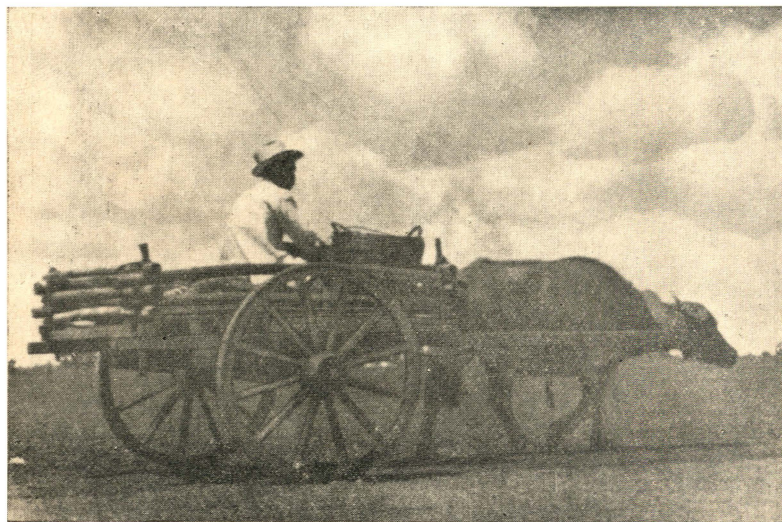




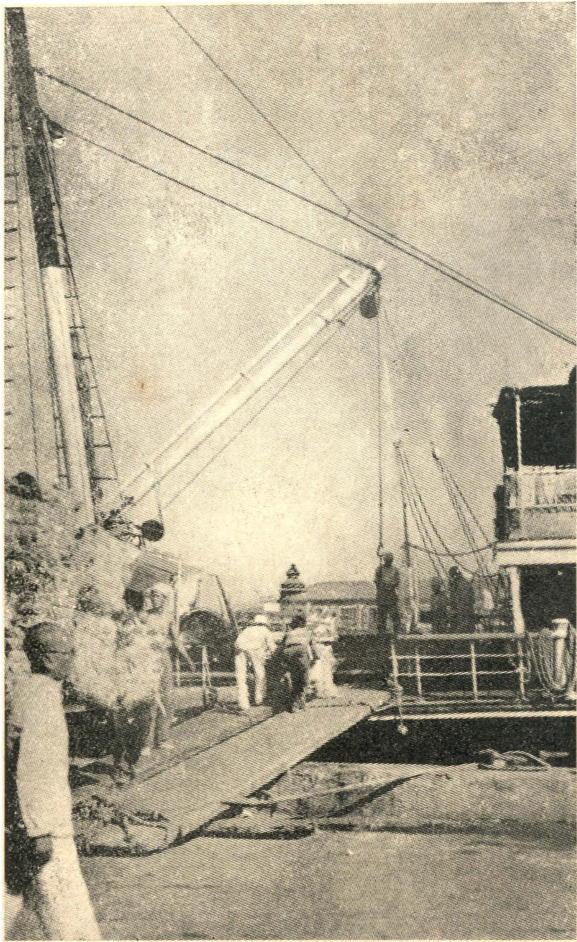
## **Rizal's Plea for Confidence and Magnanimity**

Tell everyone to have more confidence in me and that they should not always take me for a child whom they should lead in everything as to what he should like and what he should dislike. If my family has no confidence in me and treats me always as a child, how will others treat me and what confidence will they have in my good judgment? I am in the hands of God and up to the present I have no reason to say that He has abandoned me. Let us always do our duty, which is the right thing, and let us leave the rest to Him. Let us not be hasty in our judgment but let us think well of our fellowmen . . . By this mail I am sending a letter to the General asking him permission to go to Spain because I am beginning to feel a failing of my health. I think I cannot stand any longer the life I lead here: much work, little food, and not a few ill-feelings. —*From the letter of Rizal to his Sister Trinidad, Dapitan, May 9, 1895.*

# Panorama of Philippine Life -



To the Fields



The Hemp Business



On the Stairway

## THE PURPOSE OF UNIVERSITY EDUCATION

UNIVERSITY or college education should not be the ambition of every young man and young woman. Only those intellectually gifted should have that ambition. This is particularly applicable to the children of poor parents. While poverty is not in itself sufficient reason for denying any one the prosecution of higher studies, yet only those poor students with extraordinary talents and will-power should be encouraged to follow an academic career. The government itself might provide scholarship for these deserving students. But a person with only an ordinary ability will find it very difficult to succeed in his academic profession, and if he has to depend on it for a living, disillusionment and despair may be the only reward awaiting him at the end of many years of hard struggle to obtain a diploma from a college or university. The average student, especially if he is poor, ought to be satisfied with a vocational, as distinguished from a professional career, if he wants an education that will be useful to him and to the community in which he lives. And let me say that he need not feel humiliated or ashamed of his lot, for the

true worth of a man is measured not by a diploma but by his proficiency in his chosen line of work.

This is an idea that must be popularized among our people—that an academic education is not, in itself, of value to any one who receives it, unless he is capable of making a practical and socially beneficial use of it. Those who must depend upon their toil for their livelihood will be less exposed to becoming parasites and a charge on the community, if they pursue such courses of study as will most likely insure to them a steady work and gainful occupation.

Please do not misunderstand me. I am not minimizing the value and importance of academic education. At no time in the history of civilization has it been so necessary as at present for a people to have their own technological leadership in order to survive the economic struggle for existence. This is the reason why I have taken steps to place this State University in a position to produce such leadership. The proposed transfer of the University to a more appropriate place, where academic spirit may better be

fostered and the student body may be more closely supervised not only in their studies but in their daily lives; the contemplated employment of foreigners as professors and instructors, so as to obtain the best available assistance in the training of our youth in the arts and sciences; the plan to improve the library, laboratories, and other equipment of the university, as well as the other reforms which, with my approval, the Board of Regents is now considering—all these measures are plain evidence that I believe in the need of intellectual leadership and that I look upon this university to provide the nation with that leadership.

Incidentally, let me say that the objections to the bringing of foreign professors which, I am informed, have been raised by some persons are neither sound nor convincing and will not deter us from carrying out the plan. Such objections are inspired by a purely Chauvinistic nationalism. It is no reflec-

tion upon our people that, for the time being, we should have to enlist the collaboration of foreign educators. The University of the Philippines is still very young, and it can hardly be expected to have formed already a competent teaching staff of its own on every branch of human knowledge. Even much older universities readily employ foreigners as professors whenever needed—why should we hesitate to do the same? We cannot afford to sacrifice the vital interests of our people for a mistaken national pride. There are no prouder people on earth than the Japanese, and yet they did not hesitate to acknowledge the need of foreign assistance in matters of education, and they did secure this assistance for many years, with the result that they have been able to accelerate their cultural and material progress, and can now stand on a level with the most advanced nations of the world.—*Manuel L. Quezon, excerpt from his commencement address at the University of the Philippines.*

\* \* \*

*“I, I, Sir!”*

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW was on a battleship upon one occasion when the admiral asked him: “Mr. Shaw, can you tell me who, in your opinion, is the most eminent playwright of the day?”

Quick as a flash Shaw replied: “Aye, aye, sir.”

## JAPAN'S WEAKNESS

FROM the manner in which Japan pursues the war in China, we see that Japanese troop movements are highly mechanical. The main force is often concentrated at a given point. The Japanese often adopt encircling movements to dislodge the Chinese troops from their positions. They very rarely launch a frontal attack. In the course of the war, the Japanese have been very thoroughly and efficiently trained in offensive warfare and night attacks. The motorized units and the cavalry can cover 25 miles a day and the infantry 18 miles.

The Japanese troops, however, are not good at hand-to-hand fighting, in which the Chinese excel. It is generally known that Japanese troops cannot withstand the onslaught of the Chinese in a bayonet charge. A battle was fought at Tsining last year along the banks of the Grand Canal. It was a close-quarter fight in which no weapon except the sword and the bayonet was of much use. Very soon after the fighting began Japanese soldiers were seen to take to their heels, leaving behind more than 2,000 dead and wounded.

All Japanese units despatched

to China are equipped with tanks, engineering corps and aeroplanes. In all these equipments China has nothing to speak of. Yet the Chinese troops have not suffered from loss of courage, but on the contrary, exhibited admirable and surprising strength, dealing the "Imperial Army" severe blows.

Japanese commanding officers have underestimated the fighting strength of the poorly-equipped and ill-trained Chinese troops, and as a result often commit great strategic blunders. Had their antagonist been stronger, the consequence of this mistake would certainly be even more serious. It is only necessary to point out a few examples to illustrate our point: the areas occupied by the Japanese troops are not sufficiently garrisoned. Only a limited number of troops are available for distribution along the main lines of communication. Defensive measures at the rear are also inadequate. As to the actual number of troops which Japan could command, the figures given out by foreign papers vary considerably. The statistics given below are taken from Chinese, British and French sources, which may be regarded as com-

paratively reliable. Up to December 31, 1938, the Japanese Army comprised 1,200,000 troops, 4,500 heavy guns, 1,800 tanks and 2,000 aeroplanes.

The majority—some 80 per cent—of the Japanese troops is drawn from the peasant class, while the officers are mostly military men by profession, landlords and people belonging to the wealthy class.

In the present China War, the Japanese show themselves badly lacking in morality. Massacres, rapes, robberies and other excesses perpetrated in occupied areas are irrefutable evidences of the low standard of discipline. Japanese officers connive at the lawlessness of their men by way of giving them a Roman holiday.

The foreign papers have frequently reported the presence of anti-war sentiments among the Japanese troops. Often there are

some small units which openly refuse to obey orders to move to the front. Of course, these mutineers are immediately shot. On several occasions in Shanghai and Nanking, batches of men were sent back to the rear on account of their "reactionary" activities. Many Japanese soldiers have been demoted on this score. Japanese naval officers are having a hard time of it on account of the sailors refusing to obey orders.

In Japan, many people pretend illness or suddenly disappear so as to evade conscription. In Kyushu a band of reservists who had been called up for service mutinied because they opposed the war. Cases of suicide are mounting. Men under arms take to drinking and opium-smoking so as to forget the war. Indeed, we can predict further deterioration in the morale of Japanese troops as the war drags on.—*Condensed from Pravda, Moscow (Parade).*



## *Kissable Nordics*

THE Nordic mouth is superior to any other kind. Inasmuch as red is an attractive colour in itself, the clear redness of the Nordic mouth exudes a great power of attraction, and awakens a desire for conquest and for kisses. As a matter of fact the Nordic mouth simply calls for a kiss. The non-Nordic mouth, on the other hand, with its thick open lips manifests sexual desire, and, accompanied by a wild, evil and sarcastic look, makes one think only of orgies.—*Herman Gauch, German Professor, in Racial Research.*



‡Get acquainted with present Spain.

## FRANCO AND THE NEW SPANISH LEADERS

REBEL GENERAL FRANCO became Spain's Government last March. Francisco Paulino Hermenegildo Teodulo Franco y Bahamonde, Spain's master, is a short, pudgy, black-haired man who likes golf, loves Hollywood movies, rides around in an American car and neither drinks nor smokes. He speaks Italian, German, French and English—the last with an Oxford accent. He is respected by many English aristocrats as a "true gentleman." With women he is a general favourite.

Like the Mikado of Japan, he writes poetry. Once he turned out a book on his experiences as an army leader in Africa, named it *The Story of the First Battalion*.

His parents wanted little Francisco to be an architect or an artist, but he chose an Army career. Going to Toledo's famous Military Academy, he graduated as a First Lieutenant, and went to Morocco. In one battle he was shot through the stomach and lung.

