"You'll observe," he said, "that this crease has worn through the glazed surface of the paper. Yet the ink in the signature is not blurred—because it was written *before* the crease was made, on a hard smooth surface. But where the crease crosses certain words in the note itself the letters are blurred, just as if they had been written on a piece of blotting paper. They were written *after* the crease had worn through, and long after the signature was attached."

A still more difficult case had to do with a typewritten letter in which a prominent business man had made promises he later wished to deny. He branded his letter a forgery.

"I wrote a letter," he admitted, "but not *that* letter. I kept a copy of the letter I actually did write. Here it is."

Osborn took this copy and studied it in his laboratory. He then told the writer so much about his past performances that the man perhaps still wonders if he were dealing with a mind reader.

"This is a copy of a letter you wrote," Osborn said, "but not a copy of the one you mailed. The one of which this is a copy you never intended to send. You didn't even write it on your regular stationery, but on so-called second-page paper. Then you destroyed the original but kept this carbon copy as a piece of fake evidence."

How did the expert observer know this? By placing the carbon copy under a microscope and measuring the width of the letters with a fine instrument. If you write on a thin sheet of paper, you can get a clean-cut impression on a second sheet from the carbon. If the paper is thin enough, the impression of any letter will not be much wider than the type itself. But if typed through a thick sheet, the impression is flattened out and the letters are much wider in the copy. The width of the letters in the copy will vary, then, somewhat according to the thickness of the paper used for the original. Experiments with carbon copies printed through different kinds of paper from the man's office desks showed the facts. Osborn thus learned that a letter written on the regular stationery, ordinarily used for the man's correspondence, would have produced a different kind of impression on the copying sheet from that ac-

tually produced. It was obvious that the carbon copy in evidence could have been made only through a sheet of the thinner, second-page paper. Presumably, the man used such a sheet to avoid wasting a piece of his expensively engraved paper. His thrift on this point proved his undoing. The evidence against him was so scientifically exact that he was forced to acknowledge his original letter and live up to its promises.

Osborn long ago noticed that in books printed in England a period and a decimal point are not the same. The period is placed on the line, but the decimal point above the line. He had also observed that English accountants frequently use a decimal point for either purpose, and put their periods higher than the average person does. Having noticed all this, he tucked it away in the back of his head. Years later he could tell, after a two-minute examination, that an anonymous letter probably had been written by an English accountant. He knew this just from the periods! They were too high for American periods.

Likewise, this man once identified the writer of a forged letter by first learning that the author was probably an Italian. He had suspected this because, though the man wrote a good

hand, he made a terrible botch of the job every time he wrote a "k." There is no letter "k" in modern Italian.

"If you ever receive an anonymous letter," Osborn once said to me, "look for semicolons. If the letter contains semicolons, properly used, your search for the author of the letter is much simplified. Not one person in

a hundred knows when to use semicolons.

"Likewise," he added, "people write into their letters a thousand little items which tell much about character or identity to those who are observant.

From these examples of observation it must be evident that we see not *with* but *through* the eyes.—*Fred C. Kelly, condensed from Ken.*



Six Red Roses

IN the home of a famous man, there stands a vase which each day is filled with red roses. To that man and his family these six roses have a special significance. The roses represent six great qualities: Love, Romance, Faith, Hope, Peace of Mind, and Prosperity. These roses are a daily reminder of the ideals which create a beautiful home life. Glancing at them one is inspired to live nobly.

Flowers, it seems to me, are especially suitable as a reminder of life's higher purposes. Fresh from garden or greenhouse, they have a newness that suggests beginning again. They suggest a renewing, or our resolve, to live better lives. Their color and beauty make the qualities they symbolize highly desirable. They are like trumpets sounding from mountain tops, making us lift our eyes and march joyously along life's highway.

Why not emulate this beautiful habit in your own home? The kind of flowers doesn't matter—they may be plucked from your own garden, or sent daily from your florist. Have each flower stand for something in your home, and in the radiance of their beauty let the whole family strive toward those things.—*The Friendly Adventurer.*

¶Why not a legal clinic in Manila?

YOU NEED A LAWYER

THE average man is likely to shy at the mere suggestion that he needs an attorney to guide him through his conventional pattern of existence. Lawyers, he intimates, are sharpers, and, having delivered this judgment, he goes blandly away to buy, sell, borrow, and lend, and to promise to do other things which bristle with legal risks and which may very well have a trickster as the party of the second part. But, when any of these activities leads him to become enmeshed, he may be heard crying in the wilderness.

Why is this? Well, the basis of our friend's complaint is that he *might* have gone to a lawyer in the first place—if he had not been afraid of the expense involved. This fear is often based on painful fact, for almost everyone knows some unfortunate flouter of fate who has been charged from \$50 upward for the settlement of a minor legal matter.

About five years ago this situation in New York City impressed me as so serious that I organized a legal clinic to furnish legal advice at from \$1 (mostly \$1) to \$10. I do not handle litigation, but a large

business has developed with people whom I am gradually teaching not to take the slightest step in unfamiliar fields without first learning what the legal consequences may be.

A crippling disability compelled me to withdraw from active practice after over twenty years at the bar, and this enforced separation from my former activities gave me a new perspective. Perhaps this situation impressed itself on me while I was still a busy lawyer, but it was not until I was forced to stand on the sidelines that I realized its full import—that a tremendous number of people who need it go without legal protection only because it is too expensive for them. I commenced to talk with some of them, and out of these contacts grew the idea of this new departure in the dissemination of legal advice.

The clinic serves only persons in the lower income brackets, and therefore it does not divert any business from attorneys dealing with clients who have the means and foresight to protect themselves with information. I am glad to say that the New York County Lawyers'

Association has recently gone on record as endorsing the general establishment of legal clinics, and similar enlightenment among lawyers at large will hasten the day when clinics will be available in adequate numbers.

One of my recent clients was a janitor who bought a car in order to take his wife and children to the country on week ends, and it can be imagined what delicate budget balancing had to be carried out to make the transaction possible.

My client was swindled by an unscrupulous dealer who talked him into purchasing what the dealer represented—verbally, of course—to be a 1936 model. The janitor traded in his old car and signed up to pay \$300—\$100 down, with payments of \$10 monthly. Driving the car home, he thought it would be a good idea to stop at the sales agency of its manufacturer to check the date, and on doing this he was told his machine was of 1934 vintage. Returning to the secondhand dealer, the janitor made his protests, only to be told to look at his bill of sale. Sure enough, that paper stated that the car was a 1934 model. The janitor insisted that the deal be called off, and was calmly told that the car he traded in had already been sold.

The car in question was not to be seen, although the janitor was given the freedom of the place to look for it, and of course the old trick of moving the car temporarily to another dealer's lot had been worked once more.

While there was no chance for the legal clinic to protect this client from the effects of his own gullibility, it did provide him with sufficient information to enable him to protect himself if he takes another venture into secondhand land. When a prospective buyer consults the legal clinic he is advised to insist that the outstanding claim of a sales talk be included in the bill of sale (and they would be, if the dealer felt he had to do this in order to retain the customer), thereby leaving a great deal less chance for deceptive automotive oratory.

Whether all secondhand dealers are rascals or not is beside the point. What the legal clinic drives home to the average man is that, without decent legal protection, he cannot hope to guard himself against being outdone by people who make a living from sharp practice; and that is knowledge which is mighty valuable for \$1. The trouble is that, up to now, through its high-hat attitude, the bar has made it prohibitively expensive

for the average man to get hold of such information, and the superficial philosopher might even work around to the premise that the bar is derelict in its duty to the public it professes to serve. Is it possible that heretofore the bar just did not care? Anyhow, the action of the New York County Lawyers' Association is the first official gesture toward doffing this high hat.

The clinic's clients are people who have no money to waste, and it is a pathetic thing to listen to the stories of harassed widows, worried small shopkeepers, deluded leaseholders, and young married couples who are having their faith in human nature shattered by the skuldugery of some schemer. The legal clinic's service is frankly more preventive than curative, and I am glad to say that my clients return again and again for advice before making an unfamiliar move—or, better still, making an unfamiliar promise; for that is what many legal commitments often are: artistically worded promises.

Consider the regular installment contract. How many purchasers realize that down in the small print lurks a joker which not only makes it possible for the seller to repossess the article if payments fall behind but *continues the purchaser's obligation*

to pay the full price even after the retaking?

Legal clinic clients also know enough to get informed and unbiased advice about life insurance. They have learned that the cost of insurance varies with the kind of policy and that many of the more expensive policies, while furnishing protection, are luxuries which they cannot afford.

Small businessmen's troubles do not rate headlines, but they seem the most important things in the world to the victims when they visit the clinic. Take the case of a furniture dealer from a little town who came in to discuss a check on which payment had been stopped.

The furniture man's next-door neighbor was a grocer. Late on one Saturday afternoon a suave individual had been driven up to the furniture store in an imposing car. This party bought \$200 worth of furniture from the overjoyed dealer, who envisioned future sales to this person of wealth. When the customer proffered a check for \$250 in payment, the dealer promptly exchanged his own check—drawn to *Cash*—for the \$50 difference. The customer stepped into the grocery next door, bought a few dollars' worth of provisions, and to pay for them offered the furniture man's check, which the grocer

knew to be good and promptly cashed, giving the stranger \$45.50.

In the course of time the \$250 check came back, and the furniture man immediately stopped payment on the check cashed by the grocer; hence the former's trip to the legal clinic. Nothing could be done to help him, as the grocer had cashed his check in good faith.

One of the clinic's clients was foolish enough to purchase an old-fashioned watch in an out-of-date case, and, when his friends laughed at its lack of style, he tried to get his money back. The jeweler refused to oblige, because the condition of the watch was such that the customer was perfectly well able to judge it for himself; and this interpretation of the transaction was perfectly just.

Another trusting client, however, temporarily dazzled, invested in an imitation gold watch which he thought to be

genuine. Although the jeweler carefully refrained from saying anything that would create a false impression, our client was successful in having his money refunded, because the watch was not what it appeared to be.

Remember these two instances the next time you buy *anything*.

And there you have the reason for the legal clinic. So many things the average man promises to do are not what they appear—are not what he imagines they are. The buying of a diamond, a fur coat, or a little car; the leasing of a store; the purchase of a home; the bequeathing of a small estate—events that spell sacrifice, love, and enterprise—can be made instead sources of disappointment and heavy loss. Up to now the bar has been too busy balancing its high hat at the fashionable tilt, an angle that kept its eyes from seeing the average man with only a few dollars to spend.—*William S. Weiss, condensed from Forum.*

* * *

Our Mission

WE live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance, and the plain duty of each of us and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it.—*T. H. Huxley.*

THE DISAPPEARING SURGEON

HE was one of Chicago's busiest young surgeons, doing about 50 major operations a month, and he said, "If I had a son, I would think very seriously before planning to have him study surgery when he grew up."

And it wasn't the difficulty of the art, or the tension of life-and-death responsibility, that gave him pause. He was wondering whether, about 30 years from now, there would be very much for a surgeon to do. He was wondering whether a child of today could earn a good living as a surgeon beginning, say, around 1970.

He was, of course, speaking half in jest. For no one can tell what advances will be made in the surgery of chest, heart, and brain to take up the losses of the surgeon in other fields. But the fact is that almost every advance in medical science today is made at the expense of the surgeon. X-ray treatments, injection treatments, new drugs, even the new psychiatric treatments are keeping people off the operating tables.

The whole trend toward public health measures, toward preventive medicine, must eventually affect the surgeon. For

while the general practitioner can shift from curative to preventive work, the surgeon can't shift.

The problem is not exactly immediate. The total number of operations performed on human bodies goes up every year. But this is because of expansion of medical facilities, and because of advance in public education; it is not a sign of increasing importance of surgery as a medical technique.

The great age of surgery may well have reached its climax. Even the surgeon will admit that his art, refined and ultra-sterilized and bolstered by complicated and ingenious modern inventions, is still the most primitive approach to medicine. For it is the last resort, the radical measure—the cutting out, in mortal danger, of some poison center—which we may eventually learn how to prevent or otherwise dispel.

