

## Rizal's Difficulties In Publishing The Noli Me Tangere

If I am not taking the boat back home at this instant, it is because at this moment I am printing the second part of *Noli Me Tangere*, as you can see by the enclosed pages. I have preferred to publish it in any manner before I leave Europe because it seems a pity not to do so. As it is now three months that I have not received even a cent, I have pawned everything I possess in order to publish this work and I shall continue publishing it as long as I can; and when I shall have no more to pawn, then I shall top and be back with you. I am now tired with our countrymen: all seem to have united to make life bitter for me. They have prevented my return by promising to send me a pension; and after sending me for one month, they have not remembered me anymore . . . Some of the wealthy ones promised and offered me money to publish my work. Now that I have accepted it, they have not sent even a cent. All my jewelry is now pawned. I live in a small room, I eat in a very modest restaurant so I can economize and publish my work. I will have to stop it soon if no money arrives. Oh! I tell you that were it not for you, were it not that I believe that there are still real, good Filipinos, I feel like sending to the devil countrymen and all. What do they take me for?—*Rizal's letter to Jose Maria Basa, Paris, July 9, 1891.*

## MORO PIRATES AND AMOKS

IN THE SPEAKEASY district in New York, I ran into my old friend, Bill Harkness, who was enthusiastic about joining me on an expedition.

It was understood that we were to visit the Philippine Islands in order to make a survey throughout the Sulu Group for the purpose of locating, if possible, some ethnic connection between the inhabitants of this area, which was to extend southward to Borneo and Celebes, and the Toltecs who invaded Mexico during the First and Second centuries.

We spent three weeks collecting material and food staples to last for a period of two years and to cover every contingency. Then we sailed for Manila, and thence to Zamboanga, where we decided to make for the little island of Siasi.

Accordingly, at six in the morning we set sail on a *cum-pit*, designed rather like a down-east dory, which with its crew we had hired for fifteen pesos a week. I noticed several bundles of murderous-looking spears secured to the sides of the craft and made pointed in-

quiries of the skipper. He explained quickly that they were for protection against pirates, suggesting that if the pirates came, we should fire a couple of volleys into them, and they would go away. The morning wasn't so bright after that.

About mid-afternoon a warning hiss from the skipper called our attention to a large vinta (a lateen-rigged boat supported in an upright position by outriggers—off our starboard bow. It was headed directly for us, and I didn't need the skipper's sibilant whispers to understand that this was a pirate. Bill was in the midst of a nap. I woke him and explained. He grinned derisively at me and went back to sleep. I shook him. He cursed me bitterly. By the time he was convinced that this was no gag, our visitors weren't fifty yards away. Two men were in full view, studying us carefully. Our own boys had quietly disengaged a bundle of spears and cut the cords that bound them.

The pirates weren't sure of us. Apparently they had seen my sun helmet and knew there

was a white man aboard. It looked like the time to start things. Bill and I got a good grip on our rifles and released the safeties. Then we arose and fired a broadside.

That produced results. The entire pirate crew sprang to the oars and went zigzagging off toward Palawan, spurred on by an occasional slap of a bullet alongside. Our boys were cheering lustily, laughing and slapping each other in congratulation. Only the skipper was morose. There had been no casualties and he felt that we had let him down. Not even a tin of sardines could bribe him away from his melancholy.

From Siasi we moved on to Laum Secubun, where the entire population turned out to meet us. Here costumes were almost non-existent. Both men and women wore cotton *sarongs* and nothing above the waist; only the graybeards wore jackets.

The *panglima* (War Chief) of the village was an excellent source of information. He knew a great deal about the ancestry of his people and was able to give us a lot of their folk-lore and history. It was during one of these conversations that an *amok* burst out in the village.

Screaming children were the first intimation we had of trou-

ble. The older people simply picked up their heels and bolted. Our *panglima* rose quickly from his rock and pointed at a running man who was waving a brightly flashing blade. Tucking up his *sarong*, the *panglima* snorted something about a "crazy pig" and started for the maniac. Bill and I went with him, tearing along through the corn-stalks and forgetting that neither of us was armed. The *panglima* already had drawn his *barong* and was pounding along in deadly earnest.

Just as we broke clear of the garden the *amok* claimed his first victim. A boy, having tripped, was scrambling to his feet when overtaken. The maniac's blade struck swiftly. The boy's head seemed to leap from his shoulders and hang suspended by a thread. Then it fell in a side-wise jerk and landed motionless in the sand.

Barely hesitating in his stride, the *amok* sighted us and howled. Quickly the *panglima* stepped forward and interposed his *barong* to stop the murderous arc of steel. Simultaneously, Bill and I dove for the legs of the *amok*. When he fell, I slipped both hands down to his wrist and twisted the arm until the bone broke and the bloody steel dropped to the

ground. The *amok* screamed once and then relaxed. I let go the broken arm and rolled to one side.

Shortly afterwards Bill and I left for the States via China

and Japan. Amid the hectic gaiety of Shanghai we managed to finish our reports and in May found ourselves again in New York.—*Lawrence Griswold, from "The Book Digest," Feb., 1938.*

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*Wife or  
Mistress*

Woman is wife and mother both, but with the emphasis on sex as such, the notion of a mate displaces the notion of the mother, and I insist that woman reaches her noblest status only as mother, and that a wife who by choice refuses to become a mother immediately loses a great part of her dignity and seriousness and stands in danger of becoming a plaything. To me, any wife without children is a mistress, and any mistress with children is a wife, no matter what their legal standing is. The children ennoble and sanctify the mistress, and the absence of children degrades the wife.—*Lin Yutang.*

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*Bankrupt*

Bank was originally a money-changers' bench or table, derived from the Italian *Banca*.

Bankrupt is derived from the Italian words *banca rotta*, broken bank. It was the custom to destroy in the town market place the money changing bench of an Italian merchant who found himself unable to pay his debts.—*Better English.*

# PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE IN THE BALANCE

THE INTELLIGENT FILIPINO who still looks forward eagerly to the attainment of absolute and permanent independence must often despair at the vista confronting his nation. Its fate, certainly, is in large part in the hands of outsiders. In the United States the principal legislative body, building upon an innate substratum of anti-imperialist sentiment, is apparently inclined to erect trade barriers ruinous to the Philippine economy before agreeing to political separation.

The Filipinos can at least appeal to America's sense of fairness and justice, a course which has not on the whole been unsuccessful in the struggle for Philippine independence thus far. After all, Philippine producers, almost without exception, are today operating at or near the most profitable levels they have enjoyed since the World War. Trade barriers threatening their stability in the future may well be modified as a result of an experts' study now nearing completion.

But there is little to be done against the menace from the north. Once free, the Commonwealth could scarcely oppose a

sudden thrust by the Japanese military. Already, it is pointed out by alarmists, economic penetration is being accelerated. Like a ripe plum, the Islands, when freed from the American branch, will fall into the lap of Tokyo.

This is of course an exaggerated picture, typical only of the views of Americans with vested interests which they wished protected against any change in the status quo. Since the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese conflict, however, the menace of Japan has bulked larger in the eyes of Filipinos. Few of them have adopted the view that a victorious Japan will be completely occupied for years with the pacification and development of certain areas in China. Nor is much consideration given to the possibility of an internal breakdown in Japan and a social revolution which might wipe out the principal expansive forces of the Empire. As nearby neutrals today, the Filipinos tend to view themselves as potential victims of an implacable imperialist juggernaut tomorrow.

Thus, together with the growing realization that the end of free trade between the United States and the Islands

inevitably involves economic difficulties, the anxiety regarding Japan is to some extent overcoming the old, unqualified insistence on independence at any cost.

President Quezon, like every other prominent Filipino politician, has ridden the wave of emotional sentiment on the independence issue. Yet, as his responsibilities increased, his enthusiasm for the cause was tempered to the point where his very sincerity in its service was questioned. When the Hare-Hawes - Cutting Independence Act was passed over President Hoover's veto, he did not hesitate to place his political machine in opposition to its acceptance. Quezon then set about the task of persuading Congress to make a new proposal on more favorable terms. Save for an undertaking to turn American army reservations in the archipelago over to the new state when independence was attained—a matter of slight import, since the Army apparently had every intention of withdrawing completely at that time—the new law virtually duplicated its predecessor. There was, to be sure, a highly indefinite, implied undertaking in President Roosevelt's statement that "where imperfections or inequalities exist, I am confident that they can be corrected after

proper hearing and in fairness to both peoples." This was scarcely a substantial assurance. Quezon, however, successfully steered the new proposal through the Philippine legislature.

Just why the mercurial Don Manuel executed his sudden *volte face* will no doubt be a matter for prolonged discussion by future Philippine historians. It is not likely that he really believed he had secured changes which would prove significant. Quite possibly he realized that his mission was a failure. His enemies have not hesitated to ascribe his tactics to a desire to assume personal credit for legislation he himself had wrung from an unwilling Congress in Washington. In the external evidence there is much to support this view. Seizing the political initiative during his campaign against the Hare-Hawes-Cutting Act, he has never let it drop while bringing the Commonwealth into being and cementing himself at the zenith of its firmament.

But once ensconced, Quezon tended still further to qualify his attitude on the independence question. A studiously evasive response to Roy Howard's proposal for dominion status drew the fire of opponents who objected with increasing vehemence to his equivocal attitude and

apparent acquiescence in the ten-year transition period. This was the situation when the Commonwealth President arrived in the United States in the spring of 1937. Extremists urging immediate independence seemed destined for perennial dissatisfaction. Then, like a bombshell, the proposal for severing the political ties between the two areas not later than 1939 dropped upon the unsuspecting Islands.

What prompted this unexpected suggestion? Two factors were stressed at the time. Under the existing scheme of divided authority, Washington's approval is necessary for legislation respecting currency, coinage, exports, imports and immigration, while it may intervene to preserve a regime consistent with the dictates of our own faith and fourteenth amendments. It is not impossible that a comprehensive program of social legislation and nationalization, which might well be executed by a nation adapting itself to new circumstances, may arouse the stern disapproval of a possible conservative Washington Administration after 1940. Congress, moreover, as author of the Independence Act, may see fit to alter its terms at any time before 1946, perhaps to the disadvantage of the Islands. With the imposition of

a cocoanut oil excise tax and a strict quota limitation on imports of Philippine cordage, it had already exploded the notion that the Act constitutes an implied contract, reached as a result of negotiation and unalterable in good faith without mutual consent. Under such conditions, Filipinos seeking economic security or long-range national development can feel no firm ground beneath their feet. The obvious remedy would seem to be independence and a treaty to regulate the political and economic relations of the two countries—and arrangement which would considerably improve prospects for stability.

These are plausible considerations, not without merit. Some of the subsequent rationalizations adduced in support of the 1939 independence plan are less tenable. It is not necessarily true that the Filipinos could secure better terms from the Roosevelt Administration than from its successor. Nor would early independence be particularly effective in forestalling the liquidation of foreign investments in the Islands, with accompanying economic disturbances. And if it is sound to say that the Filipinos are as well prepare for full independence in 1938 as they will be in 1946, then the whole theory of a breathing spell for necessary

political and economic adjustments goes by the board.

The uncharitable suggestion has been made that Quezon seeks advancement of the date of independence because, though precluded under the Philippine Constitution from seeking reelection at the expiration of his six-year term, he desires to take office as the first president of an independent Philippine republic. This seems most improbable. Quezon has already stamped his personality indelibly on the new government and would be remembered as the father of his country if he were removed from the scene tomorrow. It is much more that the internal political motivation for the move was a desire to cut the ground from under the feet of the opposition, which was losing no occasion to attack the government on the time-worn issue of absolute and immediate freedom. Coupled as it has been with loud affirmations of a desire for "social justice," the 1939 independence proposal has to some slight degree succeeded in diverting the clamor against alleged dictatorial methods of procedure and the failure to give sufficient aid to victims of the Islands' maladjusted social and economic structure.

Does Quezon really desire immediate independence in the full sense of the term? He might

be expected to realize, better than almost anyone else, how ruinous it would be to invite the imposition of American tariff barriers on exports to the United States before some readjustment was made in Philippine economic life. With his reiterated insistence on a defense program which, he says, would make the Islands virtually impregnable in ten years, he would scarcely be likely to request withdrawal of all American forces at once, before his country had gained its hypothetical security. Indeed, he has plainly indicated that he does not intend to do so. "In proposing to President Roosevelt that he recommend to the Congress the shortening of the period for the grant of independence," he told the National Assembly last October, "I also asked that the present trade relations between the United States and the Philippines be continued for at least ten years after independence." It is inconceivable that this could be done without the retention of a special political interest in the Islands on the part of the United States. What Quezon desires, in other words, is not independence but autonomy, not a new state but an American dominion.

