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# Panorama

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RIZAL ON SCULPTURE AND SHAKESPEARE

Who Owns the Good Earth? • Prophet of Revolt  
Fascist Sex Laws • If I were a Jew • The Hearing  
Stalin—The Enigma • Gamelin—Generalissimo of France  
Fishermen Supreme • Are Women Bigger Liars Than Me

## CONTENTS



Rizal on Sculpture and Shakespeare .....	1
If I were a Jew .....	2
Who Owns the Good Earth? .....	4
Mouth Attitudes .....	6
Stalin—The Enigma .....	7
Torpedoed by Submarines .....	10
Gamelin—Generalissimo of France .....	14
Stolen from Her Stocking .....	17
Fascist Sex Laws .....	18
A New World in the Making .....	21
Assimilators .....	24
Prophet of Revolution .....	25
Let's Look It Up! .....	28
Russian Reading .....	29
Are Women Bigger Liars Than Men? .....	30
Cockroaches .....	32
Panorama of Philippine Life .....	33
Diamonds Go to Work .....	37
The Hearing Eye .....	40
Animals Before the Courts .....	45
Experiences of a Marihuana Addict .....	48
Eying the Evidence .....	51
The Story of Your Silver Spoon .....	53
Eccentrics .....	56
Fishermen Supreme .....	57
Panorama Quiz .....	58
Panoramic Views .....	60
Panorama Quiz Answers .....	61
Readers' Comment .....	62

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## Rizal on Sculpture and Shakespeare

YOU must have already received what I sent you, a box containing two small statues made by me.\* Both are original works. No copy of them exists. Unfortunately the statue of *scientia* was broken in the act of drying the earth. May you accept them as a little remembrance . . . .

I have been busy for some time now making your portrait; but I have to confess with a great deal of shame on my part that I have not been able to obtain your likeness. I have made all kinds of studies: bust, relief, bas-relief. I think I will have to give it up. I shall then return to you all the photographs. I expect to make a trip to Germany where we shall then meet.

The Sagasta Ministry has fallen. Where have all the promises of Becerra flown? Do not leave till tomorrow what may be done today. Beautiful words, beautiful words, but words, words, words, as Shakespeare said.—*From Rizal's Letter to Ferdinand Blumentritt, Brussels, July 5, 1890.*

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\* These statues were: *The Triumph of Death Over Life* and *The Triumph of Science over Death.*

## IF I WERE A JEW

IF I were a Jew and were born in Germany and earned my livelihood there, I would claim Germany as my home even as the tallest Gentile German may, and challenge him to shoot me or cast me in the dungeon. I would refuse to be expelled or to submit to discriminating treatment. And for doing this, I should not wait for my fellow Jews to join me in civil resistance, but would have confidence that in the end the rest would be bound to follow my example.

If one Jew or all the Jews were to accept the prescription here offered, he or they would not be worse off than now. And suffering, voluntarily undergone, would bring them an inner strength and joy which no number of resolutions of sympathy passed in the world outside Germany can do.

Indeed, even if Britain, France and America were to declare hostilities against Germany, they could bring no inner joy, no inner strength.

The calculated violence of Hitler might even result in general massacre of the Jews by way of

his first answer to the declaration of such hostilities. But if the Jewish mind could be prepared for voluntary suffering, even the massacre I have imagined could be turned into a day of thanksgiving and joy that Jehovah had wrought deliverance of the race even at the hands of the tyrant. For, to the God-fearing, death has no terror. It is a joyful sleep to be followed by a waking that would be all the more refreshing for the long sleep.

It is hardly necessary for me to point out that it is easier for the Jews than for the Czechs to follow my prescription. And they have in the Indian Satyagraha (civil disobedience) campaign in South Africa an exact parallel. There the Indians occupied precisely the place the Jews occupy in Germany. The persecution had also a religious tinge.

President Kruger used to say that the White Christians were the chosen of God, and Indians were inferior beings created to serve the whites. A fundamental clause in the Transvaal constitution was that there should be no equality be-

tween white and colored races, including Asiatics.

There, too, the Indians were consigned to ghettos described as locations.

The other disabilities were almost the same type as those of the Jews in Germany. The Indians, a mere handful, resorted to Satyagraha without any backing from the world outside or the Indian government. Indeed, British officials tried to dissuade the Satyagrahists from their contemplated step. World opinion and the Indian government came to their aid after eight years of struggle.

And that, too, was by way of diplomatic pressure and not of threat of war.

The Jews of Germany can offer Satyagraha under infinitely better auspices than the Indians of South Africa. The Jews are more gifted than the Indians of South Africa. And they have organized world opinion behind them. I am convinced that if someone with courage and vision arises among them to lead them in non-violent action, the winter of their despair

can be turned into the summer of hope.

And what has today become a degrading man-hunt can be turned into a calm and determined stand offered by unarmed men and women possessing the strength of suffering given to them by Jehovah. It will then be a truly religious resistance offered against the godless fury of dehumanized man.

Let the Jews, who claim to be the chosen race, prove their title by choosing the way of non-violence for vindicating their position on earth. Every country is their home, including Palestine, not by aggression, but by loving service.

Given the will, the Jew can refuse to be treated as the outcast of the West, to be despised or patronized. He can command the attention and respect of the world by being man, the chosen creature of God, instead of being man fast sinking to the brute and forsaken by God. He can add to his many contributions the surpassing contribution of non-violent action.—*Gandhi in San Francisco Chronicle.*

\* \* \*

## WHO OWNS THE GOOD EARTH?

MEXICO is spoken of as a beggar nation sitting on a pot of gold largely because of the concentration of land in the hands of a few families. Abject misery for millions of peons has been the result.

In Denmark it has been the policy of the Government to distribute land as equitably as possible, in accordance with the principle that "very few should have more than they need and fewer still should have less than they need." As a result of this policy Denmark has become a country of prosperous small landholders, one of the richest agricultural nations of the world.

Denmark has about the same soil and climate as East Prussia, yet the latter is rather sparsely populated by poor peasants because the land is concentrated in the hands of a few powerful Junker families. These marked differences in development between Denmark and East Prussia are due rather to the different systems of land tenure rather than to differences in soil, climate or race of people.

Large landholdings are an important factor in the Mediterranean region. Sometimes they are of feudal origin; others have resulted from the encroachment of great landlords upon either small individual or large communal holdings; still others are huge grants awarded to some successful military leader.

In Algeria, after the French conquest, huge concessions were made to companies and to individuals, particularly during the Second Empire. Great landholdings, or "latifundios," are quite wide-spread in Spain, while in Sicily 1,400 estates comprise 30 per cent. of the total area of the island.

Great holdings are prevalent in Italy, both in the Po Plain, where intensive agriculture obtains, and in the extensively farmed regions of southern Italy. Even in South France large estates are becoming general, taking up from 35 per cent. of the cultivated land in the eastern Pyrenees to 50 per cent. in l'Aude.

Unfortunately, great landholders are not, as a rule, convinced that *noblesse oblige*. Their estates are simply farmed extensively under the supervision of a resident manager, and, the owners being assured of ample income without risk and without effort, they make no attempt to increase production and thereby raise the standard of living of the miserable peasant. This has been true from one end of the Mediterranean to the other.

It is easy to blame the climate or the "Latin temperament" for the growth of brigandage, the vendetta or the maffia, depending on the region, instead of unemployment, very low wages and the consequent miserable living conditions for which bad harvests and the greediness of users have been largely responsible.

Spain's three greatest landowners, the Dukes of Medina, Peñoranda and Alba, control more than 420,000 acres, and the next five largest holders control more than 145,000 acres. Thus the eight largest landowners control more than 465,000 acres of the best farm lands in Spain.

Twelve hundred families own more than 40 per cent. of all the agricultural land in the country,

and another 20 per cent. is owned by 75,000 families.

The great estates require few workers and then only at certain seasons. A limited range of crops gives rise to great seasonal fluctuation in employment. High wage rates may exist for the rush season, but the wage in no wise suffices to carry over a family to the next peak season.

An added exasperation is that the seasonal demand may require importation of labour from far provinces, which gives rise to the anomaly that, in an area noted for rural unemployment, migrant labour must be called in. The three crops of Andalusia—cereals, olives and vines—give some spread of labour; but in Castile wheat and barley are the only crops, and even these vary enormously in yield according to the variations of rainfall. The plight of the rural labourer is pitiable in the extreme.

The English geographer, Mr. Dobby, in an article on "Agrarian Problems in Spain" in the *Geographical Review*, gives the following graphic picture of the distress of the labourers and the attitude of the landowners:

"I recall an incident during a visit to an experimental pig farm

in an out-of-the-way part of Andalusia. From the darkness at one end of the building came a red glow. I went along and found a labourer's family crouched on the floor round a twig fire with smoke so thick that breathing was difficult. The malodorous squalor contrasted with the carefully washed pig pens that I had been seeing. To my query an old woman mumbled: 'Yes, we live here. Worse than the pigs.' At which the own-

er beside me exclaimed indignant-ly: 'You have a roof over your head. What more do you want?' "

The consequences of the great landed estates have been: depopulation of the country-side, inefficient methods of farming, very low average wages, high rents, scarcity of live-stock and a generally precarious economic situation.—*Dr. Raymond E. Crist, condensed from The Scientific Monthly.*

\* \* \*

## MOUTH ATTITUDES

DISCERNING women pay much attention to the *attitude* of the mouth. The muscles of the face—particularly around the mouth—portray individuality, revealing a pampered child, a happy young woman in love or, perhaps, a petulant person. Remember that you can control the muscles of the mouth.

Here are a few Don'ts: Don't pout. Don't pucker up your lips. Don't move them unnecessarily, nor talk out of the side of your mouth. Don't bite your lips, for this gets them out of shape and makes them peel. And don't let them get chapped.

To help smooth out little wrinkles about the mouth, massage the lines upward from the lower corners of the mouth to the nostrils, rubbing your massage cream in with the tips of your fingers. Then start from the centre of the chin and work along the jawbone up to the ears.

When they are too thin, pursing the lips to whistle is helpful. Then to deepen the important cleft from the nose to the lipline—press the edges of the cleft together with your thumb and first finger. Hold them so for a few minutes; repeat frequently. This is particularly effective with young lips.—*Martha Leavitt, in This Week.*



†An exciting picture of the Red Dictator.

## STALIN — THE ENIGMA

THE only man in Europe who could theoretically afford to give up territory and keep enough to spare is Josef Stalin, the Russian dictator. One day the Soviet may be called upon to help provide "living space" for the land-hungry nations, for Adolf Hitler's published plan is to expand his Reich ultimately to include the Soviet Ukraine. But the Red Dictator is still an enigma.

A British writer with much first-hand knowledge of Russia but little sympathy for the Bolsheviks is Stephen Graham. In a book he recently wrote, Graham considers Stalin to be in some respects a greater man than Lenin. But he comes from Georgia, a little country whose only important figure in history before Stalin was a legendary queen, dark Tamara, who entertained and murdered her lovers in a castle in the Gorge of Dariel. Even then, Georgians were not easily wooed.

But Stalin does not look a typical Georgian, a member of a race which produces the world's most

handsome men, and rather squat, unexciting women. He is short, fleshy, muscular. His thick curved eyebrows are associated by Graham with an "oriental haggler and bargainer."

In 1907, Stalin visited London to join Lenin at a party conference. Lenin was impressed by the adventurous young man from the mountains, and took him into the central committee of the party against the will of other prominent revolutionaries. In fact, it was not always Lenin who got on well with Stalin, while the other revolutionary leaders did not think much of the Georgian. Graham describes Stalin at that time in these words:

"He was dirty and untidy in his dress and habits. His personality seemed Asiatic and greasy. They did not like his Georgian accent and his dog-like devotion to Lenin. Doubtless no-one looked upon him as a coming leader.

"That is a curiosity of Stalin's career. Until he actually won everything and became Dictator of

Russia, most ambitious revolutionaries thought him a man in a secondary role. Zinovieff called him a Caucasus monkey with yellow eyes. To Trotsky he was merely a native, one of the savages who live in the Caucasus. For Trotsky had a Jewish pride in being Western and civilised."

