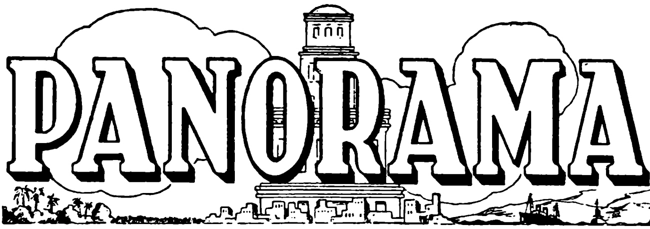
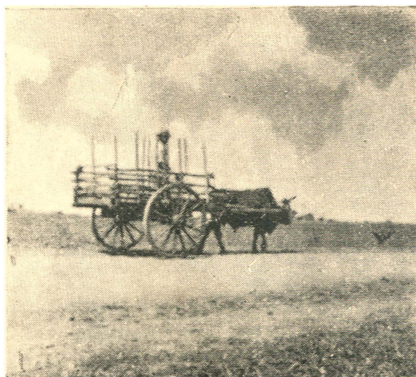


VOL. IV JUNE, 1939 No. 6

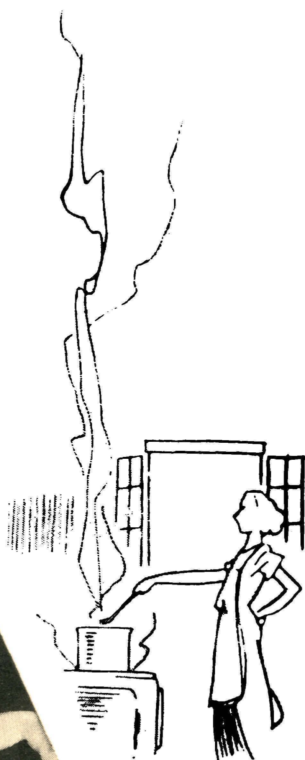
Rizal's Appeal to the Youth

Where is the youth who will dedicate their crimson hours, their illusions, and their enthusiasm to the welfare of their fatherland? Where is the youth who will generously shed their blood to wash away so much shame, so much crime, so much abomination? The victim must be pure and spotless in order that the sacrifice may be acceptable! Where are you, the youth, who are to embody in yourselves the vigor of life which has departed from our veins, the purity of our ideas which have been stained in our brains, and the fire of enthusiasm which has died out in our hearts? We await you, O youth! Come, for we await you.—*Jose Rizal, From El Filibusterismo.*

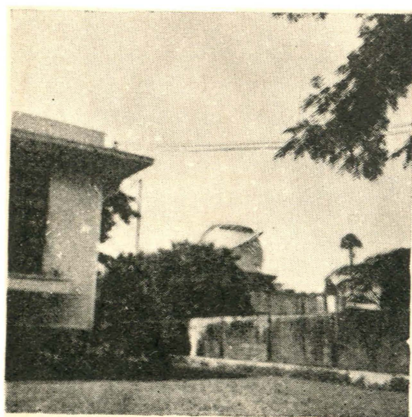
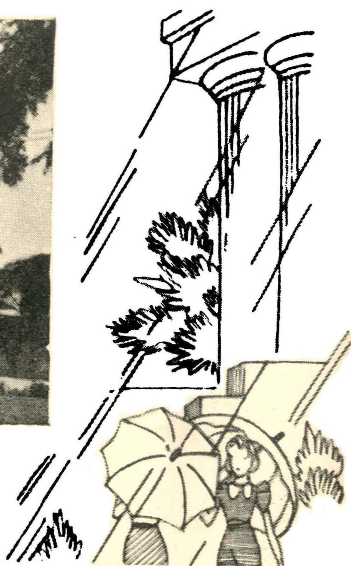
Panorama of Philippine Life

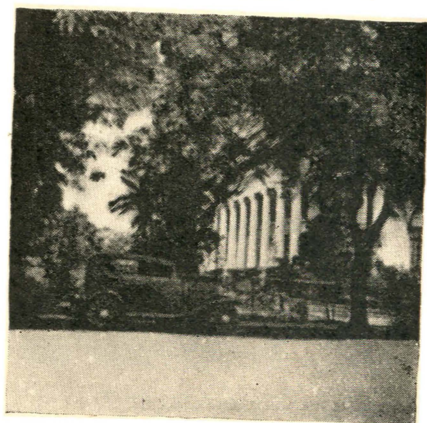


Rural Life



Sundry Activities



University Scenes

¶A great educator tells us—

THE PROPER EDUCATION FOR THE YOUTH

General education should absorb the attention of students between the ages of 15 to 16 and 19 to 20. This is the case in every other country in the world but this. I favor awarding the Bachelor's degree in recognition of general education at about the end of the sophomore year. This suggestion is less startling than many people seem to think. President Butler of Columbia advocated it in 1902. Beginning with the college junior year, education should be limited to those who are willing and able to profit by it.

The next question is: what subject matter should we expect the student to master to qualify for the Bachelor's degree? My views on this question are well known. I do not believe that all students who should have a general education must study Latin and Greek. I do hold that tradition is important in education—that its primary purpose, indeed, is to help the student understand the intellectual tradition in which he lives. I do not see how he can reach this understanding unless he has read the great books of the Western world, beginning with Homer and coming down to our day.

Nor do I hold that the spirit, the philosophy, the technology, or the theology of the middle ages is important in general education. I have no more desire to revert to this period than to antiquity. But some books written in the middle ages seem to me of consequence to mankind. Most Ph.D.'s have never heard of them. I should like to have all students read some of them. Moreover, medieval scholars did have one insight—they saw that in order to read books you had to know how to do it. They developed the techniques of grammar, logic, and rhetoric as methods of reading, understanding, and talking about things intelligently and intelligibly. I think it cannot be denied that our university students are woefully deficient in all these abilities today. They cannot read, write, speak, or think.

I should like to point out in passing that in the Middle Ages people went to universities at 13 and 14. They read books and experienced disciplines that

are regarded as far too difficult for Ph.D.'s or even university professors today. Most of the great books of the Western world were written for laymen. Many of them were written for very young laymen. Nothing reveals so clearly the indolence and inertia into which we have fallen as the steady decline in the number of these books read by students and the steady elimination of the disciplines through which they may be understood. And all this has gone on in the sacred name of liberalizing the curriculum.

The curriculum I favor is not too difficult for even very ordinary students. It is difficult for the professors, but not for the students. And the younger the students are, the better they like the books, because they are not old enough to know that the books are too hard for them to read. The entire course of study that I propose is now in force at St. John's College, Maryland. There a n unselected group of indifferently prepared students are studying these books with tremendous enthusiasm. They read last fall 10 dialogues of Plato and voted to have extra classes so that they might read the rest of them. In connection with the reading they are going through a formidable course of instruction in grammar, rhetoric, logic, and mathematics. For seven years I have taught these books to unselected students in our University High School as well as to college students. None of them has suggested that the books were too hard or that they were not worth reading. I can testify that students who can read anything thrive on these books and that the younger they are the more they thrive.

Those who think that this is a barren program, remote from life and devoid of contemporary interest, have never read the books or do not know how to teach. These books contain what the race regards as the permanent, abiding contributions its intellect and imagination have made. They deal with fundamental questions. It is a mistake to imagine that young people are interested only in football, dramatics, and the student newspaper. I think it could be proved that these activities have grown in proportion as the curriculum has been denatured. Students are interested in the extra-curriculum because the curriculum is so stupid. Young people are interested in fundamental questions.

A problem that has disturbed those who have discussed this issue is, what books I am going to cram down the throats of the young? The answer is that if any reasonably intelligent person will conscientiously try to list the 100 most important

books ever written I will accept his list. There is, in fact, startling unanimity about what the good books are. The real question is whether they have any place in education.

Only one criticism of this program has seemed to me to be on the level: that it is unsuited to students who cannot learn through books. This, of course, is true. I suggest, however, that we employ this curriculum for students who can be taught to read and that we continue our efforts to discover methods of teaching the rest of the youthful population how to do it.

I could discuss the details of this program and of the attacks that have been made on it for hours. But the real question is, which side are you on? If you believe that the aim of general education is to teach students to make money; if you believe that the educational system should mirror the chaos of the world; if you think we have nothing to learn from the past; if you think the way to prepare students for life is to lead them through little fake experiences inside and outside the classroom; if you think that education is information; if you think the whims of children should determine what they should study—then I am afraid we can never agree. But if you believe that education should train students to think so that they may act intelligently when they face new situations; if you regard it as important for them to understand the tradition in which they live; if you feel that the present program is unsatisfactory because of its diffusion, "progressivism," and utilitarianism; if you want to open up to youth the treasures of the thought, imagination, and accomplishment of the past—then we can agree, for I shall gladly accept any course of study that will take us even a little way along this road.—*Robert M. Hutchins, President of the University of Chicago, from an address, February 26, 1938.*

* * *

After the Devil Candidate

A CANDIDATE, soliciting a vote at an election, got this flippant reply: "I'd rather vote for the devil than for you."

"But, in case your friend is not a candidate," said the campaigner, "Might I then count on your support?"—*Your Life.*

¶How to choose women.

LOW-DOWN ON THE LADIES

BROTHER, are you tussling with the urge to merge? As a rule you have very little to do with choosing your mate. Some little fluff with a new permanent, a nice paint job, a doll hat, and an iron will, puts her brand on you and backs you into the corral. That's all there is to it. But take hope, my friend, for I'm about to give you the low-down on the ladies.

First, you will have to rid your mind of the idea that women are mysterious. Women are motivated mainly by instinct. Their vital necessities are food, clothes, shelter, and love. A few of them also desire to propagate their kind in the conventional manner. To fill these various needs a male must be captured and tamed. This the gals consider their main business.

Now, let us study the character from the babe's eyes. The color, the shape, the size, are all little sign posts which indicate her natural traits.

Hazel eyes—the favorite of the poets and painters—are light brown, changing to green or gold. The pupils usually dilate rapidly, which is a sign of emotionalism. The honey with the changeable orbs is a many-sided personality. She is unstable, inconstant, and fascinating. If your heart throb has lovely brown eyes, then she is affectionate, dependable, and will make a swell mother.

Intelligence is denoted by grey eyes. Light grey, or greyish blue show that she weighs every thought and action. Her tendencies are toward the studious and she is often inclined to be literary.

Large eyes show a love of luxury, while very small ones are signs of a morose, selfish nature. If the small eyes are close together, look out! It shows deceit.

Noses are very important in revealing character. The sugar-pie who sports a short one is changeable, enthusiastic, loves to be on the go, is a good mixer, and always jumps to conclusions. She's a cheerful little person to have around the house, if you don't mind an entire lack of system and order. There are exceptions to this rule, but only when the short nose is very beautifully shaped, with a rather high bridge. A nose turned up is evidence of a fine sense of humor. A long nose indicates

determination, concentration, and business ability. Miss Long Nose will be punctual, keep her promises, and live on a budget. She's a nice gal in a dogmatic way. If her long nose is very pointed at the tip, she is of a suspicious turn of mind, and will read your letters. Don't keep a diary. If the bridge of the nose is high, the little woman will have a tendency to boss you. If it's low, she will be obstinate and slow of thought.

Now, we're all ready to peer into the next mystery—the mouth. This is the one feature which *taken alone* is a true index of the character. The ideal mouth is fairly large, with quite full, well-shaped lips. This shows a generous, lovable nature. A very small oral cavity betrays penuriousness and selfishness. If the lips are unduly thick, it displays a temperament extremely material. She will be sensual, greedy, and bad-tempered. On the other hand, if the wench has these thin, tightly clamped lips that make you think of nutcrackers, she's a pickle puss, and you'd better not stop to dally. A long upper lip signifies that the delicious will want her own way. A short upper lip, like the tip-tilted nose, shows a sense of humor.

Next in importance comes the chin. A sharp-pointed chin is a sign of wit, and quick thinking. A large, wide chin evidences perseverance and tenacity. A projecting type proves the femme to be very positive, while one which recedes implies the gal is more or less negative in temperament. A dimpled chin shows that the lovely is a bit on the passionate side. A double-decker exhibits self-indulgence.

There are three types of faces: the triangular, the square, and the round. The first is wide at the temples and narrow at the jaws. If your precious has that shape face she is smart. She will go in for a career. Some of these limbie-pies make good, in which case you become "Mary Lee's husband." Those who fail become sour and discontented, and you have a simply harrowing existence.

Square faces, I'm glad to say, are rarely found among the femmes. This type of gal has the Mussolini complex, and it's hard to quell her. She has a firm will and tenacity of purpose.

The lovely with the round face isn't cursed with the high tension of Miss Triangular, or the unswerving determination of Miss Square Jaw. She loves to eat, drink, and be merry. As a rule, this apple-cheeked cutie will be a swell cook and can certainly push a neat group of food together. She's a honey

to live with, too. She enjoys, good, wholesome love-making, and has no objections to a few noisy kids. She adores company, and your gang will always be welcome for dinner. She may be a trifle sketchy with the broom, and your socks may stay air conditioned for all she cares, but for real companionship and happiness, the sweetie-pie with the round face can't be beat.

The shape and size of a girl's forehead give you a fairly accurate idea of her quota of gray matter. They also manifest the various talents she has. Aptitude for art, musical ability, or a flair for dramatics are all blazoned forth by the tiny bumps on the dome. Other qualities such as love of home, love of gadding, economy, and extravagance are plainly denoted.

A sweetie who is just naturally extravagant is a happy, easy-going gal. Extravagance is shown by a well-defined hollow at the temple. Any darling with such conformation simply can't save.

If Little Bright Eyes has very bulging temple, however, she's quite a different dish. She has a streak of penny pinching in her make-up which may develop into downright miserliness. She is the answer to a tightwad's prayer.

Forewarned is forearmed, so look 'em over carefully before you give yourself up. If you can't resist, at least you'll know what struck you.—*E. V. Hartman, condensed from The Commentator.*

* * *

Not a Boy Scout

A youngster in Boy Scout uniform found an envelope containing tickets. The envelope bore a name and address, and the boy, accompanied by his young brother, went there at once.

On accepting the tickets, the rightful owner thanked the boy and offered him a shilling.

