

Fourth Year of Publication

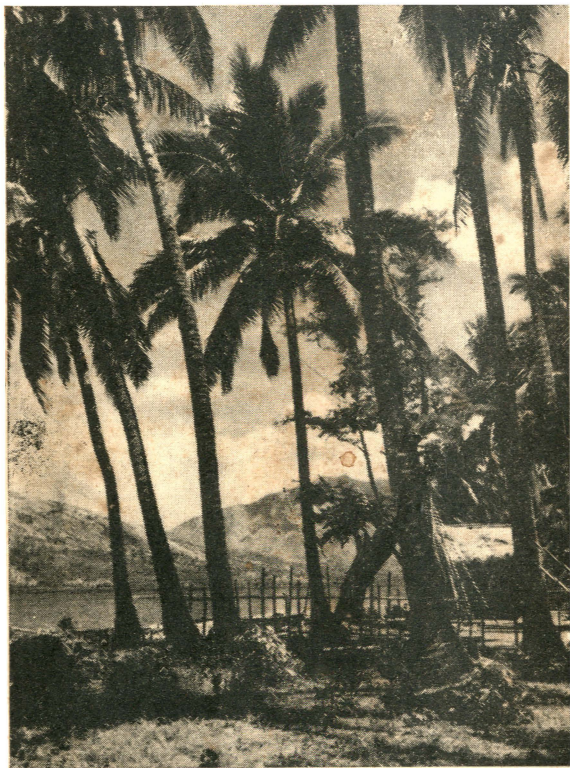
Panorama

The Philippine Digest of Good Reading

Vol. 4

JULY, 1939

No. 7



RIZAL APPEALS TO JUSTICE

Japan's Empire Builders Today • Swindling as a Fine Mercy-Killer Confesses • Will Rogers • Pearls on Pulp Honor Without Victory • Romeo and Juliet in the Desert Man Without a Country • The President's Problem Child
German Propaganda Exposed • Seven Marks of Germany

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CONTENTS



Rizal Appeals to Justice	1
Japan's Empire Builders Today	2
The President's Problem Child	6
I'll Take Insecurity	7
Swindling as a Fine Art	9
The Japanese in Brazil	12
Mercy-Killer Confesses	13
A New Oil King	16
Will Rogers	17
German Propaganda Exposed	19
They Finally Found Themselves	23
For Love of a Lady	24
You and Your Accountant	25
The Vermin of State	27
Honor Without Victory	28
Seven Marks of Genius	31
Panorama of Philippine Life	33
Write It!	39
Romeo and Juliet in the Desert	40
Your Share of Gold	42
Pearls on Purpose	44
Deanna Durbin Herself	50
Today's Picture	53
Man Without a Country	54
The Pigeon Made a Banker	56
It's the Way You Do It	57
Why the Lawyer Is Incompetent	59
Panoramic Views	63
Panorama Quiz	64
What Do You Fear?	65
Panorama Quiz—Answers	66
Readers' Comment	67

PANORAMA is published monthly by the COMMUNITY PUBLISHERS, INC.
 122 Crystal Arcade Manila, Philippines
 President: Manuel Camus Managing Editor: Bert Paul Osbon
 Business Manager: Benjamin Racelis

Subscription Rates: In the Philippines, one year, ₱2.00; three years, ₱5.00
 Foreign subscription, one year, \$1.50, three years, \$3.75. Single copies 20 centavos a copy.
 One month's notice is required for changing a subscriber's address. The request for
 change should state both the old and the new address.

Entered as second class mail matter on May 9, 1936, at the Post Office of Manila



Rizal Appeals to Justice

LIFE in a place which lacks everything, far from the surroundings in which one was educated and to which he was accustomed, the constant struggle with the climate and the needs of poorly furnished temporary lodgings, and, what is even more terrible, the uncertainty of the future undermine the most robust health and may vitiate the few good traits which one might possess. I am, moreover, in an age when illusions vanish to give room to realities, when one must think of and consider life seriously, in an age which if not utilized may convert a useful future into one having lamentable results to him and to his fellowmen. To continue waiting in silence would not only be misinterpreted but would even be reprehensible for it would be showing little love for Justice, little affection for the Motherland, not to avoid the commission of an act which may soil your prestige. The greatest criminals, Your Excellency, those who have earned public indignation for base and abject crimes may defend themselves and enjoy the privileges that the law gives them. If they are convicted, they know for what they are condemned, and gradually, even before their term, a pardon may save them. I, on the other hand, suffer in uncertainty for an imaginary crime, which cannot be proved because it is absurd and ridiculous.—*Jose Rizal, From his letter to the Governor General, Dapitan, February, 1894.*

JAPAN'S EMPIRE BUILDERS TODAY

OVER the occupied zones of China, as well as over all of Manchukuo, Japanese tradesmen swarm in the wake of Japanese bayonets, like a cloud of brown locusts, settling upon and devouring every green leaf of commerce. The scene is a picture of co-operation.

This co-operation between Japanese militarists, capitalists, big business, tradesmen, Foreign Office, is a new thing. It has been finally achieved and solidified under the dictatorship of Premier Konoye. It has given purpose, lent infinitely more force, to Japanese imperialism; made this a much more potent and dangerous thing for the United States and other foreign powers to cross. Actually, it stems from the finger-burning lesson that the Japanese militarists got in Manchukuo.

For the Kwantung army, back in 1931 and 1932, soon found that it had laid a sterile egg. New railroads did not spring up according to dream; nor did bus lines or highways. Exports and imports and currencies got into a dreadful muddle. Materials and labor

somehow did not meet. Army engineers would string communication lines; but the juice would not materialize. Deficits and confusions mounted; officers, young and old, rattled their sabers aimlessly. The Manchukuoan egg, they reluctantly decided, would have to be fertilized by a union with business and industrial experience if it was ever to become an eagle.

One group at home the Japanese officers hate and despise as much as they do foreigners. It is their capitalists; the four huge family groups, or combines, among whom being the Mitsuis and Mitsubishes, which have long dominated Japanese business.

The Japanese army's pride would not let it approach the Mitsuis and their kind for help to industrialize Manchukuo. Fortunately for them, in Japan there was a lone and independent business genius. One whose great enterprises were shared in by the common people, the small investor, which made him closer to the peasant hearts of the militarists. One who was hated and feared

and opposed by the Big Four, as much as the latter were held in contempt by the army. He was Hoshisuke Aikawa; the American-trained miracle worker of the "Nissan," a combine of more than 100 various concerns, with a capitalization of nearly a billion yen, and more than 100,000 stockholders. Moreover, the Kwantung officers knew that in the devious ways of Japanese family relationship and interests Aikawa was concerned in the financing of the Japanese army's February, 1936 rebellion; something directed, principally, against the "impure and weak" influence of the capitalists upon Japanese foreign policies.

Aikawa-san was thereupon "invited" by the Kwantung army to come over and take charge of the industrialization of Manchukuo. In short, he was commandeered.

Aikawa is fifty-seven years old. He is the son of a humble retainer of a clan lord of the old Shogunate days; another factor to give him favor in army eyes. He earned a degree in the Engineering College of the Tokyo Imperial University; and immediately struck off at a tangent from the average Japanese lad. There is little fondness in Japan for the notion of "starting at the bottom of the ladder and

working up." Graduates scramble for clean-hand jobs. Aikawa put on dungarees and marched into an iron foundry with the lowliest workers.

It's pure Alger from there on. You know that, though his back ached from daily labor, he sat up most of the night studying, and on days off took a bus-man's holiday in other factories. Two years of this, and he went to the United States.

In 1905 he worked as a day laborer in the Gould Coupler Company, near Buffalo, New York; five dollars per week. Struggling with the heavy casting bucket was tough for a small Japanese. Once he upset a molten pailful on his foot, and was terribly burned. He stuck along with his burly fellows; won their respect and equal ranking. Then he went to the Erie Malleable Iron Company, at Erie, Pennsylvania, for more of the same.

He went back to Japan, a seasoned, practical iron man, and founded the Tobato Cast Iron Company. It prospered. He took over the management of a large shaky coal-mining company. It prospered. He reached out for more interests—locomotives, cars, shipbuilding, the Victor and Co-

lumbia phonograph manufactories in Japan.

It was in 1936 that Aikawa-san was made adviser to the Kwantung army. First, he looked the ground over. Then he told the officers:

“The piecemeal manner of acquiring desirable men from Japan is wrong. The immense natural resources of Manchukuo call for a determined attack, made with strategy and on an ambitious scale. A mass-production system, operated on a well-organized plan similar to military drill methods, is most suitable because labor with a low standard efficiency can then be utilized. The Ford system of supplying materials and parts should be considered . . . There is a striking similarity in many respects between Manchukuo and America, especially such sections of America as Minnesota and Illinois. Both regions are rich in natural resources such as mining and agricultural possibilities, which in America have made possible the development of industrial metropolises like Detroit and Chicago. The admirable development that has taken place around the Great Lakes encourages me to believe that a similar development in

Manchukuo would be comparatively much easier.”

It was, perceived Aikawa-san, a golden opportunity. Whereupon the necessary instructions were given, by the pleased and relieved Kwantung army officers, to their Manchukuoan creatures; laws were quickly passed and the Nissan company of Japan became the “Manchuria Industrial Development Corporation” of Hsinking; an official industrial monopoly, owned fifty-fifty by the puppet Manchukuo government and the one hundred thousand Japanese small investors of Nissan.

Many of Aikawa's views of Manchukuo had been set out previously for his easy digestion, and a good deal of the hardest pioneering in Manchukuo's heavy industries had already been done—certainly the groundwork finished—by his friend and co-giant, Yosuke Matsuoka.

Matsuoka was out of the Foreign Office career service, a breed which the army ordinarily had little stomach for; but he sank roots into the Kwantung clique's affections right from the beginning of the Manchukuoan affair in 1932 when in Geneva he told the League of Nations to go jump

in the Swiss lakes, and led the Japanese delegation from the assembly hall—and from the League. Moreover, they had a grudging respect for Matsuoka, who is considered—by Japanese and foreigners alike—the most outspoken man in Japan. He never pussyfooted with the War Ministry crowd. He praised whichever of their schemes he liked; and ripped into those he didn't. Also, the Kwantung officers knew him to possess almost fanatical belief in the possibilities of Manchukuo and to be one of the shrewdest proponents of the plan to send Japanese colonists there in hundreds of thousands. Lastly, he can talk as good as fight with Russia as that old firebrand, General Araki.

Matsuoka and Aikawa, in many respects, have run on parallel tracks; differing only in the choice of professions. They are the same age, and they come from the same prefecture—Yamaguchi, in the southwest. Matsuoka, too, came from rather humble parents, with good connections. He went to the United States as a youngster, and earned his schooling by working as a houseboy.

He was number one in his class from Oregon University Law School in 1902. By right of tra-

dition and custom, this rank automatically wins for a graduate the honor of being class valedictorian. The anti-Japanese sentiment of the Northwest rose in his jealous and less brilliant mates. They voted, in secret ballot, that the second ranking student, a white American, get the honor. Whenever Americans get to boasting in his presence about our national spirit of fair play and sportsmanship, Matsuoka likes to bring this matter up.

He entered the diplomatic service when he returned to Japan, and one of his early assignments was as Consul General at Mukden, where he saw and assayed Manchuria at first hand, and fell in love with it. He was a delegate to the Versailles Conference in 1919. In 1921 he was made director of the South Manchuria Railway, and since then with boundless energy he has carried on concurrently business, political and diplomatic careers, and found time besides not only to visit but also to maintain a studious, active interest in his "second homeland"—the United States.

Aikawa and Matsuoka, thus, are the two Americanized Japanese who have saved the Kwantung army's face in Manchukuo.

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

“Do you expect war with the Soviet Union?”

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

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

* * *

THE PRESIDENT’S PROBLEM CHILD

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

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

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

‡Are you for security?

I'LL TAKE INSECURITY

EVERYONE, of course, likes security. You do. I do. We like to feel that someone reliable will look after us, no matter what happens. And if we lived in a country with complete economic security for its individual citizens, none of us would need to worry about saving or sickness, about losing our jobs or losing our youth. The omnipotent state would provide. Theoretically, we would all be safe and secure.

That, as I see it, is the principal lure which the autocratic, totalitarian states—Germany, Italy, Russia—hold out for the man in the street. “Trust in me,” they say, “and you will be saved”—but the catch is that you have to trust blindly, at the risk of your own neck. Ancient Rome under the tyrants was such a state. It denied liberties, but it was generous with “*panem et circenses*”—bread and circuses. The old Tammany Hall in New York copied the Roman mode. You voted as the boss said, and he provided you with jobs and picnics.

In the modern dictator states you abdicate your freedom for something that looks like economic security. You work, parade, cheer, and raise your children according to strict party regulations.

You like it—or else you go to jail, so you can't contaminate others with your heresy. You are never troubled by having to make a choice, because for you there is no choice. If you are a woman, and the dictator decides woman's place is in the home, you stay at home. If you are a man, and the dictator decides he would like to increase his territory, you shoulder a gun and march off to war. You may be killed, of course, but that merely saves the dictator the trouble of making good on his promise of security for you.

