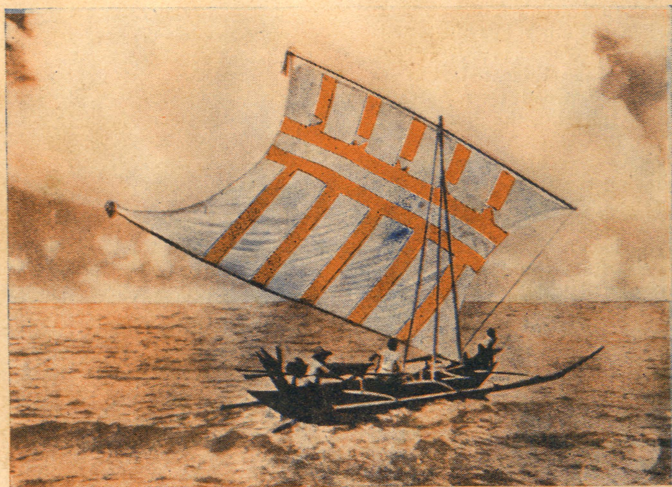
Third Year of Publication

UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES
LIBRARY
JAN 5 1972

PANORAMA

The Philippine Digest of Good Reading

Vol. 3 December, 1938 No. 12



RIZAL ON ENLIGHTENMENT AND DARING

Henry Ford: My Philosophy of Life — Mussolini Hits the Jews — Lessons Parents Must Learn — So You Haven't Time to Read! — Hawaii and Philippine Independence — How to Attract Men — Tests of an Educated Man — The Prince Who Became Buddha — Cabaret in Manchukuo

Full Contents on Inside Cover

CONTENTS

Rizal on Enlightenment and Daring 1
Hawaii and Philippine Independence 2
Painless Childbirth through Hypnotism 4
Who Killed Diesel? 7
Loyalty to Conviction or to the Chief? 9
Mountain-Top Men 10
Insurance Actuaries 11
Silence Pays Dividends 14
Cabaret in Manchukuo 16
Trade War over Tree-Roots 19
My Philosophy of Life 21
Do Animals Reason? 24
So You Haven't Time to Read! 26
When a Father Prays 28
Laws of War 29
Tests of an Educated Man 31
Good-bye, Good Earth? 33
Mussolini Hits the Jews 36
How to Get on with People 38
The Creator of Robinson Crusoe 39
Playing the Game 40
Lessons Parents Must Learn 41
Mind Your Business 43
Ten Social Nuisances 44
Learn from the Animals! 46
How to Attract Men 48
The Prince Who Became Buddha 51
Cockroaches 54
Secret World War for Oil 55
Money-Grabbing Doctors 58
Do You Snore? 60
The Virtues and Vices of Webster 61
The Monthly Tall Story—The Marvels of California Air 62
Panoramic Views 63
Reader's Comment 64

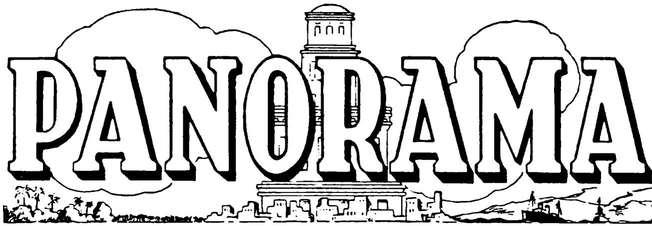
PANORAMA is published monthly by the COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, INC.
454 Dasmariñas ..... Manila, Philippines

President: Manuel Camus — Editorial Counsel: V. G. Sinco
Managing Editor: Bert Paul Osbon — 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



VOL. III DECEMBER, 1938 No. 12

Rizal on Enlightenment and Daring

To serve our country, the best way is to be there. It is there where one has to enlighten; it is there where one has to work. It is proper for young people to come here (Europe) to be educated; but those who are already educated should go back and live there.....

No one should be compelled to read the *Noli Me Tangere.* Those who are afraid and who prefer to read Fr. Rodriguez, let them do so. Therefore, keep in your possession all the copies of the *Noli,* and do not give to any one even a single copy unless asked and paid for. There are very few copies of that work left.....

Here I am devoting myself to studying and writing works for the Philippines. If the present generation does not want to read them on account of fear, I shall keep them for the coming generation, but I continue and shall always continue working. What are we to do? Our fellow countrymen are afraid to spend two or three days in prison in order to be enlightened. Perhaps those who are to come might be more daring. Let us wait.—*José Rizal, from his letter to José Basa, England, January, 1889.*

Hawaii and Philippine Independence

AGITATION for Hawaii's statehood probably will start anew when complete independence is granted to the Philippine Islands.

No other part of the United States is watching progress of the Philippines' bid for freedom with keener interest than Hawaii, from these viewpoints:

Racially, there are approximately 40,000 Filipinos in Hawaii, a majority of them young single men. About one-half are employed on sugar plantations, the remainder on pineapple plantations and in other enterprises.

Defensively, removal of the American naval base at Cavite, if carried out, and withdrawal of American army forces from the Philippines will leave Hawaii the spear-head of Pacific defenses.

Economically, Philippine sugar potentially is a ruinous competitor of Hawaiian sugar, due to much lower production costs; should the American and world sugar marketing setup break down, Hawaiian sugar companies might face economic ruin.

There is no question but that the overwhelming majority of Filipinos in Hawaii favor independence. Classed as citizens of the commonwealth, a majority of them live with the expectation of returning to the Philippines.

Recently Governor Joseph Poindexter of Hawaii rejected a plan to organize a division of "Philippines National Volunteers," envisaged as a part of the "Citizens' Army of the Philippines" in Hawaii. Territorial and federal laws prohibited such an organization.

An idea of the strong tie between Filipinos in Hawaii and their homeland is given by figures compiled by the Hawaii Sugar Planters' Association, showing the number of Filipinos arriving in the territory, and departing each year.

In 1932, 963 Filipinos arrived as sugar planters sought to combat widespread strikes and find a better type of laborer for field work. In the same year 7,245 Filipinos returned to the Philippines and the Pacific Coast. A large number of those sent back were indigents.

Only a small number of Filipinos are permitted to enter the territory each year. Of those returning to the Philippines, many fail to obtain the necessary return permits and thus are barred by immigration laws from returning to Hawaii.

Late in 1937 the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association advised Francisco Varona, a personal representative of President

Manuel L. Quezon, that it would extend to Filipino sugar and pineapple plantation workers more lenient contracts providing return passage. A considerable increase in the number of Filipinos returning to their homeland is expected as a result of these provisions. Most Filipinos feel that greater opportunity exists for them in a free Philippine home than elsewhere.

From a defense standpoint Philippine independence will sharpen the need for powerful naval and military forces in Hawaii, which more than ever will become the first line of American defense in the Pacific.

Philippine independence is not expected to have any economic repercussions unfavorable to Hawaii. It is extremely unlikely that the present United States sugar marketing and quota system will be upset, or that Philippine quotas will be materially increased.

Hawaii's political interest in a free Philippines involves the repeated failure of Congress to consider Hawaii statehood. There is strong likelihood that the next session of the territorial legislature early in 1939 will authorize an island plebiscite on the issue of statehood with expectation of an overwhelming vote in favor of the proposal.—*Amarillo News, Texas.*

Dry Cleaned

A NEGRO Baptist was exhorting: "Now, breddern and sistern, come up to de altar and have yo' sins washed away."

All came up but one man.

"Why, Brudder Jones, don't yo' want yo' sins washed away?"

"I done had my sins washed away."

"Yo' has? Where yo' had yo' sins washed away?"

"Over at de Methodist church across de road."

"Ah, Brudder Jones, yo' ain't been washed; yo' jes' been dry cleaned."—*Tid-Bits.*

Painless Childbirth through Hypnotism

ONE OF MAN'S greatest victories over nature is ridding childbirth of the agonies that make it dreaded by every woman. The nervous prostration and mental strain following childbirth tends to make the mother try to avoid subsequent pregnancies. Thus the sociological importance of obstetrical anaesthesia can be easily understood. A considerable increase in population would certainly result if women were freed from the pains of childbirth.

All the recognized forms of anaesthesia are used from time to time, but, generally speaking, either to assist the final stages, or to permit of instrumental delivery. For example, "twilight sleep," as it was called, was greatly in vogue in its day. It has, however, largely been relegated to the past on account of the fact that it was not uniform in its results.

It is not necessary to dwell on the negative effects of some narcotics. They have all the same drawback; their action is of short duration. After a period, during which the patient's sufferings are relieved, the pains reappear and increasing doses are required if the patient's sufferings are to obtain further relief. This is one reason why doctors wait until the last stage before administering anaesthetics.

In the case of a first child, an easy birth normally lasts from eighteen to twenty hours, and drugs may be employed with some degree of success. But in long and difficult cases they are not so efficient.

Patients suffering from heart, liver, or kidney diseases are not easy subjects to anaesthetize for any length of time. On the other hand these are the particular cases which *need* to be spared unnecessary pain.

Psychotherapy can have no ill effect on the mother or the child. It gives the woman in labor the necessary relief from pain and worry, and enables her to conserve her strength. Anaesthesia by hypnotism can be used at every stage of a delivery from beginning to end, however long it may last. For some time now at Professor Malinovski's university clinic we have used this method on a large scale.

Everyone is more or less susceptible to suggestion. Hypnosis is brought about by suggestion and produces insensibility to pain. In a state of hypnosis suggestibility in the subject is greatly increased.

The story of my first attempts at obstetrical anaesthesia by hypnosis goes back to 1925. This is

how we proceed to-day. A few weeks before birth is expected, the mother is prepared by a course of hypnotic training. In some cases, however, the specialist inducing hypnosis starts the treatment during the actual labor when the pains first begin. Each case receives careful examination. Complete success is obtained only when analgesia is produced during the whole of the period from the commencement of pain until delivery.

Success is considered to be only partial when the pains, though considerably reduced, are not completely eliminated; failure, when hypnosis has had but little effect. We find positive results in 88 per cent of all cases, of which one half respond fully during the entire duration of labor.

The length of preparatory training varies according to the suggestibility of the subject and the depth of the subsequent hypnotic sleep. Pregnant women who respond favorably to suggestion attend for hypnotic treatment at intervals of from one to two weeks; sometimes even dispensing with the training period altogether. Others have preparatory treatment every two or three days, and sometimes even daily in certain cases.

During this hypnotic training period we have two aims to keep in mind: (1) To dispel the conviction that pains are unavoidable and put the patient in a peaceful frame of mind. (2) To endeavor by oral suggestion to diminish sensitivity to painful sensations which may in spite of everything occur by reason of the abnormal distention of the tissues.

The first objective is easily obtained in almost every case. After a few treatments those who are dreading what lies before them are calmed and no longer afraid. I have often resorted to collective treatment with three, five, or seven women at the same time, and I have always found it useful to encourage these collective treatments, submitting each patient only once to hypnotic sleep during individual treatment.

The majority of those who have studied obstetric amnesia (loss of memory) induced by hypnosis are of the opinion that preparation is indispensable. We were also of this opinion, but we now find that we can successfully and painlessly deliver a large number of women without having prepared them in advance.

Those poor women who previously had filled hospitals with their piercing screams remained silent and calm, and went through the ordeal with a smile. Numerous letters have been received at the clinic, expressing the delight of those who were painlessly delivered, thanks to hypnotism.

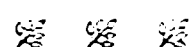
We are convinced that suggestion and hypnosis are the best and most inoffensive methods and those which have the greatest

future. We are also of the opinion that in the promotion of painless operations of all description, suggestion will in the near future play a decisive part.

We are concentrating at the moment on inducing increased lactation. When the mother has insufficient milk and the child begins to suffer, hypnotic treatment causes an immediate augmentation of the flow. Sometimes one treatment is sufficient.

The use of psychotherapeutic analgesia is spreading among hospitals and maternity clinics, but the lack of specialists is for the moment a severe check to the rapid expansion of this method.

The only difficulty with hypnotism is the great amount of time that the specialist must be prepared to spend, and the enormous expenditure of energy that he must make. This is not always possible. But it is always found that the results fully compensate for the initial effort.—*Professor V. Zdravomuslov, condensed from Doctor, London.*



Six Rules for Falling in Love

DON'T let yourself fall in love with the first person who comes along. Meet as many young people as you can of the opposite sex.

Don't judge by party manners and dress; everyday life is different.

Study your own emotional reactions as you go along; your mate should bring out the best in you.

Does he or she wear well? If you are bored now, think of what you may have to endure later.

Will he, or she, grow with you—in mind and in character? If not, your own growth will make you unhappy.

Will he, or she, put father or mother ahead of wife or husband? Look out for apron strings.—*Dr. Ernest R. Groves, in Good Housekeeping.*

¶The mysterious disappearance of a great inventor—

Who Killed Diesel?

ONE OF THE MOST baffling mysteries of modern times happened nearly 25 years ago. The name of Dr. Rudolf Diesel was little known to the world at large. The engine he had developed had not yet been recognized by other than highly technical minds as an epochal invention. For that reason his disappearance made no particular stir.

On the evening of September 29, 1913, Rudolf Diesel boarded the steamer *Dresden* at Antwerp, bound for London. With him he had a number of important papers, designs of the latest model of his engine. He was on his way to England for an important conference with British manufacturers. The night was clear; the Channel was calm.

He dined with friends. At ten o'clock he bade them good night and told them he would see them in the morning. That was the last they saw of him.

At first the inventor's disappearance was explained as a suicide or attributed to an accidental fall overboard, due to dizziness or some other physical cause. However, this theory is practically ruled out by many tell-tale circumstances. He was in the best of health, rich, successful, and at the height of his career. In temperament he was stable, gay, robust, full of vitality and the joy of living. Those who were with him that last night testified they had never seen him in gayer spirits.

Also, and significantly, all the important papers he carried with him also disappeared on that fateful night. Obviously there were some persons very much interested that neither Diesel nor his new designs should reach England.

The Diesel engine had made possible the modern submarine. Without the submarine Germany would, in the opinion of military experts, not have dared to enter the World War against the overwhelming superiority of Britain's sea power. And without submarine warfare, as it later turned out, the United States would probably not have been provoked to enter the War.

Diesel could not have helped knowing, by the number of engines he had built for the German government, of the large scale submarine building indulged in by the Kaiser's admiralty. The German admiralty wanted to keep the world, and above all, England, as much in the dark as possible about what it was doing.

On October 1, 1913, the day following his disappearance, the

Diesel family in Munich was reported in the newspapers to have received a telegram from London, signed by Diesel, denying the story of his disappearance and stating that he was safe in London. Checking on the telegram, however, the family discovered that it had been sent, not from London, but from Geneva. The senders of the telegram and the motives behind it remain a mystery.

