



## Rizal on Independence and Tyranny

WE owe our ills to ourselves; we should not lay the blame on others. If Spain had seen us less complacent with tyranny and more determined to struggle and to suffer for our rights, Spain would have been the first to give us liberty, for when the fruit of the conception reaches maturity woe unto the mother that wishes to stifle it. Therefore, as long as the Filipino people do not have sufficient strength to proclaim, with head erect and bosom bared, their right to social life and to preserve it with their sacrifices, with their very blood; as long as we see our countrymen, in private life, feel the shame within them and hear the clamor of the voice of conscience revolting and protesting, but, in public life, keep themselves quiet and even join those abusing their power in ridiculing the abused; as long as we see them shutting themselves up in their selfishness and praising with forced smiles the most iniquitous acts, begging with their eyes a portion of the booty; why should they be given liberty? With Spain or without Spain they will always be the same, and perhaps, perhaps, worse! What is independence for if the slaves of today will be the tyrants of tomorrow? And they shall undoubtedly be such, because he loves tyranny who submits himself to it. Señor Simoun, as long as our country is not prepared, as long as it enters the struggle deceived or forced, without a clear understanding as to what it will do, the wisest attempts will fail; and it is better that they fail, for why should the bride be delivered to the groom if he does not love her enough, if he is not determined to die for her?—*Jose Rizal, extracted from El Filibusterismo.*

¶What is needed in the Philippines—

## FREEDOM OF UNIVERSITIES

WHY do not large donors to endowed universities in America and England attempt to dictate their policies? John D. Rockefeller founded the University of Chicago and gave it \$35,000,000 in less than twenty years. If during this period he had withdrawn his support, the university would have probably had to close. Yet Mr. Rockefeller at no time showed the slightest inclination even to suggest what the university's professors should teach, investigate, or say. The tradition in the United States is that those who give money to a university do not gain by their gifts any control over the institution. They may insist on good housekeeping; they may see to it that the money is used for the purpose for which it was given; but they cannot, because they gave it, acquire a voice in the management of the university.

In England the same tradition protects higher education against abuses of the power that might be exercised through grants of public money. The University Grants Committee advises the Treasury how to spend more than \$10,000,000 a year that the British Government gives to the endowed and

municipal universities. The committee is composed of eminent men who have no political connections. They are chosen because they know education and command public confidence. Though the government has the legal right to disregard the recommendations of this committee, it has always accepted them. It is unthinkable that the government would cast aside the suggestions of this group and devote the money to seeing to it that every university student in England became a follower of Mr. Chamberlain.

On the other hand, if England ever goes Fascist or Communist, we cannot expect that education will be any freer there than it is in Germany, Italy, or Russia. But in order to go Fascist or Communist, England would first have to abandon the tradition that keeps education free. This tradition is the heart of democracy. Our faith in American democracy determines whether education can be free. If we lose faith in democracy, then nothing can keep education free. If we keep our faith in democracy, then we may be confident that a democratic method of getting a decent education for our children will not

lead to dictatorship. I have no doubt the American democracy is in greater danger from the present horrible inequalities in educational opportunity than it

ever will be from an attempt to remedy those inequalities by customary and constitutional means.—*Robert M. Hutchins, President, University of Chicago.*

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## *The Pope and the Jew*

SHORTLY after his coronation, Pius IX was riding toward the Ghetto in Rome, when his carriage was held up by the presence of a crowd of people in the street, surrounding a man who had fallen to the ground in a fit.

"What is it?" asked the Pope.

"Only a Jew," answered a Christian standing by.

"Is not a Jew a man and a brother?" said the Pope. "Make way for us!" And he stepped from his carriage.

The crowd opened for the Pope to approach. The man lay gasping on the ground where no one would touch him. Pius IX took him in his arms, bore him to his carriage, and ordered his coachman to drive to the Jew's home. When the man had recovered, the Pope left him with a present of money and his blessing.

Not long after this, a deputation of Jews, old and bearded men, called at the Vatican. They requested to be admitted into the presence of Pope Pius IX, and bowing before him, they offered him an exquisite antique golden chalice, of great value, begging him to accept it as a token of their gratitude to him for his kindness to one of their race.

The Pope was greatly touched by their deed, and said to them:

"I accept your magnificent gift, my children, with pleasure and gratitude. Will you tell me how much it is worth?"

"It weighs 550 Roman scudi," answered the chief of the deputation.

The Pope stepped to the table and wrote on a piece of paper: "Good for 1,000 scudi, Pius IX." He handed the slip to the leader, saying: "Accept in your turn a small pledge of my love for my poor Hebrew children. Divide it among the poor families of the Ghetto, in the name of Pio Nono." The men tried to decline the gift, offering to raise four times as much themselves for the poor, but the Pope would not accept a refusal. The money had to be spent in name for the poor.—*The Catholic Telegraph.*

## CURIOSITY

DR. SIMON FLEXNER once was talking with the late George Eastman. The Kodak magnate told the Princeton scientist that he meant to devote his great fortune to the promotion of education in *useful* subjects.

Doctor Flexner's eyebrows lifted and he asked whom the manufacturer thought the most useful living worker in science.

"Marconi," said Eastman instantly.

The scientist astonished Eastman by replying that Marconi's share in radio was all but negligible.

"The real credit for everything that has been done in the field of radio belongs," Doctor Flexner told him, "as far as such fundamental credit can be fixed, to Prof. Clerk Maxwell, the Scotch physicist, who, in 1865, carried out certain abstruse and remote calculations in the field of magnetism and electricity. Other discoveries supplemented Maxwell's theoretical work. Finally, in 1887 or 1888, the remaining scientific problem—the detection and demonstration of the electromagnetic waves which are the carriers of sound by wireless—was solved by Heinrich Hertz, a worker in Helmholtz's labora-

tory in Berlin. Neither Maxwell nor Hertz had any concern about the utility of their work; no such thought entered their minds. The inventor in the legal sense was, of course, Marconi, but what did Marconi invent? Merely the last technical detail, the already obsolete receiving device called a coherer."

Doctor Flexner retold this incident recently at the opening of the Squibb Institute for Medical Research at New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Mr. Eastman had wanted to know what Doctor Flexner intended to prove by this.

That curiosity, not utility, was the master key to human knowledge, the doctor said; curiosity which may or may not result in something useful. But the less that curiosity is asked to justify itself day by day, the more likely it is not only to contribute to human welfare but to the equally important satisfaction of the human mind.

"Hertz and Maxwell invented nothing," he said, "but it was their apparently useless theoretical work which was seized upon by a clever technician. Who were the fundamentally useful men? Not Marconi." Other clever techni-

cians with no thought but use would have seized on Maxwell's and Hertz's discoveries if there had been no Marconi. But without Hertz and Maxwell, with no thought of use, the technicians would have had nothing on which to work.

Doctor Flexner told the Rochester manufacturer of other cases in point, including Michael Faraday, son of a blacksmith, who made the fundamental discoveries in electricity, and Paul Ehrlich.

With the return of Alsace-Lorraine to Germany after the war of 1870, the German Government reopened the great university at Strassburg. Its first professor of anatomy was Wilhelm von Waldeyer. In his first class was an inconspicuous youth of seventeen named Ehrlich. Waldeyer noticed that the boy was a bad student, except at the microscope; there he worked overtime. And curious blobs of color of every shade spotted his desk. The professor asked him what he was doing.

In his reminiscences, Waldeyer describes how this student, "in his first semester, supposedly pursuing the regular course in anatomy, looked up at me and blandly remarked: *'Ich probiere,'*" which might be translated as "I am just fooling."

Waldeyer wisely let him fool, and Ehrlich's marks were so poor generally that he prob-

ably would not have been given his degree in medicine if the faculty had not been convinced that he would never practice.

"I do not suppose the idea of use ever crossed Ehrlich's mind," Doctor Flexner went on. "He was interested. He was curious. He kept on fooling. Of course, his fooling was guided by a deep instinct. What resulted? Koch and his associates established the new science of bacteriology. Ehrlich's experiments were now applied by a fellow student, Weigert, to staining bacteria and thereby aiding in telling them apart. Ehrlich himself developed the staining of the blood film with the dyes on which our modern knowledge of the morphology of the blood corpuscles, red and white, is based. Not a day passes but that in thousands of hospitals the world over his technique is employed in the examination of the blood. Thus the apparently aimless fooling in Waldeyer's dissecting room in Strassburg has become—without anyone's suspecting the result—a main factor in the daily practice of medicine."

Doctor Flexner dislikes the word "use"; it shackles the inquiring mind. "What Rutherford and others, like Bohr and Millikan, have done out of sheer curiosity in the effort to understand the construction of

the atom has released forces which may transform human life, but this ultimate and unforeseen and unpredictable practical result is not offered as a plea of justification. Let them alone. The waste, I admit, looks prodigious. It is not really so. All the waste that could be summed up in developing the science of bacteriology is as nothing as compared to the advantages which have accrued from the discoveries of Pasteur, Koch, Ehrlich, Theobald Smith and others."

Kipling's soldier roamed "for to admire an' for to see. . . . It never done no good to me, but I can't drop it if I tried"; and Doctor Flexner would have the scientist do the same. In celebrating curiosity for curiosity's sake, he seems to deny Francis Bacon.

Three hundred years ago, Bacon said: "If many useful discoveries have been made by accident or when men were not seeking for them, no one can doubt that when they make it their business to seek, and that, too, by method and order, they will discover far more."

But there is no disagreement here. Doctor Flexner does not mean that Boss Kettering should not have applied himself to inventing so vulgarly useful

a gadget as the self-starter. He means that universities and institutes should not be endowed by "practical" men to invent self-starters. Their work is to explore all knowledge for its own sake. Given more knowledge, its practical application will take care of itself.

In seeking more knowledge, science does proceed on Bacon's design that men will find more if they look for it diligently and with method. But it is the function of industry, not of learning, to put that knowledge to work. Industry is doing that.

There were only 500 industrial research laboratories in the United States in 1920, employing 6600 persons and spending \$25,000,000 annually. There are nearly 1800 today, employing 32,000 persons and spending \$200,000,000. Many industries maintain research laboratories to solve their common problems.

For \$6000 a man-year, business may hire applied research at the Mellon Institute on a fellowship basis. But if a good five-cent cigar still is America's great need, it is a problem for the industrial-research man, not for the universities. — *Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post, Jan. 21, 1939.*



## THE TRIUMVIRATE OF THE LAW

SEVERAL years ago I heard Judge Learned Hand say that "the teaching of lawyers is indeed as distinct a vocation from the practice of law as law is from engineering or science." The acceptance of this as a fact is evidenced by the number of law teachers who are devoting themselves exclusively to their calling. The change was necessary because the busy lawyer had no time for students and the teacher, if he performed his duty, had no time for clients. It was advantageous in that it developed the science of teaching law and pointed the way toward a systematic, scholarly understanding of the law.

But the evolution of law teaching as a distinct vocation does not mean that the teacher is divorced from the bench and bar. They are still members of the public profession of the law and share its responsibilities.

It is for this reason that I have chosen to refer to the practitioner, judge and law teacher as the triumvirate, using that term in the sense of a coalition or association of three in office or authority.

The authority of this group is challenged by certain lay

agencies. On the face of the matter such a situation is neither unusual nor alarming. The lay attitude towards the lawyer is traditional. There is a bit of mediaeval verse which illustrates the tradition,

"Sanctus Ivo erat Brito  
Advocatus sed non latro  
Res mirando populo"

which is translated thus: Saint Ivo was a Brittany lawyer but not a robber, a wonder to the people!

It was this same Saint Ivo, so the ancient story goes, who, on petition by the lawyers, was permitted by the Pope to choose the patron saint of the lawyers. The choice was to be exercised in this fashion. Ivo was to be blindfolded and turned loose in the Lateran to feel the statues of the saints. He was to embrace one statue, the saint whose statue was thus selected was to be the patron saint of the lawyers. Ivo wandered about, lawyer-like, feeling of various statues, until he came to the one of Saint Michael overcoming Satan. Then, as fate would have it, he threw his arms about the statue of Satan, who, according to the clergy, thus became our patron saint.

This traditional attitude dates back to the twelfth century dispute between law and theology, disputes which have arisen from time to time since and just lately have shown signs of revival. The clergy did not relish the thought of handing over the practice of the law and the places of authority to non-clerical lawyers and, in jealous rage, poured maledictions upon the heads of our unfortunate brethren to the evident joy of a credulous populace.

The extreme hostility of the clergy did not disappear until it gave way to the pressure of economic conditions. Many of the age-old controversies over law and morals have awakened desires for temporal leadership in some members of the clergy.

Other learned professions are making demands for leadership. The doctor, the engineer, the scientist and the journalist strive for a place in the sun and, naturally enough, do not hesitate to revive lay tradition in order to remove the lawyer from his place of authority.

The challenge by other professions, the repetitions of the slings and arrows of lay tradition and other manifestations of professional jealousy are not matters of grave concern so long as the practice of the law remains a profession as distinguished from a trade or business. Jessup defines a profession

as being "a calling in life based on special training and ability contemplating public service, and differentiated from ordinary business vocation by its subordination of pecuniary returns to efficient service." The emphasis is on service. For the lawyer this means service in the proper administration of justice.

I speak with careful sincerity when I say that the legal profession does not receive the approval of the ordinary man.

The ordinary man, who is not a criminal, has respect for law, using that term in the sense of justice or the legal order. He loves it. It is his life. But he is disgusted with "sacred" rules and principles which are antiquated and do not secure the justice which he desires. He respects the Constitution when it proves to be the guarantee of life, liberty, and property, and when it actually promotes the general welfare.

He knows what a man like Henry Brougham means when he uses these words in the House of Commons: "It was the boast of Augustus that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble. How much nobler will be the sovereign's boast when he shall have to say that he found law dear and left it cheap; found it a sealed book and left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the



poor; found it a two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence!"