"Sorry, I'm a Scout," said the boy. "It's my good deed for the day."

The man was on the point of returning the coin to his pocket when the Scout went on, "But my little brother isn't a Scout."—*Parade.*

¶Useful in peace and war.

DOGS FOR WAR

DOGS for use in war are now being trained all over the world. Russia has its school for dogs in Moscow. In Japan a training kennel has been functioning since 1933. In Poland and Italy kennels for war dogs have been common. The frontier guards of Estonia are provided with dogs. In France Alpine troops are making tests with them.

The dogs are trained for a number of purposes. They are used to carry messages for the medical corps and for guards. They will travel fast over rough terrain and swim rivers to reach their destination. They go to find medical corps men when they have located the wounded. If the end of telephone wire is attached to the collar of a military dog he will lay the wire more quickly and more silently than can men. He will carry supplies on his back and can also work with a gas mask.

Since remotest history, dogs have been used in campaign and defense. Herodotus states that Cyrus had war dogs. According to Plutarch, dogs in an outpost saved a Corinthian garrison. Philip of Macedonia used dogs in his conquest of Argolis. Roman dogs guarded the ramparts. The Gauls had dogs who never abandoned their masters. The Celtic dogs were trained to leap at the nostrils of horses. Attila's Huns had enormous dogs.

In the Middle Ages dogs were used more frequently. The Scottish troops had them; so did the Knights of Rhodes. Swiss and Burgundian dogs fought furiously at Granson and Morat. Until 1770 the City of Saint-Malo had dogs to guard the walls. The Finns were noted for their ability in training dogs to fight against cavalry. In 1799 Napoleon recommended to Marmont the employment of dogs to help guard Alexandria. In 1870 the Germans made great use of dogs to protect their marches, to guard cantonments and bivouacs, and for liaison agents. In 1895 two dogs were assigned to each chasseur battalion to carry ammunition.

In 1914 the German army had 600 trained dogs and thousands of civilian dogs were requisitioned during the campaign. The use of dogs was so auspicious that the French Min-

ister of War recognized them in November, 1915. Training was started in 1916. In 1917 General Lyautey reorganized the service; some 9,000 dogs were recruited, assembled in Paris, classified for aptitude, and sent to special training kennels. After training, the dogs rendered valuable services; many are the tales of their exploits.—*The Commentator.*

Sterilization not a Preventive

CASTRATION performed before puberty prevents the appearance of the combative and the sexual instincts. Eunuchs are pathetic, cowardly and childish. But removal of the male glands after puberty does not involve psychical consequences of so much importance, and we know that the reproductive appetite and its impulses are often retained. Therefore judicial sterilization for indecent assault, as practiced in Missouri, is an absolutely vain measure: it protects neither the criminal against himself, nor society against the criminal.

This experiment also indicates the failure of sterilization for insanity or violations of the law, which takes place on a large scale in Germany, under the fallacious pretext of protecting racial purity. Psychic modifications occurring after sterilization are more serious among women, and are graver if the patient is young and the natural menopause is a long way off. Asthenia, or debility, lessening of activity, alterations in the character, the emotions, the will and the power of attention are found in most cases. But after a time things usually rearrange themselves and a new endocrine balance is established.—*Remy Collin in "Les Hermones."*

Dentist's Reading Room

For the third week in succession the dentist's assistant reported that there was a man in the waiting-room who declined to see the dentist.

"Perhaps he's nervous," said the dentist. "I'll go and see him."

So he entered the waiting-room and asked if he could be of any service.

"No thank you," replied the visitor blandly. "I just drop in because, you see, I'm reading a serial in one of your papers."—*Parade.*

¶The French Empire near the Philippines.

INDO-CHINA TEMPTING TO JAPAN

FRANCE'S Colonial Empire covers a total area of 4,000,000 square miles, compared with the more than 14,000,000 square miles of the British Empire. Of this, 2,500,000 square miles are almost uninhabitable regions in the centre of Africa.

She has, however, one most valuable possession, for whose safety she is now much concerned on account of the war in China. This is the colony of French Indo-China, extending over more than 20,000 square miles, and liable to be caught in the grip of the pincers if Japan makes much greater progress in her operations against China and in her friendship with Siam.

Indo-China forms a great bulwark between the East and the Far East. It controls the China Sea, which forms the only approach to China and Japan, as well as being in command of the gateway to Hong Kong and Shanghai. Recently Siam, which now forms a barrier between Japan and India, and almost encircles French Indo-China, has become dominated by Japanese influence, and there are fears that she may shortly form a close alliance with her Eastern neighbour. Only a few miles separate China from Siam, and it is this narrow strip of Indo-China which the Japanese will have to cross to complete their conquest.

France, too, is worried by the Japanese occupation of the island of Hainan, which lies off the coast of Indo-China, and would form an admirable base for any attack which she decided to launch on the French Colony.

Japan not unnaturally has had covetous eyes on Indo-China for very many years. The territory is rich in all those natural products of which Japan herself is so short. For instance, Japan has little timber, except of the more delicate kind, which she uses in the manufacture of so many of the fancy articles which she exports. Hardwoods, such as oak, mahogany and teak, are unknown on the Japanese islands. In Indo-China they abound.

There are most extensive forests of all the trees which grow in the woodlands of Europe. In fact, it has been truly said that anything which will grow either in European temperate zones or in the tropics will flourish in Indo-China.

It has a most obliging soil and the most obliging climate. Cotton flourishes as successfully as it does in India; rubber is exploited with as much success as in the Malay Peninsula; tea, coffee and cocoa grow to perfection, while every variety of fruit and nuts seems indigenous to the colony. The rivers are exceedingly rich in the choicest fish, while animals of all kinds, both wild and domestic are plentiful.

Only one plant has refused to take kindly to Indo-China, and that is the grape vine. In spite of the most careful experiments of French vine growers, they have never been able to grow the vine to their satisfaction, although such fruits as lemons, oranges, grape fruit and pineapples have proved exceedingly productive. Needless to say, rice, the greatest of all products of the East, grows to perfection in the colony. Every one of these articles would be of the utmost value to Japan to feed her rapidly-developing population.

Moreover, French Indo-China would prove admirable ground as an outlet for her surplus population. Japan has today something like 350 people to every square mile of her islands, whereas in the French Colony there are only seven persons to the square mile. The invasion of a few million from Japan would cause no great disturbance. The area of the French Colony is almost the same as that of the Japanese islands, but its population is less than one-fortieth of Japan's.

The country has been invaded by so many tribes that it would be difficult to say who are really the natives, though five-sixths of the population are now classed as Annamese, a distinctive though peculiar tribe. They are of strange appearance, the majority being short and ungainly, flat of face, and round-headed, with small noses. Both sexes wear silk trousers and tunics, with their hair curled into knots and surmounted by turbans or palm-leaf hats. They have formed the peculiar habit of blackening their teeth with varnish, which gives them a most forbidding appearance. At the same time, they are exceedingly proud and industrious, but inveterate gamblers, making bets on such everyday events as the weather and the state of the crops.

France has had an interest in Indo-China for almost exactly 150 years. In 1787, a great French missionary, Pigneau de Behaine, exercised such a sway over the natives that he persuaded the then "King" of Cochin-China to sign a treaty giving King Louis XVI extensive rights in the country. British interests in India opposed the

French spread of power, and it was subsequently delayed by the French Revolution. But France had not lost interest. In the early part of the nineteenth century, France again made overtures to the native King, who was only too willing to place himself under French protection rather than run the risk of domination by China.

So long as France concerned herself only with the political control of the country, the natives acquiesced, but the minute she began to interfere in religious matters difficulties arose. A large number of missionaries were despatched, of whom more than fifty were murdered in the course of a few years. The natives did not restrict their atrocities to the French; they murdered many thousands of their own people who had embraced the Christian religion.

France, with the aid of Spain, who had provided many of the murdered priests, decided in 1861 that this reign of terror could be stopped only by armed force. Large numbers of soldiers were despatched to Indo-China, and the hostilities were particularly severe, owing to the fact that the natives secured Chinese assistance in dealing with the French invaders. It was not until 1884 that the French troops were successful, after defeating the Chinese at Foochow and Son-Tay. Treaties were signed between French and Indo-China, under which French ownership was recognized.

France immediately began to reorganize the country by establishing a new form of government, which was an exceedingly difficult matter because of the varied nature of the population and their conflicting codes of law. It was not until 1927 that final agreement was reached, under which a new Council of Government was created, composed of 35 Frenchmen and 25 natives. France appointed M. Pasquier as Governor-General with extensive powers, though she still recognizes the local Emperor, Bao Dai, a man of sixty-three years of age, whom the French Government had educated in Paris.

Recent events in the Far East have convinced the natives that they must take a greater share in the protection of their own country. France is now assisting Indo-China to raise a native army of at least 50,000 men and to build munition factories. It is a bold step, being the first occasion on which France has decentralised her military activities, but the circumstances plainly justify the move.

—Frank Longworth, condensed from The Australian Digest of World Reading.

¶Without musical education, you are uncultured.

LISTEN AND LEARN

OUR ignorance of the music we really love, and of the instruments on which it is produced, is colossal. I mean by that no slight upon the music-loving public. Their ignorance is not their fault. They have listened to orchestral concerts with all sorts of pleasant curiosities buzzing through their brain.

If, at any great philharmonic concert, some impish devil should insist that the audience one by one step up and identify an oboe, a bassoon, a clarinet, and distinguish between a trumpet and a horn, and, worst of all, between a French horn and English horn—well, most of the audience would flunk the examination, and I don't except the distinguished patrons of music who are on the board of directors.

You will notice that I have been referring only to the appearance of the instruments. I've been avoiding altogether the sounds they make—and, after all, it is their sound which we value. Any one with a state for music can appreciate in a vague way the gorgeous variety of sound which only an orchestra can produce. In fact, we describe a complexity of beauty by the word "orchestral." Yet few of us know which instrument produces which sound, and for that reason we do not hear all of the sounds. Among several noises, you hear only those to which your attention has been called. If you are walking in the woods and one of your companions says, "Is that a woodpecker?" you search around among the sounds, and pick out the woodpecker. You can do that because you have heard the woodpecker before. But, if some one says to you, "How lovely that clarinet is!" you can't pick out the clarinet because you and the clarinet have not yet been introduced.

Wouldn't you like to say to the conductor—"Please stop a minute and let me have a look at that clarinet! Will the clarinet player please go over his music alone, so that I can recognize it even when the whole orchestra is playing?" Ernest Schelling of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra does this for his children's concerts. He uses a magic lantern to throw on the screen excellent pictures of the various instruments. That is for the eye. He also lets us hear the sound of each instrument,

and he tells something of the purpose for which each is used. It's simple kind of aid, and it takes only a few minutes. There is plenty of time left for a beautiful program, in which you can identify the instruments which you have just heard separately, but simple as this aid is, there are few places in this world where it is provided.

You'll notice that though I have now been speaking of the sound of the instruments, I haven't yet said anything about the music. No matter how well each instrument sounds by itself, what we value in an orchestral concert is the total effect produced by the compositions we hear—the emotions roused by each piece and by the program as a whole.

For many music lovers, music is unfortunately a mystery. In one sense it ought always to remain a mystery; the utter beauty of it is at times beyond rational investigation. But there is a large intellectual element in all music, a structure which is easily understood, if some one takes the trouble to explain it.

In order to listen to music, you must accustom yourself to follow the themes. There is nothing hard about this. Any one with a decent ear, and even those whose ear otherwise needs training, can recognize a musical theme.

It's rather odd that we have to be urged to listen to the themes in an orchestral concert. I say it is odd, because one of our commonest habits is to identify in one song, or one piece, a theme we have heard in another. We usually recognize the resemblance when we are accusing the composer of a lack of originality. We say, "Why, that is a straight steal from such and such a piece." In all probability the resemblance is not very close, yet we can see it.

In some respects music is the most abstract of the arts. When the performance is over and the players put their instruments away, nothing is left but a memory. The masterpieces of Mozart and Beethoven cannot come to life unless we perform them. At each performance, the artists are trying to create an ideal Mozart or Beethoven who has not yet existed. Since music is so much a matter of the spirit, we sometimes think of it as a universal language, like mathematics, and we suppose it is the same in all countries, like the multiplication table.

This is true in only a moderate degree. Musicians everywhere understand their language without regard to nationality or race. When they compose, however, they unconsciously express the qualities of the life around them; all of its social, political, and religious habits will some-

how appear in their music. If you are interested in the spiritual career of mankind, nation by nation, you will wish to be able to recognize what is national in the literature and the painting of each country, and surely you will wish to recognize this note of nationality in music.

Mozart, for instance, is an extremely universal composer, and we ought not to call him Austrian or Viennese. But I personally should say that he belongs to a particular time and a particular society, if not to a particular place. And I think his is the most beautiful expression which his time and his society received from any genius. His heart was in his music, he had no intention to composing any kind of historical portrait, yet when we hear his greatest work, we have no difficulty now in recalling the most polite society Europe ever knew, and the highest cultivation of grace of mind, as well as grace of body. Even sorrow can be graceful. It need not be awkward or vulgar. In Mozart's music, you touch the depths of life and death in a society of beauty.

But, of course, we can't all be musicians. Our hobby may be painting, or dancing, or even knitting. In that case we ought to have such an understanding of the other arts as can be acquired without practicing them.

Musical education, therefore, ought to fall into at least three stages. It ought to reach, of course, the highly talented who intend to be professional artists. It ought to reach the amateur who, according to the measure of his ability, will try to be an artist, but who will sing or play for fun. But a still larger class will be those men and women who, without taking an active part in music, love it, and can listen to it with intelligence. If they are practicing self-expression in some other art, just for that reason they know how important an intelligent audience is for the great composers and performers. Musical education ought to reach this large class, but until now it has not done so. This is no insult to music lovers the world over, but simply a sad fact.—*John Erskine, condensed from Listener's Digest.*

* * *

It Pays to Advertise

"Dear Sir, Thursday I lost a gold watch which I valued very highly. Immediately I inserted an ad in your lost-and-found column and waited. Yesterday I went home and found the watch in the pocket of another suit. Your paper is wonderful!"—*Parade.*

¶An American tells the Filipinos what they feel.

