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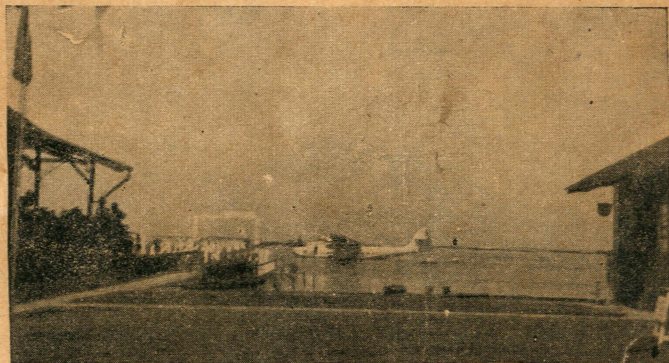


*The Philippine Digest of Good Reading*

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## WHY RIZAL ABANDONED LA SOLIDARIDAD

Forbidden Fruit Is Sweetest — Are Philippine Courts Independent? — What Price English Justice? — France's Invisible Forts — The World's Richest Industry — D'Annunzio — Is Love Insanity? — Your Lost Years — My Philosophy of Life — Your Child May Fly to School — Common Sense — Dollars or Pesos

Contest Announcement

*Full Contents on Inside Cover*

## CONTENTS

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Why Rizal Abandoned La Solidaridad .....	1
My Philosophy of Life .....	2
Forbidden Fruit Is Sweetest .....	5
Common Sense .....	8
Your Child May Fly to School .....	11
What Price English Justice? .....	14
The Great Diamond Robbery .....	19
Let Him Choose His Own Career .....	20
France's Invisible Forts .....	22
Animal Eyes .....	25
The Bald Truth .....	26
D'Annunzio .....	29
The British Made Sailors of the Japs .....	32
How England Repairs a Historical Building .....	33
Is Love Insanity? .....	35
The New Illiteracy .....	37
Kings are Film Fans, Too .....	39
Scholarships for Deserving .....	43
The History of Toothache .....	44
Does a Democracy Save Another Democracy? .....	45
New Sources of Power .....	46
A Nation on Bicycles .....	47
Headaches and Why .....	48
The World's Richest Industry .....	49
Your Lost Years .....	52
Dollars or Pesos .....	54
Three New Saints .....	55
Are Philippine Courts Independent? .....	57
Viewpoints .....	62
Contest Winners .....	63
Readers' Comment .....	64

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## Why Rizal Abandoned *La Solidaridad*

YOU ask me to write again for *La Solidaridad*. I appreciate the invitation, but frankly I must confess to you that I do not have the least desire to do so; and you must have guessed the reason. I had written for over a year for that fortnightly when I thought that it was a Filipino organ; and with that idea I did not even want to know how it existed and why it existed. I believed in a national enterprise and humbly endured the silence with which the fortnightly had kept its mysteries from me. Now you tell me that *La Solidaridad* is a private enterprise. You will understand that I will not work under such conditions for a private enterprise: I do not know whom I serve, how I serve him, and how he accepts my services. This is the reason which you must undoubtedly have guessed. Moreover, in *La Solidaridad* have been published not only ideas but also complete articles opposed to my opinions and convictions; and I cannot introduce a duality into that fortnightly. I prefer to stay in solitude and isolation rather than disturb the harmony and peace of its contributors. I shall do whatever I can in order that the fortnightly may continue existing, except writing for it. You will probably find me very sensitive. I confess that I am; but when one has cherished for his friends only good will, love, and self-denial and then meets blame and attacks, I believe he should change his conduct and modify his manner of doing things. The scratches from a friend hurt more than the wounds from an enemy.—*From the letter of Jose Rizal to M. H. del Pilar, Paris, October 7, 1891.*

## MY PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

AT ONE time I read many books with a desire to learn what philosophers say about life. Some of them, seeing the dark side in everything, said: "So long as we are *nil* and will be reduced to nought, there can be no place for joy and happiness in the temporary life on this world."

I have read other books, written by wiser men. They said, "Since the end is nought, let us then be gay and happy while we live."

I, personally, am a man of that character who prefers this latter conception of life, but only under the following conditions:

Unhappy is he who believes that he alone personifies the existence of all humanity. It is evident that that man, as an individual, is bound to perish. To work not for oneself, but for those to come is the primary condition of happiness in life. Any reasonable man cannot act otherwise. Full pleasure and happiness in life can only be attained by working for the existence, honour, and happiness of the coming generations.

While so acting one should not say to oneself, "Will those that come after me realise that

I have worked with such a spirit?" I ever say that the happiest people are those who are of a character to prefer their services to remain unknown to all generations.

Everyone has a pleasure of his own. Some find pleasure in gardening and in cultivating flowers, others like to cultivate men.

Does the man who grows flowers in his garden expect anything from them? In like manner, the person who brings up men should act with that same mentality. Only people who think and act this way can be useful to their countries and their nations and to their future prosperity. He who thinks of himself more than of the happiness of his country and nation is merely a man of secondary worth. Men who place on themselves the greatest value, and believe that the existence of the country and the nation to which they belong rests on their persons, cannot be considered as having served the happiness of their nations. Only those who think of and work for the generations to come can give their nations opportunities to live and progress.

It is a great mistake to think that progress and action will cease after one passes away.

Points I have mentioned so far refer to different societies. But to-day all the nations in the world have become, or are trying to become, more or less each other's relatives. Consequently, one should think just as much of the peace and prosperity of all the nations in the world as of the existence and happiness of his own nation, and should work for the happiness of all nations with the same zeal as he would for his own.

All wise men agree that nothing can be lost by working in this field; because working for the good and happiness of all the nations in the world is another way of trying to provide for one's own peace and happiness. If peace, harmony, and good understanding do not reign among the nations, a nation cannot attain peace, no matter how hard she may work. That is why I advise this to the people I love.

Men who are leaders of nations naturally desire, above all, to be factors in the lives and well-being of their nation. But they should also foster the same wishes for all nations.

All events in the world prove to us this fact very plainly. We can never tell whether an incident which we believe to be re-

mote may not, some day, affect the whole body.

Turkey and her friends are powerful. We have, of course, no reason to expect anything from anywhere. We, therefore, have the privilege of contemplating the whole world in an atmosphere of peace and tranquility. We ought not to say, "What do I care if there exists uneasiness in such-and-such a part of the world?" If such uneasiness does exist we must pay the same attention to it as if it were right in our midst.

No matter how far away the event may take place, we should always keep to this principle. It is this way of looking at a thing that saves men, nations, and government from selfishness. Selfishness, whether personal or national, must always be considered evil.

We shall, naturally enough, envisage all that concerns our own interests and provide for them accordingly; and that done, we shall interest ourselves in the world in general.

Let me cite a small example: I am a soldier. During the Great War I was at the head of an army. There were other armies in Turkey with their respective commanders. I was not interested in my own army alone, but also in the others. One day, whilst I was working on a question relating to the movements

of troops on the Erzerum front, my aide-de-camp said to me: "Why do you trouble yourself with matters which do not concern you?"

I answered him, "How can I conduct my own army if I don't

know perfectly how the other armies stand?"

This is a point of which men whose duties are to lead and govern a nation should never lose sight.—*Kemal Ataturk, condensed from The Balkan Herald.*



## *Early Anesthetics*

CERTAIN DRUGS that deaden pain were known and prescribed by physicians as far back as the dawn of the Christian Era.

One of the narcotics used in ancient times was morion wine, an extract from the mandrake plant. In its chemical composition this wine bore a close resemblance to the morphine-scopolamine combination known as "Twilight Sleep," which is a mild but general anesthetic devised a few years ago to relieve childbirth.

There are records which show that morion wine was used in a maternity hospital endowed at Constantinople by Theresa, the mother of Constantine the Great.

It will be remembered that as the Saviour suffered on the Cross, a woman offered Him a sponge dipped in vinegar. This "vinegar" was, in all probability, nothing more nor less than morion wine.

It is on record that during the Roman occupation of Palestine, the Jewish women would often go to the place of execution and administer to the victims of Roman justice morion wine on a sponge, whereby the victims were put to sleep and their sufferings abated.—*The American Weekly.*

## FORBIDDEN FRUIT IS SWEETEST

SCIENTISTS have at last found out why husbands leave attractive, intelligent and loving wives to fall for some lame brained hussy, why deacons' sons and parsons' daughters are liable to kick over the traces, why it is so hard to forego pleasures, and even why we buy so many foolish and useless things.

It's all because of a stubborn complex of humans that makes them want things they are told they can't have, things that are kept from them, or are hard to get.

Dr. Herbert Fletcher Wright, of Carleton College, Minnesota, has just reported to his fellow psychologists about "The Influence of Barristers Upon the Strength of Motivation." One of the interesting experiments performed by Dr. Wright during his research took place by using the dessert counter of a cafeteria as a laboratory. The psychologist arranged that only one kind of dessert was to be sold at this counter. Each helping was just like all the others, and when they had been prepared they were set out in two rows in front of the patrons. The first row was the

easier for them to pick up and put on their trays. But the second row was farther away, and difficult to reach due to a glass shelf which stuck out over this row of desserts.

This inconvenience of the second row, one might imagine, would make most people take their dessert from the front row. But human nature does not always take the easiest or the shortest route. And although the desserts were all as alike as could be, the people took 50 per cent more desserts from the back, and hard-to-get-at row.

The experiment showed exactly the same traits that sent Adam and Eve away from their paradise.

The many experiments Dr. Wright performed on children showed the same human trait to think that the forbidden sweets are the best. With a number of the children, Dr. Wright gave them some toys, and laid one toy aside, saying, "Don't play with that now."

The youngsters played with the other toys, but kept eyeing longingly the one they were not to play with. They played with the other toys as a matter

of course, and did not seem especially happy with them.

When the experimenter finally told them that they could now play with the previously forbidden toy they grabbed it eagerly. "The child displayed marked, often excessive signs of eagerness—as if he were disposed to make the most possible of the toy," the report published by the Duke University Press tells.

No matter what the restricted toy was, the children turned to it with zest in eight cases out of ten. When they were not told to leave the toy alone, their play with it was only half-hearted.

Envied rich children who have a whole roomful of toys probably do not get as much kick out of their expensive playthings as the poor youngster does with the playthings he has to make for himself from odds and ends he picked up on the dump heap.

The old German proverb that "Love grows, with obstacles," is an illustration of this law of barriers increasing motivation which many a coquettish maiden has unwittingly used to make men wild about her.

The girl who throws herself at the feet of the man she desires most, is, in view of this law of the barrier, less likely to make the man-of-her-eye interested in her. Dr. Wright's se-

ries of experiments shows that it is not only desserts and toys, but just about everything in life that is hard to get, or forbidden, that people set out steadfastly to get for themselves.

This law of the mind's dynamics helps explain why there are so manymorganatic marriages among royalty. Since royal blood is supposed to be united only to royal blood, and marriage with a commoner is considered forbidden, it has an inevitable tendency to make the commoners appear more desirable.

Many of the tragic runaway marriages of young people would be easily avoided if more parents only realised and applied the law of the barrier. Telling the boy that the girl he is interested in is dumb, and that he must not go out with her, is likely to make the lad believe she is all the prettier, smarter, and he will lie and steal to get to take her out.

There is one good rule to follow, and that is to invite the undesirable friend as often as possible to the lad's own home. Whatever the deficiencies of the guest, they are likely to stand out in high relief against the family background.

If parents are willing to conceal their own aversion and to welcome into their home any friend their child wishes to



bring, they will retain control of the situation and nothing serious will happen.

Youngsters, like grown-ups, seem impelled to reach for the piece of cake farthest away from them, or to want most intently those things which are forbidden them. Telling Johnnie that he must wait until he is twenty-one before he smokes, makes him seek a quick opportunity to sneak around the corner and indulge in the forbidden pleasure.

For the same reason the American prohibition law brought results never dreamed of by the reformers who sponsored the legislation. The speakeasy became popular, and thousands of persons who ordinarily would not have bothered to take a drink, found an unusual pleasure in becoming a regular patron of the speakeasies, and to this pleasure thousands sacrificed their health and lives.

Sin is always with us, not because the sinful things are especially pleasurable themselves, but by being forbidden they become attractive all out of pro-

portion to their real pleasurable qualities. Getting drunk, being unable to walk, falling and getting hurt, waking up with a sick stomach and a throbbing headache, certainly do not sound like pleasure. But thousands of people keep on drinking to that excess for year after year for no better reason than they know they should not do it.

Suppressing a book makes people all the more eager to read it. A club which takes in anybody who wants to get in does not have many people who want to—the restriction of membership acts as a dynamic barrier which makes people want to join.

So folk wisdom has been on the right track for centuries, as shown by these old proverbs:

“A fence between makes love more keen.”

“The worth of a thing is best known by the want.”

“Distance lends enchantment.”

“Forbidden fruits are sweetest.”—*Donald A. Laird, condensed from American Weekly.*

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## *Insurance*

If you buy an insurance policy at one big Italian company, the firm will throw in, absolutely free, a stylish gas mask. This attractive offer went into effect in Rome recently, where the masks were displayed by mannequins parading in show windows.—*Pathfinder.*

## COMMON SENSE

THE MOST divine and uncommon possession this world has known is common sense—common only because every normal human being has the power to get it.

Study alone does not acquire it. No university is able to confer it. The university may even baffle, divert, and destroy it. Only a few men in history have had a great endowment of the mysterious and beautiful thing called common sense. Not more than ten men in a thousand years come out of God's little school of toil with its badge of immortality. Always the price of success in an undertaking is vision, toil, patience, and courage in finding the truth whether it be the discovery of America or electricity or the law of gravitation. Often common sense inspires the undertaking, but always it is a by-product of it.

I have said of common sense that it is a divine thing, because it comes out of the unfathomable depths of the human spirit and at its best gives one a far-reaching vision of the truth of God and the power to express it. A divine vision will give one words with divine power in them. What did Shakespeare do but inundate the world with

the heavenly light of common sense? The leprous evils of jealousy, of unbridled ambition, of the lust for power and revenge were put in the pillory of his art and Love on the throne. Every one recognized the truth of these dramas for they awakened that common sense of right and wrong that is the inheritance of normal human beings.