I was forcibly reminded of this a few days ago when the conversation turned to a discussion of administrative boards and commissions. One of the lawyers present remarked that he had about given up the practice of the law and was spending his time making the rounds of boards and commissions. Then the tirade began. I had the temerity to suggest that most of these boards and commissions were the result of lay efforts to meet needs unsatisfied by our administration of justice.

The most vigorous challenge of present day administration of justice has to do with criminal law and procedure. Civic and professional organizations, newspapers and magazines, ministers and lecturers, three out of five of the individuals on the street seem to regard the securing of more efficient justice as the most important public question.

One other complaint the ordinary man makes of the administration of justice is expressed by this embarrassing question: Why must he break a contract to find out what it means, and why must he violate a statute to test its validity? It is no answer to whisper some-

thing about the possibility of a declaratory judgment. Some day he may find that civil law jurisdictions have a system of preventive justice. It would be wise to satisfy his crying needs in this regard before he makes the request or devises a system for himself.

Unless the legal triumvirate is able to satisfy the ordinary man's demand for efficient, living justice it will be swept from power as were the triumvirate of Rome, as were our brethren in other days. Over a century and a half of leadership is no guarantee of perpetual authority. A leadership which does not justify itself cannot long endure. Client caretaking is only one phase of a lawyer's duty. Public service of a high order is the distinguishing mark of the profession as long as it deserves that classification.

The law school of today is something more than a trade school. Training competent lawyers is its primary and most important task, but it must also provide a place for productive legal scholarship and research. Law is a science and, like any other science must have those who work in the field of pure science as well as those who work in the field of applied science.

We must look to the law school for creative work in legal scholarship. The courts,

with overflowing calendars, have no time for writing. The able practitioner cannot lay aside his clients' interests. The hackwriter is intent on quantity rather than quality production. Most of the work in the pure science of the law must be done in the law schools, where there is a guarantee of training and scientific attitude. But in all these matters, the participa-

tion of the members of the active profession is necessary. Theirs is the important task of making productive legal scholarship possible through adequate support and of directing the work of research as well as making the practical application of the findings.—*Condensed from an address by U. S. High Commissioner Paul V. McNutt before the members of the Philippine Bar, March, 1939.*

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### *Too Late to Ask Questions*

A MAN who had lost much money in a Stock Exchange crash once asked a Sage this question: "Yesterday my holding in shares was very great. Today it has vanished like the snow. How can such things happen?"

And the Sage answered him: "A certain powerful Chinese mandarin came into the Shanghai Exchange and loudly proclaimed the tidings that his wife had presented him with a little son. Lo and behold, all shares on the Shanghai market went up, and there was universal rejoicing.

"A year went by, and the mandarin once more came to the Exchange and told everyone that his wife had now given birth to a daughter. Up again went prices, and again everybody was delighted.

"A third year passed. Again the mandarin appeared on the Exchange. But this time his news was that his wife had just bestowed twins on him, two girls. Yet, lo and behold, shares all went tumbling down."

"What!" interrupted the other. "The market suddenly went down. What had the mandarin's twins to do with the market?"

"Ah, now you show interest," replied the Sage. "But while the market was rising, you did not ask me that questions. That is always the way of it. People only ask questions when the market falls."—*Magazine Digest.*

¶The best policemen on earth.

## HOW G-MEN ARE TRAINED

EVERY 39 minutes a murder is committed in America. Through plunder, loot, killing and blackmail the direct and indirect monetary cost of the nation's crime reaches \$30,000,000,000 yearly. Responsible is an army of 4,500,000 criminals.

Desperately grappling with this costly octopus are the police of the 48 States and the "G-Men" of J. Edgar Hoover's over-riding Federal Bureau of Investigation. Once an obscure Washington official, Hoover, 43 years old, was recently voted America's most popular boys' hero. A few years ago Public Hero No. 1 was Machine-gun Kelly.

G-men cost the taxpayer \$10,160,000 a year, but from recovered loot and fines on criminals they retrieve more than seven times that amount. How they do it was told in an interesting book, *G-Men at Work*, written by Irish-born reporter Dick O'Connor.

O'Connor is a hot headline-hunter who earned war-wounds fighting for Britain and was bedded for years. On his discharge from hospital he was told he had six months to live. Instead, as a reporter and Fed-

eral agent he has seen every important gangster from Machine-gun Kelly to Al Brady, killed or jailed.

With the help of information supplied by Chief Hoover, he tells the raw stories of "Pretty Boy" Floyd, "Baby Face" Nelson, the "Scarlet Lady" who put Dillinger on the spot, the drive against the White Slave and Numbers rackets. But to Britain's amateur criminologists the most interesting part of his story is his firsthand account of how the Federal "Academy of Crime" works.

G-men challenge even Scotland Yard's record of getting their men, and boast that 95 per cent of all men against whom they lay charges are convicted. Each agent has his own choice of guns, and once he has made his selection he has to practise constantly so that he goes out on the battle-field a first-class sniper.

About 85 per cent of agents are trained lawyers and the rest university men with impeccable private lives and first-class physique. In their science-training, they learn: the use of "dragon's blood," the dust which brings out finger-prints; how to bring out prints on cloth by using

iodine vapour; how to make plaster of Paris casts of foot-prints, type-marks and bullet-holes, and deathmasks from moulage wax.

Experts teach them to link death bullets with guns, and they are trained in explosives, toxicology, photography, electricity, ultra-violet and X-rays. They learn the trick of using a powdered dye on letters written in answer to an extortion note, so that the dye acts on the hand's moisture and blackens the blackmailer's fingers for at least a week.

Within a week a G-man can tell where almost any suit or shirt in the world was made. At head office are kept for reference purposes 1,835 different kinds of ammunition, 2,656 types of tyre tread, 36,422 water-marks on paper, 695 typewriter standards. More than 8,000,000 filed finger-prints, microscopes, test-tubes, spectrographs, refractometers and other precision instruments help to track murderers.

An analysed blood-stain has helped hundreds of times in a criminal's doom. Hairs and scrapings from fingernails, so minute as to defy microscopic

examination, have been burnt and photographed through the spectrograph, and identified with paint found on an opened safe-door. Each year about 35,000 specimens of evidence are thus examined.

In Washington the FBI is a popular tourist centre. On the Department of Justice's fifth floor visitors enter an ante-room to view John Dillinger's death-mask, the straw hat he was wearing when killed, the crumpled snapshot of a girl he was carrying in his pocket, and the silver-rimmed glasses which he hoped would help disguise him but which were smashed by a bullet.

Visitors are asked to leave their finger-prints—all making future crime-detection easier and rallying taxpayers to the banners of the anti-crime crusade.

No G-man is known by name to the public except Edgar Hoover. To him America owes the fact that kidnapping as a paying crime is ended, that no gangster today is worth the title Public Enemy No. 1. "Today," says Hoover, "Public Enemy No. 1 is Politics." At home Hoover collects stamps. —*News Review*.

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¶Should we encourage installment buying?

## BUY AS YOU GO

THERE has been, it seems, a good deal of wringing of hands of late about the poor old well-known human being, who is always getting into trouble. The evil is the installment salesman, and he is at the very front door with his bait and hook and his dotted lines.

Mr. Roger Babson, the statistician, has actually worked up a substitute for installment buying: It is very ingenious, a sort of scheme to buy on the installment plan for cash. All you have to do is to skip one purchase. Instead of buying a watch and paying for ten months, you save the same amount for ten months and then buy the watch. Then you save for twelve months to buy a car, if you want a car, and so on. You will be putting aside monthly payments just the same, but into a bank instead of into a finance company. You will buy for cash instead of on time and get cash prices and avoid interest. And you will be able to sleep o' nights. It is as simple as that. But it overlooks some practical considerations. If you delay ten months in buying watch, you may lose the lady friend for whom you want to buy it.

While you are saving up to buy the refrigerator, you are paying the iceman. And if you save up for twenty years to buy a house, you will also be paying the landlord.

It has another drawback. People won't do it. And still another one—for, if I know my economics, Mr. Babson, who thus comes out for cash as against credit, is preparing to give his well-beloved capitalist system the greatest kick-in-the-pants of its history.

But first a brief glance at what this installment business means in dollars and cents. In 1929, time sales in the United States equalled \$6,500,000,000. In 1936 it was \$4,500,000,000. In 1937 it was \$5,000,000,000—12.2 per cent of total retail sales. Today about 60 per cent of all automobile sales are on terms, 40 per cent of farm machinery, 25 per cent of all jewelry, and probably 75 per cent of electrical appliances.

Of interest is the fact that all this growth has been made possible by the development of instruments for extending credit. In this case it is the finance company. Its business is to finance the sale of dealers. It does not deal directly with the custom-

er. The finance companies handle probably 60 per cent of all installment sales.

The simple truth about all this is that this is a very practical world, and when a gentleman sets out to sell his wares on the installment credit plan, he is confronted with three problems. First, the effect this enticing device will have upon his own business; second, the effect upon the customer; and third, the effect upon society.

First, the businessman. The problem for him is—will it bring him more business and can he operate with sufficiently small losses? On these points there is really very little room for argument. The historical fact is that installment credit has been a major factor in building up one enterprise after another for many years. Men got rich out of installment selling. They still do.

Of course, it is not difficult to find instances of foolish merchants who violated the laws of sound credit and landed on the rocks. But losses on installment sales are small, ranging all the way from less than half a per cent for the automobile companies to 5.4 per cent for jewelry. Hence, there is no reason for a business landing in the bone yard by this means. There are two methods of keeping losses small. Either the merchant must be cautious of

his risks when he makes the sale or he must adopt a system of merciless brutality when he makes his collections. Many businesses have been profoundly injured by the latter policy.

There is scarcely any kind of merchandise which is not sold on the installment plan now. And it is not always true that, because one man gets the consumer's dollar, no one else can get that same dollar.

The automobile business was, beyond dispute, expanded to its present giant proportions through the operation of the installment-payment method of selling. Because it was thus expanded, it created that vast tangle of industries in and part of the automobile industry and resulted in putting a great army of people to work. I once estimated the number of jobs created directly by the automobile. It added up to the staggering total of four million—four million people who drew money incomes from the automobile industry and who could use those incomes to buy not only more automobiles but also suits and hats and groceries and innumerable items in no way involved in the installment business.

However, here enters again my solemn-visaged economic evangelist from the Bible Belt to warn us that "you cannot build a sound economy upon

discounting the future." If there is anything certain, it is that you cannot make this capitalist economy of ours work unless you do discount the future, and rather heavily. As a matter of fact, one reason why it is not working now is because we have pretty nearly quit discounting the future. We have left it to the Government to discount the future.

As a matter of fact, installment credit is in fact a form of short-term credit which is actually least harmful. All credit is at the same time both stimulating and depressive, both helpful and harmful. When it is being granted, it is called credit, and it boosts. When it has been granted, it is called debt, and is burdensome. It is a device for spending the income of the future. Having spent that income once, it can never be spent again. Therefore, installment selling has this drawback, that it is helpful when in good times it is stimulating sales and pushing business ahead. It is burdensome when a depression comes and an enormous volume of installment accounts are outstanding.

In the case of installment selling, however, the debt burden it leaves in its wake is probably the smallest of all the debt weights. Here are the facts.

At the beginning of 1936, the outstanding debt of the

United States—public and private—was 118 billion dollars. Now see how this came about.

At the beginning of 1936 outstanding debts for installment sales were over a *billion and a half* dollars. But there were *twenty billions* in bank loans, and the total debt of the nation was 118 billion dollars. If debt is a burden, it will be seen that the installment share of this burden was less than 2 per cent. And it was not that 2 per cent which did the damage. It was the vast burden of long-term debt. What is more, while installment sales fell off heavily, they apparently never dropped to a figure lower than the outstanding installment debt.

Another fallacious criticism of installment selling is that it curtails savings. Savings is a sort of Jekyll-and-Hyde economic character—with a benignant and malignant countenance. If one unit in the community saves, that's good for him. But if everybody saves, the sum of all this saving would mean ruin. When savings exceed investment, the depression has begun.

Of course, it is an excellent rule to pay cash for things. One can buy cheaper, live free of the importunities of the clerk who is paid to write harrying letters and the collector who often has the social graces of a bouncer.

But it is not all as simple as that.

Take this proposition that installment buying raises the price. That is subject to two important modifications. First, the purchase may effect savings in some other directions as set off against the price. Take, for instance, the purchase of an ice-box. The woman confronted with the problem of buying the refrigerator now, on time, or saving for thirty months and paying cash, must include in the calculation the cost of ice from the iceman while she is saving. Calculate it and you will find that, once she has decided to buy the icebox, it is cheaper to buy at once, even though there is an interest charge.

There are, however, types of goods which in the trade are called "soft" and which belong in the category of current consumables—such as clothing. The average buyer is a dupe to buy clothes on the installment plan. That is an excellent method of cutting down your effective income. For such materials are always a nest of hidden prices because of the cost of installment selling and collection and losses. Many a workman will go on strike, risking starvation and life for a five-per-cent wage raise, and then cut down his income by ten or twenty per cent through ill-advised purchase of clothes, jewelry, and other things on the installment plan.—*John T. Flynn, condensed from Scribner's.*

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## *Journalists in Power*

THROUGHOUT the world journalists have risen to power. Lenin and Trotzky published their small revolutionary papers in Russia and abroad; Stalin edited *Pravda* in Petrograd during the Kerensky regime; Mussolini was a big shot in Socialist journalism in Italy until the French government paid him to edit a pro-Ally paper, and in whose presses Fascism began its advance. Kemal Ataturk once ran a rebel sheet. Hitler had his *Beobachter*. Every French premier has a personal organ, for the press of the Continent is an open weapon with which men and parties fight for power.

In America the ruling powers prefer to let the press maintain the aspect of impartiality and independence so long as wealth, the profit motive and the status quo are never endangered. In Europe the editors and publishers are a part of the political machinery.—*George Seldes in "Lords of the Press."*



¶The future of a rich region.