I won't deny that we have a good deal of insecurity in America. We must look for work, struggle for advancement, save for emergency, fight for our rights. Many of us find the going hard. Wherever it is a case of every man for himself, the devil is

bound to catch up with some of the hindmost. But we are making advances. We are broadening the conception of security within the framework of our liberties and our democracy.

And our very insecurity is an assurance that our liberties aren't dead, that a man can't be pulled off a job which is congenial to him and put to work at another at any wage the state may select. It means that we all can have a good try at making ourselves what we will. It means that within the grasp of all of us—men and women—is the chance to lead the life which seems most interesting and promising to us. It means that we can choose for ourselves whatever sphere of life we wish, regardless of birth, parentage, religion, or race—and that we can reach

whatever station in life our health, talents, enthusiasm, and energy equip us for. And it also means that we, and not the state, are masters of our own destinies.

Dangled before the eyes of the captive citizens of dictator states is the illusory sort of security which is the lot of a man in jail. A prisoner has a regular job, hasn't he? He eats three meals a day. He has a warm bed to sleep in, a roof over his head, and he knows that he isn't likely to be dispossessed for some time. He has nothing to worry about—and very little to live for.

Call that security if you will—but, if you do, then, by heaven, give me insecurity! It's a price I, for one, am willing to pay for freedom.—*H. V. Kaltenborn, from The American Magazine.*

* * *

SONG OF THE SIREN?

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR believes in two vital things affecting the Philippines: First, that the Philippines may be defended successfully from military and naval invasion; and second, that Japan has no serious intentions of converting the Philippines into a political or economic colony of hers. Among Americans, laymen as well as military experts, MacArthur's seems to be a lone voice. Filipinos there are who think that their Marshal's opinion should be censored by some sort of bureau against dangerous thoughts. Some call MacArthur's declaration as "the song of the siren" that will transform "us into beasts."

SWINDLING AS A FINE ART

Most confidence tricksters have but a single arrow to their quiver, an "unfailing" trick that they work to death over a period of years.

But they hatch their operations with the greatest care; not a detail goes unforeseen.

The most ingenious rackets are those that speculate on the inherent dishonesty of many "honest folk."

A seedy-looking man will walk up and down in front of a Paris department store during the afternoon. He keeps his eye open for elegant women who are driven upon to the store in luxurious motor-cars.

"Madam, are you the person who dropped this pearl necklace?"

He displays a good-looking necklace that he claims to have picked up from the pavement.

Most frequently the woman will be truthful and reply in the negative. Occasionally the woman will be seized by curiosity and ask to see the necklace.

And then, clutching her throat, in simulated emotion, she will ex-

claim, "Good God! My necklace!"

The scheme has clicked. The woman will produce a few hundred francs (£1 equal to about 176 francs) to reward the poor man for his honesty.

The good woman, of course, hopes to come into possession of a 100,000 franc necklace through his happy accident. The necklace, however, is of the sort that can be bought in any department store for a few francs.

There is almost no end to the variety of schemes that crooks operate, relying on the elasticity of conscience of otherwise honest people.

The following is a racket that dates back twenty years.

A well-to-do Frenchman receives a ten-franc bill from an unknown party accompanied by the following letter.

"Dear Sir: I have perfected a method for manufacturing ten-franc bills. You can judge the quality of my production from the enclosed sample. Present it to

the Bank and ask whether it is good. I am certain of the reply."

Invariably the victim will let himself in for the experiment.

"I am afraid it is counterfeit," he will tell the cashier. "A merchant refused to accept it."

"On the contrary, it is genuine," replies the cashier, and adds with a sigh, "I wish they were all as good as this."

The following week the Frenchman receives a second letter.

"Dear Sir: I am sure that you found the first bill that I sent you completely satisfactory. I am now in a position to sell you five more at two francs each." An address is given.

"Bah," thinks the good man, "I will only be risking the ten francs that I made on the first operation." But he sends for the bills and receives brand new notes that are accepted by the cashier without any difficulty whatsoever.

A month later another letter arrives.

"Dear Sir: I am now in a position to begin producing on a big scale. Since the entire business is not without certain risks for myself I must know the exact amount of your order. Please send me the sum that you are pre-

pared to devote to these operations."

By this time the Frenchman has been bitten by the demon of greed. He collects ten thousand francs and sends them to the general delivery address indicated.

He never hears again from his unknown correspondent.

The reader will have guessed by this time that the bills that had been sent to the greedy Frenchman were genuine ones and served as a bait. The crook can't complain about the rates of return on his investment.

This racket can be worked on a grand scale for it is highly improbable that the victims will report their misfortune to the police.

A few weeks ago a similar incident took place. A rich French industrialist met two ingenious inventors of an original sort.

"We have invented a magic box' that reproduces money by a special copying process. You insert a banknote in it and two come out."

A demonstration given in a hotel room proved absolutely conclusive. The next day the Frenchman paid the £3,000 for the box and the two "inventors" disappeared.

The "magic box," however, at once stopped working. The Frenchman went to the police. The two crooks were arrested. The poor victim was left at liberty.

Art amateurs are the choicest quarry for swindlers. Recently Greek customs officials questioned a rich American tourist about a white marble arm that they found tucked away in his baggage.

"That," replied the Yankee, "is an arm of Venus de Milo. It was sold to me with a written guarantee by an antiquary in Athens. I paid £2,000 for it. I hesitated to declare it because I thought that the Government would prohibit the exportation of so valuable an object."

The police interviewed the antiquary in question and discovered that he had been doing a thriving business in arms of Venus de Milo. He had already sold three of them at the fixed price of £2,000 each—all three to Americans, of course.

All of which is decidedly flattering to Venus de Milo if not to the perspicacity of the American "amateurs."

The technique of the swindle at its very finest is demonstrated on a modest scale by "the man with the glasses."

This crook is an elderly gentleman. He preys on young girls residing in the centre of Paris, who are about to be married to men with homes in the suburbs. Their fiancés' mothers must still be alive.

The names and addresses of such girls are easily accessible at the various district town halls. Of the eight hundred marriages that take place in Paris every week about fifty will fulfill these conditions.

The old gentleman asks to see the girl or her mother and begins as follows: "Madame X (the name of the future mother-in-law) came into the city yesterday to order this pair of glasses from me. Since she was unable to come in again to fetch them, and since she needs them at once, she asked me to leave them with you, and have you give them to her son. As for the bill . . ."

At this point the young girl, eager to please her future mother-in-law, usually interrupts, "I will pay the bill. Mme. X will refund the money to me. How much is it?"

"Eighty francs."

The glasses are worth about ten francs. The sharper who works this racket has never been caught.

A little reflection will convince

one that the technique of this racket is pretty well fool-proof.

The worst that can happen (in case the future mother-in-law is blind or on bad terms with her

son) is that the girl will refuse to pay. She will never call the police for fear of publicity.—*Paul Getin, condensed from Vendredi, Paris.*

* * *

THE JAPANESE IN BRAZIL

SCATTERED about Brazil there are some 180,000 Japanese. They work the country in compact, secretive groups. Japanese laborers are imported, perhaps conscripted, by Japanese companies from Japan and put on the land under co-operative organization. They work like beavers. At night they practice their ritual *jujitsu* and *kendo*, and see Japanese movies twice a week. They speak no Portuguese, mix with no Brazilians. They are supposed to drill in secret in their villages. They build oval wood houses with a dining room in the center, flanked by kitchen and bedroom. When they get into trouble, the Japanese consul takes care of them.

The Japanese naturally mystify and frighten the Brazilians. Nobody can figure out what they are up to. Once the Japanese children were taught by Japanese teachers. Now the Brazilians have compelled them to study under Brazilian teachers and to learn Portuguese. Brazil has clamped an official quota on Japanese immigration but still Japanese pour in because they are the cheapest and best obtainable labor. Outside real estate, their economic stake in Brazil is small. The Japanese run shops in a few towns and cities. Some are fishermen on the coast. Some rent land from the Brazilians and work it to death. Some even hire poor Italians and Brazilians at the lowest wages paid in Brazil. But at present the Japanese are only a strange, unassimilated lump in Brazil's army of races.—*Condensed from Life.*

MERCY-KILLER CONFESSES

I KILLED a patient last month by an over-dose of morphine. He was in the last stages of cancer of the stomach. I believe that death to end his unceasing agony was the only kindness I could do for him.

He was a fine man. I had become fond of him. For days after his death I was emotionally upset, but I have not regretted my action.

All through my training as a nurse I was appalled by the unnecessary suffering of patients in general hospitals.

"While there's life, there's hope," they say. In too many cases that glib axiom is definitely false.

Some diseases, especially cancer in advanced stages, bring patients to a state in which there can be no faint chance of recovery.

They linger on in dreadful hopelessness, their agony only partly relieved by frequent injections of morphine.

Even when I was a young trainee it seemed to me stupid and cruel to permit such people to live on in futile misery.

The law forbids euthanasia—merciful death. Medical convention is against it.

Long ago I determined that if ever the opportunity occurred I would put my principles into practice and give merciful release to a patient obviously doomed to a horrible, lingering death.

And yet, when the chance came, I funk'd taking it immediately. That is my only regret—that I hesitated for weeks.

This patient whom I killed was a man of sixty, a wealthy bachelor.

He had no relatives or friends living with him. Two servants looked after his house.

The doctor and the nurse whose place I took told me that the case was hopeless.

The man had cancer of the stomach. He had waited far too long before seeking medical advice. Surgery had been tried, but the condition was too advanced. It was inoperable.

I could see that there was no chance. The patient was frightfully weak. His body was ema-

ciated. He was rarely able to digest, or even retain food. He was wasting away by slow starvation, plus the burden of intense pain.

There was little I could do for him except attend to his few needs and give him injections of morphine to ease his suffering.

I knew at once that this was a time when I should act upon my conviction that such sufferers should be released from their misery. But the man attracted me and I hesitated.

He had a marvellous spirit. Never did he complain. He always had a smile for me. His eyes shone with gratitude for each service I did for him. He was forever making jokes and forcing himself to seem cheerful.

He even made a jest of his condition and its inevitable outcome, but I soon realised that this was a mask. Actually, his utter helplessness humiliated him bitterly.

He rarely had visitors, preferring that relatives and friends should not call on him. He did not want them to be upset by his terrible state, and I suspect he hated them to see him so. He was fearful lest they should pity him.

Life was worthless to him. He realised it as fully as I did.

I had not been with him long when one day, as I was going to prepare his injection, he said, "Be a sport, Sister. Give me an overdose this time."

I feel ashamed when I remember how I replied to him, with false professional optimism, "Don't be silly. You've still got a chance."

His smile told me that he knew I was lying.

Often after that he repeated the request. He used, calmly and rationally, all the arguments I believed.

Like a coward I procrastinated. Perhaps the fact that he had asked held me back, for, foolishly, I shrank from the thought that he should know what I was doing. Besides, I had become attached to him. I admired and respected him and even tried to convince myself that there might be a chance of recovery.

Week after week went by and I knew beyond doubt that it was futile to hope. Often the doctor told me that the case was entirely hopeless, but that he might linger for weeks and even months.

At last I could no longer bear to see him suffer. It did not need his reiterations for me to know that life was a burden to him.

Despite his unfailing courage and utter lack of self-pity, I knew that his mental suffering was almost as great as the physical torment. It hurt his pride terribly to be in such a state of helplessness and dependence, and to witness the revolting rotting away of his own body.

It was more than any brave soul should be allowed to bear.

One night I decided at last that he should have his wish and go off into a deep, peaceful, endless sleep.

There was little risk of my being found out. The doctor gave me drugs whenever I asked for them, without, apparently, keeping any check on the quantities used.

In one small bottle about three grains of morphine tablets remained. I dissolved the lot and filled the hypodermic syringe. It was his last injection for the night.

I swabbed his arm with iodine and plunged the needle under the skin. Although I felt outwardly calm, I was intensely nervous, and perhaps something in my manner betrayed me.

I believe he guessed what I was doing. He looked at me with what I took to be supreme gratitude,

and murmured, "Thank you, Sister."

I tried to give no sign. I carried out as calmly as I could the usual routine of settling him down for the night.

"Good night," I said, and my voice shook only a little. "Just ring the bell if you need me."

"I won't want anything, thank you, Sister. Good night."

Soon he was asleep. He never awakened.

My feelings were mixed. There was no remorse or shame for what I had done. Indeed, I felt proud that I had summoned the courage to give him the release he wanted—the merciful release which should be the right of all who are similarly doomed.

Yet there was an emotional sense of loss. I had come to know him as a very gallant gentleman, full of courage, and we were friends.

He might have lived on in degrading agony for weeks; even months. At least I had saved him from that.

Perhaps I had a selfish fear that further suffering would break his spirit. I know he had some such dread, and that was why he preferred to leave life while he was

still able to laugh at it and face the end unflinchingly.