The world was desperately in need of common sense when Christ arrived. He had it in his soul and was not afraid. How did He develop it? Well, the fact is, whatever his relation to divinity may have been, he was now a human being and like every other human being he had to get his foundation of physical strength. Moreover, he needed patience, humility, courage, and a vision of the great need of the world. He was under the same compulsion as you and I. He got it by toil in the carpenter shop with the whipsaw, heavy tools, and heavier timbers, by rubbing elbows with other toilers by learning of their sorrows and longings, by getting a vision of human brotherhood and the great injustice it was suffering.

Now I ask you what is His teaching but common sense? If you love your neighbor surely you will be at peace with him. Can one think of better examples of common sense than are found in the parables? Mark how men recognized and accepted it so swiftly and courageously that even the power of Rome could not prevail against it. All men have to get a like preparation for great achievement, by toil and rubbing elbows with their fellow men.

The truth of this and the value of common sense is signaled by the incredible career of a boy born within three miles of my old home in the St. Lawrence Valley.

When he was a little lad the family moved into the deep wilderness and lived there until the boy was nine years old. No schools. His mother had taught him all he knew. His father got the western fever. They left the wilderness and went West by rail and settled on a farm site some ten miles from Rochester, Minnesota. There the boy worked with the plow, the axe, the scythe, and the hoe for more than ten years.

He got the rugged physical strength, the patience, the courage, the humility which are the foundations of all greatness. There was a little one-room

schoolhouse on the prairie where he got all the schooling he ever had.

One thing seems to have been of vast importance to him. In his reading book were long passages from the addresses of Daniel Webster, James Otis, and Patrick Henry. These he committed to memory. The rhythm and the phrasing of these masters lived with him. They gave him the desire to be a lawyer. He studied in a law office in Rochester, doing chores for his board, and was admitted to the bar.

Soon he got a verdict of \$200,000 due a township in his county from a certain railroad. Able lawyers had failed to get this money. He opened an office in St. Paul and was soon invited to be a partner of the distinguished Cushman K. Davis.

In a few years, when President Theodore Roosevelt was looking for the ablest lawyer in the land for a job which he conceived to be in the interest of all the people, he chose this young man who did his work so well that he was elected to the United States Senate and soon was made a Minister to the Court of St. James's. Later he was made Secretary of State and later still he put through Peace Pact between all nations. I was with

him in Paris and saw him sitting among the rulers of the world, himself their leader. He was my friend, Frank Billings Kellogg, who died only a few weeks ago. He got the Nobel Prize, and a doctorate at Oxford. That little one-room prairie schoolhouse was his academy, his university; and a seat in a corner of the little law office in Rochester, Minnesota, was his

law school. He got his preparation through honest toil and rubbing elbows with his fellow men which gave him common sense.

He had Lincoln's power to say a big thing in a few words. For instance, he once said: "Individual extravagance is a folly; national extravagance is a crime."—*Irving Bacheller, condensed from The Commentator.*

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## "Rainbow" Smoking

Women may soon be smoking cigarettes giving off blood-red smoke, or any colour of the rainbow for that matter. Otto L. Miller, of Tennessee, has been granted a patent on a process for treating cigarettes to give off coloured smokes.

There are many applications in the use of the invention. For example, a type of cigarette made in accordance with the present invention can be employed to produce a smoke which matches the colour of ladies' gowns or any other article of wear, jewellery, or other surroundings, depending on the will or whim of the smoker.

Chief basis of the invention, however, its inventor states, is the belief that half the enjoyment of a cigarette comes from watching its smoke. As support of this theory the inventor cites the fact that a cigarette in the dark has a different taste from one smoked in a lighted room.—*Science Digest.*

## YOUR CHILD MAY FLY TO SCHOOL

EVERY time an inventor scratches his head there is danger of a minor revolution.

In England alone more than 30,000 new patents are taken out every year. In the United States they take out 70,000. One hundred and fifty separate social changes have been traced to radio. Into 8,000,000 British homes go the world's news, plays, operas and symphonies, snappiest dance music—all for ten shillings a year—or not, as the case may be.

For P400 you can buy television, the nearest thing to magic the world has known. The other day a man switched on his set and was staggered to see his wife at the Zoo several miles away. Carried to its logical conclusion, Television will destroy privacy, secrecy, crime and war, though maybe not in our time.

Every week 20,000,000 people pay to see Television's half-brother, the talkies. Millions are sunk in films. They have evolved an industry employing hundreds of thousands of men and women. Within two generations films have changed the whole sex life of women. Legions are in love with men they will never meet. Men, too, are

crazy about redheads and torch-singers they will never really see except in shadowland.

Cars have helped to change almost everything. Great new roads have been driven across the land. A vast merchant service of lorries thunders through the night, robbing the railways of transport monopoly. The farmer's isolation is ended.

The car brings the seaside almost to the family man's front door. It helps to keep churches empty on Sundays. It has brought with it the car bandit, the amorous gutter-crawler, the hectic road-house.

The typewriter is a form of birth control because it has provided work for women outside of the family circle. The tin-opener paved the way for the great canned-food industry. And canned food has smashed up more than one home, has made more than one housewife lazy and unimaginative.

To lessen housework have come the vacuum cleaner, the electric iron, the refrigerator, the telephone, chromium plating, patent washing soaps.

Artificial silk has resulted in the average woman being better dressed than at any time in his-

tory. Cheap cosmetics, permanent waves and artificial jewelry have made her more charming. For man the modern shirt dispenses with the elusive and clumsy back-stud. The latest in socks needs no crippling suspenders. No braces are needed for properly-cut trousers.

Flying boats cross the Atlantic in ten hours. Scott and Black flew to Australia in three days. Everest has been conquered. Socialites breakfast in London, lunch in Paris, dine in Berlin. Development in the air has changed every aspect of war. Every living man, woman, and child has become a potential combatant.

Trains have reached a speed of 100 miles an hour. At the stations moving staircases are commonplace. Tickets are handed to you by creations of steel. There are machines that give you change, loud speakers that direct you to your platform.

Concrete and steel have changed the whole face of streets and buildings. Plastics such as bakelite give employment to 200,000 in factories with a ₹200,000,000 turnover.

Who would believe that 72 years ago, Joshua Coppersmith was arrested in New York "for attempting to extract funds from ignorant and superstitious people by exhibiting a device

which he says will convey the human voice any distance over metallic wires so that it will be heard by the listener at the other end." He called his "criminal device" a telephone.

This is what a staid quarterly *The Review*, wrote about Stephenson's steam engine: "What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives travelling twice as fast as stage coaches! We trust that Parliament will, in all railways it may sanction, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour."

Most significant of present-day inventions still in an undeveloped stage, is the electron tube. Its most impressive form is the photo-electric cell, popularly known as the electric eye. It can see not only everything that the human eye can see, but a great deal more. In distinguishing shades and tones of colour it is immensely superior to human vision. Criminals and dubious manufacturers will dread it, for one of its achievements is an ability to detect counterfeit coins instantly and ferret out even the smallest degree of impurities in mixtures.

Allied to the radio valve it becomes a robot, can open the door of a garage as a car approaches, supervise the passing of products along a moving belt, and remove the faulty ones. It

may be used to regulate traffic with greater skill than the present traffic lights, and even set type for the printers.

The human eye will eventually throw many out of work, but in the light of progress it will relieve mankind of a great deal of drudgery and monotony.

Pre-fabricated houses are on the way. Built in factories they can be speedily erected on a given site. Just as swiftly they can be moved again when the owner decides on a change of scenery.

The perfection of the idea behind the autogiro and heli-

copter will mean a plane which can rise directly from the ground, street, back-garden, or roof-top. It will be the biggest blow of all to the motor-car.

Such a plane could be used for smuggling in illegal immigrants. But for the good citizen it will mean a strange new mode of life. Within the next ten years it may be here. Paris week-ends, Vienna nights . . .

Fundamentally important inventions gradually coming into their own include the mechanical cotton-picker, artificial cotton and wooly fibres made from cellulose, synthetic rubber, and petrol produced from coal.—*Parade, November, 1937.*

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## *How Many Steps a Day?*

Averages prepared by statisticians of the American National Association of Chiropractors indicate that the mother, busy with her housework and children, is the record stepper, taking some 12,000 daily.

The total number of steps taken by others:

Athletic girl—10,000.

Girl wearing high heels—8,000.

Professional woman—9,000.

Society woman—6,000.

Nurse—10,000.

—*United Press Despatch.*

## WHAT PRICE ENGLISH JUSTICE?

JOHN BROWN, an American friend of mine who lived in London, had suffered serious loss of business through the act of one James Smith, who had appropriated to his own use a manufacturing process that Brown had patented and used for some years successfully. And so Brown "consulted" his Solicitor.

The Solicitor, Mr. Thomas, listened sympathetically to Mr. Brown's explanation of the villainy of James Smith, finally declaring he would take the matter under consideration and make pronouncement in one week's time, if Mr. Brown would be good enough to call upon him then.

At the end of the seven days, Mr. Thomas gravely told Mr. Brown: "I think 'we' have a case against Smith." "But," Mr. Thomas gravely added, "as the case has certain unusual aspects, I should like to take 'Counsel's' opinion before we commence action."

"Counsel" must be asked for his opinion. For "Counsel" is just another name for a barrister, who, in England, is a lawyer of quite different category from a solicitor. It is a solicitor

to whom you go when you want to start an action, but a solicitor is not allowed to plead in court. That is the privilege of the barrister only. But, on the other hand, you are not allowed to bring your problem directly to the barrister, for he acts only for a solicitor.

"And how much will it cost—this opinion?" Brown demanded, with that mercenary slant customary to one who has to foot the bill.

"Oh, a matter of from Eight to Ten Guineas." (A Guinea is about ₧10.50.)

It finally developed that "Counsel," being formally consulted, likewise thought "we" have a case against John Smith.

And Mr. Thomas started work on his brief by getting all pertinent particulars from Brown, so as to set down, on broad lines, what it was all about. Somewhere in this process, he said: "I think we should get a good man to conduct our case in Court. I'd like to recommend Sir Humphrey Wittington. He has experience in actions of this kind, has wide technical knowledge, and should be able to present a good case for us."



"He's a rather big man, isn't he? What is he likely to ask?"

"Yes, he is a big man; but an excellent K.C." (King's Counsel or Senior Barrister). "You can't entrust an important case like this to a second-rater—too much at stake. I'll submit my brief to him and see if he'll take it."

The brief was sent around to the "chambers"—not the "office," for barristers do not work in mere offices—of the eminent K.C., and after a lapse of several days it came back to the Solicitor's office. Sir Humphrey had merely written in his own hand on the outside of the brief a figure: One Thousand Guineas. Mr. Thomas triumphantly showed the returned brief to Brown. "Look," he said. "He has accepted it!" and pointed to the significant figure.

Brown was aghast. "What! Does that mean the fellow wants over Five Thousand Dollars to fight my small case?"

Mr. Thomas at once assumed that air of nonchalance and retorted: "That's his usual fee. We are lucky to have him take it; distinctly lucky."

Brown became philosophic; he must not become faint-hearted now. 'Well, if that's what it will cost me, I suppose I must face it.'

"But you understand, Mr. Brown; that there is Sir

Humphrey's 'Junior' to be considered, too," Mr. Thomas informed him impassively.

"'Junior?' What's that?"

"Why, don't you know that every Senior Counsel has his Junior Counsel to help him prepare his cases?"

"And do I have to pay the 'Junior' too?"

"Yes, of course. The Junior's fee is, in addition, automatically three-fourths of the Senior's."

"Let me get this clear: I have to pay Sir Humphrey over Five Thousand Dollars and also pay his Junior close to Four Thousand?"

"Precisely. That's the rule. Moreover, this money must be paid over before they go into Court."

Brown has begun to learn something about the English system, but his education is not yet complete.

"Well, if that's the rule! Anyway, as you think I'll win, the other side will finally have to pay for all this. Listen: I'll get my costs if I win, eh?"

"Yes. *The Court will allow you costs*, if you win. Now, while we are at it, there is also the question of a 'Refresher.' You know that, don't you?"

"Refresher? What's a 'Refresher?'"

"In addition to the fixed fee mentioned, you must also pay

the Senior Counsel another fee of One Hundred Guineas a day for every day the case is in Court and—”

“Over Five Hundred Dollars a day!”

“—and in addition, Seventy-five Guineas a day to the Junior Counsel for every day the case is in Court.”

“But this fellow has said he would take the case for Five Thousand Dollars. Why should I pay him something extra to drag it out? Doesn’t seem sense to me. And this business about the ‘Junior,’ on top of that!”

“The accepted rule, Mr. Brown.”

“A crazy rule, then! Why, the longer he makes the case last, the more he’ll make—the more both of them will make.”

“I don’t know about American lawyers, but a reputable British K.C. does not prolong a case,” Mr. Thomas remarked acidly.

While the case was being prepared by the solicitors, there came up the question of expert witnesses. Whom did Mr. Brown want as expert witnesses?

“What do you want expert witnesses for? You are going to call me as a witness. What more can an expert do?”

“Now, Mr. Brown, this case is highly technical. We shall need experts to explain it to the

judge. The other side will certainly have experts, so we can’t do without them.”

“And I suppose these ‘experts’ will want a fixed fee as well as a ‘Refresher?’”

“No, Mr. Brown. An expert works for a fixed fee.”

Two experts were engaged; and one of them asked a fee of approximately One Thousand Dollars, while the other (evidently a lesser light), was contented with Six Hundred.

Three months passed before John Brown was at last informed by his solicitors that the case was practically completed. Throughout all this time, he had neither met nor communicated with the two barristers who were to plead in Court for him, all information having been passed on to them by the Solicitor. In fact, it is unusual for a client to come into contact with his barristers until he sees them in the court-room; but in Brown’s case, an exceptional departure was made; he was asked to accompany his Solicitor for an interview with the barristers in their chambers, to talk over a disputed point.

