

Perhaps the most American thing about Matsuoka-san is his un-Japanese frankness. Because the military value of the strategic cobweb of tracks he has spun over Manchukuo and Korea is apparent even to the least initiated, you ask him:

"Do you expect war with the Soviet Union?"

Matsuoka grins: "When a sword is hanging over your head, it wouldn't be smart to wait until it falls!" And there you have

the answer to the bitter, desperate pace at which Japan is consolidating Manchukuo. In weeks of wandering around Manchukuo I did not hear a single responsible person—army officer, industrialist, educator, government official—mention China. That adventure is incidental; a necessary flank defense precaution. But right here is where destiny waits.—*W. B. Courtney, condensed from Collier's.*

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THE PRESIDENT'S PROBLEM CHILD

WHEN Elliott Roosevelt, son of President Roosevelt, began to feel his oats, which was about as soon as he began to shape up as the husky, hard-eyed, blondish six-footer he now is, he was a superbeau for the young ladies available in a reasonable radius. He was a power-diver, a lusty singer of *Sweet Rosie O'Grady* in the wrong pews, and he could pull chairs from beneath unsuspecting guests.

He differs from his paternal progenitor on political and economic grounds. There are times when Elliott registers at the Willard Hotel when in Washington on business. But there are other times when he lives at the White House, does his telephoning from that august address, and has his business acquaintances call on him there. The choice between hotel and home is not casual.

The American Society of Broadcasters met at Washington on one occasion. Elliott not only wanted to be made a director, but he was boosting a friend for the place of czar. President and Mrs. Roosevelt were not in the city at the time, and Elliott arranged for a state dinner at the White House at which fifty broadcasters were to be his guests. Perhaps not the gold plate, but certainly all the best linen and china, an act or two, and maybe a little Scotch. Elliott likes Scotch. Some of his best friends steered him away from that plan. They pointed out that there were 450 other broadcasters who could not be invited for reasons of space, and would therefore be sore, and that an untrammelled press would rip his innards out if he tried such a trick. Elliott gave up the idea reluctantly. He was not precisely convinced, but he was out-shouted.—*Herbert Corey, from The American Mercury.*