Captain at 20, Major at 23, Lieutenant-Colonel at 30, Franco became a General at 32. When Primo de Rivera became Spain's Dictator he was made

superintendent of the military academy at Saragossa.

After the Leftist election victory in 1936, there were rumours that Franco was plotting a revolt. But the general swore to President Manuel Azana that he was loyal, and the credulous President was so pleased that he nearly made him chief of the presidential guard of honour.

Other Republicans were more wary, saw to it that he was given the far-away post of Governor of the Canaries. On July 19, 1936, he flew to Morocco, and the revolt broke out.

Leader of the rebellion was to have been General Jose Sanjurjo, who broke his neck in a plane crash trying to fly to Spain from Portugal. Franco became *El Caudillo*, The Leader.

Idol of his men, Franco is also idyllic in his family life. His wife, whom he married when she was 15, is 16 years his junior. They have one daughter.

Upon the surrender of the capital of Cataluña on the last days of February, some 80,000 men with tanks and artillery filed past a balcony in Barcelona's Diagonal Avenue—renamed Avenida del Caudillo.

There stood the Generalissimo saluting each unit as it passed. On his left was General Fidel Davila, short moustached Minister of War and Commander-in-Chief of the Army in Catalonia. Behind were ranked Ministers and army leaders, including gaunt General Queipo de Llano, the Commander in the south, famed for his radio warfare.

At the head of the procession rode General Gambara, Commander of the Italian Legionaries, a thickly built man astride a huge chestnut horse. Then came the Italian Littorio and Arrow Divisions, their brand-new equipment gleaming in the sun. The Army Corps of Aragon followed in war-worn uniforms and forage caps, tramping along with studied carelessness.

The red berets of the Navarra troops and the red fezes of the Moors brought up the rear.

While General Franco's Government was putting up this imposing show of strength and unity a busy tug of war was going on behind the scenes. Extremists and Moderates were struggling for power within the Burgos Junta.

In Burgos and throughout Spain, the extremist element is represented by the Phalangists (Fascists) whose creed is "national syndicalism." They have

the younger, most fanatical men in their ranks. The moderate side is made up by Monarchists, who have more money, experience and tradition. Their aim is to put on the throne Don Juan, Prince of Asturias, son of Alfonso XIII.

A Phalangist attempt to turn out the Conservatives in April, 1937, led to the arrest of many of their champions. Fascist leader Manuel Hedilla, was shot. Some have said he is hiding in Holland.

From that moment dates the rapid rise of Ramon Serrano Suner, General Franco's brother-in-law, and Minister of Interior.

Only 38, Suner is today the No. 1 man of the Government's extremist wing. He studied law at Bologna and Rome, came back to Spain as a disciple of Mussolini. In the Cortes he proposed the amnesty which gave back their posts to Milan Astry and other Generals who later served the Rebel cause.

In early 1936 he organised the meeting between the Duce and Astry at which Mussolini promised his support.

Suner was imprisoned by the Left when the civil war broke out, but he managed to escape to the Burgos zone, and was made leader of the Phalangists by Franco after Hedilla's fall.

Adroitly he has managed to neutralise the anti-Italian ten-

dencies in the Franco camp, and placed the Phalangists under the protection of the Duce. Pro-Italian elements are now trying to persuade Franco to concentrate on the military side of his duties, and to leave politics entirely to Suner.

Chief Moderates at Burgos are Foreign Minister General Francisco Jordana, and Finance Minister Andres Amado. Recent rumours that they were going to resign have been denied.

General Jordana served with distinction in the Cuban and Moroccan wars, and was Foreign Minister in one of Primo de Rivera's Cabinets. He was a friend of the late French empire-builder Marshal Liautey.

The Republic deprived him of his post as Higher Commissioner in Spanish Morocco, and gaoled him, but the late French Leftist Paul Painleve secured his release. From then until the civil war broke out, Jordana

lived in exile at Saint Raphael in France.

He and Monarchist Amado are in favour of a rapprochement with London and Paris. They have their eyes on the City, hoping for loans.

A third Moderate, Minister of Works, Alfonso Peno Boeos, has plans of reconstruction which will also need money.

Minister of Justice Count de Rodezna, a famous historian, represents the former Carlist branch of the Monarchist party, which since the death of the last Carlist pretender has rallied to the cause of the Prince of Asturias.

The Extremists at Burgos were jubilant over the prospect of victory. But the Moderates were elated by Anglo-French recognition. Recognition of the new Spanish government by the United States was given last April.—*Condensed from News Review.*

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## Clever Children

HERE are a few of the outstanding things which Dr. Lewis M. Terman, noted authority, says parents should look for in children to determine whether they are gifted with unusual intelligence:

Marked desire for knowledge, retentive memory, rapid progress at school, great range of general information, early speech, asking intelligent questions, keen observation, unusual vocabulary, expressive reading, good ear for music, quick with figures, liking to copy pictures, repairing things.—*Your Life.*

## THE WORLD'S FASTEST SPORT

LAST SEPTEMBER New York City was treated to something of a surprise when two well-known promoters remodeled the old Hippodrome into a Cuban Fronton and introduced the Spanish game of Jai-Alai there. The opening night was a complete sell-out, and 3900 excited fans jammed the rafters, at a \$7.70 top, to cheer the game's debut. Since that time, Jai-Alai has been put on about four times a week to an average audience of between 1500 and 2000 persons, although on Saturday and holiday nights, the attendance jumped to around 2500. By January 1, the promoters had realized \$250,000 on their investment, which was better than breaking even, and announced their intention of continuing the attraction indefinitely—until the close of the World's Fair anyway.

Jai-Alai was first played in Brazil 300 years ago and a Jesuit priest, returning to Spain, brought the game with him. It was an instant success there, especially in the Basque district where it flourished like a Green Bay tree. It was then called *juego de pelota*, or ball game, and it didn't acquire its present name until 1900 when a Havana

sports promoter built an arena which he called his "Fronton Jai-Alai." Translated into English, Jai-Alai, which is pronounced "Hi-Li," means "a merry festival" or "a happy feast."

The *pelotas* are all made by hand and are worth \$12.00 apiece. They are about three quarters the size of a baseball and are made of hard rubber, covered with twine and two thicknesses of baby goat skin. They are as lively as a golf ball, even though they weigh as much as a billiard ball and are almost as hard. When thrown by an expert, the *pelota* travels 110 miles an hour, which is 40 miles an hour faster than Walter Johnson ever threw a baseball. The average Jai-Alai match uses up half a dozen balls, as the slightest scratch prevents them from flying true. Each ball is re-covered after a match. Whenever a *pelota* hits a player in the head, especially if it's going at full speed, it's pretty sure to split open his skull. Jai-Alai players have often been killed in Spain and Cuba, but the 35 accidents at the Hippodrome so far have been of the minor variety.

The *cestas*, or baskets, are woven of Spanish and Brazilian reeds, and a good one lasts about 90 days. The most important part is the frame which is made of a single piece of especially-seasoned wood. Each *cesta* has 13 ribs, made of willow from the swamps of Brazil. These ribs are the main support of the basket and once one is damaged, the *cesta* is discarded. When a player first takes up the game he picks an individual size and shape of basket for his own, the same way ball players pick out their bats and gloves. The *cesta* weighs between 15 and 25 ounces and is attached to the hand by a carefully fitted leather glove which is sewed to the basket. The *cesta* is then tied to the wrist by an imported tape called *falla*. This, wound around the wrist and basket a dozen times, prevents the basket from slipping off the hand. All *cestas*, incidentally, are right-handed since, the side wall being on the players' left, left-handers would find themselves at a great disadvantage.

The playing court is constructed of a special concrete called *gunite* and is the only substance known which successfully withstands the constant battering of the Jai-Alai *pelota*. The three walls and the floor are the game's playing surfaces, and balls hitting either the net or the ceiling are dead. Matches

are played with two or four players, the server bouncing the ball against the forward wall to start play. This wall is called *frontis* and the rear wall *rebote*. The main object of the game is to throw the ball from the *cesta* against the *frontis* so that the opponents cannot return it. The ball may be taken on the fly or on the first bounce and a top-flight player has a whole *cesta*-ful of trick shots with which to confound his opponents. Some of the better known include the *rebote*, where the player allows the ball to pass him and then runs back to flip it off the back wall; the *drop*, where the player hits the front and side walls simultaneously so that the *pelota* drops dead on the spot; and the *carom*, where the player bounces his return against two or three walls according to the angle and speed of the throw. Some players even put "English" on their shots so that the returning balls spin out of the opponents' *cesta* when caught.

During the match, three judges sit inside the netted enclosure to rule on all claims of fouls. When the two associate judges disagree, the chief judges, who wears full dress evening clothes, makes the final decision. All three judges hold what look like trout nets in their hands which are used for self-protection from the *pelota*. The usual

match runs 20 points and every time the ball is put in play a point is made by one side or the other. According to Spanish tradition, the crowd always stands for the final point of a match.

The players average from 16 to 30 years of age and all are in the pink of condition. Jai-Alai is a very exacting sport, and speed, endurance, and skill are three very necessary attributes. The players keep fairly strict training at all times and rarely eat a heavy meal until after the night's matches have been played. Most of them are paid in the neighborhood of \$300 a month, which is about what a good minor league baseball player gets for his chores in a class A league. "Babe" Guillermo, nick-named the "Babe Ruth of Jai-Alai," is the highest paid member of the Hippodrome stable, receiving \$1,000 a month. For seven years he was the Jai-Alai champion of the world and only lost his title to Piston last year. A couple of years ago, in a match in Havana, Guillermo slugged a judge over a disputed point and the authorities won't let him compete there now until he apologizes, a thing which Guillermo, who is a pretty hot-tempered fellow, says he will never do.

Jai-Alai players are a temperamental lot anyway and they are always being fined by the

judges for fighting, breaking chairs, tossing "bean balls"—an extremely dangerous pastime—and swearing. They carry their personal grudges into the dressing rooms and there is always a wonderful free-for-all there after a hotly-contested match. The judges' word is law on the court and it is baked up by fines running from \$2.50 for a minor oath to \$10.00 for one of a more personal nature. The other misdemeanors are punished according to the whim of the judges. They, incidentally, receive \$400 a month for their work.

Under the terms of the Spanish Association, which controls 95 per cent of the frontons of the world, Jai-Alai players must always give their best. If the Association ever catches any of them cheating, throwing a game, loafing, breaking training rules or conducting himself in a manner both unbecoming and detrimental to the best interests of the game, he is barred for life from every fronton under its jurisdiction. He has no recourse or appeal from this sentence. The Association takes the word of the complaining official as gospel. In addition, the offending player also forfeits his rights to an old-age pension from the Association. Jai-Alai players all chip in from 5 to 10 per cent of their salaries into the Association's pension fund so that they

will have something to care for them when they finally hang up their *cestas*. Retirement from active play is more or less compulsory after a player reaches 35, although some, like 46-years-old Maguregui, seemingly go on forever.

To encourage competition and to make players outdo themselves, the promoters post bonuses of from \$30.00 to \$50.00 to the winners of the evening's matches. During the

games, an announcer instructs the spectators in the intricacies of cheering and razzing the players in Spanish, and in no time the Hippodrome echoes and re-echoes with encouraging "arriba's" and disparaging "peipa's" The best place to sit, incidentally, is at the extreme sides and high up, as otherwise the chin muscles are worked to death watching the flight of the *pelota*.—*Bill Stern, condensed from Listener's Digest.*

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## *What is Stamina?*

THE DICTIONARY defines the word stamina as the *power to endure fatigue, privation and disease*—capacity to hold out under any and all conditions. In the history of medicine there stands out to this day the name of one man whose stamina, even unto death, gave us our first knowledge of the human anatomy.