Certain operations have already been practically eliminated by the growth of medical knowledge. There was scrofula, a tubercular gland condition in the neck, which involved a big, dangerous exercise of the knife. Older surgeons have per-

formed many such operations. Younger surgeons can tell you that they learned the operation from their masters, but have never had occasion to perform it. For, with public health campaigns against tuberculosis, and with very wide attention to tonsil conditions, scrofula is disappearing.

Hernia, goitre, even ulcer and cancer operations, are diminishing in proportion to other methods of treatment. As one surgeon lightly puts it: "Every time I pick up the medical journal, I wonder what are they going to take away from us now."

And there is a paradox in this medical development, for it is just now, when surgery is practically fool-proof, that other ways are being found to do its work. The last decades have seen the standardization of surgery to a gleaming ritual, the reduction of operative deaths to a vanishing point. The story of the goitre operation is a fine example of the perfection of a surgical technique, just as it begins to seem as if the cause of the disease can be avoided.

Studies of the endocrine glands are already bringing treatments that will eliminate some of the disorders for which women are now operated upon. X-ray therapy and radium treatments are already taking the

place of surgery in treating some cases of cancer in the uterus. Thus, some of the heaviest and most risky of operations are being taken from the calendar.

The use of radium for cancer treatment, generally, is growing; but there are other advances in the understanding of cancer that eliminate surgical treatment. Until recently, for instance, it was a widespread practice to remove nodules, or lumps, in breasts; often entire breasts were removed, sometimes causing psychological trauma in young women, because such lumps were thought to be the beginnings of cancer. Today, however, it is recognized that many of these growths are not at all dangerous in form; thousands of such operations are eliminated.

Kidney operations, too, have been greatly reduced as a result of progress in the prevention of the formation of stones. For people in whom a tendency toward stone-formation appears can be placed upon diets which eliminate the materials that contribute to that tendency.

Quite recently, drugs have been tried to remove gall bladder obstructions, but this is as yet limited to isolated materials that can be dissolved by known drugs. Surgeons point out that it would be preposterous to hope for medicine aid in gall

bladder cases where the obstruction is already formed, blocking the duct through which the medicine would have to come.

Another recent medical advance has eliminated the operation on the prostates which, since it was often performed on quite old men, had a high mortality. The new "punch operation," which even non-surgeons can perform with special training, removes excess material through the urethra, and is not at all in the major league of death. Even this may be eliminated, as the understanding of sex hormones develops, and control of endocrines becomes possible.

But medical discovery has even more blows for the surgeon. Stomach ulcers, high on the list of majors, are now known to be influenced by emotional and psychological factors. Furthermore, when caught early, they respond to medical and dietary treatment. So the next few decades may be expected to bring a peaceful solution to the ulcer problem.

New cures for gonorrhoea will, of course, cut down in the arthritis complications that frequently result from that disease, and rob the surgeon of his calls to repair arthritic knees.

But the causes of general arthritis — not connected with

gonorrhoea, are as yet unknown; and as long as this medical mystery remains unsolved, the bone surgeon will be busy.

Overnight, however, this discovery may be made.

And the orthopedic surgeon, specializing in lengthening tendons and straightening muscles, may be well justified in keeping his son from following his career, for methods of preventing infantile paralysis—which disease brings a large percentage of his patients—are already known.

And right next to him is the surgeon who specialized in removing varicose veins. He's now applying the injection technique, which is one of the best examples of the elimination of surgery. Except for some minor supplementary surgery, varicose veins can now be handled almost entirely by injection.

What's left for the surgeon? When the sources of cancer and of appendicitis are discovered, there will be very little left.

But surgeons are looking for new fields to conquer; they are developing brain and heart surgery, and delicate surgery to remove tumors of the lungs, and lung abscesses.

Being widely humanitarian, they are the last to regret the signs of the passing of their age.
—*Martin Lewis, condensed from Ken.*

¶One of the greatest living scientists says—

I BELIEVE IN GOD

THE best reply to the question "Do you believe in God?" is that it requires an education rather than an answer, for it is obvious that anyone who does not know all about the universe can not have any sharply defined conception of *the integrating factor in it all*. It seems to me that everyone who reflects at all believes in one way or another in God.

From my point of view, the word atheism is generally used most unintelligently, for it is to me unthinkable that a real atheist should exist at all. I may not, indeed, believe in the conception of deity possessed by the Congo negro who pounds the tom-tom to drive away the god whose presence and influence he fears, and it is certain that no modern religious leader believes in the god who has the attributes which Moses, Joshua, and the Judges ascribe to their deity.

But it seems to me as obvious as breathing that every man who is sufficiently in his senses to recognize his own inability to comprehend the problem of existence, to understand whence he himself came and whither he is going, must in the very ad-

mission of that ignorance and finiteness recognize the existence of a Something, a Power, a Being in whom and because of whom he himself "lives and moves and has his being."

That Power, that Something, that Existence, we call God.

I am not much concerned whether I agree precisely with you in my conception or not, for both your conception and mine must, in the nature of the case, be vague and indefinite. Least of all am I disposed to quarrel with the man who spiritualizes nature and says that God is to him the Soul of the universe; for spirit, personality, and all those abstract conceptions which go with it, like love, duty, beauty, *exist* for you and for me just as much as do iron, wood, and water. They are in every way as real for us as are the physical things which we handle in everyday life.

Everyone who is sufficiently in his senses to recognize his own inability to comprehend the problem of existence bows his head in the presence of the Nature, if you so desire to call it—the God, I prefer to say—who is behind it all and whose attributes are partially revealed

to all of us, and increasingly so revealed as our knowledge grows, so that it pains me as much as Lord Kelvin said it did him "to hear crudely atheistic views expressed by men who have never known the deeper side of existence." Let me, then, use the word God to describe that which is behind the mystery of existence and that which gives meaning to it.

I think you will not misunderstand me then when I say that I have never known a thinking man who did not believe in God.

I do not see how there can be any sense of duty, or any reason for altruistic conduct which is entirely divorced from the conviction that moral conduct, or what we call goodness, is somehow or other worth while, that there is Something in the universe which gives significance and meaning, call it value if you will, to existence and no such sense of value can inhere in mere lumps of dead matter in-

teracting accordingly to purely mechanical laws.

Job saw thousands of years ago the futility of finite man's attempting to *define* God, when he cried, "Can man with searching find out God?" And similarly wise men ever since have always recognized their own ignorance and finiteness, and have been content to stand in silence and reverence before him.

Einstein states the scientist's conception exceedingly well as follows: "It is enough for me to contemplate the mystery of conscious life perpetuating itself through all eternity, to reflect upon the marvelous structure of the universe, which we can dimly perceive, and to try humbly to comprehend even an infinitesimal part of the intelligence manifested in Nature."

I myself need no better definition of God than that, and some such idea is in all religion as a basis for the idea of Deity.
—Robert A. Millikan, in *The New Current Digest*.

* * *

Aim

AN aim in life is the only fortune worth the finding; and it is not to be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

HUSBANDS PREFER PLAIN WOMEN

I HAD always considered my acquaintance Z an extremely lucky man, because although he himself was really quite an ordinary, unsuccessful little chap, he had a most beautiful and charming wife. She really was lovely, fascinatingly so, and dressed exquisitely.

But recently they asked me to visit them, and I have now changed my views. I still think that she is one of the most beautiful and charming women I have ever met, but I do not think he is at all lucky. Because their home is quite one of the most neglected and inefficiently run I have ever encountered, and I have a shrewd suspicion that Z has to get his own breakfast every morning, as I gathered that his wife, for beauty reasons, never rises before nine-thirty. Her toilet, to be as perfect as it obviously is, would, I imagine, occupy at least another hour, and she informs me that she rested every afternoon from two to four.

“If only every woman would do this,” she said with charming candor, “they would never have wrinkles, and I do think it is every woman’s duty to make the most of her appear-

ance, don’t you? Looking one’s best is quite as serious a business as any other, and if women will persist in doing their own housework and pottering about the garden they cannot expect to have beautiful hands, can they?” glancing appreciatively at her own satin-white and exquisitely-manicured ones.

Expensive beauty-treatments, coiffure, and visits to dress-makers must occupy quite a considerable proportion of her day, and as they kept only one not particularly brilliant servant I can fully understand why Z is inclined to be dyspeptic and harassed-looking. And why he so seldom has a new suit or decent hats and shoes. And why they have no children. And why . . . but why continue?

Yet I suppose he is fairly happy and very proud of his wife. And if he were a rich man he would have every reason to be. But that is just the point. He is not a rich man and is never likely to be. He is just an average, pleasant little chap.

Would he have secured a better bargain or a fairer deal if he had married a plain woman?

It does not follow, of course, that because a woman is plain

that she is capable, or that she possess compensating qualities such as "niceness," strength of character, intelligence, personality, or charm—but you will generally find that she does. Some plain women spend all their time futilely trying to remedy Nature's niggardliness; others are merely careless of it. Many, more intelligent, cultivate or develop compensatory qualities, such as a pleasant voice, a good figure, or sporting prowess.

I once knew two girls—one most scintillatingly attractive named Esme, and the other an extremely unprepossessing and uninteresting person whose name does not matter.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Esme one day, "why doesn't that girl do something about herself? Why doesn't she go in for physical culture to improve her voice and make herself more popular at parties, take advantage of the hundred-and-one aids to beauty today within the reach of everyone, and get an expert to tell her what to wear? Look at me. I loathe exercise, but I take it religiously. I detest lettuce and spinach, but for my complexion's sake I simply gorge the beastly stuff." I looked and found it easy.

But if plain women are not necessarily capable, neither are beautiful women necessarily in-

capable, even though at cocktail parties they may occasionally be drunk.

Still the more homely woman is less likely to live solely for her appearance. Her home and husband *and* children would probably receive a fair share of her time and attention. And she would not have to be continually humored, pampered, and admired. A ravishingly beautiful woman must frequently cause her husband poignant pangs of jealousy when her too dazzling smile is turned in other directions. Could he ever feel really sure of her? In the case of a plainer wife he would probably have few fears on this score at least.

Has the raging beauty an unfair advantage over her less favored sister? Apparently not, because many plain women possess the most model husbands and hold them. It is said that several of Hollywood's most dazzling male "stars" are married to comparatively plain women, and that theirs are the happiest and most permanent marriages.

Good looks may attract in the first instance, but they do not hold regard for long without sounder and more stable accompanying attributes. Beauty, alas, has a time-limit; character lasts. And if loveliness is a woman's sole asset and she

has no other weapons in her armory she is going to be pretty defenseless should she lose it. There is nothing more tragic than waning beauty, and with it waning affections. But its passing is going to be of small moment if in the first place it was other attributes than this which attracted. As the plain woman never relied upon appearances she has nothing to fear from or lose by the toll of the years.

Physical beauty is a glorious thing and I unabashedly wor-

ship at its shrine, yet, if I had to choose, I think I would prefer to live with a beautiful nature. And beauty can be just plain, blank, or it can be spiritual and intellectual.

Marriage based solely on physical attraction seldom survives the first year or two, except as an uninspiring "arrangement."

So that, all things considered, plain wives can probably compare more than favorably with breath-taking belles.—*Martin K. Hind, condensed from Outspan, South Africa.*

* * *

Eye brows and Why

SCIENCE, it seems, is stumped in trying to account satisfactorily for human eyebrows. What are they for? Some scientists have suggested that the hair surviving on the ridges above the eyes serves as a sort of cushion to soften blows at that point. Another theory is that hair formerly grew on the brows "for the purpose of shading early man and his ape ancestors from the sun." The most popular and most logical explanation seems to be that eyebrows were placed in their position so that when man does hard physical work the sweat of his brow, containing the strong waste acids secreted by the sweat glands of the skin would be caught by the hair, deflected to either side, and not run down into the eye cavity to sting and injure the tender tissues covering the eyeball.—*Parade.*

THE SHEIK ENTERTAINS

THIS is the land of the Arabian Nights. In this great barren waste, where none but the hardiest can survive, live about five million people. Along the coasts of Arabia dwell sea-faring people of numberless nationalities, but into this kingdom, now under the sway of Ibn Saud—Lord of Arabia—few foreigners had ever penetrated until the last few years when the magic word "oil" opened almost every gate.