## MALAYSIA UNDER THREE FLAGS

LINKING Asia with Australasia lies Malaysia, one of the wealthiest areas of the earth and today also one of the most strategic. Here live about 85,000,000 people, of whom roughly 75,000,000 may be classed as Malays, under the flags of the United States, Holland, and Great Britain. Except for Java, Malaysia is sparsely settled. In the Philippines, for example, only one-fourth of the arable land is cultivated, while in terms of food production the islands are capable of sustaining a larger population than that of Japan on the same standard of living and similarly intensive cultivation. British Malaya, the mainland part of Malaysia, which extends from Singapore to the Siamese border, is even more sparsely populated than the Philippines, but its vast wealth is more mineral than agricultural.

If we take Malaysia as a whole, the natural resources are almost fabulous. Except in coal, tungsten and antimony, there is more mineral wealth than in all China, Manchoukuo and Japan combined. Iron is not extensive, but the Philippines alone have more than all China. British Borneo and the Nether-

lands Indies contain some of the richest oil deposits in the world.

Alone among Asiatic peoples, the Malays never developed either a nation or a civilization of very high order. The Filipinos apparently achieved some sort of alphabet, but whether it was invented or borrowed is not known, for all their pre-conquest culture was ruthlessly destroyed by the Spanish.

Invasion, immigration, conquest and close contact with Australasia have all left their impress on both the blood and the culture of the Malays. Probably not more than half of them are racially pure.

Malaysia is polyglot in culture and blood, but all the Malays have much in common. In attitude toward life, they tend to be kindly, smiling, happy-go-lucky, preferring leisure to more tangible things. They never make good coolies; for they won't work that hard.

A survey of a typical rice region in the Philippines, made a few years ago, showed that the average peasant spent only seven hundred and five hours a year working on his farm and about five hundred hours a year in other work, such as fishing—or a total of less than three

hours and a half a day. A Chinese under similar climatic conditions would average not less than ten hours a day and probably more.

Nor do the Malays show much aptitude for business. Where competition is on an equal basis, as in the Philippines, most big business is in foreign or mestizo hands, while small business throughout all Malaysia is largely carried on by the Chinese, with Japanese and Arab merchants also very prevalent.

Another striking difference between the Malays and other Asiatics is their social democracy on the basis of a pronounced sex equality. The Balinese are Hindus in religion, but they never adopted a caste system or the Hindu attitude toward women. Veils are all but unknown among the Mohammedans. Few of the Filipinos have ever adopted the Spanish Catholic traditions of cloisters and chaperons for maidens. Regardless of religion, there is little Puritanism or prudery, and men and women work and play together in equality that long antedated and almost approaches the apogee of the most advanced western feminism.

Love, gambling, and music are the principal pastimes; gambling is the worst vice. The Malays rarely drink to excess, and although both the Dutch

and British maintain opium monopolies, only the Chinese patronize them to any appreciable extent.

Under the flag of the United States, the Filipinos were loosed from the blighting bondage of Spain and endowed with a democratic colonial administration that has enabled them to become the freest and most advanced people *en masse* that exist east of Suez. I make this statement flatly, without exception. In one item alone—literacy—the Japanese are probably somewhat ahead, but in all else—especially liberty and the standard of living—the *mass of the Filipinos are much better off than the masses of Japan*, while comparison with any other Asiatic country would yield fantastic contrast.

On the far other hand, the natives of the Netherlands Indies are the most ruthlessly exploited of any Asiatic peoples excepting possibly the Koreans. The natives of British Malaysia stand between these two extremes.

The American record in the Philippines will probably long stand unique in the annals of imperialism. In many respects it is certainly something to be proud of, but lest Americans be too cocky it is well to remember the conditions under which the islands were seized. They were only incidental to a war

for ousting Spain from Latin America, where the record of the United States has often been none too savory. And they were acquired in an outburst of imperialism that was far more emotional than economic; for American capitalists had too much opportunity in the yet relatively undeveloped United States and in Latin America to take much interest in a colony on the other side of the world. Few Americans ever settled in the Philippines, only about twelve thousand at the peak in 1912; and not more than about \$50,000,000 of American capital was ever invested there, mostly by small entrepreneurs in the wake of the American occupation. Today there are less than two hundred American firms in the Philippines employing less than one thousand Americans at a total annual salary of approximately \$3,500,000!

The worst aspect of American rule has been the color line drawn by most Americans. But, save in such places as the Army and Navy Club of Manila, the Filipinos have never been Jim Crowed. And certainly there was vast improvement from Spanish times when the conquerors ruled, as Governor Izquierdo (1871-1873) put it, "with a crucifix in one hand and a sword in the other." Nor were there ever any *de fac-*

to limitations imposed upon Filipino agitation for national independence. Whatever else any Filipino school child ever learned in his little palm-leafed schoolhouse, he found out and remembered that Patrick Henry had proclaimed, "Give me liberty or give me death."

Dutch colonial policy, in contrast, may be most charitably described as stern paternalism. Every effort is made to keep the natives in their place—a very inferior place. There is practically no education for them; ninety-seven per cent are illiterate in any and all languages. They are even discouraged from learning spoken Dutch, all the Dutch learning Malay instead. Missionary work is severely limited. Proselyting is forbidden; the missionaries can conduct schools and convert a native who asks to be converted, but there must be no evangelical activities.

An equally profound aspect of Dutch policy is that embodied in the rule that no white man can touch a native against the native's will, and this principle is rigidly enforced. Nor is there any police brutality, at least publicly. In many areas, Dutch rule is indirect, through native sultans, and both their rapacity and Islamic law are somewhat mitigated by Queen Wilhelmina's raj. For instance, when a Sumatran *mullah*, act-

ing as judge, sentenced a thief to pay back what he had stolen and have his right hand amputated, the Dutch official who watched the proceedings let the sentence sink in well before he spoke; then, pointing to a picture of Wilhelmina, he said, "Her Majesty, the Queen, does not want any of her children mutilated, so your hand will be saved by her grace, but you must pay back what you have stolen and then work a month on the public highways."

Since the Dutch are much freer from color prejudice than British or Americans, there has always been more interracial marriage in the Netherlands Indies than in the Philippines or British Malaya, and Eurasians springing from Holland on the paternal side enjoy a European status. There are native status, European status, Eurasian status, Chinese status and so on, in the Dutch set-up of *divide et impera*, and particularly in filling government positions these are as rigid as caste divisions could be.

I think there is not a trace of democracy in the Dutch colonial government. The Governor-General, appointed directly by the Queen, rules with the aid of a council of five, all trained bureaucrats whom he appoints with the consent of The Hague. There is one safe native in this quintet. The

*Volksraad*, consisting of about sixty members, the majority of whom are natives, has no power whatsoever; but even so the government has the right to appoint all the members, and, although in practice recognized political parties are allowed representatives, there are always enough official appointees to assure the government a majority.

No civil liberties exist for natives or foreigners; Dutch no less than non-Dutch may be deported for disagreement with the ruling oligarchy. The Governor-General has the right to ban any political organization or newspaper by executive order, and a complete ban on all communications may be similarly imposed.

By way of comparison, a Filipino gets about twice as much for a nine-hour day as a Javanese for a ten-hour day. Neither will work unduly hard.

Such is the Dutch colonial sway that many observers have viewed as a model of imperialism. For many decades, it probably was the most profitable venture in imperialism in all history.

Meanwhile Japan has been penetrating the Indies more and more through both trade and propaganda. And the natives have been more and more kicking over the traces, protesting against the tax on native-pro-

duced rubber, objecting to the import quotas whereby cheap Japanese goods, especially textiles, are restricted, and demanding a new deal politically and economically.

In vivid contrast, Japan's imperialistic rampage has strengthened the American hold on the Philippines—whether the United States wants to keep them or not. Now that the Filipinos are scheduled to become independent, they definitely don't want to be because of fear of Japan: that is the consensus of all Filipino opinion I obtained in a tour of the islands from Manila to Jolo. In public remarks, President Quezon may be cited to the contrary; but down in his heart he, too, would probably prefer an indefinite continuation of the present quasi-dominion status of the islands under the American flag.

British imperialists continue to think that the Tydings-McDuffie Act is not to be taken entirely seriously. At least they hope not, for besides British Malaya they are tacitly committed to defend the Netherlands Indies (in which they have had equal commercial rights with the Dutch since the beginning of Holland's rule), and American aid might be vital for this. The British have been exceedingly fortunate in Malaya. The greatest wealth

from the viewpoint of imperialistic exploitation is in tin, with rubber second.

To one who journeys from Batavia to Singapore, the differences between the Dutch and the British in empire-building show up glaringly. There is no "European status," "native status," "Chinese status," in Singapore. There is, of course, the usual British imperialistic snobbery, but this is a social and not a legal matter. And, however snobbish a British judge may be, he is usually quite impartial when he dons his wig—which is the most impressive aspect of British rule to "heathen breeds without the law."

After the Netherlands Indies, British Malaya seems a haven of liberty. There are, to be sure, more restrictions on civil liberties than in England—or the Philippines—but this is the imperialistic "middle way."

Unlike both the Dutch and the Americans, the British have never either discouraged or encouraged the Malays to become westernized. Considerable English educational facilities are provided, and the Malays can take them or let them alone. For the most part, at least compared to the Filipinos, they let them alone.

Unfortunately for the unity of Malaysia against the Jap-

anese, the Dutch hold the largest link, but there seems to be no doubt that both the Filipinos and British Malays stand firm and loyal under the flags that now fly over them.—  
*Wilbur Burton, condensed from Asia.*

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## *The Stars Tell You*

**WOMEN** will be interested in the following tips given by the screen's leading Glamour Girls:

**BETTE DAVIS:** *Develop a strong personality* by constant study and observation. Watch other girls who seem to be popular, and try to incorporate some of their qualities, without making it too apparent.

**JOAN BENNETT:** *Be a good listener.* This is an old rule, but it still holds true. Every man likes to talk, especially about himself. Encourage this, and you'll find yourself surrounded by swains.

**GLENDA FARRELL:** *Cultivate wisecracks.* Give as good as you receive. The majority of men enjoy swapping *bon mots*; so the more you're able to pass out, without becoming the objectionable life-of-the-party, the more popular you'll be.

**JEANETTE MACDONALD:** *Be natural.* Nothing is so revolting to a man as a girl who is constantly trying to put on an "act." If you're known as being sincere—always yourself—you won't want for friends of the opposite sex.

**SONJA HENIE:** *Smile, and be friendly.* A man always appreciates a girl who can be depended upon to cheer him up. One girl with a smile is worth a dozen with frowns.

**CAROLE LOMBARD:** *Be a good sport.* Be alive, and ready for the beach, the theatre, movies, dancing. Don't selfishly insist upon doing only what you prefer.—*Parade.*

†The evils of eating.

## TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

POSSIBLY few sayings have influenced humanity as much as the well-known "Eat, drink and be merry." None has done more to produce illness and reduce efficiency.

Overeating puts a great strain on the organs of digestion and elimination. If we pause to think a moment we will easily realize that the process of digestion makes great demands upon the heart. The digestive juices can be produced only when the glands that manufacture them receive an ample supply of blood from the heart. Thus the more there is to digest, the more gastric juices are needed and the more the heart has to work.

If we consider the function of elimination we arrive at the conclusion that the more we eat the more residue remains. Which of the organs must bear the greatest burden? The kidneys, of course. For perfect functioning the kidneys require a good blood supply. This supply can come only from the heart. It is not at all strange to find that heart affections and kidney troubles frequently head the list of diseases that decimate the ranks of humanity. Overeating will inevitably produce

useless, fatty tissue that will impose an even greater burden upon the heart.

It is amazing what a small quantity of food is necessary to keep the body healthy. It is not sufficient to be guided by the appetite since very frequently it has been made unreliable by previous excesses. Often we are concerned with the *quality* of the food we eat, its vitamin and mineral content, but how many stop to think of the *quantity*? It is wrong to think that the more we eat the healthier we will be. Excesses are always dangerous.

Let us imagine a healthy stomach rebelling against too much work. Let us consider the kidneys frantically attempting to free the system of too much residue. Let us think of the heart deprived of its valuable reserves.

It is dinner time and Mr. X is not hungry, but the clock has struck seven and he must eat. Wearily he sets about his task without considering that his three best friends, his heart, kidneys and stomach, have only recently finished disposing of a heavy lunch. These three organs decide to rebel and go on strike. Mr. X heedlessly pro-

ceeds with his dinner but the results of the strike become obvious. His stomach flatly refuses to accept any more work.

Naturally, this catastrophe has not come without warning. The heart had already given notice that it planned rebellion by producing an unpleasant heavy feeling in the midsection after every hearty meal, accompanied by palpitations and sharp pains in the chest. Finally, it was not necessary to consume a heavy repast to produce these danger signals. Heart, stomach and kidneys now balked at even a small meal.

Let us not forget our fat friends who loudly protest, "I scarcely eat a thing." Truly they eat very little at table, but they forget the snack that "keeps me from getting too hungry" from one meal to the next. Why resist the temptation to nibble a piece of cake,

or refuse ice cream on a warm day? Of what importance is a piece of chocolate? Or a glass of milk to make one sleep? After such practices is it any wonder that the appetite grows weary and fails to make known any legitimate desire for proper nourishment?

Concentrated foods such as sweets, pastries and spices are digested with difficulty, even in small quantities. The process of digestion takes from four to five hours. Therefore, while the other organs of the body are resting for their next day's work, the heart and stomach are busy working overtime.

It should be borne in mind that frequently heart trouble is the result of an impractical diet. Therefore the best advice is: Be moderate in your eating habits. —*Dr. Alfredo R. Martinez, condensed from Viva Cien Años, Buenos Aires.*

\* \* \*

## Chinese and Yankees

WHEN IN AMERICA, Dr. Wu Tingfang, the Grand Old Man of the Chinese diplomatic service, was questioned sweetly by an American.

"What 'nese' are you—Japanese, Javanese or Chinese?"

After replying that he was Chinese, he asked in turn, "And what 'kee' are you—monkey, donkey or Yankee?" —*Shanghai Post-Mercury.*



¶Mind your own business.