He found them lodged in a grey stone building, probably some 300 years old, with stone stairs worn hollow by the feet of generations. The building was a rabbit-warren of barristers’ chambers, each with his

name painted on a solid oak door. He noticed, too, an extra door of heavy black oak to each of their quarters, thrown back against the wall, outside the regular door. It was explained to him that, from an ancient custom, when the outer door was closed, it meant the barrister wanted strict privacy; and in that case no one disturbed him, as he was said to be "sporting his oak."

Inside he found his barristers' chambers even more antique-looking than those of his Solicitor. They were not only old-fashioned, but poor.

The handsome incomes of eminent counsel in England are seldom expended in office furniture: another ancient custom, apparently.

And when Brown had met and discussed his case with both his Senior and Junior Counsel, he was appalled. For although the Junior seemed well acquainted with the facts, the Senior knew nothing about the case yet—*admitted in fact that he had not yet studied it—although it was coming on in Court the next morning.*

When Brown was alone again outside the building with his Solicitor, he voiced his misgivings.

"Don't you worry about that," said Mr. Thomas, with assurance. "Sir Humphrey will

study it today, possibly working at it all night. He will know that case from top to bottom in the morning before he enters Court."

When the suit was begun in court the next morning, there was Sir Humphrey Wittington, K.C., cool and competent-looking under his grey wig with its pig-tail, garbed in a silk gown of worn aspect, which had belonged to his father before him and was prized for its antiquity. He was flanked by his Junior, also in wig and gown (the latter *not* of silk, as he was not a K.C.).

Sir Humphrey, as Plaintiff, addressing the Judge as "M'Lard," or more shortly as "M'Lud," spoke all of the first day, building up his case point by point, bringing forth the correct substantiating document at the right time, piling on fact after fact without the slightest hesitation, until Brown was lost in admiration and amazement.

How was it possible that the man had, in 24 hours, obtained grasp of John Brown's business, as if he had been acquainted with it for years? But there he was, full master of all details, all intricacies, fully confident in the knowledge of his subject.

But when Court was adjourned for the day, Mr. Thomas, the Solicitor, approached

John Brown and said: "Sir Humphrey wants to see us before he leaves for his chambers."

Sir Humphrey was short and to the point. "Mr. Thomas," he said to the Solicitor, "I can see this case will be a great strain on me and I must have some help. I suggest we engage Mr. Withers, a K.C. with special technical training, to conduct a part of it." It was not a suggestion, but a command.

When finally alone with his Solicitor, Brown asked:

"And how much is this *new* chap Withers going to cost?"

"His fee, I have learned, will be Two Hundred Guineas."

"And a 'Refresher?'"

"No. No 'Refresher' in his case. He will put in only one appearance probably."

"Well, there goes another Thousand Dollars," said Brown. "We seem to be getting plenty of help in this trial: Solicitor, Senior Counsel, Junior Counsel, two Expert Witnesses—and now another Senior Counsel for part time. Boy!"

"Oh—and I forgot to mention the shorthand notes," exclaimed Mr. Thomas. "You see, being Plaintiff, we should supply copies of the shorthand notes for the Judge's guidance."

"Why, I saw that old foggy taking notes himself! Why does he need shorthand notes?"

And if he did, can't he get the stenographers to read out any part he wants to hear?"

And now Mr. Thomas became really vexed. He put Mr. Brown in his place. "It is customary for the Plaintiff to provide shorthand notes for his Lordship. We must do so."

"How much?"

"I can't say exactly now; but there is a scale. As this will be a fairly long case, it can't be far under One Hundred Guineas."

The shorthand notes were provided: about a dozen copies of them, nicely bound and beautiful to look at. Everybody was pleased except, of course, Brown, the Plaintiff, who had acquired an unhappy disposition anyway. And the case went on, day after day, for eleven days.

And then Brown won! By George, he won! He got judgment in his favor, *with costs*. Now, he thought, he could recoup his expenditure, for the Defendant was solvent. Brown pointed this out jubilantly to his Solicitor.

"The Solicitor's fees are your affair, you know, Mr. Brown," said Mr. Thomas.

"I know that. But the barristers, and the rest of the gang—the other side must pay us for them, eh?"

"Oh yes, but—we cannot be sure the Taxing Master will al-

low the whole amount. He may whittle it down."

"Who is this Taxing Master?"

"He's the official who has the duty of seeing that the other side is not over-charged. He may hold, for instance, that we could have won without so good a man as Sir Humphrey—etc."

"And that other K. C. fellow that Sir Humphrey insisted upon: that Mr. Withers, who spoke for 15 minutes and collected a Thousand Dollars for

the job—is this 'Taxing Master' likely to say *he* wasn't necessary?"

"He might. You see, the Law insists the loser be treated with absolute fairness."

"Ah yes, I begin to grasp it," said John, sorrowfully. "Absolute fairness!"

And sure enough did John Brown, winner, find the Taxing Master inexorable in cutting down the allowances for costs. Actually, Brown got back finally about one-third of what he had spent.—*By Maurice E. Fox, condensed from Ken.*

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## *The Great Diamond Robbery*

IN 1872 Kimberley was still in a primitive stage of development. No telegraph linked it with the remainder of the Cape Colony.

On May 9th of that year a sensation was created in the diamond camp by the news that the outgoing mailbag—containing all the establishment's registered letters and 2,381 diamonds, amounting to about six pounds in weight—had been abstracted from the Post Office.

A couple of months earlier money had been stolen from a man in an hotel in Capetown. A man named Harding, newly arrived from England, was suspected. But he had disappeared.

A week or two after news of the Kimberley theft had reached Capetown Harding returned to the hotel where the theft had occurred. The man who had been robbed charged him with having committed the theft; and Harding, who had just secured a passage to England, admitted the theft, but bribed his victim to silence.

This transaction, however, reached the ears of Mr. J. B. Currey, then Resident Magistrate of Capetown. Suspecting that Harding might also have stolen the Kimberley mailbag, he had him arrested.

Search by police of the man's luggage in the ship revealed a double-barrelled shotgun stuffed with diamonds. More diamonds were found in other ingenious hiding-places.—*The Star, Johannesburg.*

## LET HIM CHOOSE HIS OWN CAREER

IF parents *did* always know best, Rudyard Kipling might have spent his life as a station-master. Or he might have been planting indigo in India, or wherever it is the stuff grows, until old age. The railway and planting were the only two alternatives his parents offered him. But some inner urge towards writing prompted young Kipling to beg to be allowed to go into a newspaper office. Luckily, his parents were agreeable. And the rest is history.

To complicate the difficulties of settling their children in careers, it often happens that one parent has vision, while the other only thinks of a career in terms of "a safe job" or "carrying on the family business." Such a case was that of Paderewski, the greatest pianist of the age. His father, a farmer and Polish patriot, who suffered exile in Siberia, knew nothing of music and did not recognize the genius of his son. The boy would be a farmer, of course, like his father before him. But Ignace's mother listened to his ambitions and had him taught to play the piano. Even his teachers did not at first recognize his genius. They told him he'd never make a pianist.

If he *must* be a musician, let him learn the flute or the trombone! But the piano, no! For one thing, his hands were too small. But Ignace Paderewski himself, *knew* his ability.

There *are* cases when parents, sated by their humdrum lives, try to put their children into interesting, active, different careers, only to find, often, that they, too, have made mistakes!

In Charles Laughton, for instance, the English Navy lost an admiral—albeit a second-rate one, according to Laughton himself—and the stage and screen gained a brilliant star. Laughton stuck out against his parents and refused to be a midshipman in the Navy. Instead, he took the second choice offered and became a clerk in his father's hotel at Scarborough, to "learn the business" and follow in his father's foot-mind, though, there was always the stage. He secretly determined to be an actor. At the very first opportunity, he left Scarborough and became reception clerk at Claridge's Hotel in London. There, he thought, he could watch people, study their mannerisms, and be ready to portray characters on the stage. In time, he became the hotel

cashier. Then came the War. After the Armistice, Laughton "struck." He enrolled at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. And it did not take long for him to prove that he *was* an actor.

If Will Hay's parents had prevailed he might still, to-day, be a—no, *not* a teacher—an engineer! He was never a school-master. But his sister was a teacher. And Will used to tease her and amuse the family with his clever burlesques of "school-marms." He amused his family quite a lot, one way and another, for he had a flair for singing comic songs as well as for mimicking people. His employer, who paid him thirty shillings a week, told him comedy and engineering didn't mix. Will decided he could live without engineering, but not without laughter. So he went on the stage. That was nearly thirty years ago—long enough to prove that, once again, the son knew better than the parents.

When there is Viking adventure blood in a child—even in a daughter—it's useless for parents to attempt to tie that child down to a desk and routine jobs. And it was the Viking blood of her Danish ancestors that made Amy Johnson refuse to be a school teacher, though

her family expected her to be one. She *did* take her B.A. at Sheffield. And she *did* earn her living as a secretary. But she only tolerated her typewriter in order to earn and save sufficient money to satisfy her urge for adventure and travel.

It was an objection to the stage on the part of her parents that made Luise Rainer run away from home. If she hadn't done this, she might now be living in some quiet Austrian town, doing the usual round of social engagements. Luise had dreams, though. When she found her parents would have none of them, she just had to run away to make those dreams come true.

Bransby Williams was put to tea-tasting and, he rebelled, to designing wallpapers, before he broke away to become famous as a character actor. Madeline Carroll began to earn her living as a school teacher. The Church was the destiny of Leslie Banks, according to his parents. Robert Taylor's father, himself a doctor, wanted his son to be a psychiatrist. And George Arliss dutifully began his career in his father's publishing office.

Yet, look where they all are to-day! No, parents don't always know best, it seems! —*Dorothy Owston, condensed from Weldon's Ladies Journal, London.*

## FRANCE'S INVISIBLE FORTS

"THE ARTILLERY is not made that can touch the men in the Maginot Line!" That is what one of the engineers who made the Line said to me. And after seeing parts of the Line one can quite believe him. Travel through the district between Metz and Wissenbourg, along the eastern frontier of France, under which mighty fortifications are built and one has little idea of their existence. There are a few soldiers, barbed wires, concrete-lined earthworks, with the wicked muzzle of a gun poking its nose out and a soldier behind the sights. One might even be lucky enough to be taken round part of the fortifications, and to be told about the, like I was! There are the usual country workers, farm hands, postmen, shopowners. A sentry stands near the main road. A line of trees rear their heads into a clear sky a quarter of a mile off, what looks like a dead hedge winds its way across a field near the trees. There are the usual large barns so common to the country. The country seems to sleep.

But at a word of command those trees will suddenly fall down and expose to view the snouts of guns, for the "trees"

are nothing more than super-camouflage: the farm hands and postmen and shop-owners will suddenly spring into life and file 1,000 feet underground, to become trained soldiers ready to defend France against all comers; the barns will become barracks for the soldiers before they are sent into the fortifications; the sentry at the side of the main road will suddenly be joined by many other soldiers, who will haul a barbed-wire barricade across the road along which one could have driven a moment before without being halted; that mound of earth will be occupied by machine-gunners whose guns have been placed in such a position that every bit of ground comes under their fire; that "dead hedge" is a mass of barbed wire and the corn hides the steel railway lines, buried in concrete, that stick up out of the ground to stop the advance of tanks; suddenly there will be a road and a mass of water will tumble through the shattered wall of a dam.

"I built that wall," the engineer told me, "it connects the two main blocks of fortifications. In the base of the dam there's a little room filled with



high explosives. At the word of command the men who remain in the control-room night and day will turn the switch that will blow up the dam and a wall of water will crash on to any enemy to swamp their tanks and drown their men. I ask you, what could an enemy do in the face of these fortifications?"

France spent ₣600,000,000 on the Maginot Line. It stretches for 200 miles along the Franco-German border, a mass of steel and concrete that goes to a depth of 1,000 feet.

Along the surface are the forts. Each is manned by men who have been trained to fire to a hair's breadth, as it were, and passages join one with the other so that ammunition and men can be drafted into them without coming above the ground. Down their electric trains carry men and ammunition from point to point and electric lifts whisk them up to the fort. Doctors can work in the operating theatres down there, cooks and orderlies go about their jobs 100 feet below the surface. Diesel motors produce light, heat and air.

Visiting the district, one has no idea that such fortifications exist, so well hidden are the

guns. Yet the neighbourhood is bristling with fortifications and the soldiers, who live in the villages by day, go below by night. The peaceful civilians one sees are known as "frontaliers," men who live on the border and who have been trained to man the forts at a moment's notice. Should the church bells be rung, every man and boy drops what he's doing and rushes to the headquarters, and thence below ground to his post.

But at the back of my mind there hovered the word "gas." Those soldiers underground would be caught like rats in a trap! But that was where I was wrong. The engineers who built the Maginot Line thought about possible gas attacks, and mighty engines and purification plants were installed hundreds of feet underground so that the air can be drawn into the fortifications from points several miles behind the lines and purified before it is pumped to the soldiers. What is more marvelous still, is the fact that the pressure of air inside the forts is kept higher than the pressure outside, so that if gas bombs were dropped on the gun emplacements the constant stream of air passing through them from the pumps beneath will

prevent the entry of gas-laden air. Even if a direct hit were to crack the walls of any of these gun-emplacements, gas-laden air would still be excluded. It is very doubtful whether the steel and concrete emplacements would be shattered by gun-fire, but if by any chance one was, it could be cut off from the connecting passageways by steel doors to prevent the entry of the enemy through a captured fort!

Every dodge known to artillery experts has been introduced and within thirty seconds' notice the guns in those forts would emit a hail of lead in which nothing could live. Every foot of the ground is covered, not by one gun but by banks of guns, so that in the event of one fort being captured the guns from the forts on either side could still submit the captured ground to a withering fire. This makes it impossible for an enemy to break through without taking a whole line of forts.