DEMOCRACY AND INDEPENDENCE IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE fortunes of the Philippines are intricately linked, by our own actions, with the course we are proposing to follow in the world affairs.

It has been clear for some time that Filipinos are revising their accustomed stand on independence. The change in attitude has been brought about by the greater tension in the international situation and the clearer direction of American foreign policy. The proposals of the Joint Preparatory Committee on the Philippine Affairs, which have been submitted to the present session of Congress, would extend preferential trade with the United States to 1960, instead of bringing such trade to an abrupt end in 1946 as was originally provided in the Independence Act. These recommendations, if passed, would certainly brighten the economic outlook and at least give the Commonwealth a longer breathing spell in which to carry through measures of economic reconstruction. For this reason the proposals are receiving practically united support in the Philippines. But there is evident a distinct feeling of disappointment, and even resentment in some quarters, that out of the discussions of the committee of experts no proposals were evolved regarding future political relationships between the two countries.

Manila wants to know what the United States is prepared to do before 1946 in the direction of committing itself to defense of the Philippines and taking adequate measures to that end.

Off the northern tip of their country the Filipinos confront Formosa; intervening between the Islands and Hawaii are the Japanese mandated possessions, the closest of which is but 400 miles from Davao. The latter, situated in the southern group of the Philippine Islands, is already the center of a virtual Japanese colony, a potential Sudeten area.

Under these circumstances, if Munich were to become a model for American foreign policy the Filipinos could plainly see themselves as another Czechoslovakia, with the United States playing a role similar to that of France and Britain. They had

assurances that this would not be the case in President Roosevelt's outspoken formulation of American policy and in the quickened anti-fascist temper of the American people.

Responsible Administration opinion holds as beyond a shadow of doubt that should it become clear that the United States will withdraw completely from the country, and formal independence, is obtained, this would be paramount under present conditions to Japanese sovereignty. This eventuality is viewed with extreme dread, for judging from the experiences in other countries, the Filipinos know that they would lose every shred of the autonomy they have so far been able to obtain under American rule, and that they would forfeit as well the considerable economic advantages they hold. The Filipino leaders desire, above all, to maintain the best possible relations with the United States and would zealously avoid any course which is likely to lead to misunderstanding.

This, however, should not be misinterpreted to mean that the responsible leaders in Manila would be willing to make any sacrifices in the rights of self-government or would agree to reduce their sphere of autonomy as a price for continued American collaboration.

The Filipinos do not object to "realistic reexamination"—this they have already undertaken on their own, without a hint from the High Commissioner—but they do find serious objection to his concrete recommendation that dominion status be worked out for the country. Such a suggestion, coming as it did from the official representative of the United States, could only impart the suspicion that the sovereign power may be attempting to impose its will upon the dependency. Above all, the Filipinos insist, this question has to be solved in the spirit of self-determination, with any proposals regarding political relationship with the United States emanating from and decided upon by the Filipino people. As matters now stand, the opinion is growing that it may be preferable to have a plebiscite on the independence question two or three years before 1946, to determine the will of the people. If the international situation has not been radically altered by the time of the plebiscite, it is recognized that some form of continued political relationship with the United States would be of mutual advantage to both countries. But if the situation improves to the degree that Japan no longer constitutes an actual danger to Philippine integrity, a complete

and absolute form of independence may be considered preferable. From all aspects, this seems a realistic and reasonable approach to the question.

The people distinguish clearly between formal independence and real freedom. The activities of such outspoken Japanophiles as Benigno Ramos serve to make this point clear. When Ramos, recently returned from four years of self-imposed exile in Tokyo, raises the slogan of "independence at all costs" and in the same breath advocates alliance with Japan as "the leader of the Oriental peoples," it does not take much political perspicacity to see to what pernicious influences the ideal of independence may be prostituted. The lessons of Austria and Czechoslovakia are not being lost: Ramos is often compared with Henlein, and the clamor raised from time to time by Tokyo with regard to "protection of the rights of Japanese nationals" in Davao is paralleled with Hitler's agitation on the Sudeten question.

The so-called Popular Front, a coalition of minority parties which in the past took its stand in opposition to anything the Administration might propose, has finally reformulated its position on independence. Formerly, when it was dominated by General Emilio Aguinaldo and his group of unreconstructed veterans of the revolution, the Popular Front took an uncompromising stand for immediate, complete and absolute independence.

However, in its program for the 1938 elections to the National Assembly, the Popular Front dropped completely the demand for immediate independence and, instead, declared the necessity of abiding by the terms of the existing Independence Act.

Furthermore, the Popular Front proposes that certain Islands or areas be ceded to the United States after 1946 for the maintenance of naval and air bases. This also makes it clear that the Filipinos wish to assure joint action with the United States for purposes of mutual defense.

Another important sign of the changing sentiment, is the position of the Filipino Communists. A Communist statement of policy, issued last fall, called attention to the worldwide struggle between fascism and democracy, pointed to the danger of aggression against the Philippines, and declared that the immediate severance of all ties with the United States would throw the country upon the mercy of Japan. They advocated national unity, on the basis of democracy, as the means of preserving and safeguarding the autonomy and the rights

which the Filipinos had already attained.

The Socialists, the only other important minority group, have recently merged into the Communist Party. With the exception of that section of the Sakdalista (now renamed Ganap) under the influence of Benigno Ramos, all organized political opinion tends toward essential unity on the independence question.

It is, perforce, inevitable that hand in hand with the political reorientation on the independence question there should be taking place in the Philippines something in the nature of a resurgent democratic movement. In fact, it is this internal development which is making possible a democratic solution of the problems of nationalism.

President Quezon inaugurated a new era for the Philippines when he pardoned political and labor prisoners who had been jailed and exiled in pre-Commonwealth days. In his Christmas (1938) amnesty practically all remaining political prisoners were freed and conditions removed from those previously pardoned. The last official remnants of a suppressive policy were discarded with the President's proclamation of last October 12, which was occasioned by the refusal of Mayor Posadas of Manila to extend permits for public meetings to the Communists. The President declared: "Whatever may have been the reasons the government has had heretofore in adopting a restrictive policy in the matter of granting permission for public demonstrations or meetings, I feel that there is no longer any valid reason for continuing such a policy." All public officials were instructed to "be very liberal in granting permits" and "not assume that they (the meetings) will be necessarily illegal or subversive." The proclamation was greeted as a new people's Magna Charta.

The establishment of the Labor Relations Board has on the whole encouraged collective bargaining and led to better enforcement of the existing labor and farm-tenancy laws. The minimum wage and the eight-hour day for government employees are now established and measures are being sponsored to extend these laws to private industry as well. Various forms of cooperative farming, government credit cooperative marketing are being proposed in connection with extensive colonization plans in Mindanao, the center of Japanese penetration. Steps are being taken by the administration to lease large haciendas owned by the friar corporations and to turn these into model cooperative farms. In connection with the national economic recon-

struction of the country, the National Economic Council is proposing government ownership of the public utilities and the development of a government power industry. In this recent message to the National Assembly, the President urged the revision of the immigration laws to remove existing unequal restrictions against the Chinese, and the Commonwealth has offered asylum to 10,000 Jewish emigrees from Germany. These measures constitute an auspicious beginning in the process of democratic transformation, and the new temper of the people guarantees its continuance.

A new country is in the making in the Western Pacific and we can take some pride in the part we are playing. Its destiny, however, is inseparable from the destiny of world democracy. Whether it will succeed depends most directly upon the responsibility our country is willing to assume in defense of democracy at home and abroad —*James S. Allen, condensed from Amerasia.*

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If Women Ran the World

DURING a broadcast Ronald Colman asked Carole Lombard what kind of world she thought it would be if women ran it. Miss Lombard said:

"I'll tell you what would happen. If women ran this world it would be a better world, if you really want to know. It wouldn't be such a sorry mess of a world. It wouldn't be the kind of world that bombs kids in the streets and taxes their parents to pay for the bombs. It wouldn't be a world where people starve with a surplus of stuff to eat all around 'em. It'd be a cleaner place, a saner place, and a finer place. Because why? Because women are realists. They wouldn't permit slums and filth and disease and poverty, because those things cost everybody money. Do you know what causes war and poverty? All right, I'll tell you. Male stupidity, male sentiment, and male greed. Women are greedy too, but they know how to get what they want. They don't let stupid sentimental considerations get in their way. They wouldn't start a war to get new trade, or raw materials, or a swelled head, when they know darned well they'll wind up headless and bankrupt. It all comes down to this: Men are children, women are realists. Take it or leave it, gents, take it or leave it."—*Adapted from "The Circle" program, National Broadcasting Company.*

¶Men used for target practice.

STRANGE THINGS IN THE SAHARA

GORDON WEST, traveller, author and ex-propaganda director to Lloyd George, with his wife decided to seek the sun in the great North African desert, the Sahara, which totals in all some three-and-a-half million miles.

The *S.S. Viceroy of India* bore them from England across the Bay of Biscay "as calm as the mind of a nun," and landed them with two suitcases at Tangier.

In this dirty Moroccan seaport, they found traces of Englishmen who had been there before them. Scored on the brick walls were the quips about the inhabitants left centuries ago by Stuart soldiers before they blew up and evacuated the town in the reign of Charles II.

They found traces and heard tales also of the man to whom the Stuarts left Tangier, Sultan Moulay Ismail, a monster of sadism. The Sultan kept nearly 4,000 women, and frequently reduced their numbers by boiling a few in oil or feeding their flesh to his dogs. There is no record of his offspring, for although he is known to have had 800 sons, he personally strangled all his daughters at birth.

Sultan Moulay thought nothing of riding out after early morning prayers and killing ten slaves just to keep his eye in at spear-throwing. To round off, he would jump on his horse slicing off, in the same motion, the head of the man holding the bridle.

The Wests found more of Moulay's handiwork in the 40-foot walls built by 30,000 slaves near his capital, Meknes. The crumbling holes in the walls, they were told, marked the spots where Moulay Ismail had bricked up the men whom he considered were not working hard enough.

As they jolted over Saharan tracks in unsprung, windowless native buses, the Wests noticed that frightened native women spread their hands before their faces. The gesture was always directed at Mrs. West, whose red hair was considered a sign of evil.

Once they went to dinner with a rich Moor, a Caid of the town of Fez. Between two doses of highly-flavoured mint tea, the Wests had somehow to dispose of two-fifths of the following menu: two roast fowl; a brace of wild duck with

orange, radish and raisin salad; roast leg of mutton; a stew of chicken, lamb, barley sprouts, green tomatoes, almonds and haricot beans in the crater of a great heap of semolina; and sweet pastries. All this they ate with their fingers.

In a cafe in Midelt on the fringe of the Grand Atlas Mountains, they met a British Legionnaire from London who called himself Harry Trussler. Gordon West discovered from Trussler that there are few Englishmen in La Legion, that the best Legionnaires are Germans and French; that the Foreign Legion in that part does anything but fight. Its chief occupation is road-making.—*Condensed from News Review.*

If a Handicap Has You Down

FREDRIC MARCH, during his youth, stuttered so frightfully that his family believed he would go through life with that affliction. He cured himself by reading lengthy passages aloud, very often shouting them, in the privacy of the family attic.

JEAN ARTHUR had herself to lick, before she could swing the world by the tail. Hers was the worst inferiority complex in Hollywood. After getting nowhere on the screen, Jean deserted Hollywood for Broadway, determined to go on the stage and conquer her fears. She clicked in her first stage engagement, and returned to Hollywood the most self-possessed young woman in the colony.

DURING her grammar school days, Rosina Lawrence was crippled as a result of being tripped during a game of tag. Her vertebrae was dislocated and she could not use her legs for more than a year. She persuaded her mother that ballet dancing would be a good method of strengthening her limbs, and within four years had progressed to the point that she entered the studios as a a dancer.—*Whitney Williams.*

maker made it when he was 90 and his ability had reached its zenith. The instrument is as sensitive as a child, and Yehudi can tell at once if there is the slightest thing wrong with it; I believe my son has the most sensitive ear in the world.

Once, after playing with Stokowski, he protested against the compliments that were showered on him. "It was awful," he insisted; "the tone was hopeless." Even orchestra players standing near him were astonished at his vehemence. "Something *is* wrong with it," he said, drawing his bow across the strings. "Can't you hear it?"

Hurrying to New York, Yehudi went to one of the only two experts in violin repairs to whom he will entrust his instrument. He played it and asked them if the expert heard the flaw. "No," was the reply, "it is all right."

Again Yehudi tested it. "You *must* find the trouble!"

After 15 minute's detailed search the expert detected the trouble. At one point perspiration had softened the glue, causing an opening just large enough for the insertion of the tiny corner of a razor blade.

I sometimes wonder where he gets his memory. Having read the most complicated musical scores only once, he remembers them long afterwards with complete accuracy. Millions of notes are stamped on his brain.

Incidentally, my son is a great stickler for comfort during concerts, and changes his shirts three times during a single performance.

At his ranch, Yehudi loves to go for a stroll alone sometimes, when the moon comes out and the countryside is still. Other times he walks to a nearby mountain and sits alone, stargazing, listening to the eerie sounds of evening. These walks, I know, are a safe guarantee against his ever becoming vain; he feels, as we all do in similar circumstances, that the universe is vast and human beings of small importance.

Yehudi's success is a joy to him and to all of us, but if he sincerely wanted to give up music and be something else, say a bootmaker, well, I wouldn't mind—providing he had ideals about boots.—*Marutha Menuhin, condensed from Today.*

* * *

¶Now Mr. Hearst is a mere salaried employee.

THE DECLINE OF HEARST

FOR 17 years millions of U. S. citizens, to whom Hearst has been an institution as well as a legendary figure, have wondered what would happen to the institution when William Randolph Hearst was no more. Of late they have ceased to wonder, have realized that the institution has already started breaking up before their eyes. Mr. Hearst abdicated two years ago; and since then six Hearst newspapers, one news service and one magazine have been sold or scrapped; Hearst radio stations cut from ten to three; rare Hearst treasures have been knocked down for $708,846; the value of all Hearst properties, estimated at $200,000,000 in 1935, reduced to a fraction of that figure.