Repeatedly sent to prison and repeatedly escaping, Stalin finally arrived in Petrograd in 1917 to find the revolution well under way. In spite of all claims made by Stalinists, Graham thinks that in the final seizing of power by the Bolsheviks he played a secondary part.

In 1921 when Lenin's health began to give way, the leader felt the need of a strong man as secretary of the party, to handle the hundred small matters which were continually referred to him. At that time the secretaryship was no key-post. Trotsky did not want it. He agreed with Lenin that Stalin whom he still underrated should be appointed.

"The new cook will prepare us some peppery dishes," said Lenin.

Trotsky shrugged his shoulders.

In May, 1922, Lenin had a stroke and lost the use of his right arm and left leg. His doctors said that even if he did not die speedily,

he would soon be rendered quite helpless.

In the rivalry which ensued among the leaders, Stalin played off Trotsky, Zinovieff and Kame-neff against each other. He shrewdly intrigued for power. His position as secretary of the party in which he could pick out men for preferment was of great help to him.

Stalin made rapid progress, but there was one unexpected interruption. Lenin suddenly made a partial recovery. "He came like a ghost to trouble the ways of the living," says Graham and thinks the rival leaders must have been mightily disquieted. "It was as if a dying king had struggled into the next room and found his sons trying on his crown."

But Lenin could not do very much. He was confined to his room. The Trotskyist party, acting with the help of Lenin's wife, tried to persuade him to oust the Georgian. Stalin's position was in danger, but before the fatal step was taken Lenin became paralysed. "He was now a living corpse. He babbled incoherently, with saliva trickling down his chin. A hell was provided for him. He could read and understand and hear, but

he could not say or act."

When Lenin died, Graham claims, he left behind a "last testament." It was not a bequest of his worldly goods, but some attempt to dispose of his political power. Graham makes the accusation against the leaders of the Communist Party that they destroyed it by mutual consent. "They made his tomb a place of pilgrimage, but they destroyed his testament."

In the long struggle that followed, Stalin won against Trotsky and his friends. Trained for priesthood, he converted Bolshevism into a rigid creed. He deified Lenin.

He now had his country seat or summer residence. He lived at Gorki in the house where Lenin died, outside Moscow, a fine white house with Greek columns. Inside were white-walled rooms, pictures in gilded frames, armchairs and sofas upholstered in white and gold, all the bric-a-brac of former bourgeois luxury. Stalin did not have it removed. It did not interest him.

For a time he tried to learn English, but gave it up, finding it

too difficult. Sometimes he would play the pianola which had some fascination for him. In imitation of Lenin he played chess.

In the winter the Dictator lives in the Kremlin, in a little house of four sparsely furnished rooms. He sits down to dinner in the afternoon and to supper in the evening with his new wife and his children. There are seldom any visitors at these meals. Stalin eats and drinks and says little. He does not discuss politics with his wife or tell her the events of the day. When the meal is over he moves back in his chair, lights his pipe and seems to fall into a reverie. "No one," says Graham, "knows whether on these occasions he is thinking of affairs of State or merely enjoying the warmth of his digestive processes."

Stalin's real problem, Graham thinks, is this: "It is better to have Germany and Italy embroiled with France and Britain than with Russia. How is one to handle the machine of militarism so that it will fire upon the West instead of the East?"—*Condensed from News Review.*

\* \* \*

## TORPEDOED BY SUBMARINES

MERCHANT seamen the world over, irrespective of nationality, who spent the years of 1914 to 1918 dodging mines and submarines view the gathering war clouds with apprehension.

Following the sea in normal times is no joy ride. The work is hard, the hours long, and the pay none too large. In addition, are the risks of continually battling against nature's elements. Of course, all this goes with the job; but when the unknown lurks every minute of the voyage in the shape of mines and submarines, the continual suspense is nerve-racking. To those who worked in the engine-room or stoke-hold the strain was greater.

It wasn't the actual effect of being torpedoed, or striking a mine, that got one down, but the everlasting waiting for it. Men, who were strong, both physically and mentally, became as time went on a bundle of nerves. Frequently I have seen in the engine-room, when perhaps someone accidentally dropped a spanner, the rest would

jump as though they had been shot.

I happen to be one of the lucky ones that came through without a scratch, although I was twice torpedoed, once chased, and saw other ships blown sky high. Crossing the Atlantic on one occasion, a number of us, just before sunset, were leaning over the ship's rail watching a steamer in the distance. Suddenly, without any warning, there was a terrific explosion, the steamer broke in two halves and in a few minutes had completely disappeared from view. We steamed away from the scene as fast as we could.

Another incident, I remember, occurred just outside the Bay of Biscay. Coming off watch at noon I noticed the captain and most of the crew gazing for'ard at a black speck on the horizon. As we drew nearer we saw what appeared to be a lifeboat filled with men. Our captain was considering whether to stop and lower one of our boats, or swing out a derrick and hoist the entire boat-load on the deck. He decided on the latter. The

shipwrecked men were in such a state of exhaustion that they had considerable difficulty in making the rope fast at each end of the boat. They eventually succeeded, however, and we hoisted them on board; then proceeded full speed ahead, still keeping a sharp watch for submarines.

Nine men were in the boat, and they were in a shocking state from exposure. One, a ship's fireman, was dead. We dropped him back in the sea. We had to cut away the clothes and boots of the others on account of their swollen limbs. It was midwinter, and they had been five days in the open life boat. Their ship was a collier from Sunderland. They had been torpedoed in the early hours of morning, and the ship had sunk in about five minutes.

My first experience of being torpedoed was off the north coast of Africa. We were homeward bound from Bombay and well loaded with a cargo of peanuts. We were steaming along, doing about nine knots. The Mediterranean was like a sheet of glass, and the African coast was only a short distance away. We had just finished dinner, and I had turned into my bunk when there was a muffled

explosion and a feeling as if the ship were dragging its bottom over rocks.

Immediately everyone grabbed some clothes and made for the deck. The captain was on the bridge ordering the lifeboats to be lowered. The S.O.S., of course, had been sent out by the wireless operator. While we were lowering the boats the steamer took a heavy list to port. This caused one of the boats on the starboard side to get badly damaged as it was being lowered to the sea. However, we all got clear away and without a single casualty. About an hour later we were picked up by a French patrol boat. In passing, I might mention that, like all other ships, we had a gun aft, but we never got a chance to use it. One might as well have had a peashooter on a cargo or tramp steamer as a gun.

My second experience was in the English Channel. We had signed on a boat in Hull bound for New York in ballast. We steamed down the North Sea and on arrival outside of Dover dropped anchor to await orders. After two days we proceeded down the Channel. I was in the stoke-hold at the time—it was my watch below. One

bell before noon had just struck, and I was raking over the fire in readiness for my last pitch when we got it. There was a terrific explosion, and I thought the bottom had fallen out of the boat. We all made for the stoke-hold ladder, and on reaching the deck, found that the sailors were already swinging out the lifeboats. There was a heavy, choppy sea running and, being winter-time, it was bitterly cold. One felt it all the more coming from the hot stoke-hold.

Deciding to try and get my overcoat while the lifeboats were being swung I dashed aft where our quarters were. On arrival I found only what was left of the quarters. The torpedo apparently had hit just alongside the propeller. The stern was blown away, and the gun was hanging half over the side. Beds, clothes and men were lying all over the deck. We immediately carried those wounded to the lifeboats. Two of the crew had been killed and nine injured. Eventually we all got clear, and for the next two hours had a rough time, half frozen, trying to manipulate the lifeboat in the very rough sea, before we were picked up by a drifter. They took us aboard, wrapped us in blankets,

gave us rum and hot coffee, and landed us at Dartmouth.

My worst experience was being chased on an oil tanker. My job on this boat was greasing the engines. We were homeward bound from the Mexican Gulf, loaded with a full cargo of benzine, and if a torpedo had struck us we should have gone up like a box of matches, without having a million to one chance.

Again it was near the English Channel. I was on watch and had just finished putting a round of oil on the engines. I had slipped into the stoke-hold for a smoke, and was in the act of lighting a cigarette when the engine-room telegraph rang out. Back I went. The engineer shouted: "We are opening her full out. Submarine in the vicinity. Smother her with oil!"

The continual thought was in one's mind—"Where will she hit? This side or that? Amidships, for'ard or aft?" Not that it would have made any difference where she hit in this case. We were actually chased for about half an hour, although we had the engine opened full out for over three hours.

Being an oil tanker, the engine-room was aft. We could feel the

boat being zigzagged all over the place, and in the middle of one of these swerves we heard a muffled explosion. The tanker half listed over and the stern lifted clear of the sea. This flung us all off our feet, and with the propeller beating air the engine fairly raced until the propeller hit the water again.

We were all certain we had been hit and scrambling to our feet dashed towards the engine room ladder. Then one of the crew at the top shouted it was all right, and a few moments later he came down and told us what had happened. The submarine apparently had fired two torpedoes at us and both had missed. One, in fact, had missed the bows by only a few

feet. The S.O.S. had, of course, been sent out and a destroyer shortly afterwards appeared. The submarine fired the second torpedo only a few hundred yards astern of us. The destroyer saw it being fired, and steamed full speed over the spot, dropping a depth charge. The explosion from the charge not only put the submarine out of business, but being so near to our stern nearly blew us out of the water as well. We docked the following evening in the Thames. Half-way across the Atlantic on our next voyage on this same tanker we received news by wireless that Armistice had been declared.—*Dick Beech, condensed from British Legion Journal.*

\* \* \*

### CREDIT

THERE is a bit of good, sound philosophy in the following sign recently observed in a Chinese laundry:

You want credit,

Me no give.

You get sore.

You want credit,

Me give,

You no pay,

Me get sore;

Better you get sore.—*Scholastic.*

## GAMELIN — GENERALISSIMO OF FRANCE

By far the most outstanding War-trained officer now in high command is Maurice Gustave Gamelin. At 66 he is the head of what, by almost unanimous acclaim, is today the world's finest military machine, one which he did much to create. His responsibilities are not only national but international. Supreme Commander of all French armed forces, a title not held by any soldier of France since Napoleon I, he is also slated to become commander-in-chief of the armies of France, Great Britain and their allies in the event of war with Germany and Italy.

General Gamelin is a world authority on Napoleon's movements. It is his quiet boast that he can recite every Army order Napoleon issued—and to whom. Since he took charge of her armies, France has acquired a possible new border to defend or cross, the border between France and Spain. Having vainly urged former Prime Minister Leon Blum to pitch in with the Loyalists and lick Francisco Franco in 1936, General Gamelin was now doing the next best thing.

He was inspecting the 250,000 interned Loyalist troops quartered in French concentration camps. If Generalissimo Franco should squeeze and attack France from the south, Generalissimo Gamelin would undoubtedly arm his 250,000 Loyalist guests and turn them loose on their former enemies. Like most of his countrymen, Maurice Gamelin hopes this may never be necessary. But the terse little (5 ft. 4 in.) general has a terse little motto: "Optimism is a luxury."

Both ancestry and environment made Maurice Gamelin a soldier. He was born in 1872 (the year after the Franco-Prussian War) in Paris. On his father's side he was descended from at least five generals, one of whom served under Louis XVI. His father, Zephirin Auguste Joseph Gamelin, became Controller General of the French Army after he had been gravely wounded at Solferino, during Napoleon III's fight against the Austrians.

Maurice first went to the College Stanislas, a strict and scholar-



ly Catholic school with considerable social standing and a military flavor. One of his teachers was Mgr. Henri Marie Alfred Baudrillart, now Cardinal Baudrillart, who still remains one of General Gamelin's best friends. At Stanislas, methodical Maurice further disciplined his mind by memorizing ten lines of prose at night (because it was harder than poetry) and reading a book of philosophy a week. After Stanislas he entered St. Cyr, French West Point, where in 1893 he finished first in a class of 449.

There followed three years of service with the 3rd Regiment of the *Tirailleurs Algériens*, because he wanted to see some rough service, and three years with the Army's Geographical Service, because he liked to paint landscapes in water color, survey and map. In 1899 he was admitted to the War College, where he studied tactics under Lieut. Colonel later Marshal Foch, who particularly notice his qualities. He graduated in 1902 with the commendation of "*trés bien*."