The roofs of the "quarters" underground are said to be six feet thick! "The air is cold down there, damp," I was told. "The men don't like living like moles, but they're safe. They could not even hear the fiercest bombardment, for they're too

deep down, with the advantage that nerves will not be shattered by shell-fire and nerve strain will be reduced to a minimum."

These forts are continued to Mulhouse: here there are three rows. Every one hundred and fifty feet there is a block-house with four guns and a stock of ammunition to last a siege of months. And, as in the case of the Maginot Line forts, each of these forts is self-sufficient as regards food, light, heat, etc. Between each of these forts are more guns, invisible to an enemy, for they're buried and camouflaged. Each gun is placed in such a position that I can pour an enfilading fire into an enemy.

This is the story I learnt from one of the men who was responsible for the building of the Maginot Line and the forts that are the continuation of the Line. He seemed superbly confident in their capability to keep an enemy at bay for an indefinite period. Not only he told me that they are impregnable; it is the general opinion of the soldiers and civilians whom one meets in these tremendously fortified parts of the border. And, strangely enough, the people seem pleased to tell one about them.—*Frank Illingworth, from Parade.*

# ANIMAL EYES

BROWN is the most frequent colour of the eyes of animals. But tigers, leopards and panthers are all green-eyed. Visible to bees but invisible to people are some ultra-violet rays, although to the bee's eyes red is simply blackness.

The snail has optic senses located in the ends of his horns.

Rabbits have colour vision, something which the bull does not possess despite the fury which overcomes the bull when a red cape is fluttered in front of his eyes.

Many fish inhabiting deep waters are eyeless.

Eyes can be focused for distances only by men and apes.

In absolute darkness the cat is no better than man concerning visibility, although the cat's vision becomes unusually acute at dusk.

Chameleons can see in two different directions at the same time because their eyeballs move independently.

Although most animals have poor eyesight, birds are able to see with their eyes closed while a transparent, third eyelid does the work.

Most species of spiders have eight eyes.

Moving objects are noted more readily by dogs. Most canines are far-sighted and are unable to see objects close to them or objects at rest distinctly.

Telescopic in comparison to human eyes are the eyes of most birds. A minute grain particle, hardly distinguishable by a person standing a yard away from it, is spotted distinctly from a distance of one hundred yards by many birds.

Day and night the snake keeps his eyes open—never closing them at any time.

Animals could never be thought to read because their eyes are minus the "Malculaluttea," or "yellow spot" on the retina which enables people to see objects as small and fine as print.—*Parade, November, 1937.*

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## Pale or Pail?

Frosh: "Ginger ale."

Waiter: "Pale?"

Frosh: "No, just a glass."—*Green Griffin.*

## THE BALD TRUTH

WHAT IS there about bald heads that makes them so funny? A man without teeth manages to slip past the punsters and one with glasses escapes with nothing worse than "four-eyes." But quips follow "baldies" with deadly monotony. "Do you comb your hair with a towel?" "How do you keep your hair out of your eyes?" "Grass doesn't grow on a busy street."

But let it never be said that I haven't tried to reforest the desert wastes. I have been scraped, boiled, peeled and fricassed in the vain attempt to get handsome. For ten years my anaemic fuzz has been coaxed, pampered and exercised without the least show of convalescence, while with each failure the face has etched into deeper lines. Soon even a wavy mass will be futile.

I have left no bottle unturned.

One treatment started with the scraping of the scalp till tears came. My skin was a miniature corn-field, ploughed and furrowed until it looked like pink corduroy. Then hot grease was added to make the pain more exquisite, an off-shoot of

an old Chinese wreck-reaction, no doubt. With each yell the blondined attendant would lisp carefully, "We must get through to the weeny hairs." Running through my mind was the delightful plan to snatch her bald-headed and then give her a slug of the same boiling oil, saying, "that doesn't hurt you at all, you old fool." After eight months of the oil and baby talk, when I was sure that one more excavation would either expose my brain or lead to mayhem, I vanished as effectively as my hair. The gold lettered guarantee helped out the kindling wood one cold morning.

Next came a man who topped me with bear fat and had me standing on my head for five minutes a day. He gave me the selling talk that Gary Cooper never missed a day without these inverted five minutes and "look at his head of hair." It took me two weeks to get in the upside-down position, finally achieving the almost impossible by walking my feet up the side of the wall. But I found that I was permanently dizzy from this reversal, also that I was wearing the remaining fuzz loose on the carpet. I com-

plained bitterly, but the acrobatic specialist wasn't at all daunted. He suggested as a substitute that I hang off the bed head down and brush vigorously for ten minutes. I went at this panacea with enormous energy until one time, I found myself at a week-end party in the country.

The hostess and her cocktail-shaker walked past my door as I was encouraging the truant sprigs and saw me at this unflattering angle, head down, feet up and waving the hair brush. The lack of visible logic made the scene even more incongruous. From that moment on she was noticeably cool and I am sure that she thought I was not the right kind of a man to have in a house where there were children barely able to shake their own drinks.

Bacon was the next of the by now hysterical attempts. The man who sold me that piggy plan said he would give me two hundred pounds if I didn't grow a regular House of David. I went around town pungent and rancid, smeared with the bacon, even carrying a piece of rind in my pocket to touch up the knob at odd moments. I found myself shunned. Women would cringe from me in lifts.

I was asked to ride up front with chauffeurs when out with the richer strata and I guiltily watched people sniff their food in restaurants. I am still looking for the optimist and his two hundred pounds. He disappeared along with my popularity.

Now I have again come under the spell of a Svengali. He is a Hungarian surgeon who brings the magic of Budapest to my follicles. He told me that his method is good to grow hair on scars over in Central Europe and since my head is by now one huge scar, it sounded reasonable. He gave me a medical magazine to prove his point, opening it at the proper page. I looked at it both upside down and sideways, but it still made no sense. With a bow and an apology, he said, "Ach, I forgive you do not Hungarian read."

I went to the hospital for this one. Ten little bottles stood in a wooden box, waiting for me. The Herr Doktor looked down on my head and with the concentration of a real estate promoter subdividing a tract, said, "Ve Vill divite your head into sections. Vere would you the first injection like?" I decided on the middle-front, fig-

uring that I could comb my hair fan-shaped until he could get around to the suburbs.

Out came a blow torch and he said, "Ve vill greeze the head, here iss a towel to put over the eyes." I told him that I would rather not be blind-folded—if Mata Hari could stand it, so could I. But the towel was only to keep my eyes from freezing along with the other less important features. If I had stuck my head into an ice-cream freezer, it couldn't have been colder, in fact, it got so cold that it burned. But not too cold to feel the needle as it crunched through the tissue. Salve went over the bump the size of a bantam egg and a headache finished me for the day. One in and nine to go.

For nine more days I was frozen and salvaged. I was looking forward to a rest period when he finally cracked the last bottle, but it was not to be. We then went to the X-ray room, where I was made transparent for any passer-by. I was opaqued for two minutes the first day, increasing the dose until I reached five minutes. Surely now I could relax.

But no. We went to a something therapy room, where an electric hammer was tapped about on my head. It was fine as long as he kept the hammer

moving, but once when he stopped to change hands, I thought that a fork of lightning had struck as low as my tonsils. At that point I made a whimsy. "The only room I haven't seen in this hospital is the morgue." But the Herr Doktor didn't laugh, in fact, he didn't even titter, and I worried for the rest of that week. Was there a possibility that I was to see that room, too?

This went on for weeks, long past time when I was to have an inch of hair all over my head. I tried different mirrors even, but still could see no signs of prosperity in spite of the doctor's "It iss coming fine." Then he told me that I would need five more sets of ten bottles each, thirty pounds more of concentrated headaches. I left the hospital and haven't been back.

I am definitely through this time, that is, if I don't keep this blurb around the house for another year or two.

"Isn't it time for you to get a haircut?" "Why don't you part your hair on the side?" They still aren't funny, but even so I will end this fuzzy moan with a plea for understanding. Your brothers who have hair will never know the heartbreak of returning home after a day's work to an empty dresser-top.—*Roy Charles Brooks, condensed from Bachelor.*

## D'ANNUNZIO

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, the Italian poet and hero, won world reknown not only by his books but also by his daring exploits, as a soldier and aviator, during the World War. He was thus fittingly the poet-laureate of Fascist Italy. Mussolini showered him with rewards. But D'Annunzio did nothing before his death last March to dispel a widespread impression that he was a scented fop who performed some of the War's most daring feats, a lecherous Italian satyr who could write immortal poetry when he was not boasting about it, and Europe's most fantastic liar, whose name was not even D'Annunzio but Rapagnatta.

The eccentric Italian's true name was D'Annunzio; Rapagnatta was merely a witness to the birth certificate. He preferred the company of women bearing his favourite names of Amaranta and Donatella. If they did not possess them, D'Annunzio re-christened them, and frequently went to the station to meet a woman who had signed a telegram "Donatella" without in the least knowledge which of the dozen

bearing that name would arrive.

If he could, Gabriele spent half the day bathing, dressing, and perfuming his body. On an average he used one pint of eau de Coty a day. His wardrobe held hundreds of suits and so frequently did he change his shirts that his servants used merely to iron the worn ones and replace them on an enormous pile. For his evening shirts he kept two small pearls, one white, one black, both perfect in shape and colour. With a collection of large and small scissors, he invariably trimmed his own beard and moustache. His servant Italo Rossignoli used to gather snippets of the hair and sell them in small packets to wealthy women.

Only five feet six inches tall, with one shoulder much lower than the other, D'Annunzio found a romantic reason for every physical imperfection in his body. Following a popular local belief, he attributed the small white spots in his nails to the lies he told woman in the course of his amorous career. Comments his biographer: "I am afraid the nails would be en-

tirely white if this belief were founded." Most annoying of his physical imperfections was the fact that D'Annunzio was blind in one eye—caused by a wartime flying accident—and near-sighted in the other. Above a fleshy pointed nose he perched an imposing monocle. Without it he was lost.

As a lover D'Annunzio had a prodigious reputation and at 14 began recording his erotic experience. Nearly all his rare voyages were to satisfy some woman. Early in his career he wrote to a friend:

"I am enfeebled by love, by the pleasures of love and by the habit of living a horizontal life." He had no exclusive predilection for blondes, brunettes, red-heads, tall women, short women, ladies or their maids. His usual technique was to open with the question, "What is your name?" and no matter what the answer the poet would give her her new name, "Donatella, Nidola, and Sirocchia," whichever first came into his head. Thereafter the woman believed she had a charmed place in the poet's own circle.

In his old age he insisted that the women should go to him. If he visited them he found he would "sacrifice my privileged position of a sorcerer surrounded by my philtres and incantations. Only here can a woman

forget my age. As it is I am an extraordinary individual in exceptional surroundings, whereas, elsewhere I would be a libidinous old man." His apartment was always sprayed with the perfume of the moment, and flowers were everywhere. A tiny incense burner was never overlooked.

Once he arrived in a town and gave his secretary Antogini four telegrams to despatch, each one telling its addressee that he was thinking of her alone and ending, "au revoir, au revoir," while a fifth woman friend was already making herself at home in his villa. If ever by mismanagement his women friends met he bowed his head in a sorrowful attitude and let them fight it out, intervening only if they came to blows.

His long career as a Don Juan occasionally led to the sight of aged women flinging their arms passionately around him by virtue of a right acquired probably 50 years before. Comments Antogini: "It is useless to try to describe his expression when one of these phantoms hove in sight unless we conjure up a condemned man who sees the outline of the guillotine rising before him."

But D'Annunzio's habit of making promises he did not intend to keep won him more enemies than any other failing. He



agreed to visit cities, take part in ceremonies, witness marriages, write prefaces, preside over assemblies, champion idealistic enterprises and accept high appointments. Nearly every promise was broken, even when there had been signatures, counter signatures, telegrams, letters, confirmation direct and indirect, solemn undertakings, official stamps and seals.

In the series of lies always being invented about him and some of which he began himself, it was said that at his mansion at Capponcina the dogs fed out of silver bowls, nude women walked along art treasures enveloped in clouds of incense, while black mass was a daily rite. At his Florentine villa on the Etruscan Sea, according to legend he was reported as modestly contented with galloping naked along the beach on a white steed.

Antongini gives an impression of how this kind of nonsense was invented. The secretary personally handed in a telegram at a Paris Post Office and was thought to be the poet himself by the girl behind the grille who read the famous signature. Looking at the secretary's thick crop of hair she remarked, "What nasty tongues people have! Fancy them saying that you are completely bald." A week later *Commedia* declared: "Last winter D'Annunzio fell in love with a beautiful Roman actress, Bianca Leguardi, who refused his advances, saying she would never love a bald man. The author of *Victoires Mutiles* suffered greatly from this remark, and to-day his baldness is hidden by an elaborate wig."

When he preferred solitude, rumour said he had become a monk who had surrounded himself with attractive nuns.  
—*From News Review.*

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## *The World's Most Cultured Women*

This is how Carl Crow, American journalist, described Chinese women after spending twenty years in China.

Chinese women painted their lips and plucked their eyebrows 5,000 years ago, when European women had never heard of cosmetics.

Chinese wives pride themselves on bathing at least twice daily. According to Chinese ideas, a woman is most desirable after a bath.—*Az Est, Budapest.*

# THE BRITISH MADE SAILORS OF THE JAPS

ALTHOUGH JAPAN to-day is one of the great naval Powers, it is not so very long ago that such an idea was generally ridiculed. Did not Queen Victoria herself express doubts whether the "sweet Japanese" would ever make good sailors? That they have done so is due in no small measure to the advice and assistance received from this country.

When the Japanese decided to build an Imperial navy on Western lines it was to Britain that she applied for help. The fear of Russia was one reason why England was not averse to a stronger Japan, so in 1868 the Admiralty sent officers and ship designers to advise the budding naval Power; and British ship-building firms supplied skilled men to support the technical experts.

In this manner Japan's oldest dockyard at Yokosuka was modernized and in a few years was building what were then modern warships, and as a result of British technical advice other dockyards were built in various parts of the country.