## GOSSIP—HAVE YOU HEARD?

ONE queer thing about gossip is that often you are likely to be especially positive in statement when you are most unsure. I heard once from my hairdresser that my children were adopted. Another customer had told her so. It was interesting news to me, because I had contradictory memories of bringing those children into the world very personally. But the hairdresser said that her customer had told her exactly when and how I had adopted them and had even given in full my reasons for doing it.

Another fascinating bit of biography about myself that I picked up the other day was that I cannot write except when I am in bed, and that I often go to a hospital for months in order to get privacy to write and, I suppose, plenty of beds.

It sounds very restful, but as I always go to sleep when I touch a pillow, and my total hospitalization in four years has been three days, I honestly don't quite believe it. Still, it was told on "the best authority."

The customary defense of gossip is that it is "harmless", which means that it doesn't seriously affect the life of the

person who is talked about. But the individual who cannot keep his tongue off other people's affairs usually sharpens it upon them. That character known as a "kindly gossip" is mythical.

Candidates for high office are almost invariably accused of family and personal scandal, of extra ladies or impending divorces, and such gossip spreads like wildfire among the electorate which is least conscientious and informed. It does two kinds of harm. First, it is usually unjust to the candidate; and second, it diverts the minds of the voters from the issues which should concern them. Many people capable of fine service will not allow themselves to appear before the public in any capacity, because they know that it is increasingly hard for any prominent person to protect himself or his family from gossip or even from blackmail. Usually false gossip cannot ruin a man or a woman. But it can humiliate and enrage a person past the point of endurance, until he refuses all publicity and so drops out of useful public service.

Men and women of supposedly good taste set the coun-

try a bad example by finding newspaper gossip columns so absorbing. We laugh at the "small-town attitude," but it sometimes seems to me that people in cities are adopting the worst of the small-town attitude without the best of it, which is neighborliness. This terrible greed for personal details is nothing except gossip carried to the *n*th degree.

There are some good columns of information about people printed—those which tell the kind of fact which adds real color to the individuality of the world and do not intrude on the decent privacy of living. Knowledge of human beings is fascinating, of course. We want and we need to discuss the personalities of heroes and great men and fine women and failures and successes and criminals, because if we are to understand what makes people tick, sometimes we must take them apart. But we ought to be careful to put them together again. And if we are going to talk about people, we ought to carry both our thoughts and our conversation farther and let our talk grow from the personal subject to the impersonal one.

I know some women who are totally deaf when the conversation becomes generous or tends to praise of another per-

son. They will never, you may be sure, ask if you have heard how good Mr. Smith was to his sister or how well young Clare's recital went. No. They only want to tell you that the Leavitts have just bought another new car, and that the rumor is that those two at last are to be divorced.

But not everyone is like that. Some are deaf to *triviality*. Their ears are too full of the noises of great events, or else they are listening too closely for the sounds of real tragedy or real happenings to hear this other clatter. And these are the most restful people in the world.

I recall another comment I heard the other night after some hours of conversation. "It's been so pleasant," said one woman. "We didn't talk personalities!"

The strange thing was that we had talked personalities. We had talked about Mussolini and Hitler. We had talked about several people in Washington, very seriously and personally. We had discussed office-holders here and there. We had talked about the success of a New York play and its leading actress. But I knew what she meant.—*Margaret Cushman Banning, condensed from Ladies Home Journal.*



¶Where dancing is taught—

## ON WITH THE DANCE

I HAVE long been fascinated by the elegant advertisements of a certain New York dance studio. "Improve Your Dancing" is the arresting heading, and below are listed the advantages of perfect ballroom performance, which seemingly include the acquiring of every amenity, from a good figure to the man of one's dreams. Lured by the promise of special winter rates, which, I notice, change to "special spring rates" or "special fall rates" as the seasons shift, I betook myself to this terpsichorean academy.

The reception room was an impressive salon with a flowered carpet, gilt furniture, and some ornamental nymphs. Alcoves opened off this, and in one of them I could see a slim gentleman struggling with a large lady in a manner that caused me to avert my eyes. I approached a desk of rococo splendor at which two young women were poring over appointment books. Before one stood a mother and son, and before the other a bobbed-haired old beldame of 60-odd, dressed like Janet Gaynor.

The first sibyl of the appointment books flashed on me a professional smile and asked

if there were anything she might do for me. I remarked that I was interested in taking a few dancing lessons.

"Ballroom or tap?" she inquired.

"Ballroom," I answered. The word sounded elegant. "I'm not a beginner," I hastened to add.

She gave me the look one gives a boasting child and said, "You'll have to be examined first."

"I beg your pardon?" I was startled. "I thought one merely engaged an instructor and danced for an hour."

"Mr. Archer is the headmaster here," she said. "He examines your dancing first and diagnoses what's wrong with it." It made me feel my dancing was nothing short of material for the Rockefeller Institute. "Please be seated, and Mr. Archer will take you presently." In a low voice she dispatched a message over the phone.

I sat on a golden love seat, and after a time was told that Mr. Archer would see me. Timidly I entered the small office, and at once recognized the gentleman whose photographs I had seen in the advertisements.

He rose and pleasantly but seriously motioned me to a chair. The situation was so reminiscent of a medical consultation that I had to restrain myself from calling him "Doctor."

"You are interested in dancing, Madam?" he inquired with the reverent tone of someone questioning a true believer.

"I thought I might be getting a bit rusty," I confessed.

"We shall see," he said, and rose. I was somewhat nervous. He turned the switch of a loud-speaker, and the gramophone music from the adjoining rooms filled the office.

"Shall we dance?" he inquired, in such an "Invitation to the Waltz" manner that I sprang rapturously to my feet, forgetting that my lap held three parcels and my purse. They clattered to the floor, and one parcel burst open, ejecting a toothbrush, which the maestro returned to me. After this sordid beginning, he again bowed, and we started. Normally, I am able to start dancing as well as anyone, but the falling-parcel episode had unnerved me. Furthermore, I suddenly realized I had not removed my gloves and was clutching Mr. Archer's immaculate hand in a best English pig-skin clasp. This threw me off my emotional as well as physical balance, and I led off with the wrong foot. We be-

gan all over again, and for some time twirled solemnly around the small office. Suddenly, to my horror, I discovered that I was trembling with tension. Would Mr. Archer think this a sign of love at first sight? There was no telling what Mr. Archer thought. After a time he released me, sat down, and made out a sort of history of my case.

"Madam," he said, "you *could* be a very beautiful dancer, but you are definitely in need of practice. Our Mr. Winkle is excellent for your kind of trouble. Take a course from him and you will be a different person."

Meekly I made out my check for the course and the maestro bowed me out, at the same time telling one of the young women to give me Mr. Winkle. I followed her into an inner region partitioned off by curtains into cubicles. The most distant one contained Mr. Winkle and, discreetly drawing the curtain, the young woman left us to ourselves. He was a tall young man with considerable brilliantine, and he smiled a great deal. Waiting for no preliminaries, he held out his arms and I melted into them.

"How is your chassis?" he asked, referring, it developed, to an elemental dance step. "Why, I don't know," I stammered. "I never knew I had one," he showed me. It was a

trick of turning, bringing the heel in front of the toe—quite useful if it doesn't cause you to trip yourself.

With Mr. Winkle, I fared better than with Mr. Archer, nor did I experience any attacks of trembling. The chief difficulty seemed to be to find topics for conversation. The weather and the fact that there was nothing like dancing only took up a couple of chassis. And so the half hour passed a little awkwardly. Fox trots, tangos, rumbas, waltzes followed one another on the amplified gramophone. At the end of each tune, we would break apart, I would thank him, we would smile shyly at each other, then reembrace and start again. Occa-

sionally, Mr. Winkle would stop to expound the intricacies of some pretty fancy step. I hadn't the heart to tell him that none of the men with whom I am likely to dance would, even in their most plastered moments, attempt such exotic *pas de ballet*.

All this was several months ago. Twice I returned to the dance studio and the impeccable arms of Mr. Winkle; then I let it drop. As a matter of fact, I haven't felt the need for any more lessons. Not that my dancing is so perfect, but I know no one sufficiently affluent to take me out to night clubs, and from the looks of things I doubt if I ever shall.  
—*Cornelia Otis Skinner, condensed from The New Yorker.*

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## *Paying Creditors*

MARK TWAIN lost thousands of pounds in unwise investments. When the crash came, instead of victimising his creditors, he embarked on a lecture tour and paid off his obligations.

Sir Walter Scott went into the publishing business in his later years. It collapsed and ruined him utterly. Undaunted, he set to work to write his way out of his financial difficulties. "I will start over again," he said. "I won't accept defeat." Heartbroken by the death of his wife, suffering severe physical pain, he wrote incessantly and completed two novels which helped to pay his debts.—*Parade.*

## THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN

THE JAPANESE Emperor, being divine, is more than the head of the state. He is the state. Sovereignty is believed by the orthodox to reside actually *in* the person of the Emperor, not in any organ of government. The Emperor and the people are one. Portraits of the Emperor are comparatively rare. By common custom the face is covered with tissue or cellophane.

*Time* magazine published a front-cover portrait of the Emperor in 1936. The editors were asked to appeal to their readers not to handle the magazine upside down, or to place any object on it. The cartoonist William Gropper once caricatured the Emperor in *Vanity Fair*—not very savagely. The Japanese Embassy in Washington immediately lodged an official protest. The Japanese issue of *Fortune*, an admirable job, was suppressed in Japan, not so much for its contents but because on the cover it printed the imperial chrysanthemum, a precious Japanese symbol.

Doctors were not allowed to touch the bodies of the Emperor's father and grandfather, except with silk gloves. The leg-

end is that even the court tailor had to measure the late Emperor's clothes from a respectful distance—which made a good fit somewhat difficult.

Servants in the imperial household purify themselves by special ceremonies before approaching the august presence.

A very distinguished jurist and professor, Dr. Minobe, who had held the chair in government at Tokyo Imperial University for thirty years, lost his job and narrowly escaped assassination because it was discovered that in a book published twenty years before he had referred to the Throne as merely an "organ" of the state.

His Imperial Majesty Hirohito, one hundred and twenty-fourth Emperor of Japan in an unbroken dynasty, was born on April 29, 1901, in Tokyo at 10:10 P.M. He was educated by tutors, in the Peers' School, and on a trip to Europe. He became regent in 1922, when his father, not a strong man, was overcome by illness. In 1924 he married Princess Nagako Kuni, by whom he has five children. On Christmas Day, 1926, Hirohito ascended the throne, and in 1928 he was formally enthroned.

First let us tackle the name. Japan has had only one dynasty in 2,598 years, according to Japanese mythologists and historians; thus no family or dynastic name is necessary. Literally Hirohito, the given name of the Emperor, which is written in two ideographs (symbols) in Japanese, means "magnanimous" and "exalted." The second ideograph in the name, "hito" (exalted), appears in the names of most emperors. Only the first ideograph varies. No one else in Japan may use the syllables "hito" in his name; the law does not forbid it, but implacable custom does. Rumor has it that a peasant in a remote district once named his son "Hirohito"; when he discovered that this was the Emperor's name he killed his family and committed *hara-kiri*.

Immediately an Emperor begins his reign, he chooses another name. This is the name of the reign, while he lives; when he dies, *he* becomes known by this name. Thus the last Emperor, Hirohito's father, was named (at birth) Yoshihito; now he is called "Taisho," the name he adopted for his reign. The present emperor calls his reign "Showa," which means—curiously enough!—"Radiant Peace." After his death his reign will be called the Showa period, and he him-

self will be known, not as Hirohito, but as Showa. Years in Japan are calculated in these periods; 1938 is Showa 12.

Japanese never refer to the Emperor by his name. To do so would be to commit sacrilege.

The term "Mikado" is never used in Japan to identify the Emperor. Such usage of "Mikado" is purely foreign. Literally Mikado means "gate" with an honorific prefix; hence "Gate of Heaven," which is analogous to terminology in our experience, like Sublime Porte. Japanese sometimes use "Mikado" as an indirect way of referring to the Emperor impersonally, as someone in London might as "the Court" to indicate George VI. But he is *never* called "the" Mikado.

Emperors seldom even write their own names; names were not, in fact, used on official proclamations until 1868. Japanese Emperors are not crowned. They simply accede to the succession. There is no crown. The equivalent of coronation is the great festival of enthronement (*Go-Tai-rei*) and the food festival (*Daijo-sai*), held in Kyoto, the old capital, after the accession. These are a combination of secular and religious rites—just as is a coronation in Westminster Abbey—but the religious element is more pronounced.

Three paramount symbols of kingship and divinity play their role in these rites, The Mirror, The Necklace, and The Sword, which the Sun Goddess gave Jimmu as symbols of sovereignty. Of these the mirror is the most sacrosanct, because in it one sees the soul of the sun; even the Emperor is supposed never actually to look at it; in a black box, bound with white silk, it reposes in the great shrine at Ise. A replica of the mirror, however, is kept in that room of the Tokyo palace known as the Kashkidokoro, or place of awe.

The necklace or chaplet, composed of stones—rather like our wampum—is kept in Tokyo. The sword exists only in replica, since the original was “lost” in battle in feudal times. When a new Emperor accedes to the throne, his first privilege is to accept custody of the sword replica, the mirror replica, and the necklace. All three, the supreme holinesses of Japan, go with him to Kyoto for the enthronement; but the *original* mirror never leaves the shrine at Ise, near Nagoya, which is the most hallowed place in Japan. It was put there by an Emperor in the year 3 A. D.