Hearst's inevitable dissolution was inherent in his career; now that that career is ending, its turning point stands out. In 1922 Hearst was at his zenith as a publisher. He owned 20 newspapers in 13 of the largest U. S. cities, with Universal Service and International News Service to flash them worldwide news, King Features Syndicate to dish out comics and boilerplate philosophy, the scandal-sheet *American Weekly* to boost Sunday circulation into the multimillions. He had a string of magazines, a newsreel, a motion-picture company. He had the world's highest paid stable of writers and editors. And he made more money than any other publisher before or since.

But his consuming personal ambition had been thwarted. In New York he had campaigned several times in vain to be elected mayor or governor; his papers could make or break small officials, but they never got Hearst farther than two unspectacular terms in the House. In 1922 Al Smith refused to run on the State Democratic ticket with him, and at last Hearst knew he would never be President. And so after 27 years in the East, he moved back to California and began to surround himself with a grandeur that no other private citizen has ever matched in U. S. history.

He spent money as few princes ever dared to do. He ensconced himself in San Simeon, a vast estate with palaces and a zoo, bought St. Donat's castle in Wales, built an elabo-

rate Hollywood publicity machine to glorify actress Marion Davies, indulged himself insatiably in the purchase of art treasures until he had spent $35,000,000 for what could have been bought for about $15,000,000. For money he used the income of his papers, the profits of the mines he had inherited from his prospector father, and a pocketful of promissory notes. Always a worry to his money men, he lost all reason in his spending. By 1924 he was strapped.

That year he began borrowing heavily on his newspapers and real estate, carelessly scrawling his signature as further security for the debts. By 1930 banks had floated $60,000,000 worth of bonds and mortgages personally guaranteed by Hearst. Meanwhile the stockmarket had crashed and Hearst was strapped again.

To cut down his bonded indebtedness he floated stock. In 1930, when San Francisco Lawyer John Francis Neylan was his counsel, Hearst lumped together his six West Coast papers (on which he had previously borrowed $20,000,000), four other profitable newspapers, and the super-profitable *American weekly* into Hearst Consolidated Publication Inc. He valued "circulation, press franchises, libraries, etc." at $75,000,000 and with a barrage of publicity denouncing phony stock schemes sold $50,000,000 worth of preferred stock to the public.

For seven and a half years the preferred stockholders got their 7% and Hearst got a great deal more. He got over $12,000,000 in common stock dividends. Publicly-owned Hearst Consolidated newspapers paid $2,000,000 a year to King Features, which was owned by Mr. Hearst's privately owned American Newspapers Inc. And in 1935 Hearst sold his Baltimore, Atlanta, and San Antonio papers to Hearst Consolidated for $8,000,000 (of which $6,000,000 was for the familiar item of "circulation, press franchises, reference libraries, etc.") had lost $550,000 in 1934. But other Hearst papers were losing even more, and real-estate values had toppled. Hearst was hopelessly mired in extravagance and debt and was squirming to free himself.

Judge Clarence Shearn, his trusted lawyer, acts, as the sole voting trustee for all Hearst enterprises. He was not only an old friend of Hearst's; he was close to a good source of credit, the Chase National Bank, and Hearst had to have cash. Hearst had several long talks with him, and after a while Judge Shearn, as sole trustee, became indisputable ruler of almost everything that is Hearst's.

After liquidating much that was unprofitable, Judge Shearn tried to squeeze more profit out of paying properties, to turn a profit with those that were doubtful. But the troubles that beset all publishers in 1938 nearly ruined Hearst. Newsprint went from $42.50 to $50 a ton, upping the Hearstpapers' bill by $5,000,000. Advertising revenue dropped 25%, a staggering $10,000,000 a year. Circulation fell off.

Cherubic Joe Connolly became general manager of all Hearst newspapers, responsible directly to Judge Shearn Connolly reshuffled publishers of all Hearst papers, told them to cut out expensive promotion schemes, raise circulation rates where they could, make each paper pay its own way. To the publishers he granted more autonomy than the Hearst-papers had ever known. For the first time in history a Hearst publisher was conceded to have a head. Blasts from Hearst in San Simeon began to be disregarded. Hearst has had no more authority as to what news to play up or what story to publish.

Having once threatened to fire Mussolini (who used to write for Hearst) unless he released a jailed correspondent, Joe Connolly was perfectly capable of explaining such *lese-majeste* to The Chief. And Hearst, thoroughly frightened by the condition he got himself in, is no longer the headstrong, unreasonable publisher he was. Since his papers began to go, he was worked doggedly to help save those that are left. All he now gets is a salary of $100,000 a year as editorial director.

The empire that Clarence Shearn rules is solvent today but he has kept it from collapsing only by the most drastic retrenchment. Most Hearst enterprises make money; all together they would be highly profitable for Hearst if Mr. Hearst had not loaded them with debt. Selling part of an empire to get money to save the rest is a process that is hard to stop, and nobody knows this better than Judge Shearn.

Burdened as Hearst's properties are with debt, Mr. Hearst still owns three radio stations, nine U. S. magazines and three in England, 20 daily newspapers, 15 Sunday papers, *American Weekly*, King Features, INS, half a newsreel and a motion-picture company.

Two of the three radio stations make money. So do the magazines as a whole, although *Pictorial Review* had to fold this year and buxom *Good Housekeeping* and smart *Harper's Bazaar* are the only real moneymakers of the U. S. group. The British magazines are a nuisance. Metrotone News earns a profit.

American Weekly, sold to non-Hearst papers for the first time last year, has a circulation of 6,700,000, makes more money for Hearst than anything else Hearst owns. Not only do the Hearst-papers guarantee 5,000,000 of its circulation, but it has held Hearst's Sunday circulation steady while daily circulation declined.

Hearst's career spanned exactly half a century, and more than any other career in history it proved the power and privileges of a free press. No other press lord ever wielded his power with less sense of responsibility; no other press ever matched the Hearst press for flamboyance, perversity and incitement of mass hysteria. Hearst never believed in anything much, not even Hearst, and his appeal was not to men's minds but to those infantile emotions which he never conquered in himself: arrogance, hatred, frustration, fear. But while Hearst dragged his readers vicariously through every depravity from jingoism to sex murder, he also helped to perpetuate a nation's songs, its humor and its heroes.

It was in 1887 that Hearst took over his father's San Francisco *Examiner*, published *Casey at the Bat*. Nine years later he was in Manhattan, buying a stable of Pulitzer writers for his *Journal*, whooping it up for Bryan and the Cubans.

By 1908 Hearst had newspapers in New York, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco, had started buying magazines, and was easily No. 1 U. S. publisher. That was the year he printed the famed Standard Oil letters revealing bribery of U. S. Senators, high point in Hearst's career as a liberal muckraker.

In the War decade he became more powerful, lost his fervor for reform. He would embrace any policy to enhance his prestige, but his prestige slowly waned. He was bitterly disappointed when his efforts to keep the U. S. from siding with the Allies proved unpopular with the public.

In the 1920s his policies grew ridiculous. He published documents charging bribery of Senators by Mexico, saw them exposed as forgeries. He was expelled from France after engineering the theft of a secret Anglo-French naval pact. He established himself as No. 1 exponent of the Red Scare.

He had a brief return to power in 1932 when he swung the Roosevelt-Garner nomination. But Roosevelt would have none of Hearst, so Hearst turned to snarl at the "Raw Deal" and even boosted his old enemy, Al Smith, for President. Hearst staked his "reputation as a prophet" on Landon's election in

1936. When Roosevelt was re-elected he tried to do a turn-about, but nobody cared any more.

Four years ago Hearst said of himself: "At my time of life you just sit here and people bring you final decisions to make." But for nearly two years he has just sat there, no longer absolute boss even of his papers' policies. He still owns fabulous Wyntoon and San Simeon, still dines on his allowance celebrities from silver plate in medieval splendor; but at 75 the bad boy of U. S. journalism is just a hired editorial writer who has taken a salary cut.—*Condensed from Time.*

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Can You Mix a Merry Metaphor

In no deliberative body in the world is the mixed metaphor so much in its element as in the British House of Commons. As examples of what is commonly called the "Irish bull," the following list is submitted:

"There was I, standing prostrate at the feet of royalty."

"I smell a rat; I see it floating in the air; and, by heaven, I'll nip it in the bud!"

"A thorny subject which has long been a bone of contention among us."

"An oral agreement is not worth the paper it's written on."

"I will repeat what I was about to say when the honorable member interrupted me."

"Our tongues are tied, our hands are frettered, and we are really beating the air to no purpose."

"The honorable member would denude us of every rag of the principles we have been proclaiming from the housetops."—*Kenneth P. Wood, from Your Life.*

* * *

Class Bottom

Father: "My son, I don't like to think that you are at the bottom of the class!"

Son: "I can't see that it matters, Pa. They teach the same things at both ends."

¶Another eternal question.

ARE YOU A GAMBLER?

"You can have alcohol and the booze rackets," said Al Capone when he was outlaw lord of Chicago's underworld. "The big dough is in gambling."

We are an idealistic nation. A moral one, we believe. Yet America's biggest industry is the gambling industry! You don't believe it? What about money won or lost in a friendly game of golf, at the bridge table, in football pools, baseball pools, prizefights, horse-racing, sweepstakes, and what is called the policy racket? Taking them all in all, America is the greatest gambling country in the world.

Many of us feel, apparently, that there no longer is a moral issue involved in certain forms of gambling and betting. Even though it may be purely nominal, betting is almost the universal custom. In California there now are two hundred and fifty-eight days of horse-racing each year, and it is estimated that each day a quarter of a million dollars goes through the pari-mutuel machines. Newspapers headline stories of sweepstake ticket-holders who win fortunes, and these lucky ones are envied by all. One hundred million dollars is said to go out of the country in each Irish sweepstake race.

"Why not keep that money here?" argues a citizen in favor of legalized gambling. "Let the Government tax it and reap the benefit. Gambling breeds crime when it's outlawed. It wouldn't if it were legalized. A man has a right to do what he chooses with his own money—gamble, buy merchandise, put it in the bank, or give it away. It's better to pour legal revenue into Government coffers than to hand it to the vultures of the underworld."

Others contend that gambling robs the family purse of money better spent for necessities of life. That it often strips the home of every means of existence, snatches bread from children's mouths, ruins families that otherwise might be independent and happy. "It's all wrong," these argue, "and what is wrong should be suppressed. It is a menace to the life of the nation, to its business structure, to its prosperity, just as counterfeiting is a menace. Federal laws should be enacted to wipe it out."

In some states this has been done. Maryland defeated a pro-

posed constitutional amendment to legalize a state lottery, even though it was intended to provide funds for the relief of the unemployed. Oregon voters killed measures to legalize gambling and approved a law for the seizure and destruction of all gambling equipment within the state borders.

The issue is important to all of us. It involves public and private morals. It touches the purses and pay envelopes of millions of us. Shall we continue to support America's biggest industry illegally? Shall we legalize it, and provide the Government with revenue now going into the hands of racketeers? Or shall we enforce present laws to stamp it out completely? Outlaw the thing that blights and wrecks the home, the bulwark of our civilization?

The answer to these questions affects every man, woman and child in this land. Will our children be safer under legalized gambling or under gambling operated under cover, in the control of racketeers? Shall we be a nation of gamblers?—*Radio Digest.*

* * *

Great Men Through Chance

CHANCE rather than planning determines most careers. Charles Darwin shifted from medicine to the ministry and then a fortuitous invitation to go as scientific observer on the *Beagle* made him the eminent naturalist. Goethe prepared to be a jurist. Unsatisfied in the law, he successively tried art and public service, and then at 45 settled down to literature. This many-talented man wavered in racking indecision over his career plans, and his choices were finally made on impulse. Charles W. Elliot, possessed of a proven mathematics aptitude, sought to be a teacher of applied chemistry, for which he had a flair but no adequate preparation. He rose to success in college administration, for which a disfiguring facial scar and a personality complex, as described by Henry James, would have brought an adverse opinion from any personnel psychologist of my acquaintance. Is the world poorer through the lack of vocational guidance in the lives of Darwin, Goethe, and Eliot?—*Clement C. Williams, excerpted from School and Society.*

¶Gluttony vs. Drunkenness.

ARE YOU A FOOD "DRUNKARD"?

MY friend Henry, who has never touched a drop of alcohol in his life, is one of the worst "drunkards" I know. He weighs nearly 300 pounds. His heart is getting tired of pushing blood through 100 pounds of hitch-hiking tissue that Henry carts around to no good purpose, and his doctor has warned him to "take it easy." By and large, Henry does take it easy, except for incessant maxillary exercise. Perhaps it is his weight that makes him good-natured and, on the whole, tolerant of my weakness.

He never calls me an old soak or a gutter-bum when I take an occasional cocktail at lunch, but it is plain from the inclination of his eyebrow and the righteous celerity with which he pushes away the wine-card that he regards me as just another casualty of demon rum.

Well, he may be right and I cannot argue that I set a good example for anybody, but I *do* believed that I am temperate about alcohol. It would be a terrific shock to Henry if I told him the simple truth that he is the most intemperate person of my acquaintance.

You can find evidence of Henry's intemperance scattered about his office at any hour of the day. You will not uncover a single bourbon bottle, gin label, cork-crew or ethylated cork in Henry's desk. But in his wastebasket you will find a wad of tinfoil candy wrappings. There is a sack of gumdrops in his top drawer. Up near his inkwell is a burst cellophane package of salted nuts.

At ten-thirty Henry strolls downstairs for a snifter of coffee and doughnuts. A couple of hours after lunch he's back again for a slab of pie and a glass of milk.

In short, Henry is a food drunkard.

The fact that you can be a food drunkard as well as an alcohol toper may be surprising, because food is an essential and alcohol is not. But you can't be intemperate, even where essentials are concerned, without paying the piper. You can't live more than a few minutes without oxygen, but too much oxygen under pressure will poison you. Two-thirds of your weight is water and you'd soon die without it, but there is such

a thing as water intoxication. Fundamentally, "intoxicate" means "to poison," a toxin being a poison.

