

one that the technique of this racket is pretty well fool-proof.

The worst that can happen (in case the future mother-in-law is blind or on bad terms with her

son) is that the girl will refuse to pay. She will never call the police for fear of publicity.—*Paul Getin, condensed from Vendredi, Paris.*

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THE JAPANESE IN BRAZIL

SCATTERED about Brazil there are some 180,000 Japanese. They work the country in compact, secretive groups. Japanese laborers are imported, perhaps conscripted, by Japanese companies from Japan and put on the land under co-operative organization. They work like beavers. At night they practice their ritual *jujitsu* and *kendo*, and see Japanese movies twice a week. They speak no Portuguese, mix with no Brazilians. They are supposed to drill in secret in their villages. They build oval wood houses with a dining room in the center, flanked by kitchen and bedroom. When they get into trouble, the Japanese consul takes care of them.

The Japanese naturally mystify and frighten the Brazilians. Nobody can figure out what they are up to. Once the Japanese children were taught by Japanese teachers. Now the Brazilians have compelled them to study under Brazilian teachers and to learn Portuguese. Brazil has clamped an official quota on Japanese immigration but still Japanese pour in because they are the cheapest and best obtainable labor. Outside real estate, their economic stake in Brazil is small. The Japanese run shops in a few towns and cities. Some are fishermen on the coast. Some rent land from the Brazilians and work it to death. Some even hire poor Italians and Brazilians at the lowest wages paid in Brazil. But at present the Japanese are only a strange, unassimilated lump in Brazil's army of races.—*Condensed from Life.*