On March 15, 1914, the Munich newspaper, *Abend Zeitung*, published a story that Diesel had been seen leaving the boat dressed as a member of the crew, and that he had gone to Canada, where he was hiding on a ranch. Later it was reported that the family had received a letter from Diesel himself, from Canada, in which he was said to have written that for reasons of his own he had retired from the world and was living in a monastery. Word came from Canada on three different occasions that Dr. Diesel had been seen by various persons.

When the war broke out both Germany and England accused each other of being responsible for Diesel's death. The last known incident relating to the matter came in 1917, when a former member of a German submarine crew claimed that he had direct knowledge of Diesel's fate. According to his story Rudolf Diesel was pushed overboard because he knew too much about the new German submarine.—*William L. Laurence, condensed from Ken.*

When Defeat Comes

A YOUNG lady on Major Bowes' program expressed a brave philosophy that more of us might adopt: "I want to be a singer," she said. "I know there is tremendous competition. I'm going to do my best. Should I fail, I will remember that there are still many beautiful things left in life."

Defeat, now and then, comes to all men. We can't dodge it. Even the military genius, Napoleon, had his Waterloo. Our happiness and success depend upon the spirit with which we meet the defeats when they come. The water that sinks the ship is not the water all around it, but the water that gets inside of it. If we can keep our defeats out of our minds, and concentrate on the opportunities and beautiful things life still has to offer, we have learned the art of victorious living.—*The Friendly Adventurer.*

¶The issue in democracies—

Loyalty to Conviction or to the Chief?

WHEN MR. ROOSEVELT was a student at Harvard, one of the great of the faculty was Josiah Royce, professor of the history of philosophy. In his book, *The Philosophy of Loyalty*, Doctor Royce discussed the conflict in loyalties between a man's own conscience and convictions and the will of the executive, and gave this as his prime example:

"Now, I myself have for years used in my own classes, as an illustration, an incident of English history which has often been cited as a precedent in discussions of the constitutional privileges of the House of Commons, but which, as I think, has not been sufficiently noticed by the moralists. Let me set that incident now before your imagination. Thus, I say, do the loyal bear themselves: In January, 1642, just before the outbreak of hostilities between King Charles and the Commons, the king resolved to arrest certain leaders of the opposition party in Parliament. He accordingly sent his herald to the House to demand the surrender of these members into his custody. The Speaker of the House, in reply, solemnly appealed to the ancient privileges of the House, which gave to that body jurisdiction over its own members, and which forbade their arrest without his consent.

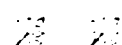
"The conflict between the privileges of the House and the royal prerogatives was herewith definitely initiated. The king resolved by a show of force to assert at once his authority; and on the day following, he went in person, accompanied by soldiers, to the House. Then, having placed his guards at the doors, he entered, went up to the Speaker, and naming the members whom he desired to arrest, demanded, 'Mr. Speaker, do you espy these persons in the House?'

". . . . As the well-known report, entered in the Journal of the House, states, the Speaker at once fell on one knee before the king and said: 'Your Majesty, I am the Speaker of this House and, being such, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak save as this House shall command; and I humbly beg Your Majesty's pardon if this is the only answer that I can give to Your Majesty.' "

All that the English-speaking people have of freedom was bought by such acts as this. They leave no question as to where the prior claim to loyalty belongs. To revert to a conception of loyalty that puts a chief magistrate first, under whatever name, is to turn back along the

trail of representative government. It would be only a step, but political rights were achieved little by little. So the wheel can swing full circle, once it starts turning the other way. The only safe principle for any people who want to stay free was given by Kipling in *The Old Issue:*

Howso great their claim, whatso'er their claim,
Suffer not the old King under any name.—*The Saturday Evening Post.*



Mountain-Top Men

SAID the Emperor Marcus Aurelius: "Live as on a mountain."

There is something vibrant and inspiring about mountains.

How can one be mentally small who associates with the magnificent bigness of mountains?

Great men live on Mental Mountains.

Their spirits tower above the storms;

Their minds are above doubt, cynicism and despair;

Their horizons are expanded; their mental frontiers are broad;

Their visions are lifted above the fog of petty things;

They look out over the obstacles into the Promised Land of Tomorrow;

They see the rainbows while little men battle with phantom shadows in the valley;

They see the sun in the east while the valley-dwellers burn their tiny lamps in darkness;

Their heads are in the clouds, but their feet are bedded in the solid rock of Fact and Reason;

They dare the sky; they take the risks;

Like the Alpine Guide, they would have as their epitaph these words: "He died climbing."—*Wilfred Peterson, in The Friendly Adventurer.*

Insurance Actuaries

TAKE THE NUMBER 80. Subtract your present age. Multiply the remainder by 7. Divide the result by 10. The figure thus obtained is the approximate number of years you have left to live, according to the American Expectation Table of Mortality.

You can thank those ingenious fellows called actuaries for this neat little puzzle. It is only one of the odd items in their bag of tricks.

In case you are interested, they can also tell you, with typically factual support of the statement, that the surest way to achieve a ripe old age is to be a tall, thin, dark, married Scotchman who lives in a temperate climate, is accustomed to temperate habits, works at a more or less sedentary occupation, and whose parents and grandparents lived to advanced years. If you possess these qualifications, you are the acme of actuarial perfection.

To the majority of plain folk, including insurance policyholders, an actuary is a sort of remote, superior, almost fabulous being. The title "actuary," as it appears on your insurance policy, summons up a vague, misty picture of a college-professor-type of character whose life is devoted to a kind of abstruse mathematical sorcery. Nevertheless, in Hartford, Connecticut, where we find some forty-odd insurance companies, dozens of actuaries walk the streets unnoticed and indistinguishable from any other class of white-collar workers.

Only the broadest generalities may be used in picturing the American actuarial type. He is nearly always a college graduate (B. S. degree) and a member of the University Club. A Phi Beta Kappa key rests on his slight paunch. He completed his actuarial examinations at the age of 43. Tennis, rarely golf, is his game, and he plays it with a grim, mathematical precision. He is a crack contract bridge player (Jacobi of the Four Aces is an actuary and in the U. S. Bridge League's Grand National Finals last year, the Aces were defeated by four Hartford actuaries). In parlor games he exasperates everybody by knowing all the answers. He walks to and from the office and knows precisely how many steps it takes. He is a Republican and eyes the Social Security program with professional dubiety. He is sometimes seen in public places, where he sticks to the proper Scotch and soda and dances a sort of sedate schottische.

How does one become an ac-

tuary? Of course, the first requirement is proficiency in mathematics. Having this, he must pass a series of nine examinations given by the actuarial society in which he aspires to membership. There are in America two societies for life insurance actuaries and one for the casualty insurance field. The oldest is the Actuarial Society of America, organized in 1889. The American Institute of Actuaries was organized in 1909. For some years the two were not on speaking terms, the older A. S. A. regarding the A. I. A. as an upstart organization comprised of representatives of fresh-water middle-western life insurance companies. Today, however, the two get along splendidly together. Two-thirds of their membership is held in common, they hold joint examinations, and will probably some day merge. The Casualty Actuarial Society of America was organized in 1914.

About four out of every five aspirants for membership flunk their examinations. In last year on record, only 81 of the 661 who took Exam. No. 1 passed it. After a man has passed six of the tests he is an Associate. After passing the ninth, he is a Fellow. The first examination is in algebra; the second in differential and integral calculus and the theory of probabilities; and from then on, the going gets tougher and tougher. You perceive that the actuarial societies are quite eclectic. Indeed, there are fewer than 600 Fellows and only about 630 Associates in America.

In spite of his proven superiority, the actuary is not infallible. He shudders to remember one mistake he made—the total-and-permanent-disability clause. But probably it wasn't his fault. His slide-rule is not equipped to measure human cupidity. The number of well-to-do-men who during the depression suddenly bethought themselves of their life insurance and forthwith became physical wrecks fit only for the shores of Florida is appalling.

Yes, the actuary has his troubles. A few of the lines under the eyes of the casualty actuary can be attributed to the automobile accident situation. Juggling his tables every year to make them conform with the ever-increasing number of motor mishaps is not exactly fun. When more than 40,000 people succeed in killing themselves on the highways, and more than 1,000,000 get themselves injured in one year, a Fellow begins to feel sort of futile.

His difficulties notwithstanding, the actuary enjoys a very favorable mortality rate. John R. Larus, a Hartford actuary, will publish in the forthcoming "Transactions" of the A. S. A. a study of the mortality experience among actuaries. His research reveals that, taking into account the ages of actuaries and the

changes in general death rate during the existence of the society, the death rate of actuarial Fellows has averaged only 80 per cent of the rate of the general population. In other words, an actuary's chances of being alive at the end of any given year are at least 20 per cent better than anybody else's.

Being an actuary, you see, is nice work if you can get it. But it's hard to get into it. —*George Malcolm Smith, condensed from Connecticut Nutmeg.*

Try to be a Lover!

A WOMAN will never cease to be thrilled by being wooed, and because she naturally tends to feel a little inferior, she longs for the superiority sense which is hers when she finds herself able to evoke worship. So, if you value a happy marriage, don't begin to treat your wife as a matter of course.

Do remember to give your wife a *spontaneous* sign of affection—flowers, chocolates, stockings, perfume (this especially)—or to plan a small surprise—or to remember some favorite liking of hers. And don't *always* be destructively critical of her figure, her clothes, her lack of *male* mental outlook. Remember that a woman is far more conscious of these things than any man can ever be, and is therefore on the defensive and becomes inhibited the moment they are mentioned.

Try to remember that your wife has spent the day in the performance of monotonous duties—for some of her efforts she knows you will never offer spontaneous appreciation—but her little world is very limited, and she longs for fresh points of view and for new bits of information. So try to think of things to tell, be conscious that your face and eyes express interest and good humor, rather than merely a bored acceptance of her presence, and you will be surprised at the happy result. More women are driven into discontent by a too silent husband ensconced behind an evening paper than by a talkative one. —*Mary G. Carwell, M. D., in You.*

Silence Pays Dividends

WE ARE ACCUSTOMED to thinking that conversation is made up only of talking. It is obvious, of course, that there must be not only a talker, but a talkee. While one person is using his voice, the other must be using his ears.

When neither person is talking, there is no conversation. When both are talking at once, neither person is listening; the voice of one counteracts the voice of the other, and the effect is just the same as if neither were talking. Again we have no conversation.

So we see that in every conversation between two persons there is exactly as much silence as there is speech. And this silence is just as important as is the speaking. According to what it is you are trying to accomplish, it has various uses and functions.

Which brings us to the five kinds of silence which are useful in conversations. They are:

The defensive silence
The investigating silence
The preparatory silence
The censorious silence
The contributory silence

There are still other kinds, such as the *silence of consternation.* Silences of that class, however, are stoppages to conversation, and usually are involuntary. The five we have named, on the other hand, either stimulate or direct the conversation. They are constructive and contributory. They are used deliberately when the person keeping silent has something in mind that he wants to accomplish when he uses them.

There may be many reasons for using the *defensive silence.* It may serve as a shield against an aggressive salesman. You refuse to be drawn into a discussion of the thing he is selling or of your need for it. If he can't get you either to agree or to disagree with him as he goes along, he can't sell you. The most difficult of all prospective customers is the one who persists in remaining silent.

You may use this same silence to cover up a weakness or an inferiority. The conversation, for example, may be about incunabula or some other subject about which you are more or less hazy. By keeping quiet, you avoid a confession of ignorance.

Or it may be that a discussion is under way upon a question about which you have not yet made up your mind. By refraining from speaking, you avoid the necessity for committing yourself. In a score of ways the defensive silence can be highly useful.

With the *investigating* silence you induce the other man to show

his hand. By keeping silent, not only can you stimulate the other person to talk, but he will disclose more than he thinks he is disclosing. Incidentally, you can use your silence to study the reactions and emotions he reveals by the manner in which he talks.

The *preparatory* silence is the silence that gives you time to think. The *faux pas,* the unfortunate remark that you wish you could recall, is the one that is blurted out without stopping to think. There is no idea that might come to you, that could not be improved by a little polishing before you utter it, and this polishing you can do while the other man is talking.

It may be that you have come to a conversation with a funny story, a clever observation on some particular topic of general interest that is bound to be mentioned sooner or later. Don't blurt it out apropos of nothing at all. Bide your time. While you are silent, keep watchful for the opportunity to slip it in when it can be told most effectively.

Not the least of the advantages of the preparatory silence is the force it lends to a remark when you eventually do make it. If several persons have been arguing about something for an hour and you have kept silent, eventually one of them is bound to turn to you and inquire, "What do you think?" What you say then will have ten times the effect it would have had if you had made it in the general run of the talk.

The *censorious* silence is a brake to stop conversation from proceeding in an undesirable direction. Someone relates a story that is a bit too much off color, for example. The offender looks around for applause. He meets nothing but stony silence. It is a most effective rebuke. Thereafter, you may be sure, the conversation will take a turn for the better.

The most generally useful of all silences is the *contributory* silence. This is the one which encourages the other person to talk. People like to talk. It makes them feel good. One of the most satisfying hours of the day is when a man can talk.

Often your contributory silence can be of very substantial comfort to the man with whom you are in conversation. Suppose, for example, that his conscience is troubling him and he wants someone to whom he can confess. Suppose he has domestic troubles or business worries. What he seeks is not advice, but a sympathetic ear, someone in whose presence he may safely think aloud. If your silence is helpful—and it can be very helpful indeed—it is worth ten thousand words, a far more constructive factor in the conversation than anything you could say.

Let him talk. It is an act of kindness that proves to him you are his friend. He will feel better. This is the silence that is golden.—*Milton Wright, condensed from Better English.*

¶The serious and the light aspects of Japanese conquest—

Cabaret in Manchukuo

ONE IS NOT able to get into Manchukuo as one can into my dear land of France. To get into the capital of this country I was forced to go through three successive and particular examinations by the police. This intense "examination" at the border irritates the foreigner. It is the same as in Japan where one cannot enter or stay without the most detailed inquiries.

Hsinking is the capital of Manchukuo. It has had centuries of existence. In 1932, after the city had been chosen as the capital it was rebaptized. Its name before this time was Changchun. The name Hsinking means new capital. It was selected, despite its poverty and lack of development, because it was central.

The Japanese wish, "trowel in hand," to break world records for rapidity in building. In Hsinking it is being done on five-year plans. The first one was carried out without any halt. The second is now on the way. Everything that I can see in the streets—the huge buildings, the new homes and the trees—all date from 1932. By 1942 the city will be two-thirds completed. At the moment it contains 300,000 inhabitants, but you should remember that in another five years the figure will be doubled. The number of Chinese who are arriving in these cities which are being constructed is unimaginable. "John Chinaman," the merchant, has a keen nose for business, and he is hurrying towards the land of Manchukuo which is still unexploited but with rich promise for the future, in swarms, like flies to honey.