During the next four years he had various field commands and in 1905 he became orderly officer to General Joffre, then commander of the Infantry Division in Paris. In

1912, when Joffre was promoted to the Supreme War Council, Gamelin was chosen as Joffre's *chef de cabinet*, or military secretary. During this time the French General Staff was discussing (but only discussing) the possibility of a German violation of Belgian neutrality to attack France. Gamelin made a study of it and wrote out a defense of such an attack.

During those critical days General Joffre, who had called Gamelin "one of my red blood corpuscles," came to admire his little aide's unfailing composure as well as his swift and incisive tactical foresight. Paraphrasing Abraham Lincoln, he observed: "If this is philosophy, it is time all generals were philosophers."

The secret of Gamelin's military success lay largely in his old mapmaker's and landscapist's instinct for geography. Not only was he able to take the maximum advantage of terrain so as to conserve manpower, but his shrewd disposition of fire power constantly enhanced the offensive quality of his command. His many citations praised his "highest qualities of method and of inspection" and his ability to carry his objectives "in the course of a general offensive

at the cost of minimum losses." The French soldier did not like him less for that and the present French Army does not forget this quality in its Commander-in-Chief. "Very much all there," was the way one British general characterized Gamelin in the War years. He appears, during the entire War, to have made no major error in judgment.

In 1919 General Gamelin headed the French military mission to Brazil a job requiring the greatest tact since the old German pre-War influence in the Brazilian Army was still strong. In 1925 he was recalled and soon sent to Syria to help put down the Druse revolt, a suppression which he later succeeded in accomplishing alone with considerable bloodshed on the part of the Druses. Three years later he became Chief of Staff and in 1935 achieved what was then the biggest French military job, that of Vice President of the Supreme War Council (the president is the War Minister).

As France's No. 1 Soldier, Gamelin has continued the Maginot Line to the sea, mechanized the Army to a point below Germany's but at which he thinks it can be most effective, extended the con-

script period from a year first to 18 months, and then to two years—this over the bitter opposition of most French politicians. He has confidence in the Army he has built. During the Munich crisis he believed the French Army was ready to fight, and General Gamelin quietly went to London to tell the statesmen so. He got about the same attention that he got in 1936 from short-lived Premier Sarraut when he told the Government he could chase the Germans out of the Rhineland if they wanted him to. The thoroughgoing General would not agree to shove off, however, without ordering a general mobilization and M. Sarraut feared it was too close to the general election to risk it. The history of Adolf Hitler's aggressions dates from there.

Maurice Gamelin is generally characterized as colorless. That, however, is the way the French have learned to like their generals best. Nowadays no French soldier votes and on the subject of politics the Army is known as *la grande muette* (the big dumb woman). Particularly in these times, France wants her soldiers mute and professional, and the mutest and most professional is Maurice Gamelin.

General Gamelin is very easily approached, his voice is quiet and he is always calm. His well-trained memory is still prodigious. He is said not only to know every road near any French frontier, but also to know by name and sight every French officer down through the rank of Colonel. He is not chummy with his staff, but treats them with what they call "benevolent formality."

He likes to go out evenings, to hear opera and ancient music. If he stays home he reads. His library is stocked principally with philosophy, folklore, political and military history, and treatises on his other old favorite: map making. He has few friends, but one of his best, oddly enough, is that other able professional, Marshal Pietro Badoglio of Italy. On his 55th birthday General Gamelin married.—*Condensed from Time.*

\* \* \*

### STOLEN FROM HER STOCKING

A YOUNG girl who had not been in this country very long ran suddenly and loudly after a man as he was leaving a moving-picture theater in Yorkville, in New York, and, proclaiming to the world that he had stolen her purse, asked to have him arrested.

When the case came up in court the next day the girl told, through an interpreter, how the defendant had taken a seat next to her, how they had quickly become acquainted, and how, when the defendant excused himself for a few moments, she missed her purse.

The magistrate turned to the witness at this point and asked, "but where did you keep your purse?"

"In my stocking," was her answer.

"But how, if you kept it in your stocking, could the defendant take it without you knowing it? Didn't you feel his hand when he took it?"

She looked puzzled for an instant, as the interpreter explained the question, but when she grasped it she exclaimed, "Naturally, but I thought his intentions were honorable."—*Harry Hibschan in "Off the Record."*

## FASCIST SEX LAWS

FASCISM and the emancipation of women are inherently opposed. Fascism is the rule of force. It places woman in a subordinate position under the authority of the fighting male. With the nauseous repetition characteristic of it, it has continued to proclaim its views that the part of women under Fascism is to produce fighting men and to be the entertainment and servant of the tired warrior.

Mussolini in his conversations with Emil Ludwig stated: "Women must obey. My opinion of the role of women in the state is opposed to feminism. If I were to give women the vote, people would laugh at me; in state like ours, they ought not to count."

Since Fascism came to power, a law has been passed that no woman may teach a male person over eleven years of age in a subject which affects the formation of character and, as Fascism takes a very comprehensive view of how character and political opinion may be formed, this has a widely debarring effect.

Few people outside Italy are

aware of the astounding degradation in legal and social status suffered by the Italian womanhood under Fascism. The new Italian penal code punishes only what is regarded as the abuse of physical correction and discipline by the head of the family towards his wife and children. Only if the physical correction given by him cause the risk to a woman or children of mental or bodily illness is he held to be in fault, and he will then receive no more than six months imprisonment—instead of five years as in the former code. If the victim dies, the penalty is only eight years of being regarded as murder under the aggravated circumstances as in the former code.

Under the national socialist government of Hitler, which is but another name for the same type of force-sustained dictatorship as that controlling Italy, woman bears similar shackles and the imposing of them has been even more sensational and more loudly proclaimed. The German *Financial Times* observed: "The self-supporting woman injures man not only by be-

ing his competitor but also by depriving him of his pride of being the family's breadwinner."

The Nazi advent to power meant the immediate exclusion of women from their newly won seats in the Reichstag, the provincial Parliaments and all local legislative bodies to which they had been elected in considerable numbers after they won the rights of citizenship in the Revolution of 1918. A determined move was at once made to exclude women from all employment by public bodies, Government departments, local councils, hospitals and as far as possible even schools. All women under thirty-five years were made ineligible for Government employment and they were debarred if married to husbands in employment or to men of non-Aryan stock. The law of June 30, 1933, provided that married women were to be dismissed from all employment if their superiors considered them sufficiently provided for and unmarried women were also to be dismissed if it were held that they could be supported by parents, brothers or even sisters. Without waiting to pass any law the Nazi Government had already removed thousands of women from

public offices which they had occupied with great dignity and competence during the Republic.

For twenty-five years German women had possessed the right of admission to the Universities and to the practice of professions. Today only ten per cent of the women students who pass the Baccalaureat (equivalent to matriculation) are permitted to enter the University. The immensity of this injustice can be gathered from the fact that out of 10,500 women who passed this examination in 1930 only one thousand were permitted to study at the University. More than this, to all save ten per cent of those who are allowed to enter the University the right of practising the professions they study for, is absolutely refused and even to this small proportion the right is not guaranteed! Whatever may be the number who qualify, only seventy-five women a year are allowed to enter the medical profession. The official doctors' organ has announced: "The woman doctor is a hermaphrodite who offends the natural and healthy instinct of the people."

Scientific studies are a rigorously reserved to men. In the words of

an official communication in the *Koelnische Zeitung*: "Women must recognise that scientific work is specifically masculine . . . woman must never think in a theoretical manner; her brain ought not to occupy itself with abstract things." Strange sayings these in an age which has produced Marie Curie and Maria Montessori!

As teachers women may only fill subordinate posts. The organ of the Prussian teachers observed: "The men teachers' aversion to women superiors is in keeping with the healthy instinct of men." Everywhere the effort has been to drive women from skilled to unskilled labour in domestic service, on the land and in factory war work, particularly in the making of poison gases and explosives where they are employed at dangerous and debilitating processes.

Unemployed women are drafted to camps, where they wash, mend, clean and must undertake to do all work in house, stable, garden and field and attend lectures in Nazi philosophy after their labour of ten to twelve hours. Receiving no wages, with bad food, barns, sleeping on straw, they are liable to severe punishment. If one of them

be dismissed the fact is stated on her certificate and is a bar to obtaining other work. Large numbers of women from factories, offices, schools, Universities and Government departments have been thus drafted in city clothes and high-heeled shoes, working in the muddy fields for ten to twelve hours daily.

For girls between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one there is compulsory labour which is equivalent to men's military service. Some are congregated in camps for both domestic and military aid work; others are drafted to domestic work.

Women previously employed in responsible and skilled public and professional work have been drafted into the compulsory labour camps for work on the land.

Civilization has for many generations made steady progress in the elimination of women from heavy agricultural labour. Under Nazi rule Germany compels some of her most intellectually gifted women to such work under conditions approximating slavery!—*E. Sylvia Pankhurst, condensed from The Hibbert Journal, London.*

‡Civilization is indestructible.

## A NEW WORLD IN THE MAKING

WE are always being told that if there is another great war it may mean the end of civilization. This looks and sounds well and may be useful in reminding people that war is no longer a remote and romantic incident. But it is not true. At least it does not seem to me to be true because I cannot imagine that the whole world will be fighting its hardest in this war.

It is quite possible that such a war would leave Germany, Italy, France and Great Britain in ruins and bankrupt. The mistake is to suppose that civilization is the private property of these Powers, and that it will perish with them. Clearly this is nonsense.

Indeed, I suspect that already, without another war, the main stream of civilization is flowing away from Western Europe. I suspect that the future historian, say, in a couple of hundred years' time, when he looks back at this period and gives his account of the world's progress, will not ask: "Now what were Britain, France, Germany, Italy, doing then?"

I have an idea that it will be quite plain to him that the new world movement born in this century, had passed from the comparatively small countries to the very big ones, from the people on islands or archipelagos to the people living in enormous continents.

In this matter it is not what has been done, but what *is being done* that counts. And obviously one of the signs of a great new civilizing movement is the spread of education. Where knowledge, however rudimentary, is replacing ignorance, there civilization is not merely holding its own, but definitely making headway.

I shall be told that this is not a fair test. A country that I point to as being in the van of progress may be only making up for past deficiencies.

To that I reply that if this making up for past deficiencies is not a gigantic scale, suggesting a colossal eager effort on the part of a whole people, then such a country is moving in the main stream of world culture. Whatever sort

of past it had such a country is one with an important future.

Thus it is that when I hear this talk about the end of our civilization, I try not to be parochial in my outlook but let my mind wander about the globe. I remember all those universities and colleges in the Middle West, where I was lecturing during the autumn before last. There are scores of them.

Some of these American universities that have sprung up on the great plains are of staggering size. The University of Illinois is one of the largest in the world, a whole town of professors and students.

It is easy to criticise these new institutions of learning. It will be a long time before they rival Oxford and Cambridge. They teach a curious hotch-potch of subjects and their standards are not high. But see them, as you must, against the background of these great plains, mostly uncultivated a hundred years ago, and they seem almost miraculous. Against the vast darkness, they are flaring beacons of learning.

I say I let my mind wander about the globe and I remember the accounts that are filtering through from China. Somewhere

in the remote interior of that colossal republic, in places that are not even names to us, professors and students, determined that the aggression of Japan shall not ruin their new way of life, have re-established centres of learning.

Far away from the ruins of their former universities, if necessary in shacks and caves, they are still teaching and learning.

And I also remember, with renewed astonishment and something like awe, what is happening in Russia. We hear a great deal about the size and formidable equipment of the Red Army. There is no harm—and perhaps much good—in that, but what really takes my breath away is the spread of education in these Soviet republics.

This will come to be seen as one of the most dramatic movements in human history. It is an epic of literacy.

I am a popular writer, who has produced what are called, always to my annoyance, "best-sellers." But I and my kind are mere pigmies addressing a coterie of pigmies when compared, in this matter of sales, with the popular Russian authors.

In the last twenty years the sales of the Russian editions alone



of Gorky's works have amounted to 33,000,000 copies. His novel, *Mother*, sold out a neat little first edition of 1,500,000 copies. Great non-Russian authors, such as Dickens, are consumed not in tens of thousands of copies, but in millions.