I gave him his wish, and I have never regretted it. I shall do the same again if necessity arises, un-

til the law makes it possible for incurable sufferers to be relieved painlessly of their misery.—*Anon, condensed from Smith's Weekly, Australia.*

* * *

A NEW OIL KING

UNLESS you happen to live in Pittsburgh, or are in the oil business—where his name is a legend—it is an odds-on bet that you never heard of Michael L. Benedum. He is one of the nation's dozen wealthiest men, one of the largest, if not *the* largest, income taxpayer in America, and by all odds the most successful oil wildcatter in history.

Benedum has created a dozen multi-millionaires, made hundreds of men and women independently wealthy. He controls 15 or 20 major corporations, but holds no corporate office of any kind, except president of one oil company and director of a Pittsburgh bank. He has never bought a ticket on a horse race, tossed a chip on a roulette table, owned a share of stock on margin, or even bet a nickel on a game of penny ante, and he regularly denounces gambling to his associates. Yet he is the greatest gambler in America, casually tossing as much as three million dollars into a wildcat prospect before a well ever sinks into the earth. And that is the wildest kind of gambling, for on more than one occasion he has staked his hopes on hunches that would make a dream book lottery player's system seem like conservative finance.

A few years ago the government sued him and the Tex-Penn Oil Company for 79 million dollars in the back income taxes. His attorney was the same man, John W. Davis, who had represented him against Standard Oil when both were youngsters. While the suit was in progress Benedum received a wire from his friend, Amon Carter of Texas, reading, "Congratulations on having Uncle Sam think you are worth nine million dollars." Evidently a clerical error had caused the omission of the word "seventy." Mike wired back, "don't insult me: it is seventy-nine." Eventually the Supreme Court decided that Benedum owed no back taxes.

Although his fortune is so enormous that he could not possibly spend it, Benedum is wildcatting today with the same eagerness that he showed 40 years ago.—*Ted Leitzell, from Ken.*

WILL ROGERS

WILL ROGERS made a million dollars out of politics and never voted in his life. He always said he wanted to see both sides, sit on the corral fence, he called it, and watch the show.

This is the first joke that Will Rogers ever pulled in public. He was playing at the American Theater in New York, on West Forty-second Street. He was playing a cowboy, and whirling a rope.

Well, one night something happened to one of the actors, and the manager told Will to take as much time as he could. Will kept whirling and whirling his rope and chewing his gum. Then to fill up time he said, "I guess I'll jump through, but I won't be any better off on the other side than I am here!"

The audience laughed, and the manager told him to keep it on that night. And he did. Well, he had found his tongue and kept adding more and more jokes until he became the greatest comedian in the world.

He was playing with the Ziegfeld Follies. This was during the War, and the whole world was "trying to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas." That was the catch-phrase; everybody talked about it. In fact a peace-ship had gone over just to bring that about. One night he came out on the stage—a stage all filled with girls sashaying up and down, dressed about like you think. Then, swinging his rope and chewing his gum, he said:

"You know, everybody is tryin' to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas. All kinds of ideas has been proposed. Well, I've got one. It's awful simple, too. Won't need no peace-ship a-tall. It's just like they are, and take 'em over there and parade 'em up and down No Man's Land between the lines—well, that'll get the boys out of the trenches by sundown!"

It was a tremendous hit and became the catch-word of the whole country. He once told me that he had made \$10,000, one way and another, on that joke.

Groups of the so-called intelligentsia of the country used to criticize Will Rogers for being ungrammatical. College professors wrote in by the hundreds suggesting that if Rogers was going to comment on the affairs of the country he ought to learn to speak good English. One day a certain ex-college president said to him, "Mr. Rogers, it's a pity you never had a college education."

Will was kind of fussed up, stood there thinkin', then he said, "Well, there's lots of us never had a college education . . . but we're eatin'."

This comes to my mind as I stand here thinkin' about him. It wasn't a joke he told to the public but was one on him. We were making a motion picture—*David Harum*, it was. Will was the bashfullest man about playing love-scenes, and he was always shy about women. Never understood 'em, he always said. The scene called for him to kiss his leading lady, but he wouldn't do it, and kept putting it off and havin' excuses. "We'll play it right after lunch," he'd say. Then when that

time came he'd have another excuse.

Finally the director said to him: "Look, Will, we've simply got to play this scene. It's simple to kiss a woman; especially as pretty a one as this one. Just walk up to her and put your arms around her and give her a kiss. Go ahead, now."

So the lights were turned on. Will stood there waitin'; then we could almost see him stiffen himself, and he walked into the scene and finally kissed his leading lady. Then he came off and stood there lookin' kind of foolish and runnin' his hand through his hair, then he said, "I—I feel as if I'd been untrue to my wife."

Well, it gave us people on the set a big laugh, because it so exactly expressed him, and we told it around the studio for days.

Will Rogers had more friends than anybody I ever knew. And I don't think he ever had an enemy. The day he was killed—well, hardly anybody worked; it was as if our own brother had died. That was the way everybody felt about him.—*Homer Croy, from Radio Digest.*

* * *

GERMAN PROPAGANDA EXPOSED

THE organization of foreign propaganda by the German Government is so vast, so intricate, and so widely ramified, that it almost baffles description. There is not just one agency for the purpose, but a variety of bodies, each subdivided into departments and sections, linked up with the other main organs of Government, such as the Foreign Office, the War Office, and the Gestapo (Secret State Police), and sending out their multitudinous tentacles to the remotest corners of the universe, yet all controlled by a central authority.

The Ministry of Propaganda, under the direction of Dr. Goebbels, is primarily concerned with the influencing of opinion at home, but it also commands an army of press correspondents in all parts of the world, who are virtually Government officials. It controls over three hundred German newspapers in various foreign countries; it has its own news agencies that feed the press in places as far apart as South America and the Far East; it directs several wire-

less stations which specialise in transmitting news as far as the Dutch East Indies; and it utilises a multitude of travel agencies and all the steamships of the Reich. It exercises strict control over the press and propaganda attaches, who are important adjuncts of all German Embassies and Legations.

Of the seven departments of the Ministry, the seventh, called "Abwehr" or "Defence," and consisting of twelve sections, is charged with the special function of counteracting "atrocities propaganda," winning over foreign journalists, and watching the foreign press, so that if any papers contain undesirable matter they may be confiscated immediately on their arrival in Germany. Secret instructions to the press are issued by the Ministry daily, and any disclosure, by virtue of a law enacted on July 2nd, 1936, is punishable as an act of treason.

But the more important agencies of international propaganda are the Foreign Organisation (Auslands-Organisation) of the National Socialist Party, the For-

eign Organisations of the Labour Front, and the Foreign Political Office of the Party.

The first of these directs the activities of all Nazi organisations and other German societies in all parts of the world, which are estimated to number about 30,000. It is under the control of *Ernst Wilhelm Bohle*, a native of *Bradford*, who spent his boyhood in South Africa and did not arrive in Germany until he was a youth of sixteen in 1920.

Germans living in foreign countries are subjected to pressure by their Embassy or Consulate to join the local Nazi society, through which they come under the control of their Government; and failure to comply entails the risk of the non-renewal of a passport, withdrawal of nationality, or reprisals against a relative in Germany.

There are special institutions for the training of those who are to carry on propaganda in foreign countries: a school in Berlin under the control of Dr. Rosenberg, and the "Deutsche Akademie" in Munich under the direction of Professor Karl Haushofer, a retired general.

Every German professor or teacher who accepts a foreign ap-

pointment must undergo a course of instruction at the "Akademie" and every student who goes abroad must register as a member of the "Kreis Ausland der Deutschen Studentenschaft" (German Students' Foreign District).

The technique of Nazi propaganda outside Germany consists in impregnating not only Germans, but also the nations in whose midst they live with a belief in the virtues of National Socialism: it proclaims the blessings of totalitarianism, the evils of democracy, the superiority of the "Aryan" race, the saving grace of the Nordic myth, the sanctity of the "blood and soil" dogma, the infallibility of the Fuehrer, and, above all, the wickedness of the Jews. The fomenting of Jew-hatred is an essential and dominating factor in the scheme of operations; it is an indispensable prelude to conversion to Nazism. The Jews are vilified as the cause not only of local political discontent and economic distress, but of all the world's major troubles, as, for example, of the civil war in Spain; they are denounced alternatively as blood-sucking capitalists or subversive Bolsheviks, according to prevailing circumstances or passing crises; and persistent agitation invar-

ably generates a certain response, which is then subtly cultivated in favour of Nazism itself.

The German Government thus does not confine its persecution of the Jews within its own frontiers, but pursues them with relentless vindictiveness to all parts of the world. It carries on this mission of Nordic *Kultur* through the medium of such creations of the Propaganda Ministry as the "Anti-Jewish World League," the "Aryan-Christian Alliance," and the "Anti-Comintern League," and with the co-operation of the "Fichte Bund" of Hamburg, the "Welt Dienst" (World Service) of Erfurt, and the "Institute for the Study of the Jewish Question" in Berlin.

The "Fichte Bund" ships from Hamburg every year over 5 million leaflets and over 100 tons of books and pamphlets in many languages. The "World Service" and the Berlin Institute both issue fortnightly bulletins of news and articles, in which the foulest and most lying charges are levelled against the Jews. The publisher of the "World Service," which appears in a dozen languages, is Lieutenant-Colonel Ulrich Fleischhauer.

The persistence with which Nazi agents have distributed their poisonous literature, reeking with race-hatred and incitement, has resulted in campaigns of abuse against the Jews in most of the countries in which they live. They have transplanted Anti-Semitism to many parts of the world where it had never existed before. Their battle-cry "Juda verrecke!" has found currency in a multiplicity of languages, and the English equivalent, "Perish Judea!" has even been smeared on the house of a Jewish member of the British Government.

The Nazi Propaganda Ministry does not restrict its methods to the circulation of slanders. It interferes with the freedom of publication in other countries. It insisted upon the withdrawal of the unabridged French edition of *Mein Kampf* because it exposed Hitler's rancour and hostile aims against France.

Nor do its myrmidons limit their operations to the cultural sphere; they are constantly active also in the economic and political domains.

Pressure is brought to bear upon German firms abroad, or even non-German firms having

connections with Germany, to discharge their Jewish employees. Espionage is conducted in foreign banks to obtain information about the suspected wealth of Jews still in the Reich. Letters that pass through Germany on their way to other countries are liable to be opened by Nazi officials.

The kidnapping of opponents is an officially authorised practice, and has taken place from Holland and Switzerland, from Austria and Czechoslovakia. The best-known case was that of the Jewish journalist Berthold Jacob, who was lured from Strassbourg to Basle and thence abducted to Germany in 1935 by the Gestapo

agent Hans Wesemann, whose difficult exploit necessitated the co-operation of several departments of the German Government.

Murders, too, have been committed for the benefit of the Reich beyond its borders, in which the victims have been not only former German opponents of National Socialism, such as Professor Theodor Lessing, who was shot in Marienbad, but also foreign statesmen who had no sympathy with its policy, such as the Rumanian Premier M. Duca and the Austrian Chancellor Dr. Dollfuss.—*Condensed from The Nazi International, London.*

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THREE REMARKABLE BROTHERS

A SCOTSMAN met an American, and both began to relate and boast about their respective countries, adventures, and relations.

The American said: "I have three brothers. One's a baker, one's a bucket-raker, and the other's a thief. That is, one bakes, one rakes, and one takes."

Sandy replied: "I, too, have three brothers. One's in a coal mine, one's unemployed, and the other's in the asylum. That is, one brings up coal, one's on the dole, and the other's up the pole."—*Parade.*

THEY FINALLY FOUND THEMSELVES

"WHAT ARE you going to be when you grow up?" is one of the commonest questions asked of young children. Occasionally some exceptionally bright youngster actually wants to be what he or she eventually becomes, but most children either say that they don't know or else they announce that their ambition is to be a fireman or a policeman, a soldier or sailor.

Thereupon parents often decide arbitrarily upon the future of the child, training him for some career for which he is quite unsuited.

But if this has been your fate, do not let it get you down.

Benvenuto Cellini, the gold worker, painter, sculptor, engraver, engineer and author was trained by his father to be a flute player.

Sir Joshua Reynolds hated school and spent most of his time drawing. His father wanted to train him to be a doctor but, fortunately for the world, the boy managed to follow his own inclinations with the result that he became one of the world's greatest portrait painters.

Joseph Conrad was born a Pole and at the age of seventeen could not speak English. He became a sailor and it was not until he was thirty-two that he decided to become a writer. Conrad the sailor became one of the greatest of English novelists.

When Irving Berlin worked in a Bowery restaurant, little did the customers dream that the fourteen-year-old boy who waited upon them was destined to become America's most famous song writer.

Vincent Bendix was trained to be a lawyer but he soon gave up the legal profession for engineering. He is now the President of the Bendix Corporation and one of the most successful men in America.

Tony Sarg was an officer in the German army until he was twenty-three years of age when he gave up soldiering to become an artist.

One of Napoleon's favorite maxims was, "The truest wisdom is a resolute determination." When he was told that the Alps stood in the way of his armies, he said,

"There shall be no Alps," and the road across the Simplon Pass was constructed through a district formerly almost inaccessible.