This man was Michael Servetus, who lived and died in the sixteenth century. He it was who discovered the secret of our pulmonary circulation; that our blood entered the right side of our heart, passed through our lungs and returned to the left side of the heart through tiny valves. The facts that the researches of Servetus developed were wholly contrary to the accepted beliefs of his time and, by declaring these facts, he suffered the wrath of the most powerful influences. A price was put upon his head. He became a fugitive, and in the city of Genoa he was seized and tried as a heretic. Offered the boon of life if he would renounce his convictions, Servetus refused. He had the stamina to maintain what his scientific observations had convinced him was right, and so Servetus died that a true physiological process might become known, and that thereby we might have a better understanding of the workings of our bodies.—*Edward Parrish, M.D., in Successful Living.*

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‡For the athlete and the sportsman.

## WAGNER, A MONSTER GENIUS

HE was an undersized little man, with a head too big for his body; a sickly little man. His nerves were bad. He had skin trouble. It was agony for him to wear anything next to his skin coarser than silk. And he had delusions of grandeur.

He was a monster of conceit. He believed himself to be one of the greatest dramatists in the world, one of the greatest thinkers, and one of the greatest composers. To hear him talk, he was Shakespeare, and Beethoven, and Plato, rolled into one. And you would have had no difficulty in hearing him talk. An evening with him was an evening spent in listening to a monologue. Sometimes he was brilliant; sometimes he was maddeningly tiresome. But whether he was being brilliant or dull, he had one sole topic of conversation: *W h a t he* thought and what *he* did. The slightest hint of disagreement from anyone, on the most trivial point, was enough to set him off on a harangue that might last for hours, in which he proved himself right in so many ways, that in the end his hearer, stunned and deafened, would agree with him for the sake of peace. He had theories

about almost every subject under the sun, including vegetarianism, the drama, politics, and music; and in support of these theories he wrote pamphlets, letters, books—thousands upon thousands of words, hundreds and hundreds of pages. He not only wrote these things, and published them—usually at somebody else's expense—but he would sit and read them aloud, for hours, to his friends and his family.

He wrote operas. And no sooner did he have the synopsis of a story, than he would invite—or rather summon—a crowd of his friends to his house and read it aloud to them. Not for criticism. For applause. When the complete poem was written, the friends had to come again, and hear *that* read aloud. Then he would publish the poem, sometimes years before the music was written that went with it. He played the piano in the worst way. And he would sit down at the piano before parties that included some of the finest pianists of his time, and play for them, by the hour—his own music, needless to say. He would invite eminent vocalists to his house, and sing them his operas, taking all the parts.

When he felt out of sorts, he would rave and stamp, or sink into suicidal gloom and talk darkly of going to the East to end his days as a Buddhist monk. Ten minutes later, when something pleased him, he would rush out of doors and run around the garden, or jump up and down on the sofa, or stand on his head. He could be grief-stricken over the death of a pet dog, and he could be callous and heartless to a degree that would make a Roman emperor shudder.

Not only did he seem incapable of supporting himself, but it never occurred to him that he was under any obligation to do so. He was convinced that the world owed him a living. In support of this belief, he borrowed money from everybody who was good for a loan—men, women, friends, or strangers. He wrote begging letters by the score, sometimes loftily offering his intended benefactor the privilege of contributing to his support, and being mortally offended if the recipient declined the honor.

On an income that would reduce a more scrupulous man to doing his own laundry, he would keep two servants. Without enough money in his pocket to pay his rent, he would have the walls and ceilings of his study lined with pink silk. No one will ever know—certainly

he never knew—how much money he owed. We do know that his greatest benefactor gave him \$6,000 to pay the most pressing of his debts, and a year later had to give him \$16,000 to keep him from being thrown into jail for debt.

He was unscrupulous in other ways. He mistreated his first wife terribly. His second wife had been the wife of his most devoted friend and admirer, from whom he stole her. And even while he was trying to persuade her to leave her first husband he was writing to a friend to inquire whether the friend could suggest some wealthy woman—*any* wealthy woman—whom he could marry for her money.

He was completely selfish in his other personal relationships. His liking for his friends was measured solely by the completeness of their devotion to him, or by their usefulness to him. The minute they failed him—even by so much as refusing a dinner invitation—or began to lessen in usefulness, he cast them off without a second thought.

He had a genius for making enemies. He would insult a man who disagreed with him about the weather. He would pull endless wires in order to meet some man who admired his work, and was able and anxious to be of use to him—and would

proceed to make a mortal enemy of him with some idiotic and wholly uncalled-for exhibition of arrogance and bad manners.

The name of this monster was Richard Wagner. Everything that I have said about him you can find on record. And the curious thing about this record is that it doesn't matter in the least. Because this undersized, sickly, disagreeable, fascinating little man was right all the time. The joke was on us. He *was* one of the world's great dramatists; he *was* a great thinker; he *was* one of the most stupendous musical geniuses that the world has ever seen. The world *did* owe him a living. What if he did talk

about himself all the time? If he had talked about himself for twenty-four hours everyday for the span of his life he wouldn't have uttered half the number of words that other men have spoken and written about him since his death.

When you consider what he wrote—thirteen operas and music dramas, when you listen to what he wrote, the debts and heartaches that people had to endure from him don't seem much of a price. The miracle is that what he did in the little space of seventy years could have been done at all, even by a great genius. Is it any wonder that he didn't have time to be a man?—*Deems Taylor, condensed from Talks.*

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## Leading Isms

TOTALITARIANISM was invented within the last fifteen years to describe a form of state which regulates everything. It was described by Mussolini, "Everything for the state; nothing apart from the state." Russia, Italy, and Germany are all totalitarian states.

Communism in our modern political dictionary means the philosophy of history, organisation and strategy advanced by Karl Marx. In practice Communism is the organisation of a nation into one big corporation of interlocking trusts, with the control vested in the hands of a dictator, who can determine wages and hours of labour.

Capitalism is the production of wealth by private enterprise; the use of wealth in private hands to create more wealth.—*Dorothy Thompson, from Good Housekeeping.*

¶A strange and ghastly experience.

## BURIED ALIVE

A CERTAIN man by the name of Abner Sneed, of Denver, awoke one day to find himself in a narrow oblong box, lined with white satin.

He could see this much out of the corner of his eye. He was, of course, startled and frightened by the sight, and tried at once to rise, but he found that, even with great effort, he was unable to do so, and that he was unable to move any part of his body but his eyes. He tried to call out, and was astounded to discover that while he could plainly hear everything that was going on around him he was incapable of making a sound.

He could hear voices. By listening he discovered, to his horror, that he was consciously attending his own funeral services, and that he was listening to his own funeral sermon.

He suddenly felt very weak and faint—too weak to keep his eyes open any longer. And so he closed them again and lay quite still—barely conscious. Finally he was again aroused to objective consciousness by hearing the words "Grandview Cemetery," spoken in a subdued bass voice.

He now felt quite calm, and he remembered thinking how strange it was that he should be amused. He had always detested funerals, and had never been known to attend one before.

Presently he could hear the lid of the coffin being fastened on. He could hear the screw-driver occasionally slipping out of the slots in the screws and rubbing against the wooden box.

And now they were bumping the casket down the front steps. He could tell that the pallbearers were having some trouble in handling the coffin, and at one time the box was almost dropped on the pavement. Sneed was a big fat man.

At last, he was able to open his eyes again, but as he could see nothing in the darkness he closed them again. He now began to experience great difficulty in breathing. And then finally there came a great roaring noise in his ears, which kept increasing in intensity until it finally ended in a terrific explosion. That is the last he remembered until he awoke as the box was being lowered into the grave.

Summoning up his last ounce of strength, with a will born of desperation, he was able at last to let out a frightful scream. As he did so, a hand was suddenly placed across his mouth, and he could hear the dentist

say in a hoarse, sepulchral voice:

"My gosh, I pulled out the wrong tooth! I suppose we'll have to give him the gas all over again."—*Arthur Foster, condensed from Modern Tempo.*

\* \* \*

## Mental Age

THE oft-quoted statement that the average American has a mental age of fourteen years is grossly misunderstood.

Intelligence tests merely demonstrate the ability to learn and to solve problems. They take no account of knowledge, experience, skill, and common sense. They do not measure wisdom.

A glib but shiftless and irresponsible man might obtain a high rating in an intelligence test, whereas a substantial citizen, although considered a successful and desirable member of his community, might be classed among the fourteen-year-olds.

"Mental age," as used by psychologists, is a highly technical term. Although the psychologists are not in agreement, it is generally conceded that full mental maturity is reached at sixteen or seventeen years. The "capacity to learn" is then as high as it will ever be. If this is kept in mind, the fourteen-year average for the general public does not seem so bad.

But, though the growth of pure intelligence may cease at fourteen or sixteen, the accumulation of knowledge and experience continues as long as a person lives. Good citizens are people whose behavior can be forecast. The permanence of civilization is dependent on the actions of the masses—their thrift, patriotism, industry, and judgment. These are qualities that are developed throughout life.

Unfortunately, the fourteen-year idea has been so twisted out of its technical meaning that we have editors and builders of radio programs struggling to reduce standards so that their product may make a universal appeal. The stupidity of such efforts is clear when we realize that though the "mental age" of a fourteen-year-old girl and forty-year-old woman may be the same, there probably is as much difference between them as between a puppy and a wise old dog.—*The William Feather Magazine.*

## THE KING OF HOBBIES

ONE MAY morning ninety-nine years ago the couriers in England delivered letters on which a small label had been pasted to show that the postage fee had been paid in advance by the sender. The label was black and bore a likeness of the young Queen Victoria. It was the first postage stamp. Next year, for the hundredth anniversary of the issuance of these little labels, England will hold a huge celebration with a world-wide exhibit at Earl's Court in London.

There have been nearly 100,000 different stamps issued by some 200 countries during these ninety-nine years. Collecting began early. First, small collections of used stamps kept as curiosities; then more important collections of unused examples. Very soon collectors began to specialize—one country or one kind of stamp. Royalty joined in the pastime and someone called it "the hobby of kings and the king of hobbies." The phrase stuck.

Here and there shrewd individuals saw the commercial aspects of stamp collecting. Dealers in "obliterated" (used) stamps were not uncommon in the late 'sixties. During that

decade D. Appleton and Company published an album and J. W. Scott, a stamp fancier, laid the foundation of the great stamp house known today as the Scott Stamp and Coin Company. Stamp collecting had become a business.

Next came counterfeits and then experts to detect them. Societies were formed for the exchange of information. A word was coined: philately. Specialists were called philatelists. On March 1, 1868, the *American Journal of Philately* was issued with Scott as its editor. Stamp collecting had become a science.

Today there are 10,000,000 collectors in the United States—one out of every thirteen persons. The selling of stamps, a vast, internationally related activity, is one of the major businesses of the world. In New York City alone something like 5,000 people are employed in this business and its immediate ramifications. The annual expenditure by collectors must easily be above \$100,000,000.

In the upper brackets fine stamps are rarer than fine jewels; and they cost more. The men who sell them are reliable experts, as expert and honor-

able as the great jewel merchants. The one-cent magenta of British Guiana, for instance, brought \$50,000 when sold at auction in Paris some years ago. It was bought by Mr. Hinds of Utica, New York. The agent of King George V bid on it, but stopped short of the selling figure. No one would venture to say what this stamp will bring when it goes under the hammer again.