A distinguished poet in this country, England, will be fortunate if he sells a couple of thousand copies of any new book of verse. A young poet, though he may enjoy a very high reputation, is usually published at a dead loss. In Russia, where twenty-five years ago there was a vast population of completely unlettered peasants, they produce editions of new poetry that number hundreds of thousands of copies.

The theatre is on the same staggering scale. There are over eight hundred of them hard at work, not counting the innumerable amateur dramatic units. Performances of successful plays reach astronomical figures. The mind of the harassed English dramatist reels at them.

And the Soviet stage has presented plays in no fewer than fifty-seven languages. In the Anglo-Saxon communities it is only the tinned products of Messrs. Heinz that reach this significant number.

It is the same story with the Press. In 1937, 8,521 different newspapers were published, and 1,880 miscellaneous periodicals and magazines, with a total circulation of 250,000,000 copies. Let us have no more of these figures or we shall go mad.

Some of these reviews are written in English, and I regularly receive copies of them. What are they like? Paper and print are not as good as ours, but they are good enough. Much of the writing is, of course, somewhat naive and too "ideological."

I read recently in one of these periodicals typical extracts from Russian reviews of a novel of mine. The criticism was intelligent as far as it went, but it did not go much further than a cursory political and sociological examination. The *literary* qualities were almost entirely ignored. There was hardly any evidence that they were dealing with a novelist and his novel. It might have been a Blue Book.

But here again, though adverse criticism should not be silenced, it is necessary to stand back, use the imagination, and see this vast movement against its own background.

Here in this enormous territory

in East Europe and Asia, in what was regarded not so long ago as one of the most backward regions of the globe, a demand for education, the spread of learning, the beginnings of culture, have not merely developed—for that is far too tame—but have raged like a forest fire. Here is a cultural progress like a national stampe.

If the English had developed during the same period at the same rate we should be living in a new

Athens that stretched from Land's End to John o' Groats, instead of wallowing in one gigantic football pool.

So now I close my ears to this talk of a war ending our civilization. It is not only too pessimistic, but also too conceited. Civilization is taking its own road, and in both hemispheres it is not a road easily accessible to the bombers and obliterating tanks.—*J. B. Priestley, condensed from News Chronicle, London.*

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### ASSIMILATORS

THE Japanese are assimilators, not mere imitators. Nothing is taken over as it is. Not even the English language, so much in demand for the access it gives to Western technical knowledge.

With Japanese teachers predominating in its tuition an extraordinary brand of English has grown up. Students taught by Anglo-Saxons have difficulty in passing the University entrance examinations, their pronunciation being at variance with the accepted Japanese English.

The school system includes rigorous physical training, which becomes even more rigorous during military service. The training of the Japanese soldier is unique. In contrast with those of other nations, they are "trained to die." Military training may be said to begin at the age of six, and there is serious competition for entry into the Army, only one candidate in eight being enlisted.—*Oriental Affairs*

## PROPHET OF REVOLUTION

NO MAN of modern times has been more feared, more hated and more loved than the revolutionist Michel Bakunin. No man, except perhaps his enemy Karl Marx, had a stronger influence on modern political thought. It is Bakunin who is the personification of the fearless Siegfried in Wagner's famous music drama and he is also the mysterious heroic figure in Zola's labor novel, *Germinal*.

Bakunin was a personal friend of the young revolutionary Wagner but he was also the friend of George Sand, Elisée Réclus, Malatesta, Louise Michel, Herzen and all who fell under his magic spell. He was the soul and beating pulse of the Socialist circles of Paris and the labor movements just then being launched in Spain, young Germany, Italy and Sweden.

When Alexander II ascended the throne of Russia he half-pardoned many of the political prisoners, but not Bakunin. This was the man the Czar feared. The aristocratic mother of the revolutionist petitioned the Emperor but his reply was: "As long as your son lives, Madame, he will never be free." But the Czar could not

hold him. He escaped, at the age of forty-seven, from Siberia and via Japan arrived in San Francisco in the year 1861. A year later he was in London again to set Europe aflame and prove the chief thorn in the side of Karl Marx, who hated Bakunin with a passion no less than that of Czar Nicholas, though for other reasons.

Bakunin was born in 1814 and went to the Artillery School at St. Petersburg. He served only one year as an officer and left Russia in the year 1840. Secret revolutionary activities took him to various parts of Europe. The revolution in Germany in 1849, which turned Wagner to music and Nietzsche to philosophy, brought young Bakunin before the first bar of justice that he was to face.

The prisoner was calm and fearless. So great was the impression he made that twenty-seven years later one of the officers who brought him to court still remembered almost each word of his replies. "In politics," said the prisoner, "the issue alone can decide what is a great action and what a crime."

He was kept in prison from Au-

gust to May and then condemned to die. Later, instead of being executed, he was sent in chains to Austria, where he was wanted to expose the secrets of the Slavonian labor movement. His silence brought him another death sentence but this was later commuted to life imprisonment. However, his prison was changed several times, for the government was in constant terror that a mob attempt would be made to liberate him. In one prison he passed six months chained to a wall.

Bakunin believed in the spirit of Nihilism and claimed that to destroy is to create. In 1869 at the Peace Congress at Berne he delivered a caustic indictment of modern civilization as having been "founded from time immemorial on the forced labor of the enormous majority, condemned to lead the lives of brutes and slaves in order that a few might be enabled to live as human creatures."

Everywhere in Europe was Bakunin's influence felt. Prince Kropotkin, writing in a London labor journal about Bakunin's influence, recorded: "As a rule, Bakunin sat down to write a letter dealing with some question of the moment. But the letter quickly grew to the size

of a pamphlet, and the pamphlet to a book. For the author wrote so fluently, had so thorough a conception of the philosophy of history, such a vast store of knowledge relating to the events of the time, that the pages soon filled themselves . . . I must not forget to emphasize the fact that every pamphlet of Bakunin's signifies a crisis in the history of revolutionary thought in Europe."

It was Bakunin who declared that the radicalism of 1848 was dead and the dawn of socialism and labor was close at hand. It was he who brought forward the question of economic independence and prophesied that this would be a dominating factor in modern Europe. In another pamphlet he announced the end of conspiracies directed at national independence and the coming of the social revolution. He saw the end of Christian socialism and the coming of a realistic and atheistic Communism in which he did not wholeheartedly believe.

In a pamphlet entitled *The Bears of Berne* he proclaimed the death of the Philistine Swiss Federation and in another pamphlet, *Letters to a Frenchman*, written during the Franco-Prussian War

of 1870, he hailed the approach of a new epoch which found its expression in the Commune. This former student of artillery prophesied that the people would, and rightly should, take up arms for the defense of their own territory and thus inaugurate the social revolution within their own walls. This was Bakunin's reply to German invasion.

After the surrender of Paris, Bakunin foresaw in Bismarck's military triumph a reaction that would hold Europe in its grip and endure "from forty to fifty-three years." These words were recorded in 1871. If you add forty-three to 1871 the year would be 1914!

No wonder Karl Marx hated this prophet of revolution. Marx had theories of his own, and besides Bakunin seriously threatened Marx's power and control. He once declared openly that Bakunin was a paid spy of the Czar and an *agent provocateur*. This of course was not true and friends of Bakunin brought pressure to bear, resulting in an apology by Marx. Later, however, Marx succeeded in having Bakunin expelled from the Socialist Party.

Bakunin, the fearless revolution-

ist, stood out against Communism—and in no uncertain terms. "Communism I abhor, because it is the negation of liberty, and without liberty I cannot imagine anything truly human. I abhor it because it concentrates all the strength of society in the state, and squanders that strength in its service."

The great revolutionary prophet and most feared figure in Europe, the man who three times, by three different governments, was condemned to die, who plotted the destruction of kings and societies, who was feared by the Czar and also by Karl Marx, who believed that you must destroy in order to create, died in bed in Switzerland in the year 1878.

Before he died he told friends of his that he had six stages of happiness, and he named them in the following order: 1. The highest stage is to die fighting liberty. 2. Love and friendship. 3. Literature and art. 4. Smoking. 5. Eating. 6. Sleeping.

Bakunin has a still further distinction to his credit. He was the very first man to be expelled from the Communist International Party,—*Manuel Komroff in Coronet*.

## LET'S LOOK IT UP!

"I DON'T know exactly what it means, so let's look it up in the dictionary." That sentence is spoken hundreds of thousands of times each day.

We all know what a dictionary is and that a man by the name of Webster had something to do with it. Noah Webster it was who first had the idea of "An American Dictionary of English Language." Wasn't Noah Webster a brother of Daniel Webster, the great statesman?

Let's look it up!

Having done so, we find it isn't true. For Noah Webster was born in 1758, twenty-four years before the great statesman and orator first saw the light of day. They were not related.

How is the dictionary compiled? Who compiles it? What establishes a word as a part of the English language?

The publishers of Webster's New International Dictionary devoted eight years to the making of an edition. Outside of their own staff of specialists, two hundred and seven other authorities were

called in to give of their experience and knowledge in specialized lines of work. If it was a chemical term, then several world-famous chemists were consulted before the word was finally defined. If it had something to do with sports, mining, lumbering, or quarrying, some recognized expert in those lines had first to pass on the definition before it became final.

Usage adds a word to the dictionary. A new industry comes into being which calls for new words. We begin to use these words in our daily conversations and, presto, they must be included in the newest editions of the dictionary!

Dictionaries are not hurriedly compiled; they are built literally word by word. Noah Webster's first modest dictionary contained the definitions of 38,000 words. That was in 1806.

The latest edition contains 600,000 entries, has 12,000 terms illustrated, has 35,000 geographical entries, 13,000 biographical, contains 3,350 pages and cost over a million and a quarter dollars to compile!

Dictionaries today must be engineered so as to stand up under the thumbing of millions of thumbs. The binding is strengthened by special tape and unusually stout covers. A special glue is used, and the binding thread is tested for tensile strength.

Some rainy day, sometime when you have an hour to spare, pick up an unabridged dictionary. Open it at random. Go slowly down the

columns. Before you are well under way, you will find some word or phrase which will fascinate you. Read what it has to say, and then look up some of the cross indexes.

Learn a new word, an unfamiliar pronunciation, each day, and you will help educate yourself, add interest to your personality.—*Richard L. Hobart, condensed from Young People's Weekly.*

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### RUSSIAN READING

ONLY country where an edition running into millions is not just a publisher's dream is Soviet Russia. Since the Communist Revolution of 1917, states *The Natal Witness*, more than 7,000,000,000 copies of books have been made and sold while newspaper circulation has rocketed to 8,000,000,000 copies a year.

Widely read authors in Russia include Homer, Shakespeare, Dickens, Byron, Balzac, Pushkin and the disciples of Communism. Dicken's novels have an unusual attraction with the Russian proletariat. Since 1917 nearly 2,000,000 copies have been circulated in the Union. Shakespeare goes down far better than in Britain, 30,000,000 entire volumes have passed through the presses in the post-Revolutionary era.

Most popular of all are the Communist classics. In the last 20 years 355,000,000 copies of the various works of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin have been published in Russia. Stalin alone enjoyed a net sale of 40,000,000 copies in the year of 1937 alone. Unlike Adolf Hitler he does not receive royalties. Soviet knowalls even estimate that one out of every three of Russia's 135,000,000 people buys a Stalin work each year.—*From News Review.*

## ARE WOMEN BIGGER LIARS THAN MEN?

THERE IS an age-old argument between the sexes as to whether men or women are the worst deceivers. Most books and articles on this subject have been written by men; so, naturally, women got the worst of it. An idea has gained popular belief that women are deceptive by nature, that they prefer to gain their ends by indirection and are incapable by fearless honesty.

Some masculine cynics go so far as to say that most women earn their living by deception, pretending love they do not feel for marriageable men who will support them, and tricking men they love into unwilling generosity.

Men regard themselves as relatively honest and outspoken in their relationships with the opposite sex. Women, male writers explain, are compelled by physical and economic weakness to use trickery to gain their ends.

But are women worse liars than men? Lie Detector results on both sexes say no. In banks, department stores and other places of business where the Lie Detector is used to

test all employees, many more men than women are found guilty of theft. Moreover, if a woman in business has misappropriated money or merchandise, she is much more likely to tell the truth about it than is a man in similar circumstances.