Shinto, the national religion is an extraordinarily difficult concept to define. Recently a government commission spent

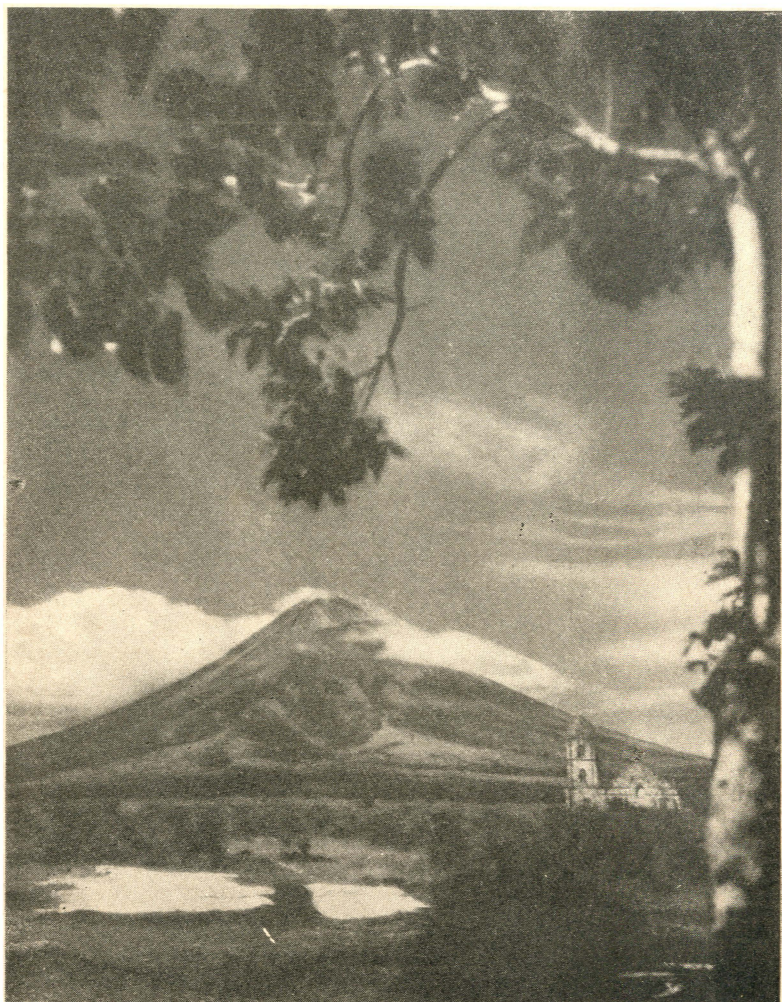
three years trying to do so, and then gave up. In essence it is simply worship of Japan—the nation itself. It exists in two forms, secular and theological; all Japanese patriots are believers in Shinto, but they may be Buddhists—or even Christians—at the same time. Its distinguishing mark is a combination of ancestor worship and patriotism.

The Emperor lives to-day in the inner, hidden halls of Kyujo palace in the center of Tokyo, one of the most formidably picturesque buildings in the world. For centuries it was the fortress and castle of the shoguns; the imperial family took it over on being restored to temporal power in 1868.

In summer Hirohito and his family go as a rule to Hayama, a watering place near Kamakura, about thirty miles from Tokyo. Here the Emperor swims (he is an excellent swimmer) and otherwise relaxes. Often he collects specimens of marine biology for laboratory work. His routine of work, his official occupations, are determined by ancient custom and are severely circumscribed. Twenty-one times each year there are ceremonies of worship to conduct. He receives newly accredited foreign ambassadors, and occasionally gives audiences to other distinguished foreigners.



# Panorama of Philippine Life -



Majestic Mayon



One way to travel





Another way to travel



The - vase

The presentation of letters of credence by a new ambassador is an extremely formal ceremony. The new ambassador is received quite alone. None of his staff enters. He advances, bows three times, and reads his letter. The Emperor then reads his reply. After this there may be a few moments of conversation. The Emperor speaks through an interpreter, who must keep his eyes on the ground, and who whispers. The new ambassador then bows again three times, and departs backward.

When the Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Garner, visited Tokyo enroute to the Philippines, he told friends in his jovial way that, when he was received by the Emperor, he was going to take an American dollar watch from his pocket, and say, "Your Majesty, here is one thing you folks can't imitate and undersell!" Horrified, all the Americans in Japan told Mr. Garner that he must under no circumstances do this, since, if he did, the Emperor's aides in the room would consider that the Emperor had been insulted and would have to commit suicide. In any case Garner gave up the idea—after finding several Japanese watches that *were* imitation American watches selling for thirty cents.

Twice a year, however, the Emperor gives a large garden party—a cherry blossom party

in April and a chrysanthemum party in November—to which journalists are invited, among the 7,000 other guests. This is at variance with the tradition of other royal courts; for instance, newspaper men are as a rule excluded from garden parties at Buckingham Palace. The invitation contains no R.S.V.P.; it is a command. Guests assemble in formal afternoon dress, and the Emperor and Empress walk slowly through the garden from the imperial pavilion. Hats may be worn by gentlemen (of course they are doffed as the Emperor passes), but not overcoats, no matter how cold the weather.

Very occasionally the Emperor gives a dinner party, for instance if a distinguished visitor like a British royal prince is in Tokyo. At a big banquet, the Emperor sits alone on a small dais, higher than his guests. Guests at an imperial party, by universal Japanese custom, must take food away with them. In the old days they were supposed to carry away fruit or rice, as symbol of the Emperor's hospitality; now a small box of cake is given each guest. This should be carefully preserved. Food, any food, is precious in Japan; historically it is a hungry country, and the custom derives from this.

The Emperor plays tennis and golf—persistent rumors

describe a nine-hole golf course inside the palace wall, but no one has ever seen it—but his chief hobby is marine biology.

He is up at six as a rule, and retires early. He neither drinks nor smokes. His health is stated to be good, though he was frail as a boy. He is, as everyone knows, short-sighted. One curious item is that he never wears any clothes twice, not even underwear. The used clothing is given to minor officials, provincial administrators and the like, and is a precious gift.

From one point of view, even though traditionally he never handles money, the Emperor of Japan is beyond doubt the richest individual in the world. This is because he owns Japan. The entire country is his.

The Empress is an exceptionally pretty woman. Between her betrothal and marriage she made a good many public appearances, for instance at such functions as art exhibitions, teas at the Tokyo Woman's club, and so on. In those days she usually wore native-style kimono; since the enthronement she appears almost always in western dress. But her public appearances nowadays are very rare. The Empress was born

in 1903, and thus is two years younger than His Majesty. She is an accomplished musician and tennis player.

Six children have been born to the throne. The first three, one of whom died, were daughters. Vast pleasure surged through Japan with the birth of a boy, the Crown Prince Tsugu, on December 23, 1933. Since then another boy, Prince Yoshi, has been born.

By terms of the Japanese Constitution promulgated in 1889 the Emperor has legal powers far exceeding those of a normal "constitutional" monarch. But the point is also severely established in Japan that the Emperor is outside politics. He may not, by the rule of unchallengeable precedent, participate activity in political affairs.

Thus a paradox. Japan is ruled, not "by" the Emperor, but in the name of the Emperor. The Emperor is a man, as we have seen; he is a God, as we have seen; he is a symbol, as we have seen; he is an embodiment, a projection, of a conglomerate mass of theories and traditions and influences; but is *not* a dictator. He is no Peter the Great, no Stalin, no Cromwell, no Mussolini.—*John Gunther, condensed from Harpers Magazine.*

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## SORRY, YOUR MISTAKES!

WHAT a practical age! No imagination, no sentiment, no longer any faith in Old Mother Hubbard or Alice in Wonderland. An American, Dr. August A. Thomen, now overturns a whole cartload of cherished beliefs and superstitions.

For instance, the idea that people who are very hairy are possessed of great physical strength is exploded. In none of the accounts of famous strong men, either of ancient or modern times, is there any mention of undue hairiness, since Samson's locks were as natural as a Chinaman's pigtail.

It is equally nonsensical to believe that a receding chin is a sign of a weak character. Nor is there any significance in the fact that a man may have a square jaw and a scowl like Mussolini's. Of course, it is to be admitted that if a boy gets the idea that a square jaw is a sign of physical superiority and dominance he may get into many a fight in order to prove it, and in this way may acquire a reputation for pugnacity.

While physiognomists may agree that Hitler has a weaker face than Mussolini, his whole career shows that he is not a less forceful character. In fact,

the idea that one can read character by the shape and structure of the face is illusory. For instance, if a high forehead were an indication of intelligence and culture, the palm might have to be awarded to Eskimos.

It is a relief to learn that to scratch oneself with a rusty pin or nail is not particularly dangerous, because most of us have a dread of this kind of infection. The rust is merely iron oxide which could not of itself make any wound more dangerous. The danger from such a scratch comes from the germ which may be introduced into the wound. So it makes no difference whether the nail is old and rusty or new and shiny.

Neither is whisky a cure for snake-bites. Nor is there much difference between whole-wheat bread and ordinary white bread in the matter of starch content. Nor does Dr. Thomen believe that meat should be chewed more thoroughly than bread, vegetables, or fruit. The digestion of breadstuffs, etc., is begun in the mouth, and therefore, if they are not chewed well they will not be mixed with ptyalin, and will be so much dead weight in the stomach.

It is an error to suppose that the drinking of medicinal waters at health springs is in itself a cure for all ailments. The truth is that these waters have nothing but a more or less laxative effect. The benefit derived at health springs is from simpler diets, change of habits, and the avoidance of excesses.

The belief that fish is a brain food probably was started by the fish industry many years ago. One food is the same as the other so far as the brain is concerned. It is to be noted that at the time when the human brain has its most extraordinary development the child is not eating fish, but is living on its mother's milk.

The belief that people falling from a great height are dead before they strike the ground has been dispelled by aeronautic experiments and parachute jumpers.

Drowning persons cannot be relied upon to rise to the surface three times. Very often they sink at once. Sometimes they rise several times, depending on the amount of water they have taken into their lungs.

The human eye has no power to daunt animals. Nor if you touch a toad you are likely to get warts.

There is a common belief that normal blood pressure should be 100 plus the age of

the individual. The truth is that there is no fixed normal blood pressure as there is a fixed normal temperature. Blood pressure depends upon many things, and what might be alarming in one person may have no significance in another. Generally speaking, any person over 150 is abnormal. For healthy individuals between twenty and thirty the normal pressure is between 110 and 125; between thirty and forty, 115 and 130; between forty and fifty, 120 and 135; and between fifty and sixty, 120 and 140.

Do you think that an electric fan when turned on lowers the temperature of a room? If so, you are far afield. Outside the area of the current the temperature of the room remains unchanged. The cooling is produced by the increased evaporation of moisture from the surface of the body and not by lowering the temperature of a room.

Again, everybody has sugar in the blood. It is not therefore a sign of diabetes. People in good health have about a teaspoonful of it in the blood. Without foundation also is the superstition that to swallow seeds of fruit, is likely to bring on appendicitis. So rarely does a surgeon find a seed in a diseased appendix that when he



does his first impulse is to write the medical journals about it.

As for heart disease, it is not generally the cause of pains in the left chest. They are more likely to be produced by muscular spasms, rheumatic twinges, pleurisy, and aches associated with influenza and the common cold. They are often acute and stabbing, but brief, and not

connected with previous efforts. Pains associated with genuine heart disease are almost always precipitated by effort, physical or emotional. They are not likely to be stabbing or piercing, but distinctly dull, deep-seated, and often vice-like, lasting for a variable time and diminishing gradually.—*Archibald Erskin, condensed from Evening Express, Liverpool.*

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## Japanese War Diary

THE stock picture of the Japanese soldier in China is a uniformed fanatic who is taught from birth that dying for his Emperor automatically gives him a ticket into the Shinto heaven. At home, his relatives are pictured as accepting with happy little Japanese smiles the news of his death at the front.

That war morale among the Children of the Rising Sun may not be quite that bright is strongly hinted in a Japanese war diary, not yet published in English, called *Wheat and Soldiers*, written by Sergeant Ashibeï Hino. In it Japanese readers got their first realistic, human picture of fighting in China—a day-to-day account of thirst, hunger homesickness; of no heroes, but plain men fighting desperately for their lives. And between the lines was something that looked suspiciously like anti-war sentiment:

"We feel," wrote Hino, "that the enemy soldiers who we are killing look so much like us that we could be neighbors." When his company narrowly missed annihilation, he confessed: "I was seized with violent rage that precious life could be damaged so easily . . . We soldiers are not only sons of men, but also husbands and fathers. We are human beings . . . This is not the first time for me to have this sort of feeling. It is one of the most commonplace thoughts on the field of battle."

Six months after publication *Wheat and Soldiers* had become Japans' most spectacular best-seller (almost 5,000,000 copies).—*Time*.

¶Death by electrocution may be soon  
changed with—

## EXECUTION BY GAS

DRESSED in overalls and a blue shirt, a stocky forty-year-old prisoner is led from the death-cell. Guards conduct him to a small, newly-constructed stone cell which he has helped to build.

Inside the bleak room is a heavy chair and a two-gallon jar containing sulphuric acid and water. Above the jar, in a screen container, are ten deadly eggs of potassium cyanide—suspended by a string that stretches to the outside.

The condemned man seats himself in the chair. As guards buckle leather across wrists, ankles, thighs and chest he helps them.

“Good-bye, Bob”, said the jail Governor.

“So long, Matt . . . .”

“Anything I can do . . . any last request?”

“Yes, Governor,” grins the man in the chair, “you might bring me a gas mask!”

The Governor smiles at this grim joke, walks through the heavy, air-tight door and bolts it shut. Outside, he joins the fifty-two spectators (including two women nurses), who are peering through heavy plate glass at the man who is about

to die. The prisoner looks toward the group, nods his head, and the Governor snips the string holding the cyanide eggs.

The pellets splash into the acid and deadly fumes, generated by chemical reaction, sweep upward. The condemned man draws a long breath and then gives a shorter gasp. His eyes close, his head falls back, and his arm and leg muscles twitch violently. Three more lungfuls of the poison and the head sags forward on his chest.

By means of a specially constructed stethoscope the prison doctor records that the prisoner’s breathing stops in about two minutes. At that time the heart also stops for ten seconds and then starts again—beating slower and more irregular until at seven and a half minutes it ceases forever.

Thus R. H. White paid his debt to society.

His execution is significant because he was the first man in the United States to die in the lethal gas chamber—said to be the most painless method of killing.

Nevada was the first State to adopt capital punishment by gas. Since then, five other

States have fallen in line. Arizona and Colorado switched from hanging to gas in 1933, Wyoming in 1935 and North Carolina in 1936. And now California becomes the sixth States to adopt the "stink bomb."

