

PANORAMA

VOL. III

OCTOBER, 1938

No. 10

Rizal Appeals to the Old

, who belong to a young generation, anxious to do something for their country and restless before a mysterious future, need to go to men who have seen much and studied more in order that with their experience we could supplement our short years and scant knowledge. We also need the applause and blessing of the old to encourage us in the colossal struggle and the gigantic campaign which we have placed upon our puny shoulders.

However great might be our enthusiasm, however confident might be our youth, however bright might be our illusions, we nevertheless hesitate at certain moments, particularly when we see ourselves alone and abandoned.

In the titanic work for a common regeneration, without stopping to march forward we turn now and then our eyes toward our elders in order to read in their faces their judgment upon our acts. For this thirst for knowing the past, for learning, in order to face the future, we go to persons like you. Leave to us in writing your thoughts and the fruit of your long experience in order that with them, condensed in a book, we do not have to study again what you have studied, but that to such inheritance which we receive from you we may add only our own harvest, either by broadening or by increasing it.—*From Rizal's letter to Father Vicente Garcia, Madrid, January 7, 1891.*

¶When the dogs of war are let loose—

Hell Near the Philippines

THE SIZE of the present Sino-Japanese war front is beyond anything known in previous wars. Along it you could lose ten Western Fronts of 1917. It runs from Siberia to the edge of the Gobi Desert beyond the Great Wall, and down to the Gulf of Tonking. One section alone, the frontier between the Soviet Union and Manchukuo, is about as long as the Canadian-United States border.

It was a first rate physical accomplishment, if nothing else, for the Japanese to overrun in one year a territory almost as big as western Europe. People everywhere say, "Oh yes, but they control only the railroads. Five miles away the Chinese are still in control!" That is quite true. Yet people who make this criticism don't realize that military conquest is an accumulative process. First you seize the arteries. Later you attend to the veins.

Nobody is going to win this war. Nobody can ever win a modern war.

But Japan is on the Asiatic mainland to stay, for all that China can do about it. An agricultural nation cannot beat an industrial nation. The Japanese superiority is measured in artillery and planes, but it's enough. The famous new unity of China

that you hear so much about is nothing more than the temporary truce in a boarding house when all hands join forces against a bill collector.

What is the real underlying cause of the war? Japan has set out to make herself a great empire. To achieve their goal, her rulers must make Japan invulnerable against economic blockades. They saw what might have happened to Italy in 1935 if sanctions had been honest and complete. They intend to put Japan out of the reach of such blockades. They say that with China and Manchukuo developed right next door they will have all the markets, all the raw material sources needed to withstand an economic or even a military blockade. There is plenty of oil reasonably close in the Dutch East Indies and on the Russian Island of Saghalien, just to the north.

China's modern reforms of her ancient corruptions didn't begin soon enough, or heartily enough, to save her from being a stepping stone for Japan. If they had, the slipper might now be on the other foot. China might have been doing what Japan is doing.

What do the civilian populations think about all this? The common people of Japan are the

most superstitious and the most old-fashioned on earth. They are 100 per cent insulated by their government from outside contamination. Their newspapers print only official handouts. No foreign publications can get into the country uncensored. Nobody in Japan, native or foreign, is permitted to own a short wave radio set, or any set powerful enough to pick up situations outside Japan.

The common people of China are almost one hundred per cent illiterate. There are provinces in this incredible land which have not yet heard of the war.

Last week I had tea with Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the back-seat dictator of China. She is even more beautiful than you would judge from her photographs. Really, I think she is one of the most beautiful women on earth. She wants to know what's the matter with the democracies, —why don't they do something about Japan. I was impressed by her animation, her fine big words. But I'm afraid she is perhaps unrealistic. Those Japanese are rough, tough, and persistent. You can't fight them by organizing community singsongs, and telling young folks it isn't nice to smoke cigarettes.

Now I want you to meet some of my wholly unimportant friends. A few days ago in China I ran into a new racket, the instinctive enterprise of a race flourishing amid horror. It made

a picture I'd like to send to every dictator. For it proves that air terrorism cannot blow out the roots of a race.

At a certain railway station a direct hit had been scored on the tracks between the platform. There were big craters, gouged out by a couple of five hundred pounders. The platforms were littered with the usual heads, arms, wires, bricks, intestines. Down in the bomb craters, clawing at the still hot earth like hairless yellow moles, was a pack of Chinese kids. Filthy, half naked little devils. The drone of the bombers was still audible. They were on another course near the city. We could hear distant thuds. We knew they might pass this way again. But those kids in the holes didn't care. They were not digging for bodies. They did not belong to rescue squads. They were oblivious to the bodies and the agonies on the platforms. Perhaps their relatives were lying around there someplace, dead and dying. The kids were too busy to care. Now what do you think they were digging for? Bomb fragments! They were digging for bomb fragments to sell as souvenirs to late arrivals at the scene of the horror. This is the latest racket of the little street beggars of China.

The air raid alarm signals good business to them. They come out to their alleyways, and cast expert eyes upward, to judge the probable course and objectives of the

planes. They scurry toward the spots most likely to be bombed.

Mirin-san is a quite different story. He is a slow and mournful little Japanese. He peers at you shyly from behind thick eyeglasses. Mirin was born in Los Angeles, and finished high school there. He wanted to stay in America, but his parents moved back to Japan, and told Mirin he must come along. Mirin-san loved the United States, but he loved his parents, too, and was obedient to them. In Yokohama his parents told him he should marry the daughter of their old friend, and he was again obedient.

A few weeks ago I ran into Mirin-san. It was a bleak, lonely village far north in Manchuria—one of the immigrant villages that Japan is stringing along the border—a necklace of garrisons to choke the Russians. Mirin said, "Gee, I'm glad to see an American. I guess you're the first one who's ever visited this dump!"

Hard times had ruined his business in Japan. He left his wife and children with her family, and came up here as a teacher. He planned to make a new home for them in this Promised Land of the Japanese. "They told us it was a swell, rich country!" he said. "But you can see for yourself what it is. Just a dirty frontier rathole! Like in the States in the Indian days I guess. I haven't got the heart or the body for this sort of thing,

but they won't let me go back now. I signed an agreement to stay three years. I can't bring my wife and kids here. They'd die!"

I gave him a pack of American cigarettes and a couple of tins of fruit from my kit. He sat right down and took a big jack-knife to hack one of the cans open. I looked back after a while. He was holding the can between his knees and swiping at it, and missing it by inches. I ran back and said, "Mirin-san, you're going to stab yourself. What's the matter with you?" He looked up and I saw that he was crying so hard his thick glasses were all fogged. He couldn't see the can. He couldn't see me. But he held the can up in my direction and blubbered, "Did you notice where this came from—*California!*"

I hesitate to show you this last picture. It has a rather personal meaning. When I was very small boy in New Hampshire I used to play with the cover top of my mother's sewing machine. Upturned upon the floor it made a grand boat. I used to jam myself in it, and with mother's old yellow yardstick for rudder, oar, sail, and cannon I roamed the oceans.

Recently in a Chinese city, I met another little boy. He was about three. He had the same idea. His mother had one of those old machines with a cover-top that you could play was a

boat. She had a yellow yardstick too.

Well, he was sailing away, shooting Japanese, I suppose. An air bomb fell outside. The house was wrecked, his mother was killed. The boy fell through to the ground floor, boat and all. The cover didn't break, he was so light. When I saw him he was still sitting upright. The yardstick had split in two. The

jagged edge of one half had gone into his mouth, through his brain, out of the back of his head.

These are the people and the pictures that a war correspondent remembers long after he has forgotten the captains and the kings. The unimportant people and the unpublished pictures.—*W. B. Courtney, Collier Correspondent, condensed from a broadcast over KZRM (Manila).*



Pictures of Ancient China

KNOWLEDGE of ancient China, previously confined almost entirely to what has been learned from literature, has been greatly expanded by tile pictures in the tombs of China in early days, Prof. William Charles White, formerly Bishop of Honan, and now of the University of Toronto, revealed.

Dating back 22 centuries, the tile pictures, well-protected through the ages against vandalism, present a new and fresh picture of the costumes, weapons, and pursuits of the time. A large collection of the tiles, which are from five to six feet long, two feet or less in width, and six inches thick, is now housed in the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology.—*Science News Letter.*



Suicide in Japan

SUICIDE, particularly *shinju* or love suicide, is a characteristic of Japan which has survived from feudal days. To settle trouble by death is a traditional moral viewpoint. *Harakiri*, the act of suicide by cutting the abdomen, was an honorable act in Japan, and is still nowadays regarded by many as sacred, in accordance with the code of the warrior. From a nationalistic point of view, *harakiri*, which is suicide performed for the sake of personal or national honor, is not regarded as mere self-destruction, but as a supreme expression of patriotism.—*Parade.*

¶If you drive an auto, read this—

Drivers—or Driven?

WE STILL have to learn how to live with the automobile. Both as pedestrians and drivers we are much at the mercy of other drivers. At the wheel, we are also at the mercy of ourselves, when our driving skill is inadequate. And in a sense, we are at the mercy of the machine.

For one thing, many modern motorcars can go faster than many modern drivers can think—and act. “Cannonball” Baker, professional record-smasher, who has driven more than 3 million miles, often at forced speeds, and who has had only one accident and that when his own car was standing still, says: “The average man’s reflexes are not fast enough to handle the top speeds of today’s automobiles.”

Each driver has a “safe” speed. It is a balance of his personal reflexes against his car’s speed. It is a speed that is right for him, given his physiological and mental makeup. For some exceptional drivers this “safe” speed may be high, but for many it is certainly not more than 40 or 45 miles an hour, even on the country highways.

But the campaign for highway safety—while it focuses chiefly on eliminating auto deaths and

maimings, as, patently, it ought to—has other aspects. For instance, bad conduct on the highway can pump up the blood pressure, perhaps can harden the arteries, and surely can upset the digestion, and with it one’s peace of mind.

Here is a driver—and where is he not?—who feels that that car ahead, moving a little slower than his own, must be passed at all costs, that the light must be beaten, that any other driver on the road who seems to violate the rules or infringe on his pride must be disciplined with inner angers, and perhaps with downright discourtesy and cursing. Of course, he may cause no accident. He may leave the death and injury toll where he found it. But this resultant inner turmoil has a price—and he will pay it, in frayed nerves, in an overworked heart. And what has he gained? Seconds so few they tick away before he can reckon them.

Yes, we must not only make highways safe for others, but we must also make them safe for ourselves. We must learn how to drive *with serenity*. Otherwise we are not driving the car. It is driving us.—*The Rotarian*.



When a Kalinga Dies

WHEN a native dies in Kalinga in the Philippine Mountain Province, at once some one spreads the news by shouting at the top of his voice "*Natoy si Tenggad*," if the name of the deceased is Tenggad. *Natoy* means "dead"; if a dying native's name is Uliweng, some one shouts "*Natoy si Uliweng*" immediately after he is dead. This spreading of the news of a dead Kalinga is termed the *baag*. It is an old custom of the Kalingas which has become deeply rooted from long observance in the past. When the announcement is made of the death of a native Kalinga, the village people, hearing the sad news of the death of their neighbor, bow their heads and whisper "*baag*."

The *baag* is done immediately after the native is pronounced *natoy* by the eldest member of the family. When the natives hear the *baag*, all of them go to the house of the deceased to share the sorrow of the bereaved family. It is their belief that when one does not go to take part in the mourning or to help in any thing to be done in the funeral preparations, that individual will get sick or be visited by the ghost of the deceased every night until the *dalus* is over.

In preparation for the last rites, they bathe the body and attire it in the best he has. But there is one thing very different from ordinary funeral customs. The Kalingas do not put the dead body in a coffin nor lay it on a table, but instead, they put it in a chair seated as if it were still alive. They call this *sangadil*.

Then they get two large jars, half-full of their native wine, and dip into these jars of wine the feet of the corpse. They believe that this will embalm the body.

Usually they do not bury the body until the seventh day after death. However, in some parts of the province the corpse is buried on the third day, and sometimes the same day when the disease which caused death is infectious.

When the corpse is in a sitting position, if the deceased were married, the eldest member of the family pronounces the wife a widow, or the husband a widower. Immediately after such pronouncement, the widow or widower is called to sit beside the corpse. There he or she sits until the burial—usually the seventh day after death—to watch over the body, lest it be stolen by "underground spirits." When the watcher eats or sleeps, he or

she is relieved by the eldest member of the family.

The first night of the final rites is called the *pais* or the first feast. On this occasion, all people of the village gather together for the purpose of offering the soul of the dead to his Creator. The *pais* is formally begun by feasting. However, all relatives—father, mother, sons, daughters, and all relatives on down to third cousins—are not allowed to eat the meat of any animal killed for the occasion. They believe that by so doing, they will burden the departed on his way to rest in peace. Dancing and drinking of wine are not allowed during the first feast.

The following six nights, however, may be said to be the village's nights of joy and mirth. Young men and young women stage the Kalinga war dance, while the elders watch them as they pass around a jar of wine. Their tom-toms and gay songs furnish the music. Although in contrast with the occasion, their shouts and laughter fill the air, as they believe this will drive away from the dead body "black spirits" which would annoy his soul.

The burial is a simple one. Each village has a certain place, usually a cave, wherein to keep their dead. The body is carried, accompanied by all village people, to the cave, where it is placed in its sitting position in a chair. In some villages where caves are

absent, a certain place in the heart of the forest is selected for the purpose. In either case, every one of their dead is buried seated in a chair.

Another strange thing is that they have no sign for mourning. After the death, the only sign which will tell that somebody has died in a certain village is the presence of two spears by the door of the *abong* where the death occurred. The spears, however, are not placed there for the purpose of announcing the death, but because it is believed the spears will drive away the spirits of the enemies of the deceased who come to the *abong* for revenge on his family. The family is exposed to such revenge only during the period from the burial to the *dalus*. This is the reason why the widow or the widower remains in the house during such a period. The spears are immediately removed after the rites are ended.

The *bagongon* or second feast is celebrated any day after the burial. It is held in order to help and guide the departed on his long journey to his final abode.