The Japanese are here, building for the Emperor of Manchukuo not only the capital but also his empire. And if you were able to see the peasants in Manchukuo in their remote villages, with wooden faces, their eyes betraying not the slightest intelligence, their sluggish movements with their flocks of huge, filthy, yellow sheep, you would understand that in this country persons of tremendous energy who are able to take complete charge of people are required. Underneath their fur hats the natives of Manchukuo have the brains of children though they are honest enough. As for the Chinese in the cities, in their black gowns and round hats, they are wily traders, happy to live under the banners of two emperors.

This Manchukuo, which for such a long time was known as Manchuria, this little-known territory into which Imperial Russia thrust the spear-head of its attack

in its Far Eastern ambitions, had this blunted at the battlefields of Mukden, at Port Arthur, and at Tsushima, this stake so violently fought for and which took Japan thirty years before she was certain of being able to hold it, is a vast reservoir of natural wealth. With the exception of petrol, all resources needed by man may be found lying in wait below the soil; platinum, gold, silver, nickel, copper, lead, iron, manganese, aluminum, and the non-metallic minerals such as talc, barite, magnesite, onyx, jasper, jade, lithographic stone—what you will. As to coal, there is a superabundance of it, and this at a time when the coal mines of Nippon are wearing out!

With Japanese capital and Japanese science, these natural resources are being exploited on all sides. The Promised Land appeared providentially for the Japanese nation. This immense land, rich in all kinds of "buried treasure,—"

A little Russian dancer at Harbin completed my education. There are cabarets at Harbin where the orchestra, dancers, etc., are all Russians. The dresses are black velvet and the beautiful girls are brunette or blonde. There are also some Eurasians in Chinese dress who are largely built and well curved. What kind of blood is mixed in these latter? For the greater part of the time it is difficult to judge, though anyone may have his own ideas about the matter.

Sonia, the number one girl at this cabaret, brought her friend Natacha to talk to me, for she, like Sonia, spoke French, having learned it from the Franciscans. We chatted gaily and then suddenly appeared a girl in a blue frock of native fashion.

"May I introduce you to my friend, Lie Ming," said Sonia. "She speaks English."

Lie Ming sat down smiling. Her hair was cut short and the fringe came down in front almost to the eyes. Her face was a little too round.

"Her father," explained Sonia, "is Chinese; her mother—"

She broke off, appearing to have some difficulty.

She went on. "Her mother's father was Russian and the mother Hindu. There are several like that here. And her father, who is Chinese, has an old mother who is Japanese. So what?"

What an extraordinary "cocktail" this Lie Ming was! I had a good look at her. Her features showed that she belonged to the yellow race.

"And you, Sonia?"

"I am of the Caucasians."

Her hair was very black and wavy, and she had warm eyes and luscious lips.

"And Natacha?"

"She is Russian without any mixture."

"Have you been long in Manchukuo?"

"Natacha has. Since 1917. Her father was an officer in the Imperial Russian army. He is dead and her mother is married now to a pastrycook."

The pastrycooks here run tea-shops.

"My father," went on Sonia, "was for many years working on the old Chinese Eastern Railway."

Sonia started off at her work when she could no longer afford to dally in idle conversation. Natacha danced with her and their tango was perfect. These two young girls had a grand style and one worthy of a better place than Harbin. The large Lie Ming was dancing with a Japanese. She was moving round with the absent air of a goddess. She gave her partners only the benefit of a nonchalant body and I don't know how heavy a perfume.

When they came back it was I that had to talk. Paris was the bright spot of their dreams. I had to tell them all about it. To go to Paris, to dance there, to wear real frocks and real diamonds, and to become a star—that was what they wanted. Sonia was the most thrilled as I told all about our great city. This beautiful girl need have no fear but that she would get by anywhere. It is one of the cruelties of modern life that certain girls rise to dizzy heights for some mysterious reason, while others who are just as good never get anywhere. It is not right.

"Yes," murmured Sonia, "I shall grow old going around on this floor like a circus horse. Nobody will ever love me and I shall never marry anyone."

They came with us to the door when we were leaving, as it is the custom here.

"*Bon voyage*," they said. Good-bye," added Lie Ming in English, her head of flat hair high above those of the other two.—*Jean Douyau, condensed from Contemporary Manchuria.*

Bachelors Banned

BACHELORS in Italy joined Jews in official disfavor under a decree last September. Unmarried employees of the Italian government were excluded from promotion—clerks after the age of 26, higher ranks after 30.

Bitterly commented one victim: "If Christ were living in Italy to-day he would suffer oppression under two heads: (1) as a Jew, (2) as a bachelor."—*News Review.*

¶This proves that little things make a difference—

Trade War over Tree-Roots

OFF THE EAST coast of Africa lies the Island of Zanzibar, inhabited by 180,000 Negros, 33,000 Arabs, 15,000 Indians, and 278 Europeans.

Over this many-colored population rules a wise old man, Sultan Seyyid Sir Khalifabin-Harub, to whose court is attached a British Resident, who advises the Sultan on diplomatic and economic matters, and tries to harmonize the interests of the island and the empire.

This task is not always possible: its difficulties have been demonstrated by a bitter economic conflict between Zanzibar and the Indian National Congress, which has strained to the utmost the Resident's and the British Indian Government's negotiating powers.

The Indians are passionately fond of chewing tree-roots—which contain a good deal of spice. An average Indian chews about twenty roots a day, and is far keener a chewer of roots than the American is a chewer of gum. Zanzibar produces about 80 per cent of the world's output of sweet-roots, and India is one of her biggest customers, taking 95 per cent of the output.

Almost all the 15,000 Indians living in Zanzibar are exporters of roots to their native land, and they are more adept in the profitable business than the natives. To increase their turnover, the Indians loaned considerable sums of money to the natives to enable them to grow more roots.

This was the origin of the trouble. When depression came last year the Indians took alarm, and gave notice of calling in their loans from the natives. An economic crisis developed, the Sultan consulted the British Resident, and an "Association of Sweet-Root Growers" was formed to protect the export trade. The wealthiest British residents were members of the association, which was granted a monopoly of the export of the spicy roots, and empowered to buy at a fixed price from the natives.

The Indian exporters were still allowed to carry on their business, but—a wonderful idea, characteristic of British genius—to continue their business they were made to pay ₱1,500 per annum as a fee for the export license. The Indians answered this with the formation of the Union of National-Indian Merchants, protesting that as soon as the new system started working half the Indians were ruined, as they could not pay the license fee and still make a profit. For months they carried on the struggle against the Associa-

tion of Sweet-Root Growers, and when no progress was achieved, their aged, bearded President, Tayyib Ali, decided to seek Mahatma Gandhi's advice.

Tayyib Ali was paid his passage to India last year, and as a result of his appeal to the Indian National Congress, Gandhi decided to form a committee for the organization of a nation-wide boycott of Zanzibar roots. One of the Mahatma's most trusted followers, an immensely wealthy man, Patel, was appointed chairman of the committee.

Soon all Indian shops displayed a poster warning the faithful, "Do not touch Zanzibar spice." Patriotically-minded Indians obeyed, with the result that the import of the roots from French Madagascar went up bv leaps and bounds. The British knew how to counteract this. Zanzibar roots still went to India, but made a detour via Madagascar. When the Mahatma discovered this, he held a conference with Patel, at the end of which it was decided to call on all Indians to chew nothing at all until the Sultan of Zanzibar changed his mind. For months pickets of the Indian National Congress had been watching the warehouse to prevent deliveries to Indian merchants.

This soon had its effect on the budget of the Sultan of Zanzibar —he is a sportsman who loves to lead a good life and is fond of yachting in the Indian Ocean. He called on the British Association of Sweet-Root Growers for a compromise. First, this was refused, but finally a fifty-fifty arrangement was agreed upon. The license fee has been reduced to ₱300 and the trade is now being shared between the British and the Indians. The Indians feel that they have gained an important victory, the British that they have entered a new trade in which they had not been interested previously. The Sultan's revenues are swelling again, and the Mahatma has agreed to terminate his boycott of Zanzibar roots if the arrangement works. Everybody is satisfied and the Indians are chewing again with a happy smile on their faces. The root war has ended.—*Parade (Adapted)*.

Life

WE LIVE in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on the dial; we should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.—*Bailey*.

My Philosophy of Life

HENRY FORD is sitting in a large office as he speaks. It is not his own office, for he roams through the company's administration building in Dearborn, Michigan, U. S. A., from one room to another. His chair is tilted back against the wall and one of his small feet is on a rung while the other rests on the floor. His thin sensitive hands are clasped across his knees, but they do not remain long in that position. At times one goes up to support his head, then both move to give emphasis to something he says; again they are closed with the thumbs inside grasped by the fingers.

In manner and conversation he brings to mind the amateur philosophers who once gathered round the roaring stove of the village store. Like them he mingles Yankee shrewdness with a note of the occult, a strange mixture of materialism and spirituality.

One of the world's wealthiest men, he disdains money. A leading figure of the machine age, he is at heart a mystic; professedly indifferent to many forms of art, he collects antiques; deprecating charity, he practices it in disguised forms. Branded by some as the foe of labor, he is extolled by others as its best friend. Such is Henry Ford.

The man who has taught the world to stamp out cars with dies admires the covered wagon, but explains that he is only interested in it because it is a step in the history of transportation. Apparently unsympathetic, he has planted acres of corn for squirrels to eat and nailed up the door of a house because a robin built a nest in the transom above it. Scoffing at sentiment, he has moved the haunts of his heroes to a village of his own creation. This tract of land of some 300 acres he has named Greenfield Village. There are Edison's laboratory from Menlo Park and other buildings in which the men he admires have carried on.

A mass of contradictions, he is consistent in his inconsistency; though he has reduced manufacturing to a formula, he says he has no prescription or design for living.

"Do your own work; don't indulge in controversies," he said. "That's the way to get along. Don't let argument lead to quarrels; if the matter is one you can do something about—do it; if not, wait until you can. Don't keep thinking of money as the primary thing, for the chap who starts out in life determined to make a fortune usually lands up in the poor-

house. Fortunes come; they are not made. Maybe we won't need fortunes to enable us to do things in the future.

"I can honestly say that in my case money has been only a by-product. I never kept it in my mind. But I think I always had a subconscious belief that anyone who does anything useful will not go unpaid. There's a higher law that looks after that. From the time I worked on the farm, through the time as a repairer of threshing machines and an operator of sawmills, the best pay I ever got was experience, which I think is still the most valuable thing in the world. That's what we're put in the world for—to get experience and to help others get it. It is the one thing no one can take from us.

"No, I've never laid out a system of life. Just go ahead and do the job that one is called upon to do—that is system enough. How can anyone say how he will act to-morrow when he doesn't know what will happen to-day?

"I go to bed when I am tired, get up when I am rested, and eat when hungry. Ten o'clock is my bedtime. It is a habit I formed years ago, and occasionally this is changed. Everyone must arrange these things for himself. Everyone knows that insufficient rest and gorging are not good for anyone, either physically or mentally."

Mr. Ford adheres to a very simple diet. Often he eats but two meals a day—luncheon with his executives at the plant and dinner at home. He is no stickler for meals at set hours, and believes it is better to eat when one is hungry than to eat because it is a certain time.

The lithe figure on which there is not an ounce of superfluous flesh is a tribute to Mr. Ford's mode of life. He is a lean man but strong and sinewy, active in his movements, and with a springy step. There is a finality about his gait which brooks no obstacles, yet it is nervous force rather than physical strength which seems to drive him on.

"I've never gone in for physical exercise," he explained.

"As long as you are all right you don't need it, and if you are not, you shouldn't take it. My work, which is in large part manual, has kept me trim and fit. But I have been too busy and active to find much time for athletics."

Although Mr. Ford has no set hours, he usually arrives at the administration building about 8 o'clock, and if no urgent problems call for his attention he may drop in at the village school to see the children in their class rooms. It is five or later before he leaves for home.

Anglo-Saxon words predominate in his conversation. His voice is low and mild, his sentences short and pithy, and some

of them are epigrammatic. If something he says pleases him he repeats it, and as he does so his blue-green eyes become smaller and twinkle. His almost white, naturally curly hair is smoothed down on his high and broad forehead, and seems whiter than it really is in contrast with his tanned skin. Tiny wrinkles play about his eyes, and the lines in his face are deep, and, with his tan, give him a weather-beaten look. His cheekbones are high, his jaws are square and determined, and his lips thin, but the upturn at the corners of his mouth softens its severity.

"I had an idea in my head," he said. "There was no escape for me. I had to accomplish what I set out to do. There was some power, stronger than myself, driving me on. You ask me what my design for living is, and I tell you I have none. What I did, I could not help doing."

"You had faith," I said.

"St. Paul put it very well," he replied, "when he wrote, 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' Faith is the very essence of knowledge. It is never lost, once you have had it. A man may lose his illusions but not his faith. It is too deep a part of himself. It is a great pity we restrict the world to its special religious meaning."—*Henry Ford, condensed from The New York Times Magazine.*

Invest in Yourself

SOMEWHERE in the lore of human philosophy there appears a proverb to the effect that a man's purse emptied into his head can never be lost or stolen. In these uncertain times there is no safer investment than self-cultivation. Rare is the investment of the past that has withstood the vicissitudes of economic changes; therefore, investment counselors are reluctant to recommend even those securities which are said to possess the qualities necessary to weather the financial storms of the future. Truer than ever today is the dictum that money invested in the broadening of knowledge and the extension of skills is the prime, gilt-edged surety against the unknown future.—*Carnegie Institute of Technology Bulletin.*

Do Animals Reason?

IT WOULD seem that, on occasions, they *do*, though most biologists declare that their wisest maneuvers are attributable to instinct. Here, however, are a few cases which go far to discount the biologists' theory.

As an example, let me take the behavior of a dog in a family well known to me. This animal was a confirmed sheep-chaser, and (unless under strict supervision) was kept on his chain, especially at night.

Despite all precautions, however, sheep in the neighborhood continued to be worried. Surmising that these onslaughts happened after dark, the dog was secretly watched, and was seen cunningly to slip his collar, and make off. The watcher thereupon stole forward, opened the collar, and resumed his vigil.

When at length the culprit returned, and found that he could no longer wriggle his head into the usual instrument of detention, he uttered a blood-curdling howl and raced to a near-by pond. The watcher followed, but when he reached the pond, the dog was dead. He had obviously plunged his head under water, and made an end of himself. A clear case of suicide, for shame!

Quite as calculating, if less tragic, was the behavior of a Parisian horse in the days before motor omnibuses were invented. At one point in Rue des Martyres where the grade is steep, an extra animal was employed. For this purpose three horses were kept standing side by side at the bottom of the grade in order that they should in turn help to pull the bus up the difficult bit. For a week all seemed to go well, and then it was noticed that one horse was never harnessed—his turn never came. He was thereupon kept under observation, when it was found that directly he saw an omnibus coming he moved over to the left. Hence he was always *third*, and his companions *always* did the work. This wiliness was most certainly the result of reflection and deduction, and could hardly be due to inherited instinct.