Our scientific expedition is equipped for desert work in Baghdad, the straggling city on the banks of the Tigris River. Food and supplies are loaded on three motor-cars, and at dawn we move in single file across the bridge of boats westward into the desert.

As we move across the rolling hills strewn with flint and gravel we keep a sharp look-out for the great Bedouin tribe which is reported to be in our general vicinity. In the flickering heat waves, which distort every object, we see some gazelles bound over the horizon. Late in the afternoon we sight camels in the skyline and turn our cars away from the desert track in the direction of a young

man, seated on a white camel. He remains motionless, glaring fiercely at us as we come towards him.

To our questions in Arabic he replies that the tents of his sheik are pitched several miles to the north-west. Continuing on our way, we cross the top of a low hill, where below us lie a number of black tents scattered across the plain. A large tent with nine poles dominates the centre of the encampment. This must be the dwelling of the sheik.

As we drive up, dogs rush at us, barking savagely, and women grab their children and scurry with them into the tents. The sheik comes forward to greet us, and in reply to our *Salaam aleikum*, which means "Peace be unto you," he replies, holding his hand on his heart, *Wa aleikum es salaam*—"And unto you peace."

We are then presented to the elders of the tribe and invited into the council chamber of the main tent. Shortly after we are seated cross-legged around the camel's-thorn fire, tea and coffee are served. There are several points of etiquette.

The cup, or glass, must be taken in the right hand and after it has been drained as noisily as possible it is handed back to the server—never put on the ground, as this is a direct insult to the host. The soles of the feet must never be pointed toward anyone, as this is also a mark of contempt.

As we sip the beverage the sheik asks us questions about the water supply in some of the wells which we have passed. He also wants to know whether we have seen any other Bedouin tribesmen along the way. We are then invited to spend the night and after some polite hesitation, we accept. With a regal gesture he gives orders for the women to prepare the evening meal.

The women's quarters of the tent are separated from us by a low curtain of black camel's hair. As the darkness falls there is a strange feeling of being watched, and through holes in the black curtain several eyes can be seen glinting in the flickering light of the fire. Women and children are taking the opportunity to look at the fair-haired and fair-skinned visitors.

The stillness of the night is broken by the droning of an airplane as it wings its way from Cairo to Baghdad—a Douglas Air Liner bound from Amsterdam to Java. The Bed-

ouins pay little attention to it, since they have grown accustomed to airplanes.

Up to the present time good manners have prevented our host from questioning us regarding the purpose of our visit, and we have, for the same reason, refrained from mentioning it to him. The conversation around the fire is devoted mainly to political topics and an attempt by the sheik to confirm, or dispel, certain rumors which have reached him out in the desert.

Suddenly there is a shuffling of feet outside the tent, and the sheik invites us to come outside and wash our hands. From a spouted vessel a tall Negro servant pours water over our hands. Soap and a towel are also provided for the guests. According to Mohammedan custom the hands must be washed before and after every meal, even in this barren region where water is always at a premium.

We take our places once again around the hearth and a large brass tray piled high with rice surmounted by the complete carcass of a lamb awaits our hungry eyes. A number of small dishes containing sour milk called *laban*, gravy, and cucumbers cover the floor.

You, as the honored guest, are invited by the sheik to pluck out the eyes of the lamb and to

eat them. There is no question of refusal. As Colonel T. E. Lawrence once told me, this habit is like eating oysters—after the first dozen they are not hard to swallow!

With his own hands the sheik tears the meat apart and lays the tenderest morsels in front of his guests. The correct method of eating is to grab a handful of rice, covered with gravy, and squeeze it until it becomes the size of a golf ball, and ram it into the mouth. Every gesture of eating and drinking must always be accompanied by as loud a noise as possible. Despite the urgings of our host, the time arrives when we become incapable of swallowing even one more grain of rice, and with profuse apologies for our lack of appetite, we struggle to our feet and once again wash our faces and hands.

Turning around, we see that our places have been taken by the elders of the tribe, who, eating with amazing ferocity, rarely utter a word during the entire performance. The younger men take their places in turn and the scraps are thrown to the dogs, who wait hungrily outside the tent. When the debris has been cleared away, we seat ourselves beside the fire.

Coffee and tea are again served, and now comes the time to divulge our reason for visit-

ing these Bedouin tents. I tell the sheik that I am writing a book on the peoples of the Near East and that not to include his magnificent tribesmen would be an insult to his people. I explain that it is necessary to measure and photograph a number of individuals so that an average can be obtained.

After some little difficulty he finally consents to producing fifty individuals per day until two hundred and fifty have been studied. Some of the older men mutter among themselves that we are Christians and infidels, but a stern glance from the sheik cautions them to keep this idle chatter to themselves.

Just outside the tent there appears an old Bedouin carrying in his left hand a curious musical instrument. This is the single stringed *rabayba*, the ancestor of the modern violin. At the invitation of the sheik he takes his place at the back of the group. He sings verses of the victories of his tribesmen, the wondrous beauty of some desert maiden with eyes like those of a gazelle, or the speed and endurance of some famous Arab stallion. During the song, members of the tribe join in the chorus.

This is a picture never to be forgotten. The fire illuminates the keen expressions of the men, whose brows are furrowed and

whose faces are lined, not so much with care and worry as with the continual struggle for existence.

One of our party attempts to hide a yawn, but the sheik sees him out of the corner of his eye, and shortly afterward he graciously invites us to turn in.

Mattresses are brought and spread around the fire and cushions piled on top of them. The fire itself is banked with camel's-thorn and camel dung and we go to sleep—perhaps feeling a little uneasy as to our safety—but in fact safer than we are at home, because this great Bedouin sheik of the desert and his tribesmen will protect us, his guests, even with their lives, for this is the ancient law of the desert.

In the morning, we are awak-

ened by the bleating of sheep, and shortly after sunrise the entire camp is filled with activity. While coffee and tea are being prepared we set up our anthropological instruments and make preparations for our work. The sheik sends one of his personal servants, usually a Negro, to bring in the subjects for our examination.

At the end of five days 235 Bedouins of this tribe have been measured and we have made copious notes on the history and migrations of the tribe. Our visit has been a pleasant one. Although we are only a few hours from the fringe of western civilization, we have been living as did Abraham several thousand years ago, and the Biblical story takes on a new vividness for us all.—*Henry Field, condensed from Talks, New York.*

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Current Cases

A chap was arraigned for assault and brought before the judge.

Judge: "What is your name, occupation, and what are you charged with?"

Prisoner: "My name is Sparks; I am an electrician, and I'm charged with battery."

Judge: (after recovering his equilibrium) "Officer, put this guy in a dry cell."—*Grit (Sydney, Australia).*

¶Other nations might follow this example—

FINLAND—AN HONEST AND PATRIOTIC NATION

“SUOMI!” You should hear a Finn pronounce that word—his own name for his native land. He puts his soul into it. He breathes love and pride and reverence. Suomi, the motherland, is always present in his thoughts, his acts, his dreams.

Yet the Finns never let this intense patriotism flame up into aggressiveness. To be free, to be left alone, to leave others alone—that, in a nutshell, is the creed of Suomi. It is the creed of a people who, though solidly enlisted in the cause of peace, have no touch of softness or weakness.

Finnish patriotism manifests itself in ways that seem paradoxical and curious until you find the key. The Finns are ardent lovers of music, particularly the music of their grand old man, Jean Sibelius, often called the greatest of living composers, and they are ardent fans for track athletics, particularly long distance running as typified by the matchless performances of Paavo Nurmi.

An odd combination? Yes, if you like. But both their music and their athletics have a patriotic background.

During the days when the czar's officials were trying to stamp out all national spirit and make Russians out of the Finns, one of the excuses for gathering in crowds was to attend athletic meets, and one of the ways to slap the czar's face was for a Finn to win an event at an international track meet. To this day, Finnish athletes are out to win honors for Finland—Suomi.

And during the dark days of czarist persecution, Sibelius worked passionately for the cause of freedom. His great tone poem, “Finlandia,” expressed the soul and aspirations of Suomi so explicitly that Finnish audiences were whipped into a frenzy of patriotic enthusiasm whenever they heard it. The czarist police finally forbade its performance throughout the land.

The co-operatives, 6,000 of them, with a membership of 800,000, were another means of fanning patriotism and teaching Finns to band together for their own ends, strengthening their solidarity. Co-operatives can be traced back to the remote times when villagers clubbed to-

gether to hire hunters to protect them from wolves. In their modern form they are about forty years old.

Patriotism expresses itself in another strange way. Take the matter of "national honor"—that phrase which has caused so many wars and squabbles. The way Finland interprets national honor is in terms of national honesty. If you borrow money, you pay it back—that's the way they look at this sort of thing up in Finland. Out of a total of \$8,500,000 owed to the United States as a result of war indebtedness, she has paid up to date nearly \$5,000,000, or more than half.

Finland is only rounding out its twentieth year as an independent nation. But the homogeneous people that dwell in the area between the Baltic, on the south and west, and the icy deserts of the Arctic have always thought of themselves as a race apart. United with Sweden for nearly 700 years, the Finns remained Finns. During the Napoleonic wars, they fell under the stern rule of the czar. Still they found ways to preserve their inner integrity, their proud identity. Russia never became Finland's friend, and when the Bolshevik revolution struck it was Finland's moment. In bitter fighting, she resisted Russia's attempts to hold her. Te-

nacity and hardihood won, and July 17, 1919, Finland was proclaimed a republic.

Merely because Finland's patriotism is non-aggressive, it must not be assumed that her people are soft. The rigors of their climate have made them tough and taciturn. Even about the women of Finland, there is a touch of iron.

There is, for example, the national pastime of *sauna*—the Finnish bath. Imagine a windowless hut, sealed except for a small opening in the roof, containing a lot of big stones, heated red-hot by a fire underneath them. Imagine a naked Finn blithely pouring dippers of water on those stones, until he and various other Finns are enveloped in clouds of hot steam. Imagine the whole bunch serenely lying on their backs in this stifling atmosphere—aye, even on planks right under the roof where it is hottest!—or belaboring each other with small branches, cut from nearby trees, until their skins are tingling. Then—if you can—imagine them racing out of the blinding, suffocating steam-clouds, and plunging, with shrieks of joy, into an ice lake or snow bank!

That's the *sauna*. The Finns think it helps explain their athletic prowess. The inhabitants of the interior of Finland simply adore it.

Helsinki, the capital, is spacious, clean, and self-confident. The architecture is strangely modern, notable for boldness and originality; it is something of their own, imitated from nowhere. Native architects have been encouraged to express themselves.

The residents of this spick-and-span little metropolis (there are 300,000 of them) are innately democratic, like their brothers of the hinterland. Their patriotism goes hand in hand with an almost complete lack of interest in class distinctions. And they have long thought that there should be no difference in the status of men and women.

Even under the czarist regime, "women's rights" flourished. Long before the dawn of independence one could see girl students enrolled at the Helsinki university, side by side with Cossack officers and Russian male officials of all ranks. You could also see girls employed in business and doing other kinds of work which

women weren't yet doing in other countries.

In rural districts some of them are still partial to the old native costumes—high bodices, full sleeves, bright-hued, ample skirts. When they become sophisticated as a result of years of town life, the women of Suomi adapt foreign styles to their daily use with much good taste and discrimination. They have a passion for cleanliness—many Finnish homes seem to undergo a scouring once an hour or so! And the skins of the women who scour them, as a result of years of indulgence in the steaming, freezing *sauna*, literally glow with cleanness.

Sibelius! There's a name to conjure with in Suomi! To his fellow-Finns, music-lovers all, music reaches a pinnacle of excellence in his massive and powerful works. And, far beyond the borders of his native country, Sibelius won recognition years ago as one of the giants of our day. —*T. R. Ybarra, condensed from the Christian Science Monitor.*

* * *

WE judge ourselves by what we are capable of doing;
others judge us by what we have done.—*Longfellow.*

HOW LONG CAN YOU LIVE?