The "cleaning of sorrow" is the last step which completes the cycle of traditional observances performed when a Kalinga dies. This is termed the *dalus* or the third feast. If the deceased were a married man or woman, it is usually held on the tenth day. If the deceased were a son or

daughter, the *dalus* is celebrated after the sixth month, or at the end of a year. On such occasion, all participants go to the river, taking with them all necessary articles of food for the feast. There they bathe themselves, believing that all their sorrows will be washed away by the

current. Also, by bathing they relieve the departed from the heavy burden of their thoughts of him. At sunset, they all return to the village, carrying their food and drink, and complete the *dalus* by dancing and drinking native wine the whole night.—
Leon F. Agaton.



"Dead Men" as Workers

THERE are many drugs which have strange effects when taken into the human system. One of the strangest, perhaps, comes from Haiti in the West Indies. It is said that a poisonous drink is made there from a certain cactus. Any one who takes this drink into the system loses his mind and will-power, and becomes a slave to the person who is his master.

This poisonous drug is used in the following manner: It is placed in the food of the victim, who apparently dies soon after. The death appears so real as to deceive doctors; even a "post mortem" examination fails to show the poison in the blood. The body is then buried. If it remained in the grave, it would, of course, actually die, but if exhumed within a few hours, the victim lives and becomes a slave—*zombi* is the native name.

In this condition the *zombi* can perform the work of a normal person, but, of course, receives no wages nor asks any questions.

The only antidote for this strange poison is salt. Therefore the owner of a *zombi* takes care to see that there is no salt in the food of the victim. When a *zombi* takes salt into his system, his mental faculties return, but he is said to be unable to live a normal life thereafter.

The government of Haiti has taken measures to wipe out this practice, and as a result it is now almost stamped out.—
Adapted from Magazine Digest.

The Waltz King

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago a musician in Vienna composed dance hits, the popularity of which encircled the globe almost as soon as the ink became dry on his paper, and directed café-orchestras in programs of dance music that intoxicated the audiences. His name was Johann Strauss, the "waltz king." And his greatest hit tune is still one of the world's best known dance numbers—the *Beautiful Blue Danube*.

His achievements could put to shame even the greatest triumphs of present-day American song writers. His fame spanned some fifty years in which his imperial position in the world of popular music was never subject to question.

The elder Johann Strauss, the father of the composer of the *Blue Danube*, conducted a coffee-house orchestra, and composed his own repertoire of light music—principally waltzes. The elder Johann Strauss was married to Anna Streim in 1824. One year later a son was born to them. He was named Johann Strauss. The young Johann seemed to exhibit a love for waltz music in his cradle. He listened with what seemed absorption when, at home, his father practiced the coffee-house waltzes on the violin.

Father Strauss noticed his son's peculiar preoccupation with music, and swore bitterly that he would do everything in his power to prevent the boy from adopting music as a career. When curiosity drew little Johann to the piano or to his father's violin, curses and threats of the father drove him terror-stricken away. Conversation on music was forbidden in the house. At one time little Johann received a severe thrashing because he dared to question his father on a musical subject.

But neither threats nor the whip could keep the boy from music. When his father was absent from the house, little Johann would quietly slip into the study, open his father's violin case, and pluck melodies from the strings. His mother encouraged him in his secret musical studies.

While the younger Johann Strauss was still a boy, his father deserted the family to establish a home with a handsome and wealthy widow. This desertion enabled young Johann to follow the study of music openly, and with greater application. Advanced violin study, harmony, counterpoint, and fugue—all this was the preparation not for the composition of symphonies but of waltzes.

The younger Johann Strauss

was nineteen years old when he made his debut as a coffee-house conductor of popular music. Young Johann—handsomer than his father, cutting a magnificent figure as with violin and bow in hand he directed his group of musicians—conducted a program including a famous waltz of his father and several of his own creations. The ovation for the youthful conductor reached such delirium by the close of the concert that it was necessary for young Johann to repeat one of his waltzes eighteen times!

After the death of father Strauss in 1849, the younger Johann Strauss assumed a position of solitary magnificence in the life of Vienna's popular music. Combining a personal appeal that was magnetic with an altogether extraordinary capacity of inspiring his players, Johann

Strauss became for Vienna the ideal—the very apotheosis—of dance music. Brahms, one of the world's greatest symphonists, wrote to a friend regarding Johann Strauss: "There is a master, such a master of the orchestra, that one never loses a single tone of whatever instrument."

By invitation, Strauss crossed the Atlantic ocean, and went to America for a short stay. There he achieved new triumphs in a career in which triumphs were an almost everyday event. He was invited to participate in the commemoration of the centenary of American independence. An orchestra of a thousand instruments and a chorus of a thousand voices were directed by the lighted baton of Johann Strauss in America's favorite—the *Blue Danube* waltz.—David Ewen, condensed from *Coronet*.



Sing and Be Fit

PEOPLE suffer from quite a lot of illness to-day because they have given up the habit of singing, according to Dr. Thausing of Hamburg, Germany, who believes in singing as a cure for many ailments.

And when he says singing, he means it—not a mere humming. It must be a lusty noise. According to this theory, the motion of singing actually has a disinfecting action on the organs. Children suffering from gland inflammation can be cured by regular vocal action.—*Armchair Science*.

Small Claims Court

ONE MORNING recently I paid a visit to the Manhattan Small Claims Court, New York City. There is one of these courts in each borough of the city, but only few people know that they exist, because they dispose of only the smallest of the small fry involved in legal disputes. The Small Claims Courts handle no cases involving more than fifty dollars; and the most exciting controversy of an entire session may centre about the shrinking of a dress in a laundry tub. Justice in these courts grinds fine but fast—thirty-one thousand cases were hustled through last year, and that was six thousand more than in 1936.

The judge on the Manhattan bench this day was Philip D. Meagher, one of six who rotate around the city, presiding at one time or another in each of the Small Claims Courts, and moving once a month. He and his associates receive \$7,200 a year apiece, and they are appointed for life by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. A candidate for the position must be fifty-five or older, the presumption being that age endows a man with common sense needed for the speedy dispatch of justice, which is one of the chief features of these courts.

Until 1934, when the Small Claims Court was created, poor folk were having difficulty to get legal settlement of cases involving sums which, though small, were vitally important to the persons concerned. Many men and women who fancied they had been cheated out of a day's pay or overcharged a dollar for a pair of shoes went around muttering that there is no justice. It was easier to accept the loss and brood on the injury than to hire an attorney, pay the relatively high Municipal Court costs, and endure the delays in getting to trial.

As the session opened, the judge turned briskly toward the listless souls in front of him, while the clerk began reading a list of names. Each time the clerk called a name, he turned over to the judge a card on which were written the essential facts of the complaint. The judge, with testy vigor but without emphasis, read the contents of the cards aloud as the plaintiffs shuffled past him, one by one.

These, it developed, were the uncontested cases dealing with suits for wages, unrepaid loans, overchargings, and bills from grocers and doctors. Since the defendants were not there to answer the charges, Judge Meagher

wanted only to verify the facts in the complaints and pass judgment. The pace of the proceedings was geared so high that the average case was disposed of in less than two minutes. When an occasional petitioner with a flair for courtroom folderol tried to take the witness stand, the judge would rise halfway out of his chair to shout, "Down! Down, I tell you!" Usually, however, the complainants simply nodded after the judge had read their cards, and all he had to say was "O.K., O.K. Judgment for the plaintiff."

Next came the controversies, and as the judge tackled them, he appeared to relax. A Negro woman was the first to walk toward the bench. She was a servant suing her former employer, a Dr. Sandler of the Bronx, for five dollars in back wages. The judge skimmed over the contents of her card, looked up, and asked briefly, "Why don't you pay her, Doc?"

The physician replied, "She was rude to my wife." He was about to explain further when the judge interrupted him. "Say, Doc," the Court went on with surprising informality, "you look young enough to let an old man give you some advice. If you get down to the level of kitchen squabbles, you're not going to be a very successful doctor. When there are any fights in my kitchen, I always decide in favor of the servant, as a little bit of discipline

for the old lady. We had a cook one time who used to go out on sprees. I'll tell you how much I thought of her. When I found out where she was, I'd send my sedan and chauffeur to bring her home. She was all the better for it. Relaxed her completely. No complexes. I tell you, I liked that woman so well I'd send the chauffeur for her every time she got drunk."

He waited pleasantly for the other to think it over before he said, "Give her five dollars, Doc. Count it out." The doctor, with a faint smile of chagrin, hesitantly did as he was told. Then he started for the door, and had nearly escaped when the judge called, "Don't let 'em put you in the kitchen, Doc!"

This little homily from the bench thawed out the gloomy crowd. While the giggles of the spectators probably had increased the discomfiture of the Bronx physician, they showed that the litigants now understood that this was not a court of rigid legalisms, but a homey, colloquial forum.

The next to edge forward was a runty, middle-aged man with stooped shoulders. Beside him walked a large grocer. He said his little companion was a customer who owed him forty dollars.

"I say God bless the grocer and the butcher who help us live!" Judge Meagher proclaimed suddenly, in an odd sort of chant directed at the recalcitrant

debtor. "Can you pay a dollar a week as a symbol of good faith? That's what the nations are giving the U. S.—a symbol." The little fellow lowered his head and muttered something that the judge could not hear. A court attendant talked with him in a whisper, and then, turning to the bench, reported, "He says his wife and children come first."

The judge was about to comment on that when the grocer, flipping his thumb toward his customer, declared, "That man lives above his means." From the bench's reaction to that remark I thought for a moment the grocer had ruined his own case. "All Americans live above their means!" Judge Meagher cried exultantly. "It's the American tradition! Thank God for that! The whole thing is the warp and woof of that feeling you have when you wake up in the morning and say, 'Ha! Ha! I'm an American!' And then you go out and spend more money!"

The crowd, though puzzled, laughed nervously. The defendant, not encouraged by the turn of events, grumbled that maybe he could pay a dollar a week. That satisfied the grocer.

Presently the judge declared a recess, and I took advantage of it to discuss with the court clerk some details of this breezy method of weighing right and wrong. Lawyers, it seems, are neither necessary nor welcome in the Small Claims Court. They

cannot be excluded, though, because of the constitutional provision that anyone who wants may have counsel; about a quarter of the litigants do insist on bringing a legal representative with them. This accounted for the presence of the witness chair, despite its choleric effect upon the judge.

Court costs in wage suits simply cover the expense of mailing a registered letter to the defendant, telling him that there is a case against him, and the date on which it will be tried. Suits over disputes other than wages cost a dollar and twenty-five cents, an arbitrary fee set by the legislature. The discrepancy in the charge between wage and other cases is explained on the theory that a person who has not been paid for services may need immediate relief of the most inexpensive sort, while protagonists of other kinds of wrangles presumably have some ability to pay.

You get some idea of the benefit to the petty disputant when you realize that most Small Claims cases are decided within a week after the case is filed, and that whenever possible, judgments are paid off in the courtroom immediately following the decision from the bench. There are no postponements. Formerly, when petty claimants had to pin their hopes on the Municipal Court, they were obliged to pay an initial fee of a dollar and a

half for any case, and it usually required twenty days to bring the matter to trial. Frequently, what with one legal delay and another, the interval was as great as six months before the case was settled. A contentious lawyer who knew the ropes could hold up a Municipal Court case indefinitely—or so it seemed to the layman. Obviously that was no place for a man claiming he had paid eighty cents for some ham but had never received it,

or the tenant who sued his landlord for thirty dollars, contending he had been promised five dollars for every bedbug he caught in his apartment and that he had found six. Such cases are right up the alley of the Small Claims Court. Its rough, swift manner is intended to give the ordinary man more confidence than the legal hair-splitting of formal trial rooms.—*Richard O. Boyer, condensed from The New Yorker.*



The Art of Getting Along

SOONER or later, a man, if he is wise, discovers that business life is a mixture of good days and bad, victory and defeat, give and take.

He learns that it doesn't pay to be a sensitive soul—that he should let some things go over his head like water off a duck's back.

He learns that he who loses his temper usually loses.

He learns that carrying a chip on his shoulder is the easiest way to get into a fight.

He learns that the quickest way to become unpopular is to carry tales and gossip about others.

He learns that most of the other fellows are as ambitious as he is, that they have brains that are as good or better, and that hard work and not cleverness is the secret of success.

He learns that bosses are not monsters trying to get the last ounce of work out of him for the least amount of pay, but that they are usually fine men who have succeeded through hard work, and who want to do the right thing.

He learns that no man ever got to first base alone, and that it is only through cooperative effort that we move on to better things.

He learns that the folks are not any harder to get along with in one place than another, and the "getting along" depends about 98 per cent on his own behavior.—*Wilfred A. Peterson.*

¶“A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.”—

Let's Be Trivial!

TRIVIALITIES are, so to speak, a negligee for the mind, in which it feels comfortably at ease once in a while. All great men have their comfortable negligee of triviality, if they haven't a whole wardrobe of it. The best educated people occasionally display the bad taste of a washerwoman, and rightly so, when they enjoy detective stories and sentimental trash, and are the most ingenuous and simple-minded of audiences.

Scientists who have achieved world fame by revolutionizing discoveries, even outstanding writers and poets, enjoy a movie, and in contemplating it their minds move on the same level as those of their servants. Likewise composers of great music delight in the barn dance band. The truth is that you cannot kill man's craving for the commonplace, for the simple reason that life itself is so commonplace.

Geniuses have often drawn their inspiration from the trivial. Machiavelli gambled with the peasants in the inns, and, being by nature a diplomat, he learned from them how a ruler should treat his people.

One cannot always speak in paradoxes, chew aphorisms, and crack epigrams. Eat caviar every day and you will be longing for potatoes. Why, then, must we pretend that intelligent and ingenious people should forever concern themselves with ingenuous and clever things? Why should not Einstein be “relatively” amusing sometimes?

Millions of people like jazz, while a performance of a Wagnerian opera at best starts a discussion as to the relative merits of the new singer. Do not, therefore, underestimate the social aspects of triviality: it does more to bring people together than highbrow conversation. Women are most energetic in defending their right to indulge in triviality. They will discuss for hours the latest thing in fashions.