Morally the food drunkard is above reproach, as the heavy drinker is not, but he pays just as extreme a physical penalty. Life expectancy tables prove that the overweight who may also be good, die young. Professor Raymond Pearl's authoritative statistics indicate that the moderate drinker has a very slightly better chance of living a long life than the teetotaler. This is no argument for drinking—you're just as well off without alcohol—but it is an argument for moderation.

How can you tell if you are a food drunkard? Look at your belt line or the pointer on the bathroom scales. Eliminating possible glandular causes, and such modifying influences as exercise and fluid intake, there is just one reason why you are overweight: you eat too much.

But you *don't* overeat, yet you still get fat? Sorry—you're wrong about that! Most drunkards think they're moderate about alcohol. Henry eats only three meals a day; it's his habit of constant nibbling that makes a food drunkard out of him.

You can eat between meals with impunity, if you like. In fact, five light meals are better for your stomach than three heavy ones. Your normal stomach doesn't welcome a complete layoff. But if you "don't count" the candy bars, the chocolates you nibble, the handful of peanuts, you are not fooling your body any more successfully than the toper who quits counting his highballs after the second.

A fact about food that is not too comforting to brain-workers is that the hardest kind of mental activity burns up practically no calories. If you go on a food spree and eat a single peanut, that insignificant food unit will keep you going for two hours, of concentrated mental work.

This is not to imply that the nerves and brain cells involved in the processes of thinking do not burn energy exactly as to the other cells of your body: by taking oxygen from the blood and returning carbon dioxide, with a consequent liberation of energy. It is simply that the nerves and brain represent but a small proportion of your body weight—about 4%.

Keep a record of everything you nibble between meals, if you are disturbed by the idea of food drunkenness; an honest total may surprise you and explain that spare tire around your waist.

What can you do about it? Simply eat less. Of course it

takes will power, just as it does to break the drink habit. Often it may take only an averted glance as you pass a candy counter. Arrange the household routine so that second helpings are never offered at your table.

Some folk, bent on bringing their eating habits within normal limits, turn to smoking as a substitute. This is often effective, but cannot seriously be recommended as a rational health measure.

If you *have* to be chewing something for the function of your soul, try chewing gum or pine pitch. —*Morgan Deming, condensed from Your Life.*

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Origins

DUM-DUM bullets are soft-nosed bullets, first used at *Dumdum,* near Calcutta, formerly the headquarters of the British Bengal artillery. The bullet spreads or "mushrooms" on striking its target.

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Companions are those who share the bread! The word comes from the Latin *cum,* with, and *panis,* bread. It means literally "one who shares bread with another."

* * *

The word Eskimo means a raw flesh eater in the language of the Labrador Indians.

* * *

"Running Amock" is an old Malay custom. The term is used to describe the behaviour of Malays when, maddened with opium, they rush about in a frenzied state shouting, "Amoq, Amoq!" (Kill! Kill!) and murderously attack anyone who gets in their way.—*Parade.*

¶The famous English school.

THE SCHOOL WHERE DIPLOMATS ARE TRAINED

ETON in England seems to be a training ground for Britain's Foreign Secretaries. The number of Etonians who have held that important office easily exceeds the whole total from all other schools in England. Among them are such well-known names as Charles James Fox, George Canning, the Marquess of Salisbury, the Earl of Rosebery, the Earl of Balfour, the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, and, last but not least, of course, Mr. Anthony Eden. The "key" men who more than all others have recently been responsible for British foreign policy are all Etonians.

The fact is that it is the Eton system and not the mere accident of birth that gives Eton its predominance in the diplomatic world. Tradition, of course, has something to do with Eton's flair for diplomacy and politics. Families like the Cecils, for example, have been sending their sons to Eton for generations, and there have been, I think, five consecutive generations of Cecils who have either held the post of Secretary or Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs or both.

But far more important even than the Eton tradition is the Eton system. Eton, more probably than any other school, is run by the boys themselves with the masters to a surprising extent merely holding watching briefs. The result is to develop initiative, self-reliance, and an assured manner which are most useful in after years. The effect is seen in the fact that even in these democratic days there are no less than seven Etonians in the present Cabinet. Every sixth member of the present House of Commons is an Etonian. In India a short while ago not only the Viceroy but every single Provincial Governor had been educated at Eton.

Unlike most public schools, Eton has no dormitory system. From the day he arrives there the new boy has a room to himself, where he not only sleeps but does a good deal of his work. Apart from the ministrations of the "boy's maid," an elderly female who has the somewhat Herculean task of looking after some fourteen or fifteen young men of various ages between thirteen and eighteen, the Etonian's room is his own to make what he likes of.

It is traditional to have certain articles of furniture, such as a "burry" or bureau, which combines the duties of chest of drawers, bookshelf, and general repository for books. Nor would any Etonian be without his ottoman, which is not an ottoman at all but a small padded box. A table, washstand, and chair are provided by the authorities. But it is up to the boy himself to provide the rest, including the all-important pictures. The choice of these articles is not merely a training in self-respect: it is a lesson in self-expression. It is one of these intangible factors by which a boy unconsciously learns where his bent lies, by which is laid the foundation of the boy's individuality. And this is done, not at the end of the school career of a privileged few, as in most public schools, but at the very outset of the school life of every Etonian.

Houses in Eton are small—a good deal smaller than in most public schools. The average number of boys per house is forty. Throughout the twenty-eight houses there is a fundamental similarity of custom and system. Each House is not by any means a replica, but it takes its main characteristics from the same fountain head. Even its societies are moulded on those of the School as a whole. And beneath all this apparently haphazard similarity may be traced one essential characteristic: the aim to make not merely an educated man, but a trained and individualistic member of society.

That most famous of all school organizations—the Eton Society, more widely known perhaps as Pop—runs itself without interference from the Masters, perpetuates itself, admits and keeps out whom it will. Be it noted that birth has very little to do with election to Pop, and being a good mixer a very great deal. Here is another Eton characteristic which perhaps helps to explain why old Etonians play such a large part in public affairs. Etonians find their own level at school. They are not moved into position like pawns by the masters.

The roster of Eton societies does not, of course, end with Pop, even if it incontestably begins there. There are innumerable others—most of them, though by no means all—vaguely connected with some branch of scholastic activity. But their aim is not so much to promote scholastic efficiency as to develop a natural bent. There is, for instance, a Shakespearian Society, whose name speaks for itself, and a Caledonian Society whose less obvious *raison d'etre* is the dancing of reels. There is also a Cercle Francais, a Musical Society, a Natural History Society

and—more intimately connected with the immediate object of this study, the Political Society.

The Political Society, like most Eton organizations, was started by a group of enterprising lads without any lead from above. Appropriately enough, the moving spirit in this case was one of Eton's future Foreign Secretaries, Lord Curzon. Its membership is limited to sixty and there is invariably keen competition for the honour of being elected. Again, like most Eton societies, the Political Society is ruled by a small committee of boys and whose hands the exclusive right of electing the common herd of members rests.

The Committee of the Political Society sets itself the task of getting together as many representative opinions as possible into the Society, however unpopular they may be. It also sees to it that the net is cast both far and wide for speakers. Among the "fish" it has caught in the fairly recent past are the Duke of Windsor (when Prince of Wales), Mr. Gandhi, the late Lord Birkenhead, Sir Thomas Inskip, Mr. James Maxton, Lord Halifax and Lord De La Warr.

It is non-scholastic activities such as these that have put Eton so high in the political and diplomatic world. Eton is in fact not merely a school, but a miniature world with a cabinet, parliament, code of laws and organized social order all provided by the boys. Thus when they come to man's estate they have already had five years' training in the art of government.—*Godfrey Lias, condensed from Britannia and Eve.*

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Tit for Tat

WHISTLER, the artist, had a French poodle of which he was extravagantly fond. When the dog was seized with a throat ailment, Whistler had the audacity to send for a great throat specialist, Mackenzie.

Mackenzie, upon seeing that he had been summoned to treat a dog, felt incensed, but said nothing. He prescribed and went away.

The next day he sent in post-haste for Whistler to come to his house, and Whistler, thinking it had something to do with his beloved dog, rushed to the home of the specialist.

On his arrival the man said gravely, "How do you do, Mr. Whistler. I wanted to see you about painting my front door."—*Parade.*

¶A timid mind is not a petty mind.

BIG SHOTS ARE SHY

SHYNESS is a badge of pride rather than of shame, if you learn how to handle it. As Dr. Louis E. Bisch points out, only the finest natures, the best people, have sufficient sensitivity to be troubled by shyness.

Your thunderous, blustering boor who bangs on every door he comes to in an offensive determination to get his "rights" is never shy. He has a cast-iron nerve. But there is always a vein of gold in the shy nature; gold is malleable, can be beaten so fine that 300,000 sheets of it would be only an inch thick, but it is still gold. Cast-iron rusts and weakens and cracks easily with a whining metallic sound.

"All genuine superiority grows out of a sense of inferiority," says Dr. Henry C. Link. "The person who admits his inferiority, and then does something about it, develops superiority."

Is that true? You have only to look at the record to prove it.

Are you terrified by the idea of making a speech in public? This brand of shyness is extremely common to important people. The late Cardinal Hayes was a painfully shy, retiring lad who reddened with embarrassment when called upon to speak before his classes. He would have preferred the ways of a lonely parish priest, yet in later life his high administrative office made it necessary for him to make numerous addresses which he did superbly well.

Only after ten years of broadcasting did Amos and Andy muster up enough nerve to admit outsiders to the studio when they were broadcasting. Important radio executives, sponsors, personal friends, members of their family—all were barred by this famous radio team who could not bear to have people staring at them when they were working. Lowell Thomas was very shy during his first few weeks of broadcasting and he, too, insisted on being alone at the mike. Even after years of broadcasting his hands still shook while he was waiting to go on the air.

O. O. McIntyre was so terrified by the thought of speaking into a microphone that he turned down an offer of $7,000 a week for a fifteen-minute radio program. McIntyre was ex-

tremely shy of telephones because of a period as publicity manager for Florenz Ziegfeld, during which the *Follies* producer constantly interrupted him at all hours of the day and night with telephonic orders. Nor did McIntyre ever overcome shyness of crowds and people; many of the celebrities of whom he wrote so intimately in his famous column he never met.

To overcome his shyness of speaking in public, friends advised author Christopher Morley to fix his gaze on some one member of the audience and address his remarks to that person. When Morley came nervously upon the stage his eyes—his vision is not too keen—swept the audience and lighted upon an outstanding figure in the fourth row. She appeared to be a woman of ample proportions wearing an impressive assortment of furs.

As Morley warmed into his subject, he observed that he was holding his "target" spellbound. Not once did she move. His shyness vanished and his speech was a smashing success. Afterward, receiving compliments, Morley was asked how he had done it.

"I just followed your advice and talked right at that woman in the fourth row," he said.

His friends looked blank, then roared. "That wasn't a woman—that was the chair a lot of us piled our coats on!"

Stage fright is akin to fear of public speaking, yet the greatest figures of the theatre are not immune after years of public appearances. Paderewski, after fifty years of concert appearances throughout the world, is still bothered by stage fright. So is Alfred Lunt. Tallulah Bankhead is so shy about getting out on the stage to play her role that her mouth gets dry and she puts vaseline on her lips to keep them from sticking to her teeth. Raymond Massey, currently starring as Abraham Lincoln on the Broadway stage, is among the shyest of celebrities.

Is it crowds or people that make you shy? Not even royalty is immune! Queen Mary was so shy as a child that she often burst into tears, and her first sight of Queen Victoria brought a fit of sobbing. Yet Queen Mary's whole life has been one of public appearances, of being stared at by people, and her regal stateliness is a mask which hides her natural shyness.

Henry Cavendish, one of the greatest names in chemistry, was so shy where women were concerned that if he so much as caught sight of one of the female servants about his house she lost her job. His shyness extended to men as well and included all strangers, however

illustrious. On one occasion, at a meeting of the Royal Society Club, a friend approached Cavendish with a companion in tow. It was the Baron von Plattnitz, the leading scientist of Austria, who had come all the way to London to meet the man he considered the most brilliant scientist of the age.

Before the introduction was half over, Cavendish, shuffling and fumbling nervously with the buttons of his coat, had scuttled away like a frightened deer and did not rest until he arrived safely at his home.

T. E. Lawrence—Lawrence of Arabia, who virtually single-handed carried on one of the most successful military operations of the World War in the Far East—was shy to the point of self-effacement, so shy that when celebrities and governments wished to honor him, he stepped out of the world by enlisting as an air force private under an assumed name.

In discussing Lawrence with his father one day, a young Englishman remarked: "He must have been a remarkable person, truly outstanding."

"Why, you met him," the father reminded him.

"I did? When?"

"Don't you remember the man to whom I introduced you in London on the steps of the British Museum some years ago?"

The young man was dumbfounded. He did indeed remember the man he had been introduced to—a slight, shy person who wouldn't look at him and who hurried away to avoid speaking.

Webb Miller, noted foreign correspondent for United Press, tells in his autobiography, *I Found No Peace,* how he overcame shyness. In two important departments of life he faced obstacles: work and women. As a reporter he used to walk up and down in front of a building before screwing up enough courage to enter and interview an important person.

"In my struggles to overcome my natural handicaps as a reporter in Chicago," he says, "I made what to me were two astounding discoveries; first, *if I liked people and showed it they usually liked me;* second, *most human beings suffered more or less from the same disabilities that I did.*

"The late Charles Erbstein, the famous Chicago criminal attorney, told me the secret. Although of unprepossessing appearance, he was one of the most widely liked men in Chicago, and could win the sympathy of a jury or anyone he encountered sooner than any other person I had met. I asked him how he did it and he told

me those two simple principles. So I set about trying to like people, always keeping in mind that they were perhaps as diffident as I was."—*James Gordon Dustin, condensed from Your Life.*

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Good Eye-deas

If you're not quite sure what sort of a person you are, take a look in the mirror. The answer? The *eyes* have it!

It may be true that you can't judge a book by its cover, but some psychologists judge character by studying the shape of the eyes.

According to theory, if you have round eyes you are probably innocent and trusting, affectionate, likeable, and as unsophisticated as a kitten.

If your eyes are oval-shaped and wide, this theory says, you are not so easily fooled, but you are temperamental, emotional, poetic, a dreamer, and an idealist.