Asked last July whether independence would best serve the Islands in the current state of



world unrest, he replied that if the matter should become a subject for public discussion, any substitute proposal suggested by Congress to end the existing unsatisfactory arrangement would "receive the serious consideration of the Philippine Commonwealth." In his October message to the National Assembly, he couched his recommendations on the independence question in singularly unenthusiastic phrases. "If we want independence at any cost and are ready to take all the consequences—the dangers as well as the advantages of independent national existence—" he declared, "let us have it not later than 1939. If, however, we are fearful of the possible threats that complete independence may offer to our national security, and we would rather remain under the protecting wing of the United States, then let us leave the final determination of our future to coming generations and not deceive ourselves with the groundless hope that by 1946 every danger will have vanished." Critics of his proposal were urged to "say so frankly and come out courageously in the open with an alternative plan." "They have nothing to fear: there is here freedom of thought and of speech," Quezon continued—an illuminating commentary which might be

taken to indicate that there was some doubt on the subject insofar as ordinary affairs of state are concerned.

This tendency to backwater, strengthened by the object lesson afforded by Japan in China, was again manifested on November 15, when Quezon pointedly remarked to High Commissioner McNutt at a Philippine army review that this was "your army," because it was obligated to fight in defense of the American flag and was loyally ready to do so. Two days later he intimated that he would welcome proposals for a dominion status, if they came from someone else. The way thus seems clear for the 80 per cent of Philippine industrial leaders, who according to one of their number believe a shortening of the Commonwealth period would be disastrous, to come forward with a firm statement of their views. Impelled by pressure from his constituents, Quezon could then approach Washington to secure indefinite continuation of special trade and political relations.

Administration experts, represented on the Joint Preparatory Committee and perhaps more farsighted than their Congressional colleagues, realize that an independence scheme which merely bankrupts the Islands or reduces them to chaos would be

short-lived. Before the Committee's report appears, all prophecy with regard to the future of the Islands must necessarily be held in abeyance. All that can be said with assurance is that American withdrawal cannot be complete in 1939, and possibly not in 1946. The fate

of the Philippines is now knit more closely than ever to the world political and ideological developments. Will the United States give way only to create a vacuum into which Japan may rush? — *David H. Popper, condensed from Amerasia, January, 1938.*

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## *So This Is China*

No one in China need be afraid of being caught at a funeral service with no handkerchief to cry into. When the guests arrive for a funeral service, white handkerchiefs are promptly distributed among them.

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To earn the undying friendship of a poorer-class Chinese, present him with a can. China is can-conscious, and empty biscuit tins, gasoline tins and sardine tins are made into everything from safes to travelling trunks.

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In dispensing with the services of employees, Chinese employers always seek to "save their face." In government service an order is worded to say that Mr. Chang will be transferred and Mr. Wu put in his place. The new appointment never comes and Mr. Chang submits his resignation.

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When pawnshop employees sit down to a feast, they keep their eyes skinned for the "hint." Whenever the pawn shop-keeper fires an employee, he slaughters a chicken and puts its head in front of the marked man. — *Excerpts from the Shanghai Evening Post and Canton Sun.*

# WILL YOU BE A SUCCESS?

NO MATTER who you are, what you are, or what your record of the past may be, I maintain that *not only are you bigger than you think you are, but also that your possibilities for development in the future are greater than you realize.* In short, you're really a great guy!

The world is full of men and women who, judged by their achievements, are mediocrities. The world likewise is crowded with failures. What is even worse, there are thousands who actually are obsessed with convictions of defeat, whereas the truth is that if only they could rid themselves of such devastating notions, the mere removal of this handicap would catapult them to happiness and success.

In writing these encouraging paragraphs let it be understood at the outset that they are not merely so much "pep talk." I have been specializing as a psychiatrist for over a quarter of a century; I have met all kinds and conditions of mankind—rich and poor, young and old, both sexes. The potentials possessed by every human being, the hidden resources of power of which he is unaware, are practically without limit.

It was Socrates, you will recall, who first uttered the two golden words of wisdom: KNOW THYSELF. *He realized then, as psychiatrists do now, that no individual can hope to get the best out of himself, that no one can expect to be adjusted, to forge ahead and conquer, even to find a decent place for himself in the world, unless he knows himself inside and out, like a book.*

On scores of occasions have I urged those who have consulted me to try and know themselves thoroughly *before* they tried to do anything else.

"You have analyzed yourself," do I hear you say? Are you sure? Has it been a deep, truthful analysis? Have you been willing to "call a spade a spade" when it concerned you? Have you unflinchingly faced your faults, your mistakes of the past?

The reason I stress the need for absolute one hundred per cent honesty in probing one's inner self is because, strangely enough, few persons exist who are not fooling themselves, even lying, without realizing it. Seldom, if ever, do we face facts as such. Always are we giving

good reasons for our failures instead of the *real* reasons.

You see, all of us are raised on ideas that do not dovetail with reality. In other words, our childhood dreams, often educated *into* us when we are more or less helpless, are discovered later on to be partially or wholly out of tune with things and people as they actually exist.

One boy is given the idea that he must be a doctor; another is told that since his father was but a laborer he should get college notions out of his head and be satisfied also to be a laborer.

Girls in similar fashion are started off wrong. A girl may want to go on the stage and actually possess talent, but circumstances may force her into salesmanship in a department store. Early marriage may be forced upon another girl, or marriage discouraged altogether, depending upon the success of the mother's own marriage or the economic necessities of the home.

The point is that so many of us are trying to do things we are not specially fitted for, or do not like, all because we have got ourselves into a rut, the first shovefuls of which were dug in childhood. Yet all the while we neither realize that we are attempting the impossible nor do

we realize how it all came about. To repeat, we do *not* know ourselves.

What happens, of course, is that false ambitions are engendered; these don't somehow reach fulfillment; dissatisfaction and discouragement follow.

Nor is this the worst of it. Worshipping false gods, as it were beclouds our thinking, gets us confused. After the passage of years we don't know *what* we want. We feel trapped. Everything ahead looks black. We become self-depreciative, even afraid. Psychiatrists have a name for this condition. They call it an *Infantile Fixation*.

It is such a fixation, or fixations, that arrests our progress, makes us feel pent-up, chained. The best way to discover infantile fixations is to concentrate on childhood. Think back and think back hard to the earliest days of your life. Ask your mother and father what kind of boy or girl you were. Particularly inquire along the lines of the following questions:

Any strong likes and dislikes?

Were you a good mixer?

Were you moody, irritable, fault-finding or revengeful?

Did you get along well with other children?

Were you a leader or a follower?

Any special talent or ambition shown?

Were you inquisitive and did you ask many questions?

Were you willing or stubborn?

Were you industrious at school?

Did you quickly lose interest?  
Were you conceited or did you take correction well?

Were you in good health or sickly?

Were you practical or given to day-dreaming?

Were you affectionate and to whom?

Were you bashful or forward regarding the opposite sex?

These fifteen questions are merely a guide to help you to know yourself. They should cover your earliest years as well as your adolescence. Asking yourself these questions undoubtedly will suggest others along similar lines. In this manner, with patience and plenty of time, you ought to be able to discover your infantile fixations, your present childlike attitude towards life.

"Will this make me a great guy?" you may justifiably inquire.

My answer is that this alone may actually do so, although in some cases additional probing may be necessary. Such self-analysis, however, constitutes the foundation upon which to build—your ego, your pride, your glory in self-expression and in superlative achievement.

If this be not enough, then you must, as the next step, after you really know yourself, de-

liberately exercise your will and find out what it is that is trying to express itself. This is what you must stress and foster no matter what it may be, no matter how absurd or impossible it may seem.

Look particularly to the creative side of your make-up. Most of us possess more of this than we realize.

It is astonishing how many can write, draw, sculpture, paint, etc. Then there are other pursuits that can give pleasure as well as make the individual feel that he can be a great guy at least in something. One person I know has developed photography, another gets quite a kick out of making an arid, stony acre yield him his vegetables.

*Particularly should I warn you not to be afraid to break with the past, what you were told and taught. If you find out what you really would like to do, no matter whether it concerns your work or your social and love relationships, don't hesitate to try—to take the risk.*

Yes, you're really a great guy. Take the time and trouble to prove it to yourself.—*Dr. Louis E. Bisch, Condensed from "Your Life," Feb., 1938.*

# THE EMPEROR-GOD

FOR THE Japanese, the Mikado is not a personage. He is God. Actually, there is no word for God in the Japanese language. But the whole idea of divinity, of supreme power, is embodied in the Emperor. He does not rule by divine right, but as divine right. The Mikado of Japan, Emperor Hirohito, is supposed to be the 124th member of his dynasty.

He is, curiously enough, a constitutional monarch. Yet he is, at the same time, in his person, the Japanese, the symbol of everything they are, have been, or hope to be. It's very difficult for us westerners to understand that an eastern nation can completely absorb western machine civilization, and at the same time revere its human monarch as a god, and not as a man. Theoretically the Emperor of Japan is Japan, more truly and more mystically than Louis XIV, who said, "I am the State," was France. Theoretically, the Emperor owns Japan, owns every life in Japan, and can dispose of his people as he wills. That theory has never been tested, but it exists as a profound religious conception.

In the Old Testament, it was forbidden to attempt to delineate the features of God in a picture, and it was forbidden to pronounce the name of God. In Japan, the Emperor's face is too holy to be put on coins. Pictures of him exist, but in schools, for instance, they are kept, like a shrine, locked up, taken out only occasionally, when the national anthem is sung. No man or any picture of any man can stand or hang where he or it may look down on the Emperor.

No man can touch the person of the Emperor. The court physician must diagnose his illnesses at a distance and take his pulse with silk gloves on. When the Emperor's tailor comes to the palace he has a tough job. He must stand off at a distance and guess the measurements.

Once a switchman delayed the Emperor's train for two minutes. He committed harakiri, a peculiarly Japanese form of committing suicide by disemboweling one's self. A tire blew out on the Mikado's car—and the chauffeur killed himself. To name a child after the Emperor is forbidden.

But this little man who lives in strange, godlike seclusion as

the head of one of the most active, pushing nations on earth once broke with a Japanese precedent more than 2000 years old. In 1921, when he was a prince and the heir apparent to the throne, he did what no other Japanese in his position had ever done: he made a tour of the western world, to the enormous fear and worry of many of his more religious subjects, who feared that harm would befall their fragile god traveling among common men. Numbers of them committed suicide.

Hirohito—emperor, god, and man, behind the walls of his seclusion, living at an immense distance from the world—has acquired not only western tastes, but highly modern western tastes. His hobby, for instance, is one of the newest of western sciences; biology. He is an amateur scientist, works in his own laboratories, and, since biology is partly concerned with the mystery of life, we see the strange spectacle of a man who is omniscient in Japanese eyes trying to solve the riddle of existence: what is life, after all? —*Dorothy Thompson, from the "Literary Digest," Jan. 22, 1938.*

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## *What is a Man of Straw?*

This familiar phrase refers to a custom of Ancient Greece, where there were men who were always prepared to testify on oath to any evidence, provided they received a substantial fee. They were recognizable by a straw which they wore in their shoe.

This custom lingered on, and was found centuries later, when, we are told, "professional witnesses" used openly to enter Westminster Hall, the great court of justice in London, with the straw of their profession in their shoe. Nowadays a man of straw has come to mean one who is unreliable.—*Better English.*

# RUNYON RAGE

IN THE UNITED STATES the mantle of the late great short-story writer O. Henry has by common assent fallen upon a sharp-featured ex-newspaperman named Damon Runyon. Denizens of the underworld, Runyon's characters all speak a special gangster argot. The men and women of Broadway are "guys" and "dolls"; gaols are "sneezers"; money is "scratch," to get "boffed on the noggin" is to have one's skull cracked.

Introduced to British readers without much preliminary introduction, it was not surprising that Damon Runyon's stories soon provoked acid criticism, particularly from congenital enemies of Americanism.

Born in Manhattan 53 years ago, Damon Runyon knew the seamy side of life as a *Denver Post* reporter. He became a sports writer and afterwards serve as a War Correspondent with the U. S. Army in Mexico and in France during the last war. In 1930 he began doing short stories for mass-circulation magazines in his present style.

Living in a penthouse at the top of a New York skyscraper, he descends at night to his favourite restaurants where actors, sportsmen and underworld charac-

ters congregate. Most of his fictional chorus girls, thugs and gamblers are drawn from the real-life material he mixes with.

In Runyon's lawless cosmos criminals are regarded as diverting eccentrics; slaughter is a mere irrelevancy; the underworld is a sort of jocular never-never land.