"Impossible," said Napoleon, "is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools."—*Carveth Wells, condensed from Your Life.*

* * *

FOR LOVE OF A LADY

It is one of fate's quaint ironies that the Japanese Navy, which may challenge England's supremacy of the sea, was conceived and built by an Englishman for love of a Japanese lady.

Four centuries ago an English explorer named William Adams was the sole survivor of a shipwreck off the Nipponese coast. As Japanese law decreed death to any foreigner found on its shores, Adams was brought before Emperor Ieyasu for sentence. But the Emperor, amazed to see a big, blond man, imprisoned him instead, as a human curiosity.

Months later a Japanese beauty named Kioto fell in love with Adams and helped him to escape to a hidden bay. There she marshaled hundreds of slaves, who labored secretly with Adams to build a ship to return him to England. But by the time the ship was completed, Adams was so deeply in love with the beautiful Kioto that he had no wish to return to his native land. Throwing himself on the mercy of Emperor Ieyasu, he offered his ship as a gift in exchange for his freedom and the privilege of marrying Kioto.

The Emperor was impressed with the ship. No Japanese had been able to build a seagoing vessel. He promised to grant the Englishman his wish if Adams would superintend the construction of a dozen more such ships, and Adams agreed to do so.

Years later, when the navy was completed, Emperor Ieyasu not only kept his word to Adams but made the white man a power in his realm. Today a tomb proudly overlooking the naval base at Yokosuka honors the Englishman, William Adams, sole survivor of a shipwreck, as the builder of the Japanese Navy. —*Adapted from "Don't You Believe It" Program, Mutual Broadcasting System.*

YOU AND YOUR ACCOUNTANT

THERE IS hardly a large accounting firm that has not been subjected to litigation because of alleged or actual errors in the course of their practice. The cause of these difficulties is stated in a current report of the Attorney General of the State of New York as follows:

“Our experience has shown that altogether too much of the audit is performed by employees, oftentimes underpaid and unqualified, and that the principals of audit firms have taken little or no part at all in the program of the audit. Contracts for audits are awarded on the strength of the reputation of the principal and not of the staff of the firm.”

It is certainly of basic importance whether or not the accountant merely checks the correctness of the books as they balance among themselves, or whether he goes back of the books and actually verifies and, in detail, audits the entries to see that they conform to the actual facts. In the absence of such an actual verification and audit, the task of a

dishonest employee in defrauding his employer is a simple one.

The business man should insist that his accountant be able not only to report to him on a monthly basis, but that he be capable of making comparisons not only between a given monthly report and similar periods in the past, but also with business trends in the particular industry and all business in general, so that the business man may be able to judge more accurately the direction in which his affairs are traveling.

In extending substantial credit the business man should insist that the financial report be certified by a certified public accountant, and that the certification be addressed directly to him. It has been held that in the absence of downright deliberate misrepresentation or reckless disregard of the truth, an accountant is not responsible for an honest mistake, no matter how grievous, except to the person to whom his report is addressed. Thus if a business man receives a certification and passes it on to a prospective creditor, and the re-

port is erroneous, the creditor has no remedy against the accountant in the absence of proof of a deliberate falsehood. Thus the certificate should be addressed directly to the business man who is relying on it. He should also be careful to read the letter of transmittal to see what reservations are made by the accountant and to see to what extent the certification is based on direct and detailed audit and verification, and to what extent it is merely a recapitulation of what is found upon the face of the books of account of the concern.

Some contracts provide for the settlement of disputes by an accountant, or they provide that if an individual retires, his stock shall be purchased at a price to be fixed by an accountant. The danger of such a contract is that the courts have held that an accountant acting in that capacity is not subject to control of any kind; that the parties are bound by his conclusions, even if erroneous, and are without remedy. It is much better to fix values by agreement and alter them by agreement from time to time, rather than to leave the evaluation up to an accountant who is beyond any effective control, and who in turn may

find himself forced to rely on information supplied by other persons, which information he cannot effectively verify.

A comparison between English and American accountants is enlightening. In England the chartered accountant is deemed akin to a public accountant, and if the revenue office itself inspects the books of a taxpayer, this is treated by the taxpayer, the accountant and the general public as a grievous reflection on the parties involved. On the other hand, in the United States the Government inspection and verification of books is taken as a matter of course. This difference of attitude is, of course, not entirely chargeable to American accountancy as a profession, since it is largely comprised of men of good intentions, high ideals, and splendid training but it would seem that the situation would be better if the accountant could be instilled with the thought he occupies a position of highest public trust rather than merely a position which gave him the opportunity of obtaining a certain amount of private gain.

The practice of accountancy in its ultimate sense is of the very highest import, since it is a sub-

stitution of principle for person and relies on a statement of facts in place of blind personal confidence. The accountant should ever adhere to principle, not person, and his mission in our busi-

ness world really should be viewed from that point or vantage both the accountant and the business man.—*Gustave Simons, condensed from The Christian Science Monitor.*

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THE VERMIN OF STATE

And so I fear, my country, not the hand
That shall hurl might and whirlwind on
the land.

I fear not titan traitors that shall rise
To stride like broken shadows on
our skies;

I fear the vermin that shall undermine
Senate and school and citadel and shrine;
The worm of fraud, the fatted worm
of ease

And all the crawling progeny of these.

I fear the vermin that shall honeycomb
the towers

And walls of state in unsuspecting
hours.—*Edwin Markham from The
Bell Tower of Venice.*

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HONOR WITHOUT VICTORY

IN *Henry Esmond* Thackeray says: "One of the greatest of a great man's qualities is success; 'tis the result of all others; 'tis a latent power in him which compels the favour of the gods, and subjugates fortune. In being victorious, I fancy, there is something divine."

While temporarily the victor may thus seem supreme, history apparently nods toward the conquered as those more often illuminated with the most exalted nobility. Napoleon, who is always associated with Waterloo though still overshadowing his conqueror, Wellington, includes among his masters of the art of war these men: Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Gustavus, Turenne, Eugene, and Frederick. He did not include the Duke of Marlborough who never lost a battle. Neither did he include Scipio, who defeated Hannibal at Zama in the only battle of history where one great captain defeated another decisively. Zama gave the world to Rome. But Scipio is lost in the archives of history in comparison to the

defeated Hannibal. It is recorded that he died in exile, scuttled by politicians behind his back, led by Cato, in some insignificant scandal over tribute.

In our own time Wilson, like Lincoln and Jefferson and many others before him, was merely another of the victims of the end of a successful war. Before the War was over, the leaders of the Allies were ready enough and willing enough to "go along" with his fourteen points, which did as much to break the power of Germany as any commander. But the instant the cataclysm was terminated, all these immediately reverted to the type of primitive reasoning in which "to the victors belong the spoils."

On his arrival in Paris, this "Scottish peasant" was hailed as the savior of Europe. The brother of Georges Clemenceau, who more than anyone else ruined Wilson's program, said that "no man since Jesus so filled the hopes of Europe—
an mankind."

But, surrounded by "realists" both at home and abroad, Wilson

was cut to pieces. Even his own party leaders were opposed to him, and "the beasts of Ephesus" tore him to shreds. Because of the hard terms, the Germans called him a hypocrite. Thus the Messianic catastrophe of the champion of democracy stands as one of the greatest tragedies of history. He went to Europe the idol of common people and returned home "literally without friends." But he still had his ideals. "Ideas live," he said. "Men die. No good cause is ever lost."

And whenever in the near or distant future the Great War comes up for consideration, even though he was a vanquished among the victors, or perhaps because of that, there will be no name ranking ahead of that of Wilson.

Similarly time unquestionably will see a growing luminosity for another great defeated, now still too thickly surrounded by the dust of conflict to stand out clearly in his true proportion. That was Stresemann, the son of the typical middle-class beer brewer, who became the personification of the old German imperialism as "Ludendorff's young man"; crashed with the military collapse and yet rose

to power in the hour of Germany's greatest need, learning from experience, and eventually as Foreign Minister of the Weimar Republic, negotiated the Locarno Treaties and brought Germany into the League of Nations.

In politics he was an artist. Inclined to be earnest, melancholic introspective in youth, he knew literature and loved fine poetry. In debate "he was winged with music." He was the pride of the middle class, typical of the old peaceful Rhineland of gay taverns, contentment of song. A great man because he was representative of a great people. Like them, he was defeated, but of him it has been said that "he was Germany." And that was of the Germany that was the best.

Keats, than whom no one has written better to this day, died early of disappointment over unfavorable reviews of his work. "I am very sorry to hear what you say of Keats," Byron wrote to Shelley. "Is it actually true? I did not think criticism had been so killing. Poor fellow. I read the review of 'Endymion' in the *Quarterly*. It was severe—but surely not so severe as many reviews in that and other journals

upon others. But in this world of bustle and broil, and especially in the career of writing, a man should calculate on his powers of resistance before he goes into the arena."

Of Browning it was said that whatever he was he wasn't a poet. Of Ibsen it was said in his time that whatever he was he wasn't a dramatist. Of Wagner it was said that whatever he was he wasn't a musician. For twenty years the latter was pursued by every sort of enmity and derision. He existed by hack work, suffered banishment, and was almost continually in despair over finances. His early work was violently attacked, and generally his music was tabbed as incomprehensible or obnoxious. Nietzsche attacked him as a decadent, and Mark Twain afterwards characteristically observed that his music "isn't as bad as it sounds."

Wagner merely suffered the usual fate of any original creative

genius. Vanquished in his own personal life, his great work moved on forward to triumph.

It is the same in all fields of constructive effort. Pasteur was humiliated by the Academy. Lavoisier was guillotined by a republic that "had no need of chemists." Priestley, who discovered oxygen, was driven from his sacked and devastated home. Leblanc, after giving the world cheap alkali, died in a French poorhouse.

It was Henrich Heine who wanted to know "what is the fundamental reason for the curse which falls upon all men of great genius? Why does the lightning of unhappiness strike most often the lofty spirits, the towers of humanity, while it so compassionately spares the humble thatched roofs of mediocrity?"

Is it perhaps the immutable law of compensation ever at work "evening up" the chance and destinies of all men?—*Ralph Cannon, condensed from Coronet.*

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A SOUND CAR

HE had answered an advertisement offering a second-hand car, and was being given a trial run.

"It's sound in every part," commented the would-be seller.

"So I hear," was the reply.

SEVEN MARKS OF GENIUS

ONE DAY, when discussing the subject of greatness with Emil Ludwig, the celebrated biographer of Napoleon, Bismarck and Goethe, I heard him make this observation:

"The inherited talent of the great German genius, Goethe, appears to have been no greater than that of half a dozen contemporary German poets, but these others lacked the devotion and faith to make themselves more than God had given them to start with. Goethe on the other hand, like the diligent man in the gospel, put his talent to usury."

Ludwig called my attention to the fact that Goethe, when he was twenty, distrusted his early and easily won glory, and resolved to apply himself that he might do better. At twenty-three he began *Faust*. There were in Germany at this time two other talented poets, Wieland and Lenz. Today, they are practically unknown even to close students of German literature.

Wieland and Lenz appear to

have been as talented by nature as Goethe himself. Why have they been entirely lost sight of? Because they were not so earnest, not so eager, and they did not desire what Goethe desired, at least not in the same way. They digressed from their objectives. One was diverted by love affairs; the other turned his attention to industry.

But Goethe, having made a good start and having won praise, *persevered*. He developed his gifts by self-education, took upon himself great labors, meditated profoundly upon affairs of state and, in the fullness of his powers, pursued his studies in literature and in those larger subjects, mankind and natural science.

Geniuses, though born with high capacities, work and keep on working as though they had great handicaps to overcome. No one can say how commonplace their achievements might be did they not persevere in training themselves in the abilities required for accomplishing their objectives. Perseverance!

I used to visit Thomas Edison at his laboratories at Menlo Park, New Jersey. One day, one of his assistants showed me the bunk where the famous inventor slept when he was perfecting the early wax cylinder type of phonograph.

Ludwig referred to that bunk as an impressive symbol both of Edison's character and the *intensity* of his genius. Weary and worn by days and nights of continuous labor, he lay down there to rest, returning to his work upon recovering from excessive fatigue after a brief interval.

That, however, is not the normal way of doing things. The average man, having wearied at his task, suspends his efforts and goes home to bed for eight or more hours. But not this man, so strong, so determined, so un-mindful of himself and so obsessed with his purpose.

It is conduct of this sort that has led to the saying that genius is always a little bit mad. What this observation is intended to convey I would put in a different way.

In the course of his development, the genius acquires extraordinary powers of concentration. This power of concentration, together with an intense devotion

to some particular end, may result in an abnormal preoccupation with a single pursuit for days or months or years, as in the case of Einstein, for instance, and to such a degree that it amounts to an *obsession*, a fixed idea. And this betrays, itself in conduct that impresses the observer as a kind of madness, though in the circumstances it is comprehensible and sane.