Those whose mirrors reflect long, slanted eyes are declared to be secretive, clever without possessing great brilliance, sensitive to personal hurts, but unsympathetic and cold in their treatment of others.

If you have large, protruding eyes, you may be a rather bombastic person. You are probably suffering from extremes of generosity and selfishness, and are strongly opinionated, strong in your likes and dislikes.

Your emotions are supposed to be coated with frost if your eyes are small, oval, and piercing. But don't let that bother you, because according to some psychologists, you are quick-witted, keen-minded, and even tempered.

Persons with extremely scientific minds, it is claimed, usually have deep-set or closely-spaced eyes.

Those who possess creative or artistic minds are supposed to have eyes that are rather far apart and wide.

Psychologists pay small attention to the colour of the eye's iris as an index to character, but here are some legendary "facts" for you to remember or forget:

Grey eyes: depth of character and of feeling; reserve.

Blue eyes: honesty; humour.

Brown eyes: tenderness; warmth of feeling.

Hazel eyes: versatility; amiability.

Green eyes: daring; courage; gaiety.—*Margaret McAnaa in Des Moines Register.*

DOES YOUR HEART MISBEHAVE?

THERE is something about the words "heart disease" that clouds the mind with terror. Angina pectoris, coronary thrombosis, arterio - sclerosis—these are words freighted with destiny. And if one of them has been pronounced over you, you are likely to walk in fear. There are pain and shortness of breath and other disturbing symptoms to serve as warning. There are your friends, too, and your families, to look upon you as one set apart.

But carry on! Many like you, who have labored under this fear, have gone on after proper treatment to live normal and active lives for years.

Consider the case of two young men who, in their early manhood, developed heart trouble after rheumatic fever. The leading German scientist of the day gave them two years to live. Each lived over forty years longer. One was active in business throughout those years. The other became an eminent medical scientist and spent his summers in the gentle diversion of climbing the Presidential Range in New Hampshire, in excavating in the blazing sun and devastating heat of an Arizona summer and becoming an authority on the Cliff Dwellers. Both men were seventy when they died.

Another heart sufferer became the greatest oarsman America ever produced and died at the age of seventy-six, after burying the last of a string of gentlemen who had refused him life insurance. Another, taken ill about twenty years ago with coronary thrombosis, is active at present and has had a useful, comfortable life. Yet both clinical and electrocardiographic examination showed him to have coronary thrombosis.

Three children between the ages of eight and fifteen had developed a heart ailment following rheumatic fever. With excellent care all regained their health and the abnormal heart conditions disappeared. All, now thirty years of age and over, are active and busy. Often, too, when heart murmurs carry over from childhood into adult life, those affected live as fully as entirely healthy persons.

Of course all these had proper treatment for their primary rheumatic disease and proper after-treatment — rest, diet, a warm climate, such as is effective in the treatment of tuber-

culosis. And they were not allowed to resume active life until their hearts had recovered from the rheumatic infection.

But the outlook for the heart sufferer is even better today than it was when these cases developed. The private practitioner is infinitely better equipped than formerly, and heart clinics perform a great service to humanity.

Forty years ago angina pectoris occurred so infrequently that it was not considered a part of ward practise in hospitals. Now each week several cases are admitted to the wards. Many physicians believe that this increase is due to the machine age, in which physical activity is greatly diminished. In remote areas where men still work with brawn and sinew this increase in heart ailments has not occurred. The city worker, who sits all day in an office, who eats and drinks too much and takes little if any exercise, is more likely to suffer from arterio-sclerotic heart disease. Generally speaking, arterio-sclerosis (abnormal thickening and hardening of the arteries) is the cause of heart disorders in the middle-aged or elderly adult.

Many who have had heart attacks, "coronary episodes" of varying severity, have after proper treatment and rest pursued lives of activity and usefulness. Many physicians carrying on today have previously had to lay up for a coronary thrombosis. Often, too, doctors discover electrocardiographic evidence of severe coronary accidents in persons entirely unaware that they have ever had a heart-attack.

Perhaps the worst handicap cardiac sufferers have is the mournful sympathy of well-meaning but ill-advised friends. There ought to be some way of teaching people how to behave with friends who have heart trouble. But since there seems to be none, just pay no attention to crepehangers.

Be guided by what your doctor tells you. If you haven't a physician, consult the proper bureau at the Academy of Medicine, or any hospital or clinic. And remember that overweight, overeating, and lack of physical exercise are menacing enemies to the middle-aged and elderly.

And don't subside into a handicapped existence, incapacitated from all that gives life, color, and meaning. Don't curl up in abject discouragement. Others have recovered, and so can you!

Carry on!—*Adapted from the "Highways to Health" program, Columbia Broadcasting System.*

¶A mere law professor with only 2 years of practice, but—

THE YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE U. S. SUPREME COURT

WILLIAM ORVILLE DOUGLAS is a rangy, steely-eyed young Westerner who likes to put his feet on his desk and puff on a cigarette while he delivers salty and sometimes sulphurous comment on the habits and predilections of the nation's mighty men of finance. There is something reminiscent of a grown-up Huckleberry Finn or a Tom Sawyer in his appearance and manner. Yet at the judicially tender age of 40 he has been called upon to assume the somber robes and solemn dignity of an associate justice of the highest court in the land, the Supreme Court of the United States.

However, Bill Douglas does not come unprepared to this high honor and grave responsibility. For while he may have little of the pectoral padding, either physically or in time-won public honors, generally looked upon as necessary for elevation to such a post, he has convinced his elders in many walks of life that the position befits him.

He has had no judicial experience, although the Securities and Exchange Commission, of which he has been a member for the past three years, performs semi-judicial functions. According to the record, he has had only two years of private practice as a lawyer. But he knows his law. As Sterling Professor of Law at Yale he was acclaimed "the nation's outstanding law professor." His studies of bankruptcy and corporate reorganization have been profound, although decidedly readable. And he has shown Wall Street that he knows law, finance, and ethics.

Like Justice Louis D. Brandeis, whose place on the Supreme Court he is scheduled to take, Mr. Douglas for years has been preoccupied with the legal aspects of finance. Also like Brandeis Mr. Douglas abhors bigness in industry. Only last February he said:

"The convenient and impersonalized use of the corporate device has unquestionably contributed to moral decadence. This has especially been true with the growth of bigness. The fact that railroads or banks or operating utilities lie somewhere deep underneath the cor-

porate maze becomes incidental. Values become translated. Service to human beings becomes subordinated to profits for manipulators. The stage setting is perfect for the disappearance of moral values."

Thus is expressed the viewpoint of a man who honestly believes in moral values and who insists that the law should be more than a maze of technicalities. His conception of justice conforms with the New Deal concept of what makes a good judge. That concept is that the law is, or should be a growing and progressive instrument of society and not a static entity. But it is a concept to which teachers and students of law generally give more attention than the attorney in private practice and the usual occupant of the bench.

"Administrative government," he has said, "is here to stay. It is democracy's way of dealing with the over-complicated social and economic problems of today. . . . It is already clear that if these administrative powers are to be exercised sparingly, enlightened business need only take the lead. And if these powers are to be exercised wisely, business must work at the round table rather than in the courts."

Son of an itinerant Scotch Presbyterian minister, he was born in the village of Maine, Minn. Maine is in the upland grain area of the near Northwest, less than fifty miles from Sauk Center, which was the scene of Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street." His father died when he was 6, and the family never knew abundance. The Douglasses moved to Yakima, Washington, and there young Bill sold newspapers, dealt in junk, and did any kind of odd job to help out. There he worked his way through grammar school and through high school.

In the Summers he worked in the fields, did anything to earn a few dollars—once he even served for a time as a spieler for a patent medicine show, and he can still go through his routine with all the medicine show hoop-la. It was an invaluable experience, he insists. He learned about people, learned how they reacted to the phoney forensics. Some brokers, he once said, use the same tactics as the medicine-show fakers.

He worked his way through Whitman College and emerged in 1920 with an A. B. and a Phi Beta Kappa key. Then he taught in the Yakima high school, where he met the present Mrs. Douglas. By 1922 he had saved $500 with which to come East and study law. Hoping to increase his stake, he invested it in an insurance venture —and learned something about

"investment." He lost the whole stake.

Undismayed, he came East anyway, chaperoning a trainload of cattle as far as Chicago, going on to New York in a day coach. He arrived in New York with $6 in his pocket, enrolled at Columbia Law School and looked around for a job.

Professors at Columbia remember Mr. Douglas during that first year as a half-starved young man who was always on the go from class to job or job to class. At one time he was tided over a particularly trying time by a commission to write a correspondence course in law. He did it and got $600 for the job. At another time he answered an "ad" for an elocution teacher, brazenly offered himself as an expert from "The Douglas School," and taught the woman who had advertised everything he knew about public speaking, and polished off the feat by presenting her with an elaborate "diploma."

In his second year, Professor Underhill Moore broke all precedent and made him an undergraduate research assistant. Meanwhile, Bill Douglas had married Mildred Riddle, the girl from Yakima High School. He was sure the future looked good.

He got his law degree in 1925 and spent two years with the New York firm of Cravath, De Gersdorff, Swaine & Wood, with a Columbia law lectureship on the side. In 1927 he went to the Yale Law School as a professor and by 1932 had become Sterling Professor of Law there.

Meanwhile, he had worked with the Department of Commerce on bankruptcy studies, first under Herbert Hoover's administration. That government connection continued, and Joseph P. Kennedy, now Ambassador to Great Britain, is generally credited with putting him to work in the Securities and Exchange Commission.

Mr. Douglas is a man of endless energy. He enjoys work almost as he enjoys life, and life is a very interesting experience for him. In years and in viewpoint he may be comparatively young, but in experience he is a veteran. He was doing a man's work before he was 15 and by the time he was in college he knew what made the world go round and what manner of people lived in this world. By force of necessity, he early became a pragmatist—theories were splendid, but would they work? And he carried that approach to the law. He still has it, intensely.

But he never succumbed to the belief that life was too serious for a man to have a good

time. He thoroughly enjoys a joke. Robert Hutchins, who took him to the Yale Law School, tells how he—Hutchins—was sitting in one of New York's most exclusive clubs talking with a trustee of the university when Douglas leaped over the high fence, climbed in the window, and joined the talk, to the consternation of the dignified trustee.

He plays an enthusiastic bridge game, likes poker, and goes in for golf with abandon. His golf score is in the 120's. When someone chided him about his score he grinned and exclaimed, "Hell! I play this game for fun!"

Tall and almost gangling, he has the hunched shoulders of an old-time cowpuncher. His clothes are good but carelessly worn. He talks with gestures and can dramatize a story in masterly fashion. His steely gray eyes usually twinkle, but when he gets mad they darken and glow. And at such times his vigor of speech is amazing.

Will Mr. Douglas make a good Supreme Court Justice? Karl Llewellyn, Professor of Jurisprudence at Columbia, remarks that the new justice will be the first on the bench who was schooled in the modern approach to the law—the human approach. Professor Llewellyn says that, while others have had that point of view, it never became a part of their blood and bone. It was bred into Douglas.
—Frederick R. Barkley, condensed from The New York Times Magazine.

* * *

Long Life

LONGEVITY is only desireable if it increases the duration of youth and not that of old age. The lengthening of the senescent period would be a calamity. The aged individual, when not capable of providing for himself, is an encumbrance to his family and the community. Why should more years be added to the life of persons who are unhappy, selfish, stupid, and useless? The number of centenarians must not be augmented until we can prevent intellectual and moral decay, and the lingering diseases of old age.—*Dr. Alexis Carrel, famous biologist, in Man, the Unknown.*

¶In the United States one with money can own a college.

COLLEGES FOR SALE

WANT to buy a college? You can pick up one cheaply right now. Dozens are available—men's colleges, women's colleges, coeducational Schools—liberal arts, technical, professional; urban, suburban, rural; campus or non-campus; church, group, or singly controlled. Would you prefer a large or small college? One in the East, the South, Midwest, or the Pacific Coast? How much? Well, prices start at $20,000. Most of these institutions have endowments, too, and in some cases these amount to as much as a quarter of a million dollars—all included in the original asking price.

Is there something new and significant about this? Is it the result of the depression, of the political situation, of some fundamental flaw in education? Not at all. Privily and regularly colleges have been bought and sold for many years. The traffic, however, has been so covertly conducted that the public seldom hears of it.

Have you ever seen a news release which, in theme, ran more or less like this? It often means that the college has a new owner:

"The Board of Trustees of Compson College has accepted the resignation of Mr. Trubert Adams, Treasurer of the college, and has appointed Mr. Frederic Curmer to the expanded position of Treasurer and Comptroller. President Norton announced today that the alumni endowment drive, which has been in progress for the past three years, completed and exceeded its quota a few days ago with the receipt of an anonymous gift of $85,000. Work on the projected dormitory and science hall may begin in June."

When one investigates the business of buying and selling colleges he is struck by the splendid lack of a spirit of commercialism in the enterprise. There is no talk of money to be made or other selfish ends to be gained. The entire affair is conducted on a high plane with many a reference to "opportunities for broader service," "important contributions to the advancement of education," "improved facilities for the molding of tomorrow's citizens," and so on.

There are approximately seventeen hundred collegiate-grade schools in the United

States and its possessions today. Not more than half of them, however are listed in the standard reference books.

Of the officially-listed colleges and universities, at least 60 per cent will probably never change hands. They are nationally or state supported, or are so heavily endowed by alumni and friends that only a collapse of the country at large could bring them to the block. But among the remaining three hundred odd colleges, there are some dozens of institutions which are definitely purchasable. They are either openly for sale, quietly nosing about for a buyer or secretly—almost pathetically—hoping to be approached by some clairvoyant trader.

Forty or fifty such colleges are available annually. Most of them have a respectable patina of age. All grant state-approved degrees and are equipped with buildings, faculty, students, and, in many cases, sizable endowments. The top price for the very best (and it is an excellent one) is around a quarter of a million dollars. The lowest figure is twenty thousand and for that the buyer can pick up a thirty-year-old, degree-granting college in the East with a comfortable building, equipment, faculty, and some two hundred students. The owner is old, ill, and ready to retire. And the college is making money!