YOU had a mother and a father, two grandmothers and two grandfathers. Take the number of years that each of these ancestors lived, add them together, and divide by six. The result will give you—very roughly—your hereditary life expectancy.

Having obtained this figure of the number of years you can expect to live, probably the best thing you can do is to throw it away and forget it—after allowing it to impress the lesson that heredity is a powerful factor in determining a person's span of life. Indeed, the only other factor is environment, which includes the things you eat and drink and the bacilli you bump into.

The rule given above is a fairly accurate statistical method of determining the influence of heredity on life expectancies over a large number of cases. But in your particular instance it may not mean a thing. More than likely the figure errs on the side of permission. Grandfather may have died in a fall from a haystack. Grandmother may have died from ingesting typhoid germs. These are environmental accidents which do not in the least depreciate the

bumptious durability of your own germ plasm.

What you inherit in the way of a constitution, and what you do about that inheritance are two entirely different things.

Nevertheless, statistics become extremely fascinating when they set out to tell us how long we may expect to glorify the earth with our presence.

To begin with, you have one chance in 100,000 of living to be a hundred. That chance is better if you are a woman; two out of three centenarians are of the so-called weaker sex. One explanation is that life, except for childbirth, imposes fewer hazards on women.

If you want to live to be sixty-four, you have a fifty-fifty chance. Out of 100,000 persons, 50,000 reach that age. Better yet, if you have reached sixty, statistics give you an additional fourteen and a half years, if you are a man, or an extra sixteen if you are a woman.

The odds that you will reach the age of fifty are four to one; 75,000 out of 100,000 attain that age. It is exactly the reverse—one chance in four—that you will live to be seventy-

seven; 25,000 out of 100,000 live that long.

A baby born today can expect to live sixty years. A hundred years ago life expectancy was only thirty-five years. In 1854 it was forty.

Medicine knows how to protect infants from childhood diseases, and people in general from infections, giving more persons a chance to live out their biological life-span.

All animals, including man, have an inborn, natural span of life. It begins with conception and ends with death. To be born is to begin to die. This is neither pessimism nor optimism, merely nature.

Chickens live from three to five years. Dogs are senile at twenty. Mayflies live twenty-four hours. A carp may live 150 years. Each week of a laboratory rat's life is equivalent to one year of a human being's. Thirty years is average for a horse and a turtle may live three centuries. The normal life span of man is between fifty and eighty years. Which of these extremes you tend towards depends largely upon your choice of ancestors.

Is there nothing you can do to increase your natural span of life? Will big muscles make you live longer? Can you exercise yourself into nonagenarianism or diet yourself into an

added decade beyond your biological inheritance? Unhappily, there is not an iota, not a jot or tittle, nor a chemical trace of proof that you or I can do any such thing. But by sensible living we can keep from passing away before our time.

The findings of life insurance statisticians, of Prof. Raymond Pearl, and of other scientists, support the conclusion that, by and large, the following make for long life:

Lower blood pressure and slower pulse than average.

Long-lived parents.

Thin body build.

No hard physical labor after forty.

Abstention from alcohol, or merely moderate indulgence.

Non-use of tobacco.

The right occupation.

Sensible diet, no overeating.

Optimism and sufficient rest.

Absorbing interests.

Good luck as regards accidents.

The most important of these—long-lived parents—is beyond individual control. Parents are between two and three times as important as grandparents in handing down a long-lived heredity. If your grandfather and grandmother lived to be eighty, that's fine—but it's much better if your father and mother did.

And as between parents—not that you have any choice about it—a long-lived mother is to be preferred to a long-lived father, as far as your chances of attaining advanced age are concerned.

Persons who die young are, as Prof. Pearl has pointed out, quite literally bad eggs, in the biological sense.

But you can do something about most of the other items if you really want to live on to the very last possible minute. You can even violate some of them with possible impunity; many centenarians have done so. But you can't tell which ones to flout.

The mind does not age so swiftly as the body. That is why age does not come so swiftly to the man whose hobbies, work, or interests keep him alert. You can actually live longer if you have some absorbing interest; more accurately, you can keep from dying too soon.

If I'm putting on weight, I can curb a tendency to overeat, realizing that persons who live to advanced ages are almost invariably of thin, wiry build.

As I grow older I can eat more meals, but consume less at each sitting; my digestive system will appreciate it. At the

same time I will have to make sure that my slenderer meals are properly balanced with vitamins and minerals.

If I would rather live long than enjoy my pipe, I surrender tobacco, which, according to Prof. Pearl, definitely impairs life expectancy. This same authority on longevity says that alcohol in moderation will not shorten life, but that in excess it definitely does so.

Some 2,000 case histories of nonagenarians and centenarians studied by Prof. Pearl show that some of these long-lived persons ate gluttonously, others sparingly; some drank heavily and some didn't; some got a lot of sleep and others didn't—in short, they showed about the same variations in habits as people in general.

But in one respect the long-lived *did* differ from the general run of mankind: "The vast majority of these extremely long-lived people" (again quoted Prof. Pearl) "were of a placid temperament, not given to worry."

Which led him to the following generalization: "*The length of life is generally in inverse proportion to the rate of living.*"—Paul Anderson, *condensed from Your Life, New York.*



RUBINSTEIN—THE GREAT PIANIST

I STILL can see Rubinstein sitting there and smoking in a large easy chair. I see a striking ensemble—the leonine head, the great forehead, the Beethoven-like hair. His eyes were nearly closed, for already he was complaining that they troubled him seriously.

This extraordinary artist, whose success was stupendous, was a simple person, almost timid; taciturn but affable; and he was never critical of other artists. There is a story that he once remarked of the great virtuosi of his day, "There is Tausig, there is Bulow, there is myself; but Liszt puts us all in his pocket." This comment may be compared with a remark of Hans von Bulow, who was always peevish and surly: "No, no," he said one day to his Berlin manager. "Do not offer that engagement to me; it may be good for a spectacular person like Rubinstein, but not for a Bulow." Indeed the Russian giant was in every respect more spectacular than Bulow, who was small and sickly, and whose playing—when I heard him, at least—was dry and pedantic.

Rubinstein, as well as Liszt, was disappointed in the hope

that his success as a composer would equal his success as a virtuoso. The works of Rubinstein have been characterized as the music of a pianist. Fashion, with the help of snobbishness, has cast aside his delicious Persian melodies, his duos so charming, his chamber music for piano and strings, for piano and wind instruments, and even his compositions for piano, which comprise more than two hundred pieces. Of these, the *Etudes*, for instance, and the five *Barcarolles* are full of poetry and feeling. The *Preludes and Fugues*, and his *Variations*, also are first rate music. But fashion can not, indeed, destroy what it neglects, and all these compositions, remarkable for their charm of personality, their grace or their warmth of feeling, will be revived.

He has been reproached for his fecundity, and with lack of patience to work out details. He gave forth his works as they presented themselves to him, fresh from his pen, without revisions, without alterations. It was said that he showed a feverish haste to create, to be always producing. The various judgments passed upon him

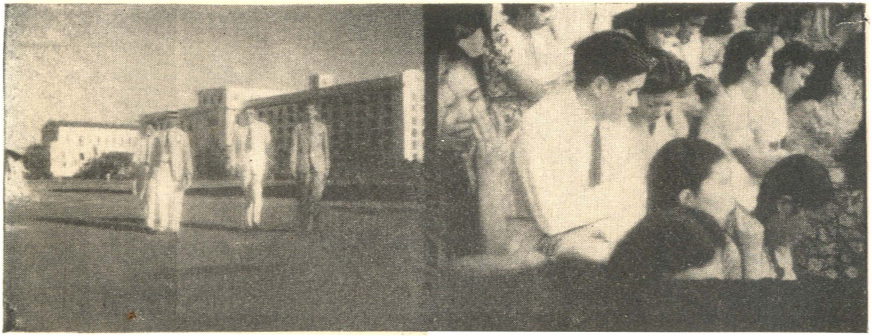
(Turn to page 37)

Panorama of Philippine Life —

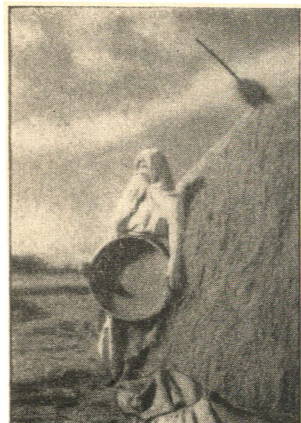


In the Gloaming

—Patileo

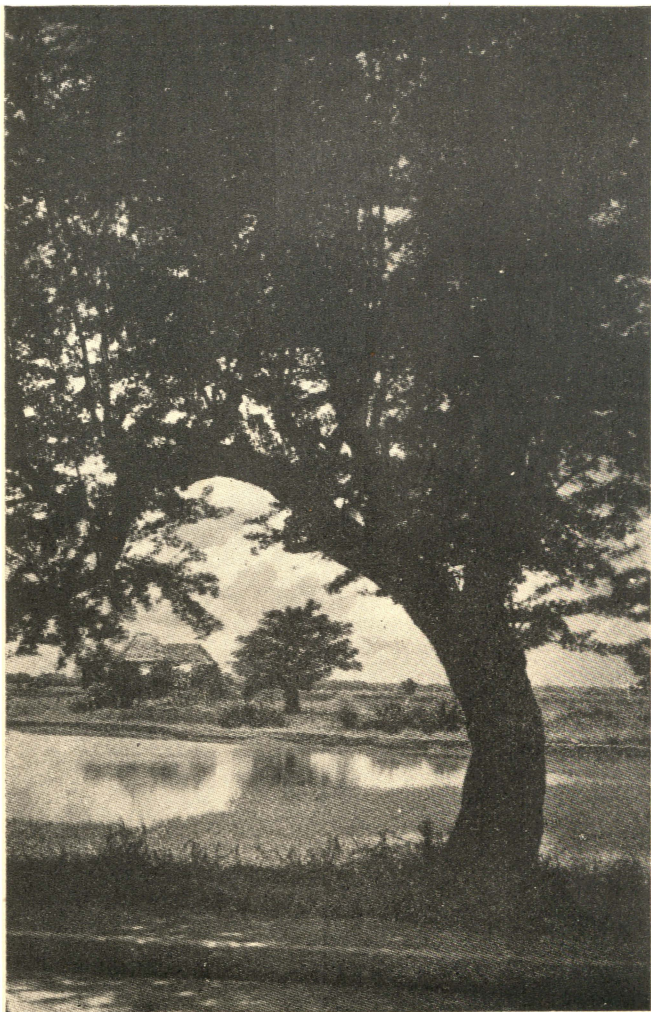


Speakers and audience—State University



Rice Harvest

—Palileo



Still Waters


—*Photo Finishing*



Freedom of Speech?

Carmen Planas, Manila Councillor, junior-law student in the state university, wants to know if her utterances criticizing President Quezon for what she considers an improper participation in the last elections for Assembly membership are not within the constitutional guarantee. The President tells her to prove her criticisms before the Civil Service Commissioner. She refuses. The Supreme Court orders her to do so. Miss Planas may appeal to the U. S. Supreme Court.

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were so contradictory that they in themselves are amusing. "The Jews," he said (his grandfather was a Jew, and he himself was baptized at the age of twelve months), "regard me as a Christian; and the Christians, as a Jew; the Germans as a Russian; the Russians, as a German; the composers, as a pianist, the pianists, as a composer. What am I?"

In 1893, after painful family difficulties, he retired to Dresden. There he lived modestly in two rooms, seeing only a few chosen friends; playing whist—in which he excelled; but aloof from all other interests.

Rubinstein died in Russia, in sadness, but yet trusting in the future, believing that in time he would be recognized in his rightful place, and that that place would be a lofty one. "Let it be," he said. "To resign one's self is the great secret. It is not death which harms us, but life." He had suffered too many disappointments; but he suffered also from the fog and doubt which is born in mind of the creative artist, as he realizes how fragile is human effort.

Some quotations from his *Pensées* shall follow:

"Instrumental music is the most intimate friend of man. One will acknowledge this es-

pecially when he is suffering morally. The piano is the instrument which responds, above all others, to this sentiment. Therefore I consider that the study of the piano is a benefit to humanity, and I should like to make it obligatory in the schools, so that each one could enjoy it."