Birds, too, sometimes display amazing intelligence. In *Nature*, August 12, 1873, a writer describes an episode he witnessed close to an inn at Richmond, England, when a pigeon acted in a wonderfully sagacious manner, obviously having worked out his little trick for himself. Some of his compatriots were pecking at a sprinkling of oats, accidentally dropped whilst a horse's nose-bag was being put on. The pigeon in question having eaten

all the grain within his range, suddenly flew up and flapped his wings in the horse's face. The horse instantly shook his head, naturally causing a little grain to fly out of the nose-bag, whereupon our pigeon fell on it with avidity! Moreover he repeated this crafty dodge with unfailing success every time his feed of grain was exhausted.—*Chris Sewell in Our Dumb Animals.*

Dog, the Ideal Pal

He is very impudent—a dog is. He never makes it his business to inquire whether you are in the right or in the wrong, he never bothers as to whether you are going up or down on life's ladder, never asks whether you are rich or poor, silly or wise, sinner or saint. You are his pal. That is enough for him, and come luck or misfortune, good repute or bad, honor or shame, he is going to stick to you, to comfort you, guard you, give his life for you if need be—foolish, brainless, soulless dog.—*Jerome K. Jerome, from Your Life.*

The Ancestors of Our Birds

The birds of today are descendants of the reptile forms of yesterday. Ages ago, when the world was young, some of the more venturesome of the reptiles would climb trees, but when they tried to come down again, they sometimes fell and were killed. But others discovered that if they spread out their appendages they could sort of volplane down, and save the bumps. So their appendages developed into wings—and that is how they became birds. Proof of this has been found in fossils of certain reptile-like birds that had teeth and long tails margined by pairs of feathers, and we know that the birds of today have scales like those of reptiles. The most noticeable place is on their feet and legs—on a chicken's legs, for instance. The hen and the snake are really sisters under the scales.—*Radio Script, U. S. Department of Interior.*

¶You are either lazy or a big liar—

So You Haven't Time to Read!

PEOPLE are always telling you, "I love to read, but I'm so busy, I can't seem to find the time." But time, like a rubber band, can be stretched enormously, or it can be left to disintegrate unused. The trouble with the appalling number of non-readers who have been forced to learn to read as children but don't practice it as grown-ups, is that they are always putting off their reading for some time when they can go at it seriously. But reading should be done in snatches. You can read almost anywhere except in the dark.

In the bathroom I have gained a large part of what little education I have acquired. It seems to me an ideal place for reading because it is a resort of enforced delay and at such a time it seems to balance things beautifully if we fill up on spiritual food.

Of course, I don't read in the shower, nor am I one of those who read or telephone in the tub. I'd rather read even dry pages than damp. I read not only in my own bathroom, but while taking my dogs through theirs. Theirs is a rather extensive region mainly inhabited by trees, lamp posts, and grass. When they feel an impulse for a saunter, day or night, they make it impossible to sit and read until they have been appeased. So I began to carry with me a Spanish grammar; and while the dogs were studying botany, horticulture, and analytical chemistry, I filled the waiting-times with glances into a Spanish book. When the walk was resumed I would repeat over and over some verb like *compro, compras, compra, compramos, comprais, compran,* or thrilling sentences like *El muchacho dá una flor a la mujer.*

Then I subscribed to the Mexican daily paper published in Los Angeles, *La Opinion.* Since much of the news was familiar and the proper names gave a hint as to the meaning, I picked up words rapidly. When my nephew was flying around the world, for instance, it was easy to understand what was meant by *Howard Hughes aterrizó en Alaska,* or *El héroe del dia, Howard Hughes, era recibido por el embajador Americano en Paris.*

Still, I do not pretend to be able to speak Spanish, or to understand it when it is spoken with the normal velocity of the natives. And yet I can now read editorials in the Mexican papers; and I have gone through many Spanish novels and much poetry.

It amazes me constantly to see

how many people slog along through life in a state of utter and almost unrelieved boredom for lack of willingness to enrich their leisure and change stupid hours into fascinating ones. No wonder some of them substitute a well-stocked liquor cabinet for a bookcase and seek stupor or insanity instead of delight and education.

It baffles me to see people getting aboard a train for a four-day trip, or aboard a ship for a week or more, without taking along a single book. Some of them never even buy a newspaper or a magazine.

At the table or lunch counter, I always read when alone. This is contrary to all the best advice, since they tell us that the blood is needed at that time in the stomach, not in the eyes. But most of the doctors who warned me are long since dead or blind, while I am still reading in good light or bad. If the blood used by the eyes in reading is ill-spared by the stomach, what about the blood used in glancing at the food or trying to stab the waiter with eye-daggers, or caress the handsome lady across the room with eye-feathers?

Yet I have always taken the best of care of my eyes. I consider hard work and violent use the best of care, provided they are reinforced by the attentions that are paid to a football star or a race-horse.

I almost never read in bed, and when I do, I sit up straight. This is best for the eyes and for the neck. But I stay out of bed till I am too sleepy to sit up longer. Consequently "insomnia" is a word of almost no meaning to me, because I want to stay awake as long as I can.

There are numberless other pleasures in life besides reading, but where those pleasures are not available there is nothing like type. From the dullest or worst-written book one can learn at least many Don'ts. Almost anything to read is better than nothing.

I have worked hard and played hard all my life and had a better time than anybody else I know of. I have written an appalling amount of stuff for other people to read; but I have been reading other people's work since I was five years old, day and night, at all hours in all places.

That old saying, "When a new book comes out I read an old one," is an abominable confession of shame. I read with intense interest old books as well as new, and with equal hospitality, approaching the classic with an effort to remember that it was once wet ink hot off the press, and approaching the most modern with a readiness to believe that it may in time be hailed as a classic.

I read science, medicine, travel, religion and anti-religion, piety and obscenity, humor, gossip, politics, art — anything, every-

thing, I can lay eyes on. Besides, I read a large proportion of the magazines published quarterly, monthly, and weekly. I read seven Los Angeles dailies and two New York dailies and Sundays.

In short, reading with me is more or less like breathing. It goes on all the time, and I can't imagine living without it.

If what I have written above sounds like bragging, it is not meant so. It is rather an exclamation of amazement that everybody does not do the same or better. Life without reading is like life in a tenement with windows kept too dirty to permit a glance at the sky or the street or the neighbor's window.

Like every other opportunity, the chance to read is always there. Time was made for slaves. Free men make their own time, and time keeps them free.—*Rupert Hughes, condensed from Your Life.*

When a Father Prays

"BUILD me a son, O Lord, who will be strong enough to know when he is weak, and brave enough to face himself when he is afraid. One who will be proud and unbending in defeat, but humble and gentle in victory.

"A son whose wishbone will not be where his backbone should be; a son who will know that to know himself is a foundation stone of knowledge.

"Rear him, I pray, not in the paths of ease and comfort, but under the stress and spur of difficulties and challenges. Here let him learn to stand up in the storm; here let him learn compassion for those who fail.

"Build me a son whose heart will be clean, whose goal will be high. A son who will master himself before he seeks to master other men. One who will learn to laugh, yet never forget how to weep. One who will reach into the future, yet never forget the past.

"And after all these are his, add I pray, enough of a sense of humor so that he may always be serious, yet never take himself too seriously; a touch of humility, so that he may always remember the simplicity of true greatness; the open mind of true wisdom; the meekness of true strength.

"Then, I, his father, will dare to whisper, 'I have not lived in vain'."—*The Friendly Adventurer.*

¶Most of them are now a dead letter—

Laws of War

FOR THOUSANDS of years man has insisted on waging war, treating it as a game played according to rules that mitigate human suffering. Livy, the Latin historian, declaring that "the same laws hold good for peace as for war," recognized laws of war. But Cicero contended that in war laws are silent. From 1618 to 1648 Germany was ravaged by the Thirty Years War. Out of the period of famine and desperation arose a Dutch scholar, Hugo Grotius, who wrote the basic treatise on the laws of war.

These laws have been elaborated and amended at the following conferences: Paris, 1856; Geneva, 1864 and 1868; St. Petersburg, 1868; The Hague, 1899; Washington, 1921, and at later discussions by the League.

As applicable to the present, these laws include:

Declaration of War.—In 1907 the Second Hague Conference agreed that hostilities "must not commence without previous and explicit warning in the form either of a reasoned declaration of war or an ultimatum with conditional declaration of war." The Covenant of the League of Nations—indeed, the entire structure of diplomacy, including treaties of every kind—is based on the principle that war begins on a date and can be brought to an end on a date.

Prisoners of War.—Traditionally a captured enemy was a slave to be exchanged, ransomed, or held in servitude. In 1874 the Brussels Conference defined what, in rough-and-ready phrase, may be called the right to surrender. There was prepared a code of human treatment for prisoners of war, which later was adopted and amended by The Hague Conferences.

Wounded.—In 1864 and 1868, conferences at Geneva formulated rules for mitigating the terrible miseries of wounded. Hospitals and ambulances must show a red cross on a white ground, and, so identified, are inviolable.

During the World War offences against the Red Cross were frequently alleged. In Spain and China the fate of the wounded has been deplorable.

Submarines.—By maritime law, a belligerent warship may be sunk at sight without consideration for the fate of the crew. A submarine is thus entitled to torpedo such a warship. But a merchantman may only be captured or destroyed on condition that passengers and crew are removed to a place of safety.

Aircraft.—The Hague Regula-

tions forbid "the attack or bombardment of towns, villages, dwellings, or buildings which are undefended."

In 1889, The Hague Conference prohibited launching of bombs and explosives from balloons and by similar new methods. But in 1907, this drastic outlawry of aggressive war in the air failed of further ratification, and in its place the words "by any means whatsoever" were inserted in the general regulation safeguarding undefended buildings.

Air raids since the World War have reduced the rules to a dead letter. During the present conflicts, bombing has been quite indiscriminate, one object being apparently to break down the morale of civilians.

Poison.—More than 2,000 years ago the code of Manu in India condemned the use of poison in war. Until 1914 civilized nations observed this restraint.

In 1922 the Washington Conference prohibited "the use in war of asphyxiating, poisonous, or other gas, and all analogous liquids, materials, or devices." A protocol to the above effect and including bacteriological methods of warfare was signed at Geneva in 1925 and has been ratified by forty-one countries, including Italy (April 3rd, 1928). How many nations have adhered to this?—*P. W. Wilson, condensed from New York Times.*

Works Both Ways

A SCHOOLMASTER was giving back to his class some examination papers he had been marking.

"Does any boy want to ask a question?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," replied a boy. "I can't read what you have written at the bottom of my paper."

The master glanced at the paper, and said, "I have written, 'You must write more clearly.' "—*London Opinion.*

Still Going

A LAWYER in court occupied a long time with a speech, which was exceedingly dull. Someone who had left the courtroom and returned again after a lengthy interval found the harangue still going on. Turning to the person beside him he said, "Is not Mr. Blank taking up a great deal of time?"

"Time?" said the one addressed. "He has long ago exhausted time and encroached upon eternity."

Tests of an Educated Man

WHAT IS an educated man? Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University gives an authoritative answer. He has listed six tests which, reduced to simple outline, are as follows:

1. Correctness in the use of the mother tongue.
2. Refined and gentle manners which are the expression of fixed habits of thought.
3. Sound standards of taste.
4. The power and habit of reflection.
5. Constant intellectual growth.
6. The power to translate thought into efficiency.

Let us take up briefly in turn each of these tests:

Correct Language: Language is the expression of thought and therefore of life. It is not merely an artificial set of signs and sounds for conveying ideas. A man's words project a picture of his mind. If his mind is topsy-turvy, his words show it. They are involved and confused. If his mind is orderly, so is his speech. We mark our progress in education as we increase in correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue. How can we individually gain this correctness and precision? Dr. Butler says, "The way to learn good English is to associate with good English. If we read good English and hear good English, we begin to write good English and to speak good English."

Good Manners: This test, of course, does not refer to parlor tricks or the outward polish that is so often merely a veneer. It implies correct social behavior but it goes deeper. "To be a gentleman is within the reach of everyone of us who understands the real meaning of that term. It is to have an attitude toward others of self-respect and regard for human personality."

Courtesy also implies a constant thought for other people's rights and feelings. How can we attain gentle manners? By never willingly causing pain to others.

Good Taste: Your ultimate claim to that distinction rests upon the sort of things you like. Again to quote Dr. Butler: "To know what is good, what is beautiful, what is interesting, what is helpful, and to distinguish these from what is bad, what is ugly, what is uninteresting, and what is degrading, is another sure sign that we are advancing in competence and making progress in education." Good taste implies a development of discernment. One is not really cultivated until his ideas and beliefs have soaked down

into his likes and dislikes. This is achieved by getting to like the best things by getting acquainted with them.

Reflection: Reflection marks the educated from the uneducated mind. It is a process of turning things over in the mind. The ignorant mind jumps to conclusions; the educated mind takes the new idea and ponders it. The educated mind considers the new thing in the light of established ideas and discovers how it is going to get along with them. The educated mind takes apart, examines, tests, and develops critical ability.

Growth: Physical growth stops long before the arteries harden. Mental growth stops and the mental arteries harden the minute we fail to look upon life and the world with an open mind. The educated man knows that the need and the desire to learn never let up. He looks eagerly for new facts, new ideas. His mind grows. For the vast majority the power for mental growth passes early because with the majority the desire for growth passes early. But mental growth is never impossible.

The Power to Translate Thought into Concise Action: This is the power to do, to achieve, to mold, to use the machinery of life efficiently. The difference between the ignorant and the educated thinker does not lie in the amount of time each spends in thought but in the type of thought. The former's thoughts go round and round like the squirrel in his cage and lead him nowhere; the trained thinker uses thought as a guide to appropriate action. To the educated man the ideal flows easily into the practical. He learns by doing; his thinking takes form in deed.—*Abstract from Give Yourself Background by F. F. Bond.*

Mother's Example

A MODERN young woman arrived at her grandmother's house wearing a fashionable backless evening frock.

Grannie lectured her: "It's shameless. I dread to think what your mother would say if she saw you in that dress."

The young miss smiled.

"I'd dread it, too. You see, Grannie, this beautiful dress—well, it belongs to her."—*Parade.*

¶Farming without soil, again—

Good-bye, Good Earth?

DROP SOME chemicals and a handful of seeds in a tub of water and grow enough vegetables for your entire family. The new science of hydroponics makes gardening as simple as that. This growing of plants without soil—a laboratory dream of a few years ago—is now in post-experimental stage where it is suddenly beginning to threaten the old-fashioned farmer and florist with oblivion.

Commercial growing of plants without soil is an accident of science. It all started when scientists turned to chemistry for the answer to the age-old puzzle, What is a plant? A century ago it was discovered that not the soil itself, but certain chemicals in it, are plant food. So in trying to find out what those chemicals are, the experimenters began to analyze soil and soil water, and to burn plants and test the ash to find the chemical secrets.