"If you have two friends on Broadway consider yourself a success," is a Runyon motto. He himself has hundreds. Hard-boiled eggs give him inside information for his own sporting articles and love him for backing their tips with his own "potatoes."

Looking at life through metal-rimmed spectacles, Runyon sees the need for a helping hand and has been known to promote fights in aid of the Babies' Milk Fund of New York.

Still possessing a flair for clothes, he was once a "man-about-town," who drank, played poker and dressed in the style of an old-fashioned beau. To-day he is a teetotaller, drinks 15 cups of coffee at an all-night sitting and is more particular about the quality of the coffee than most people are about their whisky.—*Condensed from "News Review," November 18, 1937.*



## THE PRIVATE LIFE OF MARGARET MITCHELL

A FIRST NOVEL does well if it sells five thousand copies in a lifetime. *Gone With The Wind* has run up such unprecedented sales as fifty thousand copies in a single day, a half-million in less than one hundred days, more than a million copies in six months. *Anthony Adverse*, its nearest rival in the history of publishing, amassed but 18,474 copies in its best week, less than four hundred thousand in eleven months. Copies of the first printing of Miss Mitchell's novel commanded fifty dollars at the last quoting. Its fame has spread throughout the civilized world, with requests for translation rights from practically every country where books are published.

Word of it has seeped into the farthest out-of-the-way hamlets and into strata of society where one would suppose there was little time for the reading of novels. Standing recently under the steel girders of a railroad shed, discussing Miss Mitchell's book with a friend while waiting for a midnight Pullman to start, I suddenly realized that standing near us in

the dim light were two men, their faces blackened with coal smoke, tools swinging in their hands. They were trainmen of some sort, and they were listening to what we had to say. I asked of one of them if he had read the book. He grinned in the affirmative, adding: "And I hope she never gets him back." And whether Scarlett ever got Rhett back has become well-nigh a major issue with the American people.

It is interest such as this in the characters of *Gone with the Wind*, coming from people in all walks of life, which has overwhelmed Miss Mitchell with such a pressure of notoriety. The millions who have lived its drama vicariously seem unable to shake off its grip. It "does something" to them and they turn instinctively to the one person who can lift the spell she has put on them—Margaret Mitchell herself.

Until the printings of *Gone With The Wind* passed the half-million mark, she was as generous with her autograph as any author, but after that, she was forced to call a halt. The print-

ing presses were turning out copies of the book faster than she could put her name in them, she explained. Now that more than a million copies have been printed, the requests for autographs have run into the hundreds of thousands. She knows that autographing so many books in so short a time is beyond her strength, and if she cannot autograph for the humblest, she will not do it for the highest.

And how does Miss Mitchell herself account for the phenomenal sale of *Gone With The Wind*? When asked the question, she parried it by asking us to answer it ourselves. We fell back on the word "genius," tell-

ing her there was no other way to explain the stupendous currents of thought and emotion which are driven under complete control through the book.

But here Miss Mitchell stopped us with a smile. That incorruptible intelligence of hers will listen to no such stuff, for she does not feel at all that way about herself or her book. She regards *Gone With The Wind* as the product of hard labor and sweating, and its amazing success continues to be so mystifying to her that, in the words of Gerald O'Hara, she can attribute it only "to the mysterious kindness of God."—*Edwin Grandberry, in Collier's, March 13, 1937.*



## *Monument To A Traitor*

For more than two hundred years natives of Batavia, capital of the Island of Java, have been warned of the consequences of treason to their country by a weird "monument"—the spear-pierced skull of one Pieter Erbervelt. Apprehended in an act of treason, Erbervelt was found guilty, sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered. Still legible is the inscription on a marble slab set into the wall below the skull. In both Dutch and Javanese the inscription reads: "In detestible memory of the punished Pieter Erbervelt, traitor to his country, nobody may build or plant anything on this spot, now and for all time. Batavia, April 14th, 1722."—*Photo-Facts, Feb. 1938.*

# THE CINE IN THE PHILIPPINES

WHY HAS man in all these centuries always chosen to listen to legends, or to pore over books, or to watch the screen stars. The pessimist would say, "because life is bitter." And that is a reason even an optimist like myself must consider. Many artists are willing to grant that art is escape. The escapists seek to live in a beautiful world of dreams, in direct contradiction to the actual world they find so harsh.

A wise old man once told me, too, "Do not live so much in books. Throw them away."

Perhaps he was right. But books have handed down the ages a gleam of man's humanity to man. I know that the original line runs, "man's inhumanity to man"; and sadly admit, that, too, exists. But Plato and Horace and Moliere and Shakespeare and Dostievsky—and a list so long, and nations and races so complete—we cannot compass the remembering of them in a day. Each in some way saying, "Know thyself," and building, brick by brick, a mansion for man's finest dreams.

The same printing press, however, had no guardian angel to keep writing other than the best from despoiling it. Look at the modern newsstand.

For every good magazine, how much cheap-priced trash do you see? In this type, the heroes are all noble and handsome, the heroines complete in beauty and sorrow.

At once we think of the cine. Is the same thing true there?

I like the moving picture. I have seen as great art, and as great human values there, as in books and painting and music. But I've seen in the cine equally as great betrayals of what we humans feel in our hearts to be life's goal.

There are two worlds. One is real. We touch it, taste it, hear it, smell it, speak it. The other is a world we somehow disregard. It is a strange world, and we have been timid about exploring it. The world of daydreams; and, the psychanalysts say, of night dreams, too. The world of phantasy—of pictures floating in the mind, sometimes as our consciousness directs, but often uncontrolled.

The novel, the short story, the poem, the play—all forms of literature—and today the moving picture—direct and control that secret, interior phantasy world for us. They seize upon man's desire to attain to an ideal image of himself. They make the members of an au-

dience into somebody else. Every girl, as she sits in the cine watching Shakespeare's Juliet, is Juliet. For those two hours, her problem is Juliet's: to choose her family's sworn foe, or to resign herself to the family feud.

Being one with Juliet—the estheticians call it empathy—does no harm, surely. Living through a great writer's interpretation of one of life's problems is an expanding and broadening experience.

Empathy with the leading characters in shows as *The Informer*, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, *The Lost Horizon*, *Modern Times*, *Dead End*, *Pasteur*, *Zola*, seasons our humanity.

But all printed stuff, all pictures are not as these. The printing press gives us Aldous Huxley; but it gives us Bertha Clay, too. The movies include Zola, but 84% of a year's Hollywood output, as analyzed in a recent study, are parallel to a Bertha Clay melodrama, untrue to life as a dream is. The hero always wins the girl by his bravery, and after a final clinch, they fade out with no glimpse of the real problems that the young couple will meet in the future. False situations, false solutions clog the moviegoers' perception of reality. A research professor at Ohio State University in disgust called such mo-

vies "a national aspirin . . . paralyzing the mental and emotional faculties" of the American people.

Yet scholars recognize, as stated by Professor Peterson of Columbia University, that "the movies are the most powerful instrument for good that has even been devised." Potentially, yes, but the percentage of fine films is so small that the misuse of the cine outweighs its use.

The Philippines has not escaped this evil. The start of local companies was an admirable thing for two reasons. One, that the life and culture of Filipinos fully deserve interpretation by Filipino writers and artists who understand them. Two, that the movies, which in the United States are the fourth largest industry, can easily become a home industry in the Philippines, contributing to the economic sufficiency of the islands.

But what has happened? I don't want to belittle the local companies, who, after all, have merely followed the evolutionary path of the American movie. But I think we must admit the local films are *tawdry sentiment, with no glimmering of artistry. How they misrepresent the Philippines!* The talents of the people are entirely disregarded. The stories are ridiculous melodramas, the sequences are hit-or-

miss, the actors are usually wooden. Technically, the films are improving somewhat, as the photography of a recent local picture revealed. But artistically, no.

The high school and college-bred people of the Philippines refuse to go to Filipino movies, and they can hardly be blamed. Surely there is nothing of the poetry or life or problems of the Philippines in any local picture thus far produced.

Once again, in the Philippines, too, the declaration is true. The movies are "a national aspirin . . . paralyzing the mental and emotional faculties" of the people.

What an opportunity is being overlooked! Fine stories, writers able to design artistic scenarios, actors and actresses capable of rising to real characterization if given real parts—the Philippines has all these.

Again I say, art must interpret and guide life. Where is the moving picture showing the rise of a humble man to a career of service? There are such men—and women—in the Philippines. Their story would be an inspiration to the country.

Where is the picture portraying the splendid story of Rizal's life, the story of a man with social vision, battling against the onrushing foes of hate and fear?

Where is the film that revolves about a major problem

of the Commonwealth, with its statehood of 1946 in view? The newspapers and magazines are filled with discussions of such problems. The public consciousness is awake to them. The cine apparently has never grasped the magnitude of such material.

Mindanao, and the pioneers who will leave crowded Luzon to master the jungle, and build a culture free from tenantry and usury!

Baguio, with its climate breathing health and adventure among the pines, the haven for the Philippine's hard-working school teachers whose greatest foe is tuberculosis.

Local industry, with its saga of struggle against foreign imports that in their wake bring threat of foreign domination.

These and so many others which will immediately come to the minds of those who know the Philippines far better than I.

So it is possible, it is even urgent, that the moving pictures *change from the phantasies of lust romance and improbable heroism, to the real adventure of modern life.* The cine can be dynamic in its call to action. Its triple key of drama, education and inspiration can unlock for the world the closed door to a better self and a better society.  
—Elizabeth Simpson, *Abstract from a KZRM Talk.*

# OUR LITERARY INDEPENDENCE

AMERICANS as a whole are still bound to England. England, in point of fact, is superior on most counts to the United States. Among other things, it remains the fount of honor for Americans. No matter how swell and swagger an American woman may be, she considers it a great distinction to be summoned to the Court of St. James's.

No matter how patriotic an American professor may be, he is almost paralyzed with joy when Oxford or Cambridge offers him an honorary degree. The thing certainly doesn't run the other way. No Englishman with any sense regards it as a distinction to be invited to the White House, and very few English scholars set any value on American honorary degrees.

It seems to me that American writers during the past 30 years have pretty well thrown off the English tradition. The man responsible for this change was undoubtedly Mark Twain. He was the first to prove that there was an American way of writing and an American way of thinking. His predecessors were all imitation Englishmen. This was true to some extent even of Walt Whitman, James Fenimore Cooper, Washington

Irving, Edgar Allan Poe, and Ralph Waldo Emerson were transparent Anglomaniacs. But today there is more independence of spirit, and even the most careful of stylists—for example, Joseph Hergesheimer and James Branch Cabell—show little direct English influence.

When I first began to think and write on the English language, I felt convinced that English and American would gradually grow more and more apart, that the differences between the two forms of the language would gradually increase. But I no longer feel that way. During the past 15 years the pull of American has constantly been increasing, and today it is so powerful that it has begun to drag English as spoken in English along with it. As a result, some of the differences between the two languages are tending to disappear—because English in Britain is becoming more like English in the United States. Of course, when an Englishman meets an American each is still conscious of language differences. But in vocabulary, in idiom, in spelling, and even in pronunciation the Englishman is gradually yielding to American example.—*H. L. Mencken—Condensed from the "Literary Digest."*

# MOVIE ARTISTS AND THEIR HOBBIES

ANY FILM FAN MAGAZINE will tell you about Clark Gable's collection of guns and Roland Young's penchant for penguins and Charley Bickford's pearl fishing smack. But, getting around to a few queeriosities, did you know that Bickford also owned a gas station, and a ladies' undie shop? Did you know that comedian Charlie Ruggles is in the dog business, and that director Al Hall has a turkey ranch?

Mae West's statue of herself has had a lot of publicity, but her hobby is prize fighting, prize fighters and anything connected with the squared circle! She has an ex-champ working for her now as her chauffeur.

William Powell was so screwy about tropical fish that, when he built his new house, he had his living room wall lined with trickily lighted fish tanks. He had the largest collection of tropicals in these parts—for a month! He had to sell his house in order to get rid of the collection!

Ralph Spence, the writer, has one of the largest—if not the largest—and costliest set of toy electric trains in the world. He had his house and grounds built particularly to house this minia-

ture railroad, and even if he does spend much of his time working in England, he probably gets a kick out of knowing that, at least, he has 'em!

An up and coming ingénue collects white mice, which have the freedom of her ménage! Richard Dix owns a ranch, and would rather ranch it than eat.

Joan Crawford collects star sapphires—which is pretty expensive even for her; Director Al Green has one of the finest sets of first editions on the West Coast; Barbara Stanwyck and Zeppo Marx have gone into the horse raising business together—probably just because they like horses.

Margaret Sullavan likes to paint—not pictures, but houses—and once took a week off from work to paint a picket fence!