Execution was once thought to be the cure-all for all types of crimes. It was applied with vigour to murderers, thieves and petty criminals alike. As late as one hundred years ago in England the following crimes were punishable by death: gypsies remaining in the kingdom for more than a month, unlawful hunting or shooting of deer, unlawful stealing of fish from ponds, defacing Westminster bridge, destroying growing trees, sending threatening letters.

In the early American colonial days there were twelve crimes punishable by death in New England. These were mostly crimes of a personal and moral nature, such as murder, treason, arson, adultery and witchcraft.

Until recent times, hanging has always been the chief method of execution in the United States.

Hanging does not produce death by strangulation — as many people erroneously believe. When the criminal drops through the trap-door of the gallows, the rope suddenly

checks his fall—breaking or dislocating the neck. However, there have been cases where the neck has not been broken and the man was slowly and painfully strangled to death. In other instances the head has been wrenched off the body!

The electric chair also requires careful preparation to be sure that death is as quick as possible. Although electrocution is said to be speedier than hanging, there is a question about its painlessness. When Ruth Snyder was executed in New York a few years ago, the black hood over her head slipped off just as the switch was pulled. Spectators reported that her face was contorted in horrible and excruciating pain.

The Lethal gas chamber is replacing hanging and the electric chair because it is quicker, more painless and there is no chance for anything to "go wrong."

The lethal gas produced by mixing potassium cyanide pellets in water and sulphuric acid is known to chemists as HCN. Southern California's citrus-growers know it as hydrocyanic acid and they use it to fumigate their orange and lemon trees against pesky scale insects. Physicians say that the drug is a quick paralyzant of the lungs and respiratory organs, and that its effect is almost immediate and painless.

Criminals who die in San Quentin's new gas chamber will probably meet death in that painless way. There will be no physical torture, only a mental

horror of being transformed in a few minutes from a healthy, living body into a corpse.—*Andy Hamilton, condensed from Los Angeles Times Sunday Magazine.*

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## Panoramic Viewpoints

**THE** order of the day is more guns, more ships, more aeroplanes, at whatever cost and by whatever means, even if we have to wipe out completely what is called civilian life.—*Benito Mussolini.*

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**WE** cannot for long be free unless we build a strong economic foundation for that freedom.—*Secretary Manuel Roxas.*

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**BLESSED** is the man who expects nothing, for he will never be disappointed.—*U. S. Senator Ashurst.*

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**MEN** give their souls as women give their bodies by successive well-defined stages.—*André Maurois.*

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**THE** British people are a nation of lions led by asses.—*H. G. Wells.*

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**STRONG** and bitter words indicate a weak cause.—*Victor Hugo.*

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**LOVE** is an ocean of emotions, entirely surrounded by expenses.—*Lord Dewar.*

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**WE** live on momentum. If you stop going, you are finished.—*Smedley D. Butler.*

¶Germany's anti-religious policy.

## WILL THE CATHOLIC CHURCH BE HITLER'S WATERLOO?

HITLER has proclaimed that Germany is a "Christian state," but has entrusted its intellectual and cultural life to Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, whose books are banned by the Pope as anti-Christian. Hitler himself was baptized a Catholic. Goebbels received his training at the hands of the Jesuits. But Hitler has not protected the church from insult, and Goebbels has inveighed against his teachers. The Nazis point out that Germany was almost destroyed in the Thirty Years' War by the conflict between Protestants and Catholics; they contend that the totalitarian state cannot permit history to repeat itself.

Hitler made a treaty or "Concordat" with the church under the persuasion of von Papen. But almost from the beginning there were disputes. The Nazis did not, at least in the beginning, interfere directly with Catholic organizations, but they succeeded in starving them out. No teacher could belong to both the Catholic Teachers' Society and a similar Nazi association. No worker could join the German Workers' Front and the Catholic Workers' Society. But if they did

not belong to the Nazi organization they could neither teach nor work in Germany and were suspected. Pressure was used to make parents withdraw their children from parochial schools.

At times the relation of the church and the state seemed to run smoothly. Eminent Catholic prelates pledged their support to the National Socialist Government. But they had overlooked certain passages in Hitler's book *Mein Kampf*. Cardinal Faulhaber, the redoubtable Archbishop of Munich, did not share the illusions of his colleagues. He finally refused to compromise with an ideology which places the demands of the state above those of God. The situation is complicated by the fact that in Germany both the Protestant and the Catholic churches are supported by taxes.

A totalitarian state based on race must necessarily clash with a universal church which embraces all races. Germany, like Italy, forbids marriages between Aryan and non-Aryan Christians. The church does not encourage such marriages, but cannot forbid them without questioning the validity of its own sacraments. It can make no dis-

inction on racial grounds between those who have received its baptism. The bitterness of the church was accentuated after the annexation of Austria. In Austria a church marriage was essential. In Germany no marriage was recognized as valid without a civil ceremony. When the German law was extended to Austria, Cardinal Innitzer, who had voted for the annexation, protested violently. Nevertheless, a working agreement between church and state could be established. But there are certain cardinal points upon which the church cannot compromise. It cannot surrender its right to teach the young, and it cannot surrender its claim to universality without betraying its divine commission.

Certain radical factions among the Nazis welcome a split between the church and the state. They advocate the creation of a national "German Church," embracing, if possible, all Christian confessions. One leading Catholic suggested, in conversation with me, the nomination by the Pope of a "Patriarch" for all Germany. This German "Patriarch" was to appoint all German bishops and priests, eliminating the Papal Nuncio and the Pope. This compromise was intended as a sop to Nationalism. However, the overwhelming majority of German Catholics rejects this

solution. The Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, repudiated any such suggestion with scorn. His celebrated encyclical, *Mit Brennender Sorge*, issued on Passion Sunday, March 14, 1937, emphasized the indivisibility of the Roman Church.

Six days later secret messengers distributed his message among all parish priests in Germany. The next morning it was read from every pulpit, but no German paper was permitted to print the text.

The Nazis have never forgiven the church for a time when members of their party were denied the sacraments and Christian burial. This accounts for the absurd claim that the church encourages Bolshevism. To break the hold of the church, the Nazis have instituted a number of sensational trials against priests and lay brothers on the ground of "immorality." Only six out of one thousand priests were found guilty.

Pope Pius XI pointed out in his encyclical that he had sought at all times peace with Germany. He accused the Nazis of violating the "natural law," the law "written by the hand of the Creator on the tablet of the heart." It is difficult, in view of recent events in Germany, to deny this.

Following the broadcast of the Holy Father, the German

bishops issued a pastoral letter, never printed in Germany, accusing the Nazis of desiring "to destroy the Catholic Church" and "to root out Christianity." They reiterate their fidelity to their country, and declare that "for the wrong which some in our own people and our own country inflict upon us, the Fatherland must not suffer."

Since then Cardinal Innitzer has been attacked in his palace, Catholic feasts have been disturbed by hooligans, Cardinal Faulhaber has been insulted publicly. The persecution of the Jews and of outstanding Protestants, like Pastor Niemöller, and constant attacks upon the Holy See are creating a common front against the neopagans. Tension against the neopagans increases throughout the world. Cardinal Mundelein did not mince words in his attack on Hitler. More recently the Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore, said:

"I denounce the madness that has taken possession of the Nazis of Germany in these days of persecution of helpless, innocent Jews . . . The mobs in Germany are headed and dominated by a madman, Hitler, who was baptized a Catholic, but who has proven false to all the teachings of that church—false to the teachings of Jesus, our Saviour I denounce and

condemn the Nazi Minister of Propaganda, the cripple-minded Goebbels . . . Long after Hitler is dead and forgotten the Jews will still be living in Germany. At least I know the Catholic Church will be . . ."

That is pretty strong language from a bishop. Is it a declaration of war? For as yet neither the Pope nor the Fuehrer has denounced the Concordat. The Papal Nuncio is still in Berlin; the German ambassador has not been recalled from the Vatican. However, open war may ensue.

"My only hope," a German bishop remarked to me in Rome, "is this: One of those sudden inspirations that enabled Hitler to make peace with England, France, and Poland may enable him to make his peace with the church."

It will not be enough for Hitler to make his peace with Rome; he must also reconcile the Protestants and the Jews. It will take a great deal to erase from the memory of the world the inhuman vengeance wrought upon Germany's helpless and hapless Jews for the deed of one senseless boy. Unless Germany has the courage to repair these wrongs, she may find herself morally isolated. Hitler is a shrewd psychologist, with his ear to the ground. Is it possible that he will be deaf to the advice of Germany's

friends, just as Napoleon refused to heed his most loyal advisers before embarking upon his doom?

Every Napoleon meets his Waterloo. The church may be Hitler's! — *Donald Furthman Wickets, condensed from Liberty.*

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## *Writing is Magic*

WRITING is a sort of magic. You have a thought. It flits through your mind without form. Sometimes it has no words—no voice. Still it charms you and you wish to keep it. Write it down. Watch the magic begin to work. There is a host of words that cluster about every thought. Which will you use? They must be as good as words can be. They must shimmer and glow and sparkle. They must have strength and meaning. They must clothe your thought in beauty. Carefully you pick your way. You choose the words that please you, the ones that fit your thought. A strong word there, a stirring phrase there, a sharp hard line, and the magic stands clear. Thought and word and beauty have become one.

Writing is a magic that you learn from the great masters. Live with their books. Read the bits that please you again and again. Let them seep into your mind and give it quality. To know what is good and to aspire to do as well are one and the same thing.

When you have a thought write it down. Write it as well as you know how. Write it for others. Write it for yourself. It is a way of growth.—*Angelo Patri, from Youth.*

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## *Just Flying Low*

WHILE DRIVING through a town at high speed, a man was stopped by a motorcycle policeman.

"What!" cried the driver. "Was I going too fast?"

"Nope," replied the cop. "Just flying too low."—*Successful Farming.*



¶The terrible ways of the shark.

## KILLER OF THE SEAS

PHYSICALLY, the shark is a marvel. Ghostly, golden eyes alert, keen nose delicately attuned to the scent of prey, the long, graceful fusiform shark slithers majestically now on the surface, now along the bottom. His teeth, in five to seven rows, are the terrible weapons which trap his prey. With but one bone-like structure in his body, the shark consists chiefly of muscles. Most important are the two muscles of his tail, stretching from the head to the caudal fin, providing his motive power. These are matched only by the muscle of the lower jaw, which give its owner the ability to bite through the tough, protective armor of another shark or to crunch tough turtle shell to bits. Perpetually hungry, he cruises on a constant search for food, never relaxing his vigilance, never stilling his great fins, never sleeping.

From time immemorial, men have lived in dread of these omnivorous brutes. No white swimmer will linger to dispute the watery domain with a shark. Brown-skinned natives of many countries hold the shark in contempt—for a peculiar reason. A shark is not curious about a dark object! Yet

even dark-skinned natives will hesitate to swim at dusk in shark-infested waters.

It has been charged that these predatory fish are cowards, scared by shadows and loud noises, wary of baited hooks. Such observations are well-founded, for rubber-suited divers are never molested below. While the rising column of escaping air bubbles attracts sharks, any sudden movement or a quick burst of released air will send them scurrying for safety.

But shouting will not scare them, since ears as such do not exist. Sharks receive impulses through the skin; they may be sent dashing off by banging on the bottom of the boat, but if any toothsome scent is liberated in the sea, they will come cruising back, silent and sinister. Of all the special senses, smell is probably of the greatest service to most sharks. When, in the course of an experiment, the nostrils were plugged with cotton wool so as to prevent any circulation of water through the nose sacs, the sharks would swim over any food without detecting it.

Blood scent seems to drive sharks crazy. When blood is

spilled into water with sharks present, the surface is suddenly lashed by tremendous surges and flurries of fin and tail. Then danger threatens anything within reach of gaping jaws, and woe betide the luckless creature unable to make good its escape; it will be snapped to bits and swallowed in gulps until nothing is left. In this temporary insanity, the ferocious fish discard their natural caution, and will unhesitatingly attack not only any foreign object but each other as well. Once a piece of fin is sliced off a shark, the others rush in for the kill, worrying and tearing at the carcass until it sinks out of sight.

Sharks seem to show a remarkable insensibility to pain. When whales were caught in the last century, many sharks lured to the spot would rush the carcass for a quick bellyful of juicy meat. Thrusts from sharp spades in the hands of the sailors had little effect; sharks returned to the feast again and again, ignoring multiple wounds, until they died in the act.

Bright objects are another irresistible lure to a hungry shark. Bottles, tin cans, horses' hooves and other strange things are discovered in dissected shark stomachs. While the enzymes of their digestive tracts are powerful enough to corrode most things, it is a peculiar talent of

the shark that it can disgorge the contents of its stomach practically at will, as so often occurs when the brutes are captured.

The small brain, located between the eyes, offers the shark hunter his best method of dealing death. With a blow from a stout club or short section of pipe, even the largest sharks can be stunned with ease. But it takes a seasoned hand to get results.

Shark meat is good to eat, contrary to popular belief. Shark hunters and Eskimos have eaten it as a regular diet. During the war, tons of shark meat found their way to dining tables, although not under this bald name. Today, also, the meat is still eaten. It is sometimes known as rock salmon, gray-fish, file of sole, scallops, and swordfish.

For centuries sharks swam the seas unmolested. Within the last twenty years, however, demands for shark products have been growing, and today adventurous fishermen kill the shark and reduce his carcass to various useful substances.

Dried and salted shark meat is made into fertilizer. Livers, full of oil, weigh usually about one-fourth of the weight of a shark, and have a high medicinal value. Fins are sold to Chinese customers who make soup of them and consider it a deli-

cacy. Viscera will soon rot, their high ammonia and acid content being potent aids to fertilization of plants. Teeth, and even eye pupils, are used for making a crude type of jewelry and advertising novelties. The hide, made into leather, far outclasses cowhide in durability, toughness, and beauty.