Nowadays, there are iconoclasts who would smash certain interesting traditions that have been handed down to us about great men. One story, now questioned, is that of the inspiration which came to Newton when he beheld the falling apple. While this story, historically, must probably be accepted as a myth, even the iconoclast admits it to be *psychologically* true. That is to say, the anecdote represents the way in which a great mind acts. *Things are continually happening that are loaded with suggestive meanings, but only the intellectually prepared—the man with a purpose—can interpret them.*

As we have seen in an earlier chapter, once the mind has been trained to work and think in a certain direction, and is well informed, we all experience occasionally what might be called

Panorama of Philippine Life —



San Agustin Church



Alfonso Mata

The Calm Sea



By the Old Wall



Study Hour

flashes of insight. The same thing happens to the genius in every field of endeavor, only in his case, because of the momentous results, they are called *inspirations*.

The everlasting and phoenix-like characteristic of the aspiring man, the healthy genius, is sufficiently expressed by that familiar, plain, unvarnished word—*enthusiasm*. In another era, when a different mode of expression prevailed, George Sand, in her florid way, voiced much the same thought in a letter to her old friend, Gustav Flaubert:

“To love in spite of everything, I think that is the answer to the enigma of the universe. Always to grow, to spring up, to be born again, to seek and will life, to embrace one’s opposite in order to assimilate it, to receive the prodigy of blendings and combinations from which emerge the prodigy of new forms—that is the law of Nature.”

Hand in hand with that inborn talent which is characteristic of genius goes something else, and that is a lordly self-confidence, *faith*. It is characteristic of the genius that he believes in his mission and in his own powers, though recognition from the world be long withheld.

Genius, then, is talent developed to the nth power, plus certain inner capital that we call character. The genius is the man who fulfills his fancies. Calculating the odds against him, he perseveres in the development of his natural gifts. Passing through stages of growth and change, he acquires those abilities which enable him to transform his imaginings into facts.

One thing the genius is *not*. He is not a mythical being whose mind does not work like that of the average man. Nor is he one who endowed with miraculous powers enabling him to produce successful commercial enterprises, scientific theories, poems masterpieces of art, mechanical inventions, great business organizations and theories of government, with the ease of a Houdini shaking rabbits out of a hat. Like other men, geniuses differ in many ways, in stature, in disposition, in habits of work.

On the other hand, if certain qualities are common to them all and are not possessed to anything like the same degree by other men, is it not reasonable to suppose that things make the genius what he is?

Follow from beginning to end the life story of any genius, and you find that this is true: He picks a goal that has a meaning all its own for him. He gets his schooling. He makes it hard. He hangs on, shaping the powers within him by the fires of his own troubles, defeats and victories. In sickness or in health, in sorrow or in gladness, he rises to the occasion, exulting, confident that out of his own brass he can hammer the unique instrument that will make his dream come true.

The seven marks of genius? I recapitulate.

First, the genius, like all the rest of us, is born with a *natural aptitude*. It may be very marked from the start.

Second, he *discovers* what this went really is. As with rest of us, his discovery may come early, or may come late.

Third, he *develops* that aptitude, trains his abilities to a high

degree of effectiveness.

Fourth, he *petsists* in the application of effectiveness.

Fifth, he applies himself with never-failing *enthusiasm* under all sorts of conditions.

Sixth, he applies himself with such concentrated energy and mental power that *flashes of insight or genuine inspirations* come to him; and these are productive of ideas that facilitate his labors and benefit himself and his work.

Seventh, having counted the cost, he has faith that his end will be achieved if he pays the price.

Identically the same seven traits are characteristic of all successful men and women in every field, from Pupin, Ammann and Tesla to G. A. Garver, to Beeman, to Brasher, to Markham, Robinson, Barnard, Einstein, Edison and Ford. The difference is simply one of degree, and perhaps mainly one of intensity.—*An excerpt from Your Life.*

* * *

A PATRIOTIC ORATOR

"CAN you give me a definition of a patriotic orator?"

"Well, if you want definition, he's the fellow who's ready to lay down your life for his country."

¶To clarify your thought—

WRITE IT!

HAS it ever happened that you did not know what to say, or what to do, or how to think? Have you ever lost track of your idea and found yourself going round and round in your mind, growing more and more helpless with each second? Of course you have. All of us have. What to do about it?

Go to a quiet place, alone. Take pencil and paper. Begin at the beginning and set down the points as they come to your mind. Line up the facts until you come to the hard place. Now you are ready to prepare for the rest of the job.

Writing things down is the best way to clear the way for thinking. Writing is the overflow of thought in memory. It is the result of experiences. If the experiences were sharp, which would mean you attended to them with the full power of your mind, you recalled them easily, they fell into the right pattern, your idea came clear and you were well on your way to intelligent action.

If the experiences were not sharp you attended to them with only a fraction of your power and they drifted in like a fog that

scarcely dampened the surface of your mind, making no lasting, no clear impression. You could not recall them. You got back just what you took in, the fog.

When this happens to you and you find yourself thinking, "I don't know what to think," write down what you can write clearly. Then go to the authorities, your books, your teachers, those who know, and do the job over while you attend strictly to it. Then set it down in points, in sequence and association. When the idea is written clearly you are ready to act upon it.

Practice writing down the ideas that bother you, that interest you. Set down the creams that allure you and the facts that face you. It is the way to test your idea, to bring clarity out of confusion and place yourself. It is the best test of the quality and the quantity of the thinking you have done and the power that you have stored behind your idea. If anything will help you to know just where you stand on any subject, writing it is the thing.—*Angelo Patri, from Youth Today.*

ROMEO AND JULIET IN THE DESERT

A HALF-MOON high in the heavens, veiled in diaphanous mist, shed a ghostly spell over the Libyan desert. The yellow sands turned white, as if coated with snow. In the distance I saw the tombs of the Mameluke Sultans who had ruled Egypt for three hundred years. Distorted by the moonlight into fantastic shapes, they seemed to huddle together like crouching, white-robed giants, broken reminders of past glory in a chaos of white sand.

It was impossible to drive closer. The chauffeur who had brought me out from Cairo stopped the car. Bidding him wait, I started across the sands to inspect the tombs. Presently, as I stumbled along, I heard the sound of low voices. Some wandering Bedouins, I thought. Would they be friendly? Hesitantly I moved nearer.

And then I saw two figures close together. A young man in the caftan and burnous of the Arab. The girl in his arms was robed in black. A colored band bound her hair and in her ears

were two gold rings, proclaiming her a Jewess. An Arab and a Jewess! Two lovers, divided by religion, defying tradition for the ecstasy of a secret embrace! Here, in this ancient royal cemetery in the Libyan desert, they believed themselves out of reach of the age-old religious hatreds of their ancestors, safe from the undying enmity of their families, to share the confidences and caresses for which their hearts hungered. I heard her speak:

“Hassan . . . I know, now, the meaning of Paradise! Then she sighed. “Beloved, I am so afraid! If thy people should learn, they would surely slay us! Yet—I would welcome death, if I could lie eternally in thine arms.”

He held her closer, his lips murmuring inaudibly against hers. Then, with a stifled cry, she drew away. There was a sound among the tombs. The sands echoed swift, secret movement.

“Hassan! *It is they!*” she cried.

Immediately a confusion of angry voices mingled with the sound of running feet. Then a choked

cry. Then silence—ghastly silence. After a time I crept fearfully to the spot from which that last cry had come. There they lay. A moment past, so full of life and love, now strangely still. A moment past, two of this world's eager lovers. Now dwellers in another universe.

I thought of the racial differences, the opposing creeds and religious hatreds which made the Arab and the Jew sworn, bitter enemies. Each with a code that bade the father slay his child rather than permit his blood to mingle with that of a dishonored infidel. Now it was done. Finished. All I could do was return and notify the police.

But I knew, as I made my way back across the desert to where I had left the car, that in all probability the police never would find the murderers. The chauffeur would not have seen them. And this type of crime is condoned by the natives, whose secrecy makes discovery most impossible.

To my amazement, when I came back in a police car to the fatal spot, I saw that the bodies had vanished! The smooth sand showed no trace of telltale bloodstains. The police looked incredulous. As they argued, I saw something glisten in the moonlight. I bent and picked it up. It was a gold earring—one of those which the Jewish girl had worn.

Some of the murderers, their knives still dripping with the blood of their victims, must have been hiding in the shadows of the tombs while I bent above the slain lovers! Why had they not killed me? They knew, no doubt, that their crime would never be discovered, but to murder a white man would be dangerous.

A police officer took me back to Cairo, while the others remained to make a search of the spot where the crime had been committed. They never found the murderers. They never will find them. The ancient laws of the East will see to that.—*Adapted from the "Letters from Abroad" program, National Broadcasting Company.*

* * *

YOUR SHARE OF GOLD

THE human race has never ceased to hoard gold. How much has man been able to save up in all these ages? How big would each person's share be if all this treasure should be divided evenly?

The precious metal never rusts nor spoils. Part of King Solomon's gold is in circulation today; perhaps even some of it was picked out of a stream by the wandering cave men.

The men who mined it, who traded and labored for it, who stole it from each other, who died guarding it; countless generations of them have gone back to dust, but most of their treasure is still with us today. The factories, ships, even the cities created with the gold are gone, but the yellow metal itself still remains and has the power to create new ones.

The total of humanity's hoardings is astonishingly small, amounting only to an insignificant pinch of gold dust for each grasping hand—and how hands have grasped for it down the ages!

The United States has the largest amount of gold ever assembled

in the history of the world. The government hoard weighs 400,000,000 troy ounces and is valued at a little more than 14 billion dollars. Yet unless you live in the East, it would not be worth your while to travel to Washington to collect your share. Divided equally among the 129,000,000 citizens of the Continental United States, this would make a trifle more than three troy ounces of gold apiece; about one heaping teaspoonful.

If all the gold known to have existed since the discovery of America but now lost could be recovered and divided equally among the citizens of the United States, each citizen would receive a level teaspoonful of gold dust, worth about \$60. One heaping teaspoonful worth about \$108, would be his share of the U. S. Government gold reserve; and moderately heaping teaspoonful, worth about \$156, would be his share of all the other gold in the world, publicly and privately owned, making in all about \$324 in value.

Gold already taken from the earth amounts to at least 1,200,000,000 ounces. But there is a shortage. Nearly one-fifth of the treasure has disappeared and it is worth about eight billion dollars to anyone who can find it today.

Two items reduce the deficit: gold buried in people's teeth and in rings which relatives prefer not to remove from dead fingers. Statisticians estimate that since Columbus, perhaps fifty million ounces of gold have been deliberately buried in this way.

"Gold is where you find it" runs the old prospector's phrase and there is probably plenty of it in the earth, if you know where and how to get it out without too much expense.

On top of the earth but in no man's possession are estimated to be 50,000 billion ounces of gold. It is floating about in the salt water of the seven seas—40,000 times as much as all the hands of the human race have succeeded in clutching since there has been a human hand.

No chemist at present has any idea of how to recover that sea gold profitably. But should someone put the secret in Uncle Sam's possession it would bankrupt him.

Instead of adding to the value of the gold he already has, it would make that and all other gold worthless, except for such commercial purposes as might be found for it.

Should the sea give up its gold, everyone's share, instead of a tiny pinch, would become 25,000 troy ounces for each one of the 2,000,000,000 people or enough to fill a ten-gallon pail. This would give about \$875,000 to everyone, and yet, if everyone possessed that much, gold would probably not have enough purchasing value to buy a barrel of flour, and dollars made of silver or tin or some other metal still rare enough to be expensive would have to be substituted for gold money.

If all the gold that has been mined since the discovery of America were melted into one cube it would have an edge of about 40 feet. But if all the gold in the ocean could be made into a cube its sides would be about 1,400 feet. It would contain nearly three billion cubic feet, a volume about 34 times the content of the Great Pyramid of Egypt or about 74 times that of the Empire State Building in New York City.—*Condensed from The American Weekly.*

PEARLS ON PURPOSE

MR. BOSTWICK'S pet pearl is a \$3000 gem, egg-shaped, pink, weighing forty-three-and-a-half grains—almost eleven carats. It was grown inside the grotesque spiral of a Florida queen-conch shell, five years ago, and the animal which produced it was Mr. Bostwick's patient for twenty-four months in a fenced half acre of shallow water off the coast of Key West. Mr. Bostwick has been a pearl buyer, a dealer, since 1903, but this \$3000 pearl is his pet. He is in no hurry to sell it.

Whether in Iowa City, Amsterdam or Sarawak, the average pearl man has a pet. Body warmth and contact with the human body improve the luster, depth and orient of pearls, and sustain life in them.

^Pearls deteriorate if they are not worn. In India, still the standard market of the pearl trade and the home of the world's most fabulous fortunes in pearls, the raja or maharajah will maintain a staff of pearl wearers—brown girls who sit passively in the sun, wearing ropes of pearls. The average pearl man will hoard his best pearls for

a year or two before selling them, and he will make it a point to handle them daily, rubbing them between his palms—"petting" them. The petting of a pearl actually increases the gem's value. The pet pearl is a standard item of the pearl trade.