But why are colleges for sale? Probably the first reason is lack of adequate operating capital. Yet this accounts for less than half of the currently offered institutions. There are other explanations. For example, certain church-owned colleges are privately for sale these days because the sects which have maintained them have either begun to disintegrate, have merged with other sects, or have decided to put all their effort into keeping the church itself alive. Some colleges are on the market because their owners, like that of the eastern college previously mentioned, wish to retire and cannot afford to hand over their institutions gratis to the alumni or board of trustees. Other schools can be bought because the person or persons controlling them merely wish to go into a different kind of business. A few colleges have actually come to the auction block when the process of normal sale has been complicated by mortgages, restricted endowment, and so on. Finally, certain colleges appear in the must-sell columns when the heirs of the deceased owner wish to turn his estate into cash.

How is a college sold? True, it cannot be vended as casually as the ordinary business because an educational institution is ra-

ther more complex in its set-up and operations. The average collegiate-grade school granting degrees is a state chartered institution usually incorporated not for profit. It must, therefore, be conducted by a non-salaried board of trustees, and must yearly plow back its returns. Besides this, the standard college charter is implemented with certain safeguards against commercial exploitation. Such a formidable array of apparent difficulties would make the layman sheer off from any attempt at purchase.

But these troubles are simple to surmount. The potential purchaser will be told that by "giving" a specified amount of money to the college, he will be appointed to a salaried post in the institution; he will be made chairman of the board of trustees, and guaranteed the privilege of replacing the present board with a straw one of his own choosing; finally he will be presented with a life contract which carries in it a provision that his heirs and assigns will be continued on salary while they wish to be employed in the institution for a period not to exceed twenty years.

Thus the "buyer" becomes actual if not titular owner of the college, can fix his income at any figure the traffic will bear, and can do as he pleases thereafter.

All this, of course, concerns the college incorporated not for profit. With the profit-taking school the problem is no different from that encountered in the disposition of any normal business.

How is a buyer found? There are several different methods. The seller may turn to an agency—School Promotion Associates in New England, the National Bureau of Private Schools in New York, the Slack Agency in the South, Carroll in Chicago—there are a half dozen or more across the country. He may advertise the college for sale—naturally, not by name. He may, through teachers' agencies seek out someone eager to invest. He may advertise the presidency, or he may boldly ask the alumni to form a purchasing corporation.

Who wants to buy a college? Well, college professors usually do but can seldom raise the money. Radical groups, these days, are slyly acquiring educational institutions here and there whenever they can conceal their purposes well enough. Lawyers and publishers take a fling at college ownership—lawyers especially, because they have found that such a medium, properly handled, can become valuable politically. A few physicians have bought colleges. Many retired government officials, who wish to impress their

identity upon a locality, continue to be an influence on the community, and die heavy with honors, have frequently, if quietly, purchased snug college berths for themselves.

Colleges for sale—where? Well, there are two in New England, fully-equipped, well-established, and running satisfactorily. They can be bought reasonably. In New York, Columbia University is embarrassed by two of its schools—New College, and Bard which used to be St. Stephens College at Annandale-on-Hudson. Months ago the authorities announced that Bard would not reopen last fall. It did, however, but it seems likely now that Columbia would prefer to get rid of it. New College is $35,000 in the red and unless its alumni, professors, or friends take it over, it will be discontinued.

A college is a good investment, according to the record of past transactions. The buyer usually gets a minimum of six per cent on his money, is assured a comfortable income which, in some cases, has amounted to fifty thousand dollars a year, and knows that his business is above reproach. For the man who wishes to combine service and commerce in a career, there's nothing quite like owning a college.—*Trentwell Mason White, condensed from the Commentator.*

* * *

Rooms for More

WHILE motoring through Wales, Lloyd George was forced to stop in a very small village because of darkness. He looked for a hotel, but in vain. Finally he stopped in front of a big building, got out of his car and rang the door-bell. Soon the heavy door opened.

"Sir," he said to the man in uniform, "I should like to find shelter for the night."

"Shelter? Here?" replied the astonished porter. "Do you know where you are? This is an insane asylum."

"I don't care. I must sleep somewhere. I'm Mr. Lloyd George."

"Lloyd George?" said the porter with a smile. "That doesn't matter, my dear, we already have five Lloyd Georges among our inmates. There is always room for a sixth."—*L'Humour, Paris.*

¶Does schooling really educate a person?

A TEACHER STOPS TO THINK

FOR nearly 20 years I have been engaged in teaching writing and literature. And never until recently did I stop to consider the value and effectiveness of my work.

I see clearly now that I belong to a generation whose entire concept of education was conditioned by nineteenth-century idealism. We had abundant faith in both scholarship and education. Scholarship was the search for truth and education was the making of truth known. We believed, literally, that we were going to help build a better world and a freer humanity. Progress was something that actually existed. It was not only a greater abundance of physical comforts made possible by the miracle of science, but a deeper awareness of man's place in the universe and of his right to understanding, justice, and tolerance. And although I began teaching when War like a universal blight had descended on the spirit of man, I carried with me into the classroom an unquestioned faith in humanity's ability ultimately to solve all its problems and in education as one of its main weapons for that end.

Today, I cannot help smiling a bit sadly at the young dreamer that entered that first classroom. So many college generations have sat under me and my colleagues since then, eager youths who have gone forth into the world to become doctors and lawyers and chemists and sellers of stocks and bonds; joiners and boosters and politicians. All of them "college men" and most of them as visionless as clods, as apathetic to things of the mind as Caliban himself.

I know, of course, that we expected too much, that we were unrealistic in our conception of the world, that we were blind to the inevitable collapse of the unregulated industrial "Progress" which made possible the expansion of our educational system. I know that economic forces are stronger than ideals, that greed and hatred are not eradicated by soft words, that things have a way of getting into the saddle.

Ours is a tragic role. As I see it—when I interrupt for a moment the routine of roll-books, grades, records, assignments, committee meetings, and faculty politics—we have fallen victim to two fallacies which have destroyed our usefulness to humanity. The first is that edu-

cation, in the humanist sense of Erasmus, is synonymous with education for a trade. Every skillful engineer or surgeon or accountant is a useful citizen but he is not necessarily an educated man. Our imprimatur upon him as an "educated" person is a misrepresentation, and permits him to play a part in society for which he is totally unprepared.

The second fallacy is both possible and desirable. We have created a new career, that of the scholar, and have encouraged thousands of mediocre careerists to go into it. We have extolled research as an accomplishment until we have lost sight of the fact that research is only necessary for the purpose of discovering truths by which humanity can live. To uncover petty facts which have no meaning, but merely attest the industry of a careerist, so that he may achieve a promotion, is to reduce research to an absurdity.

For a moment just now, I am thinking of the "leadership of the world," whom presumably we have trained, and of the trainers. I am thinking of humanity, which is the real subject of our learning and teaching not verbs and kennings and metrics and biographical crotchets—but humanity, even the least of these. And I am thinking of the appalling cheapness of human life everywhere. I am thinking of new doctrines and political systems, of social and "cultural" institutions, of wars and rumors of wars, of the glorification of cruelty and hatred and intolerance, of the spread of exclusiveness and snobbery, of ignorance and prejudice and pride, of the cynical and joyful manifestations of man's savage instinct to hurt his fellowmen. We teachers have not, I want to believe, encouraged this darkness, but neither have we done anything to discourage it. We have simply done nothing.

For I am wondering how it is possible for thousands of people to be exposed to the works of Lessing and Goethe and Schiller and Heine and yet, when a crisis came, forget them so easily and accept the hysterical canard that *all* Germans were "Boches" and wanton perpetrators of unspeakable atrocities. We who have taught these thousands *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina* and *Fathers and Sons* have not dissuaded them from believing that *all* Russians are bearded, unwashed barbarians. We have given them *La Debacle, What Price Glory?, Journey's End,* and *All Quiet on the Western Front,* and they have learned nothing. They have been moved neither to grief nor reflection, neither to indignation nor action, for they have not understood. We have taught them Literature, but we have

not taught them to understand Man, neither themselves nor their neighbors, who still remain for them "Wops," "Bohunks," "Reds," "Jews," "Catholics," furriners," New Dealers, hoboes, heathens.

Anyone who writes as I have written is expected to offer a solution, a remedy, a panacea. I do not profess to know any. The truth seems to be that any system of education is but a reflection of the society which supports it, and that only by changing society can we hope to change education. But an equal truth seems to be that in every state of society there exists "anachronistic" teachers whose scale of values is determined by Time rather than the times. If enough of them can be made conscious and articulate of the spiritual heritage of mankind, they can have a measurable influence on the shape of things to come.—*Norman Grey, condensed from Educational Forum.*

* * *

A Nod from Lady Luck

ENRICO CARUSO wasn't always a famous tenor. It took him years to save enough money to study under a really good teacher, the famous Vergine, and that same teacher almost hipped his career at its beginning. According to the popular style of the day, Vergine taught Caruso to hold back his strong natural tones, to sing with restraint. Caruso became a third-rate tenor with a cheap opera company, and in the years that followed he progressed very slowly! Finally, one night, seconds before curtain-time, the leading tenor was taken ill and the manager, unable to locate another substitute, signaled Caruso to sing the lead. Stepping into the spotlight for the first time, Caruso found himself free of all restraint. Forgetting his years of training, he sang naturally, breaking every rule he'd learned from Vergine! When he had finished his aria, there wasn't a sound. Not so much as a whisper of applause from the audience! Infuriated, the manager dismissed Caruso on the spot, and he was running toward his hotel in abject misery (later he said that he contemplated suicide) when a friend caught up with him, begged him to come back. The audience was silent not because his singing was bad, Caruso's friend told him. But because they had been held spellbound by it! Returning to the stage, Enrico Caruso received the first ovation of a career that was to be filled with ovations, a career that was almost denied by a voice teacher who tried to restrain the greatest tenor voice the world ever knew!—*From Radio Digest.*

¶The wonderful landmark of a great city.

EIFFEL TOWER IN PARIS

IT IS now fifty years since Gustave Eiffel, on March 31, 1889, unfurled a gigantic Tricolor atop the daring iron structure that, towering 984 feet above the ground, has become the emblem of Paris. That day was, for the modest and ingenious "magician in iron", an hour of triumph; yet he was not to know how complete was that triumph until years later. He had won a victory over manifold and perplexing problems, and he had shown that derisive critics were wrong; but he had not won Paris to that homage for his creation which only years of living with the Eiffel Tower could inspire. For that day M. Eiffel gave to Paris a colossal landmark to orient the stranger within the gates, a tourist attraction that has been "climbed" by no fewer than 18,000,000 persons, and a symbol of itself—a long enduring monument to the genius that is France and the beauty that is Paris.

The original idea for the tower, strangely enough, came from America, where an iron structure of similar magnitude had been proposed for the Philadelphia Centenial Exposition of 1876 but never built. Eiffel took up the idea and proposed such a tower to draw visitors to the Paris Exposition of 1889.

The proposal, however, drew criticism and abuse; it was cartooned and caricatured as the Tower of Babel. It was assailed as hideous, useless and humiliating. A petition protesting against it was signed by 300 "passionate lovers and defenders of menaced Parisian beauty." Among the signers were Charles Gounod (who later made the amende honorable), Francois Coppee and Alexandre Dumas fils. "I never saw such a horror," screamed Paul Verlaine; "it is frightful, odious and ignoble." To escape from "this inevitable, torturing nightmare" Guy de Maupassant exiled himself from the capital. Joris K. Huysmans stigmatized it as "a hollow chandelier * * * a dishonor to Paris".

These words seem strange and inexplicable today; they were equally inexplicable to Gustave Eiffel in the Eighteen Eighties. He knew what he was about, and he knew it could be done. He was a brilliant engineer and his fame as a bridge-builder was already world-wide.

He had served as consulting engineer to Japan and Russia, and bridges bearing his name spanned rivers in Portugal and Indo-China, in Bolivia and Hungary. His structures always were daring in construction, but they were also things of strength and beauty. In 1861, when only 29 years old, he had built the remarkable viaduct over the Garonne River at Bordeaux, and in 1879 he had constructed the Garabit Bridge in South-Central France, which Larousse calls his greatest achievement. Eiffel had also designed the intricate iron skeleton for Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, which stands in New York Harbor.

He was 53 years old when he began work on the Eiffel Tower—two years before actual construction was started, four years before it was finished. The first two years were spent in proving mathematically that such a tower was feasible and in "building" the tower on paper. Under Eiffel's direction forty draftsmen and calculators worked two years on full-size plans for the structure. Every detail was worked out on 5,000 sheets of drawing paper, each 40 by 36 inches. Each of the 15,000 iron plates that went into the finished structure was designed individually; the exact location of each of the 2,500,000 rivets was set down. So accurate was this pre-construction work that not the slightest alteration was necessary when the metal tower began to take shape.

Construction of the massive foundations was begun on Jan. 22, 1887. For each of the four great pillars which rise 620 feet before merging into one towering shaft a base eighty-six feet square was built. The base foundations were put fifty-one feet underground and were locked to the earth with T-shaped keys far below the bed of the Seine. More than 31,000 cubic meters of soil were excavated and 12,000 cubic meters of masonry were used.

The foundations completed, the strange metallic skeleton began to rise on them on June 30, 1887. Unexpected problems came up: materials, men and workshops had to rise with the tower, and the safety of all had to be constantly assured. But Eiffel, oblivious of criticism, kept to his schedule and finally, two years after the first spadeful of earth had been turned, the tower was completed.

The tower brought Eiffel both honor and wealth. For building it he was made an officer of the French Legion of Honor. As largest stockholder in the Eiffel Tower Company he received large and continuous dividends. The company financed its construction, which cost 7,800,000 francs; but

within two years it had more than paid for itself, and it still pays handsome dividends.

With his growing wealth Eiffel extended his interest in aerodynamics, which had been one of his enthusiasms for years. As a result of his studies he received the Smithsonian Institution's Langley Medal in 1913 for his contribution to aviation. And he helped Marconi and Branley in their wireless experiments. At his own expense he installed the first official radio station in France on top of the tower. The headquarters of the French Wireless Service are still housed there. A kindly, unassuming old gentleman even at the age of 91, he died in 1923.