Helen Vinson likes a pipe, and what's more, collects pipes and snuff boxes, too, by way of diversion!

Katherine Hepburn hates "dress-up" clothes, and gets a kick out of driving a station wagon, that looks like a delivery truck!

Johnny Weismuller, Frank Morgan, Harvey Gates, Mal-

colm Stuart Boylan and Ronald Colman have boats, and can't talk anything else. Adolph Menjou collects overcoats.

Wally Beery and Paul Lukas own and drive their own airplanes, and spend every available minute in the air—by themselves! And one actress, who has some twenty thousand dollars worth of rare perfumes, never uses any. She simply has a yen to collect them!

And Grover Jones, who has

been in pictures for nearly thirty years, can't pass up anything! He owns twenty-one radios, because he can't say no to anything with varnish on it, and recently he installed an eight thousand dollar Linotype—and printing press—capable of printing four thousand newspapers an hour—in order to publish thirty copies of a four-page club bulletin—once a week.—

*Rian James, condensed from "American Cavalcade."*

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## Pop=Offs

"The more the average politician gets out of office, the more he likes to stay in."

"The man with the hoe is too prone to follow the politician with the hokum."

"We have long suspected that many a politician who claims that he hears his country calling is a ventriloquist."

"Sometimes a politician can't tell the people where he stands because he is on the run."

"A politician's idea of a good citizen is one who will take the pill without looking at the label on the bottle."

"Politicians aren't actually read out of the party; they are merely kicked out from under the plum tree."

"How does a politician manage to stay in the middle of the road and keep an ear to the ground without an accident?"

"The jails are full of bandits, and the bandits are full of theft. The courts are full of politics, and so what is there left?"

"Declaration, nomination, qualification, and investigation are the sub-heads under which careers of many politicians might be summarized."—*The Kablegram.*



# THOUGHTS ON WASTE EFFORT

IN DICTATING A LETTER to a stenographer I said something about a \$5 hat. She wrote \$5 thus: \$5.00 (Nearly all stenographers if you don't watch them will do that.)

When I asked her why she added those unnecessary ciphers and a period, three unnecessary marks, she said: "Don't you wish to make it plain that it was exactly \$5 and no cents?"

"If I had meant \$5.30 or something else wouldn't I have said so?" I asked.

"But with the ciphers added it makes it plain," she argued.

"Does it though?" I asked. "Mightn't those needless ciphers confuse a person reading hastily into thinking it was \$500 instead of \$5?"

"Anyhow, that's the way the secretarial school taught us all to do it," she declared.

Probably so. But why? Why do we persist in so much monkey-business in writing letters? Why so many pompous words and roundabout phrases instead of directness and simplicity? Why don't we aim in all activities, including letter-writing, so important in business, to do things better, more quickly, more easily, and more cheaply?

From letters received within

a few days I made a little list of what people wrote and what they could have said or meant to say:

the sum of ~~P~~10—~~P~~10  
the city of Philadelphia—  
Philadelphia  
the purchase of—buying  
put in an appearance—appeared  
a large number of—many  
a majority of the people—  
most people  
it is often the case that men  
behave—men often behave  
in regard to the matter of—  
about  
purchasing agent—buyer  
true in the case of men—true  
of men  
extend an invitation—invite  
take into consideration—consider  
enough so that it will do—  
enough to do.  
employ—use  
gratis—free  
donation—gift  
reside—live  
per annum—yearly  
I had asked a business man to go to a lunch with me. He wrote: "Your esteemed favor of the tenth inst. to hand and in reply beg to state it will give me great pleasure to accept your kind invitation." Surely

he might have said simply: "Thanks for your invitation. I'll be glad to come." Or even, "Thanks. I'll come."

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in his book on the art of writing quotes a sentence "I was indifferent as to the results of the game, caring not whether I made gains or sustained losses." All the writer was trying to say was "I didn't care if I won or lost."

I am even wondering if we could bring ourselves to dispense with meaningless salutations and endings of letters—"Dear Sir" and "Very truly yours." Sometimes they represent not only banal routine but hypocrisy, for we use them when writing letters filled with indignation and disrespect. Why not end non-intimate letters as army officers do their reports, with a period and a signature?

Waste effort in writing and reading is by no means confined to letters. It might be interesting to know just how much space might be saved in newspaper columns by eliminating unnecessary use of the word "the." A statistical bureau found that in a count of 60,000 words *the* occurred 4277 times, and probably half of these were needless. We read in most papers a heading *The Weather*. Why not just *Weather*?

Books still slow us down by using Roman figures in headings

and elsewhere, though we are more accustomed to Arabic figures, probably the simplest set of symbols ever devised. Why is Henry VIII preferable to Henry 8th? And what advantage comes with writing LXXXVIII for 88?

It is in wedding invitations however that we reach heights or depths of conspicuous waste in expressing a simple idea. To begin with, we usually insist that the invitation must be engraved rather than printed, regardless of the beauty and individuality possible in modern printing. Hence wedding invitations all look about alike, but they do serve to show that the bride's parents have not been niggardly, have spared no expense, since engraving costs more than printing. But we do not stop merely with engraving but engrave the greatest possible number of letters to show the maximum possible cost. Instead of giving the date of the wedding simply and naturally as June 27, 1937, it is spelled out "the twenty-seventh of June nineteen hundred and thirty-seven"—the cost presumably based on the number of letters. I had known a bride's father of years but had never heard of his middle name. His official signature has never included even his middle initial, but his middle name is on the wedding

invitation. The street number, too, is spelled out in full, a form of address nobody would think of using in everyday life: One hundred and twenty-seven west sixty-fourth street. The whole

invitation could have been prepared more readably and better for a fraction of the cost. It was both wasteful and snobbish.—*Fred C. Kelley, in Coronet, January, 1938.*

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## *Burning Concentration*

SIGNIFICANT PEOPLE in the story of the world's work agree upon this: A little time, highly organized and directed with concentration upon a task, is productive of better results and of more lasting benefits than unlimited time indifferently applied.

The distinguished journalist, the late Arthur Brisbane, an indefatigable worker, has said to me many a time that his best possible concentrated work amounted to a very brief period daily, often not more than an hour or two of maximum intensity; that all the rest of it was performed at successively lower levels, down to routine. Charles Darwin, forced by conditions to work only in short periods, cut his working day to two hours. But in this time he brought to a reservoir head all the power he possessed. Many people work on the principle of the burning glass. You can test this most effectively for yourself. The equipment is a small lens, say the size of a twenty-five cent piece, and your own nose. Select a sunshiny day. Hold the lens so that the concentrated sun's rays gather at the point where the nostrils look out upon the world and its odorous life. Then wait. In a very short time it will have been demonstrated to you that concentration is taking place. Your nose will nudge your attention at the right moment.—*Dr. Thomas Tapper, abstracted from The Etude, January, 1938.*

# THE STORY OF THE NOBEL PRIZE

OVER \$5,000,000 has been distributed in Nobel Prize awards to 183 men and women of 18 nations during the past 37 years as bonuses for their contribution to knowledge and service to humanity. Through these years the Nobel Committee, which annually awards the prizes, has given away some 21,867,936 Swedish kroner. Each full prize is worth, now, about \$40,000.

The Swedish inventor of dynamite, Alfred Nobel, self-educated, shy, chronically-ill and one of Europe's richest bachelors during the latter years of the last century, realized in his declining years that the forces of super-explosives ought to be turned into more constructive channels. Peace, literature, and science he picked as the three forces which could make the world a better place in which to live.

Without the knowledge of even his intimates, Alfred Nobel fashioned his will of 1896 which set aside \$5,000,000 for prizes. Today the main fund of the Nobel Prizes is worth more than \$8,000,000. As long as money can be invested and earn dividends and interest the Nobel Prizes will be awarded.

Except for the award for peace it was Nobel's hope that the annual prizes should not be so much reward as award; that they should not merely make the last years of some mature genius richer and fuller. Rather, Nobel specified that the awards should be made to men or women who, in the preceding year, had shown exceptional promise. That the Nobel prize sometimes comes to a man years after his work has been completed—and thus differs from Nobel's wish—is a source of regret to many people.

Almost every year, the Nobel prizes in physics, chemistry and medicine lift some eminent scientists from esteem solely by their scientific colleagues to the dais of international honor and public acclaim.

On the list of Nobel prize scientists and their achievements there is Einstein and relativity, Planck and quantum theory, Bohr with his model of the atom. There is Bergius who turned coal into oil and devised the method for tapping a vast treasure house of nature which will supply petroleum long after the existing liquid oil is exhausted. There was von Baeyer who studied the ringlike atom

structure of carbon and from whose work sprang the vast industry of making brilliant dyes, perfumes and life-saving medicinal preparations from sticky, black coal tar.

Also raised to eminence before the public eye have been the great cures which Nobel prizes have honored. Sir Ronald Ross for his work on malaria, Banting and MacLeod for their discovery of insulin, Koch for his work on tuberculosis and Ehrlich for his discoveries in immunology.

Nobel prizes, too, have introduced the world to that royal family of science—the Curies—who gained three Nobel awards split between two generations. In 1903 Pierre and Marie Curie shared the prize in physics with Becquerel, discoverer of radio-activity. In 1911 Marie Curie again repeated for her discovery of polonium. And in 1935 Irene Curie, daughter of Pierre and Marie, received the prize in chemistry jointly with her husband, Frederick Joliot, for the discovery of artificial radioactivity.

Among other publicly-obs-cure scientists raised to eminence was the father-son research team of Profs. W. H. and W. L. Bragg of Manchester University who received the 1915 physics award for their important work on the scattering of X-rays by crystals. And, in the current year, the father-son aspect is again carried on for Prof. G. P. Thomson of England, a joint winner for 1937, is the son of distinguished Sir J. J. Thomson who won the same award back in 1907 for his discovery of that smallest in mass and most primary of all particles—the electron.

The emphasis on the detail of nature as found in atoms and in the still-smaller nuclei of atoms has been a significant point for awarding Nobel prizes in physics and chemistry for a long time. During the past ten years, more than \$300,000 has been awarded for discoveries which have clarified the structure of matter and the paradox of light acting sometimes as a wave and sometimes as a particle.—*Robert D. Potter in Science Service.*

## THE WORLD'S GREATEST INVENTOR

THOMAS A. EDISON, when yet a child, attended a school for three months, but made no progress. An inspector described him as addled. At the age of ten or eleven he became interested in chemistry and experimenting.

At the age of twelve, Edison went to work, selling newspapers and candy on the local railroad. After a few months he opened two stores, one for periodicals and the other for vegetables. He appointed two other boys to attend them, and gave them a share in the profits. He often made eight or ten dollars a day. One dollar a day he gave his mother for keep, and the rest he spent on chemicals and apparatus. Although he was also employed at a railroad, his work did not take all his time; so he arranged a little laboratory on the train.

Edison became deaf through an accident on the railroad. He was running after a train which had just started when a trainman reached down and grabbed him by the ears and hauled him into safety. Edison felt something crack in his ears, and afterwards he grew deaf.

Edison became a telegraph

operator when he was fifteen years old. He used to work all day and until 3 o'clock in the morning in order to practice the taking of press reports, which was the most difficult and highly-paid telegraphic work. He was not, however, a very conscientious employee. He read scientific books and experimented with the instruments. He laid aside telegrams handed to him for dispatch, until he could conveniently interrupt his studies.

Edison made his first invention when he was sixteen years old. Night operators were required to send hourly signals to show they were awake and Edison devised a clock which made the time signals automatically. This enabled him to sleep while on duty and to preserve his energy for his own interests during the daytime.

Edison's successful self-control through these years was due mainly to the cast of his character, but was assisted by his deafness. His deafness increased his insensitivity to his surroundings, and allowed him to work under conditions which would have distracted many men.

Edison did not show more than the minimum necessary interest in money. As long as he had sufficient for his needs he was satisfied. He did not employ bookkeepers until the chaos of his finances prevented him from getting on with his work. He lost most of the royalties he should have received from his early patents through employing an unsatisfactory patent lawyer.

He worked twenty hours a day for months. When excited by some idea he could work continuously for days, and on one occasion he worked continuously for five days and five nights. He was able to sleep instantly at will and to wake up half an hour later refreshed. He never dreamt. When he was not pressed by work he could sleep nine hours.

In middle age he dieted to keep his weight constant. He ate little meat, and was sparing with food, but he smoked large numbers of strong cigars, chewed tobacco, drank much strong coffee, and took no exercise. He lived until he was eighty-four, which was rather shorter than many of his ancestors; so he probably suffered slightly from the effects of his mode of life.