However, few collectors aspire to the rarer items; fewer still can afford them. The average collector has quite different interests.

Why do they collect? Each collector will have a different answer to this question. In the main, people collect stamps for the same reasons that other people collect etchings, old furniture, meerschaum pipes, or snuff boxes—for fun. It is the only good reason.

Collecting itself is right-hand, first cousin to the acquisitive instinct. That is why so many small boys—and so few girls—are collectors. Collecting stamps is something more than a hobby. The process enters almost at once into phases of research with precisely the same method involved as in botanical or zoological study—the scrutiny of character and variation, then identification, classification, and so on.

Then there are the historical

and political interests. A series of stamps is a symbol and a record of an entire political evolution. Reconstructing a postal history has something of the same interest that attends on the reconstruction of an extinct animal from a few fragments of bone.

The real philatelist is a pretty good scientist and a first-rate research man. There is the paper in endless varieties; watermarks, often difficult to identify; kinds of printing and engraving (some stamps are engravings, some are lithographs or typographs, some are printed on flat-bed presses, some on rotary presses—which alters the size of the stamp and creates a minor variety); kinds of ink; varieties of perforations with technical names from several languages. Back of the actual definition of the stamp itself lie the political or economic reasons for the issue, the events commemorated, the significance of the national symbols, and much more. All of this is a part of the fascination of the subject.

What do they collect? First of all, no one tries to bring together even an approximation of all the stamps of the world. It would cost millions of dollars and take years. Some items, in royal collections, or in national museums, are unobtainable.

Many collectors choose specialties which cut across geographical lines. Heading the list in popularity is the map stamp. Ship stamps rank next, but a complete collection of these would run into high figures. The many pictures of the ex-Kaiser's yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, on stamps of the former German colonies are among higher priced items. Pictures of authors and composers make attractive groups. Most countries have honored their great men. France has stamps with portraits of Victor Hugo, Anatole France, and others; Portugal celebrates Camoëns; Germany has a short series of musicians and another longer one of writers and musicians; Austria had a musicians' series—one was a portrait of the waltz master, Johann Strauss.

Lily Pons, charming coloratura of the Metropolitan Opera, has a collection of musicians, but the little singing actress, Deanna Durbin, collects air-mails. Adolph Menjou collects American revenues and both Mickey Rooney and Jackie Coogan are collectors.

The story of the 1918 American air-mail stamps with the airplane printed upside down figures in a story known throughout the philatelic world. A clerk buying a stamp at a

stamp window spied the sheets of misprints, went out and drew his savings from a near-by bank, bought the sheets, and sold them for a small fortune. They catalogue today at \$4,500.

The layman would say that a stamp with an inverted center has no more place in a stamp collection than a two-headed calf has in a cattle show. But among millions of perfect stamps, the freak is king.

Precancels (those lower denomination stamps canceled in advance with the name of the place of sale to save him for postal clerks) are a brand new specialty. There are now about 400,000 varieties—too many for any one collector of aspire to—the new ones are added daily. There are special catalogues and dealers who handle precancels exclusively.

Covers (envelopes) used on special air trips, first-day covers (post-marked at certain offices on the first day a new stamp is placed on sale)—these are fast growing interests.

If you love stamps and are really attracted to the notion of collecting, don't let anyone discourage you. They are a comfort and a refuge. The field and its fascinations are inexhaustible.—*Henry Bellamann, condensed from The Commentator.*





¶If you love eating, read this—

## GLUTTONY DE LUXE

THE most flagrant disobedience of the law of nature, "In Rome eat as the Romans do," is the case of about 150 Indian pearl merchants who live in Paris, and who, criminally unaware of the fact that fate has put them in the paradise of gourmets, insist on eating their own food, the material for which is imported direct from India. Besides lentils and rice and condiments, they import salt and tins of biscuits untouched by human hands. This small colony is a wholesale victim of dire dyspepsia.

Another instance, known to those who have visited Florence, is of retired English colonels and old maids, who haunt the English eating places of *Via Tornabuoni*, drink strong tea and eat roast beef, when almost next door, at Pauli's, in a vaulted room painted with frescoes depicting the delights of epicureanism, they could have had *bistecca*, the Italian adaptation of their national dish, innumerable kinds of *paste*, and finish off the meal with that most delicious of temperance beverages, the Italian coffee *a l'espresso*. Italy and France and some bits of Spain towards the Mediterranean are the countries where,

even in the humblest of inns, you are sure to find some preparation of fish, bird, or eggs which will satisfy you. Of course being a bird-lover I disapprove of the Italian dish of larks serve on toast or, worse still, roasted nightingales. It is distressing to find in the country of the gentle St. Francis this cruelty towards these innocent creatures who would make life still more joyful under the most beautiful of skies.

But whoever has lived in Rome can never forget the *Ulpiana*, a marvellous restaurant situated in the vaulted aisle of a ruined cathedral or the Castello of the Maltese Cavaliers on the top of the Aventino hill, a medieval castle from where, in the evenings, you can watch the lights of Rome spread beneath you and, in the half-light, see the shadows of the massive ruins of the Imperial Palaces on the Palatine. Though in Central Europe they specialise in situating their beer-halls over beautiful scenery, for the view and its soothing influence on conversation, which is a necessary concomitant of good food, the only place I know which can compare with the Roman Castle restaurant in the

*Tour d'Argent* of Paris, overlooking the marvellous gothic pile of *Notre-Dame*, with the river flowing below. Yes, good food, like other things which give aesthetic delight, should have its setting of beauty and should be enjoyed in the company of congenial spirits.

Now, living in India, I long for the *borsh* of Russia, the *goulash* of Hungary, the *vertep* of Poland, the *shorbe* of Bulgaria; I still think of the time when I ate the most refined of *pilafs* under the shadow of the magnificent Mosque of Bayazid at Istanbul, or when, at Nanking, that picturesque dish, the lacquered duck, the skin of which only should be eaten, was brought to me at the end of a long iron rod and thumped on the floor, and I, as a barbarian, wanted also not to miss the flesh, drawing on me the decorous disapproval of Chinese customers.

I must confess that, fond as I am of good food, wherever it might come from and whatever it might be composed of, I have a soft corner, shall I say, in my stomach for the Persianised dishes of India. I know that this conglomerate food, to which the Iranian Nomads, the Turki hordes, Byzantium, India and the magnificent Persian courts have so largely contrib-

uted, is suited more to the climatic conditions of Central Asian uplands than to India. As a rule I, too, give preference to ordinary Bengali, Hindu or Punjabi food, which is delicious as well as healthy. But, by way of exception, what more wonderful feast for the eye or the stomach than a richly laid Mogul dinner with its sobreness of *kakabs* and *kormas* and the gold of its *palaos* and *patathas*.

If in anything America is callow, it is in food matters. What cultured palate can delight in ice-creams, sandwiches and in salads, fantastic in their composition it is true, but barbarous mixtures of opposing flavours? What cultured animal-lover can eat a pair of lean sausages called hot dog!

The best American dish to my palate is lobster *a l'Americaine*. Americans are as ignorant of this dish in their country as Russians are of Russian salad, or Indians of, what is called in England, Indian curry.

One can make a meal out of *hors-d'oeuvres*, but not in those fanciful eating places in London. For that you have to go to Super-Cannes in the south of France, the hill standing between earth and sky, or to Avignon, rich in the romantic traditions of Provence, and revel in stuffed capsicums, fresh tun-

ny fish, *foie-gras* pasties, ingenious salads and picturesque sausages. Or you could sit at Naples on a jetty protruding out

on to the bay, and devour curious plates of *vangole*, and moist it all with a translucent Capri.—*Shahid Suhrawardy, condensed from New Review, Calcutta.*

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## *Ruling the World*

UNTIL men realize that they will have to improve mentally and physically at as fast a rate as women are improving, the possibility of the supremacy of women will persist.

The facts do not point so much towards an increase in the mentality of women as to a decrease in the mentality of men.

Count in chance and fate, which in a world shuddering before the winds of war are no mean forces, and you have a weird pile-up of circumstances, giving women tremendous grants of power—pushing her towards superiority over men.

War, which may be the determining factor for the future, was one of the first forces that helped turn women's efforts towards freedom into a power-potent force.

Because of brutal economic forces women are downing men in industry. Secretarial, clerical, and confidential jobs in modern business go largely to women. The great sex-interest motive, added to women's natural ability, and their lower wage level, now excludes men from a field that was once theirs. The effect is more devastating in the industrial world, where lower wages have put women in place of men in all but the heavier work.

Meantime, women even need not have children unless they wish. This is their powerful women in an onslaught on home bondage, which, until recently, enslaved them. Their public power is growing.

Could women really rule the world? Even now they are powers behind thrones; and "understudies" to dictators.

Suppose war did blast its way through the world again. There are two results open to women. They could be left as a majority or a minority. As a majority they would be instantly ready to take the reins when they were dropped—and probably, by common wisdom among women, bring about the peace they desire.

As a minority, they would be precious beyond all things. Man's gaudy worship of this day would be changed to some goddess-cult.—*Woman, Australia.*

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¶How you can face death with composure.

## OPERATION—A GREAT ADVENTURE

MIRACLES happen daily in operating rooms. Each day, surgeons face seemingly hopeless cases, but they solve them by ingenious new methods.

Yesterday an operation was more or less a one-man affair. The doctor could work behind closed doors. What he removed from the patient, and how and why, seemingly was nobody's business but his own. Once the patient had paid his bill and departed, the hospital promptly forgot him.

Today, the hospital presents a picture of perfect teamwork. In the operating room there are the surgeon-in-chief, the anesthesiologist, the scrub-up nurse, the first and second operating assistants, and the nurse in charge of the patient. There is even a stenographer to take notes as the doctor describes the progress of the operation. Protecting the patient on the table, he tells the story of what he is doing and why. Surgical clinic and laboratory maintain close connection with each other. Finally, complete records of each case are compiled and kept available for discussion and reference.

The ancient "triple menace" of the operating room—shock, bleeding, and infection—has

been virtually eliminated. Transfusion of blood is employed to combat shock and bleeding. Transfusion is used, too, to build up a patient so weakened by disease that operation would otherwise be impossible.

A combination of anesthetics is used to cover every nerve of the patient. However, this does not eliminate the damaging effects of worry and fear preceding the operation. These emotions affect every organ and every cell of the body. But modern medical science has set up a system to offset it. It includes judicious use of quieting drugs, nursing care, nerve blocking and harmless anesthetics.

There are certain facts every person should know about general operative procedure.

First there is the danger of infection. Early in the nineteenth century, surgical cleanliness was little known. Infection of all operative wounds was taken for granted. It simply went along with the operation. Today infection is the exception. Nothing is left to chance.

The operating surgeon and his assistants scrub their hands vigorously and don rubber gloves. Many patients wonder

at this cleansing since gloves are worn. They do not know that no surgeon depends on rubber gloves to protect the patient from infection that might come from his hands. The gloves may break during the operation, or they may be pricked by an instrument, therefore the skin underneath them must be kept as sterile as possible.

The patient also has his share of scrubbing. He is washed, shaved, and disinfected thoroughly. This is done to eliminate one source of operative infection.

As further protection to the patient, he has a "dirty nurse." She's really a nice, clean girl and is dirty only in the surgical sense. There must be some one present to handle things that are not surgically clean. She pushes away tables, throws away discarded material and performs a dozen little jobs which the scrubbed-up nurses could not do without losing their surgical cleanliness.