Triviality is a rest for the intellect, a holiday for the mind. It means meeting our other ego. Without triviality the mind would get lost in abstractions. The right to enjoy the commonplace is nothing but our inalienable right to live life just as it is.—*Alexander Engel, condensed from Neues Wiener Journal.*

Exploring the Ocean Depths

UNDER the sea lies three-fourths of the world's area, a great deal of it still completely unknown. There are mountain ranges and valleys that no hero has named or charted; there are natural wonders not yet described.

The United States Coast and Geodetic Survey has been surveying the coastal waters of the United States for over one hundred years. Their discoveries are of vital importance to mariners, and well understood in the world of navigation and science.

I know of only one major change in the earth at the bottom of the sea. When on command of a survey vessel in the Philippine Islands, I had a great surprise. We had surveyed one coral bank there carefully two years before. We went back to do some supplementary work in the region, and I ran a sounding line over this particular bank which had depths of nine and ten fathoms over it.

We picked up the north end of the bank, and for a time the soundings agreed perfectly with the old work. Suddenly, when nearly half way over the bank, the Filipino leadsmen sang out, "Twenty fathoms and no bottom." I thought the man had suddenly gone daft. To make

sure, I stopped the ship and took a cast with the wire sounding machine. Sure enough, the wire ran out until a depth of 32 fathoms—192 feet—was registered as the lead hit bottom. We then resurveyed the bank carefully, and found that while the ends were not changed, the central part had sunk or caved in, forming a deep channel.

What caused the land to sink, and just when it occurred is a mystery. Records of earthquakes kept at Manila show that in the time between the two surveys a severe earthquake occurred in the vicinity of the coral bank. We may suspect the earthquake of causing the change in submarine landscape, but it cannot be proved.

Most of the tales about disappearing islands are pure fiction. Sailors are sometimes mistaken. They fail to see an island for fog, or their navigation is faulty, and they do not realize that they have passed it. And yet, not all the vanishing island stories are fiction. For there is one changeable island in Bering Sea. It is a small island about a mile long, lying some sixty miles west of Dutch Harbor, Alaska. The name of the vanishing island is Bogoslof—and in reality it is a submarine volcano. If the sea could

be removed, Bogoslof would appear as an isolated conical mountain over six thousand feet high. Its unique feature is that it happens to have its crater at about sea level. The island has always been home to an immense herd of sea lions, and millions of gulls and other sea birds nest there.

Near Juneau, in southeastern Alaska, the chart of Stephens Passage shows gold dust as a sea bottom characteristic. There is no information as to the extent of the gold. It occurs in a gold bearing country, however, and there is no reason why there might not be concentrated gold in those deep channels.

Off the coast of Florida is a submerged spring sending up millions of gallons of fresh

water in the salty ocean. The depth there is about 55 feet, and the fresh water spouting up produces quite a noticeable effect on the surface for a mile around. If the water of Florida Straits disappeared, it is probable that the spring would appear like a geyser with a steady flow. The oceanic spring emerges from a hole only about 25 feet in diameter and about 70 feet below the surrounding ocean bed. The water comes up with such force that the Coast Survey officer who investigated it reported that it was difficult to hold a boat over the spring.—*Commander Richard R. Lukens, United States Coast & Geodetic Survey, condensed from a Science Service Radio Talk.*



Complicated Relationship

A CHILD was recently born in the district of Zwolle in Holland whose ties of relationship are without doubt the strangest that any human being can boast of possessing.

In 1928 a Dutchman sixty-six years of age married a young girl of eighteen. At the wedding breakfast the son of the bridegroom by a former marriage, a man of forty-two, made the acquaintance of the mother of the young bride, a widow of the same age as himself, with whom he fell in love and whom he married in January, 1929.

As a result of this double marriage, the son became the father-in-law of his own father, and his child, when it was born, was at the same time his son and also his grandson, by the fact that he is the grandson of one who is not only the father but also the son-in-law of his father. Therefore in the scale of generations, this baby is his grandfather.—*Parade.*

Nudist Picnic

THEORIZING about nudism gets no one anywhere. You have to try it. The best way to point the moral is to describe a scene from real life, in which I was both onlooker and participant. I think it will bring home just what I know—and what so many people don't—and disabuse the public mind of its foggy and badly twisted ideas on the subject.

The setting of this scene is a little valley in the Blue Mountains, 'way off the beaten track. It's a glorious day, and there are eight of us in the hiking party. A middle-aged married couple, whom I will call Mr. and Mrs. Jones; their son and daughter, who shall be named Jack and Edna, and who are respectively eighteen and sixteen; a young semi-engaged couple in their early twenties, Charlie and Jean; myself, and another middle-aged married woman who shall be Mrs. Robinson.

All of us—with the exception of Mrs. Robinson—were nudists. As we panted, perspired, slid, and scrambled towards the secret valley which Charlie and Jean had discovered during a holiday week-end, most of us made rapturous, though breathless, remarks anent the relief of abandoning garments when we reached our goal.

Mrs. Robinson assured us more than once that she was "broad-minded," but she stressed the statement so much that I wasn't sure. And she always added the "rider" that she "didn't mind what we did"—the implication being that she would on no account do it herself.

She had, she told us, four children, and that she had had to admonish one of them for a penchant for running out into the backyard bare when the sun was hot. It appeared that the backyard was perfectly private, with a high fence, and all that—but that she hadn't thought it was quite "nice" for a boy of ten.

Mrs. Robinson was, confessedly, a good, reasonably intelligent, typical suburban housewife. And as full of unreasoned prejudices as such usually are.

She was great pals with the Jones couple, which was why she was with us. And a love of open-air and exercise was certainly a hopeful symptom in her case.

We reached our valley, which might have been a thousand miles from anywhere. Nothing but rock faces, trees, birds, and a scarcely moving watercourse, widening out into deep rock pools.

Packs were dumped, and at once seven of us, without by-

your-leave, an apology, or a thought, peeled off our garments, sticky with perspiration, and stood forth as God made us in the hot sun and light, delicious breeze.

Dear, good Mrs. Jones was a trifle plump, and her husband stoutish; Edna and Jack a pair of slim, brown-all-over pictures; Jean a charming brown amber study, and Charlie a typical, muscular young Australian.

But that is beside the point. Nudists (strange as it may seem) are not interested in other nudists from the point of view of their bared contours. You take far more notice of the appearance of a clothed acquaintance whom you meet in the street than you do of an unclad, sunbaking pal. The sun, the air, and the water, and your delicious, unhindered communion with all these claim your attention at a nudist picnic.

People have often said to me, "Oh, I couldn't be a nudist. I haven't a good figure," as if it were a kind of unclad mannequin parade, devised in the interests of sex-attraction. And sex-consciousness is the one thing that is *not* in evidence in a nudist group—you shed it with your clothes. I know non-nudists won't believe this. But it's the most outstanding, exhilarating (and morally beneficial) fact about the whole thing.

As seven of us discarded, with joyful haste, dresses, undies, shirts, and trousers, Mrs. Robin-

son—in a short linen hiking frock—sat down rather abruptly on a grassy tussock, and began feverishly to powder her nose. She was shocked and embarrassed; it was written all over her. Mr. Jones was struggling out of his shirt within five yards of her, and eighteen-year-old Jack had already discarded his shorts.

To cover up her sensations she began to talk at a rate of a machine-gun in action. About her neighbors, the garden—anything. No one replied. We were all too anxious to get into that lovely water!

Edna was first in. She shrieked with joy, then scrambled out all wet, and grabbed her mother by the hand. "Come on in, Mum! No standing on the bank. It's only shoulder-deep here!" She literally towed laughing Mrs. Jones forward, and young naked Jack gave his parent an affectionate push as well—and the plump mother of the two youngsters was in with a splash.

Did we have fun in that pool? I'll say so! We were like a pack of kindergarten kids.

Mrs. Robinson plucked up a little heart as the brown water partly obscured our nudity, and her feverish stream of unanswered conversation slackened somewhat. "I—I think I'll get into my bathing costume," she volunteered in a small voice, and retired into the shrubbery to do so. She emerged in conventional

swimming attire, and approached the brink almost as though she were about to become a semi-participant in public sin. No one took any notice of her, save that Mrs. Jones threw her a casual, "The water's glorious, Clara."

The semi-engaged pair were ducking each other at one end of Nature's bath; Jack had climbed on to the overhanging limb of a tree, and yelled that he was Tarzan; Edna's father was showing her how to float, and Mrs. Jones was sitting half out of the water, where it shallowed to a rapid.

The sight of nude Jack chafing us from his branch held up Mrs. Robinson's yearning to get wet for about ten minutes. Finally she did slip apologetically in—keeping well away from the rest of us.

But when we all scrambled out and started to prepare lunch without a stitch of clothing on us, she sat apart again, making timid general remarks from time to time to Mrs. Jones, who, with the help of bare and glistening Jean, was shelling peas. The male members of the party, moving around like Adam, got the kettle boiling. The sun and the breeze on our wet bodies was heavenly.

After a cup of tea all round while the peas and spuds cooked, we all stretched out to bake, talking of all and sundry that interested us: books, sport, the movies. Though nobody meant to do it, poor Mrs. Robinson was, in a sense, socially ostracized.

She was the jarring note. Her bathing suit was as truly indecent as her bare flesh would have been in a drawing-room of clothed persons.

Gradually the fact that everything was so perfectly happy and matter-of-fact—that the youngsters were not treating their nude parents with flippancy, that Jean and Charlie were calling each other "dear" and "darling" just as normally as if they were lounging on the grass in a public park, and without any symptoms of the free-for-all erotic "orgy" that the general public associates with nudism—began to work on Mrs. Robinson.

"My bathing suit feels a bit clammy on me, Ethel," she murmured to Mrs. Jones, who was baking blissfully. And she peeled it down to her waist! Nobody batted an eyelid. Nobody noticed. The heavens didn't fall. Perhaps ten minutes later I happened to glance her way. She'd taken it right off. And when we all sat up and got active in the direction of lunch, Mrs. Robinson was still in the "all together." Nobody remarked on it. She'd only got sense.

But now she was "one of us." And a changed woman! I never saw such a transformation! She was as happy as a kitten over its first dish of cream. She didn't talk feverishly, but just bubbled like a kid. And started to show us all the exercises she'd learned at a physical culture class the

year before. Started us all doing them, too.

And she looked about ten years younger. "I've never felt so well in my life!" she announced. Then added, "When are we having the next picnic like—like this? I'll bring the children to it. I'm sure they need more sun. I'll try and get George"—her husband—"to come along,

too. He—he loves pottering around the place in just a pair of bathing trunks."

Such is the true story—everything just as it occurred—of the conversion of a suburban mother of four to the health, sanity, unself-consciousness, and unsex-consciousness of nudism.—*Dulcie Deamer, condensed from Smith's Weekly.*

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Being Yourself

WHILE I was out moving the lawn one Saturday afternoon, a three year old youngster from across the street came down the sidewalk in his coaster wagon.

"What are you today," I inquired, "a fireman? Or are you a policeman chasing robbers? Or a driver of a truck?"

He looked at me, his big eyes expressing surprise: "I'm just me!" he answered.

A man's strength lies in being himself. There are many imitators of Charlie Chaplin, Will Rogers, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, and other stars of stage, screen, and radio. But who are they? I can't name one of them; can you? Imitators always play second fiddle. They never become stars.

Imitators are but the shadows of the genuine. When we strive to walk and act and talk like someone else we lose power. There is an aura of insincerity about us. We do not ring true. We are not convincing. We fail in the very first essential of success—creating confidence.

Above my desk hangs a picture of Lincoln. What a splendid example he was of one who became great by being himself. He used no theatrical props. He used no sounding brass or tinkling cymbals. He did not pretend to be great, nor did he strive for effect. He let his natural qualities of simplicity, humility, and tolerance shine through!

How many of us can say, "I'm just me!"?—*The Friendly Adventurer.*

When Edward Decided

STANTON B. LEEDS presents in his blue and gold jacketed volume *Cards the Windsors Hold* some interesting information about the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Mr. Leeds, former Hearst writer, is a relation by marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rogers, at whose villa in Cannes, France, he interviewed Mrs. Simpson. This assignment for Hearst was given to him not only because he had proved himself a good newspaperman, but because "he was considered the logical man for it, as his aunt, Mrs. William B. Leeds, set a precedent for non-royal marriages, when, in 1921, she married Prince Christopher of Greece."

Stanton Leeds ranks as the Windsors' enemies "certain sections of English society, upper-class and middle-class, but not the Royal Family as a whole, nor all the Cabinet," though why these critics still seem to fear the Duke and Duchess is a brain-cracker which has defied astute Mr. Leeds.

The "inside story" of the night preceding King Edward's decision to give up the throne is as follows: That night the King, Mr. Baldwin, and Kent sat down to dinner at Fort Belvedere, King Edward's residence. During the meal no one mentioned the ob-

vious topic. Edward was obstinately silent. The Duke of York, also silent, ate absent-mindedly, but Mr. Baldwin and the Duke of Kent showed fairly good appetites. Every now and then the Premier glanced furtively at the King.

As dinner neared its end, Edward VIII leaned towards the Duke of Kent, started asking about the Duchess and the first frost in his garden. Then, as Mr. Baldwin was lighting a cigar, he smiled and said: "I know you prefer a pipe. Go ahead and smoke it!"

When coffee was announced the four men rose to go into the study. The King paused, put his hand on Mr. Baldwin's arm, and remarked: "One day, Mr. Baldwin, I will ask you to tell me exactly what your marriage to Mrs. Baldwin has been." Then leaving Mr. Baldwin completely mystified, he strode into the room ahead of him.

Over coffee, and for three hours afterwards, the Prime Minister stated his case. The Duke of Kent shared his brother's view, and the Duke of York looked on, saying nothing. After discussion, the King promised Mr. Baldwin a final decision next day, and saw him off the

premises. Left alone with his brothers, Edward turned round and said: "Thank you, Kent." Then for a little while he walked up and down the room talking about the royal children. He inquired about Princess Elizabeth's progress in French and German, and told the Duke of York, laughingly: "Don't forget that she must not be left ignorant of anything that concerns the Constitution."