Slowly a new body of knowledge developed. Healthy plants demanded calcium, sulphur, phosphorus, zinc, manganese, potassium, magnesium, boron. What's more, they insisted on certain amounts of these elements. Too much of any single chemical meant poisoning or constipation; too little, starvation. When the right amounts of the right chemicals were made into a water solution, the plants grew in the solution—and without soil.

It was a long time before the scientists realized what they had done. They were growing plants in water, but the fact was so familiar to them that they didn't see its implications. To them it was merely a tried and true method of scientific observation.

Then around 1929 Dr. William F. Gericke, associate plant physiologist at the University of California, dared to think of the possibilities. Seven years later the public opened its eyes to find Californians eating factory-grown tomatoes, raised and put on the market by commercial firms under Professor Gericke's supervision. About the same time, 1936, the National Resources Committee made it clear that something important had happened. It reported "tray agriculture" as a development whose impact on the future must be carefully watched.

Two methods of water culture have proved themselves. The first is Dr. Gericke's "hydrophonics." The plants are set on a wire netting over a shallow tank of chemical water, and wedged firmly into place with excelsior or peat moss. Their roots dangle

into the food-filled water. It's as simple as that. The only drawback is that now and then the roots must be aired.

The disadvantage is taken care of in the second method. Here, the plants are rooted in sand or cinders or pieces of pumice stone, exactly as they would be in earth, and the chemical nutrient is poured in. These porous substances, while furnishing support, allow the air to circulate. The nutrient drains into a basin underneath, from which it may be taken to be used again and again. If an automatic control system is used to regulate circulation, the expense of personal attendance can be counted out.

How about cost? You can buy a package of nutrient chemicals for from 75 cents to three dollars. But it is cheaper to make the solution yourself. The chemicals are common and can be bought for a few cents from a chemical supply company. The formulas can be had for nothing from agricultural stations in the United States.

But for the commercial man, the cost is still high. The tanks, the expense of regulating temperature, the initial cost of experiment, and of devising mechanical controls, are almost a "Keep Out" sign to the industry. Almost—but not quite. Once experiment is over and equipment is bought, soilless planting begins to pay for itself. The greatest saving is in space. Roots in soil must have a wide reach, so that they can get enough food and at the same time don't rob their neighbors of the limited supply. That means they must be planted far apart. But water-grown plants have a limitless supply of food, and spacing depends only on the availability of light.

Can all the crops and cereals be grown in water? The scientists don't say no. But they point out that there are still many plants that don't respond to the known chemical formulas. So far, vegetables have been the most successful. Tomatoes, potatoes, cabbage, beans, cucumbers, tobacco, are a few of the crops that have been tried and come out well more often than not. Flowers in general do very well, especially bulbs. Even fruit trees, though awkward to handle indoors, lap up water-food and grow. There is a lag, however, in the culture of grains, and still not enough is known about each separate variety of plant needs.

Soilless farming threatens a whole army of people at a time when there is no other place for them in the national economy. It only deepens the problem of overproduction, and menaces the great industry of agricultural supplies.

But nothing can stop it now. All of Europe is pushing it, in the race for self-sufficiency. In that next war it will be no small factor.

Look at England. One of John

Bull's fears is that, because of lack of space for grazing land on the tight little isle, he won't be able to keep enough cattle to feed his people during the war. Transport of meats is too expensive and difficult when blockaded ports are the rule. But soilless farming is solving the problem.

Significantly, the majority of scientific research reports on soilless plants is coming from abroad. London admits she owes soilless fodder to her belligerent neighbor, Germany. Denmark is also growing fodder without soil. Soviet Russia, which is still having difficulty feeding her vast population, is intensely occupied with research in the field. So is practically every European nation. All of Europe knows it's dangerous to be dependent. Because of that alone, the soilless farm is coming into its own.

But even as we try to digest these facts and their implications, word comes from London that scientists there, working on the synthetic manufacture of carbohydrates, are fast approaching their goal. That means some day we won't have to grow our foods at all. The chemist will make them, just as he is making plant food today. We'll buy our food from the druggist instead of from the grocery store. Then what will become of the farmer?

The question is no longer *Can We Do It?* but *Dare We Do It?* —*Sylvia Pass, condensed from Ken.*

Rhino Money

It is not generally known that the horn of the rhinoceros is composed of hair and can be bent in half without snapping. In China and the Far East it is greatly valued as an aid to longevity and cannot be purchased for less than $100 per cubic inch! It is ground down to a fine powder and taken in the form of snuff. Most wealthy Chinese keep supplies of this fine grey dust in costly lacquered boxes made specially for the purpose, and take the tiniest of pinches once a day. Centuries ago it was also used in Europe as a specific for fevers.—*Tid-Bits.*

Mussolini Hits the Jews

SIX YEARS ago Benito Mussolini told German writer Emil Ludwig, "There are no pure races left in Europe." To the suggestion that Jews were blamed whenever anything went wrong in the Germans, he replied, "Ah, yes, the scapegoat!"

Now Adolf Hitler's pupil in racial matters, the Duce, last September proved that he had adopted his master's scapegoat and outstripped him in wreaking revenge. Accelerating his anti-Semitic persecution to a pace not achieved even by the ruthless Fuehrer, he signed two decrees: (1) Expelling within six months all Jews who have entered the country since 1919, whether citizens or not; (2) excluding from Italian state schools and universities all Jewish teachers, professors, officials, and children (numbering 15,000).

Included in the decree's scope were all of Jewish race—even if Christian in faith, as many Hebrew-born Italians are.

By this brutal edict about 10,000 of Italy's 50,000 Jews were doomed to join the tragic wandering army of men and women without a home, means, or hope. Among Mussolini's personal friends, Fascist leaders, and public officials are many Jews.

Of Italy's 1,800 university professors, 400 are believed to be Jews. Among them are: Professor Artom, gynaecologist and consulting specialist to the royal family, who attended the Italian crown princess when her daughter was born in 1934, and Signor Guido Castelnuovo, mathematician and honorary member of the London Mathematics Society.

About expelled Jews' money nothing was said in the decree, but under Italy's currency laws it is practically impossible to take cash out of the country. Many Jews who came from Germany in the first years of the Hitler regime brought most of their property with them, and are fairly wealthy.

For Mussolini's bitter intensification of his racial drive, observers found two reasons: *(a)* to please his ally Hitler, and *(b)* to help Italian finances by confiscating Jewish money. Behind it lay the Duce's failure to fulfil a plan to colonize Abyssinia with Jewish people and money.

In astonishing contrast with his present policy was Mussolini's "no pure races" statement to Ludwig in 1932. Declared he:

"Not even the Jews have kept their blood unmingled. Successful crossings have often promoted the energy and the beauty of a

nation. Race! It is a feeling, not a reality; ninety-five per cent at least is a feeling. Nothing will ever make me believe that biologically pure races can be shown to exist to-day.

"Amusingly enough, not one of those who have proclaimed the 'nobility' of the Teutonic race was himself Teuton. Gobineau was a Frenchman; Houston Chamberlain an Englishman; Woltman a Jew; Lapouge another Frenchman.

"Anti-Semitism does not exist in Italy. Italians of Jewish birth have shown themselves good citizens, and they fought bravely in the war. Many of them occupy leading positions in the universities, in the army, in the banks. Quite a number of them are generals; Modena, the commandant of Sardinia, is a general of the artillery."

One motive for Mussolini's change of front was a secret report given by German *Gestapo* agents who accompanied Adolf Hitler on his visit to Rome. They found the people weary of Fascism, and suggested that a Jewish "scapegoat" be found.

At first unsympathetic to the idea, Mussolini came back to it after he had worried over the problem of his Ethiopian Empire, the exploitation of which had not made the progress expected. To the Jews he proposed they should settle in Abyssinia and take their capital with them.

The Jewish community, he was told, preferred life in Venice and Rome to the arid mountains of the African interior. Mussolini's annoyance was reinforced by his daughter Edda's constant urging to take steps against the Jews. During her visit to Germany, Edda Ciano had become a close friend of Rudolf Hess, the Fuehrer's dark-haired deputy. One link between them was their faith in nature cures; under Hess's influence the Duce's favorite daughter was infected by the anti-Semitic germ.

Final motive for Mussolini to turn Jew-baiter was his championship of the Arabs. As Islam in Palestine is fighting against the Jews, the Duce decided that an anti-Jew campaign would further his dream of becoming leader of a great Mediterranean empire.

Mussolini found powerful arguments to back his plan for Jewish colonization in Abyssinia. Since the days of the Pharaohs the country has been linked up with Hebrew history.

According to legend, when the Jews migrated from Egypt, a dissident faction cut themselves off from the main body in the wilderness, and wandering up the Nile reached the highlands of Ethiopia, where they settled to cultivate the land. Their descendants, though they are dark-skinned, have never lost their racial or religious identity. Living in the highlands far away from the coast, they now number

about three-quarters of a million.

Abyssinia's ruling Coptic Christian Church absorbed a number of Semitic traditions. It still observes two Sabbaths, Saturday and Sunday, and practises the Jewish rite of circumcision. Its churches are divided into three parts like a Mosaic prayer-house.

With an area almost as large as France and Spain combined, Abyssinia could—it has been urged—offer a better homeland than narrow Palestine. — *Condensed from News Review.*

How to Get on with People

1. ALWAYS say less than you think. Cultivate a low, persuasive voice. How you say it often counts more than what you say.

2. Make promises sparingly and keep them faithfully, no matter what it costs you.

3. Praise good work done, regardless of who did it. If criticism is needed, criticize helpfully, never spitefully.

4. Be interested in others; interested in their pursuits, their welfare, their homes and families. Let everyone you meet, however humble, feel that you regard him as one of importance.

5. Be helpful. Hide your pains, worries, and disappointments under a smile.

6. Preserve an open mind on all debatable questions. Discuss, but not argue. It is a mark of superior minds to disagree and yet be friendly.

7. Discourage gossip. Make it a rule to say nothing of another unless it is something good.

8. Be careful of another's feelings. Wit and humor at the other fellow's expense are rarely worth the effort, and may hurt where least expected.

9. Pay no attention to ill-natured remarks about you. Simply live that nobody will believe them.

10. Don't be too anxious about your dues. Do your work, be patient and keep your disposition sweet, forget self, and you will be rewarded.—*Pere Marquette Magazine.*

¶An indefatigable worker—

The Creator of Robinson Crusoe

THE CREATOR of the immortal adventurer *Robinson Crusoe* admitted that he had been employed by Queen Anne "in several honorable though secret services." And that was putting it very modestly, for Daniel Defoe is one of the great professionals in the centuries of secret service, a discreet giant among the legions of straining, posturing and boastfully "confiding" amateurs.

Defoe, the master of imaginative adventure and of uncanny realism, the journalist and novelist, wrote millions of words in his fruitful and complex life, but never a line about his own career as a secret agent of the crown. Despite these activities the gravest risk he ran all his adult years was that of working himself to death.

The fact that he continued to be employed both by the Tory and Whig governments is a clear indication of his varied capabilities. As a propagandist there is evidence and to spare that Defoe was indefatigable, and as a journalist, all but unbelievable. The writing of his books was largely a pastime, light exercise for his leisure hours to keep his quill in trim.

He turned out pamphlets with effortless clarity and speed. He wrote three and sometimes four newspapers: a monthly publication—of nearly 100 pages—as well as a weekly and a tri-weekly. Part of the time he issued a daily. Scotland was four hundred miles distant; yet when Defoe on one of his secret missions went into the north country he continued writing and publishing his reviews in London every other day. Even on the dire occasion of his being locked up in Newgate, he never stopped sending out manuscript to the printer.

Defoe was more than a single author, agent or masterly propagandist; he became a whole platoon of journalistic shock troops. Not only were his most famous characters fictional, but he himself was partly a figment of his own imagination. He published some books anonymously, but signed his name to the introductions in which he recommended them to the consideration of the reading public. He encouraged himself in letters to his papers and reviled himself in letters to rival sheets. He corrected himself, he quoted himself, he plagiarized his own writings in works which he attributed to foreign commentators. He boldly reminded himself in print of his alliance with political gentry who were secretly employing him to

oppose some policy of the government to which they belonged. Defoe, more than any man who has ever lived, permitted his aptitude for secret service to infect every other practice of his almost innumerable vocations. He was professional in secret service.—*Richard Wilmer Rowan in The Story of Secret Service.*

Playing the Game

Whatever the game, and whatever the odds,
The winning is all up to you;
For it isn't the score, and it isn't the prize,
That counts when the playing is through!
In the great game of life, it's the purpose to win,
And the courage to fight to the end,
That determine for you what degree of success
Will be scored to your credit, my friend.

The best you can do may not be quite enough
To defeat your opponents today;
But you never can lose, and you never can fail,
If you put all you've got in your play;
And the greatest reward that your efforts can bring
Is the fact that you stood to the test—
That you played a clean game, and you fought
a good fight,
And you always were doing your best!

—*Stewart-Warnerite.*

Lessons Parents Must Learn

SCHOOL PRINCIPALS are frequently asked this question by parents: "What is the one most important thing I can do for my child—or children?" After a dozen years of teaching and administration as principal of a junior high school, if I were limited to one reply it would be, "Good discipline!"

In the last generation a tremendous amount of loose talking and writing has been done on the general subject of "progressive education." One of the main tenets of this new conception has been to "reason" with the children. Punishment was taboo. Children were "sacred psychological entities." They should never get a spanking; they were never to be sent to their rooms for an hour or two of solitude. Boys and girls of 'teen age were not to be denied their weekly or bi-weekly, or daily visits to the movies. If their manners were crude and boisterous, they were not to be reprimanded. I think the philosophy behind this system is fallacious. I don't advocate free use of the rod. In twelve years, I have used corporal punishment three times. But parents, in general, are simply making it harder for their children by refusing to discipline firmly. When children deliberately disobey, when they are truculently rude, when they deliberately do things they know are wrong, then is the time for discipline. Your child may not need a great deal of firm discipline. An hour or two of solitude may be enough. You must judge that. But I venture to assert there isn't a child in a thousand who cannot benefit from honest, firm discipline.

Though schools take the rap today for many things, parents must assume the major responsibility for the manners, morals, and life purposes of young people. Parents have been turning over all they can to schools, but the home is still the major sphere of influence in determining a child's life.

The height and depth of applesauce, it seems to me, is a mother and father giving their time to committee work in worthy causes, and letting their own children grow up to be little hellions.

The point second in importance is to teach your child to be self-reliant. Self-reliance is one of the vital personal characteristics of real men and women. If Johnny comes home crying, "That Bobby Jones hit me," there's nothing morally or psychologically wrong, so far as I can see, if you reply, "Well, the

next time he hits you, you double up your fist and hit him right on the nose, hard." The sooner Johnny (and Mary, too) learns to fight his own battles, the better prepared he will be for life. Don't kiss every bruise and bump. Life is full of knocks, and a little later, your child will have to learn to take all kinds in his stride, if he's a real man.