Edison had a prodigious memory and an immense knowledge of miscellaneous

scientific facts. His method of inventing consisted of trying combinations of these facts, whether or not they had any obvious connection. His knowledge of scientific theory was slight.

Edison's inventive fertility between 1876 and 1884, or the ages of twenty-nine and thirty-seven years, cannot be paralleled in history.

The invention of the phonograph in 1877 was his most original invention. When his application for a patent was submitted to the Patent Office, no previous reference could be found in its records to any machine for permanently recording the human voice in a form which enabled it to be reproduced.

Many inventors had attempted to make small electric lamps whose light was produced by a platinum wire raised to white heat by an electric current. These attempts failed owing to the relatively low melting point of platinum. A carbon incandescent electric lamp was made in 1860 by J. W. Swan, an Englishman. It was not of practical value, as the carbon rapidly burned up.

Edison's researches on electric lamps led to the completion of a practical lamp in 1879. He found that he could not evade Swan's patent in England, so he

wisely made terms with him. Edison's compromise with Swan proves that the incandescent carbon lamp is not exclusively his invention. If Edison had never lived, Swan's lamp would probably have been gradually improved, and introduced commercially within the next thirty years. Edison made his lamp commercially successful and of practical use to humanity within three years. Thereafter, he solved the complicated problem of designing and manufacturing a complete system of electric lighting, including a meter for recording the consumption of current.

When he first marketed his lamps, he calculated that lamp sales should be successful at the price of 40 cents; so he offered to supply lamps to the electric light companies at 40 cents each, if they would contract to pay that price during the life of the lamp patents. This offer was accepted. In the first year he

lost 70 cents on each of twenty thousand lamps. In the second year, he lost 30 cents on each lamp, and in the third, the loss had been brought down to 10 cents. In the fourth year, the cost had been reduced to 37 cents, leaving a profit of 3 cents. The profit that year was sufficient to cover the total previous loss. Presently he reduced the manufacturing cost of the lamps, sold in millions at 40 cents, to 22 cents. He then sold the lamp factory to a Wall Street syndicate.

Edison made many important inventions after 1886 which experienced peculiar failures as well as great successes. He made the first commercial motion-pictures in 1891.

Edison was granted over one thousand patents. By virtue of the importance and variety of his work, he is indisputably the greatest inventor recorded in history.—*J. G. Crowther, from "Science Digest," Feb., 1938.*

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The neighbors were always trying to convince Mrs. Rose, a widow of about 35 years of age, to remarry.

"But why do you want me to get married again?" she said. "I have a dog, a parrot, and a cat."

"Surely," they asked, "they don't replace a man!"

"Of course they do. The dog growls all the time, the parrot swears the whole day long, and the cat stays out all night!"—*Vu et Lu, Paris.*



# HOW SIAM GOVERNS ITSELF

IN BRICK-PAVED Bangkok, city of a thousand gilded spires, the first session of Siam's first Parliament was declared open last January.

Thirteen-year-old King Ananda ("Brother of the Moon") was schooling and winter-sporting in Switzerland, so Regents and deputies had his portrait propped up on a table and shaded by a nine-tiered umbrella, and bowed gravely to it as they arrived.

In many respects spider-shaped Siam, squatting between French Indo-China and Burma, is still almost a land of fable. Its late great King Rama V was a traditional polygamist, who begat 236 girls and 134 boys.

Taking the word of a Christian missionary, one of these sons, King Rama VI, became monogamous and begat no boy. Therefore the crown was plumped into the hands of Prajadipok, child of one of the royal brothers, who became Rama VII.

Having been schooled at Eton, bandy-legged Prajadipok, also a monogamist, went back to rule his country in democratic fashion. Handling things mildly and unsensationally, he stayed at home most of his

time, but in 1931 went to America for removal of a cataract on the eye.

So gentle was his Majesty that by 1932 thick-lipped Phya Bahol and associates saw a chance to grab power, but invited King Prajadipok to remain on his throne on the understanding that the Constitution continued on established lines.

By 1935, so unacceptable had Premier Phya Bahol's regime become to the Siamese that civil war broke out.

From rambling Knowle House, in Kent, where he was holidaying, King Prajadipok laconically issued a manifesto of Abdication which declared:

"The promoters (of the 1932 coup) did not implement true political liberty to the people. The people had no opportunity of voicing their opinion before an important policy was undertaken. . . ."

Since then, the ex-King has lived quietly in Keng, England, experiencing occasional eye-trouble.

Asked by his mother if he would accept Siam's throne, childless Prajadipok's 11-year-old nephew, elfish Ananda Mahidol, replied, "Just as you like

mother," and was thereupon installed with traditional titles: King of the North and the South, Descendant of Buddha, Supreme Arbiter of the Ebb and Flow of the Tide, Brother of the Moon, Half-brother of the Sun, Possessor of the 24 Golden Umbrellas.

Under the revised Constitution, every Siamese of 21 or over, except members of the Royal Family and the nation's yellow-robed Buddhist priests, has the right to vote.

But since the Siamese masses are for the most part unable to read or write, both poster por-

traits of candidates and ballot papers were numbered in dots.

Voting papers resembled large postage stamps gummed on the back and perforated. Each bore the candidate's name and below the requisite number of dots. From a band of "stamps" voters selected those bearing their favoured candidate's dots, placed them inside an envelope and deposited them in the ballot box.

In Parliament deputies sit in alphabetical order, only the Cabinet itself being distinguished by a position at the extreme right.—*Condensed from "News Review," January 13, 1938.*

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## *Whew! First Base at Last!*

Toni: "I never loved anyone but you."

Jane: "Nonsense!"

Toni: "You are the light of my life."

Jane: "I've heard that before."

Toni: "I can't live without your love."

Jane: "Foolish talk."

Toni: "If I could only tell you how much I love you!"

Jane: "Think of something new."

Toni: "Will you marry me?"

Jane: "Well, now you're talking."—*The Kablegram.*

# JAPAN'S STUDENT MIND

JAPAN is a land of students. The visiting foreigner, seeing large numbers of young people in plain blue uniforms with brass buttons and peaked caps, may ask, especially if he is an Anglo-Saxon, "Why are there so many tram-conductors, postmen or messenger-boys about the streets at all hours of the days?" He will receive answer, "These are not tram-conductors or postmen or cinema attendants or telegraph boys; these are students of the Imperial University and Japan's other great academies of learning."

Having more foreign languages, more patience, more time, and less suspicion than the policeman, the student is the tourist's natural guide about the sights of town and country. The student is also the natural guide of the inquiring resident about the social and political topography. By and large, the official breathes hospitality, standardized doctrine, and evasion; the business man, hospitality, national sales talk, and good fellowship; the employee, hospitality, cautious bewilderment, and gentle kindness; the peasant, hospitality, humility, and resignation. But the student is young, articulate and

frequently personal. He is involved in the system, of course, but not yet completely resigned to it. He is fresh from books that tell of men who once, here or there, have looked facts squarely in the face, deduced therefrom opinions and expressed those opinions freely, thereby influencing their fellows and the nature of community life. He is, in fact, the nearest thing to public opinion in the Anglo-Saxon sense that Japan knows.

It is true that he is aware that thoughts may be "dangerous," and consequently, in the main, he risks no more than a nodding acquaintance with them. But he has not yet learned, as your mature Japanese subject largely has, that the raw material of thought, observation, is dangerous too, especially if exchanged.

There are, at present, nearly twenty-six thousand primary schools in Japan, of which all but some two hundred are free. After the six-year elementary course, there are the middle schools, of which the country contains some six hundred mostly maintained by local authorities. The fees average only fifty *yen* per year, and the pupils, for the most part, continue to

live at home. The only barrier between the two grades of institution is the entrance examination, and the degree of zeal for education among parents and pupils alike can be realized when one learns that the number of candidates is, in some middle schools, three times larger than the number of those admitted.

After from four to five years in the middle school, there are the high schools, of which there are thirty-two, twenty-eight administered by the government or local authorities, and four under private management. Fees are only eighty-five yen per annum, but at this point the problem of leaving home often arises. It is met in two ways. Every high school has an attached boarding-house with living and feeding quarters where, for an average of two hundred and twenty yen per year; but there are also privately run students' boarding-houses, where approximately the same accommodation can be had at very nearly the same price. In both cases, the fare and accommodation are of the very simplest. But poverty, for the student, is traditionally a badge of honor, and he who gives the slightest sign of being in easier circumstances than his most impoverished fellows is frowned upon. Indeed, in some of the more famous schools, it is as if a competition raged among future ca-

binet ministers and company directors over who should have the most ragged uniform, the least shaven chin and the minimum of underwear in the winter months. There is nothing to distinguish a poor peasant's son with partially seatless trousers as a result of necessity from a son of the Mitsui family with trousers similarly imperfect as a result of tradition.

The high school entrance examinations eliminate more than eighty per cent of the candidates. After three years in high school, comes the university. There are eighteen universities under government, two under municipal and twenty-five under private control. The fees are low, varying from two hundred and forty to two hundred and eighty yen annually. The other economic problems of the university student are the same as those of the high school student, and are met in very much the same way. There are, of course, certain variations of the routine described above. Japan has over a thousand vocational schools of middlegrade and nearly two hundred of higher grade, some of them open to girl students, in which the conditions are somewhat different. But your average university student has a degree of mental uniformity as great as that expressed by his outward ap-

pearance. He is an educated cross-section of the nation.

Here comes a university class of blue-uniformed figures. These young gentlemen of twenty or so have been in the educational mill for fourteen or fifteen years, and here they are at the pinnacle of academic experience. They have learned in those years about six thousand of their own national ideographs. They are thus able to read with understanding the greater part of the textbooks in Japanese that will be put before him and to write Japanese lucidly with some distinction.

Apart from specialists, they have a smattering of world history in the most crudely factual form. They have a fairly detailed knowledge of the history of their own nation. There is a natural coalescence of history and morals in Japanese instruction. Similarly, the study of both Chinese and Japanese Classics belongs at once to the fields of literary form and politico-moral philosophy.

Our young men have too a good grounding in the natural sciences and a good knowledge of the history and main theories of economics. Now, we have to imagine them in this particular class as addressing themselves to the study of English literature under a foreign teacher, an Anglo-Saxon, who will address them in English. What will he

teach them and what will they teach him?

They expect from the teacher something more than foreign atmosphere and casual inspiration. They would have him, at least in some degree, supply them with the facts and materials for examination purposes, in other words, fit in with the entirely materialistic pattern of Japanese education.

It is essentially those obvious reasons which the foreign teacher learns from his students. Japan had been cut off from the outside world for two hundred and fifty years. During that period, or at least a part of it, the Occident had developed technologically to a remarkable extent. That leeway had to be made up if Japan was to take her proper place in the world. Education, therefore, in practically every field, had to be technical, whether the student was learning to make a machine, to organize an army, to manipulate credit, to use a foreign language or draft a law. There was no time for any kind of speculative education. Thinking as such was a luxury she could not, for the moment, afford. Education must obviously be utilitarian because its immediate utility was so obvious.

The seeds that account for the permanence of this utilitarian tradition were planted in the early days of the Meiji Era

(1867-1911) by the insistence of those early leaders on the necessity for wide-spread education. The general urge to higher education meant the keenest competition for the best posts in public and private life, and hence an attitude of diplomachasing among everybody concerned. Nobody could afford to do anything about education that did not lead to the diploma and hence the job which so many people were after.

Then, again, there was the handicap of the character language. For good or ill, Japan decided to stick to it. In the first place, it adds two years to the actual process of education, and there is thus this much less time for doing anything that is not in a strictly utilitarian program. In the second place, the technique of character-learning strengthens the agglutinative faculties of the mind at the expense of others. Forced to collect so much in early years, the Japanese find it difficult not to see education as a process of perpetual collection.

By the end of the World War, the Japanese nation had received a sufficient amount of education to fit it for all the practical tasks of the modern world. It was sure of its supply of competent technicians, business men, lawyers, politicians, doctors and the like; it

was sure that the body of the nation was adapted to capitalism and to the democracy which apparently went with it. Education thus no longer needed to be directed toward technological catching up. For the first time, it had the opportunity to become something other than utilitarian.

For roughly a decade (1918-1928) it did. In high schools and universities programs were shortened and even examinations were made less rigorously factual. Extracurricular activities were widely encouraged. The intellectual life began to be lived; the distinction between student and schoolboy to be appreciated. This had its results in that performed and thinking democracy to be found in the great cities of Japan between, say 1925 and 1928. At that time, the Japanese nation was obviously getting ready for self-government. That preparation had its disquieting, as well as its encouraging aspects. The opening up of new intellectual horizons was a temptation to rush to their limits, and this meant Communism and other disturbing problems. Young Japan's first contact with thinking went pretty badly to its head, and the authorities cannot altogether be blamed for deciding that thought was dangerous. In any case, since 1930

reactionary forces have been in control in education as well as in political life.