At one o'clock the Dukes of York and Kent left. Holding his older brother's hand, Edward VIII observed: "Good night, Your Majesty, and give my best wishes this morning to Queen Elizabeth." The Duke of York started back, seized his brother's hand, and begged him not to joke in this way and not to abdicate. But the King's mind was made up.—*Condensed from News Review.*



Women of Destiny

ACROSS the stage of world politics in the past few years have flitted a succession of adroit and powerful women.

Preliminary negotiator of the Rome-Berlin Axis was Benito Mussolini's favorite child and only daughter Edda Ciano, wife of his Foreign Secretary.

Feelers for the London-Rome Pact were originally put out by Lady Chamberlain, widow of Sir Austin Chamberlain, the Locarno Pact's architect.

The woman behind the Prague-London-Paris-Berlin negotiations to bring about a peaceful settlement of the troubles between Germany and Czechoslovakia is Princess Stefanie Hohenlohe-Waldenburg-Schillingfuerst, intimate friend of Adolf Hitler, Hungarian Regent Nicolas Horthy, British Presslord Rothermere, and now closely concerned in the activities of the Fuehrer's personal aide-de-camp Captain Fritz Wiedemann. Clever Princess Hohenlohe had arranged the interviews between Wiedemann and French statesmen.

No international negotiator, but a great help to her husband is Hilda, Lady Runciman, wife of Neville Chamberlain's "entirely unofficial" observer to Czechoslovakia, Viscount Runciman. Hilda Runciman is a brilliant linguist. Said she, "Lord Runciman is not a linguist. My German is not very good, but I may be of some use to him that way."

The Runcimans' job: Making contacts with President Edouard Benes, Premier Milan Hodza, and Sudeten Nazi Leader Konrad Henlein, deciding just how far it is reasonable for the Czech Government to go in its concessions to the Nazis.

Of course, we all have heard of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the wife of China's leader, whose voice has stirred the hearts of millions for the cause of the Chinese.

Our Chemical Senses

THE SENSES of taste and smell, which are used in the detection of flavor, are often called the chemical senses, because they are stimulated directly by the chemical attributes of foods and other substances. The sense of taste is delicate. A single teaspoonful of sugar or of salt is enough for many tastes, and yet some substances are hundreds of times more stimulating to the taste than either of these food-stuffs.

Whatever we taste has to be in solution in water, or must dissolve in the saliva, before it can be tasted. Only watery solutions can diffuse through the protective membranes of the taste "buds" on the tongue to act on the special nerves therein.

Sweetness is best tasted near the tip of the tongue, where the sweetness buds are crowded closely together. Saltiness and sourness are best tasted by the front and sides of the tongue, but bitterness only well back, on the top of the tongue. Bitterness is detected rather slowly, because of the far-back position of the bitter-sensitive nerves.

Most of the interesting flavors we delight in are really not tasted, but are *smelled*. In the moisture and warmth of the mouth the aroma is released,

and travels to the smelling area through the back way. This is the part of flavor perception that fails us when we have a cold, which condition interferes with smelling far more than it does with true tasting.

Inspectors of foods have long since learned that they can do far more work when they smell rather than taste the article. A baker smells the interior of a loaf of bread to learn about its flavor. A sample of every carload of wheat is smelled to see that it is not musty. Testers of tea, coffee, spices, tobacco, butter, cheese, and liquors depend upon smelling for their first gradings and evaluations. Only for check purposes do they find it necessary to take any into the mouth.

The reason why smelling is so extraordinarily delicate is that it is done with the "raw" ends of free nerves. Chemists have long been aware that odor depends upon chemical constitution, but only now has a feasible theory been found to account for the action.

An interesting party pastime is the "smelling game," in which each participant tries to identify a dozen or so odors in small, dark-colored bottles that bear only numbers and offer no clues as to their contents. Most people

are able to identify outright only four or five of the fifteen. The list of identified odors from such a range of subjects comes close to being an experience rating for the person; naturally good observers and those of wide interest in life make the best scores. Housewives often score well in this test.

The smelling game shows that most people are really very sensitive to odors, but that their associative powers are weak. They

remember the odor but not the name of it. It is the same type of weakness as the connecting of names with faces or voices. They cannot recall the name. Once a person recognizes an odor, he can do well in noting details of quality. Most people do appreciate flavor, in spite of their usually poor showing in its identification, or, even more poorly in its description.—*Condensed from Little Industrial Bulletin.*



How Observing Are You?

THE observant person is invariably the possessor of a well-disciplined mind. Observation is the twin brother of attention. Try these mental exercises to strengthen these desirable qualities:

1. Study three or four faces every day. Observe them in such detail that you can sit down and write an intimate description which would enable a stranger to pick your subjects out of a crowd.

2. Look into a strange room and fix each physical feature in your mind. Go out of the room and write a complete catalogue of the room's contents, with a description of each object.

3. Choose some object which you see every day without really observing it—for example, your hat. Try to find details that have previously escaped your attention: the bow around the crown; the smaller bow inside the sweatband, the location of a tiny soiled spot, etc.—*Your Life.*

Philippine Shark Fishing

IN THE SULU Archipelago, down in the southern part of the Philippines, sharks are a constant danger to the natives, especially to the pearl divers and the fishermen. These large, voracious fishes are especially numerous near the Tapul group of islands, and the islands of Sibutu, Manucmanca, and Simunal. There are literally thousands of sharks there—all kinds and sizes: gray nurses, tigers, hammer-heads, and other species not so well known—all within a few miles of these islands.

The native fishermen use specially-built boats for shark fishing. Each boat carries a heavy sledge hammer for stunning the captured sharks, and sharp spears for piercing the vital organs. Nets are used for capturing them. These nets are approximately 300 meters long and about four meters wide; they are made of two-centimeter mesh, and being leaded, they are anchored when placed. Large drums which hold the nets upright and steady can be seen floating on the surface of the water. The shark fishing boats are manned by experienced fishermen. They work out at sea even in the stormiest weather, and the men in the crews are always able sailors. For daring and quickness of hand there is

no one who can equal an experienced Moro shark fisher. The nets are usually set in the afternoon in some place where small fish are numerous, for there is where the sharks go to feed. Each morning the nets are raised.

When a shark comes in contact with the net, he at once proceeds to become entangled. Sharks are stupid. This lack of intelligence is shown by the fact that when once a shark swims into the mesh of a net, though he may realize there is danger, he does not retreat, but tries to go forward. When he begins to get tangled in the net, his doom is sealed. The cords become more and more securely wrapped around his gills and fins as he tries to escape.

The thrashing, writhing shark, entangled in the net, is pulled to the boat by the fishermen hand over hand. When he is raised to the surface, his tail is hitched and noosed. The raising of the catch is a difficult job. Even without the catch to increase its weight, the net, when wet, weighs about five hundred kilos. The removing of the entangled net from the shark is another hard piece of work. The net is valuable, and so the fishermen try to keep it clear from the razor-edged teeth, the thrashing tail and

fins, and the madly squirming body. When the shark is cleared from the net, he is hung by the tail after having been knocked unconscious by the heavy sledge, or pierced to the heart by a sharp spear, which causes instant death.

Other creatures of the sea besides sharks are caught in the nets; various kinds of fish and turtles are often taken with them. The backs of the turtles are covered with brown plates from which beautiful trays, combs, and other articles are made. Many large fish live on the coral reefs of the Sulu Archipelago, and numbers of these are taken in the nets. *Tripang* are also caught in large quantities. The *tripang* is a marine animal like a cucumber in shape, and from 15 to 38 centimeters long. The *tripang* are cleaned by the fishers, dried, and exported to China, where they are used in making a soup highly prized by the Chinese.

After the nets are raised and the sharks cleared of the nets, the boats return to Siasi in the Sulu Archipelago. When there is a large catch of sharks, the fishermen have a long and arduous job for the day. In port the sharks' fins are cut off, and the skinning is done. Skinning requires great care. One false cut,

and the value of the skin is lessened. Shark-skins are extremely tough; some species have a tensile strength much greater than that of oxhide. After the skin is removed from the shark, it is stretched over a convex board, and scraped clean. Tanning the skins is done about three weeks after the stretching and cleaning process. Leather made from shark-skins is among the most durable of all leathers. It is used for practically every purpose for which the best grade of leather is used. Shark-skins are used in the manufacture of shoes, slippers, bags, etc.

The liver of the shark is of considerable value. As to its size, it is probably one of the largest found in any animal. Sometimes the liver of a shark is several meters in length and weighs nearly 90 kilos. The shark's liver is cooked, and the product made from the cooked liver is shark-liver oil, which is somewhat similar to cod-liver oil. It smells a little worse than cod-liver oil, but according to physicians, the medicinal properties are almost the same.

The hides and the livers of the sharks captured in the Sulu Archipelago are first prepared for export and then shipped to Singapore, and from there to all parts of the world.—*Roman Romeo Calica.*



CAN anything be sadder than work left unfinished? Yes; work never begun.—*Christina Rossetti.*

Legal Murder

EVERY civilized country today makes a conscientious effort to do its legal killing as thoroughly and quickly as possible. This humanitarianism began with the 19th century. Prior to this, executions were supposed to be long and painful—so the victim could have time to reflect on his sins in agony.

This earlier age invented such things as the "iron widow" and the cross. But the wheel marked the zenith of brutish imaginings. Spreadeagled to this torture contrivance, a man had first his arms, then his leg bones crushed with an iron bar wielded by a husky killer. This was done with a deliberate nicety, calculated to keep consciousness in the victim's body. Death came only when the iron bar smashed in the chest and collapsed the lungs.

For those people whose crimes were less heinous there was always the gallows. All the early gallows depended on strangulation to achieve their purpose. This is one of the most painful of all possible ways to meet Hell's grim tyrant. Also, doctors say, it is one of the slowest.

Ireland alleviated the lot of the man to be executed in the 18th century when the isle's agile-minded inventors devised the "long drop"—a fall of as much as

fifteen feet, which gave a fearful tug on the neck and snapped the spinal cord. Death was instantaneous. That this plunge frequently decapitated its subjects detracted little from its esthetic qualities so far as the prisoners were concerned.

Modern methods are, of course, neater and quicker. But they still present a grisly picture. In the United States crimes are punishable by electrocution in 21 states, by hanging in 15, and by lethal chamber asphyxiation in five. One—Utah—allows a prisoner his choice of a hangman or a firing squad. The rest of the states punish no crimes by death.

A few clinical investigations have been made into these various forms of death. For obvious reasons they have been scantily publicized: the subject is unpleasant, and the medical profession generally would feel that a man could better spend his investigating talents elsewhere. There is more data on electrocution than on any of the other methods.

The first man ever to die in the electric chair was William Kemmler, who gave Sing Sing's brand new electric chair its blood baptism Aug. 16, 1890. It was a sickening performance. Electrodes were improperly ap-

plied, and the executioner knew very little of his new lethal toy. Once they had Kemmler strapped in the contraption, the prison executioner threw a withering bolt of current through his body for fifteen seconds. Then he pulled the switch. To the indescribable horror of the witnesses, the man started writhing and tugging at his straps. Witnesses and executioner did not know that these were only reflex actions. Kemmler was already a peaceful citizen of another world.

What happens today, though immeasurably refined since the days of Kemmler, is still unpleasant. Let us have a look at an electric chair. It is generally painted black and equipped with two electrodes; one for the left leg. The head electrode is usually devised from an ordinary football helmet. Both electrodes, faced with sponge, have heavy insulated wires leading to them.

Contrary to common supposition, prison attendants seldom shave a prisoner's head and leg prior to execution. The hair is merely clipped short, and the sponge electrode lining dipped in saline solution to insure a good contact.

Most states use about 2200 volts of 8-14 ampere current. This current is sent into a man's body for a few seconds, then the current is lowered momentarily before the final shock of another 2200 volts is given. Although measurements necessarily lack

accuracy, it is estimated unconsciousness comes in 1/500 of a second. In all likelihood a well run electrocution is completely painless. From the word of electric company linesmen and others who have had bad but non-lethal shocks, there is no pain attached. Unconsciousness is immediate. The electricity causes automatic muscle contraction. A man seated in the chair will scoot up and tug on his straps like a small boy trying to see over the heads in front of him in church. As the current is lowered the body will sink a few inches, then rise again as it is increased.

Although doctors believe death is instantaneous, they generally keep a man seated in the chair for three minutes. If it weren't that they dislike disfiguring a body they would demand a longer period—just to be sure every ounce of life is squeezed out.

No matter how artfully the job is done, there are always burns, and always the horrific stench of burning flesh. In well run executions there is a margin of grayish burn around the leg electrode and around the helmet. In bungled jobs arcing of the electricity burns considerable areas of flesh to a crinkly black. Tough on the witnesses.

The actual friction (resistance) of the current passing through the body causes heat, but the blood never reaches the boiling point as some believe. At the

Sing Sing autopsy rooms temperatures of 140 degrees Fahrenheit have been recorded in the bodies of executed men ten minutes after death. This heat alone would cause almost instantaneous death. At this temperature delicate kidney and brain tissue is cooked into extinction.

Besides this there are numerous other physiological effects of electrocution, any one of which would cause death. The pulmonary center of the brain is paralyzed. Pin point hemorrhages occur in the brain and the heart. In every electrocution the albumen is instantly coagulated in the legs, and a solid *rigor mortis* has set in by the time the chair's victim is unstrapped. So tightly are the legs set in death that no amount of force can budge them from their crooked positions unless bones are broken.

Robert Elliot is the chief executioner for Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, and Delaware. Elliot's hand at the switch has taken the lives of such notables as Sacco, Vanzetti, Ruth Snyder, Judd Gray, and Hauptmann. Since he took up his macabre work, Elliot, an electrician by trade who lives in New York's suburb, Richmond Hill, has killed more than 200 people.

His work, to him, is rather simple: "You go into the jail, do your job, and you're out again in no time at all." Each life taken nets Elliot \$150, and he

has a professional pride in his work. "I keep my wits about me," he says, "and work the current in and out steadily, but quickly enough to paralyze the brain. When that has happened the execution is about over."

In death by hanging, results are not as thorough and quick as in the electric chair. But the technique is just as methodical. The distance of the drop will range between six and eight feet. But what all hangmen strive for is a 2,400 pound yank on their victim's neck. To achieve this a light man will require a longer drop than a heavy man. In either case hangmen, if they are expert, will always enact a macabre role, examining neck muscles of their prospective clients. If muscles are weak they shorten the drop. No hangman likes a decapitation.