But this pet pearl of Mr. Bostwick's is unique—unique among pets and unique among pearls. There is no other gem like it in all the world today, and no record of its like in all history.

Mr. Bostwick, margaritologist, is the only man who has ever grown a gem pearl purposely, scientifically, under controlled conditions.

I am not talking about culture pearls. In our own time, Baron Kokichi Mikimoto, of Japan, has founded a great industry and a great fortune on mass production of culture pearls. Your jeweler sells imitation pearls, culture pearls and pearls, but each is distinct as to source, price range and the structure of the product itself, and each is utterly distinct as to the market which handles it. It

would be fraudulent to represent an imitation pearl as a culture pearl. It would be fraudulent to sell a culture pearl as simply "a pearl"—although technically it is one. And the pearl trade, still active in markets older than history, does not concern itself with culture pearls any more than it does with imitation or manufactured pearls. It deals in pearls.

In sketching La Place Bostwick's curious career, I want to make it plain that his field is not at all the same as Mikimoto's.

Today Mr. Bostwick is a gray and sunburned man, sixty-nine years old, who walks with a gymnast's easy motion. He has expended nearly fifty years in mastering margaritology.

Bostwick began his experiments with pearls on purpose in 1893, using fresh-water mussels in pools of the old river bed around Muscatine Island, Iowa. He was then twenty-four years old, and he had been an adventurer all his life. He entered the University of Iowa in 1888 or 1889 as a "special," taking every laboratory course he could get. He worked there for three years. He paid his way by teaching acrobatics to the gymnastic teams. He has never sought

either a Ph.D. or a fortune, but he has always valued adventure.

Since the early 80's, the pearl-button factories around Iowa City and near-by Muscatine had been taking fresh-water mussels by the ton, and occasionally some worker in the shell camps would find a pearl of commercial value. In 1893 a pearl boom excited the district, and the treasure hunt fired young Bostwick's imagination. He had long since realized that not even his university instructors knew much about the conditions governing pearl growth.

The pearl was an accident of nature, and the details of its growth were a mystery. The one clue was a matter of common knowledge—the pearl resulted from an irritant accidentally implanted in the mollusk's body, but neither conchology nor experimental biology had explored the minutiae of the process itself. Young Mr. Bostwick roved through the shell camps, talked with sellers and buyers, examined pearls and enjoyed the thrill of the pearl rush. But privately he staked out experimental plantings in isolated streams and pools, and began to check developments. To this private project of his, he brought a

capacity for exact observation, a restless curiosity, great energy and an intensive training in laboratory method. Above all, though, he was endowed with that boylike, imaginative craving for unusual achievement.

It was fifteen years later that he built his first laboratory; and it was forty-one years later, in 1934, that he obtained the forty-three-and-a-half grain pearl which is now his pet. This touch of chronology is essential.

The root words of "margaritology" are "mere"—the sea—and "greet"—sand or grit. The proper name, Margaret, signifies a pearl. The species *margaritifera* of the genus *Pinctada* is a pearl-bearing oyster—the one used by Baron Mikimoto in his mass production of culture pearls. And the "sea-grit" word combination goes back into classic Greek—derived, Webster says, from the still older languages of the Orient. It proves that the basic clue to pearl growth was common knowledge, embodied in language, at least three thousand years ago.

Yet no one had ever grown a gem pearl by intent. Necromancers, philosophers, great naturalists, and prehistoric savages had tried it, and a legend had grown up

around their failures. Philostratus, Aristotle, Albertus Magnus, and many another learned ancient had contributed to the legend. Because pearls were known and valued before gold was, the quest was older than alchemy; and archaeology, not history, recorded the earliest known effort to perform the miracle. The clue was obvious. But after thirty centuries of trial and error and incantation, the mystery remained.

Bostwick sought a solution for fifteen years. "Fifteen years" is only a brief spot of print, but by 1908 the young naturalist of 1893 had become a middle-aged businessman. By then Bostwick had been successively a jewelry designer, a pearl buyer, and a manufacturing and merchant jeweler.

In 1908 he quit business to grow pearls. He picked a site on the river at Iowa City, and invested \$25,000 of capital in his first laboratory—the first of its kind in history.

"I had a craving to do what other boys couldn't."

The \$25,000 built and equipped a plant forty by sixty feet in area and one story high. The windows were of star glass, opaque, and cement-walled "rivers" flowed along its floors, forced by a pumping

plant that worked night and day. The rivers had rippling waterfalls and artificial rapids. There was a central fountain, and automatic dump tanks freshened the water in reservoirs lined with mud, gravel, and rock. There was an office at one end, and a flood-lighted operating room. Bostwick screened this cubicle with a front of semi-tropical plants, to make the place resemble an ordinary greenhouse. But workmen had already circulated rumors of the laboratory's queer construction, and sight-seers came to gape at it. Town talk named it the House of Mystery.

Here, in August of 1908, Bostwick laid out a set of selected mollusks in a two-inch flow of water across his work table, and began his first pearl-growing operation.

This is the dramatic moment in the record. When the margaritologist touched his delicate probes and scalpels to the first of the anodonta on his table, he stacked his \$25,000 investment and his fifteen-year preparation against the riddle that had baffled adventurous minds a thousand years before Aristotle's. He undertook to reproduce exactly, in minute detail and over a period of years, the course of one of Nature's most complicated accidents.

Consider for a moment the detail involved. A margaritiferosus mollusk builds up its own shell by spreading a slow flow of nacre over the inner surface, layer by layer. Nacre is about 92 per cent calcium carbonate, 6 per cent organic matter—conchiolin—and about 2 per cent water, and its obvious function is to provide a comfortable surface for the shelter in which the mollusk lives. When an irritant enters—a bit of shell, the hardened body of some dead parasite, or perhaps a spot of "sea grit"—the animal's automatic remedy is to coat the irritant with that same comfortable surface. It begins to form a pearl.

The flow of nacre is automatic, but the animal also exerts its tiny, spasmodic muscular pressures in an effort to get rid of the irritant altogether. And each reaction—each muscle spasm, each movement, each mutation or mishap—during all the four to eight years of growing time is recorded in a minute patch of nacre on the nucleus. The pearl is the sum of these patches. Occasionally—in about one out of a thousand mollusks, by the pearl trade's traditional estimate—the patches add up into a symmetrical, flawless total. The result is a pearl of commercial value.

In detail, then, what Bostwick undertook on that August morning of 1908, was: First, to implant the nucleus in exactly the proper spot; second, to perform that operation with a minimum of shock to the animal; and, third, then to control the patient's reactions over about four years of time, so that the total—as recorded, patch by patch, on the nucleus—would conform to specifications.

Hence the odd equipment of the House of Mystery. The “rivers” were carefully regulated to duplicate flow, temperature and other conditions in specific streams. The fountain, the waterfalls and the dump tanks were timed to aerate streams and reservoirs in exact accordance with Bostwick's demands. The river-bottom materials were prepared as carefully as a pharmacist compounds a prescription. The operation, like a delicate procedure in eye surgery, had to be incredibly exact, but any lapse in absolute control of the patient's reactions over the four-year growing period might still flaw or malform the pearl. And although the freshwater mussel can hardly be called an active or high-spirited animal, this control was the crux of the problem.

In the fall of 1912, Mr. Bostwick obtained round, free pearls of good quality, weighing up to ten grains each, and attached pearls weighing up to forty grains, or ten carats. Except for souvenir specimens, those first pearls were shipped through ordinary channels, like thousands of other pearls that Bostwick had handled as a buyer. But when they were accepted, appraised, paid for by the dealer and put on the market, the miracle became authentic.

The trade calculates a pearl's value as the square of the grain, multiplied by a base price. A twenty-grain pearl, for example, at a base price of \$2.50, would bring $20 \times 20 \times \$2.50$, or \$1000. Size and weight are factors in the calculation, obviously, but the base price is fixed by expert judgment of the pearl's quality. Quality—the sum total of the tiny laminae of nacre that make up the structure of the pearl—is the basic factor of the pearl trade, and this quality-structure complex is the experts' one concern. When the pearl trade accepted Bostwick's pearls on purpose, and appraised on the standard basis, it meant that the experts recognized his products as natural pearls, normal in structure.

No other man has ever grown a pearl.

Mr. Bostwick spent nearly six more years in the House of Mystery, working for size and control of color in fresh-water pearls. He went to Florida, then—spent sixteen years there, with side trips to Maine, Texas, Vancouver, Vera Cruz and way points. In April of 1934, a month after producing his forty-three-and-a-half-grain prize, he pulled stakes for California.

The culture-pearl industry, in Japan and along the Persian Gulf, supposedly plants about 5,000,000 oysters a year, and Baron Mikimoto himself is said to hold a surplus of 10,000,000 culture pearls. The mollusks treated by his process are sunk in cages, inspected twice a year, and about 40 per cent of them die of the operation. At Gokasho Bay, Mikimoto has raised a monument to the millions of deceased oysters which gave their lives to his industry. But since he perfected his process in 1913, hundreds of technicians have been trained in his methods. Other Japanese firms compete with him now, and Armenian producers have begun to cut prices on the Japanese. Where ten years ago the cheapest Mikimoto string

brought \$150, it now sells for twenty-five dollars; and the Armenians offer a strand of pink pearls, with nucleuses dyed red, to retail at nine dollars. A firm in Kobe has countered with an imitation culture pearl, duly centered with a shell-ball nucleus, at less than three dollars a strand. Overproduction, cut-rating, trick processes and changing standards affect the culture pearl as they would the commerce in a manufactured article.

But the American margaritologist produces a pearl. The process can be modified to produce culture pearls in quantity, but Boswick is not interested..

From 1912 to 1918, in Iowa City, Bostwick was producing ten-grain pearls consistently, in color, but when the process was perfected he moved on. In 1934, in Florida, he achieved the finest gem of his career—a forty-three-and-a-half-grain pearl—in only about two years of growing time. But California offered him the chance to experiment with a different mollusk, new conditions and a difficult problem. He went to California.—*Eddy Orcutt, from The Saturday Evening Post.*

DEANNA DURBIN HERSELF

HOLLYWOOD acknowledges Deanna Durbin as the most perfectly poised, most refreshing and charming person it possesses.

That is the miracle of Deanna. It is no accident, I discovered after I had been with her two minutes.

I wanted to learn her secret. If she had one, I said, there were millions of young people all over the world who would be eager to learn it. Frankly, I had small hopes of her ability to analyze herself at 16.

Deanna looked me straight in the eye. Her eyes were variable—sometimes they are a bright blue, sometimes grey, sometimes actually hazel. But they are always clear, frank and at attention.

"I think I know what you mean," she said at once, "and I think the answer is *Be your age*. If you try to hold on to your younger years when you're really out of them, you look foolish. If you try to be too very mature before you're really grown, you're just as silly. But if you can manage to look and act just what you

are, there's nothing at all to worry about. It's mostly a matter of common sense," Deanna said.

"And it's funny," she went on, "your mentioning that subject. In one picture I was supposed to be infatuated with Melvyn Douglas. So, to impress him, I dressed up in my mother's evening gown, put on her jewelry, painted my face, did up my hair and paraded across the room."

"He laughed, of course," I suggested.

"That's why they put it in the picture," she replied. "You see, when you're pretending to be something you're not, you're really just giving a comic performance."

Deanna avoids the comic performances that go with either the young or the old side. She does it by the way she acts, the way she thinks, the way she has her fun, the way she picks her friends, trains her mind, develops her talents and the way she builds her body. She does it by the clothes she wears, even the modest make-up she uses.

And it is all hinged, as Deanna says, on common sense, a commodity as free as the air. Any young person with reasonable attractiveness and intelligence can be just as poised and personable. Deanna is sure of that.

"Of course," she qualified, "being in the movies and working with older and talented people make me especially lucky. My best friends are my directors. But there are older and talented people everywhere, aren't there? If you just make friends with them."

By many young people, I pointed out, are shy and embarrassed around older people. They are self-conscious.

"That's where my singing has helped me," said Deanna.

"It has given you poise?" I asked.

Her answer was not what I expected.

"It has *given me something to talk about*," Deanna said.

"Shyness comes from nothing to say. When you're with older people and you can't talk to them about anything interesting, naturally you're embarrassed. But if you study anything worth while, whether it's music, painting or books — anything — you'll always

have something to say that will interest people."

Deanna has studied singing since she was eleven. She still studies it every day with her teacher, Andres de Seguro. But singing isn't all. She reads everything she can lay her hands on. This past year, in spite of the terrific amount of time her pictures have taken, she took a full third-year high school course. Besides making pictures and going to classes she read "Gone With the Wind" twice, "White Banners," "Northwest Passage" and a dozen other contemporary books.

Recently she entertained with a party, inviting a crowd of her age to her home. They were her old high school classmates and a number of other young people—all her age—who have worked in her pictures—Helen Parrish, Jackie Moran—and her particular girl friend, Adelaide Craig.

Deanna had them all come in formal clothes, and they began to dance to waltz music. Then they got down to real fun. They peeled the Big Apple to Deanna's collection of swing records.