Such is Japan seen through students, the Japan of tomorrow. It is Japan acquisitive, busy in the service of an inexorable authority, go-getting under a moral aegis which is at once inspiration and consolation. It is go-getting in a collective sense, bringing little or nothing of personal triumph of

defeat. Marks and exams fill the academic atmosphere, but nobody knows who is top of the class. The uniformity of students is a preparation for the uniformity of graduates, and, just as the students' uniform cover their economic and social variety, so are the varieties of achievement equalized by the general tradition of service.—  
*By H. Vere Redman, Condensed from "Asia," Dec., 1937.*



## *A Hint to Filipino Governors*

When Mayor La Guardia of New York City, was asked by reporters whether he would be a candidate for President of the U. S. in 1940, he replied:

"It is a bad thing for a man holding one office to think about obtaining another office. It impairs his usefulness. It is like necking in a closed car on a moonlight night, after a good dinner and champagne. Don't start it."

Could he be drafted? "Don't be silly. Nobody was ever drafted for any office any time, anywhere."—  
*From Time.*



# WHAT EVERY YOUNG MAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT WAR

*What is the professional army man's attitude toward the next war?*

I MIGHT say that, speaking from our professional and not from a humanitarian point of view, we should look with enthusiasm to the next great war. We have developed the interesting warfare of today from a state of crude combat with clubs; we have made it a highly refined and delicate, if excruciating, art. In the next war we will start right, from the beginning, and it will be a wonderful fight.

*What will life in the trenches be like?*

Day after day the enemy's bombardment may thoroughly, methodically, and regularly destroy the repairs you have made under heavy machine-gun fire the night before. The ice liquid mud, which you will be constantly clearing out, may as constantly re-accumulate, filling your trench as high as your knees and thighs. The enemy may wreak endless havoc with your drainage trenches, so that you will be continually repairing them. You may be forever removing the trench grids to get rid of the fluid debris that

accumulates underneath. Your dugouts may be blown in, or fall in, during inclement weather, or they may leak badly.

When the enemy sets down a box barrage, you may be cut off for one, two, three or four days from your food and drink supply; you will be extremely hungry and thirsty; you will be haunted by the knowledge that loss of sleep will kill any man or animal, usually after a period of five days.

*Is it true that after some time in the trenches I could qualify for a job in the morgue?*

You will have to become accustomed to seeing the feet, head, and other parts of a corpse projecting out of the side of the trench, or you may even discover pieces of humanity lying in the mud at the trench bottom. Sometimes the task of opening up a new communication trench may have to be abandoned because of buried corpses. Enemy fire will probably unearth bodies previously buried in the region.

*How will I feel at the moment when I go over the top?*

You will go over the top with the most intense feeling of anxiety and with a rapidly



beating heart. You will compress in a very short period of time an intense driving of the body organs that will mean as much reduction to your factors of safety in five minutes as would be produced in you by four or five days' loss of sleep.

*Why worry about poison gas? Won't I be wearing a gas mask?*

While the World War was still in progress gases were developed and used, against which the protection offered by anti-gas respirators was inadequate.

*What parts of my body would require most protection from bayonet thrusts?*

The points aimed at are the eyes, the throat, the chest, the abdomen and the loins, and the wounds are usually fatal immediately.

*What shall I do if my enemy stabs me with a bayonet and is unable to extract it?*

Once a bayonet is thrust home, the skin and muscles close tightly on the steel so that a considerable effort is required to extract it. If you are still alive, ask your enemy to give his rifle a half-twist to the left. Then extraction will become easy.

*What may happen to me after I bayonet my enemy in the face?*

You may develop twitching spasms of your facial muscles.

*After I bayonet my enemy in the abdomen?*

You may be seized with abdominal contractures.

*What may happen to me after particularly horrible sights?*

You may be seized with an attack of hysterical deafness.

*What may happen to me should I be detailed to burial parties?*

You may develop anosmia (loss of your sense of smell).

*What part of my body would be most likely to suffer from shrapnel?*

Shrapnel wounds are often multiple on the head and neck. Should you be in a trench, a shrapnel shell bursting in the air will shower its bullets on your head. Should you be lying in the open, taking cover, the shrapnel bullets will be showered on your back. Shrapnel bullets are round lead balls of varying sizes, each shrapnel containing about 260 balls.

*Is the butt end of a rifle very dangerous?*

The butt end of a rifle cuts like a knife. It is usually associated with a fracture of the bones of the skull and face and is generally fatal, few victims surviving to leave the battlefield.

*What may be my fate after being wounded?*

You may be buried alive in the shelled trenches; you may be frozen to death or die of hun-

ger and thirst; you may be burned or your frozen feet may drop off with your shoes; you may complete the amputation of your own mangled limbs; you may consort with the dying, the dead, and the decomposed. You may become ill, delirious, insane before you have reached the hospital train.

*Shall I wait for the litter bearers if I have been wounded only in the upper extremities, face, head or chest, but have not been stunned?*

In such a case you will probably crawl part of the way and walk the rest of the way to the advanced dressing station as soon as opportunity permits. Wounded men with an arm hanging by only a few tendons

have walked unaided to the dressing station.

*How soon after I die in battle will I be buried?*

In the second Battle of the Marne, "the most striking thing was the number of dead bodies of men and animals and the length of time they remained on the field. They were scattered everywhere, and as they lay for days unburied, the stench was terrific. It is believed many of these bodies were unburied for at least ten days. Worse than the odor, however, was the fly-breeding that took place in these bodies. They soon became black, swollen, decomposing masses of matter, simply alive with maggots."—*Harold Roland Shapiro, Abstracts from the Book Digest.*



## *Then Quiet Reigned*

The banker politician summed up his candidacy speech with these words: "The secret of success is this. Can you earn money and can you save it?"

A shabbily-dressed man arose from the rear of the audience and proudly held out a dollar bill. "I can sir," he shouted proudly. "This is the dollar I got when I voted for you a year ago."—*The Kablegram.*

# BUILDING ROADS OF COTTON

COTTON HIGHWAYS! Road builders, farm economists and textile manufacturers have been toying with the idea for a dozen years.

So alluring has the idea proved after much experimentation that it gained considerable momentum during the last two or three years. As a result, the end of 1937 sees approximately 600 miles of highways in service in the United States, in the construction of which cotton fabric, supplied by the Federal Government in a large-scale demonstration, has been utilized by 24 states, from coast to coast.

England and Holland, too, have been experimenting with this novel type of road building, and Spain, just before the civil war broke out, evinced much interest in it.

More than a quarter century ago, a "cotton road" was built in New England, when the first motor roads were laid down on Cape Cod's sandy terrain. Cotton cloth was used to prevent the sand under the foundations from shifting. The present experiments are being made with low-cost bituminous mo-

tor highways and airport runways.

Cotton fabric of special design, resembling somewhat a coarse mesh curtain, becomes an integral part of the top surface, functioning much like the cotton threads used in building modern automobile tires. The theory is that it lessens erosion, cracks and raveling of the edges of the highway. While the initial cost is higher by the cost of the fabric, experiments made by several states prior to the federal demonstration projects indicate that the roads last longer and require less maintenance.

The building of a cotton road is an interesting process—even a bit spectacular to the spectator. After the usual foundation has been built, great inky-looking distributor trucks spray it with a prime coat of liquid bituminous material, either asphalt or tar. This seeps through the foundation and usually is permitted to dry and harden.

Then trucks carrying great rolls of cotton cloth swing onto the scene. A spool of the cotton is attached to the rear of the truck and as it moves forward the spool revolves and a white mantle of fabric overspreads the

road-bed in a longitudinal direction. Sometimes it is laid in a single strip along each edge to prevent raveling. Again, it is placed over the full surface, the adjoining strips overlapping two or three inches. Usually three strips have to be laid to cover the entire road surface.

When these "lace curtains" are in place, and tacked down with staples, a second application of hot or cold asphalt or tar is sprayed on under pressure, to impregnate the cotton and bind it to the base. Immediately, this is covered with a layer of mineral aggregate—gravel, crushed stone or slag—and the surface is rolled before the road is opened to traffic.

It seems fantastic to think that a single layer of this loosely woven cloth will build a better road. A clearer picture of its function is obtained, however, by comparing it with the mesh of steel wires which reinforce the more expensive concrete highways. Not only does the cotton reinforcement strengthen the surface mat, but it becomes a water-resisting membrane which tends to keep moisture from reaching the foundation, reducing this most common cause of road failure.

The cotton fabric is declared to give needed strength to the edges. Due to the fact that the

edges lack side support, they are the weakest point of a bituminous highway—as any motorist knows who has bumped over them. As they ravel away, the usable road width is narrowed and traffic hazards increased.

Development of the standard fabric used for highway work is the outcome of research at the textile laboratories at North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineering. This was conducted by Claude W. McSwain of the United States Department of Agriculture, following the textile industry's initial collaboration with South Carolina and other state highway officials.

The cotton membrane used in all the demonstration projects backed by the new Government is a loosely woven fabric of soft-twisted, plied yarn, which has satisfactorily met the physical and economic requirements. The Cotton-Textile Institute estimates that the cost of the fabric for an 18-foot highway runs \$450 to \$800 per mile, depending upon which of the three grades is used.

The cost of applying the cotton varies in different localities. South Carolina state highway records show costs of less than \$50 per mile, according to the institute. In Alabama, the total cost of cotton roads has been

about \$100 per mile greater than without cotton.

Results of the tests conducted in past years have been observed by the Cotton-Textile Institute and it reports that the performance of cotton roads has compared "most favorably" with

ordinary bituminous roads. Usually the test strips have been spaced between roads of ordinary construction so that accurate comparisons could be made.—*Jay R. Fitch, condensed from The Christian Science Monitor, December 15, 1937.*

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## *Food As Depopulator?*

SINCE THE EARLY 1880's Britain's diet habits have been slowly altering. In the same period the birthrate has gradually declined. A connection between these two factors was drawn last week by Laxfield's Dr. Arthur Marshall.

No dogmatist, Dr. Marshall freely admitted in *The Lancet* that deliberate contraception is partly responsible for the birth decline. But as contraception has never been popular either among the poor or in rural areas he considers its effects have been exaggerated.

Improved housing conditions, reduced working hours, higher living standards, less drunkenness and fewer hours of sleep may all have had a bearing on the birthrate. But the present process of depopulation is worldwide.

As diet habits have changed internationally, they may have affected the fertility rate. Experiments in vitamin deficiencies gave support to this theory.

Bread is vastly different from what it was 50 years ago. Many nowadays live almost entirely on tinned foods, and chilled, frozen or preserved meats and fish, all of which were virtually unknown then.

Investigation of diets in agricultural and working-class districts gave Dr. Marshall further support for his theory.—*Condensed from "News Review," January 6, 1938.*

## THE COLLAPSE OF CONSCIENCE

THE WORD 'crisis' has become a commonplace. It confronts us in every morning's newspaper, in every other magazine article. It stares at us from the title pages of books. Every week we are told that the world trembles on the brink of war, that the capitalist system verges on collapse, that there is a crisis in democratic government. Civilization itself, cry the prophets, stands at the crossroads.

Yet underneath all our crises, little and big, lies one, larger and deeper, that cuts across all the rest. I contend that personal conscience has been largely lost to our sight in all the din and dither that have been raised about that other moral concept, the social conscience, which, we are constantly reminded, has a nobler and more widely embracing function. And the more we hear of the one, the less we hear of the other. The personal conscience has been steadily submerged; the very foundation upon which any broader conception of individual responsibility towards society must rest is being washed away. What we were once taught to recognize as 'the still, small voice' has become indeed still and small.

There is a distinct flavor of cant about much of the talk concerning social conscience. The phrase slips readily from the tongue; it offers a large and easy generalization, and substitutes a vague beneficence for definite individual responsibility. The true social conscience, it seems to me, is simply the sum of individual consciences. Let your mind run over for a moment, before we turn to its graver manifestations, the little ways in which sapping of character has been going forward.

Every day, in every newspaper and magazine that you pick up, it is spread before you in advertising testimonials endorsing a product never used by the endorser, a fundamentally dishonest practice which has received the cachet of the socially elect. Who is certain today that a public man speaks in his own words thoughts and convictions which he has himself arrived at? The ghost-written speech, by ghost-written article, the ghost-written book, all fundamentally dishonest practices, are accepted as a matter of course. We observe a steadily mounting dishonesty in advertising copy, claiming qualities for a product

which even the chicken-brained must sometimes have not the slightest basis in fact. But we laugh it off because 'nobody believes it anyway.' In our callous acceptance of these and kindred deceptions is the measure of how far the decline has progressed in the value we set upon integrity.