The lethal chamber has lately come into vogue. Men who have witnessed all kinds of executions agree that this is the most painful death of the three. Lethal chambers are generally ten-foot-square concrete buildings with a heavy strap-equipped chair to one side. Under the seat of the chair is a simple mechanism—a pot holding about three pints of hydrochloric acid. Over the pot depends a little basket of potassium cyanide eggs weighing about an ounce each.

When the victim is strapped in the chair and witnesses' faces are glued to windows, the execu-

tioner activates a mechanical device that dumps the cyanide pellets into the acid. They instantly generate the most deadly of all gases: hydrocyanic acid gas. It is a light grayish color. Prisoners all react to it the same way. They hold their breath for a few seconds, then try to get their ordeal over quickly.

Utah's choose-your-death law still seems to be preferable. In that state if a man so elects he may have a firing squad. That

most of them consider it cleaner and more decent is indicated by the state's statistics. Out of the last twenty men to be executed, nineteen chose the firing squad. The other chose hanging because, he said, it cost the state more money. His sense of humor fairly well paralleled that of the Nevada man condemned to the lethal chamber. His last request was for a gas mask.—*J. D. Ratcliff, condensed from For Men and Men Only.*



Never Be a Crook

THE other evening at a neighborhood movie we sat in front of a group of high school boys. In the picture the G-Men were closing in on the criminals. The jig was up. As the net was pulled closer and closer around the gunmen the boys behind us remarked repeatedly: "Never be a crook!"

The pendulum is swinging toward law and order. Today the hero is not the crook, but the man who catches the crook. The screen is emphasizing the idea that crime doesn't pay, that criminals never win. So is the radio. So are the magazines. It thrilled me to hear those boys behind us say, "Never be a crook!" What our young people become depends upon the impressions they receive. We can remake the world to a higher ideal by advertising the right ideas.—*The Friendly Adventurer.*



Sit Up and Take Notice

PEOPLE will sit up and take notice of you if you will sit up and take notice of what makes them sit up and take notice.—*Frank Romer, from The Friendly Adventurer.*

How to Sleep Well and Wake Refreshed

THE GENERAL feelings of most people are none too good when they wake in the morning. Many frankly acknowledge that they do not sleep well, and awake feeling dull, heavy, tired, listless, irritable, and as if, as they express it, they could sleep indefinitely.

Why is this? Why do so many city workers, for instance, fail to enjoy that delightful sense of freshness and well-being when they wake in the morning, and, instead, suffer with a heavy headache, tired feeling, which sometimes lasts until they start work, and, in many instances, continues all through the day? The answer in one word is "auto-intoxication." This condition is a very common one, and is present in nearly every disease condition, no matter how it is expressed.

In all such cases a careful investigation of the individual living habits lays bare evidence to show they are suffering with a form of self-poisoning, which has been produced by toxins manufactured within their own bodies as a result of perverted metabolism. When the body is weakened, either by a waste of mental or physical energy, there is not sufficient nerve force to operate the eliminative functions

properly, and the normal acid wastes are not thrown out rapidly enough, but remain in the tissues and interfere with the normal functioning of the various organs and glands.

How can one best avoid that "early-morning tired feeling?" Simply by changing the habits of living that have produced the auto-intoxication (self-poisoning). If, for instance, one will take more active exercise in the open air, get more rest and sleep, eat enough simple food, breathe correctly, pay more attention to the activity of the skin, and observe other rational health rules, that lost delight in rising fresh and fine will soon be recovered.

Broadly speaking, there are three main causes for feeling out-of-sorts on waking. Perhaps the most common are irregular meals, eating indigestible articles of food, eating when the system is exhausted or when not sufficiently hungry. Mental disturbances, such as worry, anxiety, fear, and grief, waste an enormous amount of energy which might be used to better advantage in the metabolism of food.

The stomach is an efficient organ when it is treated kindly. If, however, it is overloaded or provided with unsuitable fuel by

way of food, it is bound to "go on strike"—the food ferments.

High blood pressure is another cause of restless sleep. It is a trouble of civilization, and is due to high-pressure living which involves overwork coupled with worry. The faithful heart, as a result of too frequent emergency calls upon it, adopts the habit of pumping the blood too forcibly through the arteries and veins, even when the body is at rest.

The above, then, are the main causes of the early morning tired feeling. What to do about it? Very simple. Certain specific rules of health must be followed. First of all, to sleep well it is essential to breathe well. Here is a prescription that will work!

When you feel tired, whether it is from brain work or muscular work, or auto-intoxication, try this remedy. Slowly drink a large tumbler of cold water, go

to an open window, inhale and exhale slowly half a dozen deep breaths, holding the chin up, the shoulders well back and chest forward, depressing the diaphragm with each inhalation. Try it; you will see that it works.

How to sleep well consists in recognizing that man is a creature of habits. It does not matter so much what hour you go to sleep, but it is important to keep to the same time. The best hours of sleep are the first two.

Proper posture is important when you are in bed. It is best to rest on the right side, which helps to empty the stomach. Learn to relax the whole body when you lie abed. Do not screw yourself up into a ball. The idea is not to grip the bed, but instead just relax and let the bed grip you.—*William R. Lucas, condensed from The Health Philosopher.*



An Awful Twist

THIS story concerns the fellow who dressed so hastily that he put his trousers on wrong side before. Unaware of this peculiarity in his attire, he dashed out of the room, headed for the stairs, and fell down the whole flight. His wife hastened to his assistance.

"Did you hurt yourself, George?" she cried.

Her husband picked himself up and started to brush himself off.

"No, but I sure have given myself an awful twist," he answered.—*Parade.*

The Gentle Business of Spying

FOREIGN intelligence services seek to place their agents as resident spies in the country under observation. These spies engage on the surface in humdrum work, such as playing the bass viol in a theatre, for example—a seemingly harmless occupation, and one far remote from politics. Or dentists and artists may be chosen as resident spies.

The duties of a resident spy often consist merely in staying quietly at his post till the time for action comes, in keeping his eyes open as to what is going on around him, and in sending, at intervals, his impressions in code to his headquarters. The resident spy must make acquaintances and friendships which may prove useful, but otherwise he is not bound to engage in any overt acts. I repeat, the resident spy should be inactive till the time comes.

The resident spy must penetrate deeply into the layer of society in which he is placed. He must be in touch with the changing moods, the hopes and fears, likes and dislikes of the population. While doing so, he quietly awaits the signal for action.

Such resident spies are usual-

ly chosen from very trustworthy and well-tested people—as a rule citizens of the country they are spying on. They are the backbone of espionage systems. Through their agents, they find out whatever is of interest to those they serve. These agents also constitute their personnel for action. Once war is begun, factories burn, bridges are blown up, and trains are wrecked in their sphere of influence.

It is very dangerous to let these spies strike deep roots in their environment. These agents strive to impress people with their honesty and decency. Unfortunately, they sometimes succeed in this, though, usually, not for long. As a rule, their cards are called, their masks torn off, and the enemies are exposed.

The basic tenet of any foreign intelligence service is to get men through their weaknesses. The old Roman proverb says "to err is human," which means that men are apt to make mistakes. Mistakes are made through weaknesses or failings. The spy searches for those failings or vices, which we unfortunately still provide, in order to make use of them in his criminal work. —A. Vishinsky, in *Parade*.



The Twenty-six Moons

TWENTY-SIX moons is all there are. Or, to be a bit more accurate, twenty-six is all that are known in the whole of space. There may easily be some that remain still undiscovered.

The study of moons is a restricted one. Astronomers who specialize in the study of stars have a comparatively unlimited field. One can see with the naked eye about 5,000 stars. The great reflecting telescope of the Mt. Wilson Observatory, in California, with its mirror 100 inches across, reveals well over a billion stars, and it is estimated that altogether in the great Milky Way Galaxy, in which we are situated, there are perhaps 30 billion stars.

And keep in mind that that figure is only for the Milky Way Galaxy, our own individual stellar system: there are many other similar galaxies in other parts of space. The universe as a whole contains 500 trillions of galaxies, each one a vast aggregation of thousands of millions of stars.

All of the planets the astronomer is acquainted with belong to the solar system, those that circulate about the sun, about our own particular star. And it follows naturally that since a moon, or satellite, is a body

which revolves about a planet, the only satellites known also belong to the sun's family of worlds. So we see that the study of moons is restricted in space, as well as in number.

How is it that only our sun, only this one star among multitudes, is attended by a retinue of planets and satellites? There is no reason to believe that this is the case. It is quite likely that around many other stars there do circle similar families of worlds. The point is that, at present at least, they can't be seen—they are entirely hidden from our view.

The planet nearest to the sun is the small planet Mercury. Neither Mercury nor Venus, the second planet, has any moons whatsoever, so far as is known. The earth's moon has one claim to distinction at any rate: it is the nearest of all twenty-six to the sun.

Upon leaving the earth and passing beyond to the planet Mars, the planet with the so-called “canals,” we find that though only half the size of the earth, Mars has twice as many moons.

We come next to the planet Jupiter, the giant planet—eleven times as great in diameter as the earth. As is only fitting, Jupiter

has a large number of satellites—nine. Five of these are small and seen even in telescopes only with difficulty. But the other four are extremely large. One is about 2,000 miles in diameter—very nearly the same dimension as our moon—while the rest are all larger, ranging up to 5580 miles.

These four moons as a group are known as the Galilean moons of Jupiter, because they were discovered by the great Italian astronomer Galileo. He glimpsed them through his small and extremely crude telescope, made by himself—the first telescope ever used astronomically.

These Galilean moons, by the way, are easily seen with a small telescope or even a pair of binoculars. They appear in such instruments quite close to the planet and all nearly in a straight line—this because their paths all lie in practically the same plane in space. Their relative positions are always changing, however. The innermost takes less than two days to revolve about Jupiter, the outermost about sixteen days. As a result, an hour or two of observation is enough to show a change take place in their positions. Sometimes they are eclipsed by Jupiter as they pass behind him or into his shadow. Sometimes they are seen to transit, or move across the disc of Jupiter.

Two of Jupiter's five faint satellites revolve about him in the

wrong direction—instead of moving in the same direction in which Jupiter revolves about the sun like the rest, these two retrograde or move in a backward direction.

When we come to Saturn, we are met with another set of nine moons. Saturn with its rings is no doubt one of the grandest of celestial sights. But the moons, too, are interesting—especially the largest. Saturn's ninth moon—that farthest from it, is also retrograde or backward in its motion, like those two moons of Jupiter.

The next planet beyond Saturn, Uranus, has four moons. The most curious thing about them is the way their orbits or paths are tipped—their orbits, in fact, are tilted so greatly they are practically perpendicular to the plane in which Uranus revolves about the sun.

Neptune, the planet beyond Uranus, has one moon, just as the earth has. But Pluto, the next planet—and the farthest planet from the sun—has none.

Today it is believed by many astronomers that not only these moons but the planets and solar systems in general were formed about two and a half billion years ago, when our sun and another star met in space. They either approached closely or actually collided. Great masses of the hot material of the two stars were pulled out from them, and when these masses finally cooled and

hardened, they became the planets and the moons that we know today.

Such a collision between two stars would not be a very frequent occurrence. Though the stars are moving freely in space, the vast distances that separate them would make a collision unlikely. But with the great multitudes of stars that are roving through the universe we can hardly doubt that collisions have occurred.

For that reason we are justified in believing that perhaps planets circle about other distant suns, with moons circling about the planets. Even if these planets and moons do exist, they can never be seen with the sort of telescopes in use at present. The light of the stars themselves is so brilliant that it must always overpower the feebler light of the smaller bodies.—*Arthur L. Draper, condensed from The Sky.*

The Silent Hundred

THERE existed in ancient Greece a strange association called the Academy of Silence. It was composed of 100 members, each one pledged to do away with all unnecessary sound as far as possible. All the meetings were carried on in silence, ideas being conveyed by signs.

One day a stranger appeared at their council, signifying that he wished to join the society. The one in charge, in order to indicate to the would-be member that there was no vacancy in the Academy, showed him an urn so filled with water that not a drop could be added without causing the contents to overflow. The applicant, understanding what was meant, bowed low and started to withdraw, then hesitated and returned. The assembled members were curious to know the meaning of his action; but it was made clear to them when the applicant, picking up a rose-leaf, deposited it so lightly and deftly upon the water in the urn that not a drop was displaced.

His brightness of thought was rewarded. The Academy of Silence was at once enlarged to include an extra member.—*Catholic Digest.*

The Art of Smuggling

NOWHERE are persons and their belongings more thoroughly searched than on the German frontiers. Yet, many fortunes have been smuggled out of Germany under the very eyes of frontier guards and exchange restriction officials.

One wealthy German took his money out of the bank gradually, because he decided to leave the country. He invested all his money in platinum. In great secrecy he had this platinum fashioned into tools, screwdrivers, hammers, etc., which he placed into the tool-box of his car. By the time the car reached the frontier all the tools were dirty and oily; the customs guards, who carried out a thorough search of the car, hardly looked at the tools. In this ingenious manner the German contrived to smuggle out all his fortune despite the utmost vigilance of frontier officials.

Another case is that of a director of a German steel plant. He inserted an advertisement in the official Nazi newspaper, the *Voelkischer Boebachter*, inviting applications for the post of a private secretary. Applications were to be sent to a box number at the newspaper's offices. On the day when the advertisement appeared the director turned up at the newspaper office, and informed

the manager that he had to leave on urgent business for Zurich in Switzerland, and requested that replies should be forwarded to his temporary address abroad. He left a small sum for postage expenses, and went away. Within three days the newspaper forwarded four hundred replies to the advertisement. Of these, two hundred were thrown away unopened by the director, but in the others he found a large sum of money in dollar notes. Of course, he recognized the envelopes which contained the dollar notes, because he had posted them himself in different districts in Berlin. The officials of the *Voelkischer Boebachter* forwarded the letters abroad without having the slightest suspicion as their contents. The German postal officials did not open the parcel containing the letters because it bore the label of the official Nazi newspaper.