The British advisory officers were amazed by the rapidity with the Japanese grasped and executed the naval lessons. High

wages were offered by Japanese naval builders to foreign draughtsmen and engineers who were willing to come to Japan, and inventors and their ideas, however, crazy they appeared, were always welcome.

But once the Japs had mastered the various processes, they employed native labour, keeping the foreign experts standing by in case anything went wrong.

Japan's intensive study of the British Navy did not stop at ship construction. Discipline, strategy, fuelling, and the diet of the sailors all received careful attention from the Japanese naval chiefs.

By 1889 British advice was not so eagerly sought-after as it had been, and Japan's great naval plans began in earnest.

The Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5 proved to the world that Japan had made full use of the advice given by British naval experts thirty years previously.

Nowadays Japan builds all her own warships; and her dockyards for years past have been scenes of experiment and activity. She has now nothing to learn in naval construction

or tactics, and her present position as a sea Power is exclusively based on the best British traditions and knowledge.

It cost the Japanese Government a great deal of money to pay for the British naval officers

and advisers who "invaded" the country more than sixty years ago—but no impartial observer can deny that the investment has paid the Japs a good dividend.—*Condensed from Evening Express, Liverpool.*

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## *How England Repairs a Historical Building*

IN the heart of London, at the foot of a rise of ground, there is a big brick Tudor tower. On the pavement below, red-coated sentries march to and fro, and day and night, all the year round. In the evening a bright light illumines the big clock face, keeping time as the sentinels keep watch.

Here is the Palace of St. James's, the traditional seat of the Court of the kingdom of England. It is an antique mansion, built on the site of a hospital for fourteen leprous maidens, by King Henry VIII. You can still see the almost obliterated initials, H. and A.—Henry and Anne Boleyn—on the ancient stonework of the great gateway.

A short time ago it was discovered that deterioration of the original Tudor bricks was endangering the fabric of the most historic royal palace in London. Drastic restoration was imperative, but it would have been something akin to vandalism to have attempted the necessary repairs with modern materials. Something different had to be found. And it was found.

The Office of Works was forthcoming with loads of Tudor bricks, saved from recent demolition of part of the contemporary Tudor palace of Hampton Court, that great mansion built by the vain, ambitious Cardinal Wolsey on the banks of the Thames, just about the same time as Henry VIII was creating a new home for Anne Boleyn among the fields which once covered what is now the West End of London.

Bricks made in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries will replace those which have rotted to dust, and when the scaffolding is taken away the visitor will once again see the walls of St. James' Palace in all their own weatherworn glory, without a trace of modern renovation.

The work will be yet another achievement of that strangely interesting department of the government of England, known officially as His Majesty's Office of Works.—*From "John Bull."*

## IS LOVE INSANITY?

FOR CENTURIES poets and philosophers have told us that love is akin to madness or intoxication. Even the man in the street will say, "I am crazy about my girl!" His beloved will describe herself as being "madly in love."

Certainly a man or a woman "in love" does not act entirely like a normal person. Lovers live in a private world of their own, resenting any intrusion from outsiders, just as the insane resent intrusion into their private worlds of fantasy and delusion.

One of the characteristics of insane people is that they believe everyone else is made, and on that ground alone we might be inclined to be somewhat suspicious of love-intoxicated men and women. But let us examine the facts and see for ourselves.

Mary and Jack have just "fallen in love." They met at a dance, and it was a case of "love at first sight." Mary had had many admirers, but was known to be somewhat stand-offish. Jack, too, had many passing affairs of the heart. None of them had ever "taken."

But this was different. The moment Jack spied Mary in her

new organdie dress, talking with her friends, his heart started beating in waltz time. He felt a tremendous urge to go over to her, throw her other admirers out of the room, and take complete possession.

Jack was the kind of boy who never "rushes" girls, but on this occasion he lost no time in having himself introduced. When he shook Mary's hand, a quiver of excitement shot through both of them. Each looked into the other's eyes for a fraction of a second longer than was necessary. Each struck a sympathetic chord in the other's personality.

The chemists say that when two separate chemical elements join together to make a new compound, a catalysis has occurred. If catalysis is a kind of "mystical union" of chemical elements, "falling in love" is an example of human catalysis—something mysteriously changes "I" and "You" into a new thing: "We!"

What happens after this emotional catalysis is common knowledge.

Jack begins to spruce up; he finds himself obsessed with ideas about Mary when he should be

studying law or making entries in the ledgers.

Mary, too, seems moved by a new energy. Her colour is better; she walks with a faster step, and she finds Jack's face looking up at her unexpectedly from the pages of the morning newspaper. The world seems to shrink for both of them, until they become sublimely oblivious of all outside events and people.

They spend innumerable evenings together. They talk—but their talk, as every lover knows, is nonsense. And yet they hardly need words; it is as if they had known each other for aeons. They feel it one in a mystical relationship which is akin to religious experience.

The stage is set. There may have been lovers' quarrels, temporary jealousies and misunderstandings, but with each day both Jack and Mary have come nearer to the inevitable conclusion that the best thing to do is to get married. And so they walk up to the altar to the strains of the wedding march. They escape from their friends, to retire further into their private world on their honeymoon.

A month passes—perhaps it is six months or a year—and the picture is changed. Mary has become irritable and critical. She is constantly finding fault with Jack's slipshod habits. Jack has become sullen and per-

haps drinks more than he should. Both Jack and Mary feel that somehow they have been cheated. Both are disillusioned, unhappy, ready for trouble: boredom, infidelity, divorce, or nervous breakdown.

What has happened? Why cannot the dream become reality? For centuries men and women, dramatists, poets, and philosophers have racked their brains in an attempt to explain the strange phenomenon of "falling in love," but the explanation was not forthcoming until modern psychology following in the steps of Freud, Jung, and especially Adler, found the clue.

The modern psychiatrist, searching in the depths of the human unconscious, finds the reasons and the explanations not only for the first "falling in love," but also for the subsequent disillusionment. He follows the clues of human behaviour, getting associations, observing conduct, evoking old memories from childhood—meticulously ransacking the vast dark storehouse of the lovers' unconscious.

"Falling in love" is truly more closely allied to madness than to love, for it is compounded chiefly of selfishness and possessiveness, illusion and delusion. People who "fall in love" never fall in love with

flesh-and-blood men and women; they fall in love with single traits or qualities which superficially recall some unconscious symbol or totem.

You may have seen those marvelous electrical robots that scientists construct nowadays. These robots are sensitised to a certain sound or colour or light, and once the appropriate word has been spoken or the appropriate shadow projected, a photo-electric cell in the robot, previously sensitised to that signal, starts him going.

Suppose such a robot were sensitised to the word "Boo!" You come to the robot and say "Boo!" and he will open the doors of your garage, or begin using the vacuum cleaner on your rugs.

So it is with "falling in love." We become sensitised in our childhood to certain personal experiences of a pleasant nature. These human experiences are associated with certain external characteristics, such as the colour of hair or eyes, perfumes, voices and physical types, which become symbolic of the total experience of our happiness.

To be sure, not every couple that "falls in love" falls out of love as soon as the honeymoon

is ended. But a tremendous amount of marital unhappiness is due to the fact that people insist that "falling in love" is the surest indication that a union between two people will be happy.

Just so long as there are human beings, men and women will continue to "fall in love" despite the admonitions of psychiatrists. Once this madness touches you, you are generally beyond help. But as a psychiatrist I say to those "in love" and those about to "fall in love":

Let your emotions and your unconscious guide you to your partner. Enjoy the madness and intoxication of being "in love" to the fullest. There is no earthly pleasure to compare with the rapture that comes with "falling in love."

But before you marry, before you decide to cast your lot for life try to learn something about the human being who lives and breathes behind the ideal you have created in your unconscious. Let your emotions guide you, yes. But let your reason and common sense have the final word.—*Dr. W. Béran Wolfe, condensed from The Psychologist, London.*



## THE NEW ILLITERACY

WHEN you and I were young, Maggie, and wanted to know what the wise men of the ages had concluded about life and the stars, we made our way through bulky tomes with many hard words in them. It was tough going, but worth the effort. In that ancient time before Jesse Lasky and the tabs and radio, there was also no Will Durant. Do you mind the time, Maggie, when I drove the express wagon on the north side route, and went to night school, and had all the shipping clerks in awe because in the slack moments I would read the masterpieces of the philosophers—Herbert Spenser's *Social Statics*, John Fiske's *Cosmic Philosophy*, or John Stuart Mill on *Liberty*?

Those were the days when, to become a citizen of the world, and a junior partner in its intellectual effort, you had to dig for the gold and pan it out patiently. There were no easy outlines for half-literates, no Macys and Drinkwaters to make literature easy, no H. G. Wellses to tidy up world history in a single volume, no Van Loons to make the story of art as effortless and as unpalatable as a blue-plate special.

Teachers say it is difficult nowadays to interest the boys and girls in Shakespeare, Chaucer, Tennyson, or even Poe. What is *Macbeth* or *The Canterbury Tales* or *The Cask of Amontillado* alongside the steady extracurricular diet of suspensions in pictures—Tarzan, Mickey Mouse, Buck Rogers, Laurel and Hardy, and the Lights Out horror series on the air? Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade* is trumped by its movie version. The book arts have made the classics look pale and sickly. Everywhere pictures ready-made according to well-known formulas triumph over letters which can do no more than suggest pictures to the mind. And that more is little indeed when the minds grow rusty, lazy, dull, or unused to creating their own scenarios.

The Chinese say that one picture is worth ten thousand words. What is worth ten thousand pictures? One picture may say ten thousand words, but ten thousand pictures cancel out all meaning.

However, Maggie, one does not need to read a book to know that pictures seem to be worth ten thousand shekels in

anyone's currency in this chromohalfwit age. On the upper reaches, even the serious thinkers must have their pictographs to make statistics easy, and the museums are using swell new cyclorama techniques. Photo-histories and photo-novels are beginning to come out. The standard newspapers have not been conquered by the tabloids, but they have survived only by adopting the tab picture methods. All the reader-interest surveys show that more attention is paid the roto section, the comics, and the news pictures than any other part of the paper.

On the newsstands the picture magazines are running amuck, and almost every day you dash by for the 5:43 you see a new one blooming on the racks. The experts say that *Click* is selling twice as fast as *Life*, which sold twice as fast. Three million circulation is expected, five million, seven million. The picture-hunger of the vast, sheepish, staring multitudes, the great dumb people asking to be hypnotized, is to-

tally unlike that of the old Currier and Ives days, the days of the early republic when Godey's bragged of its "embellishments."

How many millions of sub-intelligences are still left in this great land of schools and colleges as a market, millions as yet unfed by *Click* and *Life* and *Look*, by *See*, and *Pic*, and *Pix*, and *Picture*, and *Foto*, and *Peek*? The potential market is the whole population, the entire 125,000,000 joblot of us who desert the exacting word en masse for the easy picture. It is only when the language runs out of possible titles that no more magazines will be started. By the time this is printed for the delectation of a few people who have not yet forgotten how to read, the stands will be overrun by a dozen new Sears, Roebuck catalogs of intimate shots and sensations; Squint, Peep, Leer, Ogle, Watch! Peer, Glimpse, Glare, Stare, Gape, Gawp, Camera! Once-Over, Roto, and Eyeful.—*Lawrence Martin, condensed from Coronet, May, 1938.*

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A mother, admonishing her three-year-old daughter, said, "Now, don't argue."

The child replied: "I don't arg you; you arg me."—*Parade.*



## KINGS ARE FILM FANS, TOO

THE FAMOUS know their films—even as you and I. Late in the spring of 1937, I visited Herman Rogers at Chateau Cande, at Monts, near Tours, France. Mr. Rogers, if you remember, was the likable chap who acted as a sort of majordomo for the Duke and Duchess of Windsor in the then absence of the Charles Bedaux, and Aunt Bessie Merryman. Hundreds of newspapermen and photographers representing the eyes and ears of the world were constantly stationed outside the chateau gates. It was physically impossible for any one of the distinguished occupants to leave without being descended upon by a veritable band of literary vultures. So, during all their long confinement, the principals in the world's greatest love story spent half an hour every single evening in a private showing of 16 mm. films of each other which they had taken and developed themselves. Thus they were able to see themselves as others saw them.

Again, at Castle Wasserleoburg, in the Carinthian Mountains of Austria, which I also visited at about this time, I found a full-sized motion-picture projector of American

manufacture set up in readiness for the royal honeymooners. The first film they saw in their honeymoon home was "Kid Galahad"; next "Captains Courageous."

From their 16 mm. films of themselves, extra prints were made and rushed to England, where the Duke and Duchess of Kent and other friends and admirers of the exiled ex-King devoured them from time to time.

A few days prior to the Coronation I had been asked by friends to attend a private showing, given for the Duke and Duchess of Kent, of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in "Shall We Dance." One of the Duke's equerries confided to me that little Princess Elizabeth never missed a "Merrie Melody"; but that Margaret Rose preferred "Mickey Mouse"; and that well-censored pictures of both were shown often in the royal nursery in Buckingham Palace. Oh, yes—the English royal family likes their movies, too.

Up at Hsinking, the new and very filthy capital of Manchukuo, which the Japanese are trying to build up, I attended a motion-picture show with the Emperor Pu Yi. The picture

was a Warner Oland one and quite amusing; but the audience didn't think it so, and voiced their disapproval audibly. The Emperor became so worried he rose and walked out. Later he confided to me that he hated scenes such as these. He feared that some day they might provoke an international incident.

Although Russians do have movies, few people go to them (except to their local news reels). The many times I have interviewed Stalin, I have never found him changed much in so far as his attitude toward films is concerned. Twice I have sat alongside him while he watched American-made films. One of the films I saw with him was "Private Lives." When he was asked for his opinion of it afterwards, he refused it.

Charlie Chaplin's "Modern Times" was another American picture I remember having seen in Moscow. This film packed the theatre and was shown twenty-four hours a day.