The most serious indictment that can be brought against the present Administration is, to my mind, an indictment that

rests squarely on ethical grounds. A people takes its moral tone from the leadership it accepts and ratifies. Whatever its objectives, and however desirable their consummation may be, that leadership which subordinates means to ends, which is repeatedly disingenuous in its appeals for continued support, must in the end defeat and destroy itself.—*J. Donald Adams, Condensed from "The Atlantic Monthly," January, 1938.*

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## *The Lesser Evil*

"Your political antagonist is calling you every name he can think of," said the agitated friend.

"Don't interrupt him," answered Senator Sorghum. "It is better to have a man searching the dictionary for epithets than going after your record for facts."—*The Kablegram.*

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## *Speeches and Bad Eggs*

After listening to an afternoon of speeches in Parliament, Walter Hines Page wrote to President Wilson: "Speeches are like eggs: you don't need to eat the whole of an egg nor hear the whole of a speech to know that it is bad."—*Better English.*

## DENMARK GOING UNICAMERAL

THEODOR STAUNING, now 65, has been Denmark's Prime Minister since 1936. A dream which Theodor Stauning has cherished ever since he worked in a cigar factory as a youth comes near to fruition. With Socialist pride he announced a scheme for watering down the political influence of upper-class Danes. In Copenhagen the dignified and beloved King Christian gave his approval last December to the plan without reservation.

Stauning's constitutional plan embodies the following changes: The two-chamber legislature will be made a single-chamber body. The *Folketing* (Lower House) will remain, and the *Landsting* (Upper House) will be abolished. A Legislative Council will be created to replace the *Landsting*, but it will have consultative and advisory powers only. The introduction of a national referendum system is also provided for legislation on which it is desired to test national feeling.

For over 100 years the two-chamber system has been maintained in Denmark. The new Legislative Council will consist of 37 members, 21 to be elected by the single chamber assembly, which will be called "Parliament" or Reichstag, and the other 16 to be composed of distinguished people outside Parliament and politics.

As under the Swiss system, the new Danish constitution provides that only the Government or a Parliamentary majority can decide when a national referendum shall be held. Unlike the Swiss system it will not entitle political minorities to provoke a plebiscite. This embarrassing privilege the Swiss Government would gladly modify.

Mr. Stauning declared that the new Constitution, when approved, would bring Denmark "as near to popular Democracy as possible."

What will Stauning say about the plan of making the National Assembly in the Philippines a two-chamber body? Most likely he will call it a drift to aristocracy.—C. Alpisto.



# WHY GO TO COLLEGE?

COLLEGE is the greatest place in the world for those who ought to go to college and who go for the right reasons. For those who ought not to go to college or who go for the wrong reasons, college is a waste of time and money.

Who should go to college? In order to answer this question, we might well begin by deciding who should not. My experience with college, as student, teacher and commencement orator, convinces me that the following persons should not go to college:

Children whose parents have no other reason for sending them than that they can afford to.

Children whose parents have no other reason for sending them than to get them off their hands for four years.

Children whose characters are bad and whose parents believe that college will change them for the better.

Children who have had no other reason for going to college than to avoid work or have a good time for four years.

Children who have no other reason for going to college than to have a stadium in which to

demonstrate their athletic ability.

Children who have no other reason for going to college than the notion that it will help them achieve social or financial success in later life.

These children should be kept at home, or they should be sent to a country club, a trade school, or a body-building institute. There is, or should be, no place for them in an institution whose only excuse for existing is the training of the mind.

If we may then proceed to the original question—"Who should go to college?"—I submit the following answer:

Anyone should go to college who has demonstrated both an aptitude and a desire for more education than he has been able to get in elementary and high school. And I may add that to deprive any such person of a college education because his parents cannot afford to give him one is to commit an offense not only against the individual but also against society at large.

You can get an education in college if you try. But you must bring three things with you: A certain minimum intellectual equipments, habits of

work, and an interest in getting an education. Without them, you can still get into college and stay there for four years. You can have a good time; you can keep out of trouble; you can get a degree and become a full-fledged alumnus with a proprietary interest in all subsequent football scores; but you cannot get an education.

With them, you can get an education and become an enlightened human being. Every college library contains the world's great books. They will not be out when you ask for them. And there is scarcely a college that does not have on its faculty at least a few men who have refused to let themselves be used for purposes other than education. It will not be difficult to find them. They will familiarize you with the leading ideas in their own fields. They will interest you in the relations between their own and other fields. And they will suggest how, when you have fulfilled the comparatively easy requirements of your courses, you can educate yourself.

Unless you find these men and listen to them, unless you find the books you should read and read them, you will find college, aside from social life and athletics, a dull place.

Your previous schooling has

done little more than teach you, in a broad way, how to read and write; it takes a person ten or twelve years to learn how to do those two things well. When you come to college, you will be interested in acquiring an understanding of the leading ideas in each great field of knowledge. It will require hard work on your part to master these ideas, but students before you have mastered them and few of them were geniuses. So you will not let the appearance of confusion confuse you; you will buckle down to the business at hand and avoid, in so far as it is possible, the pleasant distractions of the campus.

College should make a man manly. It can do this by developing his courage and perseverance in the realms of thought. Just as much courage, and courage of a higher sort, is required to tackle a 200-pound idea as to tackle a 200-pound fullback. As long as athletics is recreation, it will do neither the student nor the college any harm and may do them good. When it becomes the chief interest of the student and a major source of income for the college, it will prevent the student from getting an education and the college from giving one. A college which subsidizes athletes as such degrades its educational efforts. A college which

is interested in producing professional athletes is not an educational institution.

"Good manners" have no place in the program of higher education. "Personality" has no place in the program of higher education. "Character" has no place in the program of higher education. College develops character by giving young people the habits of hard work and honest analysis. If it tries to teach character directly, it succeeds only in being boring.

Why, then, go to college? If the social graces and athletic proficiency can be obtained elsewhere and for less money, if it is too late to alter profoundly the character of a boy or girl of eighteen, perhaps the reason for going to college is to learn how to get into the higher income tax brackets.

This is the reason why a large proportion of our young people go to college. This is one of the reasons why the colleges and universities of the United States provide every imaginable type of specialized course. The thought of the colleges in offering specialized education instead of general education is that any student, by being submitted to imitations of experiences he may have in later life, will be able to make a million dollars by repeating

those experiences in the outside world.

The student who has had a general education, who has mastered the fundamental principles of the sciences and the arts, can adjust himself to the world. He can acquire specific techniques in a few weeks or a few months. A college graduate who has concerned himself with the whole field of physics and has achieved an understanding of the relation of the ideas that underlie physics need not worry about getting a job if television should suddenly become a major industry. Nor need he worry if television is replaced by something else.

To this extent college education helps a student earn a living. To this extent it prepares him for the unpredictable variety of unpredictable experiences with which he may be confronted. College is not the place to learn how to make a million dollars, although it will help a student earn a living by teaching him to use his head, and to use it on whatever problems may confront him.

College is a place to learn how to think. A college graduate who has not learned how to think may make a million dollars, but he will have wasted his time going to college.

If the goal of life is happiness, you should seek the train-

ing of the intellect. Does this sound meaningless? Do you doubt that happiness and the intellect have anything to do with each other?

A trained intellect may increase your earning capacity. On the other hand, it may not. But this it will do—it will provide you with the joy of understanding. And if you have understanding, you will have character. For you cannot be good without knowing what is right and what is wrong.

Character, even if it is well grounded by the habits and conventions of early life, many collapse in later years if understanding is not present to support it. For as you grow older you will confront corrupting influences. You will confront "easy" ways to make money and "easy" ways to drown your sorrows. Against such pressures as these, habits and conventions will not prevail unless your reason convinces you that they should.

Nor can you be wise without being good. Your wisdom will enable you to select the means by which you may attain the ends you seek. If you seek the wrong ends, you may turn out to be a wise murderer. Since it is not wise to be a murderer, not even a wise murderer, you will recognize the impossibility of trying to be wise with-

out being good. One of the reasons our age is bewildered and unmoral is that we have tried to separate wisdom and goodness.

So you will want both understanding and character. Some of our people believe, or at least live as if they believed, that it is not understanding and character which determine happiness but the external possessions one acquires, such as money, fame and power. They believe that happiness can be bought. I submit that it cannot.

The accidents of birth, location and friendship have led more men to wealth and glory than the practice of the virtues. Many of the men whose lives serve as examples to succeeding generations lived poor and died penniless.

But even if you are lucky enough to get these things and keep them, they will become monotonous. You will get tired of too many houses and too much food. Some of the wealthiest people in the world are bored.

If the goal of life is happiness, and if you cannot buy happiness, you will seek it in wisdom and goodness. These alone can be won and retained by any man.

There is no monotony in the world of the mind and the character. Here the variety of possible experiences is unlimited.

Books, people, places take on meaning for you. You will live on a more complex, and, therefore, more interesting, level. You can converse with your fellow men, and since there is no end of ideas in the world,

conversation will never pall. You will be able to solve your problems, and you will be able to have peace.—*Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, condensed from The Saturday Evening Post, January 22, 1938.*

\*

## *Men, Martyrs, and Marriage*

Most of a man's life is spent in praying for rain, and then wishing it would clear off—in pursuing a woman and then trying to get past her—in falling in love, and then trying to crawl out of it.

*Husband:* A miniature volcano, constantly smoking, usually grumbling, and always liable to violent and unexpected eruptions.

There are only two ages at which a man faces the altar without a tremor: at twenty, when he doesn't know what is happening to him, and at eighty, when he doesn't care.

There's no question of degree in matrimony. You can be a little bit in love, or a little bit ill, but you can't be a little bit married or a little bit dead.

Marriage is the miracle which affords a woman a chance to gratify her vanity, pacify her family, mortify her rivals, and electrify her friends all at the same time.

The average man, like "all Gaul," is divided into three parts: his vanity, his digestion, and his ambition. Cater to the first, guard the second, and stimulate the third, and his live will take care of itself.

Some men are born for matrimony, some achieve matrimony—but most of them live in deadly fear that matrimony will be thrust upon them!

A good woman inspires a man, a brilliant woman interests him, a beautiful woman fascinates him—but the sympathetic woman gets him!

It takes one woman twenty years to make a man of her son, and another woman twenty minutes to make a fool of him.

Nothing annoys a man so much as to have a woman "cheer him up" when he is enjoying the exquisite luxury of feeling sorry for himself.—*Helen Rowland, from Your Life.*



## Behind the Column of Progress

Here is a man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in an obscure village. He worked in a carpenter shop until He was thirty, and then for three years He was an itinerant teacher. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never owned a home. He never had a family. He never went to college. He never travelled two hundred miles from the place where He was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but Himself. He had nothing to do with this world except the power of His divine manhood. While still a young man, the tide of popular opinion turned against Him. His friends ran away. One of them denied Him. He was turned over to His enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed upon a cross between two thieves. His executioners gambled for the only piece of property He had on earth while He was dying—His coat. When He was dead He was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone, today He is the centerpiece of the human race and the Leader of the Column of progress.

I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that ever were built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as has **THAT ONE SOLITARY LIFE.**—*Bishop Phillips Brooks in New York Times.*



# THIRSTY STONE

WHILE THE Japanese bombarded Shanghai, scores of anxious cablegrams poured from all over the world into an opulent curio shop on Bubbling Well Road, one of the most exclusive sections of China's largest city.

"Hope you are safe," was the substance of the message received again and again by Mr. and Mrs. W. Tornroth, the remarkable American couple who own this unique shop. And the anxiety of those many globe-trotting customer-friends who sent them, spotlights a true story of romance, adventure, and the amazing success of an American woman in ancient China.

Jade, she found, was what most Occidentals wanted. So symbolic of China was the precious green stone that 9 out of every 10 of her customers at the very least priced it.

So Mrs. Tornroth set out to make herself an authority on jade.

With \$1000 capital, Mrs. Tornroth dared the bandit-molested interior to pit her relatively untrained mind against those of the jade experts.

These old men turned their venerable poker faces against her with just the faintest suggestion of contempt. Whoever

heard of a woman—and a white woman at that—presuming to meddle thus in men's work?

Contempt finally gave way to admiration. And eventually, after much deep anxiety, Mrs. Tornroth selected some stone.

As is usual, she bought a large block of stone. The actual jade is found inside such blocks.

Eagerly, she took her purchase back to Shanghai, and to the establishment of an expert cutter. Had she chosen wisely? Jade varies tremendously in value. As the stone is cut—laboriously, by hand—the precious parts are removed in sections. Those sections at the very center are most valuable—most particularly if of solid color and very dark green. Nearer the surface, the stone becomes milky, and of far less value.