Another German had an even brighter idea. He went to a Berlin notary and deposited his will in a sealed envelope. On the envelope were the words: "To be opened only after my death." A few months later this German left for Switzerland, and one day turned up at a German consulate in Berne. There he explained that he was anxious to add a

codicil to his will. But as the bad state of his health did not allow him a long journey, could the consul be good enough to collect the will next time he travelled to Berlin? The consul agreed to do it, and received the necessary written authority from the German. Soon afterwards the consul left for Berlin on official business, and called for the will. When he returned to Berne he handed it to the owner. The envelope contained a large amount of money. This fortune was smuggled out under the protection of the diplomatic passport.

A few months ago an amnesty was granted to all those who had smuggled money out of Germany on condition that they brought back the capital which they had taken out of the country. They were allowed two months in which to do it. One day a German went to the Reichsbank, and confessed that he had deposited a considerable amount in a bank at Zurich. Reichsbank officials suggested that he should sign an attorney so that the German consul in Zurich should be able to

draw the money and return it to Germany.

"Sorry, that can't be done," said the client. "I must draw the money personally." Finally, it was agreed that a detective of the Gestapo (political police) should accompany him to Zurich.

The little party left Germany in the car of the patriot who confessed. There was no trouble, nor investigation at the frontier when the customs guards saw that the German was accompanied by a Gestapo agent.

As soon as the car was well within Swiss territory and a Swiss policeman was in sight, the German stopped the car and ordered the Gestapo agent to get out at once. With biting sarcasm he told the detective to go back to Germany, and to disclose to the authorities that he managed to smuggle a fortune out of Germany, hidden in the very car in which the detective had been travelling with him. The story about the bank deposit in Zurich was, of course, false.—*Condensed from Timpul.*



Progress

WHEN you're just getting used to something and somebody invents something better that you won't have time to get used to before somebody invents something better—that's Progress.—*Howard Blake.*

Let's Talk about Ignorance

THERE ARE many more ways of not knowing than of knowing a thing, and they are much more significant to mankind. The knowing of a fact, for instance, may be clear, accurate or confident, or the reverse, and that is about all. But not knowing it may be anything within the repertoire of human behavior, such as patriotic, selfish, inspired, protective, strategic, sentimental, loyal, dogged, or pious, as our analysis will show.

It is not so much what a man does not know as how and why he doesn't know it that matters. A simple, non-resistant lack of information, rarely encountered except among the very young and the uninterested, may readily be corrected, but not so the numerous dynamic varieties of ignorance. Their insidious compulsions cause a person to perceive one thing and to conceive it to be quite another, or else to fail to perceive it rightly in the first place, if at all. These truths naturally cannot be popularized until an adequate terminology is developed.

Fortunately the dictionary does give us a word, though now obsolete, eminently suitable for restoration and use in this aggressive sense: *unknow*. Thus we may say, "Mr. Brightside, the

prolific writer for the popular magazines, did not know that the depression was coming." How could he? Writing leaves so little time for study. But, "The bank's investment expert *unknew* it was coming."

This paper presents for the first time in history a classification of these neglected phenomena of not knowing, and of dynamic or creative unknowing. It represents the outcome of a rigorous program of investigation conducted according to the severest canons of research. Tentative and incomplete as it is, it yet marks the beginning of the key, though paradoxical, science of unknowing.

The first of the four main types of ignorance, taking them in the ascending order of importance, is the simple and wholly negative one of popular repute. It is *Virgin* ignorance. Plain and unassuming, it requires no explanation or excuse. Its resistance is nil. Commonly found in the early school grades, it is soon displaced by the three aggressive types, those of *unknowledge* proper.

The second type is the *Organic*, so-called because it is incorporated into the blood and personality, either at birth or at the breast. The two main varieties

of it are the *Congenital* and the *Endemic*. The former is represented by tone-deafness, color-blindness, and all mental blind-spots not otherwise to be accounted for. It is exhibited whenever a person's brain is taxed beyond the limit of its constitutional capacity. *Temperamental* ignorance is a sub-variety whose victims temporarily unknow all that is uncongenial to their transient moods and passions. The *Endemic* variety is one that accrues to all members of a people. An important sub-variety is the *Sectarian*. This is revealed by smaller groups, such as tribes, political parties, and denominations, to whom their rivals' virtues, points of view, and positive achievements must remain a mystery or an affront.

The third type is the *Systematic*, primarily rational, even intellectual by nature, very dynamic and especially rampant among the deeper cogitators. The deeper the hole they think themselves into, the more they unknow about the extra-peripheral world. The *Academic* variety has long been noted for its unknowledge of human nature, and the practical world of life and affairs. *Specialized* ignorance is a dangerous sub-variety descriptive of the mentality of those, lacking in broad cultural background, who become so wrapt in their narrow specializations that they unknow the limitations thereof in the total scheme of things. In this type

of ignorance the *Empirical* is the variety best beloved of the common people. Because of its origin in hard, practical experience, it is almost invincible. For it one swallow makes a summer. What has been will be. The proof is simply there, and no argument avails. Examples are the "knowledge" of the inevitability of war and poverty on earth, or of the miraculous powers of some patent medicine. Another variety, the *Strategic*, enables a man or group to unknow any fixed principles, and therefore to extemporize them afresh with every shift in the winds of circumstance.

The fourth type, that of *Inspired* ignorance, is produced exclusively by the emotional forces within the personality, and is therefore highly aggressive. The *Doting* variety devotedly unknows all imperfections in its beloved, whether this be a son, a scheme, or a soap. The *Protective* variety, an important one, provides an absolute defence against disturbing knowledge—such as that of how the other half lives or the limits of one's own abilities. Here, too, belong those of us—the great majority indeed—who unknow how far beyond the comprehension of any single individual is any one of the many social problems pressing for solution. With the dispelling of this form of unknowing will come a flood of overdue social researches into the most effective and democratic means

of harnessing collective intelligence. An especially virulent sub-variety of the *Protective* is the *Smug*. With single-minded self-devotion it unknows any cause for questioning one's own motives, or the paramount importance of one's own feelings. *Pious* ignorance, another sub-variety of historical importance, needs no description. A further variety is that of *Irrelevant* ignorance, one difficult to regard without some sympathy in spite of the havoc it causes in our schools. Here is the source of that rebellion against all instruction that seems remote, unreal, abstract, and irrelevant to the real interests of the student.

Finally, there is *Ecstatic* or *Sublime* ignorance, exemplified by those enthusiasts who unknow basic practical or moral considerations. Men in its power build, or follow others who build, South Sea paradises, Mediterranean empires, economic utopias, and totalitarian states, fervently unknowing the powerful, disruptive forces which will ultimately make a mockery of their grandiose ventures.

Crude as this preliminary report is, it may nevertheless serve to show the eventual world-shaking possibilities latent in an extension of these studies.—*Paul P. Bushnell, condensed from The American Scholar.*



Talk

"If you talk a lot, people say you talk too much.

"If you talk a little, they think you know nothing.

"If you talk a lot, but only about non-essentials, so as to keep out of arguments, people say you never talk about anything important or weighty.

"If you talk a lot about important and weighty matters, you are sure to be criticized for the views you take on various subjects, and you are sure to get into unpleasant arguments.

"So what to do?"

So writes a reader.

In answer to the question, we suggest that it isn't what you say, but how you look when other people are talking that counts.—*Bagology.*

How Popular Are You?

THE HIGHER you score by this self-analysis, the better liked you are in general. The highest possible score is 81. About 10 per cent of all people have this score. The lowest score made by a person who was generally liked was 56. The average young person has a score of 64. The average score of a person who is generally disliked is 30. The lowest score the author found was 12. The surest way of scoring a higher figure in the future is to change each "No" answer into a "Yes" answer through self-guidance. The author is professor and head of the Department of Psychology at Colgate University, New York.

Give yourself a score of three for each of these questions to which you can answer "Yes":

1. Can you always be depended upon to do what you say you will?
2. Do you go out of your way cheerfully to help others?
3. Do you avoid exaggeration in all your statements?
4. Do you avoid being sarcastic?
5. Do you refrain from showing off how much you know?
6. Do you feel inferior to most of your associates?
7. Do you refrain from bossing

people not employed by you?

8. Do you keep from reprimanding people who do things that displease you?
9. Do you avoid making fun of others behind their backs?
10. Do you keep from domineering others?

Give yourself a score of two for each of these questions to which you can answer "Yes":

11. Do you keep your clothing neat and tidy?
12. Do you avoid being bold and nervy?
13. Do you avoid laughing at the mistakes of others?
14. Is your attitude towards the opposite sex free from vulgarity?
15. Do you avoid finding fault with everyday things?
16. Do you let the mistakes of others pass without correcting them?
17. Do you lend things to others readily?
18. Are you careful not to tell jokes that will embarrass those listening?
19. Do you let others have their own way?
20. Do you always control your temper?
21. Do you keep out of arguments?
22. Do you smile pleasantly?

23. Do you avoid talking almost continuously?
24. Do you keep your nose entirely out of other people's business?
- Give yourself a score of one for each of these questions to which you can answer "Yes":
25. Do you have patience with modern ideas?
26. Do you avoid flattering others?
27. Do you avoid gossiping?
28. Do you refrain from asking people to repeat what they have just said?
29. Do you avoid asking questions in keeping up a conversation?
30. Do you avoid asking favors of others?
31. Do you avoid trying to reform others?
32. Do you keep your personal troubles to yourself?
33. Are you natural rather than dignified?
34. Are you usually cheerful?
35. Are you enthusiastic rather than lethargic?
36. Do you pronounce words correctly?
37. Do you look upon others without suspicion?
38. Do you avoid being lazy?
39. Do you avoid borrowing things?
40. Do you refrain from telling people their moral duty?
41. Do you avoid trying to convert people to your beliefs?
42. Do you avoid talking rapidly?
43. Do you avoid laughing loudly?
44. Do you avoid making fun of people to their faces, thus offending them?
- Donald A. Laird, from *Why We Don't Like People*.



Hints to Newly-Weds

1. Husband's mother, if alive, is the worst wrecker.
2. Bride's father next most dangerous.
3. If wife has no outside interests, chances of happy marriage are reduced.
4. More cultured both husband and wife are, less danger there is of rift.
5. Three-to-five year courtships produce most happy marriages.
6. "Only child" stands less chance of making happy wife than "one of a family."—*Evening Dispatch*.

How Dust Convicts the Criminal

THE USE of the microscope in detection of crime has received considerable attention since its practicality was pointed out by Hans Gross over fifty years ago. However, notwithstanding the demonstrated usefulness of microscopic analysis in crime detection, its development along scientific lines has been surprisingly slow.

This neglect of one of the most promising phases of criminal investigation was noted over fourteen years ago. Since then much has been said and written about the microscopic analysis of dust, hair, fibers, soils, etc. The investigator of crime has been told that by means of analyses of soil taken from the shoes one can discover whether or not a suspect has been in the neighborhood in which a crime was committed; that by a study of wax from the ear or dust from the clothing one may determine a person's occupation or profession; that by a microscopic study of debris from the fingernails of the victim of an attack, the expert can frequently learn something about the adversary. These and many other remarkable feats have been described, and their practical importance demonstrated by reference to actual cases in which such studies proved to be the key

to the solution of what might otherwise have been unsolved crimes.

To list all the different kinds of materials which might be present in fragmental deposits would be an endless task. Practically every conceivable object or material in man's environment is reduced to dust. The microanalyst must be able to identify these products of pulverization, and from their characteristics determine something of their history. In criminal case work he is frequently called upon to make an analysis quickly and accurately, with the least possible loss of time. Moreover, he must be able to interpret correctly the results of the analysis, showing the connection between his findings and certain phases of the crime. To do this he must possess a vast fund of information about innumerable objects. In a single case he may have to deal with such a varied assortment of objects as hair, cloth fibers, epidermal scales, bits of feathers, seeds, spores, mineral and rock particles, metal shavings, starch grains, shreds of tobacco, paper, wood, and numerous manufactured products. By way of illustration, let us consider a recent case:

A young girl, while walking through a park late at night, was

attacked by an unidentified man. Because of the darkness, the victim was unable to see her assailant, and therefore could tell the police nothing whatever about him. A microscopic analysis of scrapings from the victim's finger nails disclosed fragments of hair and skin of negroid origin, and the examination of certain fibers from her coat indicated that her assailant wore a suit of a certain kind and color. When this information was secured, the police wasted no time in looking for a white man, but confined their investigation to a negro settlement in the neighborhood of the park. A negro youth was picked up, and he later confessed to the crime.

If the microscopic study of minute particles of evidence is to be of value, care must be taken in the collection, preservation, analysis, and interpretation of the material.

The debris in pockets of various articles of clothing may be collected in either of two ways: the pockets may be turned out over a large sheet of clean white paper and the dust removed with forceps or a small stiff brush, or the entire pocket may be cut away from the garment, sealed, and placed in a heavy paper envelope. If the entire pocket is removed, it may be opened in the laboratory by cutting or by ripping the seam, and the dust transferred to the proper receptacles for examination. By fol-

lowing this procedure a more complete collection may be obtained, and there is less chance of loss by scattering. The first procedure would be applicable also in collecting material from trouser cuffs, coat collars, and other folds of cloth.

Fragments of many kinds become lodged in the clothing, either adhering to the surface or imbedded within the meshes of the cloth. For the extraction of debris of this kind, a number of methods have been utilized.

Fragments large enough to be recognizable with the unaided eye are removed first with forceps and placed in a separate receptacle. The finer materials, such as spots of dust, particles of food, and dried soil, may be scraped off with a knife or steel spatula onto a sheet of clean paper, and then placed in a vial or paper envelope.

Various types of dust pumps or aspirators have been devised for the extraction of fine debris embedded in the meshes of cloth.

Dirt adhering to the sides or bottom of shoes is detached with a scalpel or knife, any large fragments, such as rock particles, blades of grass, silvers of wood, seeds, etc., being removed with tweezers and placed in separate containers. If a considerable quantity of mud is present on the sole or heel, it may be cut into perpendicularly, and if distinct strata or layers are observed, these are removed separately by

careful scraping, for the reason that study of such layers often yields much information about different localities in which the person travelled.