Natives of coastal lands know full well that sharks, provided with serrated, scimitar-sharp teeth, are to be assiduously

avoided if there is blood in the water, or at dusk when most actual shark attacks seem to occur. Widespread accounts of death by shark bite are encountered throughout Polynesia, the Philippines, and South Seas.

Caution is the better part of valor if an ugly green fin is spied slicing along the surface; thus advise the shark hunters who have spent years tracking down the tigers of the sea in all climes and oceans.—*Horace S. Mazet, condensed from Travel.*

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## *Nothing to Say?*

EVEN the best talkers are sometimes at a loss for an appropriate remark at a social gathering. With this in mind, Christopher Billopp, of the *Baltimore Evening Sun*, compiled a list of things to say. Because it fills a long-felt want, it is published here. By memorizing this list, no one need be tongue-tied. Billopp now speaking:

You're growing fat. You're growing bald. Where did you get that hair-cut? Is that a fever blister? Who hit you in the eye? What happened to your nose? You're getting a double chin.

You're looking better than you did. Is that a gray hair? You forgot to shave this morning. Oh, are you bow-legged? What's that on your face? Hold your shoulders back. Your underskirt's showing.

You've lost your color. You're getting quite a bay window, aren't you? You're getting large around the hips. Haven't you lost a good deal of weight? Have you lost a tooth? Green makes you look sallow.

The tie doesn't go very well with the shirt. What makes your waistcoat wrinkle that way? Aren't you feeling well? Stop frowning. Are those crows' feet? Your hair isn't naturally curly, is it? You've got a cold, haven't you? What makes your nose so red on the end? When did you last have that suit pressed? You are not as young as you were. There are lines under your eyes. What's that? You don't like to be told? Goodness, but you are sensitive!—*The William Feather Magazine.*

¶Do you know that legally any Catholic male may be chosen Pope?

## HOW THE POPE IS CHOSEN

THE responsibility for choosing wisely the Pope of the Roman Catholic Church rests with the Sacred College of Cardinals, assembled in solemn Conclave. By canon law previous Conclaves began within ten days of the Pope's passing. The Conclave originated in 1271, after the Cardinals had been deadlocked for two years in the vote for Pope Clement IV's successor. The impatient populace locked that College into the episcopal palace at Viterbo and, when the stalemate persisted, removed the roof and fed the prelates bread and water. Even so it was not until nine months afterward that Gregory X was chosen.

Present procedure is similar but less drastic. The first ceremony is High Mass and communion in the Pauline Chapel. Then the Cardinals, clad in purple robes and white surplices, enter the Conclave and their allotted "cells." Toward evening, the master of ceremonies shouts "*Extra omnes!* (All out!)" Everyone except the Cardinals, their secretaries, valets, and clerks—altogether about 300 persons—must leave the palace. Windows are sealed on the in-

side with lead. For emergency messages, the Cardinal Camerlengo installs a revolving drum in one portal then locks all gates from the inside. The Master of the Conclave—traditionally one of the Princes Chigi—bolts the gates on the outside. No one enters or leaves until a Pope is "made."

Every man within is sworn to perpetual secrecy (a regulation imposed by Pius X after Cardinal Mathieu of France had published intimate details of the 1903 election). Following the tradition established at Viterbo, both food (cooked by nuns) and furniture verge on the ascetic.

On the second morning balloting begins. The Cardinals seat themselves under baldachins (canopies) lining the walls of the Sistine Chapel. On individual ballots each names his candidate and signs with his own name and identifying symbol. He then goes to the altar and deposits his ballot in a chalice. Thus the prelates are polled four times daily.

When all have voted, a clerk dumps the ballots into another chalice, counts them, passes them to a second clerk, who

passes them to a third, who reads the votes aloud.

If a two-thirds majority for any candidate is lacking, the presiding Cardinal Dean takes the ballots to an incongruous-looking cast-iron coal stove and puts them inside with a bunch of straw. Carried through the roof via a crude stovepipe, the resulting black smoke informs the multitude waiting in St. Peter's Square that voting will continue. When a majority has been achieved, the Dean examines the signatures to make certain the Cardinal chosen has not illegally voted for himself. Then he burns the papers without straw, and the smoke—white, this time—broadcasts the fact of election.

The moment a candidate attains the majority, the Dean steps before him: "Dost thou accept?" If the nominee does not, voting goes on (as it did when Cardinal Laurenti humbly refused in 1922). If he murmurs "Accepto," all Cardinals except he immediately lower their baldachins in token that he is their superior. The Dean asks: "How dost thou wish to be called?" Because Jesus gave Simon the pontifical name Peter, the new Pope chooses a name other than his own.

The Pope now retires to the sacristy, where sets of white papal robes in three sizes have

been prepared. When he returns, the Cardinals kiss his foot and hand in homage, then receive his kiss of peace. The Cardinal Camerlengo encircles his finger with the new Fisherman's Ring. Finally another member of the College steps to the outer loggia of St. Peter's and shouts to the crowd below "Habemus Pontificem! (We have a Pontiff!)" The Holy Father then appears and pronounces his first blessing "to the city and to the world!"

Under canon law, any adult Catholic male may be elected Pius' successor. But since 1378 the Pope has always been a Cardinal; since 1532, always an Italian.

Of the present 35 Italian cardinals, eleven are over 70, hence regarded as too old, sixteen others are members of the Curia—those who work in Rome as administrators, diplomats, and papal advisers. In the past popes were selected from "evangelical" candidates, religious-minded rather than political. A papal Secretary of State had never been elected—and that, on grounds of precedent, at least—should have eliminated the best-known Cardinal of all, Eugenio Pacelli. In spite of these considerations, however, Cardinal Pacelli was chosen Pope. He has taken the name of Pius XII.—*Based on Newsweek.*

¶Law students should use better English.

## ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE

I HAVE just finished grading a set of 225 law school examination papers. The writers are all graduates of accredited high schools. All have attended some presentable college for at least two years and about half of them are Bachelors of Arts. They are all educated young men, and since the law school's standards are high and the work is notoriously difficult—it may reasonably be supposed that they are a selected group.

The examinations I have inflicted on them are very old fashioned and not at all in accordance with the dictates of modern pedagogy. In the first place, they are of the "essay" type. In the second, they are four hours long—a fact which occasionally leads to something approaching nervous prostration from the sheer strain of thinking for that length of time. Worst of all, they do not even inform the victim what the problem is but leave him to discover it for himself. The questions consist of a set of facts of the sort which may wander into any lawyer's office, and to these facts he is expected, in his own words, to apply the law.

Here, verbatim, is one young man's answer to one question

involving an apartment house elevator, some children who set it in motion, and their mother, who suffered a miscarriage from fright:

"Defendent should be libel for the freight. Children are all ways foreseible by a reasonable man the fear of children and their consequences freight is all ways to be antissipated from a woman. Wimmen are afraid of children and she could foresee when he left the elevator open that there might be children and she might be frightened and have a miscariage. The owner of a bilding is required to keep the premaces safe for people who come to visit the tennents and when he causes fear of children and a miscarriage he should pay for the freight."

The author of this scandalous paragraph is a graduate of a high school of excellent reputation in a city of 300,000 people, and has been exposed to a course in English composition at a rather eminent university. He is seeking to enter what is, after all, one of the principal literary professions. The average lawyer in the course of a lifetime probably does more writing than the average novel-

ist. He must set thousands of words on paper where the most meticulous accuracy is of supreme importance, and the use of "effect" for "affect," of "except" for "accept," of "heirs" for "legatees," or of "may" for "shall," may conceivably bankrupt a client. He must use the English language with all the precision of a surgeon wielding a scalpel. When I look upon this candidate for such a life of literary composition I am reminded of the cry of Henry Van Dyke to the boy who did not like to read: "Poor child! Who crippled thee?"

The above example is of course extreme. Not many of my embryo counselors at law involuntarily introduce the doctrines of Mrs. Sanger into questions dealing with legal liability for emotional disturbance. Not many of them are really good for a laugh. But very, very many of them are hopelessly, deplorably inept in the use of words to say what they mean, or, indeed, to say anything.

One might, perhaps, pass over all the bad spelling, although it goes against the grain to graduate from any major law school men who, after three or four years, still write "negleganse," "arest," "sueing," "assaut and batery." Surely there is something wrong when 20 papers, selected entirely at random,

yield "speshal," "titel," "vishious," "ofer," "beleaf," "gilty," "rong," "insolt," "attact," and more than a score of other similar spellings of common, nontechnical words. But after all, I suppose this may not be very important. Perhaps it is too much to ask that an attorney, an officer of the court and a gentleman, shall not be illiterate, so long as he can find a stenographer who can spell.

One might also overlook all the bad grammar, although it is difficult not to wince at "could of been," "not done nothing," "hadn't ought to of," "had went," "when he done same," and "these cases is," and the like, from college men seeking to enter a learned profession. But it is not so easy to dismiss the appalling lack of ability to organize a paragraph or even a sentence, to say simply and clearly what is meant. For weary hours I have struggled profanely through dismal swamps of incoherence, of which the following is a fair, by no means exaggerated example:

"The buyer has an action for breech of warenty if he has gave notice to the seller in reasonable time Uniform Sales Act sec. 48 after he knows of the defect there is a trade name here but here he does not give such he has an action no action for breech of warenty also after he

reasonably ought to of known the warenty would be implied warenty of merchantable quality there thirty days is too long . . . .”

In 16 years of education, through grade school, high school, and college, the author of this passage has not acquired the ability to think through what he has to say, organize it coherently, and write it down. It is not his memory of the law which is at fault; the answer is there, if one excavates deeply enough. He simply never learned to think in terms of his own written language—certainly a very elementary skill. He has traveled a long educational road to plague my evenings with compositional *sukiyaki* like that. To the end of his days he will remain convinced that he was not treated fairly on the law examinations, because he knew all the answers but “didn’t know how the faculty wanted them written.” In greater or less degree, he is typical of hundreds. Poor child, who crippled him?

It is not for me to stay where the responsibility for all this may lie. It is easy to leap to the conclusion that there must be astonishingly low standards in any English department which has passed these students on. But I do not believe that the fault lies primarily with the colleges. Confronted

with an entering class of a thousand in all stages of literary deficiency, the teacher of composition can do little more than require a daily theme and deal savagely with the blunders. It is a rare student who, given 24 hours and a fraternity brother to help, cannot produce something which will pass muster. Once the unpleasant chore is out of the way, he relapses into his own written language, which resembles nothing unless it be Mark Twain’s German. Teachers of college English must be reminded constantly of that phrase of Bolivar’s that he who fights for liberty in Spanish America plows the sea.

One learns to write, I think, for better or worse, in high school or even before that. The last real opportunity for drill in the fundamentals is in the secondary school. For whatever reason, and however the job is being done, it is apparent that their current product is not one of which anyone can be proud.

What is to be done about all this? I wish that I knew. We can do little in the law school except guard the professional gates pretty brutally. The damage has been done long ago. I wish these people could be taught to write English. Or, failing that, I wish they would not come to study law.—*William L. Prosser, Professor of Law, in the English Journal.*



## DOES MARRIAGE HARM THE ATHLETE?

"No woman ever did a fighter any good," enthusiasts tell you. "The prize-fighter and the lady just don't mix."

To prove their point they will point out that Jack Dempsey started to fade shortly after he married Estelle Taylor, that Max Schmeling had a bad year after his hymeneal, that Joe Louis, the Chocolate Dropper, turned soft and lost to Schmeling after his marriage. They snort disgustedly and agree that women ought to be kept as far away from the ring as possible—even at a scalpers' prices.

Look at the other side of the argument. In virtually any sport you can name there are dozens of top-notch married athletes. These men and women have not been enervated by the slippers and the fireside. Despite anything the hanger-on may say, Joe Louis and Max Schmeling both seem able to give a pretty good account of themselves in the ring. Ellsworth Vines, Fred Perry, Baron Von Cramm, Bunny Austin, and Jack Crawford all play a rather fair tennis game despite the fact that they are married.

Frankly, I fail to understand how marriage can interfere with an athlete's efficiency just as

long as he follows a sensible training routine. Sex is probably less a problem to those married, than it is to the bachelors and spinsters. The sexual urge and desire to mate are natural in the athlete despite exhaustive exercise. Every coach has to cope with this problem, and in a great many cases those single are the worst offenders.

Opinions among leading gynaecologists, urologists and psychiatrists are almost unanimous to the effect that marriage or sex *per se* does not affect the athlete, provided that the individual is sensible and adaptable.

However, you will find in the more violent contact sports an attempt on the part of managers and trainers to avoid the marriage of their athletes. Obviously, it is difficult to draw the line between a perfectly regulated marital life and one in which some slight over-indulgence exists, especially where the athletes concerned can hardly be bracketed with the intelligentsia. So it is that most boxers are not permitted alone with their wives for a period of at least six weeks before a big fight; that no lady loiterers are permitted around training camps; that most professional hockey

contracts contain a clause forbidding players to marry during the season—not until May, to be exact—and not within two or three months preceding the opening of the season.

A questionnaire was sent to fifty prominent married sports figures. The replies indicated definitely that with training habits checked, and diet supervised, training was better and more regular. Most of those queried felt that their endurance was better since marriage because of this factor. Apparently marriage and a well-controlled sex life offered the most satisfactory solution to the problem which previously existed for them as single athletes. Sex as the frustrated desire of the unmarried athlete can be far more harmful than sex as the regulated practice of the married man.

In the final analysis, the question of whether or not marriage harms the athlete boils down to

the complex make-up of the individual himself. There is no universal regimen for training. A schedule is applicable only in the case of the individual, and he should be responsible to, and for, the schedule.

If an athlete is going to rise to great competitive heights, he must have a flaming desire to win, a sincere belief in his ability to do so, a grim singleness of purpose, and the ability to relax or fire up as the occasion demands. Requisite confidence and poise are gained only by following at periods a rigorous training regimen, whether the athlete be married or not.

The fact that an athlete is married does not necessarily deprive him of these qualities. On the contrary, there is considerable evidence that a well-regulated married life can be made an asset to anyone wishing to follow an athletic career.—*Marvin A. Stevens, condensed from Sports Illustrated.*

\* \* \*

### *Not Insurable*

A MAN went to an insurance office to have his life insured the other day.