"I have played in public so much that I observed that I played better than I did when I was alone. And I ceased to play in public when I found that I played better for myself than for the public."

He said also, "If I go one day without practicing, I notice it; if I go two days, my friends know it; if three days, the public notices it."

Rubinstein and Henri Wieniawski made a concert tour in America in 1872. Each received two hundred thousand francs. The itinerary was carefully arranged. During eight months they travelled through America from the North to New Orleans. Two hundred and fifteen concerts! Sometimes they gave two or even three concerts on the same day, in different cities. The receipts and the success of the concerts were always huge. But Rubinstein suffered so much from this tour—"factory labor," he called it—that when two years later he was

offered half a million for another tour, he refused.

The kindness of Rubinstein was proverbial, but people abused it, just as they do today with another great artist: I mean Paderewski. There is a story that on one occasion, at Hamburg, Rubinstein promised the men of the orchestra a splendid supper with caviar, if his opera, *The Maccabees*, was successful. But the opera was a failure. Rubinstein went away sadly to his hotel. He was about to undress when there was a knock at his door.

"Who is there?" he inquired.

"I, *Monsieur* Rubinstein, Meyer. I play the double-bass in the orchestra. I have come to the supper."

"But there is no supper. You know very well that my opera did not please."

"It did not please the others, *Monsieur* Rubinstein, but I liked it very much." And Rubinstein dressed again, to have supper with the old musician.

I remember that when my great friend, Theodore Ritter, died suddenly (the most admirable of the French pianists, he was), his despairing wife was left without a penny, and she sent me with a friend to Rubinstein. We had scarcely spoken before he offered to pay for the funeral and to attend the services.

Another instance: Rubinstein was giving a concert in a large city of Austria. After the program was finished he received a pocketbook containing a large sum of money, the proceeds of the concert. In the crowd he saw a woman, a pianist whom he knew. He went to her and inquired about her situation. "It is wretched," she replied. "I am so ill-paid for my lessons, and yet obliged to teach, that I have had to give up playing altogether, which makes me very unhappy." Instantly Rubinstein handed her the pocketbook, with its contents.

Another anecdote is, alas, true. Rubinstein arrived in Russia, on one occasion, without a passport, and was obliged to interview the Chief of Police, General Galakhoff. He waited in the antechamber one hour, two hours, three hours—standing all the time. He was not the only person waiting, and no one dared sit down. All who came with requests for the general had to stand.

Finally he was admitted to the office.

"Oh, yes, they have told me about you," gruffed the general. "They have told me who you are, but I'm not sure. So you must go at once and find my Chef de Bureau, Tschesnokoff, and play him something, so that we can find out if you are

really a pianist. Tschesnokoff will know."

His manner was scornful, even brutal. Rubinstein was taken to Tschesnokoff, who had a wretched little piano. The man threw himself down in an easy chair and commanded, "Now play!"

All the bitterness in the heart of the great, unfortunate artist, he expressed in his furious playing. Tschesnokoff listened pa-

tiently. At last he rose and led Rubinstein back to the general.

"It is true, Your Excellency, that this man is really a pianist, for he knows how to play the piano."

After three weeks of humiliating delay Rubinstein received his passport, which allowed him to be considered a man!

A delightful era, that! But is not life terrible even to-day in certain countries?—*Florence Leonard, in The Etude.*

* * *

For the Victim of Seasickness

HERE are five rules to check seasickness:

1. Do not overeat before or during the journey, particularly of fats.
2. In breathing, inhale quickly through the nose, exhale slowly through the mouth.
3. Lie down—the sooner the better.
4. If you can, try dancing in rhythm with the ship's movements.
5. Eat heavily of fruits and alkaline foods to prevent acidosis of the stomach.—*Hygeia.*

What Do You Know?

Derived from the Italian words meaning "broke bench," the word bankrupt originated with the old custom of destroying in the town market place the display bench of an Italian merchant unable to pay his debts.

*

The word "monkey" comes from an Italian word meaning "old woman."

*

During its first year a lobster sheds its shell seventeen times.

*

In Germany one person out of every seven is a stamp collector. In England one out of every thirteen, and in the United States one out of every fifty.

*

More rice is eaten today than any other food product in the world.

*

Sumatran women don't give a heck how much they reveal—as long as their knees are covered.

*

The British royal family own considerable property in New York City.

*

Most trees can be killed by cutting a girdle around the trunk, but the coconut tree is an exception—for it has no bark.

*

The ancient Romans believed that taking an ocean voyage and getting seasick served as an excellent remedy for nervous and mental ailments.

¶A document which will go down in history—

WHAT DOES THE JOINT PREPARATORY COMMITTEE'S REPORT MEAN?

THE report of an American-Philippine Joint Commission concerns the very crux of American involvement in the Far East, and, from the long-range viewpoint, might be as important to the United States and to world stability, as the Lima Conference and the refugee problem all rolled into one.

For over a third of a century, the Stars and Stripes has waved over those almost fabulous islands, with their 13,000,000 inhabitants, and their immense resources—mineral and agricultural—and their strategic position a few hundred miles from the Asiatic mainland and directly in the midst of Japan's oceanic sphere of influence. They are a buffer-archipelago between Japan and the East Indian possessions of Britain, the Netherlands, and France. They may soon be the nearest point to beleaguered China where a western power has still an ample foothold. They may be the last door in the East which Japan has not slammed.

On the surface, the report concerns dull economic subjects—trade relations between the United States and the Philip-

pinés. Not a word is said directly in the report about re-examining political relations between the two countries. There is no mention of an American naval base. And therefore many observers said: "Purely economic. No interest in this dramatic world."

Nothing could be farther from the fact. Actually, the report contains the most specific recipe for keeping the Islands independent of their mighty neighbor to the north. That remedy is not a military guarantee from the United States, which would be most difficult to deliver. It is internal economic stability, which in turn makes for political stability. In short, the report shows how the Philippines can save themselves by a gradual 20-year adjustment to an independent economy to match the political independence now contemplated.

The insular economy is now solidly knit into the American market. To cut those ties brusquely, in this world of trade barriers and prohibitions almost everywhere else, would clearly mean to throw the Philippines into economic chaos.

Even in 1941, when, under the Independence Act, an import tax of 5 per cent was to have been imposed on all Philippine exports to this country, restrictive effects such as unemployment and suffering would have been felt in the urban region round Manila. In a few years more, agrarian troubles probably would have been felt all over the Islands. And this economic strain would almost certainly have brought political instability along with it.

Such internal disruptions would have been the best possible preparation for the intervention of a powerful neighbor, advancing not only with the possibly specious lure of a compensatory market, but with military power of intervention just as soon as disorders gave the excuse.

It is easy to see that the first contribution to Philippine self-defense should be economic, and if the United States wishes to remain isolated from trouble in the Philippines, perhaps the best way is to take the easy steps now to see that the Islands are able to attain economic, as well as political, independence and stability. Certainly any Japanese intervention in the Philippines would put American public opinion under an unprecedented strain.

But will Congress see things

that way? That is the rub. Congressional opinion has been dominated in the past by American producers, anxious to block Philippine competition. Such competition, of course, is nothing like what it was before 1932. Now domestic sugar producers are well barricaded behind a quota which enables the industry to flourish; cotton-seed and animal fats producers are also protected by an excise tax. But, alas, there is always the possibility that, if the Philippines are under the American flag or enjoy special trade relationships, the present restrictions will be relaxed. So a considerable part of Congress is unqualifiedly for Philippine independence, the sooner the better, economically as well as politically.

This school of thinking does not recognize that the royal road to involvement in the Islands is to hurl them into economic and political instability. To this group, isolation means simply putting your head into the sand and letting the wind blow.

But the Joint Committee has prepared a very able document. It needs friends in Congress. It has White House approval. Yet it may have to wait long for enthusiastic sponsors on Capitol Hill, and violent controversy seems bound to arise. Once again, it will be a battle between

narrow protectionist interests and a broader type of world policy. It is an uphill struggle.

The Committee's recommendations are adroit. They stick substantially to the import tax system for the initial five-year period of 1941-45, and merely propose in essence to keep on

raising tariffs by 5 per cent a year until the full 100 per cent is reached. The scheme sounds reasonable. If enacted, it can be Congress's greatest contribution to a stable Philippines and stable American relations with the entire Orient.—*Erwin D. Canham, condensed from the Christian Science Monitor.*

* * *

In a Big Way

A tourist was enjoying the wonders of California as pointed out by a native.

"What beautiful grapefruit," he said, as they passed through a grove of citrus-trees.

"Oh, those lemons are a bit small owing to a comparatively bad season," explained the Californian.

"What are those enormous blossoms?" questioned the tourist a little bit farther on.

"Just a patch of dandelions," answered the guide.

Presently they reached the Sacramento River.

"Ah," said the tourist, "some one's radiator is leaking."—*Boy's Life.*

* * *

CONQUISTADOR IN KHAKI

UNDER Doctor Rafael Leonidas Trujillo y Molina, its president, the Dominican Republic, birthplace of the Western World, is being thoroughly and methodically sacked. Its million and a half inhabitants are living under a harsh and bloody reign of terror.

Trujillo was born Oct. 24, 1891, in the little town of San Cristobal, about 20 miles from the capital. His father was a storekeeper, cattle dealer, and a town drunkard.

Enlisting in the national guard during the American military occupation, Trujillo shrewdly studied American military methods. When the occupation ended he was a captain. Foreign restraints thrown off, he rose rapidly from rank to rank. As he did so, he gave men jobs in the army at better pay than they were accustomed to. He picked his men carefully and made it plain that they owed their army jobs to him. Thus he created a personal army whose loyalty he held with an iron hand. In 1930, he clenched that hand into a mailed fist, sent bayonet points to the ballot boxes, shouldered aside both legal restrictions and the squab-

bling, old-fashioned little generals, and marched to the presidency with his American-style army behind him.

Gangster rule began during that "campaign." Scores of Trujillo's opponents died mysteriously, were murdered or disappeared. Three days after the election, Trujillo's opponent in the campaign was imprisoned. He and his running mate later fled to Puerto Rico.

When Trujillo took office as president on Aug. 16, 1930, he appeared older than his 38 years. Handsome, his hair was prematurely greying at the temples, his face lined and immobile. A man of violent passions and terrible rages, he drinks heavily. He is curt to subordinates, distrustful of advisers, ruthless with opponents. He keeps his own counsel and rules harshly and alone.

Yet throughout the early years of his reign, he sought and listened to the advice of one person—his mistress, María Martínez. Intelligent, she served as his business agent. Charming, she helped him attain the courtly manner and graciousness which so impress those who are introduced to

him. Attractive, she is the mother of his natural son Ramfis.

Trujillo carried on a liaison with her until February, 1935. Then he pushed through his hand-picked Congress a divorce law freeing him from his wife. He then married Señora Martínez.

In addition to numerous country estates, he maintains two houses in the capital. From the exterior, they are more like fortresses than homes. One, in the capital's exclusive residential area, is set by itself in a city block bounded by high barbed-wire fence. The only other building in the square is the central army barracks. His front yard is a parade ground. Squads of troops guard each gate and patrol the area day and night.

The other house he has built far out on a point of reclaimed land which was created as a part of his harbor-dredging project. The single road leading to the house is guarded by three sentry houses. A separate permit is required to pass each. The house itself is surrounded on the other three sides by water. And moved to a dock, nosed into the Caribbean, is Trujillo's private yacht—a small, fast gunboat, provisioned for a long journey and ready to start at anytime.

The interiors of these houses

are a surprise after their military exteriors. They are sumptuously furnished in perfect taste. Trujillo, son of a *baracho campesino*, has acquired a passion for things continental, particularly French. One would scarcely guess that the costly tapestries and crystal chandeliers and old master oils are guarded by machine-gun emplacements at the doorways.

All this splendor is part of the campaign to impress the populace with Trujillo's greatness. Immediately after his election, he made it plain who was running the country. In a few months, the ancient capital was transformed. The city itself, founded as Santo Domingo by Columbus, was renamed Ciudad Trujillo.