In one bank, the Lie Detector found fourteen men guilty of stealing money and showed that ten more had guilty plans or purposes. Not a single female employee had stolen and only one had deceptive tendencies. Total test results showed that 26% of all male employees in this bank were dishonest as compared to 6% of the female workers. This is typical.

In all the deception tests I have conducted with both sexes in business I have found women, on the average, four times as honest and nine times as truthful as men. Which gives a decidedly new picture of male and female honesty!

There is, however, another side to the picture. Girls are more likely to tell social lies than men. For example, I tested a Junior League group with the Lie Detector and



caught every one of those charming young women stretching the truth a bit where matters of social and family pride or relationships with men were concerned. Here you find the real weakness of the female sex. Men do not deceive nearly so much as women in social situations because the temptation, to them, is not so great.

Preserving family and love ties and keeping safe their intimate emotional relationships mean so much to the captivating sex that small prevarications appear unimportant. It is a rare girl who realizes that ultimate disaster lurks in these trivial deceptions of hers—disaster to the purposes she holds most dear, her friendships, her home life and her love affairs. The love cost of lying is high indeed and both sexes should reckon its price before they pay it.

Many girls find great difficulty in facing the truth about a man whose attentions flatter them. Della P. was a girl who tried to build love happiness in this fashion on a foundation of lies. She was a student of mine at Columbia University and she came to me one day with her problem.

"I have to decide," she said,

"whether or not to marry the boy I love."

Della's wealthy father, it seemed, had investigated the chap in question and had discovered some unsavory facts about his past. Della wanted me to give Harry S. a Lie Detector test to prove that he was honest. I tested him and proved the opposite.

Not only was this fellow a crook but his "love" for Della P. was only pretended. He was after her money. I reported these findings to Della and she believed them—she had absolute confidence in the Lie Detector test. Here, then, was a girl who *knew* the truth but refused to face it. She promised me faithfully to break off her affair with Harry. But she went on with it. A few weeks later she came to me again for advice, confessing her continued association with young S.

"I know what he is," she said pathetically, "but I love him so! I believed that I can reform him and then he will really love me."

Della, you see, was beginning to deceive herself. Way down deep in her under-consciousness she knew that she was in love with a false shadow, a wishful creation of

her own feminine desire to capture this man and hold him. I thought it was time that she learned the truth about herself. So I asked her to take a deception test and she readily consented.

Now it is a remarkable fact about the Lie Detector that the uncontrollable emotional reactions which it records will reveal a "complex" or a self-deception just as readily as they disclose a fully conscious lie. So I asked Della some intimate questions and discovered that she was trying

to deceive both herself and me. Actually she did not love young Harry S., though she had falsely persuaded herself that she did. And in defiance of all common sense she had gone through a marriage ceremony with him.

I confronted Della with the whole truth and the poor girl broke down. She knew now that she was in an awful mess. She begged me to get her out of it.—*William Moulton Marston, condensed from Your Life.*

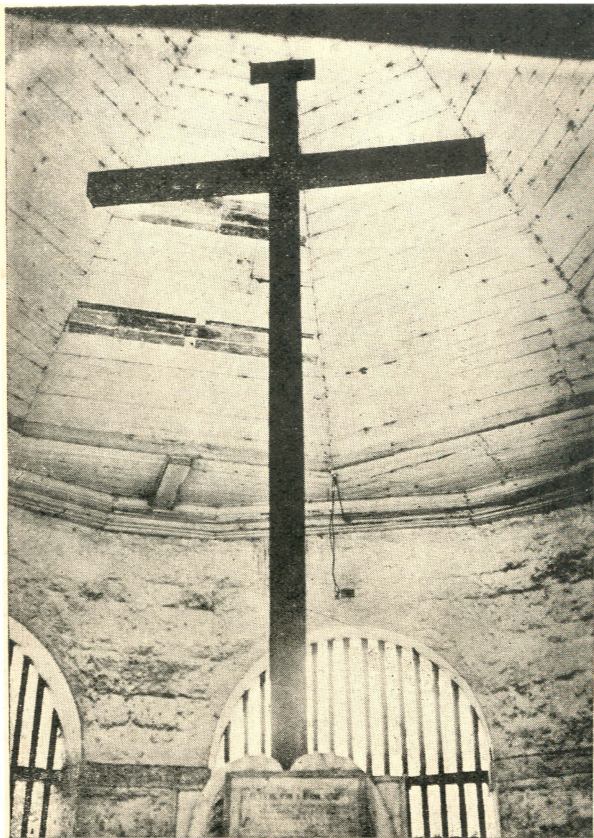
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## COCKROACHES

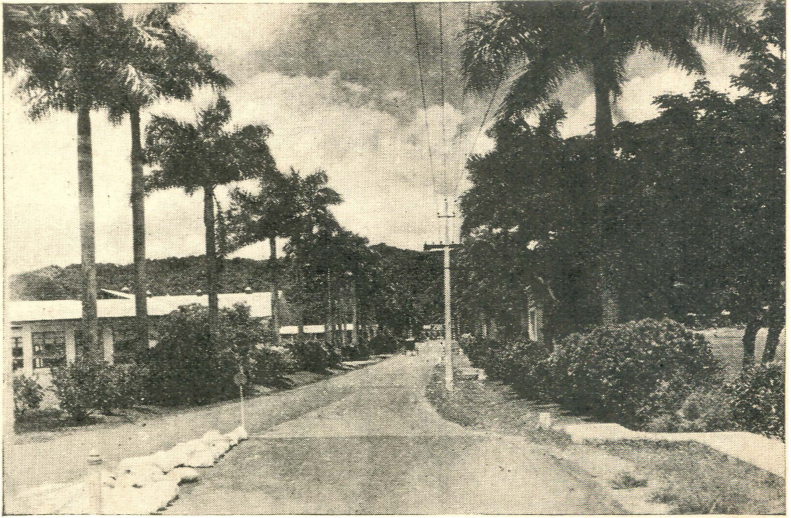
THE steamer was laden with sugar and the one drawback to it was the fact that it was literally heaving with those ancient aristocrats, cockroaches. Before I got into my bunk at night, I used to sweep them out and down from the panelling. I was no sooner asleep, however, than they were walking over my face and getting tangled up in my hair. One night a half glassful of sweet wine was left by mistake standing in my washing basin, and next morning the whole basin and the washing stand was a solid mass of semi-intoxicated cockroaches, while I had been left completely in peace. After that our way was clear. They had their liquor, and I had my bunk to myself.—*Elinor Mordaunt, in Sinabada.*



The Old Reliable



Magellan's Cross, Cebú



Royal Palm Avenue, Agriculture, U. P.



Rainy Days

‡Ornamental but also useful.

## DIAMONDS GO TO WORK

THE CROWN of the Maharajah of Indore contains 73 diamonds that gleam brilliantly in a setting of purest gold. But in almost any big American automobile plant are more than a thousand diamonds set in hardest steel—diamonds that grind and cut. The gems of the potentate and those of the factory may have come from the same mine, but their destiny is as separate as the poles. For the jewels in the prince's crown are solely things of beauty, while those in the vast workshops are expected to do but one thing—to work.

No pampered object of luxury is the industrial diamond. It is plunged into the noise and grime of the modern factory, where it toils and cuts until it is literally worn away to nothing. Fully one-half of the world's diamond production is fated never to end up on milady's finger, nor in the diadem of a sultan; one-half of them are used only for utility.

A thousand miles north of Montana, in a tent-and-cabin town on the Great Slave Lake called Yel-

lowknife, there's a rip-snoiting gold rush going on right now. The fever of the days of '49 is in the air, for the sour-doughs have found gold aplenty in this rock-bound terrain of Canada's far Northwest Territories.

But it's a gold rush with a modern slant. The men who hunt the precious yellow metal are using diamond "shovels" with which to dig for their gold. The ore has to run rich and deep in order to pay the tremendous cost of getting it out and back to civilization. The promoters already knew it was rich on the surface. And so, the burning question was: how deep does the gold run?

To find out, the mine's backers shipped up a cunningly simple device called a diamond core drill—a tubular drill whose bit is encrusted with diamonds. These diamonds bore easily into flinty rock which would crumple hardened steel. Hollow parts retain a sample of the strata passed through. To find what hidden wealth lies in the bowels of the

earth, the mining engineers simply analyze their samples.

They did this at Yellowknife. And there are now more than 30 mining and prospecting companies there, all because the diamond drill has proved it profitable.

Only in recent years has the diamond become something other than a pretty and expensive bauble. The reason is that in this steel age, when tough metals must be cut to size with hair-line accuracy and tremendous speed, diamonds and nothing else will do the job.

The fiery stone gouged from the bowels of African earth is by far the hardest thing known in Christendom. And because of this incredible hardness, which allows it to cut the most formidable alloys as though they were soft cheese, the diamond is indispensable to the automobile industry. Forty per cent of all industrial diamonds are used in the manufacture of automobiles, and were it not for this, your car would not give either the performance or the wear you have come expect of it.

These diamonds are not pretty things. Their shape is without good proportion and they contain flaws that any jeweler would notice at once. As a result, they cost

only from \$30 to \$35 per carat. But flaws or no flaws, they have solved many a knotty problem for the automotive engineer.

And so it is with wire. The millions of miles of wires that criss-cross the nation all had to be drawn through dies—and that is where the diamond comes in. One-fifth of all industrial diamonds are used as dies for drawing wire.

The diamond wire die is simply a gem set in a metal casing and drilled in dead center with a small round hole. By fast-revolving machinery the wire is drawn through a series of such dies with different-sized holes until it is reduced to the proper diameter, a terrifying exact thing. The drilling of the hole in the diamond involves almost a week of ceaseless hammering at the center of the stone with a needle impregnated with diamond dust. And enough 20-gauge copper wire to encircle the world two dozen times can be run through a diamond die before the hold suffers any measurable enlargement.

Diamonds plow through staunch metal hour after hour, day after day, without showing perceptible wear. One factory is using a gem that has reamed 19,000 holes, has



been recut several times, and is still doing precision cutting.

Stone-quarry operators long ago learned that diamonds can save them money by speeding production. The stone facings for America's mightiest skyscrapers were sliced to size with circular diamond-toothed saws. The largest of such saws in existence has a blade seven feet in diameter with more than a thousand stones set in its rim. It mows through solid stone as though it were soap, and goes on sawing for months before the diamonds must be reset. This does not mean that the gems have been worn out. It means that the tremendous pressure on the diamonds has worn the steel settings that hold them. The settings are repaired, and the same gems are ready for more labor.

In comparison with this, the life of the gems which keep the nation on schedule is an easy one. The job

of a diamond in a fine watch is to provide delicate moving parts with a setting that defies time and wear.

Nothing will cut a diamond but another diamond. And that is why the blue-blooded jewelry shimmering in the jeweler's showcase owes its beauty to the "other half"—the worker diamonds that cut, polish and buff them.

New uses are constantly being found for diamonds. In oil-burning furnaces, for example, pierced diamond nozzles are coming into favor because the diamond gives a steady spray of oil and is unaffected by terrific heat. Tomorrow will bring other uses.

This glinty caprice of nature that used to be only an extravagant bauble has come out of the white-collar class with a vengeance. It does work that no other thing on earth can do.—*W. A. Swanberg, condensed from This Week.*

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## NAMES

HERE is a list of towns in the United States with odd names, which, with the abbreviated name of the State included, make interesting combinations: Ash, Kan.; Carpet, Tex.; Ogoo, Ga.; Odear, Me.; Skeleton, Ky.; Shoo, Fla.; Kay, O.; Houdy, Miss.; Fiven, Tenn.

## THE HEARING EYE

It's well nigh impossible for us who are born with the twin abilities of speech and hearing to realize what a child who is born deaf goes through. Such children are unable to talk, not because they haven't the physical organs to do so, but because, never having heard the faintest sound, they have absolutely no conception of what speech is.

Let's look at my little friend Mary, three years old, chubby, blue-eyed and blonde—a beautifully healthy baby. Yet her parents were beginning to be tortured with worry. Slowly but surely it became apparent that she was unable to learn *anything*. The lower half of her pretty face became cloaked with listless lack of expression.

It was not the child's inability to learn to talk which frightened her parents as much as it was her complete lack of a healthy childish interest in her surroundings. Her indifference gave rise to the fear that her brain might be subnormal, tainted with idiocy.