One night in Burgos, Rebel headquarters, in August, 1936, I sat in a filthy flea-bitten movie house and saw Generals Franco and Mola watch one of the most bloodcurdling gangster films I ever remember seeing. Outside, I could fairly hear the rat-a-tat of machine-gun mowing down the prisoners, none of whom was ever set free.

Years before I had watched a showing of "Henry the VIII" in the gorgeous Imperial Palace in Madrid when Alfonso was King. Exactly one year later to the day, I say with Zamora, Spain's first president, a few hours after he had overthrown Alfonso, and in the very same room of the palace saw on the screen this time a film depicting the most proper of Hollywood society problem plays; later I listened to the new president tell me how he proposed to reorganise Spain.

Few people knew that the late King of the Belgians was an inveterate movie-goer whenever mystery films appeared. He worshipped at the shrine of Bill Powell.

Hitler often goes into the censorship booth with Goering, presumably to watch the latest antics of non-Aryan actors. I'm told, though I have no proof for this statement, that the Marx Brothers are his favourites; however, his national policy allows him to pass only a very few, very dull American pictures. It might interest you to know that five years ago he expelled me from Germany for making a film which showed interiors of concentration camps.

Ever since his abdication from the German throne the Kaiser has had a regular bi-weekly ration of films. In the

golden drawing-room of Huis Doorne in Holland, every Wednesday and Saturday nights for the past nineteen years, the man who broke up the world's equilibrium in 1914 watches patiently and eagerly the most excellent American or British films of the week.

The beloved King of Denmark astonished half his court by attending a Laurel and Hardy comedy when his country was celebrating his silver jubilee! But I wasn't surprised, for back in July, 1936, we'd been seatmates in a Copenhagen cinema at a widely advertised comedy, "A Gentleman Goes to the City," which was none other than Gary Cooper's "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"!

Turkey, of all the nations in Europe to-day, with the possible exception of Russia, is making the fastest rise to standards of modernity. This is due primarily to Kemal Pasha's attitude on foreign affairs. Istanbul and Ankara are rapidly being rebuilt into up-to-date cities. I know of no capital city in the whole world to-day as clean and modern as Ankara, save Nanking, China, and Washington, D. C. Turkey wants the American movie, while Russia does not.

In 1930, after a perilous flight over the Sahara Desert from a point not far from Cai-

ro, I dropped out of the heavens in a French Army plane upon a marvellous tented city. More than 100,000 Bedouins were said to live there. Their chief-tain granted me a regal interview, and later invited me to a twenty-three course banquet. After it was over he fell asleep in a sheltered open place between many carpeted tents. As he awoke a squeaky noise that sounded like an old-fashioned phonograph awoke me, too, and there, before our eyes, was unfolded one of the earliest Charlie Chaplin films I ever remembered having seen.

Last year in Shanghai, I went one afternoon to a motion-picture theatre. After the film, I was invited to the home of T. V. Soong, China's J. P. Morgan. There I recognized my next-seat neighbour of the afternoon as China's most powerful war lord, Chiang Kai-shek. We'd both been watching Deanna Durbin in "Three Smart Girls."

The Emperor of Japan and his Empress often see the best productions. The foreign pictures that are shown in Japan have a special interpreter for the Japanese audience.

Having been in France over a long period of years, I have discovered these habits among the movie fans there: Lebrun, President of the Republic, can-

not attend frequently, but movies are shown every Friday evening at the Elysée; France's Foreign Minister Delbos, is a Shirley Temple admirer; Herriot, many times past-premier and recently President of the French Senate, swears by Charlie Chaplin, whom, like the rest of the French, he calls "Chariot."

No story would be complete without the mention of Mussolini's name. American films are, he thinks, for the most part, outrageously disturbing; and only a few inoffensive and innocuous ones are permitted to enter Italy.

King Gustaf of Sweden sees an average of four movies a week; Haakon of Norway squeezes in, what with matinees and things of that sort, eight American pictures a week

during the long, cold, dark winter days.

In the United States, President Roosevelt frequently entertains dinner guests by special showings of popular films. Nor does his sense of humour desert him when it comes to selecting the proper film for the evening's entertainment, as witness his choice of "*Gold Diggers*"—with which to entertain the ambassadors of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Germany. Shortly before these nations had once again defaulted on their debt payment!

But the President has no favourites. Mrs. Roosevelt, however, bows like the rest of the world to the charm of Shirley Temple. — *Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., the Millionaire Traveller, condensed from Photoplay, Hollywood, U. S. A.*

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## *Human Endurance*

ONE of the feats of inhuman endurance performed by Indian fakirs has been called "The Human Hothouse." The fakir stretches out upon the ground and places a handful of moist earth on his under lip. Then a few grains of mustard seed are placed in the earth. The man must lie perfectly motionless, without food or drink, exposed to the sun and the chill of night, until the seeds germinate and produce a plant, which takes about four days.—*From Parade.*

## SCHOLARSHIPS FOR DESERVING

THE OPPORTUNITIES for higher education are very unequally divided. Youths of the large cities are at a great advantage compared with those who dwell in towns or rural communities. Every metropolitan center has one or more large universities, and if a boy lives at home he can obtain professional education in these cities at low cost. No such privilege is available for the young man in a community beyond the commuting range. This situation has arisen accidentally, but its results are most unfortunate.

What is the remedy? To attempt to locate universities at every crossroad? Hardly. By necessity, first-class professional training must be carried on in relatively few centers in the country, perhaps a hundred or so. The advancement of knowledge and university teaching must go hand in hand. A community of scholars must not grow too large; nor can it thrive if too small. Each group must have expensive libraries and laboratories. It is an impossible ideal to imagine a university in every city or large-sized town. Notice, please, I am discussing

universities. The location of our present universities is already a matter of history. It is extremely unlikely that these institutions could be moved, or new ones founded in sufficient numbers to change the present pattern appreciably for years to come. There is, therefore, only one way to provide a university education for the promising youths who are now debarred by economic and geographic factors: by a generous subsidy—by large scholarships, or by providing opportunities for earning a sizable amount of money.

The Dean's office has found case after case of a most likely candidate for university work—a young man of outstanding ability and personality—who could not afford to go even to the publicly supported university of his State. A scholarship which would pay the total cost of his education away from home would enable such a boy to go on; otherwise his higher education would consist only of high-school work or the instruction offered in a local academy. These youths are lost to the professional leadership of the country. They are lost to the

advancement of knowledge and its application to the needs of society. No one can estimate the potential gifts to civilization which are yearly squandered by

cutting off the further education of boys and girls for financial reasons.—*James Bryant Conant, President of Harvard University, from Harper's.*



## The History of Toothache

AN extensive study has revealed that ancient man had plenty of toothache. And the primitive man of to-day frequently has plenty of work for the dentist. Hence you cannot say that our dental decay is solely attributable to our canned and mushy foods, unbalanced diets, food fads and speed of modern life.

Toothache was yesterday. It is to-day. However, there is no doubt that dental decay has increased as civilization has grown. It was found by researches that in the old Stone Age, that is over 100,000 years ago, the frequency of dental decay ranged from 5 to 20 per cent among the adults. In the New Stone Age, about 20,000 years ago, the rate of tooth decay was from 15 to 45 per cent among the grown-ups. In the next succeeding ages, the frequency of dental caries (decay) gradually rose. Then we come to about 6,000 to 7,000 years ago. About 3500 B. C., the early Iranian people (Aryans of what is now Persia) showed as high as 75 to 90 per cent decaying of teeth. That is, almost the entire adult population was afflicted with dental caries. This is about as high a percentage as prevails among any of the present-day "civilized" groups.

Man is paying the price, not for civilisation as such, but for domestication which started thousands, perhaps a couple of million years ago. We have to do something about our teeth to offset the effect of domesticity, by paying special attention to vitamins, minerals and such ingredients in foods. For the present, these efforts are like inadequate thumb supports in a crumbling dike.—*New York American.*

# DOES A DEMOCRACY SAVE ANOTHER DEMOCRACY?

SEVEN YEARS ago the most arbitrary and militaristic of governments invaded China and seized vast territory in violation of the Pact of Paris, the Nine-power Treaty, and the Covenant of the League of Nations. Here was a matter in which all who believe in the sanctity of treaties would be interested. This democracy said to the British democracy: Come, let us act together, let us protest this running amuck among the most solemn of treaties and the invasion of a friendly nation, let us at least refuse to recognize the fruits of the crime. But the British democracy felt its interests lay in a different direction. It took its stand with the arbitrary government in as pronounced a disregard of treaties as history records. Before the Assembly of the League, it defended the violation of these treaties better, said Japan, than Japan could have done. It assigned as a reason that its trade interests could be better protected and would be protected by the invading nation. Greatly disappointed, manifestly humiliated, we learned once more that kindred languages or political the-

ories, culture, or outward friendships disappear in the presence of national interests.

The British democracy is no exception to this rule. It was following a rule of national conduct common to all nations. Countless instances could be cited upon the part of other nations. The theory that democracies, because they are democracies, can act together in the interest of democracy is only a theory. Tomorrow some reality involving the welfare of a nation will break the theory in pieces. Washington, under conditions not dissimilar to our conditions at present, declared: "There can be no greater error than to expect, or calculate upon, real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard."

The theory that you can save democracy through an alliance with democracy is a misleading theory. An alliance is an alliance, with all its burdens and dangers, its debts, controversies and wars. Such an alliance would have all the vices and none of the virtues of the old balance of power. It would be potent enough to get us into all kinds

of involvements but not strong enough to get us out, for when the crucial test came, the question of democracy would give way to na-

tional interests, or more likely, national ambitions.—*William E. Borah, U. S. Senator from Idaho, from Vital Speeches.*

## *New Sources of Power*

THE world's fuel oil sources are nearing exhaustion. It is estimated that they will not last longer than another fifty years. The same applies to coal deposits, with this difference: They are expected to supply the world's needs for another hundred years.

In view of this menace to civilisation, the best technical minds in the United States are already trying to find a solution to the problem, and large-scale experiments are being carried out. The sum of £200,000,000 will be spent in these researches during the next few years.

Foremost among those who are lending active support to this movement is Henry Ford, the motor manufacturer, who has equipped a laboratory in Detroit adjoining his motor plant.

The most important part of the research is to find a substitute for petrol. But even here great strides have been made. Experiments have convinced chemists employed at the laboratory that the soya bean may become an important source of fuel. The liquid extracted from the bean possesses some of the properties of petrol.

Another motor magnate, Charles F. Kettering, Vice-President of General Motors, has also entered the field of experimentation, equipping like Henry Ford, research laboratories. When asked what he was after, he replied:

"I want to find out how grass become green. Just that."

This aim may seem far removed from the raw material problem, but in fact it is closely allied to it. If Mr. Kettering succeeds in discovering how grass turns green, he will at once find an answer to a question which scientists have been asking themselves for centuries. "How does grass store up the energy which it derives from sunshine?" And the greatest energy is the sun.—*By Jean Prevost, condensed from Paris Soir, France.*



## A NATION ON BICYCLES

NEARLY EVERY home in the Netherlands has its bicycle, and in many there are two or more—one each for the parents, unless they happen to prefer one bicycle built for two, and one for each of the children.

Eight million Netherlanders share between them 3,000,000 bicycles, but walking through Leiden Street in Amsterdam around nine o'clock in the morning or five-thirty in the afternoon, one might suspect the whole 3,000,000 bicycles to have been let loose in that one street. But that would be a mistake. "Only" 400,000 cyclists enter the city of Amsterdam each morning and leave it again in the evening. Amsterdam itself claims some 300,000 bicycles for its population of 800,000.

Farm hands, bank directors, city clerks, typists, shop girls, generals, clergymen, errand boys, Ministers of State, Members of Parliament, general managers of huge industrial concerns; Queen Wilhelmina as well as the humblest citizen; Crown Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard; small children going to school; and the veteran—each owns his bicycle.

The police patrol on bicycles, and the army has a regiment of cyclists with its own band, mounted on bicycles, including the drummer who, without touching his handlebars, beats the big drum as he cycles slowly by.

The popularity of cycling in the Netherlands has called a large number of subsidiary industries and business enterprises into existence. There are, of course, a great many bicycle manufacturers, and numerous bicycle repair shops and bicycle garages have been established. In the city a great many offices have parking spaces for their employees' bicycles. There is the "bicycle hotel" where the shopgirl and office clerk may park their bicycles during office hours. Cinemas and news theaters advertise free parking spaces for their patrons.

The spreading of the hire-purchase system has greatly helped the bicycle trade. For a florin (60 cents) down and the payment of a similar sum each week, anyone may buy a new bicycle equipped with electric headlight and tail-light. Every Saturday night the bicycle shops do a busy trade, especially in

spring, when many cyclists plan to buy a new "bike."

Cycling is popular in the Netherlands, for one reason, because there are few hills, so the cyclist for the most part can bowl easily along the smooth level roads. And in the Netherlands the cyclist does not have to share highways with the mo-

torist—each has his own road. These cyclists' roads have been constructed all over the country and have done much to solve traffic problems on the main thoroughfares. The Netherlands Touring Club, has played a prominent part in forwarding the construction of these roads.—*Floris Cante, from The Christian Science Monitor.*

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## Headaches and Why

A SLIGHT headache caused, for example, by draught or a sleepless night, may sometimes be relieved by gently stroking the temples and back of the head. Unfortunately the majority of people prefer to resort to tablets and powders.

But there are headaches, lasting and obstinate and extremely painful, which seem to originate somewhere deep in the centre of the head. Such headaches seldom yield to drugs and they make people feel truly miserable.

Sufferers from such headaches should consult a physician, for he alone can decide where it originates, what it is caused by and how it is to be combated. The causes of violent headaches are many and manifold: inflammation of the brain or membranes, tumours and abscesses, or they may be a symptom of an infectious disease.