Soldiers patrol the streets with fixed bayonets—the soldiers that recently slaughtered 10,000 Haitian men and women and children. When the colors are lowered from the Fortaleza Ozama at sundown and the national anthem played, or when the president's auto passes, everyone stops and stand bareheaded in the streets—according to presidential decree

Newspapers print no news only hysterical hymns to Benefactor. No one ever mentions Trujillo's name—he is referred to as "our man" or by the native, and as "

ackson" in the American colony. Your every move is known through the elaborate spy system; your mail is opened; magazines and books are censored.

But the splendor of the Benefactor has been built upon the ruin of the people. Risen to power on the arms of the military, Trujillo enlarged the army until now there is one soldier for every 295 citizens. The ratio is more than an academic one. The army is not for use in the national defense. It is for the use of the Benefactor. And so, to keep them content, the soldiers are housed in the best-looking, most modern buildings in each town. Khaki-clad in the style the crafty Trujillo learned during the American occupation, they are the best-dressed men in the country.

Overbearing, they are in the habit of entering any private party and eating and drinking and dancing as they please; or of entering a bar, picking up a girl who cannot refuse them, then seeing her shunned by her former friends because she condescended with a soldier. I talked to one such girl. María was an attractive 20-year-old — a social upperclass Dominican with dark brown skin, brown eyes, straight black hair, high cheek bones, and full lips. She had gone to a hotel café with

her fiancé one evening. A sergeant came into the little bar-room, saw the girl, sat down with the couple, and ordered a drink. He had several more, then told the girl she was leaving with him. There was nothing to do but accompany him. Her fiancé paid the bill. For slightly more than two weeks, the girl was the sergeant's terror-stricken mistress. When he tired of her, she found her engagement broken, her friends cold. She became a prostitute.

The masses in the country work on huge *fincas* owned by great landowners. Perhaps 20 men in the whole republic own nearly all the productive land; and one of the greatest landholders is Trujillo. For them, the workers labor for practically nothing.

In the city, thousands of Dominicans who are eager to beat the drum for the hero live parasitically on political sinecures—a desperate clan of ward-healers who love to roll their eyes mysteriously and refer to themselves and Trujillo as "we."

As a result, of course, nearly all the workers seek army jobs. There lies Trujillo's strength. Supreme commander of the army, he maintains himself in power by juggling officers and by paying the soldiers \$16 a month—a tremendous salary

for a Dominican when the average wage is around 25 cents a day and the soldier has no living expenses.

The Dominican common people never were prosperous. Now, with monopoly and taxation, Trujillo has driven them to actual starvation. The tax system acts regressively. There is no income tax, no inheritance or gift tax—nothing that would fall heavily on Trujillo or his wealthy supporters. Rather, there is an all-embracing system of heavy excise taxes.

In addition to the taxes, there is an extensive licensing system on business establishments, people, autos, venders, bicycles, and nearly everything else. The fees are unreasonably heavy.

To sway the opinions of the ignorant and to cloak the terror with a semblance of righteous acclaim, Trujillo has enlisted the aid of the republic's press. It has not been difficult. Emilio Reyes, a journalist who attacked the Trujillo administration, was killed in Ciudad Trujillo. It was announced he had been killed while attempting to escape arrest.

The often-persecuted Dr. Ramon de Lara was imprisoned in 1933 when he wrote that he believed re-election of government officials to be the curse of Latin America. The editor of his paper, also arrested, was released

when he promised to support the Trujillo administration. Later he was made a deputy in congress. The press gag law also was passed in April of 1933. When Trujillo announced in January this year that he would not be a candidate for re-election, the press touched a new low in handling his speech. It was printed verbatim, filling pages one and six in two-column type, with an eight-column banner in *La Opinión*, leading capital daily. There was no separate story on the speech—only its text.

On the second day after the "transcendental declaration," the same newspaper carried these headlines on page one: "It Cannot Be! Faces the Disconcerting Declaration of President Trujillo"; "Trujillo One More Time"; and "From All the Republic the Hon. Presidente Trujillo Molina Is Begged to Revoke His Sensational Determination."

The meek and servile sniffing of the press at the hero's firm departure aids Trujillo's grip on the country.

Trujillo had seized political control when he became president; immediately after, he blandly gave that control a naive semblance of legality of outlawing all political parties except his own Partido Dominicano. Without membership in

it, no one can vote. To it, the thousands of government employees hired by Trujillo must pay ten per cent of their salaries.

Although it hardly seemed necessary, a law was passed in April, 1933, providing that anyone spreading "information of subversive character injurious to the authorities or defamatory

of the government" should be tried as a criminal.

If Trujillo continues in power there will be a revolution. Some day a major revolt will come. The people know they are oppressed, and they hate Trujillo. But they are powerless against the well-armed, proportionately large military. —*John Martin, condensed from Ken.*

* * *

A Sure Sign

THE newly-weds had just got off their train.

"John, dear," said the bride, "let's try to make the people think we've been married a long time."

"All right, honey," was the answer, "you carry the suit-cases."—*Parade.*

* * *

Can't be Squelched

THE man at the theatre was annoyed by the conversation in the row behind.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I can't hear a word."

"Oh," replied the talkative one; "and is it any business of yours what I'm telling my wife?"—*Parade.*

MY ADVENTURES IN DEEP-SEA DIVING

DIVING used to be a game for muscle-bound weightlifters — men very shy on brains, or they wouldn't have been divers. The risks involved were pooh-pooed by these huskies, partly because of their brusque nature, partly because they had dived so recklessly and been subjected to "bends" so often as to become a little punch-drunk—like a burned-out fighter. Things happened to their minds under water. Eventually it caused most of them to become mentally unreliable, a little crippled. Many died suddenly from internal complaints that doctors couldn't understand.

Today, it is a different story.

On December 1, 1937, people sitting by their radios heard the voice of a diver being broadcast from the bottom of Lake Michigan. Four hundred and twenty feet of water was between him and the surface. Max Gene Nohl, the broadcasting diver, had gone 114 feet deeper than any man had ever attempted before. This is the story behind that record-breaking dive.

Air inside the diving equipment is not only air for the diver to breathe; it is also a safety factor—the strong me-

dium which puts its shoulder against the wall of the diving dress and pushes outward a little harder than the water is pushing in. In 100 feet of depth there are almost 48 tons of crushing water pressure being lifted off the diver's shoulders by the air inside his dress.

Should the air bubble suddenly escape, the weight of the water will smash in, forcing the diver's body into his helmet, killing him instantly.

The nitrogen one breathes on the surface is mostly exhaled. But under pressure, as in a diving dress on the sea bottom, much of it is condensed in the diver's lungs and passes into the blood stream, and then it is deposited in the various tissues and liquids throughout the body. When the diver returns to the surface, this nitrogen in his system returns again to a gaseous form, causing bubbles to appear in the blood and tissues.

Should the diver come up to the surface too fast, these nitrogen bubbles rupture the blood vessels, tear the tissue, and shatter the nerves. If one bursts in the brain, it will either kill the diver instantly or paralyze him

for life. Divers have a great fear of compressed-air illness, which they term "the bends."

To overcome this painful and dangerous condition, the diver is "decompressed" in the water. That is, he is brought slowly to the surface so that the nitrogen has a chance to escape from the body.

When I was working under-sea off Mexico, small fish often struck at my hands (we cannot wear gloves when operating the intricate mechanisms on the cameras). I noticed that I did not feel pain to any great extent from these wounds. I learned that the nitrogen that had saturated my system stupefied the nerves.

Oxygen is the very breath of life, but under pressure it burns the tissue away so rapidly that divers fear it as much as they fear "the bends."

These factors have retarded diving, and until last summer no serious attempt was made to overcome the restrictions compressed air imposed on diving.

I went to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, which is the home town of Max Gene Nohl, and there we decided to apply science to the problems of diving.

We overcame the tiring problem of dressing the diver. (Ordinarily it requires two tenders to aid the diver into his dress, and during the process the diver

must support the weight of a heavy breast-plate, helmet, lead shoes, and finally a 100-pound belt of lead.)

We constructed the diving dress in one piece, hanging all the weights to the helmet. The diver slips into the rubber-canvas dress. The helmet is lowered, the dress cuff is snapped to the helmet, and he is lifted off the deck into the water within 60 seconds from the time he starts dressing. On the bottom he can unshackle the lowering line, and walk anywhere he chooses.

Our heads are enclosed in a helmet with a circular window. Into the helmet we built depth gauges, pressure gauges, a compass, watch, microphone, and even a container for liquid food. The air supply is contained in three air bottles attached to the diver's back.

It was then we began experimenting with other gases for breathing.

We enlisted the co-operation of Dr. Edgar End, a young professor with a bent for adventure. With him we entered upon a series of tests that have made diving history.

No one knew how fast helium gas saturated the blood, nor how fast it would come out of the tissues once it got in. We knew that nitrogen was about seven times as heavy as helium.

In theory helium should, therefore, saturate the tissues seven times as fast as nitrogen did. Also, it should come out of solution at the same rate of speed as it saturated, or in one-seventh the time nitrogen required.

Then one day Doc End approached Nohl and me with that peculiar gleam in his eyes that most medical men have when about to saw off your leg. "How about you fellows playing guinea pig?" he said.

At a Milwaukee hospital, a far-sighted engineer, Mr. Joseph C. Fisher, had built a re-compression chamber. These chambers look like big boilers. Persons suffering from "bends" are placed in them and the pressure controlled until the nitrogen bubbles are released from the body. It was to this chamber that Doc End guided us.

Stand by and look at the test.

"In we go," nods Doc End, and Nohl and I follow.

"If anything happens we'll hammer three times," is my last message to Fisher.

We three are stripped to shorts, pants and shoes. It is going to be hot and muggy inside.

The first jolting blast of air is shot into the sealed chamber. We swallow hard as the air crackles. It hurts, but it's soon over.

Nohl and I wear clips over our noses, and from now on until the end of the test it's pure helium-oxygen atmosphere, without nitrogen. Higher goes the pressure. Sweat beads begin to appear on our naked backs. Doc methodically takes notes. Heart beats and blood pressures are checked. Periodically Doc draws samples of our blood.

Higher goes the pressure—30 pounds now. A swirling mist fills the chamber. It is very warm.

A faint tint of red appears on the cotton sticking out of Nohl's nose, mild bleeding from pressure.

Up goes the gauge.

"All O.K., give her the full jolt."

The last two pounds of pressure are forced in. It looks like a fog inside. Sweat streaks down our backs and streams from our faces.

The period of breathing the helium is up.

Now comes the risky test . . . coming out in two minutes instead of the prescribed 47 minutes.

"Everything all right?" asks Fisher.

"Fine, let's go," comes Doc's anxious voice. The strain is beginning to tell.

"Well, we asked for it . . . here we go."

You've heard the sound when a railroad brakeman uncouples the air brakes on a train? The first rush of air from the compression chamber sounds fifty times as loud.

Down drops the gauge from 42 pounds pressure. Faster and faster the air is pouring out.

Lightning fast is the temperature change as the pressure drops. Before, it was hot—103 degrees, exaggerated by the humidity and tension. Now it gets cold quickly. Frosty fog fills the chamber. Anxious faces peer in at the window—a nurse—a doctor—the press. We slap our legs and chests to keep warm. Everything's fine. The last ebbing outburst of air . . . crackling sound fills our ears . . . bubbling, snapping. The temperature inside the lock dropped from 103 to 45 degrees in the two minutes. The door swings

open. A burst of hot air warms our chilled bodies.

We must wait at least 30 minutes before we are certain the dreaded "bends" will not develop. Everyone is most concerned over how we feel. We look at each other and grin.