The third point of advice to parents is to teach your children the meaning of work. Sometimes I see a mother picking up the toys after her young child has finished playing with them. A grand opportunity missed! Let your child have his play. Then make him pick his toys up.

When they are five years old, all children ought to have light daily tasks, and as they grow older the tasks can be increased. If you agree with the philosophy that one of the main purposes of education should be to prepare for adult life, then certainly we must learn to work. Parents who believe that they have a responsibility to their children can find tasks around the home which will teach this fundamental lesson.

Closely connected with this matter of work is the next point: Teach children the value of money. When the time comes for your child to have a couple of pennies a week as an allowance, let him know that he is earning it by some small daily task. Let him save one penny and plan how he will spend the other. As the time comes along for nickels, dimes, quarters, and dollar bills, keep up the same plan. The person who handles money wisely has one more tool under control for even-keeled adult living.

Sometimes I feel that the boys who sell newspapers, black shoes, and mow lawns are learning a life lesson that gives them a head start over children in homes with maids and chauffeurs. But the principle is the important thing. We wouldn't see in the headlines so many crimes of youth if they had been taught the lessons that the majority have to learn in one way or another. There are too many "sponge" parents who let their children squeeze them for money, or anything else they want.

Next, I would say to parents, *encourage your children to read.* Our system of education today is based, to a large degree, on the printed page. Three things I would emphasize here. First, see that good books and magazines are in plentiful supply, adapted to the age of your children. Second, teach your children to use the public library. Third, the whole family should discuss books and magazines in which there is a common bond. The vast majority of children will enjoy reading if the material is on their level of understanding. The children's books and magazines are excellent today. The more children read of good

material, the better.

Again, be honest in appraising your child's ability. "Any boy may become President" is no more true than the statement that we are all born free and equal. It's hard for many parents to understand, but God gives some children a hundred talents, some fifty, and some only ten. Just because a certain child is yours does not mean he inherited a hundred talents!

I have known parents of small children who were starting to train them for certain vocations. Wait until your child is ready. The point for parents is: don't force your child into a vocation. General education comes first, and as time goes on, it looks as though it would be increasingly important. In the vast majority of cases, young people will show their lines of interest and ability at the proper time.—*Haydn S. Pearson, condensed from The Commentator.*

Mind Your Business

NOT ONLY is W. C. Fields America's favorite movie comedian, but nature has aided and abetted his gift to make people laugh by endowing him with a nose which, in form and color, is of the kind that less able comedians deem it necessary to imitate in putty and rouge. As to whether nature is entirely responsible for the color is a question. For it is alleged that the same Mr. Fields had been capable of imbibing a considerable amount of beverage such as leaves its mark in color at the bulb end of the nose. But even though that allegation had no basis of fact, as Mr. Fields contends, the warm glow at the end of his nose is said to have aroused the envy of John Barrymore, himself alleged to be no mean consumer of firewater. According to a story emanating from Hollywood, it was at one of those parties at that Garden of Glamor that Barrymore bumped into Fields. Striking a Shakesperian pose and staring straight at the highly colored bulbous protuberance, Barrymore exclaimed, "Magnificent! Canst tell me, sire, how thy nose hath attained such sublime coloring—such rosy glow?" Fields was equal to the occasion. "Sure, knave," he replied with a Fieldian leer. "It glows with pride because it knows how to keep out of other people's business." —*Heavy Stuff.*

Ten Social Nuisances

WE OCCASIONALLY meet with the following types, socially, and all of them stand in their own light:

1. *The interrupter* is a man who cuts you off before you have finished what you set out to say; and when you have waited for another start, you are cut off again . . . And again . . . It can be perfectly maddening; and people who are guilty find themselves verbally assailed or socially left out.

2. *The blunderer* makes other people nervous; for they never know what he will say next. He has no tact, and, seemingly, no memory. He will condemn divorce although two of the company have been granted decrees. He can be guaranteed to score the biggest howler whenever and wherever the biggest is possible. And at last he wonders why he is socially forgotten.

3. *The fatiguers* are those long-winded people who speak so slowly, and with such evident intention to make us see everything, that a simple affair like the occasion when a boy was sent for a jar of marmalade becomes a sort of epic so far as detail is concerned. Five minutes are consumed in describing the consternation of the shopkeeper when asked for a brand he did not keep in stock. Five more are taken up with what the boy said by way of objection, and how he stood up to his instructions—a perfect gem of obedience—and so on—and on, and on. As John Godfrey Saxe put it: "He says a thousand things, but never says 'Adieu.' "

4. *The challengers* are the argumentarians; they feel it necessary not to take anything for granted, not even the most commonplace remarks. "Nice day to-day," will be met with "Is it? I thought it was dull."

Nobody will deny that a little critical analysis is, occasionally, a great help in interchanges of opinion; but the habit of being completely negative is another matter.

5. *The gratuitous adviser* is often amusing enough, but in the end he becomes something of a nuisance. If you have a cold, and complain that your throat is slightly affected, he knows of an instant cure; and demands that you take out your note-book and write down the prescription there and then. Also you must get it made up at a certain drug store, for there all drugs are new, and the dispensing is done with a conscience. You tell him that you have already a similar remedy, but he

brushes the objections aside and tries to exact a promise that you follow his advice.

6. *The cross-examiner* is an inquisitor of the first water. "I made $5,000 last year," he will say. "How much did you make?" Or, if he has moved into a new house, he will desire to compare his rent with that of other guests, and will unhesitatingly demand that you tell him what you are paying. Observing the good fit of your clothes, he will first inquire who is your tailor; then, without a blush, request the price. There is nothing about which he may not become improperly inquisitive, and only a direct snub will stop him.

7. *The flatterer* is generally regarded as being more popular than otherwise, and it is true that most people do not object to flattery; only to the form of it. For instance, there is a crude flatterer who lays it on with a trowel; and when he performs in the presence of other people, he is a very objectionable person.

8. *The jester* who is always jesting is a bore, eventually. And he loses the respect of other people. Gracian says that "many get the reputation of being witty, but thereby lose the credit of being sensible. Jest has its little hour, seriousness should have all the rest." The man who aims to keep the company in a roar of merriment is scooping out his social grave with his tongue; for by and by the fountain of humor will run dry, and he will either become a damp squib or turn to cynicism and bitterness for the staple of his remarks.

9. *The vulgarians* are of various types, but the one we have in mind is the man who prides himself in calling a spade —always. Naturally, he pays the penalty. And he knows it; for his foolhardiness—we cannot call it courage—is often a desire to be noticed and spoken about. When he complains that people are too "squeamish" for his robust masculinity, he is only compensating for his fear of effeminacy.

10. *The egotists* have a rhythm; for during one part of a social evening their opinionated remarks are highly irritating, yet for the remainder of the time their self-centred talk may be no more than an amusing diversion. Egotists like the limelight. They may not think that the others are laughing at them; it would be a sacrilege. Egotism shows itself in a hundred ways, and the manner of using words which declare "you're wrong," or that "you know nothing about it," are more than pin-pricks. And they spell death to popularity. — W. *J. Ennever, from Brain-Building for Success.*

¶If you want to be physically fit—

Learn from the Animals!

WE OFTEN hear that an individual or an athletic team has "gone into training." The expression has a two-fold meaning: that the person or persons are now living temperately; that certain unhealthful practices have been temporarily abandoned. One of the most distinguishing differences between human life and the life in the wild is the fact that wild creatures appear to be always in training. They keep regular hours. They insist on certain periods, day and night, for rest and relaxation. They play. Under normal conditions, no one of them is a glutton. If one happens to get the least bit off condition, he at once refuses to eat. The result is that wild birds and animals are remarkably sane, poised, and natural. At any moment they are ready for an emergency.

One day during a drought I was walking across the bed of a dry pond. My advance was noiseless. Just on the farther rim of the pond a little doe sprang from her bed in some huckleberry bushes. By scent she knew I was near, but did not know where I was. Her jump from her lying-down position took her a third of the way across the pond. So lithe, graceful, and effortless was her spring that I measured the length of it; sixteen feet, nine inches. I have measured the jump of a buck; thirty-two feet, eleven inches. I have seen a deer jump an obstruction nine feet high, and I know he could have gone higher. Indeed, so physically fit for a crisis is a deer that I am almost inclined to believe what an old woodsman once said to me: "A deer can jump just as high and just as far as he has to." And why is he so superb a performer? It is because he keeps in training. Nearly all our physical woes are directly traceable to our behavior. But the wild creatures have no doctors, hospitals, or nurses. If one of them is sick or injured, he knows very well how to take care of himself.

Nature's children have their recreations: I have watched the wild deer, the otters, foxes, and many birds at their playtime, at their innocent little festivals. But I never saw one play to exhaustion, as many of us do; nor do bitter rivalries and hatreds develop in their play.

A wild thing will die rather than disobey a law of nature. One day after a big storm I investigated a hollow limb that had been blown from an oak tree. In the hollow I found four baby racoons. I determined to

make pets of them. For eight or nine days I kept them in a wired enclosure, offering them all kinds of food. Not an infant would taste a morsel. They would sit there and look at me wistfully as if to convey to me the idea that I had forgotten the Main Thing. And then I remembered: I had forgotten the water! "What a fool you are," I said to myself. "Don't you know that a raccoon will never eat anything until he washes it scrupulously?" Those babies were going to starve to death rather than disobey one of the laws by which they knew they ought to live.

As soon as a pan of water was supplied, every baby took a morsel of food, ambled over, and washed it carefully before eating it.

It is regularity of regime that makes me believe that wild brother lives a very decent and respectable life. He never keeps late hours. He is always sober, industrious, and temperate. The cares of which we complain so much are, in most cases, due to our disregard of the simplest laws of hygiene and common sense. A temperate person has about fifty chances to one over an intemperate person in the matter of attaining what we call human happiness; and by a temperate person I mean one who is not a spendthrift of his physical birthright. A man can be as intemperate in play as in work; in eating as well as in drinking.

I have an authentic record of a ten-point stag that was wounded by hunters at eight o'clock in the morning. At the time there was a pack of fourteen good hounds after him. A long and unequal chase through the wildwoods began. One after another the hounds fell out of the chase. The whole affair ended at five o'clock in the afternoon, when the wounded buck, with only one hound after him, swam the Santee River and escaped into the lonely wilds of the delta. As hot as the chase had been, the deer must have averaged at least ten miles an hour. Of course, when he could, he must have paused to dodge and skulk. But even so, he must have run a distance of ninety miles, even when wounded—almost four Marathons! And what accounted for his escape? Only years of temperate living, bringing to him that strength and vitality that alone could avail him in this life-and-death pursuit.

Wild brother takes care of himself; he keeps in training for whatever life may call upon him to do. Nor does he make his enjoyment of existence dependent on the artificial stimulation of unnatural excitement.—*Archibald Rutledge, condensed from Nature Magazine.*

How to Attract Men

FOR THE ASSISTANCE of many women who may have designs on any of the million men, here are six temperamental types among artists:

Coquette (Billie Burke, Elizabeth Arden, Lily Pons): Her physical characteristics are a petite figure, *retroussé* features, and curled coiffures. She is a feminine, frivolous woman, gay, provocative, demure, fragile, dainty—a hothouse creature made for having fun.

The coquette's wardrobe should have nothing tailored in it, should contain more dresses than suits (what suits she has will be trimmed with one of the softer furs). Her dance frocks will look as though made for moonlight.

She will find inspiration in the Du Barry and Pompadour, Colonial and Victorian styles. The coquette will wear soft and crushable fabrics in non-aggressive pastel shades.

Sophisticated (Duchess of Windsor, Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt): Her physical characteristics are a trim, slender figure, irregular but striking features, sleek coiffure. She is a career woman, restless, a doer, impatient, easily bored, a city woman who likes night life.

The sophisticate wears severely tailored suits. Proud of her streamlined figure, she reveals it with a sheath silhouette, always going to breath-taking extremes. She likes lacquered surfaces, starched lace, sequins, satins, and especially unrelieved black dresses. Sometimes her black is brightened by a brilliant splash of color or white.

Romantic (Greta Garbo, Princess Matchabelli): Her physical characteristics are chiselled features, wistful eyes, artistic unstudied coiffure. She is passionately in love with beauty, is sensitive, a shy day-dreamer, and may be an artist, a writer, or an actress. She dresses best at home, and therefore collects luscious teagowns. The lines of her gowns are simple to show off their texture and color. They are unfussy and tuckless, usually made of velvet, chiffon, or satin. The romantic seldom finds a pattern print to please her, and when she does it is handblocked.

Patrician (Duchess of Kent, Lynn Fontanne): Her physical characteristics are slender curves, exquisite skin and hair, soft coiffure. A lady above all, she avoids the spectacular and is ultraconservative, though distinguished. Her evening gowns are elegant and Empire, her formal suits striking a dignified Edwardian note. She will choose

rich and sumptuous materials of Empire green, royal purple, peeress red, or white brocaded in gold.

Gamine (Katherine Hepburn, Elsa Schiaparelli, Beatrice Lillie): Her physical characteristics are a boyish — almost *gauche* — figure, impudent features, and rebellious hair. She should never subdue her rebellious spirit in soft fashions, but remain impudent. She revels in swagger tweeds and sports clothes, but will not have an afternoon dress to her name. Her clothes are inspired by military, schoolgirl, toreador, and Romany gipsy designs, taking for her motto, "Anything goes so long as it has spirit."

She wears informal fabrics in irrepressible colors. In the evening her clothes are velveteen, printed linen, or cretonne in Goya yellow or Romany red.

Exotic (Marlene Dietrich, Tallulah Bankhead): Her physical characteristics are a *svelte* figure, pale features, large eyes, extreme coiffures. She has a mysteriously foreign or Oriental flavor, and may be an actress or a fashion model. Like the sophisticate she adores night life, seldom beginning her day until noon. Dominant notes in her wardrobe are Chinese mandarin robes, Hindu veils, Moorish wraps, harem skirts, and in the daytime Cossack lines.

The exotic never wears sports clothes or suits; she likes unrelieved black. Chinese red, Ming yellow, Japanese brown, and Egyptian prints, Chinese brocades, lamés in metal tones, or anything bizarre that will foster the *femme fatale* idea.

Getting-on women emphasize their drooping face lines if they part their hair centrally and let it fall down the sides. They should gain a softer line by parting it at the side. Hair lifted off the forehead lifts every line in the face. Ageing hair must never be dyed, but tinted, as the pigmentation of the skin changes with the greying of the hair.

Years can be subtracted, according to Margaretta Byers, by tilting hats, wearing veils instead of brims to flatter the eyes, and wearing a touch of white or color near the face; ageing skin needs it.

Brown or beige clothes never mix with grey hair unless the woman wearing them has exceptionally striking brown eyes. Best for grey hair are brilliant colors or dusty pastels.