Deanna has three "formals." None is made of clinging satins or colored prints. She sticks to white

—piques and crisp with organza—with square plain necks and as few frills as possible. In all her clothes, Deanna has conscientiously studied how to avoid common mistakes—too many frills or lines too severe.

She has always had a basic taste for tailored, simple clothes. Her favorite knockabout costumes now are slacks and culottes. But when she first came to Universal there were a good many departments of dress wherein she could stand improvement. When they were pointed out to her, she never forgot them.

For instance, awkward points are likely to be a girl's feet, a waist too short and a waistline too big.

Deanna found that wearing two-toned shoes softened her foot lines made their size indeterminate. The short waist and thick midriff vanished via optical illusion when she adopted the rule to always wear a small belt or some trick waistline gadget to gather her in. If you will remember Deanna in *Three Smart Girls Grow Up* or notice her in her next picture, you'll see that little jackets or flag hanging jerkins are usually a part of an outfit in which she

looks particularly nice. These are deliberate camouflages of a growing girl's weak points.

It is amazing to look at portraits of Deanna Durbin taken only a year or so ago and then face her today, as I did. The contrast suggests one of those "before-and-after" advertisements. The old pictures we looked at made Deanna smile. Her make-up was too heavy. Half of the striking beauty of Deanna's bright personality-brimming face was lost.

I glanced at her as she sat across the table. Her bob is now long and dusts her shoulders. It is curled back discreetly from her face and falls in long waves, curled up at the end. It is soft, natural and pleasing.

Deanna explained: "They found I had a little natural wave in my hair. It came out best in a long bob. All the curling that's in it now is to encourage the wave along its natural lines. I think the lesson is—take advantage of your natural good points and develop them."

Deanna does that. Because her skin is flawless and glowing, she uses the lightest application of lipstick and powder. "I like shiny noses," she smiled.

Her jewelry box holds only her wristwatch, two charm bracelets, and a small gold locket. She wore her first French heels to a party given just recently for a studio executive.

Courage, direct action and common sense are what enabled Deanna Durbin to face without flinching her first important audience on

talent night at the Trocadero Club. Courage took her before an intimidating microphone on Eddie Cantor's radio show. It brought her face to face with her first camera lens in *Three Smart Girls*. It enables her to look out on a new life with fearless, eager eyes.—*Jennifer Wright, condensed from Photoplay Magazine.*

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TODAY'S PICTURE

THE atrophy of European culture was not brought about by the war, but only made swifter and more striking. Not war alone flung up the huge wave of unreasoning barbarism and the primitive, country-fair crudity of mass democracy. Modern man is at once the product and the prey of wild, distracting impressions which assault him, intoxicate his senses and stimulate his nerves. The amazing development of technology, with its triumphs and disasters, the noisy sensationalism of sports records, the fantastic adulation and overpayment of popular stars, the boxing bouts before hordes of people for million-dollar stakes—these things and more like them make up the picture of our time, together with the decline and obsolescence of civilizing, disciplinary conceptions such as culture, mind, art, ideals.

For those are conceptions from the bourgeois age, idealistic trumpery out of the nineteenth century. And in fact the nineteenth century was above all an idealistic epoch—only today, and with some emotion, does one realize how idealistic it was. It believed not only in the blessings of a liberal democracy, but also in socialism—that is, in a kind of socialism which would raise and instruct the masses and bring them science, art, education, the good things of culture. Today we have convinced ourselves that it is both easier and more important to dominate the masses, developing to greater and greater perfection the clumsy art of playing on their emotions—in other words, of substituting propaganda for education.—*Thomas Mann, Noted Author and Nobel Prize Winner.*

MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

A GAUNT, sad-eyed Jewish youth was telling his story to the passport inspector at Rotterdam, Holland. He was born in Bessarabia, he said. There had been a terrible pogrom. He and a few of his friends had escaped to Shanghai, China. It was hard for them to live there, and the boy, Yussel Pelsky, made up his mind to go to the United States without waiting for a quota visa.

"For a hundred dollars," Brundy said, "I'll get you passage on a boat bound for Argentina. From there it will be easy for you to get into the United States."

One hundred dollars! Yussel only just managed to get it together. But he did scrape it up, gave it to Brundy, said a broken good-bye to Rachel, his sweetheart. She would wait for him, she said, no matter how long.

The captain looked curiously at the youth as Brundy brought him aboard. "You're always sending me weaklings!" he explained.

Yussel asked, "Captain, you are sure that this boat, she go to Argentina?"

"This boat, she go anywhere we steer her," the captain mocked.

Brundy laughed too, and slipped away. Yussel wondered what was so funny. He found out as soon as the ship sailed. She was not bound for the Argentine but for Rotterdam. And Brundy had paid nothing. The slim young boy, who had never even been at sea before, had to work his passage. He was sick and miserable. And when the ship docked at Rotterdam the captain put him off.

The passport inspector looked at him thoughtfully. He was sorry for the lad, but there was nothing he could do. "You can't stay in Holland," he said. "You've no passport."

"Then what shall I do, Mr. Inspector?"

"Ordinarily we'd ship you back to the country of your birth, but you were born in Bessarabia, which is no more. Roumania won't own you and China won't have you."

"Then—where *can* I go?" Yussel stammered despairingly.

"That's your problem. I only know that you can't stay here."

Your sailor's visa expires in two days.

Yussel pleaded desperately for more time. He had an uncle in the United States, he said. He didn't know where he was, but if he had time he was sure he could locate him. "His name, like mine, is Pelsky. I will find him. I *must* find him. Only let me try!" he begged.

The inspector relented. "It's very irregular, Mr. Pelsky, but I'll give you one month's additional stay. After that—"

The New York City directory lists a number of Pelskys. In the fall of 1930 a letter came to each of them from Rotterdam. It was a hoax, most of them thought, a racket of some sort. After a casual or suspicious glance, they dropped it into the wastebasket. That is, all but one.

One man read the letter thoughtfully.

"Dear Mr. Pelsky:

in the United States some place is living my only relative, an uncle. His last name is Pelsky, like my own. In Bessarabia he was known as Chaim Pelsky. If you are my uncle,

then in the name of God, please help me. I am Yussel Pelsky, whose mother and father were killed in the pogrom. I went to Shanghai . . ."

He read on to the end of the pitiful letter. Turned back and looked at the date. It had arrived two weeks earlier, while he was away on a business trip. Already the months' grace was nearly up.

He answered the letter immediately, but no further word came from Yussel Pelsky. He wrote to the immigration authorities at Rotterdam, but they could shed no light on the matter. Yussel Pelsky had disappeared the day before his month of grace was up. Perhaps, they suggested, he had stowed away on some ship, bound God knew where. Or, perhaps, he had found his uncle.

And that was the last ever heard of Yussel Pelsky. And the man who had answered that cry for help knew that whatever had happened to him, he had not found his only living relative.

For he was Yussel Pelsky's uncle.—*Adapted from the "Old Letters" Program, Mutual Broadcasting System.*

* * *

THE PIGEON MADE A BANKER

MORE THAN A CENTURY AGO, when news traveled slowly, by mail or courier, and there was no wireless, telephone or airplane service, a young German banker was astonishing the London financial community by transactions apparently based on an uncanny foreknowledge of coming events. He never was caught off guard. At that time Napoleon Bonaparte was trying to conquer all of Europe, and his military activities were reflected in the market, sometimes disastrously. But when a Napoleonic victory caused a crash, always this one young banker had liquidated in time, often only hours before. Then, just before the market took an upward swing, he would buy at rock-bottom prices. For eighteen years the financial world marveled at him.

When the news of Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo reached London, every stockbroker was taken unawares except the smiling young German. He had cornered the

market several hours before the news came in! In the belief that he must have supernatural powers, an angry crowd stormed his office, threatening to lynch him.

To save his life, the young man had to reveal the source of his uncanny information. He explained that his family long ago had established a daily pigeon air-mail service between all the branches of its banking business. Daily each office dispatched one hundred birds carrying letters, stock quotations news bulletins, and various reports in code. By this means he had the news of Waterloo twenty-four hours before the rest of London.

Thus Nathan Rothschild, wizard of finance, cornered the market, pocketing \$100,000,000, and firmly entrenching the House of Rothschild as the world's most powerful banking institution, thanks to the first daily air-mail service!—*Adapted from the "Don't You Believe It" Program Mutual Broadcasting System.*

* * *

IT'S THE WAY YOU DO IT

THE very first thing in the morning we begin to dramatize our thoughts. Agnes gets up exclaiming, "It's grand to be alive!"

"What's so grand about it?" humbles her roommate. "You don't even know what kind of a say it is yet."

"I know it, but it's grand just the same," bubbles Agnes, turning on the water in the tub.

"Yes, you can feel that way," mutters the roommate. "Every one's good to you, everybody's always helping you. But you wouldn't feel so gay if you had to struggle along as I do. You don't notice anybody making it easier for me." So she stays in bed a half hour longer to feel sorry for herself. Each young lady receives her appropriate recompense in the affairs of the day.

It is strange how we constantly emphasize and dramatize the things we want to get away from. The corpulent person for instance may remark every day that everything he eats makes him fat. An overly thin person may insist energetically that nothing, absolutely

nothing he eats, puts a pound of weight on him.

A friend of mine found himself in need of a position. He started after it. He was not discouraged by the fact that all around him people were saying "jobs are sure scarce these days."

"I've always been able to get a job," he stated with conviction, "I'll have a place in a day or two." And he actually had to choose among three fairly good jobs before the end of the week! People say it was because he had had a lot of experience, but the underlying fact still remains that he took a *plus* attitude.

Let us watch a girl entering a public-speaking class. She hopes to achieve poise, confidence, ease in expressing herself. Does she state this when asked why she is taking the course? She does not. She goes to great lengths to describe how "petrified" she gets when talking before people. She describes graphically, almost thrillingly, how her knees shake and her heart pounds.

The instructor interrupts her and insists that she go to the platform, face the class, and announce, "The floor is under me."

She does this and is amazed. It is such a simple thing, yet she feels new stability as she stands there.

Why? Because she has started to dramatize confidence and poise instead of fear. She has discovered how real, how tangible a thing thought is.

Here's another thing. Have

you ever noticed how differently people who are tired sit down? One comes into the room, flops into a chair, sprawls out and moans: "Am I tired! I'm simply dead! Absolutely dead." Another relaxes into a chair, leans back comfortably and murmurs, "It's delightful to be able to rest awhile." One is sitting down to be tired; the other is sitting down to rest.—*Nettina Louise Strobach, condensed from Progress.*

* * *

FRANK CONFESSIO

THERE is a story about a "tough guy" who came to Confession. When he had finished his tale, the priest said, "Now recite the Act of Contrition."

"I don't remember it after all these years," he answered.

"Well, then, just tell God in your own words that you are sorry," the priest told him.

Whereupon the poor fellow, ignorant but penitent, thumped his breast and said loud enough to be heard by all in the neighborhood, "O God, I'm a helluva sinner!"—*Catholic World.*

* * *

‡License, not learning makes the lawyer.

WHY THE LAWYER IS INCOMPETENT

LITTLE is clear and understandable about the lawyer if his political nature, as well as his quasi-supernatural origin, is not discerned. Physicians, like lawyers, it is true, operate under political authority. But it is not the license that makes a man a physician. The license is an afterthought, a purely regulatory measure. With the lawyer, however, it is his license rather than his supposed learning that confers competency upon him. No matter how much one may know about law one is not, by any means, a lawyer without a license to practice issued by the bench upon the certification of the bar examiners. But with license in hand any lawyer's application in court has full force, in some jurisdictions whether he has studied a few months in a law office or holds a doctorate in jurisprudence. Lawyers, by the way, do not, like doctors, have to serve a period of supervised internship upon leaving law school. The entire body politic is their training clinic—with deplorable consequences for society.

It may be urged that a doctor would not be admitted to a hospital without a license. But a surgeon in New York is just as much as a surgeon in London, Bangkok, or Capetown. Similarly with the engineer, the pianist, the chemist, the economist, the novelist, the soldier, and the actor. But the lawyer, once he leaves the political division of his professional origin, is a lawyer only by courtesy. What he knows professionally is no longer of objective force and effect. In order for him to be restored to full professional capacity abroad he must be relicensed, which usually requires that he forswear his previous nationality, since members of the bar in most Western jurisdictions, unlike other professionals, must be citizens.

The extent to which the immunities and privileges that make a man a lawyer depend upon the state rather than upon any ability innate in himself is brought to light most readily perhaps by imagining that a lawyer is on a cruise ship going round the world. When

the ship leaves the home port the lawyer is no longer a lawyer except in retrospect and in anticipation of his return. Yet all other professionals on the ship are fully competent at any stage of the voyage, irrespective of any political jurisdiction that may be encountered, to perform their professional duties.

If the state itself is removed, as by revolution, all of the lawyer's professional attainments, all of his privileges and immunities, fall away from him, and are restored only if the new state relicenses him. In Soviet Russia the bar was destroyed entirely as an instrument of the old regime. Whatever Tzarist Russian lawyers had known was swept out of existence. Yet all other Russian professionals, including clergy and soldiers, retained their full powers although the clergy too lost political status and for a time had to practice their profession in secret.