Today, in every branch of man's activity you will find the pioneer—the adventurer. If the ground he treads is unknown and fraught with possible dangers to his person or to his estate, we applaud his courage. Many of us, following what we consider a more mundane occupation, like to fancy ourselves in his shoes. In looking at these adventurers' apparently more colorful lives, we lose sight of the fact that our own adventure in living might be just as colorful from his point of view.—*John D. Craig, condensed from Natural History.*



Adversity

SPRING is more welcome because it follows the rigors of winter. Dawn is more beautiful because it succeeds the blackness of night. A rainbow is more striking in the riot of color because it leaps into visibility after the storm has passed.—*J. Homer Slutz.*

CURING THE SICK WITH MUSIC

THE connection between music and medical science is as old as history itself. In the earliest stages of mankind, magicians and medicine men effected cures of every form of ailment by means of music, and certain races still use their methods.

The Hellenes of ancient Greece employed music as a means of curing illness. *Homer wrote that Odysseus could stop the flow of blood by playing music.* Again, diseases rife in old Troy were swept away by music.

Galenus proclaimed that music was the best cure for snake-bites and scorpion stings, and, we are told, was successful in bringing about such cures.

Our modern swing music is said to excite young folk and sometimes send them into a state of frenzy. But that is nothing new.

Galenus tells us that Damon, the singer of Miletus, was able by singing certain songs to drive intoxicated young people into a frenzy. He could also quiet them with a different type of song.

In the Bible we read that before demolishing the house of the Philistines, Samson acquired

strength by playing on and singing to the harp. David with his harp charmed away Saul's melancholy.

In the Middle Ages pipers or flute-players used to perform in the street when a madman had one of his periodic fits. They accompanied him home, and in most cases were able to restore him to sanity.

The Marquise Gueret, one of the greatest beauties of her age, lost her reason when she discovered that her husband was unfaithful to her. A famous lyrist cured her, in three months by playing melodies of love to her.

The Italians cured the sting of the poisonous spider by music. The victim of this insect would gasp for air, bleed, become cross-eyed, and often went raving mad, but when he heard suitable music he would recover. Often he would begin a dance, which would develop into a frenzy, after which he completely regained his health.

Now our modern doctors and scientists are finding that music can aid their work.

Dr. Burdick, of the U. S., has evolved a musical treatment

for insomnia and, in his opinion, tests have definitely established that suitable music can turn abnormal breathing into normal and act as a sleeping draught. He also uses music instead of anesthetics for surgical operations and has found that not only were the operations a

complete success but that unpleasant after-effects were eliminated.

In England the St. Cecilia Choral Society has employed its skill for curing and cheering victims suffering from acute melancholia and neurasthenia.
—*Fact Digest.*

* * *

Epitaph for a Man

“Let me live, O mighty Master,
Such a life as men should know,
Tasting triumph and disaster,
Joy—and not too much of woe;
Let me run the gamut over,
Let me fight and love and laugh,
And when I’m beneath the clover,
Let this be my epitaph:

“Here lies one who took his chances
In life’s busy world of men;
Battled fate and circumstances,
Fought and fell and fought again!
’Won sometimes but did no crowing,
Lost sometimes but didn’t wail,
Took his beating but kept going,
Never let his courage fail.

“He was fallible and human,
Therefore loved and understood
Both his fellow-man and woman,
Whether good or not so good;
Kept his spirit undiminished,
Never failed to help a friend,
Played the game till it was finished,
Lived a sportsman to the end.”

—*The Friendly Adventurer.*

GETTING ENGAGED?

THERE'S an attractively romantic old reason, and a disappointingly prosaic modern reason, why the third finger of the left hand is chosen as the correct location for the engagement ring—and the wedding ring. You can take your choice.

The modern explanation says it's the finger where the ring is safest. The little finger guards it on one side, the rest of the hand guards it on the other. It isn't needed to pick things up, like the thumb and first finger, and it isn't used very much when the hand works. A ring on that finger is fairly safe from bumps and scratches.

Now for the romantic explanation: The Greeks started the idea that an artery ran direct from the ring finger to the heart. And the finger was supposed, for that very reason, to be specially resistant to disease and specially sensitive.

Separate wedding rings have been used for only about a thousand years. Many centuries before that, rings were used to bind engagements or betrothals. They were usually placed on

the third finger of the right hand at the betrothal. Then, at marriage, they were transferred to the ring finger of the left hand.

Gemmal rings were devised in France for betrothal use. A gemmal was a ring made of several, usually three, bands that could be joined into one and held together by a clasp. At the betrothal the bride and the groom and a witness each took one band of such a ring, and wore it until the wedding.

At the wedding the different bands were fitted together and put on the bride's finger. Usually a verse of some sort was engraved on the inside of the ring. It couldn't be read until the bands were all joined together.

Motto rings, favorites with our grandmothers, are sometimes worn nowadays. They are set with stones so that the initial letters of the stones, in the order of their arrangement, spell some appropriate words.

Here is a "Love Me" setting: Lapis lazuli, Opal, Verdite, Emerald, Malachite, Emerald.
—*Sally Monroe in Serenade.*

WRITE ME A LETTER

THE interview was over. The young man thought that he had made a good impression upon the employer. But had he?

"Write me a letter detailing your experience," he was finally told. And the matter rested on those few words.

Simple, easy? No. It was a direct challenge to the applicant, and one that he seldom meets successfully. In those four words, "Write me a letter," may lie the answer to his whole future. He had talked well and convincingly. Would he put that force on paper? We shall see what happened.

Two days later the letter arrived, and it read:

"Dear Mr. Blank: I want to thank you for the time you gave me the other day. I am sure I can qualify for the job. Five years with the X Company in similar work should stand me in good stead. I await your reply and I hope it will be favorable."

Just a nice letter. No sales appeal. A dud. That strong urge to hire the young man died as the executive put down the letter. What were the reasons? Were they fair in view of the

circumstances? Let's look into it.

A second young man had been interviewed. He, too, was asked to write a letter. It appeared in due time on the prospective employer's desk:

"Dear Mr. Blank: The talk we had about the possibility of working with your company made me realize the fine opportunity the job offers. I have analyzed my qualifications, and while I lack definite experience in some phases of the work, my general background can be valuable to you. I am sufficiently adaptable to acquire what is needed.

"May I refresh your memory on certain details of our conversation? A proven record of accomplishment in sales. Six years with my present organization. Reason for leaving—the company's move out of town. References attached.

"On the personal side—I am thirty years old, a graduate of Dartmouth. Extension courses in Business Administration and Sales since leaving college. Married, with one child of four years. I live in Scarsdale and own my home there. Life insurance, \$25,000. I get along

well with people, have a real sense of responsibility to my job. The general feeling among my associates is that I play the game straight.

"When may I talk with you further?"

N. B. He got the job.

To the critical employer-mind the first candidate revealed a certain inertia in his letter which no doubt would have a bearing on his fitness for the position. He was not alert or thoughtful enough to give a brief resumé of his business history—a point the second man made, proving that he was aware of the unremitting stress and strain upon the memory of a busy executive. He would probably show the same cognizance toward the company's customers. A considerate, helpful attitude. More important, the second letter asked for the order—a major point in selling a man or a commodity. The first man only hoped and trusted; the second man was direct and explanatory.

Joseph Conrad said: "Give me the right word and the right accent and I will move the world." Letters have about that significance. The right word in the right place!

I know of a long-distance job-seeker who would not take No for a first or final answer. After a flourishing correspond-

ence, he was wired to and hired, sight unseen, creating and filling his own job. But, if he had written instead that he was a young man twenty-five years of age, married, and was there a vacancy, the ending to his story would have been quite different.

Three opening paragraphs of apology in a four-paragraph letter, boring and bothering to no purpose, furnishes merely wastebasket fodder to employers who haven't time to read it. This type of letter usually closes by saying that the man will clean inkwells at a starvation wage.

To my intense surprise, in newspaper columns and magazine sections I have recently read advice to job-seekers on the utter futility of writing letters. This most readily available of all entering wedges and door-openers is seemingly regarded as a hopeless gesture. Stereotyped replies from employers may have fostered the impression, but the psychology of any firm's reply is to avoid raising false hopes until it has been decided whether the applicant is as interesting as the letter he wrote.

Letters permit the considered, consecutive, and sparkling thoughts and words that the average scattered interview does not. How often, after an interview, does one think of better ways to have said some things!

As for the value of personal appearance, sometimes a word picture ahead of time opens a wider door. Automatically, we are apt to be thought attractive until encounter proves the contrary.

Most executives do not know how to interview. A letter gives them conversational clues to guide the talk. Employers like to read over a letter before the interview just to get the "feel" of the man.

Almost all men are intelligent; it is method that they lack. Some wise man was responsible for that thought, and it applies to letter-writing. There is method, if not formula, in expressing oneself on paper. A few rules to remember are these:

Don't impose *your* desires on the employer in the first paragraph. Indicate that you have given thought to his organization and what you believe you can contribute to it.

Don't try to give your letter the colorful twist or dryly humorous or ironic slant. You are addressing a stranger, and formal courtesy should be used. However, be natural and simple, lucid and cordial. Stiff,

copybook letters will not bring results.

Three paragraphs are sufficient, as a rule, for the introductory letter: the first for expression of interest on your part in the company; the second for a few sentences of strong, selling "copy" on your experience; the third and last should always contain an idea on the personal side. Be sure to state age and education. The employer is not clairvoyant, and few letters include this important information. A word about your avocations, if brief and to the point, may serve to lift your letter out of the average.

For years I have been consulted for suggestions and advice on writing letters. Although fairly young folk are usually most at sea, it is the more seasoned individuals who let themselves down by assuming that "four years here" and "six years there" speak for themselves.

"Write me a letter!" Those four words can change the course of your life. It is worth thinking about, isn't it?—*Loire Brophy, condensed from The Commentator.*

* * *

Words

A WORD of kindness is seldom spoken in vain, while witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string.—*G. D. Prentice.*

¶Why is this writer successful?

THE NOBEL PRIZE GOES TO A WOMAN

ONLY four women in the last 37 years have walked off with the P80,000 Nobel Prize for Literature, set up in the will of Swedish chemist Alfred Nobel in 1901.

First was Selma Lagerlof, Sweden (1909); second, Italy's Grazia Deledda (1926); third, Mrs. Sigrid Undset of Norway (1928). Last December American novelist Pearl Buck stepped up to a dais in Stockholm's great concert hall and received the prize from the hands of sprightly old King Gustav.

Although Authoress Buck (aged 48) follows in the footsteps of such literary giants as George Bernard Shaw, Anatole France, and Rudyard Kipling millions of admirers first think of her as Hollywood film scenarist. To blame for this misconception was the filming of *The Good Earth*.

One of the world's best "best sellers," *The Good Earth*, is in its 66th edition. It sent competent Pearl Buck rocketting to new fame when it won the Pulitzer Prize in 1931. Subsequently it provided bewitching Luise Rainer and Paul Muni with their greatest screen roles.

Author Buck's eighth book,

it had a Chinese background like all her previous novels.

The first to have a U. S. scene earned her the Nobel Prize. Titled *This Proud Heart*, the story centres round Susan Gaylord, a poet's daughter with a complex. Though she has inherited a natural artistic talent, she refuses to woo her art seriously until she has first made a good job of wifhood and motherhood.

When her estate agent husband dies, the dynamic young widow moves to Paris and takes up sculpture. Her genius is quickly acclaimed.

But alas for Susan, who "thought mysteriously out of her heart and her bowels," a sophisticated, wealthy modernist sculptor tempts her back into domesticity.

With her elemental passions aroused by husband number two far beyond anything achieved by her first, she conceives an idea for a masterpiece. By this time her husband has erred with a Spanish dancer. Brought to heel, he abuses Susan's work. They part, leaving the heroine consoling herself with the thought that there is probably no one who could completely

satisfy both her artistic and her feminine instincts.

Pearl S. Buck has had her own adventures in art and matrimony. She was teaching English literature at Nanking University, where her husband, J. L. Buck, was a professor of agriculture, when she wrote *East Wind: West Wind*. It went the rounds of publishers throughout the United States before Richard J. Walsh of the John Day Company recognized Mrs. Buck's undoubted talents. Wildly enthusiastic about her book, he cabled an immediate acceptance to China.

In 1935 Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Buck were divorced at Reno, while Publisher Walsh parted from his wife, Ruth. During the hearings Pearl and Ruth, inseparable friends, stayed together at Reno. Five minutes after the former Mrs. Walsh had obtained her divorce, she was a guest at her ex-husband's Baptist wedding to the former Mrs. Buck.