When she was almost four her

parents took her to a specialist. They were desperate and asked him outright whether there was anything wrong with Mary's mind.

The doctor perched Mary atop a high revolving stool. Then, striking a tuning fork close to each of her ears, he watched her eyelids closely. He was looking for the reflex twitch which, if present, proclaims rudimentary hearing. Mary stared fixedly—her lids still. The doctor repeated this as many times as he had different forks, testing her reaction to every note and half note.

Then he spun the stool rapidly with Mary still on it. After she had whirled for about thirty seconds, he stopped her abruptly and carefully scrutinized her eyes. They did not move. If a pre-speech baby has any ability, however weak, to decipher sound, spinning her around like this excites the fluid in the semi-circular canals of the ear. In turn this activates one of the motor nerves of the eyeball and causes it to move. The test is given in two planes, so the doctor laid Mary on his examining

table and spun her horizontally.

When he once more halted her with a jerk, she looked up at him and smiled, her big blue eyes steady and motionless. Wearily, the doctor turned to her nervous parents.

"Your baby's totally deaf," he told them.

He was a careful doctor. Before he told them that Mary had been *born* without hearing, he gave her a Wassermann test to make sure. "Hereditary" syphilis deafens many children between the ages of two and four. Prompt medical attention in these cases can very often restore a good part of their hearing. Little Mary's Wassermann was negative. There was no doubt she was born deaf. What was to become of her?

Schools for the deaf teach the little deaf child the sign language and let it go at that. A child whose only contact with the world is the sign language must necessarily confine all his conversation to those who are similarly afflicted. It is difficult to imagine why instructors persist in teaching it. Especially now after it has been indisputably proven that *all children born deaf can be taught to speak*.

Dr. Max Goldstein, head of the Central Institute for the Deaf, in

St. Louis, claims that every congenitally deaf child has the potentialities of speech. But teaching these little tots to talk still leaves them totally deaf. How can they carve a normal niche for themselves out of their stone deafness?

What did little Mary do? She lived in Brooklyn so her parents had their choice of sending her to one of two excellent schools—the Lexington School for the Deaf, at 904 Lexington Avenue, or Public School 47, at 225 East 23 Street, both in Manhattan. They chose P. S. 47 which is ably administered by Miss Carrie W. Kearns. She has a peculiar hobby. It seems her chief joy in life is being orally thanked for her work by pupils who were speechless when they came to her.

The keynote upon which the success of all these schools is based is a combination of kindness and patience.

About four is the best age to begin instruction. The only two things the children really know then are hunger and sleep. It's not always easy to get them interested to toys. But usually after they spend some time in a room with other children who are playing they sooner or later imitate

them. As soon as they show a fondness for playing they are given toys which start them on a series of simple associations—manipulated toys.

One of them is a board with a square, around, an oval, and a triangular hole cut through it. Four pegs which correspond with the holes are furnished with the board. The idea is to get the child to fit each part into its proper place. Sometimes it takes months to teach them to plug the right holes with the pegs.

After they have learned this lesson they are shown pictures of fingers and feet and other parts of the body. As they look at each picture they are encouraged to touch the same part of themselves. In this way they complete a long chain of associations and finally are able to recognize and match pictures of kettles, cats, and all sorts of things.

At this stage of the game the children make noise, slamming their toys around with excess youthful energy. They are happy. When the child is well versed in his pictures and can identify and match them without mistake, the teacher begins pronouncing the names of them. This gives the

children their first introduction to lip reading. They become used to seeing the same mouth movements accompany the same picture.

Next the instructress seats herself a few feet away from her pupils, facing them, and sticks her tongue out as far as it will go. First she wags it up and down smartly, then sweeps it from side to side.

The children, that is, most of them, grimace gleefully back at her, waving their tongues waggishly. With all their children's delight in making faces it is impossible for them to resist the grown-up example in front of them.

Remember, these children have never spoken a word in their lives. Before any attempt can be made to teach them to speak, their vocal cords must be strengthened through exercise. Most of their vocal organs are in the state your legs would be had you never been allowed to walk, functionally perfect, but weak and unagile.

After these exercises have made the children's faces facile, the instructress lights a row of candles and blows them out, one by one—*phft, phft, phft*. She uses a great deal of gusto doing it and the attendant noise is not unlike a fruit-

ful jeer. When she's finished, she lights them again. This time she lets the children blow them out. As they blow they make the same noises she made.

"*Phft, phft, phft*" are usually the first controlled sounds the child makes. Now the child's vocal organs are ready to talk.

The teacher next strikes a tuning fork and touches one of the child's fingers with it until the oscillations are completely dampened. It tickles the child at first and his only reaction is to smile and squirm as he feels it. He does not realize that he is being introduced to sound along the only avenue leading into his mind—the sense of touch.

In the next scene the child sits in the teacher's lap and presses his little hands against the cheeks and throat of his tutor.

"Cat, cat, cat." Over and over again the teacher enunciates sharply, the pupil watching her lips intently. Each time the teacher pronounces the word "cat" she points to a picture of the tabby.

This is the first training of the child's hearing eye. He watches the teacher's lips and feels the vibrations of her cheeks and throat until the teacher can say "cat" and have the child pick out a picture

of a cat from an assortment of other animals. It's a long drawn out process and they both plug at it until the child has a vocabulary of about a hundred common household words that he can either read from lips or identify from cheek and throat vibrations.

When the child's ability to interpret satisfies the teacher, she shifts one of the baby's hands from her cheek to his own.

"Cat, cat, cat," the child feels his tutor repeat. The teacher's voice is clear, yet not exaggeratedly perfect by any means. After all, the child in her lap must be taught to lip read and speak ordinary colloquial English. "Cat, cat, cat," she continues patiently.

You can see the child concentrate on his fingertips which lightly clutch his own throat.

"Ket, ket—*cat*." The child is talking! His voice is unnaturally high and quavering, but all that will be taken care of later.

These children's sense of touch becomes remarkably sensitive. When they are perfectly acquainted with the vibrations of the teacher's throat, they make use of their marvelous mimicry and reproduce the same vibrations in their own throats. They imitate the lip move-

ments of the teacher too. When their vibrations and lip movements are the same as the teacher's, they are talking, although most of them don't know it at first.

Naturally nothing is done about modulating the voice until the child can talk fairly well because pronunciation is more important than pitch. Yet none of these children has any idea of tone. A few begin to talk in a basso profundo, but by far the greatest majority of them start by squeaking.

If a child starts talking too high in the scale, they lay him down on the floor. The pitch of his voice goes down with him. No one seems to know exactly why this happens, but it probably has something to do with the relaxation of his throat muscles when he lies limp.

On the other hand, if the child begins to speak in an offensively deep baritone, they stand him atop a chair and his voice rises with him. Here it's probably the tension accompanying height which raises his tones.

The child is taught ordinary reading, writing, and arithmetic. If he's old enough, handicrafts;

then later, trades. Deaf schools were the first pioneers in industrial education. They have long known the value of the manual arts. The pupils weave beautiful cloth by hand loom, beat fine copper ware, work lathes and furnaces.

About half of the child's eventual success in the world depends on lip reading. They become almost unbelievably skillful at it. So adept that they can carry on a rapid conversation with a teacher who has her hand completely covering her mouth and exposes only the profile of her cheek to her listener. Demonstrations of this sort are not tricks. The teachers use ordinary conversational facial movements. This is however a rather rare degree of optical dexterity.

There is really nothing outstanding about deaf children who have been taught to talk, except perhaps a certain succinct quality about their speech. They speak well but never talk merely to hear their own voices. There is a great victory, great because the more thoroughly they win it, the more completely they hide their long fight from us.—*Vincent Boslet, condensed from The Commentator.*

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## ANIMALS BEFORE THE COURTS

PRIMITIVE man ascribed life and personality to inanimate things. If they injured him, he punished or destroyed them. Every child instinctively does the same; so does his father when he stubs his toe on the walk or when his mother "refuses" to run. In ancient Greece the lifeless instrument with which a citizen had been killed was brought to trial and, if found guilty, was cast beyond territorial borders. Later, in England, such an implement had to be surrendered to kinsmen of the slain person, in order that vengeance might be wreaked upon it.

From the most remote ages comes evidence that before there were regular courts of justice, animals were delivered to the injured person or his kin for punishment. Later they were brought into court—domestic animals into secular courts, wild animals into courts of the church. They were formally arraigned, represented by counsel, tried, acquitted or convicted—and if they were convicted they were punished. These proceedings were common all over Europe and even in America.

One of the most famous of these cases arose in Savigny in 1457, when a sow and six little pigs were brought to trial for having killed and eaten a child. The evidence was clear, but the counsel for the accused animals put up such a strong fight that only the sow was convicted. The little porkers were acquitted on account of their youth and because of the bad example set by their mother. The unhappy sow was hanged on the gallows in the market place before a large court of spectators, and was left there for days as a warning.

In 1494 another pig was convicted of having committed a murder on land belonging to the church. The monks were the prosecutors. The sentence: "We, in detestation and horror of the said crime, and to the end that an example may be made and justice maintained, have here adjudged, sentenced, pronounced, and appointed that the said porker, now detained as a prisoner and confined in the said abbey, shall be, by the master of high works, hanged and strangled."

Other domestic animals were also apprehended as criminals. In 1314 a bull attacked and killed a man near Moisy, France. The beast was sentenced to be hanged on the common gallows and that judgment was affirmed by the parliament of Paris. Dijon condemned and executed a horse for homicide in 1389, and a mare was burned to death as late as 1694 by order of the highest court of the province.

One of the most famous cases is that of the rats of Autun, which during the early part of the sixteenth were charged with having willfully eaten and feloniously destroyed the barley crop of the province. The culprits were cited to appear on a certain day, but they defaulted. The court appointed, as their counsel, Bartholomew Chassanee, who was to become one of the most distinguished of French jurists.

This able advocate was as earnest and faithful in defending the rats as he would have been in the defense of his most notable human client. He made use of every conceivable pretext and technicality to avoid a trial, contending that since the rats were scattered over a great many villages, one summons was not enough. This point was sus-

tained and a second citation was issued by the court with directions that it be published from the pulpits of all the parishes.

After the time for giving this notice had elapsed, Chassanee came before the court again and excused the default of his clients on the ground that their journey was long and particularly dangerous because of the many cats in the district. He demanded, therefore, that those who had filed complaints against his clients be compelled to give bond for the good behavior of the cats. And, believe it or not, his motion was granted, a formal order entered. But since the complainants were not willing to guarantee the safety of the rats against their traditional enemies, the cats, that ended the prosecution.

The classic of animal cases, however, was begun in 1545 by the wine growers of the commune of St. Julien against a species of weevils that had ravaged their vineyards. The case lasted more than 40 years. When it was first heard, two prominent attorneys appeared for the insects and made vigorous defense. The judge, doubtless moved by a modicum of common sense, decided that he would not enter a decree against the insect defendants. Instead he recom-



mended public prayers and masses.

His program was carried out and the insects disappeared. But years later they came back, and this time they were actually brought to trial. Their original attorney had died, so two other lawyers were substituted. They presented their plea in June, 1587, The case was continued three or four times with due formality and argued extensively by both sides.

Finally the suffering grape growers, disgusted with the law's delays, called a public meeting at which it was proposed that a piece of ground outside the vineyards should be set aside for the exclusive use of the insects, where they might live happily and not interfere with the making of good wine. The proposition was speedily

adopted and an offer was made in writing to convey it to the insects, provided their lawyers were satisfied with the arrangement.

But, as might be expected, that did not end the litigation. The lawyers, probably having some doubt as to their influence over their clients, contended that the land offered was sterile. They rejected the proposal. Lengthy arguments ensued. What the final outcome was no man knows, for the last page of the record is missing. Perhaps the defendant weevils, dissatisfied with the action of the court, sent a secret delegation to destroy the missing page, nullifying the judgment for all eternity. —*Harry Hibschan, condensed from Fact Digest.*

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## WAR AND HELL

The spirits of General Sherman and Napoleon were having a little talk about the changing world.

"Nappy, I'm in bad," remarked Sherman, sadly.

"How so?" asked Bonaparte.