Professor Llewellyn of the Columbia Law School says of this creature: "The fact is that a third or more of the lawyers now in practice in metropolitan areas are incompetent. Law school faculties give degrees to men to whom the faculty would under no condition entrust their personal business.

Bar examiners find no way to keep such men out of the Bar."

This high percentage of technical incompetence could scarcely be duplicated in any other professional field. Incompetence in professional spheres outside of law and theology—all clergymen's prayers presumably having equal force in heaven—is soon found out, and an automatic elimination tends to occur. But the lawyer, whether technically incompetent or not, retains status and function. Technical competence of course has little relation to popular repute. Bluff and the maintenance of a bold front play a larger role in the legal profession than in any other. The most inflated reputations at the bar are the result of self-dramatization before copy-hungry journalists.

But behind the big reputations, behind the legal dervishes, there may often be a great deal of technical competence—but it is not their own. Such theatrical figures are supported in their work by what is known as "the lawyer's lawyer," an adept who for a special fee or as an invisible partner in a law firm straightens out the technical difficulties for his spectacular brethren at the bar who spend much of the time gunning

for clients or dining out. The "front men" of the leading law firms, the men the public sees and hears about most often, are usually chosen as film stars are chosen—or their glamour or histrionic abilities, or both. Indeed, the functions within the bar are specialized along lines very similar to those of the theatrical profession: the bar has its actors, its playwrights, its play doctors, its managers, and its directors.

The real knowledge within the profession, the broad play of intellect, is to be found in "the lawyer's lawyer" and in the members of the faculties of the leading law schools. Technical competence of a sort is to be found as well among lawyers who specialize in certain narrow fields, but here competence seems to derive from repetition of the same tasks more often than from any creative ability or original insight.

But technical incompetence aside, it may be said that the entire legal profession is fundamentally incompetent, its experts along with its fakers, in so far as it fails to attain for society the general end toward which it is avowedly working and which gives it social sanction: justice. In this respect the legal profession in the demo-

cratic countries is the most incompetent of all the professions. It will not, for instance, bear comparison with the medical and teaching professions. The incidence of ill health and disease has been clearly on the decline in an era of great population growth. The percentage of illiteracy is falling steadily and the level of technical competence in all fields of specialization (except the law) is rising. But justice gets forward no faster.

Being a professional implies skill, an ability to perform expertly a certain operation or series of operations. A pianist is not asked before being qualified to appear in public to answer questions on how he will play certain compositions; he is simply requested to play. A surgeon is not required except in the elementary stages of his training to answer questions about the performance of an operation; after a period of internship he is told to operate. The novelist is not expected to answer a series of questions propounded by a publisher about the writing of a novel; he is merely required to write a novel. In the lawyer the technic of which he has command comes down, *in a majority of cases*, not to a demonstrated ability to procure justice, but merely to an abil-

ity to open a book and read, to open his mouth and talk. The competent lawyer reads more discriminatingly and talks more ap-positely than the incompetent lawyer; that is all.

The lawyer is also unique among professionals in that his technic—his reading and talking—is by itself impotent. It attains efficiency only as part of a collective enterprise in concert with an opposing lawyer, a judge, and a jury. Furthermore, all the collective talking, reading, and listening, which adds up to argumentation, has meaning only as it is invested with meaning by the state. The school of realistic jurisprudence appears to be very iconoclastic when it says that law is what a judge says it is. But law is much more than this. It is what the judge says it is *by virtue of the authority vested in him by the state, an authority procured for him by dominant or ascendant social groups that have contrived his election or appointment.*

The work of all other professionals, however, is individually significant, and, as far as technic is concerned, is not dependent upon the intervention of the state or of social groups. Individually the

lawyer is the most impotent of professionals. The end in view of his work is not, again, justice, but power, and if he finds himself challenging a stronger power on behalf of a weaker he encounter the judge.

In every division of law, Dr. Cohen finds, the profession and the courts evade positive fact whenever possible by taking refuge in metaphysical concepts not susceptible of empirical verification. A few such concepts, which cannot be examined or tested as real existents, are *corporate entity, property rights, fair value, title, contract, conspiracy, malice, proximate cause*, and others like *property, good faith, bad faith, and possession.*

The problems of our day, like those of yesterday and the day before, are being discussed and "solved" in terms of legal verbiage. In other words, the problems are not being solved but simply are moved from one dialectical plane to another. The legal profession, working in this theological confusion, obscures rather than clarifies social problems.—*Ferdinand Lundberg, condensed from Harper's Magazine.*

Panoramic Views

The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding.—*Justice L. D. Brandeis.*

*

Everybody in Germany is a National Socialist—the few outside the Nazi Party are either lunatics or idiots.—*Adolf Hitler.*

*

A politician thinks of the next election; a statesman, of the next generation.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

*

The smarter the politician, the more things he believes, and the less he believes any of them.—*H. L. Mencken.*

*

Only the greatest leaders escape the narrowing conviction that they alone know what is right.—*Frank E. Gannett, Publisher.*

*

The two most absorbing subjects for talk in the world are shop and love.—*F. Crowder.*

*

Upon the abolition of the democratic state will surely follow the abolition of the legal profession, as in Russia, or its reduction in status to a very mean level, as in Germany and Italy.—*Ferdinand Lundberg.*

*

I've seen cigarettes "endorsed" by opera singers who would soon take poison as smoke them and soaps recommended as the "beauty secret" of women who would not let their skins be touched by any soap whatever.—*Lawrence Gould.*

PANORAMA QUIZ

1. Of course, you have heard of today's prominent doers and, therefore, you have heard of Juan T. Tripppe as the (1) *President of Republic of Brazil*, (2) *President of Pan-American Airways*, (3) *Cuban Ambassador to the U. S.*, (4) *Prime Minister of Spain*.

2. Straight down the backbone of Italy runs the chain of mountains called the: (1) *Alps*, (2) *Caucasus*, (3) *Apennines*, (4) *Pyrenees*, (5) *Balkans*.

3. Yes, the Eustachian tube is: (1) *a part of the hearing system*; (2) *the name of the new Chicago subway*; (3) *the main nasal passage*; (4) *an important section of the kidney*.

4. He was only a professional refractionist, toiling day after day to: (1) *test people's eyes*; (2) *determine the values of gems*; (3) *arrange new musical compositions*; (4) *to measure the purity of water*.

5. To symbolize Great Britain, cartoonists often use the lion, and to symbolize the U. S. S. R. they use the (1) *snake*, (2) *peacock*, (3) *kangaroo*, (4) *bear*, (5) *wolf*.

6. The Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences made its award for the best performance of an actress in 1938 to: (1) *Hedy Lamarr*, (2) *Louise*

Rainer, (3) *Norma Shearer*, (4) *Bette Davis*.

7. There was not a sound in the auditorium as the lecturer explained that homophones are: (1) *machines recording the human voice*; (2) *adults who tend toward eroticism*; (3) *words of same sound, different meaning*.

8. I say there, friend, did you know that the President of France is elected for a term that lasts: (1) *Two years*, (2) *Four years*; (3) *Five years*, (4) *Six years*, (5) *Seven years*, (6) *Nine years*.

9. If you are well posted in military matters, you should know that the Army's Chief of Ordnance deals chiefly with: (1) *guns of all kinds*, (2) *uniforms*, (3) *transportation*, (4) *food*, (5) *health*.

10. Modern United States battle-ships are named for (1) *cities*, (2) *states*, (3) *naval heroes*.

11. A vessel employed in conveying troops or army supplies is called a (1) *cutter*, (2) *dreadnought*, (3) *transport*.

12. The third most populous city in the world is (1) *Chicago*, (2) *Paris*, (3) *Tokyo*, (4) *Berlin*, (5) *Los Angeles*.

What Do You Fear?

HUMAN beings, according to the Behaviorists, are born with only two fears—dread of falling and of loud noises. As a person grows up he acquires other fears.

* * *

Fear inhibits digestion; it has been known to derange heart action to the extent of developing, in time, heart disease. Many scientists believe high blood pressure to be frequently caused by fear in the form of worry.

* * *

In a study of fear, a psychologist reports that children in the homes of the moderately well-to-do have a more pronounced dread of falling, noises, sickness and dying than have children in poorer homes.

* * *

Fright has the effect of contracting the blood vessels, making the skin pallid, violently accelerating the heart beat, and temporarily paralysing the digestive system.

* * *

A large number of adults as part of a study of fear, were asked to name childhood terrors still persisting. More than 25 per cent of child fear carried over into maturity was "fear of animals." Other fears reported were: possible accident or injury through accident; personal failure or inadequacy; being alone in the dark; pain.

* * *

A child may develop a fear from an indirect source. For example, a child loved to play with rabbits till it was badly frightened by a loud noise while enjoying itself with the animals; thereafter the child was afraid of rabbits.

* * *

Fear of the dark is not an abnormal thing for a child to experience. It is a streak of atavistic dread left, for primitive man had much to fear from the night when his enemies might spring upon him.

* * *

So-called "dental-chair jitters" is one of the most uncontrollable of all the fears that afflict mankind.—*Everybody's Life*.

Panorama Quiz—Answers

1. President of the Pan-American Airways.
2. Apennines.
3. A part of the hearing system.
4. Test people's eyes.
5. Bear.
6. Bette Davis.
7. Words of same sound, different meaning.
8. Seven years.
9. Gums of all kinds.
10. States.
11. Transport.
12. Tokyo.

* * *

THUMB-SUCKING BABIES

WHEN a baby contentedly sucks his thumb after meals, don't slap his hand or bind it with tape. Leave him alone, says Dr. William Siddon Langford of Manhattan. Contrary to the beliefs of most parents and pediatricians, thumb-sucking in infants is a harmless pleasure. No scientist has ever proved, said Dr. Langford, talking to the American Academy of Pediatrics, that thumb-sucking (1) introduces germs into tonsils and stomach; (2) stimulates harmful sexual activity; or (3) causes receding jaws and buckteeth. Thumb-sucking may push milk teeth slightly out of line, but if it is stopped before permanent teeth appear, no faces are spoiled. Parents who try to break nursing babies of the habit only get them riled, which may have serious psychological effects. Thumb-sucking in school children is a different matter, said Dr. Langford, and is usually a danger sign: fatigue, illness or frustration.—*Time*.

* * *

READERS' COMMENT

Barotac Nuevo, Iloilo—I have the honor to kindly request you to continue my subscription to your splendid monthly, the PANORAMA, the Autocrat at the Reading Table. It would be a great loss to miss the companionship of so excellent a reading matter for the whole year.—*Faustino Domine.*

* * *

Dasol, Pangasinan—For two years now, PANORAMA has been my friend, a companion in my leisure hours, a very active reference in my history projects, an ever-ready radio in my discussions with friends.—*Tommie Vidal.*

* * *

San Fernando, Pampanga—I inclose herewith a post office money order for my renewal subscription to PANORAMA. I have enjoyed reading your magazine in the past year and hope the coming issues will be as interesting.—*Pantaleon Sarmenta.*

* * *

Bacolod, Negros Occidental—Enclosed you will find payment for renewal of my subscription to your paper PANORAMA. I cannot close this letter without stating with sincerity that PANORAMA is indeed a tremendously wonderful paper.—*David G. Fuentesbella.*

* * *

La Paz, Tarlac—I am a regular reader of your magazine being aware of its informative value. I will always buy a copy if I have to borrow. Please count me among the many who desire a Spanish section of two or more pages without prejudice. I hope to the number of pages at present.—*Alberto Magbag.*

* * *

Vigan, Ilocos Sur—I find PANORAMA an educational magazine. I

have already received many copies of this magazine, and I found them to be a good source of information and entertainment. They make life worth living.—*Laureana Donato.*

* * *

Army Headquarters, Manila—PANORAMA is worth while reading; and I hate to miss any of the issues. I am glad to have had the opportunity of subscribing to it which I consider the finest local publication.—*Eduardo F. Collins.*

* * *

Ibajay, Capiz—Inclosed you will find a postal money order for two pesos as payment for a year's subscription to your magazine. I've already received four copies of your magazine, and I found them to be entertaining and educational.—*Socorro C. Lalisan.*

* * *

Cuyapo, Nueva Ecija—Enclosed herewith a postal money order of two pesos for my subscription. I like PANORAMA best of all the other publications. It is a storehouse of knowledge.—*Igmedio Cachuela.*

* * *

Bauan, Batangas—I really find your magazine worthwhile reading. I think I'm improving a little in my fund of information because of PANORAMA. Here's hoping that our magazine, PANORAMA, would have a lasting life and large circulation throughout the world.—*Miss Rosario Y. Mandanas.*

* * *

Aloguinsan, Cebu—I received the copy of PANORAMA for May last week. I was pleased with the constructive and interesting articles found in the magazine. This is now my favorite magazine, so I will ask you to inform in advance of the date of expiration of my subscription.—*(Mrs.) Magdalena V. Empleo.*

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