Homely, grey-eyed Pearl Buck, daughter of American missionaries in China, was brought up in that complex land, and from her earliest years

mixed with the Chinese almost as one of them.

In a profound understanding of their psychology, and her ability to be so "near them," she says, lies the secret of her immense success.

Although a missionary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions—a post she had held from girlhood—she refused to believe that the heathen races were eternally damned unless they adopted Christianity. This got her into trouble with her superiors.

Owning a beautiful home in Pennsylvania, she has two daughters by her first marriage and has developed a fondness for adopting children. To her family circle she has added four youngsters, the last two, twin boys, since her marriage to Richard Walsh.

In a gown of gleaming gold *lamé* Pearl Buck appeared in Stockholm to take her prize. From the hands of King Gustav, Italian scientist Enrico Fermi had just received the award for physics, when he bowed too low, almost fell into Authoress Buck's lap. Quipped she: "You had a narrow escape."—*Condensed from News Review.*

* * *

IF A WOMAN WANTS BEAUTY

HOLLYWOOD is the citadel of beauty not because the stars are perfect of face and figure, but rather because they all have learned how to make the most of their personal faults!

Faults have been the steam behind many a star's achievements. In several instances their very imperfections have made interesting types of them, which smoothed the road to stardom—as in the case of Katharine Hepburn, who has made capital of the haggard planes of her face, the angularity of her body. She made her faults her fortune.

Two methods of procedure may be followed in turning faults to account:

1. *By minimizing them.* Camouflage is not only an art of war. It is also an art of beauty. Clothes, makeup, hairdress, can all be utilized to minimize a fault. That, of course, goes hand in hand with showing off your best points.

2. *By making them a virtue.* A woman with straight hair improvises a distinctive hairdress which formulates her personality. The Duchess of Windsor is a case in point. A woman with high cheek bones may bring them into further promi-

nence as a mark of individuality. As Garbo does!

But neither of these routes of the solution of your physical problems is within the grasp of a woman who isn't essentially and basically, and even heroically honest. You must analyze your fault ruthlessly. Don't be an ostrich and figuratively hide your head. Believe what your mirror tries to tell you!

That broad-shoulder effect, which continues in favor year after year, is the result of one woman's analysis of her own fault. Greta Garbo's shoulders are broad, Viking-like in their sturdiness. She might have simulated the then fashionable sloping shoulder line. But thanks to the imagination of Garbo and Adrian, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer costume designer, a new vogue was begun.

The military lift to coats and frocks which is the very essence of fashion today, had its inception in a personal fault.

Do you remember when every woman made up her mouth into a perfect cupid's bow? The ultimate in beauty was that rosebud effect.

When Joan Crawford accentuated her naturally generous

mouth for her role in *Rain*, a storm of criticism descended on her head.

With slight modification she used the same lip makeup in succeeding pictures—heard herself called a faddist with serenity—and then lived to see what was characterized as a fad become the fashion.

Joan's generous, sensitive mouth, indexing as it does her qualities as a person, was some years ago a beauty fault. Today it is the symbol for beauty. But it took the Crawford brand of courage to initiate a trend which made a universal fault a universal charm!

When Norma Shearer came to New York intent on seeking a career in the theater, a famous producer said to her: "Go back home, little girl. You'll never amount to anything on the stage. You're too short, for one thing. And your eyes aren't nearly large enough. Take my word for it, you'll never get anywhere in the theater."

Time has proved that man wrong. Norma Shearer didn't go home. Instead, she analyzed herself and promptly began to acquire the graces which would counteract her faults.

She realized that her smile was her greatest asset. That is her most captivating charm even today. And so Norma began to smile as part of her program

of existence. There were many days when it was an effort in the discouragement and heart-break and poverty which dogged her steps. But she kept on smiling.

The gaiety of that smile eventually extended to her eyes and remained there. Sparkling, zestful, merry lights add enchantment to the eyes. And soon, when producers looked at Norma Shearer, they remarked not only her delightful smile, but those kindling, twinkling eyes. No one seemed to be aware that they lacked size.

As to her height, she did the right thing. She dressed to scale, which will make any woman, large or small, attractive.

As Omar Kiam, designer for the Samuel Goldwyn productions, points out, "A woman does not have to be perfect to be interestingly beautiful. A flaw or two, a personal fault, may be the springboard from which her beauty rises.

"Women are apt to want to look too pretty. But our ideal modern woman is not pretty. She is something far more—she can be entrancing."

Mr. Kiam, one of Hollywood's geniuses, recommends that every woman in analyzing her faults be brutally frank about her figure. She must be comparatively slim. She dare not bulge, unless her hip struc-

ture is such that it is unavoidable. In that case, fullness at the waist or below the waist will hide the fault nicely.

W. S. Van Dyke, one of Hollywood's most brilliant directors, declares: "A girl of extraordinary beauty seldom gets a n y w h e r e in Hollywood. Things have been too easy for her all her life. She has come to expect things as a matter of course. She doesn't know how to go after the success she wants.

"And no matter how beautiful a woman is, it takes work, personality, intelligence, talent, and tenacity to achieve stardom. Beauty is almost unimportant in Hollywood. It's the girl with beauty handicaps who develops the qualities which make for stardom. She's got what it takes to make the most of herself."

There are only three really great beauties in Hollywood: Madeleine Carroll, Virginia Bruce, and Anita Louise. Virginia is confident that she would have progressed much more rapidly in her career if she had not been handicapped by golden hair, perfect complexion and faultless features.

"It took me years to get a break," she once said to me. "Whenever I applied for a job it was automatically assumed that outside of my appearance I had nothing else."

Miss Carroll's beauty earned her a chance on the British stage and a too-quick assignment to a leading role. The result was that in her first important assignment she failed woefully because of lack of training and experience. If she had been less beautiful she would have climbed more slowly, but would have been saved a lot of heart-breaks in the process.

It took years for Anita Louise to convince producers that she had vital and real talent.

Hollywood's most devastating women are not the perfect beauties. But they are the girls who have personal faults and have become aware of them. And later used them as the royal road to distinction, glamor and fame!

You, too, can make your faults the basis of your charm and individuality!—*Sonia Lee, condensed from Your Life.*

* * *

If a woman knows how to sit, to stand, and to walk, how to dress and do her hair, she is attractive, regardless of her face.—*John Murray Anderson.*

America Proclaims Dislike To Dictators

THE persecution of Jews in Germany is condemned by an angry popular opinion in America. American Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes refused to permit the export of a promised shipment of helium for use in German dirigibles. In a speech, he said: "How can any American accept a decoration at the hand of a brutal dictator who, with that same hand, is robbing and torturing thousands of fellow human beings? Perhaps Henry Ford and Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh will be willing to answer." Ford and Lindbergh were decorated in Germany in 1938. When a representative of the German embassy in Washington asked for an apology from the State Department for the Ickes attack against the German government, Under Secretary of State Sumner Welles told him in effect: Tell Hitler to behave first; his policies have "shocked and

confounded American public opinion.

Next came Senator Pittman, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, who handed out a statement against totalitarian states which reads:

"1. The people of the U. S. do not like the Government of Japan.

"2. The people of the U. S. do not like the Government of Germany.

"3. The people of the U. S., in my opinion, are against any form of dictatorial government, Communistic or Fascistic.

"4. The people of the U. S. have the right and power to enforce morality and justice in accordance with peace treaties with us. And they will. Our Government does not have to use military force and will not unless necessary."

Hitler is keeping quiet, waiting for things to blow over.

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The Speaker of the National Assembly

In 1907 when Secretary of War Taft opened the first Philippine Assembly, he declared that the speaker of that body was the officer second in rank to the Chief Executive. Speaker Sergio Osmeña was thus considered as the first Filipino of the land. His powers, both legal and extra-legal, were extensive. All employees of the Assembly and its committees were appointed by him. He was the elect of the elect.

In 1916 when the Philippine Senate was organized, the office of Senate President threatened to overshadow that of the Speaker. With the Senate's power to approve appointments, its President possessed greater legal

powers than the Speaker. The latter, however, as the head of the majority party, was still his political superior. That division of political and legal headships could not be maintained for long. So a clash eventually took place between Quezon, the Senate President and therefore the legal superior, and Osmeña, the Speaker and the political head. Quezon emerged victorious after the 1922 elections. Upon his bidding Manuel Roxas, then a young politician, was selected Speaker of the House of Representatives. At last the Senate President became legally and politically the head of the Filipino participation in the government. Roxas



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became the mere head of the lower house of the Legislature; but within it, he exercised vast powers, even if at times he had to appeal to Quezon to keep his position against rebellious members. In 1933, he lost the support of President Quezon and so he lost the Speakership, which was handed over to Quintin Paredes. An able lawyer and a clever political leader, Paredes soon developed prestige and influence of his own.

The establishment of the Commonwealth in 1935, with its single-chambered National Assembly, brought into prominence the question of the Speaker's position. President Quezon expressed the opinion that the Speaker should have no special political power but should be a mere presiding officer. Paredes differed with him, believing that a Speaker should be the leader of the Assembly. Philippine tradition and American practice supported Paredes' stand. But President Quezon's view

prevailed, thus introducing the English practice under which the Speaker acts as a mere chairman and ceremonial head of the House of Commons. Gil Montilla, a colorless sort of Assembly member, was chosen Speaker. Much of the real power was wielded by the majority floor-leader who was Jose E. Romero of Negros Oriental.

With the election of the second National Assembly in 1938, the vast powers of the Speaker may be resurrected. Jose Yulo, former Secretary of Justice and a trusted adviser of President Quezon, is now the Speaker. Without any legislative experience to speak of, Yulo is known nevertheless as a capable and hard-working individual. Paredes was chosen floor-leader. The Assembly is completely dominated by one single party.

Yulo and Paredes were once law partners. Paredes was at one time also a Secretary of Justice. Many believe that they make a good team.

A local picture very much worth your while—



GALA PREMIERE — FOX — February 11

Self-Expression

Self-expression is power. It belongs to genius. It makes for fame.
Self-expression is a cause. The effect is beauty, the medium is the artist.

Self-expression is soul-revelation. It is the divine in man speaking of the divinity of things.

*

To the mediocre there is no self-expression; there is only imitation. It is spontaneous. It is never forced. It comes of its own accord amidst the rush of thoughts.

It is not facility of expression. It is an answer to the appeal of God and nature made to the heart of man.

It is harmony breaking into the harmony of things.

*

No writer can be great without this gift.

No amount of labor can make his works immortal without it.

No talent, however brilliant, can be creative without it.

There must be self-expression if the style is to be original.

There must be self-expression if the thought is to be distinctive.

There must be self-expression if there is to be an artist at all.

—Fernando M. Maramag

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* * *

Baliuag, Bulacan — Herewith find enclosed a P.N.B. check as payment for my subscription to PANORAMA, a high class magazine for students and people who desire an opportunity for self-improvement. It is very informative, and I especially recommend it to professional people who are too busy to engage in reading long

articles. I suggest that you issue it fortnightly. I wish you continuous success.—*B. de Lara.*

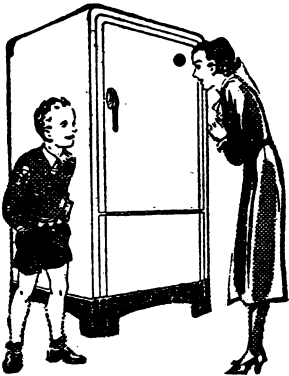
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Balayan, Tayabas—My interest and enthusiasm in reading PANORAMA never lags. I find the articles very educative. May PANORAMA be more successful yet.—*Placido Borbon.*

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Lingayen, Pangasinan—Enclosed you will find a money order for two pesos as payment for my subscription to PANORAMA. I am glad we have in the Philippines a magazine of this kind. It has become my inseparable companion.—*Emilio H. Severino.*

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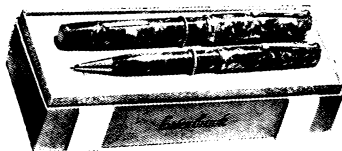
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