When the mask-face oriental stone-cutter beckoned to the excited woman, to come and see what his tools had brought to light from the heart of the stone she had given him, Mrs. Tornroth searched his features in vain for a clue.

And then—heart-sick with disappointment—she looked at the mass of plain gray stones that lay in the bottom of a shallow pan. Utterly worthless, she

decided. Not a single trace of the delicate shades of jade green.

Even the cutter was surprised. He told her that the markings on the stone had convinced—as they had convinced her—that a small fortune lay locked in the heart of that rock.

Suddenly Mrs. Tornroth's heart began to beat faster again. For she remembered a passage in one of her books on jade; a passage which indicated that this fascinating stone was capable of playing tricks upon its discoverers.

A noted geologist was visiting Shanghai. Scarcely daring to hope, Mrs. Tornroth arranged to meet him through a friend in the American colony.

For half an hour he keenly studied the stone, weighing, tabulating, comparing the figures of his analysis with standard tabulations. Then he smiled.

"This is the true jade," he said.

"But I don't understand," she faltered, longing to believe him. "It is too pale. People won't buy it."

Without answering, the geologist sent for a pail of water—and poured it over the light-colored stones.

A miracle happened. The pale surface sparkled with life—coruscated into a clear sparkling green, characteristic of the finest grade of jade.

"The stone was thirsty," the geologist said, whimsically. And he explained that jade is found in two types of location—either mined, in which case it is moist; or high and dry, left exposed by the action of some glacier in bygone centuries.

"Yours was dry," he said. "Water had not penetrated to the interior. But since you had the stone cut open, it would gradually have been on its green tint, from exposure to the air. We have hastened this process—and there's your rare jade!"

And a few days later, Mrs. Tornroth learned that she could sell her discovery in bulk, for more than five times its cost.—  
*From "Everybody's Weekly."*



## John Barrymore Talks

"WE BARRYMORES never send birthday presents or birthday greetings to each other . . . We're too polite, Ethel, Lionel, and I . . . We realize how desperately we all dislike growing old . . . A big red apple is our family salute . . . When any Barrymore opens a new show anywhere, every other Barrymore sends a big red apple . . . The custom was established by our uncle, John Drew, who trained us for the stage, and always presented us with a big red apple if our performance merited his approval."

This is quoted from a talk I had the other day with John Barrymore, unquestionably the greatest actor of our time, perhaps the greatest of all times. He gave me a pitying look when I said I had admired him as Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet*. "Mercutio," he said, "is fool-proof. Everybody loves Mercutio. Shakespeare was smart enough to kill Mercutio rather quickly. Otherwise Mercutio might have run away with the play, and probably with Juliet too."

The role of Romeo, John Barrymore told me, is perhaps the most difficult and thankless part in all Shakespearean drama. Juliet and Mercutio, respectively, swamp Romeo under their sentiment and violence.

John Barrymore thinks *Topaze* was his best picture . . . He adores his brother Lionel . . . "Lionel never talks like an actor," says John. "Talking with him in private, you never would know he had anything to do with the stage."

Seen in real life, John's wife, Elaine Barrie, is ever so much prettier than she appears in photographs. "That's because of her eyes," John says. "Her eyes burn holes in the film." He and Elaine impressed me as an ideally happy couple. Elaine's mother is a mother-in-law in a million . . . robust, cheerful, self-sufficient, and wise . . . John mentioned an act from a stage play he had seen in Hollywood . . . Couldn't remember the name of it . . . Asked Elaine if she could. "No," she said, without the slightest emotional change of voice, "I don't remember anything of the kind. You must have seen it with one of your other three wives."

John laughed and laughed. He is an acknowledged genius. I think Elaine Barrie is something of a genius also. Any girl who can marry a Hollywood genius must be one herself.—*Princess Alexandra Kropotkin*, "*Liberty*," Feb. 5, 1938.

## Chop Suey

Chop suey restaurants are to be found in big cities all over the world—except in China. \* \* \* Shop suey has been called by some “the national dish of China.” The truth of the matter is that chop suey, as we know it, is not only *not* the national dish of China, but no Chinese ever eats it.

The discovery of gold in California brought thousands of Chinese coolies to San Francisco, and soon the Chinese colony in the city was large enough to support a couple of Cantonese restaurants. One night a crowd of miners decided to see what these big-tailed yellow men ate. When they got to the restaurant the regular customers had finished, and the proprietor was ready to close. But the miners demanded food, so he dumped together all the food his Chinese patrons had left, put a dash of Chinese sauce on top and served it to his unwelcome guests. They didn't know what he meant when he told them that they were eating *chop suey* or “beggar hash.”

At any rate, they liked it so well that they came back for more, and in that chance way the great chop suey industry was established. Many more Chinese fortunes have been made from it than were ever made from gold mining, and for generations thousands of Chinese have laughed because every dish of chop suey served is a culinary joke at the expense of the foreigner.—*Carl Crow in Four Hundred Million Customers.*

# Do You Favor Giving The Masses Information on Birth Control?

To the above question 136 answers were submitted on time, fifty-five in favor and eighty-one against. The judges selected the following for prizes and for publication:

## Greedy Capitalism - First Prize

To give birth control to the masses means the advocacy of this practice as a solution to the difficulty, or even impossibility, of rearing a family in decent comfort.

This would be tantamount to a conspiracy with greedy capitalists to keep wages down, because it would lead to a condition where wages determine the size of families instead of family needs determining the wage-scale. And all efforts to raise wages and bring about a more equitable distribution of wealth will be nullified, and an unwholesome situation of increased profits and decreased population will result.—A. S. Corpus, 411 Merced, Manila.

## Nothing Unclean - Second Prize

The problem of having more children than we can support exists among the masses, not in the upper quartile of the populace. If information on birth-control would enlighten the masses on when to have and not to have children, why deprive them of this blessing? **APPLY THE REMEDY RIGHT ON THE WOUND**, not elsewhere. If they need it, they **MUST** have it. Those disagreeing with me for some religious reasons ought to take issue with Apostle Paul who said, "**ALL THINGS ARE CLEAN TO THE CLEAN, BUT TO THEM THAT ARE DEFILED, AND TO UNBELIEVERS, NOTHING IS CLEAN.**"—*Faustino Domine, Pototan Academy, Pototan, Iloilo.*

## Asthmatic Mediocrity

Yes, that these things might not be:

A frail little woman whose spirit has been crushed by poverty and despair, died of tuberculosis in a little shack. She was mourned by an asthmatic husband and nine pale, under-nourished children.

A very brilliant young man and woman with the possibilities of careers before them are a mediocre clerk and an over-worked wife because of six children whose coming they could not properly space.

A young woman beautiful, intelligent, and healthy is dead. Her husband is out of work and she has tried to induce an abortion.—(Mrs.) Vicenta A. Lacsamana, Philippine Normal School, Manila.

## Already Informed

It is useless to close one's eyes to the fact that the general public are actually resorting to contraceptives and other methods of birth control, without benefit of scientific guidance.

The moral and physical dangers arising out of these indiscriminate practices cannot be blinked at. The fact that the matter is treated

with so much hypocritical secretiveness and narrow-mindedness makes the danger more insidious.

It is hard to see logic in confining scientific knowledge among the select few who probably know all about it, anyway, and keeping it from the public, who obviously need guidance more urgently and imperatively.—*Jesus V. Cerilles, Cebu.*

### **Incomprehensible**

Giving the masses information on Birth Control is like casting pearls before swine. Their want of capacity to comprehend this system would spoil the cause for which it is propagated. It would only mean a useless attempt to improve their economic and social life at the sacrifice of their norm of morality and conduct. Birth Control is certainly an issue appropriate only for the intelligent and educated.

Denying the masses information on Birth Control is choosing a necessary evil, that of hiding the light of truth, to avoid a graver one—the demoralization of the ignorant.—*Alfredo Feraren, Bangued, Abra.*

### **Unscientific**

It is utterly unscientific. Many reputable physicians have made a large list of diseases traceable to this pagan interference with the laws of nature: sterility, fibroids, neuroses of various kinds. It is a CRIME; therefore, there is no excuse for it.

The immediate purpose and primary end of MARRIAGE is the begetting of children. When the marital relation is so used as to nullify the fulfillment of its purpose, it is used unethically and unnaturally; thus, destroying the essential difference between prostitutes and supposedly respectable women by eliminating the ideal of motherhood for the ideal of personal pleasure and self-gratification.—*Alfredo M. Konahap-Villagas, 403 Calle Lopez Jaena and 19 Ampayon, Butuan, Agusan.*

### **To End Misery**

To the end that parents leading miserable lives because of abject poverty and/or suffering from diseases which are transmissible to their offsprings may know how to deliver this country from unfortunates, degenerates and the like and help in bringing up a race free from social ills, and in order that mothers who are so physically constituted that for them pregnancy is either tormenting or fatal may consider married life not as an inglorious malediction but as a blissful benediction, I am decidedly in favor of giving the masses information on birth control.—*Oscar A. Talosig, Buguey, Cagayan.*

### **Information Wanted**

I am twenty-seven years old and married to a town belle. Our first child is only one year old and the second heir is expected next month. This means twelve children in twelve years. Any information on harmless birth control will, therefore, be considered a fortune.

The only effective way to regulate births is to stop sexual intercourse, which many or all cannot eschew. I am in favor of information on the subject, as such information will, undoubtedly lead to marital happiness and will accordingly reduce infant mortality, of which Philippines has the highest.—*C. P. Perez.*

## READERS' COMMENT

*Santa Cruz, Laguna.*—I am quite familiar with the nature of articles in this magazine and I am sure that after one has read them, he will want to read some more. As a reading material for culture and information, the articles in this magazine are among the best. PANORAMA is good especially to those who do not have much time to spare in their reading. A splendid reading material that is hard to miss!—*Vicente Lavides, Academic Supervisor.*

\*

*Cotabato, Cotabato.*—I cannot part with your PANORAMA for it has become such a necessity that I have always looked forward to its coming much as I would expect some prize with an enticing anticipation. It has everything in a nut-shell and this is the main reason why I am renewing my subscription for another year for which I am herewith enclosing the meager sum of Two Pesos (P2.00). My best wishes to PANORAMA.—*Ramon S. Ortuoste.*

\*

*Davis, Bohol.*—How I wonderfully feel to be with my friend, PANORAMA. In its every issue, it tells me the most important news that had or will happen. It seems to me that I have already traveled around the world thru the aid of this most condensed and handy magazine. I can't repay the benefit that this magazine has given me. Regards to the magazine and especially to the Publishers.—*Marciano A. Cirunay.*

\*

*310 Cabildo, W. C., Manila.*—Ever since I came across the print-

ed magazine called, "PANORAMA," there is not a single issue that I could afford to miss, simply because I have come to know of its great value in impressing me of the idea that there are lots of things yet to know. And where these things are, the PANORAMA will clearly demonstrate to me the existing facts which could assist me in learning more of these things. It is full of useful knowledge which the young should learn. It is full of invigorating and intoxicating news items as well as facts really worth of knowing. Not only because, we want to keep abreast of the existing problems and needs for our present studies, but because we want it as our impregnable instrument for our future preparedness.—*Hugo S. Mabilanga.*

\*

*San Fernando, La Union.*—The magazine is so interesting that even my friends who for the first time read my copies, couldn't help agreeing with me that PANORAMA, small though it is, is one of the best Philippine magazines they've read and with such a low price as that. They say they are going to subscribe to PANORAMA also.—*Solledad G. Flores.*

\*

*City Engin. Dept., Manila.*—The business and professional man needs PANORAMA, I believe, because it is readable, absolutely authentic. Its contents must be known by educated and thinking men and women. Father and Mother need it because in no other way can they give their children so fine and readable a magazine as PANORAMA.—*R. C. Ocampo.*

# CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

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Send your answer to the question stated below on the date and under the conditions set forth in the rules. The best answer will be paid ₱3.00; the second best will be paid ₱2.00; and the other answers, if meritorious, will be published in this magazine, space permitting.

Rules: No answer shall contain more than 100 words. Any letter exceeding 100 words will be disqualified, regardless of its merit. The choice will be based upon thought and composition. Letters must be typewritten, double-spaced. All persons may take part, whether subscribers or not of the PANORAMA. All answers must reach the office of the publishers in Manila not later than the 22nd day of March, 1938.

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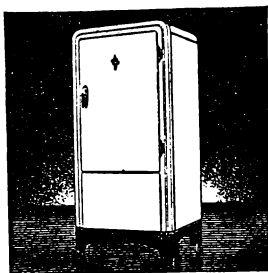
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