Let us assume that you are to be operated on. How are you prepared for that wonderful operation? You are wheeled into the operating room where the surgeon, assistants, and nurses are waiting. Their hands are help up and held together under sterile towels so they touch nothing. The "dirty nurse" uncovers the operative field so you can be scrubbed and made as

spotless as your linen. Then one of the clean nurses covers your chest and legs with sterile sheets. The abdomen is left uncovered, and one of the assistants paints you with tincture of iodine or other antiseptic solution. You then are covered with another sterilized sheet, in the center of which is a neatly bound opening for the operative field. Small sterile towels are laid around the opening, sometimes several layers of them. Could any more precautions be taken to insure your safety?

As for the danger of having a sponge sewed up inside you—let it be made clear that a sponge is not an ordinary sponge but simply a large square consisting of many folds of gauze. Such an accident is prevented today by attaching to each sponge a double strand of tape, to the end of which a large metal ring is fastened with a slip knot. The ring is left well outside the wound, the tape being long enough to allow the sponge to reach whatever part of the cavity it is protecting. The sponges are used to expose the operative field, control bleeding and protect healthy tissues against the spread of infection. When the surgeon has finished his work the protective sponges are removed and checked off by the metal rings.

Most patients are worried about taking an anesthetic.

They fear that the anesthetist will not know when they have had enough and that they will never wake up again. That is needless worry. The anesthetist has many ways of testing the completeness of a patient's unconsciousness. Patients wonder why they are not given any food before an operation. Some complain they are literally starved. This "starving" is done only to prevent nausea.

General pain and discomfort experienced after an operation are often due to shock. The shock is greater if the operation is prolonged or if there is much handling of the organs. Extreme shock, which acts like a severe

case of bleeding, is rare today. Every effort is made to shorten the time of operation and to protect the organs from exposure to the air and from unnecessary handling. They are kept covered with warm towels wet with a salt solution so near the composition of the body fluids that it does not allow any evaporation or shrinkage.

If an operation is necessary, why not consider it a great adventure, give the doctor your whole-hearted cooperation and gather intelligent information which you can pass along when again you hear that familiar phrase "speaking of operations."  
—Margaret McEachern, condensed from *Hygeia*.

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## *Theory vs. Experience*

A LITTLE experience often upsets a lot of theory.

A woman spent a great deal of her leisure time campaigning against capital punishment. She never let an opportunity pass to sign a petition, appealing to a governor for the commutation of the sentence of a murderer.

She became a great admirer of a noted lawyer, famous because he defended two notorious murderers, and when this lawyer visited her city she arranged for an introduction in order that she might compliment him.

A few days after she had met this lawyer, and was still under the spell of his personality, her son, a young man of twenty-two, just out of college, was held up, beaten and robbed by a couple of thugs.

Instantly her views toward capital punishment changed. She favored hanging, quartering, and boiling in oil for the assailants.—*The William Feather Magazine*.

## I KILLED A MAN

DRIVING home early one evening, I rounded a familiar curve and faced a pair of glaring headlights.

On the right of the road, a millworker was on his way to work on the night shift. He became confused and jumped the wrong way. The impact threw me a little forward in my seat.

The millworker's body slid flat on the pavement for perhaps fifty feet, rolled over, jerked and lay still. The dinner-box he had carried under his arm rattled along the pavement for another twenty feet, then all was quiet. When we got to him we saw there would be no hurry about taking him to the hospital. He was dead.

During the long court ordeal afterwards it was established beyond all doubt that the accident was unavoidable. I am a free man; free to lie abed on Sunday mornings, stretching and yawning; free to eat when I am hungry and drink when I am thirsty; free to feel the wind and sun on my face, to know the four seasons, to love.

But I cannot forget that because of me a man will never see the white sparks from molten steel again, or smell the hot metal in the moulds, or feel the satisfying tug of his muscles against a heavy crane, or peer

out of a factory window into a moonlit night, or open his dinner-box with the keen appetite of a labouring man.

Because of me a mother will never again hear a familiar footfall when work is done, and she will have things to explain to her babies that will break her heart.

I know all this is not my fault—a court of law has told me so—but I cannot stop thinking how different things would have been if I had started just half a minute sooner or later, or if I had been going just a little slower or faster, or if, in that split second, my skill had been just a little greater and my brakes a little better, or if I had thought in advance of all the possible circumstances that might have been waiting for me around that curve.

It has been two years since it happened, yet these thoughts go round and round in my mind continually. Nothing can make me forget that I am still walking this earth, and that because of me another man is not.

I cannot forget that a combination of factors—factors that could so easily have been just a little different—happened to work out with lethal precision, and I killed a man.—*Scribner's Magazine*.



¶One of the greatest souls in life.

## THE SECRET OF MAHATMA GANDHI

MAHATMA GANDHI has reached the threshold of seventy. There is no single man in the whole world to-day who is so deeply and universally beloved as Gandhi. Even those who condemned him during the non-cooperation movement have recently changed their minds.

When I first met him in the year 1913, he was still in South Africa, struggling against almost insuperable odds in order to obtain justice for the poor labourers who had emigrated to that distant country from India. They had gone out to South Africa as indentured labourers. They were being cruelly driven back to India after the indenture was over, by means of an unjust poll-tax, and Mahatmaji had determined by passive resistance to get that tax removed. He made, what has been called by one writer, "the most remarkable march with a peaceful army which history has ever recorded." This "army" was composed of indentured labourers—men, women, and children. They had no weapons of war. Their one weapon was non-violence. They started from one of the central districts of Natal, and marched over the high Drakenberg

mountains until they came to the borders of Transvaal. I have been along that very road, by which they came over those high mountains. When they crossed these mountains it was so bitterly cold at night-time that two little children perished on the way.

The Indian merchants, who met this "raged army" at different towns on the route, brought them loaves of bread and other provisions; but it was very difficult indeed to feed so large a multitude and many had to go hungry. When they reached the borders of Transvaal, they all knew that if they crossed the border they would be put in prison: for that was the law of South Africa. Nevertheless, with extraordinary enthusiasm and joy in their faces, the whole army rushed across the frontier. They were then confronted at once by the mounted police, who called upon them to surrender. Since they were passive resisters, they gave themselves up to the police without a struggle, and were all of them imprisoned along with their great leader, Mahatma Gandhi, and his wife Kasturbai and their children.

When I reached South Africa

three months later, Mahatma Gandhi had been released, along with other leaders, named Mr. Polak and Mr. Kallenbach, because General Smuts, who was in command of the administration, had already determined to make peace and not to carry on the struggle any further. He therefore had summoned Mahatmaji to come to see him at Pretoria, which was the capital of the Transvaal. I was asked to accompany him and we travelled together by the train just before a very violent strike broke out, both on the railway and in the gold mines. The mail train, by which we were to reach Pretoria, was the very last that was allowed to make its journey for many days, while the strike continued.

I remember very well how at midnight, when the train stopped at one of the stations on the mountain-side, where a second engine had to be attached, we both of us thought that the strike had actually begun, and that we should be left stranded in the middle of our journey. But, after what seemed an almost interminable time, the train moved on again. The guard of the train came and told us that although the strike had been announced to begin at midnight, our train would be allowed to complete its journey to Pretoria.

When we reached the capital,

then, once again, there were almost insuperable difficulties. The telegraph lines were cut by the strikers, and we were then quite isolated from the rest of the world, for there was no "wireless" in those days.

The European strike leaders sent out tentative requests to Mr. Gandhi that he should join them in their own strike, and thus make certain of victory. But he refused to do so, because his own passive resistance struggle was altogether on a non-violent basis, while the European strike on the railway and in the mines was on a violent basis.

This fact, that Mahatmaji had refused to join in a violent strike, even when it seemed to be for his own interest to do so, made a great impression everywhere. It led on to General Smuts' offer of peace. Thus when he called Mahatmaji to see him at his office in Pretoria, he said with great deal of bluntness: "Now Gandhi, put all your cards on the table! Let me know exactly what you want, and I will try to get it for you."

Anyone else, who had received such a favourable offer, would have at once demanded the very maximum, but Mr. Gandhi, who is the soul of truth and uprightness in everything he does, asked instead of only for the minimum. His one

final demand was this, that the £3 poll-tax (which was the sign of slavery) should be entirely abolished. General Smuts agreed to this and signed a draft agreement.

This was the beginning of the last act in that great drama, whereby Mahatma Gandhi won his passive resistance struggle against overwhelming odds in South Africa. In the history of India and the world it marks a turning-point, which future historians will record, from violence to non-violence. I have told this amazing story in order to show how Mahatmaji has remained absolutely true to his great principle of non-violence during all these intervening years. He has never turned either to the righthand or to the left, but has marched straight forward all the while along the same path of non-violence.

Before me on the table there lies open a tiny booklet which he wrote in 1908, while he was on a sea voyage coming back from England. In this little book he has described his own belief in Non-violence as follows:

“To use brute-force, to use gun-powder, is contrary to passive resistance; for it means that we want our opponent to do by our use of force that which we desire, but he does not. And, if such a use of force is justifiable, surely he is entitled to do

the same by us. And so we should never come to an agreement. We may simply fancy, like the blind horse, moving in a circle round a mill, that we are making progress. Those who believe that they are not bound to obey laws which are repugnant to their conscience, have only the remedy of passive resistance open to them. Any other must lead to disaster.

“Passive resistance, that is, Soul-force is matchless. It is superior to the force of arms. How, then, can it be considered merely a weapon of the weak? Men who use physical force are strangers to the courage that is requisite in a passive resister. Do you believe that a *coward* can ever disobey a law that he dislikes? A passive resister will say he will not obey a law that is against his conscience, even though he may be blown to pieces at the mouth of a cannon.

“What do you think? Wherein is courage required—in blowing others to pieces from behind a cannon, or with a smiling face to approach a cannon and be blown to pieces? Who is the true warrior—he who keeps death always as a bosom-friend? Believe me, that a man devoid of courage and manhood can never be a passive resister.

“This, however, I will admit; that even a man, weak in

body, is capable of offering this passive resistance. One man can offer it just as well as millions. Both men and women can indulge in it. It does not require the training of any army; it needs no jiu-jitsu. Control over the mind is alone necessary, and when that is attained, man is free, like the king of the forest, and his very glance withers the enemy.

"Passive resistance is an all-sided sword; it can be used anyhow; it blesses him who uses it and him against whom it is used. Without drawing a drop of blood, it produces far-reaching results."

Now, in these declining years of his life, Mahatma Gandhi has laid even *more* emphasis than ever on this great method of fighting against evil which

has always been his principal weapon. Very few as yet understand its full implications as he does. But those who have been its wonderful effects in action (as I was greatly privileged to do in South Africa) have come to the conclusion, that it is the strongest force in all the world, and further that it is the *only* force that can overcome the hideous brutalities of modern war.

If an army could be trained for this *moral* resistance of Peace, just as armies are being trained for the *immoral* resistance of war, then the devilish violence of modern warfare might soon be ended. But have we the moral courage to offer such resistance?—C. F. Andrews, condensed from *The Modern Review*.

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### *Deposit Box*

A MAN went to his banker and asked for a loan of \$5 for one year. As collateral he offered \$100,000 in government bonds. When the deal was closed and 30 cents in interest paid, the amazed banker asked his client why he had applied for such a loan. Said the man: "You see I put this up as collateral, pay 30 cents in interest and you keep the bonds. Otherwise I would have had to pay you \$3 for the rent of a safe deposit box."—*Opportunity*.

¶Amazing things!

## ODDITIES—I MUST SEE

FOR TWENTY YEARS I have been circling the globe, seeking out strange places and people, proving and disproving ancient legends, uncovering bizarre secrets. People have asked me: "Is there anything left for you to see?"