“Do you cycle?” the agent asked.

“No,” said the man.

“Do you motor?”

“No.”

“Do you, then, perhaps fly?”

“No, no,” said the applicant, laughing; “I have no dangerous . . .”

“Sorry, sir,” the agent broke in, “but we no longer insure pedestrians.”—*Parade.*

## PANORAMA QUIZ

THIS feature is intended to test your fund of information on matters that an educated person should know. Read each question carefully. Check the answer you think is correct. After you have gone over all of them, look up the correct answers on page 67.

1. Oxford University in England is known for its method of education, now being copied in American schools and known as the: (1) *objective examination system*, (2) *practical system*, (3) *tutorial system*, (4) *lecture system*, (5) *conference system*.

2. That, famous painting, *The Boy Blue*, was done by: (1) *Juan Luna*, (2) *Murillo*, (3) *Millet*, (4) *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, (5) *Whistler*.

3. There is only one correct statement among the following: (1) *Antarctic refers to the North Pole area*. (2) *Aguinaldo was the leader of the Katipunan society*. (3) *An archipelago is a large island*. (4) *A molecule is larger than an atom*.

4. One of these is a Roman goddess: (1) *Democritus*, (2) *Diana*, (3) *Mercury*, (4) *Calpurnia*, (5) *Aspasia*.

5. Closest in length to a six-foot man is: (1) *a fathom*, (2) *one meter*, (3) *a league*, (4) *one hundred inches*, (5) *a yard*, (6) *a cubit*.

6. Next to the United States, the largest producer of mineral oil in the world is: (1) *Venezuela*, (2) *China*, (3) *Russia*, (4) *Nether-*

*lands East Indies*, (5) *Iran*, (6) *Roumania*.

7. Insulin can now be taken in tablets. This should be great news for all suffering from: (1) *diphtheria*, (2) *malaria*, (3) *tuberculosis*, (4) *diabetes*, (5) *bronchitis*.

8. One of the two old countries forming a modern democracy most recently annexed by Hitler to Germany in violation of his word to England and France in Munich is: (1) *Carpathia*, (2) *Ruthenia*, (3) *Bulgaria*, (4) *Bohemia*, (5) *Austria*, (6) *Sardinia*.

9. The Bridge of Sighs is in: (1) *London*, (2) *Rome*, (3) *Naples*, (4) *Venice*, (5) *Chicago*, (6) *Vienna*, (7) *Florence*.

10. One of these sentences uses the word *expatiate* correctly: (1) *The guide expatiates on our danger*. (2) *He never expatiates for good work*. (3) *He expatiates me beyond endurance*. (4) *The doctor expatiated my wound this morning*.

11. *Mein Kampf* is important to the Germans and their country because it is: (1) *the motto of the Nazi Party*, (2) *the system of concentration camps*, (3) *a battalion of German soldiers*, (4) *the auto-*

*biography of Hitler, (5) a new German gun.*

12. If you know anything about modern China, you should be able to tell that Lin Yutang is: (1) *The Chinese ambassador to the United States,* (2) *A famous Chinese author who writes of modern China,* (3) *A notorious Chinese bandit,* (4) *A Chinese general who sided with the Japanese.*

13. If polygamy is the state of having more than one wife, then the state of having more than one husband is: (1) *polytheism,* (2) *polygyny,* (3) *polyandry,* (4) *polymorphy,* (5) *polymanis.*

14. The proximate cause of the war between the U. S. and Spain in 1898 was: (1) *The cruelties of King Philip II.* (2) *The sinking of the American battleship Maine.* (3) *The suppression of democracy in Cuba by Spain.* (4) *The desire of the U. S. to help the revolting Filipinos.* (5) *The execution of Dr. Jose Rizal.*

15. The Manila councilor, Carmen Planas, who criticized President Quezon for taking part in the last election was: (1) *sent to jail by the court,* (2) *discharged from her position as councilor,* (3) *reprimanded by order of the President,* (4) *exonerated completely by her investigator Jose Gil.*

16. President Elliot of Purdue University and Dean Packer of Iowa University who recently made a survey of the University of the Philippines are said to have found

that: (1) *The U. P. is inefficient,* (2) *The President of the University should be removed.* (3) *The University should be transferred to Marikina.* (4) *The English courses in the University are not adequate.*

17. Many Filipinos want another plebiscite on Philippine independence in 1945 when such was the very scheme which was originally provided for, but rejected by President Quezon, in one of these congressional measures: (1) *the Bacon Bill,* (2) *the Jones Law,* (3) *the Hare-Hawes-Cutting Law,* (4) *the Tydings-McDuffie Act,* (5) *the Jones-Costigan Act.*

18. Besides being a physician and novelist, Dr. Jose Rizal was also known as: (1) *an astronomer,* (2) *a general,* (3) *a sculptor,* (4) *a mathematician,* (5) *a jurist.*

19. Having a one-man chief executive is often dangerous; so in one of these countries the executive is a board or commission of seven members, one of them acting as president, who is a mere chairman of the board for one year: (1) *Russia,* (2) *Italy,* (3) *Argentina,* (4) *Switzerland,* (5) *Ireland,* (6) *Turkey.*

20. It is said by many writers that one of these races has not made any important contribution to the culture and civilization of mankind: (1) *the Chinese,* (2) *the Hindus,* (3) *the Spaniards,* (4) *the Malays,* (5) *the Slavs,* (6) *the Arabs.*

¶The physician is but human.

## THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

WHEN lawyers differ the world smiles wryly and goes its way. But the differences of doctors are apt to stab us to the heart with doubt. Some deep atavistic instinct clamours for an oracular quality in our physicians. Perhaps our unconscious minds recall that in antiquity, religion and medicine, faith and healing, were of one piece. In Western civilization the first clinics for the observation and treatment of disease were the temples of Apollo. The earliest Greek doctors, like those of Egypt, became gods.

Modern discoveries of science tend rather to increase than diminish in the lay mind an expectation of infallibility in the doctor. That may be because people lose sight of the division between the theory and the practice of medicine. It is rather like expecting judges and magistrates to take responsibility for the laws they have to administer. If laws were infallible, justice would always be predictable and there would be no need for litigation. So in medicine, if theory were practice, the greatest surgeons and physicians would be the professors and lecturers of the medical schools.

The prevention of disease is

a science, or rather a group of sciences, although healing is still an art and more than something of a mystery. Yet the triumphs of modern medicine have not been attained in the consulting rooms of great hospitals but in the laboratories of the entomologist, the bacteriologist, the parasitologist, the biochemist and other specialized scientific investigators.

The enormous saving of life in the last decades has resulted mainly from the fight against diseases spread by specific organisms and the discovery of how to destroy them. Bubonic plague, smallpox, typhus, cholera, yellow fever, tuberculosis, typhoid, malaria, sleeping sickness, and syphilis in turn or conjointly in the past have almost halved the population of the world. These are among the communicable diseases that are being stamped out by organized research. The medical practitioner takes his share in that fight, but so does (or should) every member of the public. The victory itself is being won in the laboratory.

It is not long since the triumphs of science and medicine were inextricably united. The great physicians and sur-

geons who laid the foundations of modern practice were of necessity investigators as well as practitioners. To-day both scientific research and specialist practice are departmentalized, while the mass of the medical profession are forced into a lower position and tempted to confine themselves to routine methods.

A similar tendency was noted nearly two hundred years ago by William Cullen, Professor of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, when he wrote: "The great horde of physicians are always servile imitators, who can neither perceive nor correct the faults of their system, and are always ready to growl at, and even to worry, the ingenious persons who could attempt it."

That was undoubtedly more true in Cullen's day than in our own, yet it serves to bring home the fact that differences among doctors are possibly a sign of progress rather than of stagnation.

The limitations of modern general practice are not of the doctor's seeking, but are imposed upon him by the rapid extension of the medical field. It is more than difficult for an overworked practitioner to keep abreast of every phase of knowledge: it is physically impossible. The medical schools also are slow to adapt the curriculum of

study to the trend of scientific thought. Take, for instance, the science of nutrition, now no longer in its early infancy, and likely to affect fundamentally the practice of medicine in the next decade. A Chair of Nutrition was established at the University of London some years ago, but there is still no post-graduate course to repair the short-comings of the past.

If science has narrowed personal initiative in the treatment of serious disease, on the other hand it has added to the difficulties of accurate diagnosis. Successful diagnosis depends more than ever upon experience, aptitude, and observation. It is almost entirely governed by personal qualities in the practitioner. Modern instruments and apparatus are useful aids in diagnosis, but they cannot add to nor detract from individual genius. More almost than any of his colleagues the brilliant diagnostician earns his dollars and save yours.

If the limitations of modern general practice were better understood, there would be less futile criticism of the doctor and his ways. Sympathetic criticism is always stimulating, but criticism of the doctor is often interested and malicious, or merely ignorant. The most crude misconceptions flourish in our enlightened country.

Much clap-trap too is foisted on a credulous public by charlatans and fanatics in the sacred name of "Nature". "Back to Nature" seems so easy as a solution for all our ills. But the stern fact is that from the conditions of civilized life we cannot go back; we can only go forward. We cannot revive old conditions, we must adjust ourselves to new ones. "If," as Professor Sir J. Arthur Thomson says, "back to Nature

means simpler living and less artificial excitement, more sunshine, open air and joy, it is of course sound advice."

Beyond that point science, in the person of the doctor, must come to our aid. We can help the doctor by appreciating his difficulties and studying some of his problems, but we are quite entitled to say to him that his first duty is to keep us well. —C. M. Kohan, condensed from *Nutrition, London.*



## *Massage for Manliness*

WHEN ointment containing male sex hormones is rubbed into the comb of a capon, the listless, bedraggled cock gradually turns into a lusty, strutting rooster. Reason: the hormones are absorbed into his bloodstream. When Dr. George L. Foss of the Royal Infirmary at Bristol, England, learned that this direct application of hormones to a capon's comb is 200 times more effective than injections, he decided last summer to try it on impotent men.

He mixed testosterone propionate (synthetic male hormone) into a bland ointment, gave two patients tubes of the ointment, asked them to squeeze out an inch (containing about 20 milligrams of hormone) and massage it into their thighs and abdomens every night. Within a month the flabby men grew hairier, more muscular, even "pugnacious." When they used the cream faithfully they were able to practice normal sexual relations. A third patient, a boy of 18 whose voice had not yet changed, rubbed the ointment into the skin over his Adam's apple twice daily for a month until "his voice became very deep and remained so."

"Hormone massage," concluded Dr. Foss in *The Lancet*, "is the simplest method of androgen (male hormone) therapy . . . is most acceptable to the patient who desires a maintenance dosage."—*Time.*

## READERS' COMMENT

*Manila*—Your magazine is the last word that a fastidious but intelligent reader would want. (Please don't expand your chest.) But something is missing in Panorama. What do you say of a Spanish section of one or two pages, for cultural brushing?—*Presbitero R. Velasco.*

*Should more readers express the same desire, Panorama might consider including one or two pages in Spanish.*—The Editors.

\* \* \*

*Lumbatan, Lanao*—I greatly enjoy the informational value of Panorama, and I assure you that it has saved me a thousand times more than its subscription price.—*Panfilo E. Figueras.*

\* \* \*

*Cadiz, Negros Occidental*—Panorama is an excellent magazine for us intermediate teachers. I find it a good source of information about world affairs. It is also valuable for its humor. Thank you so much for the privilege of subscribing and reading Panorama.—*Pacita R. Reboton.*

*Tuy Elementary School, Batangas*—Let me congratulate you for the magnificent improvement introduced in Panorama. I refer to the interesting and useful "Panorama Quiz." I hope you will publish more of it. They are not only a valuable teacher's help but also a great source of knowledge for all readers.—*Gerardo F. Tolentino.*

\* \* \*

*Bacarra, Ilocos Norte*—Panorama reading is always a delight to me, for every issue of your splendid handy magazine contains many articles of human interest which are just as good as if not better than those of the Reader's Digest.—*Sixto A. Miguel.*

\* \* \*

*Sta. Maria, Pangasinan*—Your effort in publishing this kind of magazine is really very commendable, for Panorama contains beautiful articles which the public should read and know. I hope for the greater success of Panorama.—*Ildefonso Supnit, Attorney-at-Law.*

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## Panoramic Talks

Solicitor General Ozaeta revealed the existence of Filipinos of the upper class who have allowed themselves to be used by aliens in securing rights and privileges which are strictly limited by Philippine laws to citizens of the Philippines. One way resorted to has been to lease to aliens lands obtained by these mercenary Filipinos from the government, aliens not being allowed to acquire public lands. Another device has been to register fishing boats in their names and then employing aliens in the fishing business. The real parties in interest in the business and, in fact, the organizers are the alien so-called employees. If these things are true, the Solicitor General should not merely make speeches about them. Let the mighty traitors suffer.

\*

Secretary of Finance Roxas deplores the laziness of many Filipinos. The lazy poor are a public charge; the lazy rich are a public nuisance. Roxas says that the low wages of many laborers, who are lazy, are already too high a compensation for the insignificant service they render. In other words, an underpaid laborer who is lazy is really overpaid. This is no amazing revelation to some Filipinos. Roxas should have discovered this evil a long time ago; but it is a comforting thought that he, as Secretary of Finance, makes this discovery now. So, let us now stop talking about work and let us get down to work.

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## Panorama Quiz— Answers

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1. Tutorial system.
2. Sir Joshua Reynolds.
3. A molecule is larger than an atom.
4. Diana.
5. A fathom.
6. Russia.
7. Diabetes.
8. Bohemia.
9. Venice.
10. The guide expatiates on our danger.
11. The autobiography of Hitler.
12. A famous Chinese author who writes of modern China.
13. Polyandry.
14. The sinking of the American battleship Maine.
15. Reprimanded by order of the President.
16. The English courses in the University are not adequate.
17. Hare-Hawes-Cutting Law.
18. A sculptor.
19. Switzerland.
20. The Malays.

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