On the other hand, headaches not caused by infections but, for example, by nicotine or alcohol, acute indigestion, intestinal intoxication, kidney trouble and faulty metabolism usually yield to the right kind of massage, as do headaches resulting from violent emotions, eye-strain, or cropping up without any apparent external or internal reason.—*Umschau, Frankfurt.*

## THE WORLD'S RICHEST INDUSTRY

IT IS thought that diamond mining as an industry originated in India, some time between 800 and 600 B. C. At the time of Christ, the diamond was still a rarity. Pliny the Elder, the Roman philosopher, describes six kinds of diamonds, commenting on their unspeakable hardness, and saying that they were so rare as to be owned "only by kings." He goes on to say that the diamond would withstand the test of being pounded with a hammer on an anvil, without breaking; and that the only way to soften one was to soak it in goat's blood. These two incorrect ideas persisted for many years afterward.

Peninsular India was the only known source of diamonds for about twelve hundred years. Then, they were discovered in Borneo. No new fields were found until the Brazilian discoveries in the eighteenth century. All the Indian and Borneo diamonds were found in alluvial fields; that is, in beds of river-gravel, either modern or ancient.

To-day, after producing sixteen million carats, the Brazilian mines have declined, being eclipsed by the great African

fields and by natural exhaustion. Production is about 20,000 carats a year, most of which comes from Bahia. This state is the only spot in the world where the carbonado, or black diamond, is found. True carbonado is a dull, lustreless, porous stone composed of tiny interlocking diamond crystals. Having no straight cleavage, it is tremendously tough, hence is highly prized by industrial users. Great quantities of this valuable material were thrown away by early miners, but in recent years it has brought a price comparable to that of gem diamonds.

In the last sixty-five years the Union of South Africa has produced a hundred and eighty-five million carats — three-quarters of all the diamonds owned by the human race.

The "blue ground" of the South African pipes, as the formations where diamonds are found are called, is a basic igneous rock; it contains no quartz whatever. This, it seems, is one of the many conditions to be satisfied before a diamond can be formed. The blue ground was composed, originally, of large amounts of the glassy,

grass-green mineral *olivine*, with smaller amounts of scores of others, notably garnet, bronze-coloured mica and dark, heavy iron minerals. While this mass was cooling, the olivine was attacked by chemical solutions, and most of it turned into *serpentine*—a dark greenish-blue, soft mineral. Hence the name “blue ground.”

Ages ago, a mass of this molten rock existed in the depths of the earth, below the present site of the mine. It is thought that minute amounts of carbon in the mass were already beginning to crystallize out, under the terrific heat and pressure as diamonds. Seething with gases, the fiery mass developed tremendous pressure, and began to work its way to the surface through cracks. One of these cracks, weaker than the rest, gave way and a mighty explosion bored a clean, round hole to the surface. Molten rock began to well up in the hole and spread over the land surface, bringing diamonds with it.

For every ton of blue ground taken out, only one-fourth carat of diamonds is recovered. In other words, only one part of the rock in fourteen million, by weight, is diamond. Of that one part, three quarters of it is worthless for jewelry. And this is the yield from the *richest* mines. Consider the hundreds

of millions of tons of rock it has taken in the last sixty years to produce a quantity of cut gem diamonds which could easily be packed in an ordinary trunk.

Indian cutters of the Middle Ages simply took off the rough corners of the stone and tried to polish the glazed surface to make it presentable. With Abrasives softer than the diamond itself, or by rubbing one diamond against another, this was a slow, laborious process. It did not occur to the ancients that the diamond could be reduced to dust, and that the same dust could be used to cut other diamonds reasonably fast and with great precision. That idea originated, it is said, with a Belgian lapidist by the name of Ludwig van Berquem, in about 1475.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, the science of optics became better known, and the “brilliant” cut was invented. This is the familiar round shape seen in engagement rings. This type of cut has now been developed to a point of scientific exactness. Each facet must be cut at a certain angle, in order to take advantage of the laws of refraction and reflection. There are variations of shape, of course, depending on the “fad” of the moment, or upon the shape of the rough stone. The

“emerald” and “baguette” cuts are rectangular in outline; the “pendeloque” is pear-shaped; and the “marquise” is pointed at both ends.

A diamond cut in standard brilliant style has fifty-eight facets. On top is the “table,” and around it, sloping away at an angle of about 35 degrees, are thirty-two “top facets.” The angle is measured on the eight large kite-shaped facets; the others, of course, vary a little according to the cutter’s choice. The sharp edge, or rim of the stone, is called the “girdle.”

Underneath are twenty-four “pavilion facets” eight of which are large ones, angling away from the girdle at 41 degrees and coming together in a point below. The point has been ground away slightly (to prevent its chipping off), making a tiny facet called the “outlet.” Consider, now that diamonds smaller than a pinhead—weighing one-hundredth of a carat—are cut in this shape, with fifty-eight perfect facets.—*Condensed from a booklet issued by the Chicago Jewellers’ Association.*

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## *Iodine in Fish*

ALONG the coast where deep sea fish is a common article of diet, goitre is extremely uncommon. This is because of the iodine content in all sea food. One of the best sources of iodine is the salmon, which does not lose this property even if canned. The iron element builds strong bones and teeth, and is essential to the growth of every body cell.

Protein, another highly desirable and necessary food substance, is found in rich amounts in salmon. This particular protein has the same food value as that of meat. Salmon may well be used as a substitute for meat. Both colourful and palatable, salmon is an appealing food, abounding in health-giving properties.—*Health Digest.*

## YOUR LOST YEARS

WE WASTE a very considerable amount of time in the course of everyday life just in waiting.

One has only to examine the details of the average day in an ordinary man's life to be convinced that in reading his morning paper while eating his breakfast he is using his time more efficiently than he will do for the remainder of the day. For of all the time he spends from the moment he sets out for the office in the morning until he returns home at night, he will have frittered away at least two-fifths in waiting for something or someone or in wholly unprofitable conversation.

He is a lucky man who in his daily journey to and from work does not lose a full ten minutes in waiting for vehicles. He is wasting another twenty minutes through his bus being held up by traffic signals.

Now consider what is said to be the greatest time-saving apparatus in an office—the telephone. The amount of time wasted through it is tremendous. On the basis of twelve calls per day it has been computed that in the course of thirty years a businessman wastes

no less than 444 eight-hour days in waiting to speak to his clients. That is in England. In France this figure could be tripled without fear of exaggeration.

It has been estimated that the amount of real business done or attended to by an executive during the six or seven hours he is in his office could easily be done in less than two hours. Yet he is convinced that he is a busy man.

The same may be said of the commercial traveller and all whose business it is to make calls. Few commercial travellers spend more than one hour a day in taking orders; the remainder of the day is spent in traveling, in waiting and, above all, in wholly superfluous conversations with clients.

Even if we consider eating as time well spent, the realisation of the time wasted at meals is enough to make a man wish he could dispense with them and eat nuts while engaged at some profitable occupation.

No man need spend more than half an hour a day in absorbing the amount of food necessary to his well-being. Actually few people spend less

than two hours a day—most of which is wasted in waiting to be served. It is computed that some forty thousand hours are frittered away in this manner in a lifetime of seventy years—over four and a half years utterly wasted!

Imposing as it is, this sum of wasted time would fade into insignificance if it were possible to total the number of hours the average woman wastes in shopping. Leaving aside the "afternoon's shopping" expedition, which is considered a form of entertainment, consisting of ten minutes actual buying and four hours gazing, the morning shopping for necessities is at least 80 per cent waste of time due to delay in being served. And any housewife who has not a maid will agree that at least one-fifth of her time is wasted in answering the door.

In fact, statistics drawn up for the edification of students of domestic science show that half of every day in the life of the average suburban housewife is quite unnecessarily wasted through unmethodical shopping, lack of system and order in the home which lead to covering the same ground much more than is necessary, and callers—principally canvassers and hawkers.

A housewife's day is a long one—twelve hours would not

be exaggerating its length. Then we must conclude that six hours of every day are wasted; which means that in forty years of work in the home no less than ten years have been spent in unnecessary labour which might have been leisure.

And even in our leisure hours it would seem that delay dogs us and deprives us of precious moments which we could well put to better and more congenial use.

When watching the crowds standing in queues outside theatres and cinemas has it never occurred to you what those patient queues represent in thousands of hours of lost leisure? Every night of the years all over the world millions of people stand waiting for half an hour and even an hour before being able to enjoy the entertainment. In the United States alone it has been reckoned that forty-five million hours were wasted in this manner in the course of one year!

In spite of the alleged progress made by our civilization in the past hundred years it would seem that we have succeeded only in complicating existence to such an extent that it is becoming ever more difficult to take full advantage of the time at our disposal. — *Allerton Arnold, condensed from Week-End News and Sunday Magazine, Port Elizabeth.*

# DOLLARS OR PESOS

THE THOUGHTLESS fail to understand that the dollar represents something. It represents a sacrifice that someone has made, someone who has consumed a little less than he has produced. No less an authority than the President of the United States has said that every dollar comes from the sweat of someone's brow. The dollar knows this. The dollar knows how it came into being. It was no twilight sleep. That is why it is cautious. It loves life. It takes as few hazards as possible. It wants to work. Like humans, it has the urge to reproduce itself. When it adventures boldly, again like humans it does so in the hope of reward and acclaim. Where many dollars are found in one pocket, there is less caution. The single dollar in a thousand pockets cannot afford to take the larger risks.

Dollars—and the men who manage them—gave us our industrial stride because we permitted them to see far down the road by giving them a government of laws and not, as in other countries, and as we are doing today, a government of men.

Dollars—and the men who manage them—gave us our industrial supremacy because our courts, under the Constitution, through a dozen stormy periods of stress, gave protection from the demagogues and their attack upon success with the accompanying confiscation of income and property.

Straws in the wind indicate that we may bring back incentive to men and dollars by restoring the American practice of written law and by refusing to punish success by tax and other measures. In the meantime, the dollars—and the men who manage them—wait before they don the overalls.

Today, the enterpriser is hampered on every hand by restrictions; earned income of the rest of us is denied him because of heavy taxation for political purposes, and administrative law, that is, government by men, which makes it uncertain what may happen overnight, is deterring him from taking those chances necessary to sustain the pressure upon which all progress depends.—*Merle Thorpe, Editor, Nation's Business.*



## THREE NEW SAINTS

EASTER CEREMONIES at St. Peter's, chief basilica of the Roman Catholic faith, are traditionally magnificent. This year they were more splendid than usual. It was the first warm day of a delayed spring; Italians and their foreign guests rejoiced in the conclusion of the London-Rome agreement; and, to the usual Resurrection rites, the Vatican added a rare and impressive ceremonial creating three new saints.

Within the world's largest church, hung with crimson, gold-edged festoons, 12,000 electric candles shone down on 50,000 communicants and on the most superb religious pageant. While Pope XI pontificated at the canonization of Andrew Bobola, John Leonardi, and Salvador da Horta, medical attendants stood near him. But, despite the illness that has worn him down since December, 1936, the 80-year-old Pope did not need their aid.

Andrew Bobola was a patriotic Pole born in 1591. After ordination as a Jesuit in 1622, he became a missionary in fields where the odds were against him. He cleaned up Nieswicz, a Lithuanian hotbed of heresy and superstition, then spent six

years in plague-ridden Vilna. In 1657, he heard Russian Cosacks of the schismatic Eastern Church were trying to pry the Ruthenian faithful away from Rome. He went to Pinsk, was captured, and after three hours of torture was killed. Bobola's body reputedly remained perfectly preserved two centuries afterward.

John Leonardi was born at Diecimo, Tuscany, in 1549. He studied for the priesthood while working as a pharmacist's assistant. After ordination in 1571, he joined St. Philip Neri and St. John Calasanctius, teaching, preaching, and hearing confessions in Italian prisons. Leonardi organized the Roman College of the Propaganda for Foreign Missions and the Institute of the Clerks Regular of the Mother of God, and apostolic society. He died in Rome, Oct. 9, 1609.

Salvador da Horta, born at Gerona, Spain, in 1520, was orphaned in childhood. He went to Barcelona to learn the shoemaker's craft, and later became a Franciscan brother. In a monastery at Horta, in the diocese of Tortosa, he labored as door-keeper and kitchen menial. But fellow brothers grew

jealous of his reputation for curing sickness, and he wandered about from one monastery to another. He died on Mar. 18, 1567, at Cagliari, Sardinia.

*Procedure of Canonization.* Billions of Catholics have lived and died since the Christian era dawned, but only about 5,000 have been proclaimed as saints. (No American has been canonized.)

The procedure resembles a prolonged court trial. First the Congregation of Rites—a committee of the College of Cardinals—orders an investigation of the candidate's sanctity, miracles, and writings. A postulator assembles a brief, and a "devil's advocate" searches for flaws in the candidate's case. If the Congregation decides the writings conform to Catholic faith and morals, the Pope appoints a commission to inquire further, and the "servant of God" receives the title Venerable.

In later steps the Congrega-

tion hears evidence on the candidate's reputation for holiness and miracles. Again the "devil's advocate" works to create doubt. Probe follows probe, vote follows vote, year follows year, until the Congregation, College of Cardinals, and Pontiff finally acknowledge the candidate's extraordinary sanctity and agree that he is responsible for at least two miracles. The holy one is beautified with the title of Blessed. For Bobola, this process took 197 years; for Leonardi, 252 years; for da Horta, 150 years.

The last phase is relatively speedy. Postulator and "devil's advocate" argue whether the servant has accomplished two miracles since beautification. When a majority of the Congregation in three meetings has voted "placet" (it pleases) and the Pope has approved, the church prepares for formal canonization at St. Peter's.—*Excerpt from Newsweek.*

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## *The Longest Word*

What is the longest word in the English language?