Of course!

I would like to see the Leaping River of Morocçō. This river flows for many miles until it meets another. But it does not flow into the body of water that crosses its path. It leaps across, the natives claim, in order to avoid dilution!

Another oddity that has aroused my curiosity is a Viking in Norway, preserved in an ice brick. He is clad in full regalia, his expression exactly as if he were alive.

The Temple of Badrinath, atop the Himalaya Mountains, in India, where half a million dollars in pure gold goes begging, is a spot that intrigues me. Here is gold bullion in huge piles. Although the natives could easily make off with the ingots, they never touch them, for they believe that anybody who removes the precious metal will immediately be struck dead by the gods.

The giant of Persia, whose

eleven-foot height makes it impossible for him to stand up, is an oddity I'd like to see.

On a bit of land in the Elbe River, Germany, a hardy peasant has built a house, and lives very comfortably, never knowing where he will be when he awakens in the morning. For his residence stands on the only inhabited floating island in the world. Some day I'd like to catch up with this place.

The tomb and mummy of Thais, who actually set a whole civilization on fire, are objects I have tried to see but have never reached. It was she who induced Alexander the Great, in a drunken stupor, to apply the torch to the Persian capital of Persepolis; and in that fire a trillion and a half of gold was consumed.

The one dinner I regret not having attended is that which the professors of the University of St. Petersburg arranged in 1912. It was called The Banquet of the Ages, and was the most fantastic dinner staged since the beginning of time. The bread was made of mummy wheat. Grains of wheat found in the tombs of the Pharaohs were planted and grown to obtain the flour from

which to make the loaves. The meat was from a prehistoric mammoth found thoroughly preserved in ice.

Fachi, Africa, is a city I would like to visit. Every house, pavement, and even the furniture is made of rock salt.

The River of Ink, in North Africa, where millions of gallons of ink flow daily, is another oddity that tantalizes me. You can stop at its banks and fill your fountain pen. Then there is the Temple of the Intoxicated Moon in China. I have been told by earnest Chinese that the Oriental Rip Van Winkle has been slumbering in the cellars of the temple for the last five hundred years. He opens his eyes every century, they say. Not far from the temple is the Bridge of Ten Thousand Centuries. It is a stone span which the Chinese believe will last exactly one million years. Strangely enough they believe that the one million years will be up this year.

I would like to have seen the Ice Wedding of Russia. The

Empress Anna, to punish one of her courtiers for taking a bride of another faith, ordered the marriage annulled. She had a search made to find the ugliest girl in all her empire. The girl was found and brought to the capital, and the unhappy nobleman was ordered to marry her at once. But that wasn't all. The Empress built an ice palace of tremendous proportions, furnished it with a full set of furniture of ice. In this cold abode, the wedding was celebrated. Then the newlyweds were left in it with all exits sealed. The temperature was 40 degrees below zero, but strangely enough they did not succumb. The couple survived and raised a healthy family. Their descendants are still numerous.

There are oddities like these throughout the world. No man could possibly witness them all. But, sooner or later, I must get to see the strange freaks of man and nature which intrigue me most.—*Robert L. Ripley, condensed from The Saturday Home Magazine.*

\* \* \*

¶He had no use for right and wrong.

## MACHIAVELLI—THE DADDY OF ALL DICTATORS

THE ideas which the dictators of to-day have put into practice have been a long time agrowing. Mussolini and Hitler, the authoritarians, can trace their spiritual ancestry back to the fifteenth century and, no doubt, publicly would do so if they did not feel that to admit they were not original would lower their prestige in the eyes of their followers.

The man from whose literary labors in a fifteenth-century Florentine villa the dictators were born was Nicholas Machiavelli. He has had to wait a long time for recognition, and he, or his writings, have passed through many vicissitudes before they were tacitly endorsed over a large part of the present-day world.

The man himself was put to the rack and thumbscrew during his life; his books were of the first to be placed on the Roman Catholic "Index"; and so cordially was he hated at one time that, in the opinions of many past writers, his Christian name it was that gave rise to that term for the Devil, "Old Nick."

Machiavelli was born in 1469; the doctrine he evolved

was truly the result of experience, for he had spent forty-five active years before he wrote a word. For fifteen he was secretary of one of the departments in the government of Florence, and knew intimately most of the great people of his time. He was a familiar of Caesar Borgia, and was one of the first men in history to be provided with a passport, which he used to carry him on his diplomatic missions.

Strangely, in the long struggle between freedom and tyranny in his native Florence, which was an independent sovereign state in his time, Machiavelli belonged to the popular party.

In 1512 his party fell, and the Medicis threw Machiavelli out of his job and into prison. He was put on the rack in order to extort a confession of his conspiracies, and languished in a dungeon for a few months until, when a new Pope came to the Vatican, he was released with many others under an amnesty. He withdrew to his farm outside Florence and, enjoying a moderate income, gave himself up to dilettante days and nights of meditation.

One of his letters still exists; it was written a short time after he had been released from prison. It reads:—

“I am at my farm; and since my last misfortunes, have not been in Florence twenty days. I rise with the sun and go into a wood of mine that is being cut, where I remain two hours inspecting the work . . . and conversing with the woodcutters.

“When I leave the wood . . . I proceed to the place which I use for snaring birds, with a book under my arm—Dante or Petrarch or one of the minor poets . . .

“When evening falls I go home and enter my writing room. On the threshold I put off my country habit, filthy with mud and mire, and array myself in royal courtly garments; thus worthily attired I make my entrance into the ancient courts of the men of old, where they receive me with love . . . And since Dante says that ‘there is no science unless we retain what we have learned,’ I have set down what I have gained from their discourse, and composed a treatise, *De Principatibus* . . . To a prince, and especially to a new prince, it ought to prove acceptable.”

It should, indeed, have proved acceptable to a new prince, a new prince who had usurped a throne, for *De Principatibus*

was a cold, scientific justification of just such strong-arm methods as the new Florentine prince had utilized. It was a handbook for tough guys, but every method which Machiavelli recommended he supported by reasoning on a general plane so that it was possible to evolve a whole philosophy of statecraft and government from his book.

In a sense, his philosophy was not new, for the germ of every possible idea exists in the world at any moment, and has always so existed. Machiavelli’s hairy ancestors had an inkling, aeons before his time, of the doctrine he enunciated. But ideas in most people lie dormant and unrealized; the men who really influence the world are those who put their ideas into a form which other people can appreciate and judge. In this sense Machiavelli originated the tactics and gave face to the valuations of the dictators.

What was his doctrine? It was the philosophy of taking the world as we find it, extended to its *nth* degree.

What interested Machiavelli was not whether a thing was reasonable or moral or beautiful, but whether it *was*. Men, he said, have much villainy in them. Certainly they should not have and it will be very nice if, one day, they get rid of it. But you must treat them



as what they are and ignore what they should be.

This doctrine, obviously, demolishes every basis of right and wrong of which we are aware. Machiavelli realized this, and realized that some touchstone of what was good or bad must exist or the whole world would fall into anarchy.

So he set up the State as the supreme entity in man's life. The State could do anything it wished in its own interest and, indeed, would be acting immorally if it allowed any moral scruples to hold it back on the path to power.

As for the individuals who composed the State, their supreme allegiance was to the latter; no crime they might be guilty of was more odious than that which hurt the State; to them the State must be God. This, manifestly, is just what Mussolini says, and just what Hitler and his lieutenants declaim every year at Nuremberg. It is also what they say in Soviet Russia.

"War is the only fit study for princes," he said. Where, in his works, he appears to be taking a moral standpoint, he is really dealing only with expediency. Sometimes he admits it, as where, for instance, he advises a prince to stimulate religion because most of his subjects will inevitably be religious,

and will admire the faith of their ruler.

In his favour, one should remember that the world of his time sorted the weak from the strong, with a heavy hand. The Dark Ages, about to end, held Europe in a black pall; the whole of the known world was full of rape, murder, war and corruption. In Machiavelli's personal knowledge for years was Caesar Borgia, who thought no more of having an enemy stabbed or poisoned than he did of having an erring cook thrown into the moat. Machiavelli learned his lessons in a hard school. His greatest fault was that he ignored the streak of goodness in human beings. He was right in saying that men have much villainy in them; but it was equally true that, far more potent than the mass of villainy is the leaven, tiny though it may be, of goodness.

If you dispute this fact, explain (as Machiavelli did not trouble to do) how it is that the big gross devils who inhabit us have not, through the process of history, brought us into a pit of chaos. Actually, on the contrary, the tiny angels who fight with the devils have grown very slightly stronger over the ages. But they were far too weak to bear any weight with "Old Nick." — *Sidney Duncan, condensed from Evening Despatch, Birmingham.*

¶Those adorable quint—

## REVENUES FROM THE QUINTUPLETS

FROM early morning till long after dark, all through the summer months American cars roll through the small village of Callander, Ontario, on the shores of Lake Nipissing at a rate that averages one a minute, outnumbering the local Ontario cars two and three to one, and bearing an eager horde of sightseers bound for the world's wonder children, the Dionne Quintuplets. During the peak traffic hours, which are those immediately preceding the showing of the five little girls, only a few yards separate the cars of the sightseeing cavalcade which numbers, even on an average week day, 3,000 people, and on holidays and over week-ends, upward of 8,000. At the close of their fifth summer the five daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Dionne remain one of the stellar attractions of the continent, a tourist lure whose potency is rivalled only by Radio City, Gettysburg, Mount Vernon, and Niagara Falls.

From worse than scratch, the five girls in their fifty-two months of existence, have helped save a sizable city from bankruptcy, speeded the building of modern roads, improved local

real estate values, increased the township assessment rolls, taken a few hundred people off relief, become the sole support of their parents, boomed the summer tourist traffic, inspired thousands of dollars of new capital investments, and attracted many millions of U. S. dollars to their native province. The value of the American tourist traffic to Ontario, even in a depression year, is said to be between \$100,000,000 and \$125,000,000.

Compared with the money the Quintuplets have helped to make for other people—the restaurateurs and hotel keepers, the railroads and bus companies, the wholesalers and the provincial government—their own earnings seem very modest. According to the latest official statements, the children's gross take has so far amounted to over \$750,000. Of this sum, \$600,000 is invested in Provincial and Dominion bonds, there is \$50,000 in cash in the bank, and the balance is accounted for by expenditures in excess of income. Their capital expenses have included the cost of building their own quarters, known as the Dafoe Nursery, an adja-

cent building to house their staff, and the ingenious playground where they are shown twice daily, health and weather permitting, to the peripatetic multitude. They pay their own living expenses, contribute \$300 a month to the support of their parents, and are sending three of their brothers and sister to school. They pay income taxes to both the United States and Dominion governments.

Exclusive of their parents, and not including the legal luminaries who must be retained from time to time to protect the Quintuplets from the unauthorized use of their names, there are now fourteen people on their payroll. Ten of these are on the nursery or hospital staff: two nurses, three policemen, two maids, a teacher, a housekeeper, and a cook. The outside retinue is made up of the kindly Dr. Dafoe, whose monthly fee remains, at his own insistence, \$200 a month; the Quints' business manager, Keith Munro, who was one of the first newspaper men to reach the Dionne farmhouse after the birth of the babies; Dr. Dafoe's secretary, Gordon Moffatt; and the secretary-treasurer of the Board of Guardians, W. M. Flannery, a North Bay lawyer. Still other debit entries in the Quints' ledger are legal fees, and the incidental out-of-pock-

et expenses of their guardians, manager, advisers, and consultants. Added all together, the costs of caring for the five girls are running about \$22,000 a year, or \$2,000 in excess of the \$20,000 income they receive annually from their investments.