Finger nail deposits are collected by scraping the nails with a small scalpel or knife, or better, with one of the broad pointed, steel tools made for this purpose. The nature of the debris has been found to vary on the right and left hands, and differences in composition have been observed occasionally in the deposits under each nail. It is advisable then to place the scrapings from each nail in separate containers, each being properly labelled or marked to indicate the source of the material.

The wax from the ears may be used in the study of occupational dust. If material from this source is to be studied, the cerumen or other matter in the ear may be removed with a scoop and transferred to a glass slide, which is then covered with a large cover glass.

Articles carried about the person, such as keys, knives, watches, purses, and weapons nearly always have associated with them a quantity of debris, which when analyzed may tell the investigator a great deal about the owner of the articles.

Dust or debris is not usually homogeneous, but is composed of a mixture of elements from dif-

ferent sources. Hence the analysis of the material is greatly simplified if the constituents of the sample are separated and grouped according to such characteristics as size, color, form, apparent origin, etc.

First, the sample is examined with the unaided sense organs, to note the general appearance, color, odor, consistency, whether amorphous or crystalline, etc.

Then the sample is placed on a small square of white (or black) glazed paper, and examined with a reading glass or low power hand magnifier. If large fragments are present, they are removed with forceps and preserved for separate examination. If dark colored metallic or mineral particles are present, the effect of a small bar magnet is tried, and any particles which are attracted are removed.

If the sample is large, a portion may be burned in a small test tube or crucible to destroy any organic matter present, and the ash preserved for microchemical testing.

If the sample is granular, and present in sufficient quantity, the material may be passed through a small nest of sieves, and the fractions examined separately.

Thus, modern science has done much to aid in crime detection. —*M. Edwin O'Neill, condensed from the Journal of Criminal Law and Criminology.*



Russia's Privileged Classes

TZARIST RUSSIA had about 800,000 civil servants. This number grew to seven and a half million during the early part of the Communist régime.

After the introduction of the New Economic Policy by Lenin, the number of officials was reduced to 3,700,000, not including, however, Party and Trade Union officials. By 1950 this number again rose to 5,000,000. During the second Five-Year Plan the State required a great number of administrators, and under this scheme alone about 2,000,000 officials were recruited. According to reliable estimates—as there are no official figures published—there are at present 8,000,000 civil servants in Soviet Russia as against 21,000,000 workers in various industries and agriculture.

The Communists have eliminated capitalists and the old privileged classes. But in their stead arose a new privileged class—the new Russian bureaucracy.

Three classes may be distinguished in Soviet Russia today, separated from each other not only by their position within the State, but also by their economic and cultural status. The lowest class is that of the workers laboring for a wage and the peasants running the collective farms.

Their income is between 100 and 200 roubles a month. They are tied to the factories or the farms, and have nothing to do with their management. They cannot question conditions of employment. They get paid by output, and are subject to all sorts of punishment if they do not carry out their task according to the fixed working plan. From this class is being recruited the new worker-aristocracy—the Stachanov—workers who receive high pay. Stachanovites are workers who proved themselves capable of exceptional output.

The third class is the new bureaucracy. The bulk of these are petty officials for the administration of the political and economic machinery of the Soviet State. They form the middle-classes in Russia. Although they lack many things, they enjoy certain privileges.

At the top of the Soviet social scale are:

(1) Economic and industrial specialists, such as highly skilled technicians, engineers, factory experts, architects, university professors, etc.

(2) Political specialists: members of the government, party, and trade union officials, writers, and journalists. Salaries in this category range from 1,000 to

20,000 roubles a month. Their privileges include the right to own a house and to possess a motorcar.

While most farms have been collectivized, there are still peasants who own their own farms. These independent peasants grow fruits and vegetables on their own land, breed pigs, goats, and cows, and are entitled to sell their products for their own profit.

There is no doubt that the Soviet economic plan has resulted in a great increase of industrial output. But communism did not abolish privileged classes, nor prevent the exploitation of hu-

man beings by others. A review of the last twenty years of Soviet régime fortifies one in the belief that Soviet Russia failed to establish equality and true brotherhood under communism. The direction of developments is in the opposite direction. Progress in industry is obvious, but the bulk of the people still suffers from political and economic exploitation, and matters in this respect are getting worse.

The division of Soviet society into classes was confirmed by the new Constitution to which voters gave their approval at last year's general elections. — *Condensed from Parade.*



Five-Peso Political Speeches

AMONG the ninety members of the New South Wales, Australia, Legislative Assembly, are a number who, either because they cannot or will not prepare their own speeches, buy them ready-written at 10 shillings, the equivalent of five pesos, apiece.

The Assembly's lean, red-headed speaker has publicly exposed this practice and banned it in this manner: Rising to speak, a certain member pulled from his pocket a typewritten manuscript, and began smoothing out the creases. The speaker thereupon banged his gavel down on his desk and cried: "It has come to my knowledge that persons outside this House are willing to write speeches on any bill for 10 shillings each. If the reading of speeches is to be allowed to continue, members could ask someone outside—publicity agents as it were—to write their speeches without making research for themselves."

Commented *The Times*, an Australian paper: "The practice of buying speeches will flourish as long as there are some men with opportunity to talk but no inclination to prepare their discourse, and others with the ability to write but no profitable opportunity for speech.

"The service is clearly useful and even humanitarian. What is astonishing is that members should have been indiscreet enough to bring the whole matter under the speaker's eye by reading their purchases rather than committing them to memory. The wearer of these pearls of political wisdom, at so much a string, is surely ill-advised to leave the ticket on."—*News Review (Adapted)*

The Sweets of Life

A HUNDRED years ago sugar was so rare and expensive that the average man consumed only ten pounds of it a year, while today the consumption of sugar per head of population is about a hundred pounds a year.

For thousands of years honey was the only known sweet. The story of the origin of sugar-cane is so vague and imaginative that one can scarcely tell where legend leaves off and truth begins.

Most authorities are agreed that the art of sugar-making originated in India, whence it spread into China and other parts of the Orient. Our modern word sugar comes from the Persian language.

During the Middle Ages, when the Crusaders set forth in the Holy Wars, they found in the Orient such strange luxuries as silks and satins, spices, and, above all, sugar. After they returned home from the wars a trade in sugar began, and the great palaces of the Spanish kings at Madrid and Toledo were built with the proceeds of the sugar trade. One of the chief uses of sugar at that time was as a medicine.

So valuable was sugar in those days that explorers spanned the seven seas to find new sources of supply. The discovery of sugar

was one of the objectives which Christopher Columbus had in mind when he crossed the Atlantic in 1492. Gradually, sugar became more and more a necessity of life, especially after the seventeenth century, when tea and coffee became popular in western Europe.

And then came an event that proved to be a milestone in the march of sugar. Due to Napoleon, Europe was aflame with war. France had been cut off from the cane sugar supply of the world. French scientists for many years had tried to obtain it in commercial quantities from apples, pears, plums, quinces, and even walnuts and chestnuts. In 1802, a German chemist, Franz Karl Achard, built the first factory for making sugar from the beet. The French soon learned of Achard's experiments, and by 1811 a Frenchman named Benjamin Delessert had produced a quantity of well crystallized beet sugar.

The word was carried to Napoleon of the success of Delessert's efforts. Napoleon was enraptured. With true French enthusiasm he cried, "We must see this. Let us go at once."

Instantly, dropping all other activities, Napoleon hurried away to the sugar factory. He was de-

lighted with what he saw. Taking the Cross of the Legion of Honor which he wore on his breast, he pinned it on the astonished Delessert, for at the moment it looked as though the lowly sugar beet had become the savior of France. Like many great scientific discoveries, the efforts of Napoleon to make beet sugar popular met with opposition. In time, however, people discovered that sugar is sugar, whether it comes from one plant or another. And since that day, the sugar-beet has held an honorable place at the side of sugar-cane.

All pure sugar is chemically the same substance — sucrose. Sugar is one of those substances which modern science has not been able to produce commercially by artificial means. Nature has refused to divulge her secret of combining carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen in the exact formula which is sugar. Chemists tell us that through the energy of sun-

light, sugar is formed in the leaves from carbon dioxide and water. So nature, in her marvelous laboratory, takes a little sunshine, a little wind, and a little rain, and, presto, there is the priceless ingredient sugar.

The sugar-cane yields, besides sugar, a great variety of useful products. The chief by-product of cane sugar manufacturing is the inedible or black-strap molasses, which is used to make large quantities of industrial alcohol, cattle feed, yeast, and other products. The pulp of the ground cane, after the sugar is extracted, is used for fuel, and also in the manufacture of insulating wallboards.

Sugar itself is used in many ways unthought-of only a few years ago. Sugar is used in manufacturing tobacco, and in making soap and high explosives; it is an essential ingredient in such great industries as canning and preserving, baking, and confectionery.—*Condensed from Talks.*



Finished

A school girl seated next to a famous astronomer at a dinner party, struck up a conversation with him by saying, "What do you do in life?"

"I study astronomy," he replied slowly.

"Dear me!" said the girl. "I finished astronomy last year."
—*Parade.*

How to Use Your Handkerchief

THE HISTORY of the kerchief's origin is interesting. In China before the Christian era a piece of silk tissue was used by the upper classes. Kerchiefs were also in use during the sixteenth century in the reign of the English king Henry VIII. One made for his daughter Elizabeth consisted of Venetian silk elaborately trimmed with gold and silver fringe. The handkerchief plays a tragic role in Shakespeare's *Othello*. About the same time the ladies of France and Spain used this article, although mostly as a luxury and supplementary to a fan as a means of coquetry. Velasquez, the great portraitist of Spain, made a painting of the Infanta Margarita Teresa, showing her with a handkerchief held in dainty tapered fingers. A portrait of Ana, wife of the king of Spain, is shown with a kerchief. The czarina of Russia in the latter part of the last century paid \$2,500 for a single embroidered handkerchief which took seventy years to make.

It is not known just when the kerchief came into practical usage. Primarily it was an article of ornament and luxury; highly perfumed, it was used by the belles and beaux of the courts of royalty. Gradually it became a recognized necessity, and grew

into common use. As scientific medicine developed, the handkerchief became a hygienic necessity, as it prevented the indiscriminate spreading of germs from the nose and mouth.

The improper use of the handkerchief in blowing the nose is one of method. Through ignorance, laziness, and custom we apply the handkerchief to the nose in the easiest way. We use it at the end of the nose or tip, partially pinching shut the nostrils and then blowing more or less violently. The air forced against the nearly closed openings offers considerable resistance to the passage of the nasal mucus, with the result that the material is forced back in the rear of the nose, often gaining entrance to the eustachian tubes and sinuses. Not much harm is done when the nose is in normal condition, but when it is diseased, then beware! Incidentally it is estimated that 75 per cent of the American people have some form of sinus trouble. So it behooves us to inform ourselves and act accordingly.

The tendency of the normal nasal secretion is to flow toward the back of the nose, through a constant movement of the microscopic hairlike processes of the lining membrane of the nose.

called cilia. When this secretion becomes infected, the movement of the cilia, as well as the flow of the secretion, is inhibited; and when force is now applied to the blocked or constricted nose covered with the handkerchief, the secretion is forced into the ears or the sinuses with resultant abscesses and complications. Particularly is this true and serious immediately after swimming, as the mechanical action of the water within the nose dislodges the infectious material, and so the blowing forces it into the ears or sinuses. The function of the lining membrane of the nose is also impaired by the mechanical action of the water, as the latter washes off the normal secretion, which is, in health, bactericidal, and also inhibits the movement of the cilia, thus allowing penetration of infection into the injured lining membrane.

It now becomes apparent why the lower animals that swim less often and blow their noses more according to Mother Nature are seldom subject to sinusitis or ear troubles. Some persons believe that the reason the quadrupeds are less afflicted with these illnesses is that their heads are in pendant position, resulting in better drainage from their sinuses, but this is not true.

It would seem also that our forefathers would have little need for these instructions. The prevalence of ear and sinus infection was formerly much less than to-

day, despite the fact that so little was then known of the anatomy and physiology of these important structures, to say nothing of diagnosis and treatment of diseases affecting them. Our forefathers simply followed the instinctive way.

Even today those persons close to nature, like the French farmer or the Russian peasant, blow their noses better than we do. Out in the field and alone, they instinctively and partially imitate Mother Nature. They know that by constricting or blocking first one nostril and then the other a greater force through the nose is effected, and so they empty the nostrils alternately, without use of kerchief.

I would not advocate abolition of the dainty precautionary practices of the well bred in the use of the handkerchief. But certainly we should now adopt a correct method of blowing our noses, not only to prevent our own infection, but the infection of others. This method consists of placing the handkerchief about one and a half inches above the tip of the nose, holding the handkerchief immediately above the nasal bones, the "bridge," with one or both hands, at all times keeping the nostrils open, and then blowing. Whatever there is in the nasal cavities will be expelled into the handkerchief, unless there is a mechanical obstruction. During a cold when the person may be the car-

rier of disease germs, the modern hygienist would recommend that a soft paper tissue napkin, which can easily be discarded or burned, be substituted for the handkerchief.

The reward for the adoption of this, the correct technic in the use

of the handkerchief, will be the prevention of serious diseases of the ear, nose, and sinuses, and therefore better general health. On the enrichment of health depends our economic and social well being.—*Solomon Malis, condensed from Hygeia.*



Why Sea Water Won't Quench Thirst

THE inorganic salt content of sea water is very much higher than that of the blood of man and other animals. The salt content of the water of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans is over 3 percent, while that of the blood plasma of man is about 1 percent. Most of the salt in sea water is the ordinary sodium chloride as is the case with the human blood plasma, but in the salt water is proportionately more magnesium sulphate than in the human blood plasma. It is also known that excess salts in the blood are eliminated by the kidneys. This elimination requires the elimination of an increased amount of water, which, in the first instance, is taken from the blood plasma. In the case of a person, therefore, who tries to ease his thirst by drinking sea water, the following things happen:

Because of the higher salt content of the sea water there is an increase of concentration of inorganic salts of the blood. This tends to draw water from the tissues and increase the thirst sensation. At the same time the kidneys are eliminating these excess salts, together with a great deal of water from the blood plasma. This further increases thirst. Lastly, the magnesium sulphate in the sea water is not readily absorbed from the intestine, and the presence of this salt in the intestine holds back a certain amount of water from absorption. It is therefore clear that endeavoring to stop thirst by taking sea water aggravates the thirst and hastens death. People will live longer by taking no water at all than by drinking sea water. People can survive longer without water if they abstain from taking food.—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

Isle of Othello

CYPRUS, strategic British post near Palestine and the Suez, is rich in agricultural and mining resources, and in historical wealth for tourists and archaeologists. As a refuge for Britain's naval and air forces, the island is well located, with Syria and Palestine buttressing the last, a more friendly Turkey on the north, and Suez little more than an hour's flight southward. At the moment, Cyprus's military appointments are primitively inadequate, but the elaboration of Famagusta Harbor, and the modernization of the airport, together with proposed radio entrenchments, all promise to put a premium on the island's military status. The coastal defenses of Cyprus are almost negligible, while the small detachment of infantry is garrisoned inland. However, naval and aircraft bases are within call from Palestine and Egypt.