The word most frequently cited as "honorificabilitudininitatibus," which is to be found in Shakespeare's "Love's Labour Lost," Act 5, Scene I, line 44. To the Puritan divine, Byfeld, we owe "incircumscribible-ness." Doctor Benson is credited with "antidisestablishmentarians."—*Ripley's Big Book.*

## ARE PHILIPPINE COURTS INDEPENDENT?

WHEN the Constitution of the Philippines was drafted one of the greatest concerns of the Constitutional Convention was the establishment of a judiciary independent of the other departments of the government. To insure this independence a provision was inserted in the Constitution giving judges the right to hold office during good behavior until they reach the age of 70 years or become incapacitated to discharge their duties. During the term of a judge his salary may not be diminished. He may not be transferred from one judicial district to another without the consent of the Supreme Court. These guarantees were not available to judges under previous laws. High hopes for unmuzzled and impartial judges were entertained by those who believe in the potency of the Philippine Constitution.

The first incident came before public notice last year when President Quezon criticized the decision of Judge Mapa of the Manila court of first instance and that of the Court of Appeals affirming it. The decision denied the claim of a laborer for damages from an

employer under the Workmen's Compensation Act. Lawyers made bitter comments against the President's criticism, calling it an encroachment on the independence of the judiciary, specially because the case was still on appeal to the Supreme Court. President Quezon frankly acknowledged technical error in not waiting for the final decision of the court before giving his adverse comment, excusing himself, however, by saying that he was unaware of the pendency of the action; but he insisted on his right to criticize judicial decisions, both as a citizen and as Chief Executive. Eventually the Supreme Court reversed the decision of the lower courts and gave the laborer damages. That was a victory of President Quezon; but hypercritical lawyers thought that it undermined judicial independence.

The second important incident took place last month. This time the question involved was judicial tenure.

Judge Francisco Zanduetta was appointed by the President an *ad interim* judge of first instance of Manila. Previous to that temporary appointment,

Judge Zandueta had been a judge for over 25 years. But recently the National Assembly passed a law reorganizing the courts of first instance of the Philippines. Consequently, all the judges were made to vacate their posts. Therefore, they had to be reappointed by the President, and their appointment had to be confirmed by the Commission on Appointments of the National Assembly. President Quezon reappointed Zandueta and submitted his name to the Commission on Appointments for confirmation. But afterwards the President addressed a letter to the Commission withdrawing his nomination of Judge Zandueta. Before the letter could be sent, Secretary of Justice Jose Yulo suggested that Judge Zandueta be requested to resign voluntarily. Zandueta took the matter under advisement; but soon wrote a letter to Assembly-Member Perfecto that he would not resign on the mere ground that President Quezon had lost confidence in him.

What were the reasons of this loss of presidential confidence? President Quezon revealed that some time after he had temporarily reappointed Zandueta, the Secretary of Justice received charges against the Judge in connection with a case of a contract with the bureau

of mines of the Government. This case involved a matter of public policy, the President said. The Judge decided against the Government, denying it the right to reject bids although it had reserved this right. The Judge further order the execution of his judgment even though the Government had yet appealed to the higher court. At this juncture, President Quezon called the Judge for a conference and asked him for an explanation of his order denying the Government of a clear right. Zandueta's explanation did not convince the President, who then told Yulo that he had lost his confidence in Zandueta and would not submit his name to the Commission on Appointments. Advised that he could not take such action under the Constitution, the President wrote the letter withdrawing his nomination or recommending disapproval of it to the Commission.

President Quezon revealed another cause of the loss of the presidential confidence. While the investigation of the charge was going on, Zandueta asked friends and *compadres* of the President to intervene for him. This was said to be revolting to the President's high conception of a public office, particularly that of a judge. "For the good of the country and that

of my successors, I am determined that the *compadre* system shall be stopped and completely abolished during my administration," declared President Quezon. Public offices, he said, should go to those who have the ability and merit, not to those who have the strongest *pull*. *Pull*, a vice of democracy, is aggravated in the Philippines by the *compadre* system and the traditional inability of the Filipino to say "No."

Judge Zandueta's appointment was promptly disapproved by the Commission on Appointments. But the following day Zandueta went to his court-room, declaring that he was still judge. His appointment had been made by the President and confirmed by the Commission on Appointments before the Philippine Assembly passed the law reorganizing the judicial districts. His reappointment, he argued, was therefore unnecessary; and its disapproval by the Commission on Appointments did not remove his right to remain as judge. Otherwise, he concluded, the judicial tenure under the Constitution would be violated. But Secretary of Justice Yulo had the office of Judge Zandueta and the court-room locked and ordered the clerks not to obey the Judge's commands; and so Zandueta has become an

oustured judge in fact. In the meantime, his attorneys are said, at this writing, to be studying the best way to secure a judicial determination of the right of Zandueta to the judgeship.

In the National Assembly, Assembly-Member Osias attacked President Quezon and the Commission on Appointments on the way they disposed of the Zandueta case. Asserted Osias: "If we wish this country to have a good constitutional government, based upon the presidential system where there are three coordinate branches, each more or less supreme in its field, we must ever be vigilant . . . We must prevent executive dictation, legislative abdication, and judicial submission," Osias severely denounced the attempts to influence the Commission on Appointments in its deliberations on nominations submitted by the President. He considered such interference no less reproachable and unethical than intervention with the freedom of a court in a case pending before it for decision. He told the Assembly that the decision of Judge Zandueta, which made him a suspicious character in the eyes of Secretary of Justice Yulo, was affirmed by the Supreme Court. Answering Quezon's statement on the *compadre* evil, Osias

said: "Yes, we want to end *compadrazco* . . . But, Mr. Speaker, you cannot afford to condemn a judge merely because he happens to have a friend who intercedes for him . . . By subterfuge the independence of the judiciary is being undermined by too much intervention from the Executive." Quite used to the usually courageous and independent attitude of Osias, the Assembly patiently listened to his philippics. But the following day President

Quezon called the Assembly Members to a caucus in which he expressed utter disapproval of Osias' conduct and extreme disappointment over the fact that no one in the Assembly defended the President's action against the Osias' attacks. Promptly the national directorate of the majority party took steps to read Osias' name out of the party. A candidate is now being selected to run against Osias this coming November election.—*Panorama Notes*.

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## *Defeats Overlooked*

SOMETIMES, as we contemplate our own stumbling progress—or lack of progress—we get consolation from the confessions of our contemporaries and from reading biography.

Too often we erroneously think of a man like Abraham Lincoln rising directly from a log cabin to the Presidency, with only an occasional heartache—mostly romantic—to bother him.

The record is different:

1832—Defeated as Candidate for Legislature.

1833—Failed in business, losing his home and everything he owned.

1838—Defeated as Candidate for Speaker.

1840—Defeated as Candidate for Elector.

1843—Defeated as Candidate for Commissioner of General Land Office, and as Candidate for Congressional Nomination.

1848—Defeated as Candidate for re-election to Congress.

1855—Defeated as Candidate for U. S. Senator.

1856—Defeated as Candidate for U. S. Senator again.

1858—Defeated as Candidate for U. S. Senator again.

Lincoln enjoyed few years free from disappointment and humiliation.—*The William Feather Magazine, January, 1938*.

The uncomfortable thing about women is that they are generally right. —*James Barrie*.

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A man disappointed in love remains a bachelor; a woman marries. —*Smart Set*.

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No cigar smoker ever committed suicide. —*William Maginn*.

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Rags make paper; paper makes money; money makes banks; banks make loans; loans make poverty; poverty makes rags. —*Elkhorn Independent*.

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There are well-dressed foolish ideas just as there are well-dressed fools. —*Sebastian Chamfort*.

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To-day's trinity for women is allure, charm, and style. These three constitute glamour. Glamour is a magnetic lustre which draws toward the person who has it just what and whom she wants. It is acquired by a mixture of cosmetics, clothes, and confidence. —*Alice Hughes*.

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Where the only choice is between cowardice and violence, I advise violence. —*Gandhi*.

# CONTEST WINNERS

## Do You Favor the Holding of Lottery by Each Province for the Support of Its Public Schools?

To the above question 47 answers were submitted on time, 7 in favor and 40 against. The judges selected the following for prizes and for publication.

### Public Indignation - First Prize

What! Let each province hold lottery and bring its evils nearer every man's door? Let the schools be maintained by corrupting the people? The very idea deserves public indignation.

Lottery is downright gambling; conducting it for some noble purpose can neither mitigate its evils nor raise it above public condemnation. The end cannot justify the means. Revenue for the support of schools can certainly be raised by other means—less easy and sure perhaps, but more decent and harmless. Let us not corrupt in order to educate. Let us not build schools over the debris of our own people's morality!—*Pedro L. Yap, Box 392, Cebu City.*

### Wrong Never Rights Wrong - Second Prize

The end in view is commendable. But the means is censurable. The holding of lottery in each province for the support of its public schools should not be made a means to remedy the annual school crisis because one wrong cannot right another wrong,—the yearly lack of school accommodation. Moral depreciation or decadence caused by the encouragement of lottery would be greater than the moral defects upon those children who may not enter schools for lack of accommodation. The country should protect the moral fibre of the people, cost what it may. No end should justify the means.—*Soledad O. Salazar, Philippine Normal School, Manila.*

### Crime For Public Welfare?

No! Lottery! How unstable as source of funds! Legalize it and you promote a social cancer the law outlaws. Lottery, like jueteng, preys upon hard-earned wages of the poor and ignorant, driving them to poverty and misery. It leads them to laziness and speculation. The education of the youth should not be supported from a demoralizing source; it is a legitimate duty of government and must be attained by wholesome means. A government authorizing itself to do a thing which is a crime for a citizen, engenders the seed of suspicion on their part about its solicitude for their welfare.—*(Miss) W. A. Gironella, Box 2769, Manila.*



## Dangerous Paradoxes

With public education dependent on the profits reaped from legalized gambling, could we look our children straight in the eye without experiencing any feeling of remorse? Do we have to cater to man's passion for gambling to keep our children in school? Schools are sanctuaries where the minds of our youth are made to commune with the most noble and inspiring things in life. To break the law to bring about enlightenment and respect for the law, is one of the strangest, and, I should say, most dangerous paradoxes that ever came to man's imagination.—*Jose M. Magsalin, 316 Sancho Panza, Manila.*

## Why Not?

Yes, and why not? Few provincial business enterprises and industries can survive more or raised taxes to meet the increasing needs for more and better schools. So give the gambling public the chance of financing the State function of educating the masses and at the same time satisfy their hearts' desire to gamble. Provincial lotteries may replace and ultimately stop privately conducted "jueteng" that benefits few shrewd capitalists. The public school should welcome and patronize it for their children will be accommodated in the beneficiary schools and finally write finis to their yearly school crisis.—*Godofredo Y. Alzona, 107 Domingo Santiago, Sampaloc, Manila.*

## Pay For Education

"No", because—

1. Lottery, including *Sweepstakes*, is gambling; gambling is evil; and evil begets evil.

2. To legalize any form of gambling is to encourage vice, and vice demoralizes the people.

3. To resort to evil means of raising funds for public-school purposes is to proclaim that "The end justifies the means." Shall we commit wrong to attain right? It's both untenable and incompatible to nourish our children with *Lottery Funds* to make them *Virtuous Citizens*.

Desire for education should create willingness to pay its price by taxation. If not, let's have Meek Ignorance rather than a Vicious Education.—*Faustino Domine, Barotac Nuevo, Iloilo.*

## Vice to Fight Vice

Yes, because vice, I believe, can not be entirely stopped. It is a human impulse, which in one way or another, will always seek an outlet. Let this outlet be not entirely useless. Let it be directed in the form of a lottery so that it will bring money to each provincial government for the education of its people—an education which will be the very instrument for fighting vice itself.—*Rinaldo Lopez, 16-B Progreso, Quiapo, Manila.*

## READERS' COMMENT

*Camiling, Tarlac*—Many thanks for sending me February and March of your PANORAMA. No better name could be given your pocket-magazine: It has practically every good thing to read, to read without wasting one's time. It has humor, and choice ones like those of the old Literary Digest. (Please don't discontinue this part, because it relaxes the mind from the strain of heavy reading.) Give us more of the humor and wit of the bench and the bar, please; it has live topics about present Philippines and flashes of foreign news—since it is monthly, however, we readers beg you to shoot us a PANORAMA of the great events that have just occurred in our country and abroad during the immediately preceding month. In your February issue you gave us A YEAR IN NEW YORK; why could not you vouchsafe us A YEAR IN MANILA. It would be interesting. I am afraid you have given us a yard and I am asking for a mile; it's because your magazine PANORAMA is tops! And it's cheap too. Just one more—statistics about the Philippines—that is wanting, at least in your Feb. and March issues. Herewith I enclosed my balance of ₱1.50 in P.M.O. for one year subscription beginning January, 1938 if you will send me it.—(Atty.) *Jose C. Dy Quiapco*.

*Hindang, Leyte*—The PANORAMA, although it is barely three years old in its existence is paving a way in the heart of the reading public. And I'm a bit! I am fortunate indeed, so to speak to be one of the subscribers to this commendable magazine because it publishes from time to time concise and vitally substantial articles which deal on

politics, science, education specially on health, humor, and others which are a great asset to a wide awake citizen. But I believe that the readers need more seasoning feature—a short but romantic story in every issue. Can you spare a space for it? We hope it will be one of the features of your magazine.—*Santiago Datar*.

*Maribojoc, Bohol*—I am enclosing herewith my payment for a year subscription for your magazine, "PANORAMA," the issues of which are full of very nice and interesting articles. I can't help but express my ardent interest and admiration towards the said magazine, with the hope that it will exist forever as an entertainment of the reading mass until the world ends.—*Casimero B. Fuertes*.

*San Jose, Antique*.—I have the honor to make inquiry why I did not receive the copy of PANORAMA for February, 1938, issue. Inasmuch as it is the only periodical which deserves a common reading material at home for the person who wishes to keep abreast of what is going on in other countries, hence, this request for the copy. I reiterate my request for the March issue.—*Matias Manjares*.

*La Carlota Sugar Central*.—Enclose is a money order for ₱1.50, payment for the balance of my one year subscription to your PANORAMA. I wish to state here the satisfaction I get reading your splendid little magazine, and to thank your Mr. Ruiz for bringing the magazine to my attention.—*Julian R. Gomeri*.