To date, the Quints' largest source of revenue has been the movies. Their first picture, "The Country Doctor," brought them \$50,000, and shortly afterward the same company paid \$250,000 for the rights to make three additional feature films within a given period. The agreement called also for additional payment of \$50,000 royalties. The first of the pictures, "Reunion," has already appeared, the second is in the making, and the third is to be taken before the end of 1939. In addition to this sizable payment to the Quints as actresses, the movies also contribute \$10,000 a year for the newsreel rights. After the movies the principal source of revenue has been advertising. At one time or another, consistent with their ages, the five sisters have endorsed corn syrup, cod liver oil, a disinfectant, diapers, soap, milk and milk products, tooth paste, breakfast food, toys, and children's clothes. One of the few products they are known to have used but do not seem to

have endorsed is the rum which served them so nobly in their early days.

One contract in the soap and dentifrice field will bring them \$55,000 over a three-year period, and their public approval of a well-known breakfast food made them richer by \$25,000. Other advertisers have paid lesser sums for the privilege of associating the five similar faces with their products, and manufacturer of dolls, toys, and novelties using the word "Quintuplet" (their registered trade mark in Canada) pay royalties for the right to do so. The revenues received from these sources, however, are much less than they might have been had not successive boards of guardians steadfastly refused to endorse any product not actually used by the children. This unique ethical scruple—unknown to endorsers generally—has undoubtedly cramped the Quints as money takers, as has the guardians' insistence that all advertising with which they are associated conform to certain rigid standards of dignity.

The third source of revenue, and in many ways the most interesting, has come through the sale of the still-picture rights. Although these have brought in less to the Quints than movies or advertising, they may prove of greater value in the long run,

for they have made the children known wherever magazines and newspapers are printed or souvenir calendars sold. Furthermore, it was the sale of the still-picture rights which proved a life saver soon after the babies were born. They were brought by the Toronto Star, less for commercial reasons than to provide the five tiny premature babies with the funds that were so desperately needed at that time. When the *Star* contract ran out some months later these same rights were purchased by an American news syndicate for \$10,000, and the contract subsequently renewed for \$50,000 for a limited period.

From the very beginning, the personal finances of the Quintuplets have been the cause of a series of dramatic conflicts between those interested in their welfare and those anxious to cash in on their great potential earning powers. The first clash came three days after the babies were born when the bewildered father, with the advice and assistance of the parish priest, signed a contract with one Ivan I. Spear to permit the exhibiting of the babies at the World's Fair then running in Chicago. The contract was an amazing document from every point of view. Under its terms Mr. and Mrs. Dionne were to receive 23 per cent of the net, after all ex-

penses had been paid; the priest, Father Dan Routhier, 7 per cent; and Mr. Spear's Century of Progress Tours Bureau, 70 per cent. The contract had no time limit and included every conceivable right of exploitation. But it did have one redeeming clause, the provision that the babies could not be moved without the consent of their physician, Dr. Allan Dafoe.

The storm of disapproval which broke round Dionne's head as soon as the terms of the contract were known quickly convinced him that he had been unfortunate in the choice of his adviser. Falling back on the saving clause, he repudiated the agreement and Spear later sued all those remotely connected with the incident for a nice round sum—\$1,000,000. The suit, incidentally, is still pending in the Illinois court. To protect the babies and Papa Dionne himself, from the continuing threat of equally dangerous commitment, Dr. Dafoe, with the help of others interested only in the survival of the infants, induced Dionne and his wife to agree to a temporary guardianship which removed the children entirely from their parents' control. Dionne was to regret this move almost as quickly as he had the preceding one; but by this time the pro-

vincial government, under pressure of outraged public opinion, had assumed control.

The Provincial government replaced the temporary guardianship with a permanent one making the five children wards of the King until their eighteenth birthday. The Dominion government, incidentally, has never had anything to do with the quintuplets, nor has it ever interfered with their affairs; they are exclusively a Provincial problem.

The quintuplets' \$600,000 nest egg would be considerably larger but for the horror their guardians, and Canadians generally, have of what they call "vulgar ballyhoo." The terror of being accused of "exploiting" the children, even to their advantage, has obviously limited their incomes.

No large billboard proclaims the Quints' nearness as one approaches their native health, no neon sign welcomes the weary motorist with the news that he is approaching his journey's end. Instead, there is a neat roadside route market, similar to all those that have identified the lakes, streams, and hamlets along the way. This market points eastward and states simply: "The Dionne Quintuplets."

The highway swells gently to the crest of a last knoll and

there, suddenly, is the whole amazing scene. On the left is the Dafoe Nursery, neat and squat, with a red roof and brown-stained walls of half logs. Flanking it are the staff house and the playground building, all three surrounded by a high fence of heavy wire. A tall canvas screen runs from the corner of the nursery to the playground, protecting the children from the unsupervised gaze of their friendly admirers. There are flower beds, straight walks and lawns, right-angled and uncompromising. Behind the fence all is orderly, restrained, and dignified. Outside there is a

huge macadamized plaza with long rows of cars neatly arranged and across the plaza Papa Dionne's refreshment and souvenir pavilion. Behind it is a vast parking space that could take care of a thousand cars.

Quickly grasped is the grim determination of the guardians to save their five small charges from any taint or flavor of commercialism. No charge is made to see them nor is any charge made for parking. The Quints do not take a nickel from the hordes who come hundreds of miles to gaze upon them.—*Merrill Denison, condensed from Harper's Magazine.*

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## *Trust Thyself*

TRUST thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Insist on yourself; never imitate. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion. The power which resides in him is new in Nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

## LAND WHERE NEGROES RULE

AFRICA'S last independent state is the negro republic of Liberia, on the West Coast a few degrees north of the Equator. Twice the size of Switzerland, it is mostly hilly jungle inhabited by some thirty tribes totalling 1,500,000 souls.

Like all African countries, Liberia owes its nationhood to foreign occupation. Yet these foreigners were not whites, but blacks—former American slaves, who were transported to Africa early in the last century by Abolitionist sympathisers. Enlarged by treaties with native chiefs, this American negro colony became an independent state in 1838.

Between the aborigines and the newcomers, despite their common stock, existed a sharp cleavage. The latter, with their English speech, veneer of European-American civilization, and apathy for native ways, behaved like white settlers. They lived on the coast, kept aloft from physical toil, suffered from the tropical heat, and assumed the position of a ruling class. The present-day Liberians—only descendants of the American freed slaves are so called—wear frock coats, top hats, and government decorations.

Centuries of human evolution lie between these outward signs of civilization and the native African's single homespun garment.

These American-descended Liberians still constitute the ruling class; they consider themselves the only civilized caste, the only people fit to govern.

Fearing possible domination by European capitalists, the founders of the negro republic forbade whites to acquire land. In consequence, Liberian independence remained secure; but the country's commercial possibilities were not developed. The Liberians preferred intellectual callings (to-day most of their descendants are lawyers, politicians, public officials, or clergymen); they proved unfit to become planters or pioneers. They built no railways, and, even now, only fifty miles of Liberian roads are usable by motor cars. Domestic animals are few, and transportation is still by the two-footed beast of burden—man.

The "closed-door-for-whites" policy remained in force until recent years. A group of Polish colonists obtained a concession, but this venture proved unsuccessful. More important is the

concession granted to Harvey Firestone, the American motor tyre king, for the cultivation of rubber. Most of Liberia's 20,000 day laborers are employed by Firestone.

The American-Liberians built up an exclusive aristocracy and reserved the right of participating in the government for themselves. Today, all civilized negroes are permitted to vote, but the weight of political and social prestige remains with the few families who trace their descent from the American freed slaves.

Officially, the absence of elementary schools in the hinterland is explained by the government's financial difficulties; but there is a further, unadmitted reason: by enlarging the class of educated aborigines, the Liberians might endanger their own long-standing supremacy.

Education in the hinterland has been left to private initiative, free from government regulation. The English mission schools seek to present Christianity in a form suited to native comprehension, and to avoid estranging the Christian negro abruptly from his tribal ties and traditions.

Not so the American missionary societies, which are of the opinion that a Christian negro will be more useful to his people than a heathen. Coupled with this is the notion that the

heathen mode of life is immoral—and the best way to alienate the young native from it is, apparently, to educate him like a little American citizen.

So, in their schools he learns, before all else, English, arithmetic, reading and writing. His schooling over, the pupil is different, both in dress and in outlook, from his family. Only on the coast, as a salesman in a shop or as a clerk in a Government office, can he hope to turn his acquired abilities to account. Perhaps he enters the aristocracy of civilized negroes—but not as a representative of the aboriginal class, which scorns him as much as do his new associates.

However, such opportunities are few, and many mission-school pupils remain jobless. Some of these join the coast proletariat; others return home. The latter have learned nothing that can enable them to retain their higher living standard. They become rice farmers, tilling the soil by methods just as primitive as those of their unschooled fellow-tribesmen. In addition, they are outcasts from their tribes. The chief may use them as interpreters in his dealings with the Government, but he disregards their counsel.

Towards the great mass of subject blacks, the government's policy is two-faced. Ostensibly, they deprecate the aboriginal mode of life. Yet, under the



surface, it has its attraction for them.

The government considers the tribal kings dangerous and seeks to replace them with puppets; and it undermines their prestige by laying down the rule that a chief's judicial decisions may be appealed to the District Commissioner, and, in the last resort, to the Supreme Court at Monrovia. Though seeming to allow the traditional institutions to stand, the government impairs their normal functioning, without any apparent intention of replacing them with a new social order.

The government's chief purpose seems to be to collect taxes on the natives' farms without arousing too much resistance. In all other African countries to-day, the principle is firmly established that at least a part

of the tax revenues should be expended for the welfare of the aborigines. But, in Liberia, the entire amount flows to the coast, to benefit the ruling class alone.

Liberia has not so far succeeded in creating a nation out of its population. Its political energies are absorbed in the struggle between its two classes of negroes—civilized and aborigines. The former want to retain their position as overlords at any cost; the latter are growing continually more weary of being exploited. However, their protests are easily checked by the little constabulary force of their black masters, since the multiplicity of tribal units makes anything like a united revolutionary movement impossible.  
—*Condensed from Deutsche Rundschau, Berlin.*

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## *How to Keep Your Temper*

WHEN a person annoys you, stop talking. Think. Put yourself in *his* place. Say to yourself that if you *really* were his superior you would be kind, considerate and patient, and not become angry.

When a circumstance upsets you, take a walk, if only round the room. Then sit down and think. Let your ego help you out by saying to yourself that nothing is insurmountable for you.

Get plenty of exercise and social activity.

Study other people and learn their faults and weaknesses. Let these amuse you.—*Your Life.*

¶What is behind civilization?

## WANTED—A POET

I REMEMBER nearly 10 years ago, shortly after the financial crash, reading in the newspapers that Christopher Morley had had an interview with President Hoover in the White House. He asked the President what he thought in that time of bewilderment and dismay was America's greatest need. The President replied, "America's greatest need today is a great poet." This statement coming from the Chief Magistrate made a tremendous impression. I suppose the President meant that what every nation needs and what every individual needs is culture, in the deepest sense of the word. Culture is not only a civilizing force; it is in its essence spiritual. Carlyle said no nation is great unless it has a voice. Mere size and strength of armaments have never in themselves made any nation great.

Italy is not great because every child is trained to be a soldier with a knapsack for a pillow; Italy is not great because the entire nation is united in an aggressive determination to secure more territory; Italy is great because she has Dante and Petrarch; because she has Raphael, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto,

and many other painters. She has added enormously to the culture and civilization of the world.