But the tower he built lives on, and now it rounds out its first half century. Every year or so somebody starts a rumor that it is to be torn down; and every year the rumor is promptly denied, for the Eiffel Tower has come to stay. It is a part of Paris. It has lived in Paris, and France and the whole world change.

Both peace and war have beaten about the base of Eiffel's tower. Fires, floods, scandals and riots have occurred within its shadow. Victory parades, days of mourning and rejoicing have passed and during its lifetime there have been such times of partisan passion as those of the Dreyfus affair; and there have been moments of national reconciliation and sacrifice.

As a beacon and watchtower it has served meteorology, aviation, radio and television. It has told the time of day to Paris and the universe. It has forecast sunshine and storms to the peasants of Flanders and Gascony, and the Breton fishermen plying their perilous trade on the Newfoundland Banks.

Paris and her people have changed during the fifty years that have flowed past the tower that Eiffel built. And still it is Paris, the city that scorned the tower and reviled it and came to love it, to look up to it and to feel that it is an almost sacred part of the city itself. The average Parisian of today would even echo the words of E. V. Lucas when he said: "How long the Eiffel Tower is to stand I cannot say, but I for one shall feel sorry and bereft when it ceases to domineer over Paris. Whatever its faults, it is great; and when it goes, it will make a strange rent in the sky." —*Bernhard Ragner, condensed from The New York Times Magazine.*

* * *

DEMOCRACY is the best thing in the world, but the trouble is it has to be saved every 20 years.—*New Yorker.*

ALL the old know what it is to be young and foolish, but none of the young know what it is to be old and wise.—*Neville Chamberlain.*

ONE trembles at the thought of what a serious defeat of England would signify for the world—for example, the loss of India and her colonies in the Far East. Such a defeat would mean the loss of world supremacy for the white race. —*André Siegfried.*

TRUST the man who hesitates in his speech and is quick and steady in action, but beware of long arguments and long beards.—*George Santayana.*

NATIONAL hatred is something peculiar. You will always find it strongest and most violent where there is the lowest degree of culture.—*Goethe.*

CONCEIT is God's gift to little men.—*Bruce Barton.*

EVERY hero becomes a bore in the end.—*Emerson.*

PANORAMA QUIZ

THIS feature is intended to test your fund of information on matters that an educated person should know. Read each question carefully. Check the answer you think is correct. After you have gone over all of them, look up the correct answers on page 67.

1. "Six years is too short for a good President and four years is too long for a poor one," said President Quezon recently, attributing these words to Speaker Yulo. The fact of the matter, however, is that these words were used by one of the following officers who aspired for a longer term in office: (1) *Theodore Roosevelt,* (2) *Woodrow Wilson,* (3) *Jose Yulo,* (4) *Wm. H. Taft,* (5) *Sergio Osmeña.*

2. A "sonata" might be briefly defined as: (1) *Any beautiful musical piece,* (2) *An instrumental composition in 3 or 4 movements,* (3) *A musical piece appropriate for fox-trot dancing,* (4) *an operatic air.*

3. Under the penal laws of the Philippines when a person signs a check for a pair of shoes he gets from your shop when he has no money in the bank at all, he commits a crime which is classified as (1) *theft,* (2) *robbery,* (3) *estafa,* (4) *false pretences.*

4. Representative Alexander of the U. S. Congress presented a resolution in the House of Representatives last month for the purpose of investigating President Quezon and other officials of the Philippine Government for alleged (1) *extravagance in the maintenance of the government,* (2) *pro-Japanese attitude and dictatorial ambition and conduct of Quezon,* (3) *anti-Spanish tendencies on the part of the National Assembly,* (4) *interference with the activities of American citizens in the Philippines.*

5. One of these is the son of a former American chief executive of the Philippines and may become the Republican candidate for President of the United States in 1940: (1) *Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.,* (2) *Dwight Davis, Jr.,* (3) *Robert Taft,* (4) *Frank Murphy,* (5) *Hugh Wilson.*

6. As a lover of good poetry you should know that *Thanatopsis* was written by (1) *Lowell,* (2) *Tennyson,* (3) *Longfellow,* (4) *Bryant,* (5) *Poe,* (6) *Shakespeare.*

7. The Roman Catholic bishopric of Nueva Segovia has its main seat in (1) *Cebu,* (2) *Iloilo,* (3) *Vigan,* (4) *Zamboanga,* (5) *Lingayen.*

8. One of the outstanding Filipino statesman and educators who died in May, 1939, was (1) *Emilio Aguinaldo,* (2) *Rafael Palma,*

Buencamino, Sr., (5) *Ruperto Kapunan.*

9. One of the best-written works about the Philippines, accurate and exhaustive, is the book entitled "The Americans in the Philippines." Its author was (1) *Dewey,* (2) *Retana,* (3) *Le Roy,* (4) *Harrison,* (5) *Worcester,* (6) *Malcolm.*

10. The so-called check that one house does on the other house of a bicameral legislature is purely theoretical and rarely takes place in actual experience in serious matters of legislation because (1) *a conference committee in fact does almost all the final work of the two houses,* (2) *one house is afraid to displease the other,* (3) *the chief executive intervenes in legislation of great importance,* (4) *one house shifts responsibility to the other.*

11. Among the last acts of the Spanish government to regain the loyalty of the Filipinos during the Spanish-American War was: (1) *a promise on the part of the Spanish Governor General to grant the Filipinos independence within 10 years after they had decided to help Spain defeat the Americans,* (2) *a promise to open all the high positions in the government to Filipinos,* (3) *the establishment of a consultative assembly with Filipino members who may be consulted by the Spanish Governor General in governmental matters;* (4) *the establishment of municipalities and provinces with autonomous powers.*

12. Dominador Gomez was an outstanding figure during the early days of the Philippine Assembly because, (1) *he was a prominent leader of the revolution against Spain,* (2) *he was in favor of the annexation of the Philippines to the United States,* (3) *he was anti-American and was ousted from the Philippine Assembly on account of his doubtful Philippine citizenship,* (4) *he was a scholarly writer and wielded a great personal influence in the Philippine Assembly.*

13. One of the British dominions whose population is partly of English and partly of French descent and where the English and French languages are spoken is (1) *Australia,* (2) *Canada,* (3) *Union of South Africa,* (4) *New Zealand,* (5) *New Foundland.*

14. In the naval battle of Actium, the Roman leader Octavianus defeated the forces of Cleopatra and her ally who was (1) *Julius Caesar,* (2) *Brutus,* (3) *Mark Antony,* (4) *Cassius,* (5) *Pompeii.*

15. If you are really a lover of art, you should know that a minuet is (1) *the tall tower of a mosque,* (2) *a minute piece of delicate sculpture,* (3) *a slow, graceful, and stately dance,* (4) *a brief musical film.*

16. What was called the province of Paragua during the Spanish administration is now known as (1) *Marinduque,* (2) *Rizal,* (3) *Palawan,* (4) *La Union,* (5) *Antique.*

¶Teaching is such a thankless job.

TREASURES IN HEAVEN

IN the rosy idealism of my professional youth I swallowed hook, line, and sinker the *cliché* that the teacher's chief reward comes in deferred payments, in checks of happiness, and the golden glow of work well done. I was led to believe, moreover, that every grateful parent would be eager some day to lay at my feet a quantity of rustless tributes, set off by paeans of praise and "all-that-I-am" speeches.

I am now less certain about these moth-proof intangibles. On the contrary, the teacher may be roundly abused if little Jim cannot tell *was* from *saw,* or finally ends up at some jail instead of a university; while if he succeeds, parents can think of the most unusual explanations for educational spurts. Among the miracle workers are summer camps, scouting, bicycles, religion, hair-cuts, long pants, silver slippers, anything in fact except the slow process of awakening a child's energies through the evolutionary and even painful business of school instruction. Has John finally learned to concentrate? It was the motor trip to San Diego that did it. Did Jean eventually acquire poise? It was because she had that permanent wave.

I have decided that this tendency of parents to withhold tribute from us Caesars exists chiefly because growth is such an imperceptible process. But a single vivid experience like earning a dollar or going to a camp is dramatic, hence its before-and-after effects are noted. If a boy who leaves home for camp in a generally messy and ill-mannered state returns with a coat of tan and a temporarily improved disposition, it is natural that his parents beam and feel that their money has been well spent.

In the ordinary school, on the other hand, the reverse may be happening. Last year Arthur knew his tables; this year, at least as far as Father can find out in a ruthless three-minute examination as he is about to leave for a bridge party, Arthur k n o w s absolutely nothing. "Why, at your age I—"and the fight is on.

While the reminiscences of rich old men indicate that all they are and have they owe to the classics, the younger generation and its parents recognize no such slow process of development. Perhaps it is only in senility that we are given perspec-

tive to see, alas, too late, that but for dear old Dr. Blimber's stubborn insistence on mastery or Miss Spencer's creative touch in literature we might have become thoroughly ignorant and bad characters.—*Burton P. Fowler, condensed from Journal of Education.*

* * *

Englishman Started Nazism

"The man who paved the way for Hitler! The founder and educator of Germany's future!" This is how Alfred Rosenberg, one of the Fuehrers henchmen, describes—an Englishman!

Even this astounding tribute has been excelled by the praise of Hitler himself. With justice, for the real inspirer of the Nazi movement was not an Austrian corporal, but a man of Hampshire. His influence throughout Nazi Germany has always been tremendous and increases with every passing year.

Who was this mysterious Englishman? His name was *Houston Stewart Chamberlain.* As the name suggests, he belonged to one of the oldest and most distinguished families in our country.

"My father was English, my mother Scotch, and one of my grandmothers Welsh, so I can call myself a true son of Great Britain," he used to say when he first went to Germany.

He mastered the German language, and decided he preferred it to his own mother tongue. Henceforth every word he wrote was in German! His researches led him to write a mammoth history of mankind. It was entitled *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century,* and tried to prove that race counted more than anything else in the development of civilization.

Houston Chamberlain argued that all progress in Western Europe was due to an "Aryan" race which originally came from northern India and whose modern descendants are the Teutonic peoples. Western civilization, he concluded, could only be saved by the domination of a "pure and ruthless" Germanic stock.

The book was a best-seller throughout Germany.

Sometime between 1908 and 1912 this book fell into the hands of an unemployed and embittered youth in Vienna. Here was just the gospel for which the young Adolf Hitler had been seeking. To his mind Houston Chamberlain's theory seemed to explain all the wickedness and shame he saw around him.—*A. F. Beaumont, in Tit Bits.*

Panorama Quiz—Answers

1. Woodrow Wilson.
2. An instrumental composition in 3 or 4 movements.
3. Estafa.
4. Pro-Japanese attitude and dictatorial ambition and conduct of Quezon.
5. Robert Taft.
6. Bryant.
7. Vigan.
8. Rafael Palma.
9. Le Roy.
10. A conference committee in fact does almost all the final work of the two houses.
11. The establishment of a consultative assembly with Filipino members who may be consulted by the Spanish Governor General in governmental matters.
12. He was anti-American and was ousted from the Philippine Assembly on account of his doubtful Philippine citizenship.
13. Canada.
14. Mark Antony.
15. A slow, graceful, and stately dance.
16. Palawan.

* * *

Sex to Order

"Is it a boy or girl?" Anguished fathers of the future may not have to ask this question.

Biologist Thomas Durfee, director of New Jersey's Applied Research Laboratories, recently found that by douching female rats with a weak solution of bicarbonate of soda, then mating them as soon as possible, the sex of their offspring could be determined with 100 per cent success. All were males.

Lactic acid in place of alkaline bicarbonate of soda ensured the production of all females.

Nothing new is the attempt to determine sex. A Russian woman scientist found out how to separate boy-producing cells from the girl-producing cells by the use of electrical current.

Noted biologists claim they can fix the sex of an oyster's offspring by feeding it special diets; others insist that the parent with the stronger personality gives his or her sex to the child.—*News Review.*

READERS' COMMENT

Pagbilao, Tayabas—The more I read the petite magazine, the more interested I become. So, please include me in your renewal subscription list when this first subscription expires. Beginning with the April issue, kindly address my PANORAMA to Atimonan, Tayabas. *Miss M. Peña L. D'Gracia.*

* * *

Perez, Tayabas—I find PANORAMA the most interesting and the magazine that gives me the fullest satisfaction among the papers I have at home. In fact I am a subscriber to a daily paper and two other magazines, one of which is from the States, but I prefer your magazine PANORAMA to any of them. So, why not publish the PANORAMA twice or thrice a month?—*Mrs. Luisa S. Tañada.*

* * *

Laoag, Ilocos Norte—As a token of appreciation please allow me to express that your excellent magazine PANORAMA is very interesting and pleasing to read much more when coming across foot-noted wise cracks.—*Dominador C. Lucas.*

* * *

Manila—PANORAMA has a distinctive improvement. I refer to your new pictorial pages, Panorama of Philippine Life. Can you not make that section a little bit thicker, say about eight pages at least of Philippine visual beauties and Philippine life without any advertising matter thrown in? Advertisements should appear in pages wholly their own as we find them in quality magazines in the United States like *The American Mercury, Harpers,* etc. I am for a better, thicker, and more "panoramic" PANORAMA.—*Bienvenido Entienza.*

* * *

Ibaan, Batangas—I enjoy reading the different brief and meaningful articles of PANORAMA. I suggest that you increase the items of the informative PANORAMA quiz. —*Abdon Arellano, Principal.*

* * *

Tacloban, Leyte—Please inform me when my old subscription will end so that I may know when my new subscription will start. I have enjoyed your magazine so much that I decided to renew my subscription, again and again in case I can still afford.—*Manuel C. Martin.*

* * *

Batangas, Batangas—I find your magazine full of interesting and worthwhile reading materials, which fact made me a daily reader of PANORAMA.—*Miss Luz V. Alberto.*

* * *

Paoay, Ilocos Norte—Allow me to thank you for the benefits I'm deriving from PANORAMA. Everytime I receive my copies, I start reading to finish. Its contents are really the foods of the mind. In closing, let me congratulate you for keeping the magazine better and more interesting, and wishing you success forever, I am,—*Conrado Galinato.*