"It's this way," responded Sherman. "The League of Nations is declaring war abolished and the theologians are declaring hell abolished. This doesn't give me a leg to stand on."

## EXPERIENCES OF A MARIHUANA ADDICT

*La cucaracha, la cucaracha  
Ya no puede caminar,  
Porque no tiene, porque no tiene  
Marihuana que fumar.*

In this lilting little dance-song, Mexican peasants lament that the cockroach cannot march because he has no marihuana to smoke. With no lyrical accompaniment, police officials and doctors have found increasing cause to lament that Americans, particularly young school-children of both sexes, have had plenty of noxious, fascinating drug.

Robert P. Walton, Professor of Pharmacology in Mississippi University, relates in his book how marihuana smoking was introduced to the United States from Mexico by way of Texas and New Orleans. The author was attached to the New Orleans Faculty of Medicine and was one of the first to recognize the menace and study it scientifically.

Marihuana is the resin exuded by the common hemp plant which is freely cultivated for its tough fibre, and the oil from its seed which goes to all quarters of the

globe. The Hindus appreciate the drug as "bhang," the Arabs and Egyptians as "hashish." The Mexicans introduced it in cigarette form to the sensation-seeking younger generations in America.

Variouly nick-named "reefers," "muggles," "Indian hay," "tea" and "goof butts," it was enthusiastically smoked by schoolchildren who clubbed together to raise the necessary quarter which most pedlars charged for a cigarette. This was passed round, the puffs jealously counted. One dealer carried on his trade concealed behind the steps of a girl's high-school.

At risk of arousing dangerous interest in marihuana, the author quotes from many accounts of their experiences, given by addicts and by doctors who tried it on the dog and then on themselves.

Most eloquent of these was a young American schoolteacher named Fitzhugh Ludlow, who became a vicious addict and then conquered the habit, partially by writing an account of his experience at the suggestion of his physician.

Taking 30 grains of hemp extract, out of curiosity, he found: "My sensations began to be terrific . . . Through every thinnest corporeal tissue and minutest vein I could trace the circulation of the blood along each inch of its progress . . . the room was full of a great glory . . . my heart became a great fountain whose jet played upward with loud vibrations, and, striking on the roof of my skull as on a gigantic dome, fell back with a splash and echo into its reservoir . . . I dreaded apoplexy, congestion, hemorrhage, a multiplicity of nameless deaths. . ."

The common experience of the drug-taker is to find that his reason and powers of observation on himself remain unclouded. He knows what is happening, fears it, then becomes so uncontrollably amused at it that he gives way to gales of hysterical merriment. He loses all sense of space and time, so that everything that takes place in his imagination is on a colossal scale, and experiences which actually last five minutes seem to go on for hundred of years.

In contrast to Opium, which gives pleasure at first and horrible depression afterwards, the hashish frequently begins with nightmare

fears and proceeds to a sense of indescribable happiness and self-confidence.

Ludlow's next sensations were to find himself at the top of an infinite flight of stairs which he feared would take him years to descend. The illusions developed, "Now, through the street, with measured tread, an armed host passed by. The heavy beat of their football, and the grinding of their brazen corslet-rings alone broke the silence . . . It was the army of the ages going by into eternity. A godlike sublimity swallowed up my soul. I was overwhelmed in a fathomless barathrum of time . . ."

After this, Ludlow threw himself on his bed and the moment he closed his eyes "a vision of celestial glory" burst upon him. After this there followed a vision of a "quiet, relaxing and recreative character," and he fell asleep.

Next morning he awoke feeling intense relief at the sight of the four plain white walls of his bedroom. There was no trace of bodily weariness nor mental impression, but his memory vividly recalled what he had seen and felt under the drug, and soon he was longing to experience the delight again.

This is the way in which the

drug grips the addict. Ludlow took another dose. Nothing happened for five hours, then suddenly he was "smitten by the hashish thrill as by a thunderbolt," as he was walking in the country with a friend. Immediately the country stretched out into an infinite paradise of colour, and Ludlow leapt into the air and clapped his hands with delight at his "happiness." He reached home with a tremendous thirst, but when he turned the tap on it was not water which flowed "but the most delicious metheglin" which "gleamed with the spiritual fire of a thousand chrysolites."

The rest of the evening was spent in a delicious dream, but the next time Ludlow indulged he took 50 grains. It took effect soon after midnight when the room was dark. This time the first experience was one of "superhuman misery."

Author Walton argues that marijuana does not often produce erotic sensations, but quotes Frenchman Hector France who

was taken into a cave-like den in North Africa, where the Bedouins smoked their pipes filled with "kif" (another name for the hemp drug). At first the pipe was "like a bar of redhot iron" to the touch, but the Bedouins urged him on. He was rewarded.

"The hall was changing into a perfect harem, filling, filling with young and pretty women. Was Constantine sending all her dancing girls, or had the Thaleb brought me to the general headquarters of the profession?"

Thirty-nine of the United States have now imposed penalties ranging from one to 30 years' imprisonment, with proportionate fines thrown in for all those caught trafficking in marihuana.

Though the scientific evidence is not conclusive, most of the experts agree that the "goof butt" if it does not drive the smoker into acts of irresponsible violence, will slowly but surely reduce him to the status of an idle, drivelling idiot.—*Condensed from News Review.*

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*Lawyer* (helping pedestrian up): "Come with me, my man. You can get damages."

*Pedestrian*: "Heavens, man, I've got all the damages I want. Get me some repairs."—*Parade.*

## EYING THE EVIDENCE

THERE is a widespread inability to analyze evidence, to understand what does and what does not amount to proof. One of the most remarkable illustrations, in any country, at any time, was offered by the Tichborne trials in England.

Roger Tichborne, a young Englishman, some day likely to become a baronet and owner of a great fortune, was lost in a ship which sank at sea in 1854. Nobody doubted this: his father, the courts, the owner of the ship, the insurance company—all accepted the fact that he was dead. There was one exception: Roger's mother, a Frenchwoman, and a very self-willed person. She insisted that he must still be alive. And of course, by all the rules of romance, she must be right.

After her practical and commonsense husband was dead, Roger's mother began to advertise all over the world for the "lost heir of Tichborne." In other words, she offered any impostor who might be interested in tempting bait of a title and an income of £20,000 a

year. Naturally, there came a nibble at her line. Twelve years after Roger's death, an enormous fat man, a Cockney butcher named Arthur Orton, emerged from the Australian bush and prevailed upon Lady Tichborne to accept him as her son, "Sir Roger."

Thus the impostor began with the support of all the dreamy-eyed romantics in Britain—folk who were content to say, ecstatically, "A mother is never mistaken in her own child!"

The impostor rallied round himself some old retainers and followers of the Tichbornes, and aided by Lady Tichborne's money, kept them in his service, while he pumped them dry of useful information. Wildly ignorant, at first, of the career of the man he was trying to impersonate, he managed to acquire enough knowledge to convince the trusting.

And they were convinced because they were unable to analyze evidence. This glaring failure resulted from their inability to observe that what he knew of Roger Tichborne, his life and family,

was, in every respect, knowledge that he had gained from Roger's mother, or from his hired retainers and coachers. And that dozens of matters of which he was absolutely ignorant were things which the real Roger must infallibly have known. If his sympathizers saw this, they were incapable of making any deductions from it.

The real Roger spoke French like a native; the false Roger could not pronounce correctly a single French word. The real Roger was a devout Roman Catholic; the false one was ignorant of the forms of that faith. The real Roger had been an officer in the English army; the false one said he had been an enlisted man! The true Roger had studied the classics; the claimant knew nothing of them and thought that Caesar was a Greek. The actual Roger was tattooed with an anchor, a heart, a cross, and his initials,

R.C.T. All that the faked Roger had in the way of tattoo marks were his own real initials, A. O., which he had tried to obliterate.

This last fact ended the first trial—the impostor's civil suit by which he tried to get possession of the Tichborne estates. He was then tried for the crime of perjury. The jury found him guilty on all counts, and he went to prison for fourteen years.

It should be observed that the evidence most conclusive in establishing the truth—as, for example, the tattoo-marks—was circumstantial evidence.

Throughout this long case and these two incredibly minute trials, circumstantial evidence had invariably pointed to the truth, while the *direct evidence* of witnesses was the cornerstone of a gigantic structure of fraud.—*Edmund Pearson, condensed from Scribner's.*

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### VERY COLORFUL!

HAS IT EVER occurred to you that when a man is rebellious we call him red? When he is afraid we call him yellow; when he is straight we call him white; when he is loyal we call him true blue; when he is ignorant we call him green; and when he is uninteresting we call him colorless.—*The Commentator.*

## THE STORY OF YOUR SILVER SPOON

WHY do we always buy table silver in sets of twelve? the answer to that comes from a little shop in London, where, in the year 1500, most of the silver made was designed for church use. The silversmith could think of no greater inspiration than the twelve apostles, so he made a spoon for each. After that it became the custom to make all sets in twelves.

What is a hallmark? That originated three hundred years ago in England, with the passing of a law that every silversmith must register his special mark with the assay hall. That became his "hallmark" and was put on every piece he made.

What is sterling? A chemist will tell you that sterling is 925 parts silver and seventy-five parts copper. The name, however, is traced to a German trader of eight hundred years ago, whose name was Esterling. He traded his goods in England for pure silver tokens, and these came to be called "sterling."

Why do we buy silver? Obviously because it is useful, durable and beautiful. But the Colo-

rial silversmiths who started the industry in New England three hundred years ago found customers coming to them for quite another reason. John Hull, the first recorded silversmith in Boston, was patronized by sea captains who were paid in pounds sterling for their cargoes of sugar. They asked him to melt down their sterling and convert it into bowls, vases, candlesticks or teapots, as a safer form in which they might keep their silver.

This led to an unexpected discovery. In 1652 John Hull went before the Council to report that an increasing amount of counterfeit money was circulating. In one bag of coins brought to him by a sea captain to be melted down and made into wrought silver, at least one out of every ten pieces was not silver but a worthless metal. "We need standard silver coins," John Hull argued, "that will mean the same in every town along the Coast."

As a result, John Hull was appointed master of a new mint. His first task was to design a coin that

would become standard. His pine-tree shilling became the accepted coin of pre-Revolutionary and Revolutionary days. One coin out of every twenty was given to Hull as compensation for his work. Hull himself became very sentimental about his coin. When his daughter was married, he made her dowry her exact weight, 150 pounds, in pine-tree shillings. Hull's hand-minted coins and wrought pieces were the most famous of Colonial silver work.

One hundred years later a young silversmith named Paul Revere hung out a sign on Clark's wharf in Boston stating that he would replace lost teeth with teeth of silver. There were too many silversmiths making teapots, Revere thought. Everybody had a household of them. So, although he had an excellent business engraving fine bowls and silver sets, he soon did a thriving dental business as well and his silver teeth adorned many a weather-beaten visage.

Paul Revere made famous etchings and famous engravings, as well as teeth. Aside from his famous midnight ride, however, his claim to immortality lies in the wealth of beautiful silverware he left in New England. He learned his art from his father and passed

it on to his son. The name of Revere was first among all American silversmiths.

Fifty years later, in 1831, a man name Jabez Gorham, a jeweler in Providence who acted as his own traveling salesman, was asked by a customer why he did not add silver spoons to his wares. Gorham took a silversmith into his shop and started the business which was to become the great house of Gorham, largest makers of sterling in America today.

As yet sterling was only for the well-to-do. Its cost was prohibitive for the average home. In Sheffield, England, in 1742, a man named Thomas Bolsover, a mechanic in metals, repairman and button-maker, was asked to repair a knife with a handle of silver and a blade of copper. It was broken clear through, and it would require a very hot flame to mend it, Bolsover decided. As he held it in the flame, he discovered that the copper and the silver had fused. The silver had completely covered the copper!

This, Bolsover realized, was an important discovery. By bringing copper and silver together he could make pieces as beautiful as silver and much less expensive, available for the average household. Soon



after that he founded the Sheffield Plate industry. His plate was so successful that the rich as well as the poor purchased it. Between 1750 and 1840 Sheffield Plate was the most popular silverware on the market. Genuine Sheffield Plate refers only to that type of ware made in Sheffield during those years.