Waistlines with a lift impart that lift to the whole figure. Insidiously droop-making are long necklaces; anti-droop are high heels under reasonably light-shaded, dull finished silk stockings.

Further advice:

Oval faced (Gladys Swarthout, Dolores del Rio): You have the ideal face, so you need only take care not to distort your perfect contours with fantastic hats and erratic coiffures. You are stark,

staring mad if you narrow your beautiful, wide-sweeping forehead with side bangs or dips. And you're just tossing away your birthright if you let your hair stick out awkwardly at the cheeks.

You really don't need rouge at all because you're blessed with such perfect contours that there's nothing to correct. If you'd like to look exotic, you would do well to leave it out.

Round faced (Sylvia Sydney, Princess Juliana of Holland): Lengthen your face and then try for width at the top. Then you certainly won't wear the hair fluffed out at the cheeks. And you won't cut down the length with bangs or narrow the forehead with dips. No, you'll draw the hair back behind the ears and off the forehead and build it up at the temples.

You can taper your round cheeks by applying rouge low and quite near the nose and extending it as always around the curve of the cheek.

Hats for the round face should be tall to give you face length. Straight lines are out because they emphasize your curves, and round lines are out for the same reason. That leaves dashing little caps. Their diagonal lines will break up the perfect circle of your face, and their decided tilt will leave enough of your upswept coiffure showing to imply actual face length.

Square-faced (Constance Bennett, the Duchess of Windsor): The right coiffure can make the square jaw do a marvellous disappearing act. First of all, no dips or bangs for you because they shorten your face and make it squarer than ever. Lift the hairline at the temples into two pronounced corners, and this will make the jaw seem less square by contrast. The Duchess of Windsor has recently discovered this trick.

The square-face's rouge should be applied very much like the round-faced type's. This face, too, needs length. Never let anyone induce you to dab a bit of rouge on your chin because this shortens the face.

This type, like the round face, needs height in millinery, but you must get it differently. Those soft, floppy brims pulled down diagonally in the Garbo manner are particularly flattering.

Long-faced (Norma Shearer, Beatrice Lillie): The best thing for these women is a sort of halo of combed out curls extending just to the cheek-bones. This provides the necessary width at the top to turn that drawn out effect into a graceful oval.—*Condensed from News Review.*

ANDREW Carnegie once said to the graduates of New York University: "Do your duty and a little bit more, and you will always have success."

Christmas reminds us of another spiritual leader—

The Prince Who Became Buddha

THE ANCIENT Faith of Buddhism numbers 500,000,000 adherents, and is a mighty force, holding sway over men's lives and destinies. Buddhism has existed for 2,400 years. It prevails in Central Asia, in Tibet, over China, Japan, Southern Siberia, and in parts of India.

It presents what are known as the "Four Noble Truths":

(1) Suffering is universal.

(2) The cause of suffering is desire.

(3) Deliverance from suffering comes through suppression of all desire, the conquest of all passion, the acquiring of a quiet mental state.

(4) This state can only be acquired through pursuing the eight-fold paths of high morality.

The goal is Nirvana. Buddha taught that the great sins are self-indulgence, ill-will, and ignorance. Like Christianity, Buddhism inculcates charity, kindness, and sympathy.

Another striking resemblance to Christianity is seen in the fact that Buddhism opens the door of salvation to man and woman alike, to the high-born and the outcast; and there the resemblance ends. Buddhism offers no loving Saviour, no divine sacrifice for the remission of sins. That man must work out his own salvation through long sequences of rebirths, through aeons of years, is Buddhist teaching.

The birth, life, and death of the Buddha are all surrounded and intertwined with legend and myth, truth and fiction being woven together; but he was a real person, and was born about 560 B. C.

Buddha's real name was Gautama Siddhatha (the Successful One). He was born in the Lumbini Grove, near Kapilavastu, on the border of South Nepal. His father was a great prince of a powerful Sakya clan, called Suddhodana, and his mother was the beautiful Princess Mahamaya (generally known as Maya).

To Prince Suddhodana a vision was vouchsafed some time before the birth of his son which caused him much trouble of heart, for above all things he desired that his son should be a great prince and ruler after him.

In this vision an ancient seer appeared to Suddhodana and told him that his son would never be a great prince, nor rule after him over his wide dominion, but that he would, after seeing four different signs, deliberately renounce all earthly glories and distinctions, and become a *chakravartin* (a universal

monarch) and a great *buddha,* or teacher.

Terrible were the anger and disappointment of Prince Suddhodana, who asked of the seer what should be the four signs and when they should occur in his son's lifetime.

The seer answered shortly, "Thy son shall see on four different occasions a sick and blind man, an old man, a dead man, and a monk; but the times and occasions may not be made known."

Then the vision faded and left the prince in great sorrow. But even before his son's birth Suddhodana caused every sick and aged, every blind and deformed person to be sent forth from the royal palace and its environments. He removed all monks from the country round about for many miles, forbidding them to come anywhere near the precints of the royal palace on penalty of death.

He placed guards north, south, east, and west of the vast territory belonging to his domains to carry out his orders. Next he collected as servants only young, healthy, and beautiful persons to surround the young prince from his birth.

The boyhood of the young prince was happy and uneventful. He was taught all manly sports, and was instructed in all kingcraft that he might be an able successor to his father. He was surrounded only by beautiful and youthful and healthy companions; of disease, old age, and death he knew nothing. Yet his soul was never content; he sighed yet knew not why he sighed. He was early and happily married to the princess who shared his birthday with him, and he had a greatly beloved little son.

Whenever the prince rode out beyond the royal precints and the guards, who were placed a league beyond them in all four directions, heralds were sent out first to command that all sick, aged, and infirm persons were to be shut away.

Yet, in spite of all vigilance, truth must reveal itself. The young prince could not remain in ignorance forever. At the age of twenty-nine he went forth one glorious morning to hunt, and behold, a strange sight arrested him. A diseased and blind man bent with pain crossed his pathway. Greatly shocked and amazed, Gautama questioned his courtiers as to this mystery of disease, this horror of blindness —what were these awful encroachments on life's beauty and joy?

Not long after, the prince, wandering alone in the forest, encountered an aged man who had lost his way. From him for the first time Gautama learnt in astonishment that youth can not last for ever, that strength and beauty must fade, that raven locks must turn to a crown of snow. What an awakening for the keen, intellectual mind! Into what depths of introspection the

young prince was thrown!

Now he sought to escape unseen into the strange world which lay beyond his father's dominions, and so he met and learned of death. With unutterable shock, wandering alone far from home in the depth of night, he saw a simple bier and on it the quiet form of a dead young man being carried to the funeral pyre. Gautama followed, himself unseen.

This appalling mystery was followed by days and nights of wonderment and questioning. The foundations of the young prince's life were shaken; he sought enlightenment and none came, until the fourth and last portent was fulfilled, and Gautama met for the first time a young monk, and from him learned of another life beyond this, of eternal truths to be found through renunciation.

Then cried Gautama, "This life must end; pleasure, wealth, desire can not satisfy. I must reach knowledge; I must acquire wisdom."

The white eastern moonlight bathed the palace, flooded the marble terraces and wondrous gardens, and we see Gautama softly bending over his sleeping wife and little son. He was saying his sad last good-bye; he was never to see either again. He was stealing away from the royal palace, making his great renunciation.

Gautama went to a grove of fig-trees, near Gaya, and here was joined by five ascetics. Here for six long years he stayed, practising the most austere self-discipline, renouncing every pleasure of life, living only on meagre and coarse diet.

All through these six long years Gautama was buffeted by cruel and continuous temptations sent by Mara, the Prince of Evil. These temptations first took the form of violence, next of allurement; but to all Gautama was impervious. Avalanches of rocks and arrows hurled and shot at him were turned into flowers of blessing as they fell about his head.

Emaciated, worn now with hunger and suffering, his beauty faded, yet still steadfast, Gautama sat on his couch of straw, through all weathers, beneath the sacred fig-tree.

Here he made his famous declaration, "Never will I move from this seat until I attain the supreme and absolute wisdom."

That awesome night when lightnings rent the heavens asunder and thunders boomed with unceasing menace, when a mighty wind swept through the mountain passes, dislodging huge rocks and boulders, and the rains descended in floods, Prince Gautama acquired enlightenment and became the Buddha, the wise one.

For seven weeks longer Buddha remained under the sacred fig-tree, resting after struggle,

and a woman called Sujata brought him rice-milk to strengthen him for the life-work which he had to start upon.

For forty-five years Buddha, now a missionary, travelled and taught all over India and in other lands. His religion grew and spread. He lived to the age of eighty, and died in Kasanagara, greatly beloved.

Buddha's last words to his disciples were: "Work out your salvation with diligence." —*Ethel M. Hanna, condensed from Sunday At Home, London.*

Cockroaches

COCKROACHES lived on the earth a million years before man. In Brazil cockroaches are so large they bite off children's toenails.

Cockroaches customarily living in dark places will give up the dark and live in the light if you give them repeated electric shocks in the darkness.

The cockroach is more intelligent than many presumably higher forms of life, the cow and the pig for instance.

Cockroaches carry colonies of bacteria from generation to generation, being transferred from the parent's body to each egg long before it is laid.

The cockroach smells and hears with its antennae. If a cockroach's leg is broken off another will grow in its place.

Frequently exterminators of cockroaches make use of the creature's fondness of bananas. They place pieces of the fruit on newspapers on a basement floor and pour a circle of sodium fluosilicate powder around them. To reach the pieces of fruit the roach must walk through the powder, which then sticks to its legs and antennae. This apparently causes irritation which stimulates the roach's "cleaning-up" habit. In the process of cleaning itself, the cockroach draws its antennae and legs through its mouth and thus swallows enough of the chemical to cause death.—*Fact Digest.*

¶Without oil war is impossible—

Secret World War for Oil

NEWS ITEM from Batavia, Java: "The Netherlands Government has completed preparations to thwart attempts by a foreign power to seize the rich oil resources of Borneo and other parts of the Dutch East Indies. Anticipating that application of the U. S. neutrality act might force Japan, in her acute need of oil fuel, to a desperate attempt to seize the rich oil fields of the Dutch East Indies, the Netherlands Government has built an elaborate system of connecting mines to blow up their oil depots, pipe lines, and wells if the need arises. Under the shadow of Britain's powerful naval base at Singapore, Holland apparently depends on British protection. Authorities say that by touching off this system of mines, it would be impossible to obtain oil supplies for at least six months in the Dutch East Indies, and it would cost millions to restore the fields to working condition."

Pick up any newspaper these days and you'll read something about oil—and it's usually linked with defence. Behind the headlines, there is a quiet but mad scramble by various powers for invulnerable oil fields. A secret war is being waged for petroleum!

Donald M. Ross, of Toronto, an authority on Canadian oil, believes that "in the event of another great war Great Britain would turn to Canada for oil. Her present resources are highly vulnerable. Look at the confiscation in Mexico—and the same thing might happen in South America at any moment."

E. A. Allcut, professor of mechanical engineering at the University of Toronto, explained to me the importance of oil. "It is impossible to wage war without oil," he said. "It is more essential, probably, than anything else. You could easily say the result of the next war can be expressed in terms of barrels of oil. Look at the tremendous increase in oil consumption since the Great War. And as the oil supply of the world diminishes, there's a mad scramble for the important fields. The early nineteenth century was called an age of steam. To-day you might reasonably say we are living in an age of steel—and steel needs oil!"

Even the United States is beginning to worry about her oil supply, although last year that country produced nearly 62 per cent of the world's petroleum. An announcement of the American Petroleum Institute of New York City started the work. "In fifteen years," the Institute said,

"unless no new fuel supply is discovered, the oil fields of the United States will be exhausted."

Let's picture the situation of Japan as she presses her attack on China. Battleships are not the only war machines requiring oil. Tractors, airplanes, and tanks all devour the liquid. Last year, from the United States alone, Japan purchased over 10,000,000 barrels of oil.

United States military tacticians point out that Nippon now goes to the east coast of Tarakhan, in Dutch Borneo, to buy fuel oil for her navy. They claim that the Japanese preferring to produce their own fuel, are anxious to seize Borneo, which has vast quantities of oil, rubber, and minerals.

After acquiring Borneo, observers believe Japan would cast covetous eyes on Sumatra, Java, and other Dutch islands in the East Indies with their large supplies of oil.

In his book, *The Secret War*, F. C. Hanighen reveals the amazing battle for oil, from the securing by England of vast concession rights to Persian fields through its secret service agents, to the recognition of Russia by United States through the influence of a large oil firm.

"The secret war for oil is no trade war; it's a struggle between the nations," Mr. Hanighen writes. "In Mexico, when the oil boom began, presidents and bandit leaders were financed by oil firms from several countries. Oil may even be at the root of the next war."

Germany, Great Britain, Japan, and Italy depend almost entirely on outside sources for their supply of oil. And each nation feels this vulnerability. So, to see how Great Britain realizes the acuteness of her position, let's change the scene to a meeting of the Royal United Service Institute in London. The speaker is Col. Whiston A. Bristow, prominent British industrialist.

"Oil lines are the real life-lines of the empire," he says. "The British Government should spend £20,000,000 on a chain of gigantic underground oil depots, with a network of pipe lines running to the coast. With her present system, Britain could not import a fraction of the 10,000,000 tons of liquid fuel she uses annually, in the event of a war."

Great Britain imports oil from the United States, Venezuela, Dutch West Indies, Borneo, Persia, Russia, Roumania, and Iraq. How many of these sources would be able to supply oil in wartime?

"The Mediterranean has in effect, from an aerial standpoint, shrunk to the size of a lake, and in certain circumstances," Col. Bristow pointed out, "there would be little chance of getting any Russian, Roumanian, or Iraq oil which must come by that route.

"Oil from Persia and Borneo would have to round the Cape

of Good Hope if the Mediterranean were whipped by war, while high politics, sanctions, quotas, and warships would be obstacles to supplies from the west."

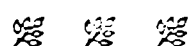
Quick to realize the importance of Colonel Bristow's remarks, the British government set up a committee in April last year, under the chairmanship of Viscount Falmouth, to "study the various processes for the production of oil from coal and certain other materials and to report on their economic possibilities, and on the advantages to be secured by a storage of oil supplies for an emergency."

The Falmouth report, issued recently, rejects from the defence angle the suggestion of producing by synthetic methods the bulk of Britain's oil supplies, and concludes that "in general, a policy of depending on imported supplies, with adequate storage, is the most reliable and economical means of providing for an emergency."

Recently Great Britain, the United States, and Holland have seen one of their oil sources suddenly closed off by the decree of a Mexican president, Lázaro Cárdenas. On one side is Mexico's organized labor. On the other side seventeen British, American, and Netherlands oil companies. Four months of arbitration took place between the companies and the workers before the fateful day of March 18th of this year, when President Cárdenas stepped out on a balcony in Mexico City and announced that the Government had seized the £80,000,000 oil industry of the country.