To the average native of Cyprus political activities are less important than the task of attending the trees that bear the millions of oranges which leave his shores every year. Lemons, olives, grapes, and grape-fruit occupy him too, when he is not leading his bulky oxen and primitive plow through the fertile plain to provide his family with

vegetables, or grazing his cattle, sheep and goats. Timber and carobs—the fruit pods of an ever-green tree used as food for stock—are also appreciably exported.

Industrial work on the island is accounted for by the mines, originally exploited by the ancient Romans and Phoenicians. One of these mines now yields 1,500 tons per day of ore distributed among copper (chiefly), silver, gold, and iron pyrite. Nearly 2,000 men are employed, and a modern factory for crushing and screening makes neighboring Xeros a humming town.

Cyprus presents itself as a bright winter resort, and British interests plan to expand tourist facilities. To most visitors, keenest interest centers around the antiquities of this historic island, and relics of Cyprus are being diligently reclaimed. The history of Cyprus recalls many interesting eras. Following its early colonization by the Phoenicians, it passed to the Greeks and languished under Persia's conqueror, Darius, and later under Ptolemy I of Egypt before the Romans annexed it in 58 B.C. With its deposits of gold and copper, it was a coveted prize, and its exploitation under all the greater empires brought wealth to its people.

Arab invasions disturbed later centuries before the island was restored to the Byzantine empire in 963. Richard I and the Crusaders took possession in 1191, only to sell their new territory almost immediately to the Knight Templars, who resold it to Guy de Lusignan, titular King of Jerusalem. The Lusignans gave the island an age of culture.

The Venetians were in charge of Cyprus from 1489 for almost a century; in 1571 the Turks swept over the massive citadel of Famagusta, and two years later the Venetians recognized the Sultan's sovereignty. The Turkish administration survived 200 years before the 1878 treaty with Great Britain paved the way for the final annexation by Britain in 1914.

Evidences of all these historic periods dot the Cyprus landscape. It was the Greeks who dedicated the "Enchanted Island" to Aphrodite. Homer, in the *Odyssey*, describes her legendary arrival at Paphos. On the southern coast a temple was erected in her honor. Relics of it remain, together with votive objectives, and a large number of inscriptions which came to light through exploration in 1888, when a plan of the buildings, 400 feet by 250 feet was traced.

A few miles east of Limassol, Richard Coeur de Lion and his Anglo-Normans landed. The castle in Limassol is held by some to be the scene of Richard's mar-

riage to Berengaria, who, at the same time, was crowned Queen of England. In the same district, Kolossi Castle, an imposing fortalice, with out-buildings, rears to the memory of the Crusaders.

Bella Paise Abbey, near Kyrenia on the north coast, is the most remarkable of the monuments to the artistry and taste of the Lusignans. The abbey was originally an Augustinian monastery. Constructed in the reign of Hugh IV (1324-59), his royal arms are sculptured over the refectory door. The elaborate window traceries of the cloister indicate a Spanish influence of later date. There also remain the chapter-house with its fine central pillar, the dormitory, and the refectory, which is covered by a still-stable vault 100 feet by 33 feet.

Above Bella Paise towers St. Hilarion, castle and royal palace of an early Lusignan who took refuge there when the island was invested by the army of Frederick II. Kyrenia Fort dates from the twelfth century. Its earthworks in places exceed 40 feet in thickness.

Salamis, bordering the eastern port of Famagusta, was probably a Phoenician settlement. St. Barnabas was a native of the city, and he and St. Paul landed there in A. D. 45, and founded one of the earliest Christian communities.

Three Roman forums were

erected at Salamis, dating from about 22 B. C. The largest is 750 feet by 200 feet. Roman houses and villas are everywhere around the old square harbor.

When Salamis was commercial center of the island of Cyprus, Paphos in the extreme southwest was the Romans' administrative center; to them it was known as Augusta Claudia. Here, too, came Paul and Barnabas, and converted the Proconsul, Sergius Paulus, to make him first Christian governor of the island.

Othello's Tower, legendary

home of the Venetian general, Christopher Moro, who was the inspiration of Shakespeare's tragedy, is the showpiece of Famagusta.

Cyprus is expected to yield up to archaeologists and historians many more of those secrets from which past civilizations are reconstructed. At present, there is an American party digging at Curium, and other expeditions to Cyprus, rich in historical associations, are yet in prospect.—*Harold Laycock, condensed from The Christian Science Monitor.*



Lake Dwellers

TEN thousand years ago a civilization now known as the Lake Dwellers existed in crude huts built on pilings driven into the waters of the Alpine lakes of Switzerland and Italy. Here the art of weaving textiles is said by some authorities to have had its beginning. Evidences of this art were discovered in pieces, of woven flax and wool, spindles, and bales of yarn found in the lake dwellers' huts in 1853 when a period of exceedingly low water revealed them on the very bottoms of the lakes.—*The Christian Science Monitor.*



African King Has "Only" 75 Wives

ONE of the kings of the Yoruba tribe, West African Slave Coast, has 75 wives, and has lost prestige among his 60,000 people, anthropologists were told by Rev. Edward Ward of the Catholic University of America at a meeting of the American Anthropological Association. Criticism leveled against this ruler is that he should have more wives for the sake of appearances. One of his chiefs, with 205 wives, far outshines the king in that region where wives are a badge of wealth and general importance.

Eight reasons for the custom of marrying many wives in Yoruba land have been found by Father Ward, but wealth is the main factor that determines how much of a harem a man can undertake.—*Science Digest.*

Viewpoints

To know what we want and need, and to want what we need are the beginnings of statesmanship.—*Paul V. McNutt, United States High Commissioner.*



If you love me, tell me that you love me; the realm of silence is large enough beyond the grave.—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*



The most striking contradiction of our civilization is the fundamental reverence for truth which we profess, and the thorough-going disregard for it which we practice.—*Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Explorer.*



On the plains of hesitation bleach the bones of countless millions who, at the dawn of victory, sat down to rest, and resting, died.—*Anon.*



Be not the fourth friend to him who had three before and lost them.—*Lavater.*



One thing about civilization: it makes us more tolerant of savagery.—*Smith's Weekly.*

New Jersey Plus

EVERYONE who has been in the eastern part of the United States has heard, at least, of the famous New Jersey mosquitoes, and persons who have lived in or near the state can testify from personal experience as to the bloodthirsty savagery of this species of the gnat family. Jersey mosquitoes have become so notorious that many of the natives take considerable pride in the reputation of the Jersey breed.

A resident of New Jersey was discussing the mosquitoes of his state with a man who previously had lived in the Philippines. "Yes," said the Jerseyite, "mosquitoes from New Jersey are the worst on earth. They are larger, stronger, fiercer, and more savage than any other mosquitoes known to man. When a New Jersey mosquito goes after you, he always does a thorough job."

"No doubt Jersey mosquitoes are bad," said the former resident of the Philippines, "and from personal experience I know that they deserve the reputation which they enjoy. But really, I think the Filipino species is superior. I'll tell you of a mosquito adventure I had down in the sugar district of one of the southern islands of the Philippines which

will show something of the size, strength, pertinacity, and efficiency of the mosquitoes which are found there—not by the millions, but by the billions. Yes, there are billions and billions of them in the Philippines fully equal to those I am going to tell you about."

He stopped for a moment to make a mental organization of his story. Then he resumed as follows: While I was living down in the sugar district of Negros, a friend and I late one afternoon went out for a walk—a paseo they call it over there. The afternoon was pleasantly cool, and my friend and I thoroughly enjoyed our stroll. In fact, we walked much farther than we intended, and night—which comes suddenly in the tropics with scarcely any twilight—found us quite a ways from home.

"Let's sit down and rest a bit before we start back," suggested my friend. "Not a bad idea," said I, and we sat down on a grassy little knoll under a large mango tree. Close by, upside down, were several of the immense iron kettles which are used in the sugar district for boiling the sap after it is pressed from the sugar cane.

"It's certainly pleasant to sit down after our long walk," observed my friend. "Yes," said I, "this is delightful. Indeed it is." Just then I heard a great humming sound something like the hum of a distant airplane. Then there was a sudden exclamation from my companion, and at the same instant I felt several needle-thrusts in various exposed parts of my anatomy.

"Ouch! Murder!" I yelled. "We are attacked by mosquitoes. Quick! Let us take refuge under one of those large sugar kettles until the swarm goes by." We ran for our lives to the nearest large iron kettle, which, as I said, was upside down on the ground. By exerting my utmost strength, I raised the kettle up a little on one side while my friend crawled under it; then he held it up while I crawled underneath. Then we lowered the kettle.

"Thank goodness, here we are safe from those blood-sucking savages. Aren't they whoppers! And such terrible thrusts!" I said, as I took my handkerchief and wiped the blood from the wounds made by the assaults of the enemy. My friend was likewise attending to his wounds.

Just then we heard thumps on our kettle of refuge. "The mosquitoes have discovered our hide-out," my friend cried. The thumping increased, and sounded as if someone were throwing stones against our kettle. Soon I heard

a piercing, grinding noise directly overhead; then again just behind me; then another at my left—more and more. Fortunately my friend had a small flashlight with him. He hastily turned the light on, and to our amazement we saw the proboscis—that is, the bill—of half-a-dozen mosquitoes. Yes, sir, those mosquitoes were actually piercing the iron of that sugar kettle with their bills.

My friend picked up a stone from the ground, and I got one also. Each of us held in our hand a round, hard rock as large as a man's fist. Using the rock as a carpenter would use a hammer, we began striking on those mosquito bills, and bent them over against the iron sides of the kettle, just as you would bend a nail against a board after it has been driven through the board.

Well, it kept my friend and me busy bending those mosquito bills against the kettle sides, but by working fast, we kept pace with the mosquitoes, and each bill was clinched as soon as it came through. After while we made an examination, and we found that mosquito bills were clinched everywhere—to the right, to the left, in front of us, behind us, above us—hundreds of them. And the humming outside was increasing to something like a small roar. We knew that the noise was made by those mosquitoes whose bills were clinched as they flapped their wings, just out-

side the kettle; they produced the buzzing, humming, roaring sound which we heard. We continued our bill-clinching for some time, and the buzzing outside the kettle increased.

Suddenly our kettle began to move, first on one side, then on the other. It began to rock. In a moment it was off the ground. A foot above the ground! Two feet! A yard! Up it went! Above

our heads! High as a tree! Yes, away it went!!

Those mosquitoes, whose bills were clinched on the inside of the kettle, had actually flown away with a large iron sugar kettle.

"Well," said the man from New Jersey, "the Philippines produces the worst mosquitoes and the biggest liars I have ever heard of."

Have you a favorite tall story? We invite you to send it to PANORAMA. If it is a good one, it will be published. Address PANORAMA Tall Story Editor, Care of Community Publishers, Inc., P. O. Box 685, Manila, Philippines.



Very True

A boy, in a physiology test, wrote: "The spine is a bunch of bones that runs up and down the back and holds the ribs. The skull sits on one end, and I sit on the other."

—*Children's Play Mate Magazine.*



Dirty Work

Rastus: "Brother President, we need a new cuspidor."
President of the Club: "I appoint you, brother, as cuspidor."

—*The Open Road.*



CONTEST WINNERS

WHAT REMEDIES DO YOU CONSIDER EFFECTIVE TO CORRECT THE DEFECTS OF THE FILIPINOS AS DESCRIBED BY PRESIDENT QUEZON?

To the above question 22 answers were submitted on time. The judges have selected the following for prizes and publication. Due to lack of space only three of these articles are printed.

Proper Home Training the Remedy—First Prize

The defects of the Filipinos, as observed by President Quezon, are attributable to the incorrect upbringing of our youth. Since the character of an individual is moulded by education and environment, future citizens may be brought up to the pattern desired by the President if the parents of today are themselves made to understand and observe the cardinal principles of citizenship, and if they will be models for their children to follow. While still young, children should be taught to love God, to revere their parents and elders, to practice self-discipline, and to be useful in every possible way to their country and government. The schools and churches should help to attain these ends.—(Mrs.) *Amada P. Santos, 16 M. H. del Pilar, Int., Pasig, Rizal.*

Ethical Training in Schools Necessary—Second Prize

To correct the defects of the Filipinos, it is necessary to adopt a code of ethics—a sort of social decalogue to be preached in the pulpits and community assemblies throughout the country—which would form an individual part of the school curriculum from elementary schools to universities. In overhauling their undesirable traits, youths must look down deep into their souls; this self-searching analysis would give them their solution. By stressing love of country, self-discipline, glorification of productive enterprises, the inculcation of a high sense of responsibility, adoption of progressive Western ideas and ways, and abhorrence the undesirable—all of these would spell a bright regeneration of the Filipino people.—*Benigno B. Castro, Apalit, Pampanga.*

Home and Government Should Give Character-Training

Character-building can only take the form of character-training which, if it be lasting and effective, must begin at the cradle and continue through the schools. The *home* and the *government* must join hands. The government must formulate the code and devise means of carrying it out in a *practical* way in the schools and centers of training. But greater should be the responsibility of parents to train the child according to this code, so that eventually a virtuous, strong, efficient, and desirable character may be developed.—(Mrs.) *José M. J. Zulueta, Manila.*

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