In 1840 Sheffield was replaced when a young chemist named Wright discovered the process of putting silver on a base metal by electricity. This process was much easier than Sheffield plating, as well as faster and less expensive. Wright's discovery started the great plated-silver industry. Seven years later the five Rogers Brothers opened their factory in Hartford, and soon leading silversmiths throughout New England were working with plated ware as well as solid silver.

Silver played an important part in one of the most extraordinary

social experiments ever made in the United States. In 1848 John Humphrey Noyes, with a small group of followers, founded the Oneida Community in New York, an experiment in communal ownership, race-improvement and a religious and manufacturing community. Of their many successes in manufacturing and marketing, only one now remains, the making of plated silver. Today the Oneida Community is one of the largest manufacturers of plated silver in the country.

The silver industry is centralized almost entirely in New York and New England. It has become a forty-million-dollar industry and pays out more than eleven million dollars in wages each year. It supplies an average of fifty pieces of silver per family throughout the country. — *Adapted from the "Americans at Work" program, Columbia Broadcasting System.*

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"THE only bad mistake in a diagnosis that I can remember," said a doctor, "was when I prescribed for indigestion, and afterwards learned that my patient could easily have afforded appendicitis."—

## ECCENTRICS

BYRON took a morbid delight in making his reputation an unsavoury one. He loved to tell outrageous stories about himself hoping that his listeners would believe them and repeat them to others—which they invariably did.

The philosopher Kant would allow no one to talk to him on his daily walks.

At one time in his life, Rembrandt believed that all his bones were melting away. He feared the day when he would collapse in the street because they had completely disappeared.

When Thackeray had written a passage that especially pleased him, he clapped on his hat and rushed out to find a friend to whom he might read it.

De Quincey accumulated his papers until bed, floor, tables and chairs were snowed under and could no longer be used for their legitimate purposes. When this point was reached, De Quincey moved on to new lodgings, still keeping the old quarters to store his valued papers in. At the time of his death, he was paying rent for six different apartments, each one crammed full of manuscripts.

Beethoven was one of those temperamental musicians who had to have the full attention of his audience—or he took his music and went home. Once, while playing in company, there occurred an interruption that so enraged the composer, he jumped up from the piano and yelled, "I play no longer for such hogs!"

Eleanora Duse liked to do her reading on the floor, lying flat on her stomach with a book before her.

When dining at a coffee-house, Shelley used to amuse himself by rolling up little pellets of bread and slyly shooting them at the customers. He was happiest when he could pop his victims on the nose.

George IV liked to mimic the solemn, long-faced politicians of his day.—*Kathleen Masterson, in This Week.*

## FISHERMEN SUPREME

HALF of the world total of three million persons employed in fisheries are Japanese, who man one third of the world's fishing craft and take a like proportion of the total world catch. With rice and bean curd, Japan's 80,000,000 subsist mainly on seaweeds and fish. But the seas surrounding Japan have been practically emptied of fish for many years. So the Japanese must operate where they can. Wherever they go, they fish so that the ocean will be denuded unless other countries watch carefully.

The Japanese have developed the world's first floating canneries. These vessels, weighing up to 15,000 tons, carry machinery by which catches are cleaned and canned directly they are hauled in. They have an almost limitless cruising range, are weather-proof, and are able to fish off-shore where small boats are of no use. A typical instance occurred recently when Japan stationed her floating canneries just outside the three-mile limit in North Pacific and Alaskan waters. Using miles-long deep-sea nets to intercept the salmon as they

swam coastwards to pawn in Alaskan and Canadian rivers where they had hatched, the intruders threatened to deplete in a few years the richest waters in the world, where fishing had long been limited and regulated. For the moment they have been stopped, but that they will return surreptitiously to the attack, here and elsewhere, is quite certain.

As the Japanese are made to retreat from waters here, they descend on waters there. At this stage they are bestowing the benefit of their presence particularly on the south Atlantic, off Argentina and off Central America. Newcomers to the whale industry, they and the Germans can now claim a fifth of the total killing. The chief hunt is for the blue and fin whales, which were being exterminated at the rate of 30,000 a year until an international halt was called to the proceedings a year ago, when the season was restricted to three months and the harpooning of calves, immature specimens and females with sucklings ruled out.—*Ferdinand Tuohy, condensed from The Sphere, London.*

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## PANORAMA QUIZ

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THIS feature is intended to test your fund of information on matters that an educated person should know. Read each question carefully. Check the answer you think is correct. After you have gone over all of them, look up the correct answers on page 61.

1. The Siegfried Line, which is a long line of defenses and underground fortifications built by the Germans along the French frontier, has been so named in honor of Siegfried who was (1) *a German general during the World War*; (2) *a famous German statesman*; (3) *a great hero of a popular German legend*; (4) *a German engineer who built the fortification*.

2. The states of North and South America meeting last month in Panama City propose to extend their sphere of neutrality to a distance of 300 miles from their shores. This will greatly modify international law and practice under which each state may extend its power over a distance from its shore not greater than (1) *ten miles*; (2) *three miles*; (3) *six miles*; (4) *fifty miles*.

3. Secretary Benigno Aquino of the Department of Agriculture and Commerce, in an eloquent but meatless speech, said that the Bible was produced by the Jews when they were in the zenith of their political independence. As a matter of fact, Aquino is wrong because much of the Bible, such as the New Testament, was written

when the Jews were a subject people under the yoke of (1) *the Greeks*; (2) *the Persians*; (3) *the Romans* (4) *the Germans*.

4. In the Washington Conference of 1922, the great Powers agreed that a submarine which sinks a merchant boat without giving its passengers and crew warning and a chance to be saved should be treated as (1) *a pirate which any country may destroy*; (2) *a plain violator of law and should be warned not to repeat the act*; (3) *a legitimate combatant*; (4) *an offender who should be made to pay the cost of the destroyed ship*.

5. The new High Commissioner to the Philippines, Francis B. Sayre, is by career a (1) *scholar*; (2) *politician*; (3) *banker*; (4) *merchant*; (5) *physician*.

6. Istanbul is the new name of the city known formerly as (1) *Naples, Italy*; (2) *Constantinople, Turkey*; (3) *Cadiz, Spain*; (4) *Athens, Greece*.

7. Bathala is an old Filipino word for God; and Valhalla is the name of (1) *god among the Eskimos*; (2) *a great warrior in ancient Germany*; (3) *a great hall in Norse legend where the*

*souls of warriors slain in battle dwell;* (4) *the palace of the kings of the old kingdom of Bohemia.*

8. Some people fight for their honor; others, for glory; still others, for love. But Hitler fights for lebensraum which means (1) *more meat for the Germans;* (2) *opportunity to live in freedom;* (3) *living space;* (4) *commercial opportunities.*

9. "O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name." This was expressed by (1) *Patrick Henry;* (2) *Gregorio del Pilar;* (3) *Madame Roland;* (4) *Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.*

10. "It is better to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave," was uttered by (1) *J. R. Blanche;* (2) *Victor Hugo;* (3) *Sally Rand;* (4) *Wallis Simpson.*

11. The ingenuity of the Germans has made *ersatz* a household word in Germany, an expression which refers to (1) *the rapid extension of Germany's boundaries;* (2) *the new weapons of warfare they have invented;* (3) *artificial substitutes of different kinds of food and other necessities which Germany lacks;* (4) *national spirit of hatred against the British fomented by Hitler and German militarists.*

12. The first five books of the Bible are known as (1) *the Old Testament;* (2) *the Genesis;* (3) *the Pentateuch;* (4) *the Talmud.*

13. Washington was the liberator of America from British rule, and Simon Bolivar was the liberator of (1) *Brazil from the Portuguese;* (2) *Cuba from Spain's rule;* (3) *the Spanish colonies in South America from Spain's domination;* (4) *Spain against the Moors.*

14. In the height of his eloquence, the orator compares the corruption and venality of government and society to the Augean Stables, which were (1) *grazing lands in the United States where stolen cattle were to be found;* (2) *legendary stables containing three thousand oxen which Hercules cleaned by directing into them the waters of two rivers;* (3) *stables for hundreds of racing horses which English gentlemen kept for the Irish Sweepstakes races;* (4) *stables of fine horses owned by an Indian prince and fed with the grain crops of his subjects.*

15. Satyagrapha is now offered in this war-crazed world as (1) *a newly invented machine-gun capable of being handled by one man alone;* (2) *a method of waging war without the use of violence as advocated by Gandhi* (3) *a new system of physical exercise advocated by Hindu philosophy students;* (4) *Hitler's method of annexing territories by disregarding treaty promises.*

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## Panoramic Views

LIFE without danger would be like meat without mustard.  
—*J. B. S. Haldane.*

\*

THE principal products of the Philippines are sugar and politics.—*Roger Babson, Statistician.*

\*

A GOOD teacher is merely a good signpost. So don't try to do too much for your boy. Your job is to help him help himself, not to help him shun responsibility.—*Henry Ford.*

\*

I HONESTLY think we should never be governed by anyone who has not known the influence of great books.—*Opie Read.*

\*

Among the failures there is a will to thwart others.—*Chester T. Crowell.*

∴

IF men were bought and sold by the pound, as pigs, heifers, cows, and sheep are, a man would be worth much less than a well-fattened pig.—*M. K. Wisheart.*

\*

I KNEW a banker who stopped a run on his institution by sending out for sandwiches and coffee for the long line of depositors.—*Judge Joseph Sabath.*

\*

THAT the Philippines, with Singapore not far away, could be used as a lever in world politics is obvious.—*Dr. Charles A. Beard, famous historian.*

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## Panorama Quiz—Answers

1. A great hero of a popular German legend.
2. Three miles.
3. The Romans.
4. A pirate which any country may destroy.
5. A scholar.
6. Constantinople, Turkey.
7. A great hall in Norse legend where the souls of warriors slain in battle dwell.
8. Living space.
9. Madame Roland.
10. J. R. Blanche.
11. Artificial substitutes of different kinds of food and other necessities which Germany lacks.
12. The Pentateuch.
13. The Spanish colonies in South America from Spain's domination.
14. Legendary stables containing three thousand oxen which Hercules cleaned by directing into them the waters of two rivers.
15. A method of waging war without the use of violence as advocated by Gandhi.

COMMONWEALTH OF THE PHILIPPINES  
Department of Public Works and Communications  
Manila

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By Bert Paul Osbon

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of September, 1939.

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*Notary Public*

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## READERS' COMMENT

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*City of Davao*—I do not now remember the date when my subscription to "PANORAMA" will expire but, inasmuch as I do not wish to miss a single copy of your valuable magazine, you will find enclosed herewith a money order in the sum of Five Pesos (P5.00) for three years' subscription thereto to begin upon the expiration of my present one.

The many interesting and varied articles it contains certainly make "PANORAMA" a good source of valuable information for everyone and should find a place in every Filipino home, especially in the provinces where there are no adequate library facilities.

Here's wishing "PANORAMA" a long lease of life.—*Gauttier F. Bisnar, Attorney at Law.*

\* \* \*

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\* \* \*

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its onward march. The articles in it are well-seasoned and fitted to the minds that are hungry for knowledge. In conclusion, I hope always that your magazine will never cease to supply us readers with much better and more interesting food for thought.—*Felix Catapang.*

\* \* \*

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\* \* \*

*Manila*—I wish to express my appreciation for the instructive and educational articles that are being published in "PANORAMA" to which I have been a subscriber for the last three years.—*T. Valdezco.*



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AT A DINNER recently one of the toasts ran: "Woman! without her, man is a brute"; but the newspaper compositor set it up as: "Woman, without her man, is a brute." The mover of the toast had a good deal of explaining to do.

In a magazine article on the milk supply in American cities, the writer was made to say: "The milkmaid having finished milking, a cow offered to take me into an adjoining room, where the milk is cooled." That was perfectly innocent, but there was a sheer malignity in the conduct of the comma (so placed by a fun-loving compositor of a large midwest newspaper) which made a prominent nonconformist minister declare that "he wanted to wear no clothes, to distinguish him from his fellow Christians."—*The Commentator*.

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September 9, 1939

PANORAMA, Manila

(Thru the Medical Director, Quezon Institute)

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By (Sgd.) *Luis Valdespinoza*

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Sept. 12, 1939

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