Francis Rickett, mysterious figure behind many oil transactions, recently signed a contract with the Mexican government for 15,000,000 barrels of oil to be delivered before October 18th of this year. For whom was this oil? No official announcement was made, but it was learned that British interests were behind Rickett.

In Europe, Russia, second largest oil producing nation in the world, is the only power with sufficient oil to supply her needs. United States, too, can sit back and look on. But with the other countries, the world war for oil continues.—*William Tyndale, condensed from Toronto Star Weekly.*



Appreciation

EXPRESSION of appreciation is a rare virtue indeed. Too many of us take life's blessings as a matter of course. Sunshine and rain, seedtime and harvest, health, food, shelter, clothes, friends, home, churches—all, we take as a matter of course. It must seem strange to God that we keep on asking for more while we appreciate so little what He has already given us.—*W. W. Holmes in The Upper Room.*

Money-Grabbing Doctors

THE TRADITION that the doctor should also be the counsellor, friend, and guide of his patients is said to be visibly waning. The younger doctors, trained in a more strictly scientific school, are charged with regarding their patients rather as cases than as persons, and themselves as impersonal sellers of scientific knowledge and services.

To some extent the increased—and on the whole admittedly beneficent—range of specialism is one of the suggested reasons for this. No one doctor, it is recognized, can be an expert radiologist, bio-chemist, bacteriologist, and laboratory expert; and to obtain as correct a picture as may be of the possible causes of many indispositions, the modern young doctor, and often rightly, insists upon reference to all these specialists. He regards it as not only in the interests of his patient or client, but requires it for his own peace of mind, intellectual satisfaction, and possibly legal protection. This makes, it is said, for a teamwork diagnosis and treatment that must in itself modify the attitude of the doctor of to-day towards his patients in the direction of a less personal and intimate relationship. And that being so, a more strictly commercial attitude is—or so it is argued—coming to take the place of this. Evidence can be found for this, say the old school, even in professional terminology. Partnerships of doctors all over a country, such as England, are increasingly becoming known as "firms."

Charges of an increasing commercialism in medicine have also been made upon other grounds. The habit of fee-splitting, as between general practitioners and consultants, is said to have increased rather considerably during the last few years, and indeed, in comparison with the preceding two or three generations at any rate, to be a new and sinister phenomenon. The charge, in other words, is that some general practitioners demand what is in fact a commission from the consulting surgeons or physicians whom they advise their patients to employ, and usually a commission that the patient knows nothing about; and if the particular surgeon or physician is not complacent to such an arrangement, he is given to understand—or such is the charge—that his services in the future will probably not be suggested.

Another charge of commercialism is the alleged exploitation by certain specialists, or pseudo-specialists, of long and expensive

courses of vaccines, injections, or other forms of treatment, the efficacy of which has not been established to the impartial satisfaction of trained and authoritative observers, or which have been shown by these, as the result of large-scale and adequately controlled trials, to be ineffective.

Such are the charges, and it would be idle to pretend that there was not a certain amount of truth in them, although the accused, even if they were to plead guilty, would doubtless advance pleas in extenuation. Thus the fee-splitters, probably an extremely small minority of the whole profession, could point to the great disparity between the usual consulting or operation fee charged by a specialist and that of the general practitioner, who has to meet and brief him, often with a long and complicated history; and the general practitioner could also urge that he has to bear the chief burden of the after-treatment. The consultant could plead that he did not grudge the general practitioner an associate fee; and if the patient were fully informed of the arrangement, later to be properly set out in the respective professional accounts, the ethical objections would no doubt be lessened.

As regards the vaguer charges of exploitation in respect to expensive courses of non-proven treatment, it may be confidently stated that such exploiters as may exist are in a very small minority of the whole profession of which the ethical code in respect to self-advertisement and the moral obligation to place individual researches and results at the disposal—for discussion, criticism, and re-trial—of their professional brethren, for the public good, remains extraordinarily strong. Imagine, for example, the millions that could have been made out of insulin if this had remained a proprietary or secret remedy; and many similar instances could be quoted.

Finally, as regards the younger generation, there are probably far more young doctors to-day than there were yesterday who would welcome some form of Socialized Medicine, under which they would receive a salary for their clinical work and be free to pursue it for its own sake, untrammelled by the necessity of sending in bills and the dependence of extraneous and non-medical circumstances for their living. There are of course many and weighty considerations that could be urged against such a course, but at least its advocates could not fairly be accused of commercialism.

As regards the others, Medicine, being a large profession, must almost inevitably embrace, as it always has done, a certain number to whom success is largely synonymous with income. But the long medical training is such

that even these can hardly have emerged from it without some tempering of their acquisitive instincts. They would probably have seemed even more commercially minded if encountered in some other profession. And although it may be true that the younger generation of doctors is more scientific, less sentimental, perhaps a trifle more sceptical, even slightly better trained, a reasonably wide experience of them at their work up and down the country suggests that their capacity for making friends of their patients is not less than that of their forefathers; and that they are no less faithful to the Hippocratic ideals.—*A Medical Correspondent, condensed from The Spectator, London.*

Do You Snore?

FORTUNATE indeed is the family that does not harbor at least one snorer.

Snoring is insidious in many ways. It disturbs the sleep of those exposed to it, and lessens the rest of the offender. Only one out of ten snorers knows he has the habit, although often he is awakened by the thunder of his own rumblings. And if the snorer faintly suspects his condition, he will deny it loudly.

Snoring is breathing with a peculiar rough noise in the sleep, which is due to vibrations of the soft palate and uvula. It is a hoarse, labored respiration produced by deep inspiration and deeper expiration through the nose and open mouth. The normal sleeper, on the other hand, keeps his mouth closed, breathes naturally through the nostrils, and prevents vibration of the loose tissues of the throat. According to conservative estimates, one out of every eight persons snores more or less regularly.

Generally, snoring indicates disturbances in the breathing apparatus, especially obstruction in the nose that prevents one from sleeping with one's mouth closed.

If there is a snorer in the family, he should be escorted gently but firmly to the doctor.—*Hygeia.*

¶He is but human after all—

The Virtues and Vices of Webster

People offered as much as a hundred dollars for a seat at a banquet where Daniel Webster spoke. In a day when oratory was the most popular of the arts, Webster was the foremost orator. His figure, voice, and personality gave him an advantage over other men, and to these assets nature added a brilliant mind and a mastery of acting.

But nature was not completely kind to Webster. Through much of his life he suffered from chronic diarrhea. He also was a victim of asthma. But those ailments did not constitute his entire burden. He lacked "money-sense." He could make money but couldn't keep it. All of his investments turned out badly, so badly in fact that he once said to a deputation who called to interest him in a land scheme: "Gentlemen, I can but say to you this, as I have said to others: If you have any projects for money-making, I pray you keep me out of them; my singular destiny mars everything of that sort and would be sure to overwhelm your own better fortunes."

From the day that he entered Dartmouth College until his eyes were closed in eternal sleep, Webster was pursued by debt. He owed everyone, and discharged his obligations by creating new ones. He borrowed from bankers, manufacturers—even from the government itself. He borrowed $500 from a woman who painted his picture. He accepted "memorials" from Big Business without embarrassment. One such fund amounted to $50,000. Ethics were different in those days. A senator or a cabinet member could do about as he pleased. Much of Webster's correspondence was marked "Private as Murder." In one such note he tipped a friend on a forthcoming decision by the Supreme Court.

Webster was handicapped in one other way: He was an intemperate drinker and eater, although Samuel Hopkins Adams, his biographer, suggests that the reports of his drunkenness have been grossly exaggerated. Drinking and bribery were common to the life of that day. A drunken senator was no more unusual than the practice of borrowing money from his constituents. Like others, Webster drank and borrowed, but probably no more than his contemporaries.

He has often been called the Immortal Webster, the God-like Daniel.—*William Feather Magazine.*

THE MONTHLY TALL STORY

Marvels of California Air

CALIFORNIA is noted far and wide for its delightful climate. It is a land of blue skies, sunshine, and flowers. But perhaps the most notable feature is the health-giving and invigorating air.

The story is told of the Californian who was an enthusiastic cyclist, and every year was accustomed to take a bicycle jaunt amid the Sierras and be thrilled by the grandeur of the redwood forests. One day he had just returned from a trip on his trusty bike when he received a telegram informing him that his aged Aunt Hildegarde in New York City was grievously ill and yearning for the presence of her beloved nephew to console her in her last hours.

Stricken with grief, the Californian immediately rushed out of the house, jumped on his trusty bike, and started for New York.

After six weeks of hard pedaling, he arrived in the wicked metropolis and hastened to the chaste chamber of his Aunt Hildegarde. There he found the dear old lady at her last gasp. She murmured her beloved nephew's name and was just about to die when a brilliant idea came to the grief-stricken Californian. He rushed out into the yard, seized his bike and carried it into the sick-room. Standing at Aunt Hildegarde's side, he held the bicycle over her old gray head. He opened the valves of the tires. There was a hissing sound. Those bicycle tires had been pumped up out in California, and now a flood of the vigorous, bracing air of California, with its sunshine and its climate, swept through the room.

The effect was miraculous. In ten minutes the dear old lady was sitting up, smoking a cigaret and calling loudly for dinner!

A similar California-climate case is related by a resident of Philadelphia. He says that he was in California, and, because his car wouldn't make more than sixty-five miles an hour, he took a bicycle across the continent to the bedside of his Aunt Rebecca in Philadelphia. He was with the dying woman when suddenly there was a loud explosion outside. The doctor threw open the window to see what had happened. His tire had burst. In rushed the Californian air! A moment later Aunt Rebecca leaped out of bed, danced across the room, and kicked the chandelier! Truly, California air is marvelous!—*Lowell Thomas in Tall Stories.*

Panoramic Views

Fools rush in where fools have been before.—*Anon.*

An official, filled with a sense of the righteousness of his mission transcending the moderating influence of public opinion, is a threat to the liberties of the citizen. Monarchs imbued with the divine right of kings were victims of the same illusions of grandeur.—*H. W. Dodds, President of Princeton University.*

Beware the doctor who has a big advertising signboard or a big electric sign in front of his office. Beware the man who guarantees a cure or who promises that he can cure any serious disease in one or two treatments.—*Morris Fishbein, M. D.*

Civilization has advanced only whenever and wherever the critical faculty in the people has been free, alive, and unpolluted. It slumps whenever this is misinformed, suppressed, or intimidated. That is the most certain lesson in history.—*Herbert Hoover, Former President of the United States.*

It is said that all revolutions for the last 300 years started from over-taxation; that is, all revolutions of any moment. People were taxed and taxed and taxed, until in desperation they revolted.—*William E. Borah, U. S. Senator from Idaho.*

People in distress always over-estimate the omniscience of legislators and the omnipotence of law; in other words, they confuse government with God. We should have learned by this time that there is nothing divine about those entrusted with governmental authority.—*George W. Maxey, Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.*

To attain a high academic rank, a pupil must have an alert, well disciplined mind, be quick to learn, accurate, diligent, with pride in accomplishment, ambitious, cooperative, and is usually well mannered, all of which likewise characterize the superior office worker.—*Frank Rowland, Executive Secretary, Life Office Management Association.*

I have the greatest admiration for Filipinos who want absolute independence for their country, but I believe Filipinos who demand independence for the country, no matter what the consequences may be, are foolhardy.—*Dr. J. H. Landman, Professor of History, N. Y.*

No matter what names you call a woman, don't refer to her weight. You can reflect on her integrity and on her virtue and she'll forgive you, but never call a woman fat.—*Judge Mark Rudich.*

READERS' COMMENT

Kalibo, Capiz.—Herewith find enclosed payment for my subscription for three years. I find PANORAMA an entertaining and educational magazine. —*(Miss) Amparo R. Militar.*

Batangas, Batangas.—Inclosed please find postal money order for $1.00 as payment for one year's subscription to your magazine PANORAMA. I like reading PANORAMA which I think deserves a place in every family reading English.—*Ernesto C. Pureza.*

Cabanatuan, Nueva Ecija.—I inclose herewith money order for ₱2.00 for payment for a year's subscription to your magazine PANORAMA. I have found PANORAMA informative and entertaining. I cannot help but recommend it to my friends.—*Ireneo C. Espiritu.*

Vigan, Ilocos Sur.—Enclosed you will find a post-office money order for ₱2.00 for PANORAMA. Your magazine contains much valuable information in condensed form for people who, like myself, do not have time to read articles in the original form. The management should be commended for putting up a magazine which is so small and yet so complete.—*Lieutenant Alfredo E. Lumang.*

Nasugbu, Batangas.—Herewith is a two-peso bill in payment for a year's subscription to PANORAMA. I have already received two copies of this magazine, and I found them to be very educational. I hope for the further success of your publication.—*Lily Alas.*

Isabela, Negros Occidental.—I have received a copy of your November issue of PANORAMA. It is a real PANORAMA of life. As soon as I received the magazine, I read it from start to finish. I am very much interested in PANORAMA.—*Macario Brillantes, Company Clerk, P. C.*

FILIPINAS COMPAÑIA DE SEGUROS

Fire — Earthquake — Motor Car
Insurance

Firearm — Trust — Fidelity and
Surety Bonds
Mortgage Loans

P. O. Box 745 21 Plaza Moraga, Manila Tel. 2-22-42

The Best Christmas Gift for a Relative, Friend, or Sweetheart is a Subscription to Panorama.

Throughout the entire year, Panorama, as your gift, provides the recipient with valuable information, splendid entertainment, and inspirational thoughts. There can be no better present to those you love.

Subscription Prices: One year, ₱2.00; three years, ₱5.00.

A Christmas card will be mailed if requested when Panorama is sent as a gift.

Address:
Community Publishers, Inc.
454 Dasmariñas, Manila
P. O. Box 685

IDEAL SANDWICH SHOP

ALL KINDS OF SANDWICHES, PIES, CAKES, COFFEE

INSULAR LIFE BLDG.
PLAZA CERVANTES

FORMERLY OPPOSITE IDEAL THEATRE

When You Need—

PAPER or INKS

Be sure to call us up

A. C. Ransom Philippine Corporation
717 F. Torres, Manila
Phones: 2-22-21 and 2-18-96

Men and Women! Boys and Girls!

Earn Beautiful Premiums

By Selling Copies of Panorama.

Fountain-Pens (3 kinds to choose from)—
Hundreds of Splendid Books

Sell Panorama in Spare Time—
On Saturdays or After School.

The Plan is Simple—
Write for Information and List of Premiums.

COPY, FILL OUT, AND MAIL US THE FOLLOWING:

Panorama Premium Department
Community Publishers, Inc.
P. O. Box 685, Manila, Philippines

I want to earn a Good Fountain Pen and some of your Splendid Books as premiums for selling PANORAMA in my spare time. Send me a list of the premiums and information immediately, so I can get to work.

Your Name (PLAINLY) ....

Your Address (PLAINLY) ....

....