Germany is not great because she has enlarged her geographical territory; she is not great because she has a large body of trained soldiers and an immense number of war planes; she is great because German composers of music have contributed more to the music of the world than those of all other nations put together and multiplied 10 times. She is great because she produced Goethe, the greatest world poet since Shakespeare and one of the greatest poets of all time, the others being Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare. The foremost private citizen in Germany is Gerhart Hauptmann.

A few years before the World War some newspaper in Germany sent out a questionnaire to thousands of Germans, asking them to name in order of importance the 10 living men who were most necessary to the welfare of the country. Of course, the first vote was given to the Kaiser, but that was a complimentary vote and had no other significance. The second name on the list was Gerhart

Hauptmann, and lower down in the list were Professor Roentgen, who discovered the X-ray which has been of incalculable benefit in all hospitals, and Dr. Koch, whose discoveries have saved millions of children from death. It is interesting that, above these great scientific men of genius, whose discoveries have been so important for the health and well-being of mankind, the majority of German citizens answering the questionnaire should have considered Hauptmann more important, more necessary to the welfare of the state; Gerhart Hauptmann, who never made anything useful—a poet, a dramatist, a novelist.

England is great, not because she has the most powerful navy in the world, but because on a plot of ground no bigger than the state of Michigan she has produced more great poets than any other country in ancient or modern times: Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Byron, Tennyson, Browning—these are the eternal glories of their native land.

Russia is great not because she is gaining in engineering and in industrial work and in the manufacture of implements of war, but because she has Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and Chekhov.

These authors have nothing to do with either Tsarism or Communism. They are the most important of all Russian productions.

About 30 years ago I asked a Japanese student who had just entered Yale why he had left his native land and come to America. He replied, "When I was a student in Japan, I read in a Japanese translation a book by Ralph Waldo Emerson. I immediately decided, first, to learn English so that I could read that man in the original, and second, to come and live for a time in a land that could produce such a mighty genius."

When I was a freshman in college, our instructor in Latin said that the Romans were the greatest nation in antiquity because they were the greatest in the greatest things—in law, in discipline, in government, in colonization. But, even as a freshman, I knew he was mistaken, because those are not the greatest things. Greece was the greatest nation in antiquity because she produced the greatest poets, the greatest dramatists, the greatest philosophers. Of course, I should be very foolish indeed if I did not admire many works in Latin literature in two large volumes which began by saying that compared with Greek literature, all Latin literature is hardly more than a school exercise. Rome complete-

ly conquered Greece by force of arms in the year 146 B. C. and made Greece a part of the Roman Empire. But no sooner had they overcome the armed resistance of the Greeks than Athens began her bloodless conquest of the conqueror, and Greek literature imposed its eternal sway on the Romans and all the rest of the civilized world.

In every war, whether it is a war between two states or a general war in which many nations take part, there are three things which the war cannot stop or change. These three things are agriculture, love between the sexes, and literature. I have never heard of a war where the theatres did not remain open, and not for purposes of propaganda. In the last years of the terrible war between Sparta and Athens when it was clear that Athens was doomed, Euripides put no one of his immortal masterpieces, a play that is widely read and still acted today.

Man cannot live without bread, but he cannot live by bread alone. His physical existence depends upon food, but his

spiritual life depends upon the things that keep the soul alive: poetry, fiction, drama, music, sculpture, painting, and all the fine arts. War in itself is not history, even though until recently it took up a major part of the space in the history books. War is rather an interrupter of history, a gigantic irrelevancy that for a time disturbs the course of history which is found in the daily life of men and women. The German Goethe was not only the greatest poet since Shakespeare; he was an absolutely civilized man, more civilized than most of us are today. During the war between Germany and France in the early days of the nineteenth century, he was asked to write propaganda against the French, and he replied that he would not write propaganda against the French because the French were a civilized people.

Politics and social questions may seem for the time supremely important, but they are transitory and ephemeral. Poetry deals with those things that are fixed and eternal—the food of the human soul.—*Dr. William Lyon Phelps, condensed from Last-ener's Digest.*



¶Filipinos are lazy, says Roxas.

## WHY FILIPINOS ARE ECONOMICALLY BACKWARD

CONDITIONS in the Philippines during the last forty years have been very favorable to economic progress. Much has been accomplished, but not enough, and the Philippines stands today an economically backward country. What has been the cause of this backwardness, I repeat? Why is it that the Philippines has not been able to keep pace with other countries which since the world war have been able to increase their income by leaps and bounds until their productivity has reached such a point where to safeguard the balance of their national economy measures have been taken to restrict production? We have natural resources, we have the man power, we have the capital, and we have the will to produce—why don't we produce more? My answer to this question is that the Filipino does not work enough, he does not work continuously, he does not work scientifically, and what is worse, many Filipinos don't work at all. A large portion of our population are exclusively consumers, not producers. And there are altogether too many who live on the work of others, either as absentee landlords,

money-lenders, or false entrepreneurs. The educated Filipino runs away from the land, very often considering work on the soil below his dignity. Many of us are chiftless and ignore completely the economic value of thrift. We often live beyond our income and share in the enjoyments of life in a measure utterly unjustified by the labor we have performed. The well-to-do are inclined to a life of luxury and ostentation, spending their time in wasteful leisure. Conspicuous consumption is practiced by a large number of people, and many of them live in penury under the trappings of opulence. A considerable part of our savings is depleted in social frivolities, and it is the practice to go into debt or even to mortgage the home to raise funds for a town fiesta, a christening, or the anniversary of a relation's death.

Many Filipinos believe that economic problems, such as the distribution of the profits of industry, the level of prices and wages, can be determined by political action without consideration to economic factors. Few seem to understand that wealth can be produced only by

intensive, persistent and intelligent toil and that this country cannot be legislated into prosperity and affluence. Prices are always controlled by the law of supply and demand, and wages, while subject to the regulatory action of the government, must, in the last analysis, depend upon the actual economic value of the work done. In competitive industry, the only fair and economically sound manner of fixing labor wages is to base them on individual output; thereby, a man receiving low wages but whose output is very small may actually be overpaid when compared with the wages of a high-salaried wage-earner but whose output is much larger than that of the low-salaried employe.

There are some Filipinos who are content with the bare means of existence. That is the outlook of the unsocial man. That is the attitude of the beast in the jungle. This view of life is not only unworthy of a cultured person, but is a great drawback upon the progress of the nation and should be eradicated. We are a people with noble longings and high aspirations. We are Christians with a Christian outlook of life. We have a culture which demands certain standards of living, and we cannot resign ourselves merely not to starve. We are entitled to, and must aspire for, the life of civilized human beings,

having all the material necessities for existence, enjoying comfort and leisure, and understanding those spiritual values which are the possession of cultured men.

As for our nation, we too have longings and aspirations. We are forming an integrated, progressive, free state capable of maintaining its independence. That is our hope and that is our destiny, *if we dare to achieve it*. We owe it to ourselves as individuals, and in an even greater measure, we owe it to our common country to do our part in the fulfillment of this ambition. It can only be done if we strengthen our national economy through increased production and the creation of more wealth. We have to engage in a greater determined and intelligent individual and collective productive effort. We must apply ourselves to more strenuous and sustained labor. We must co-ordinate our economic activities for the promotion of the integral welfare of the state. Labor and capital must realize that they have social and patriotic obligations to discharge and should not stop the wheels of production for flimsy or transient causes. We should change our attitude concerning labor in the farm and in the factories, and should be willing to prefer employment

in those fields, because they are productive undertakings.

There is need of catching the imagination of our people, to focus it in this great enterprise of nation building. We cannot for long be free unless we build a strong economic foundation for that freedom. Many will say, "We want to work but we can find no work." My answer is that there is work for everyone who wants to work. An enterprising man may even create work. Our natural resources are waiting for the ap-

plication of human toil. We have vast unoccupied lands. Let us be pioneers. Let us have the courage, the earnestness, and the will to hew the forests and to carve a home and a farm in their midst. Today, to erect a nation and to maintain it, there is need of men of force and vision and character, and especially, lovers of work—men who are not afraid to toil hard and continuously.—*Sec. Manuel Roxas, from a commencement address at Far Eastern University, March, 1939*

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## *Sure You're Honest, But—*

CHEATING goes on in almost every college. Dr. Frank Winthrop Parr, professor of secondary education at Oregon State College, hit upon a scheme to test the extent of cheating.

He held a vocabulary test and had the answers secretly scored. Then he returned the papers and read off the correct meanings while the students computed their own scores. A comparison of the two scores showed that 42 per cent of the 409 students involved had cheated to raise their marks.

He had the students fill out a questionnaire, got their intelligence quotients and general scholastic ratings from the college office and started some figuring. Here's what he found:

*Men cheat more than women.*

*Dishonesty ratio increases with age.*

*Sophomores are more honest than freshmen.*

*Country students cheat more than city students.*

*Fraternity and sorority members cheat more than non-members.*

*Students of poorer classes cheat twice as much as those of the professional class.—Your Life.*

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¶Stolen rubber seeds ruined a city.

## GHOST CITY OF THE AMAZON

A THOUSAND miles up the Amazon river lies the cheerless city of Manaos, pale, grey and desolate, like an aged woman sustained only by the memory of past triumphs. Once Manaos was the flourishing capital of the Brazilian rubber kingdom when that country had the monopoly of the rubber trade of the world. At that time, in the last years of the nineteenth century, she had her hectic fling. She was gay, brilliant and rich beyond all imagining.

Money flowed in Manaos like the waters of the great river on which she was built. The cost of living was so high that matches and writing-paper cost shillings and even pounds, but no one begrudged paying it. Money meant nothing to the rubber millionaires who made up the bulk of her population.

Manaos boasted a tram line before Manchester had one. Her paved main streets were wide and gleamed white in the sun. She had a great domed theatre which could compare with the best in the world for sheer architectural beauty as well as the quality of its entertainment. Her marble Palace of Justice was a dream come true. Pri-

vate homes were like palaces, and as sumptuously furnished; private citizens owned carriages and stables that would have aroused the envy of the crowned monarchs of Europe. The women of Manaos dressed in the latest fashions from Paris; they sent their children to the most expensive schools of Europe and America to be educated. And the jewels they wore at the opera would have dazzled the eyes of an Indian potentate.

The inhabitants of this fabulous town on the edge of the jungle spent fabulous sums to bring culture in the hinterlands of Brazil. The most celebrated singers, actors and authors appeared before the citizens of Manaos, gathered there from the four corners of the world. Nothing but the best would do for Manaos—but her days were numbered. Even then two Englishmen were preparing her doom.

The directors of the Botanical Gardens at Kew, England, commissioned a man named Farris to go to Brazil and return with some rubber seedlings for experimental purposes. This, of course, was against the law, and the Brazilian customs inspectors were eternally vigilant

to prevent any smuggling. However, Farris eluded them by stuffing two crocodile skins with the precious plants. He brought them back to England in triumph, but they died shortly after their arrival in Kew.

Almost immediately afterwards another Englishman, Henry Wickham, was sent out on the same assignment. For months before the actual *coup* he engaged in the wool-exporting industry, in order to avoid suspicion. Then one day he placed a few specimens of the plant in the moist interior of some bales of wool and sent them off to England.

The rest is history. The seedlings, thanks to infinite care and patience, were grown to maturity in the botanical gardens. And in an amazingly short time rubber plantations sprang up in the Malay States and Ceylon. Great Britain had completely broken the Brazilian rubber monopoly.

Almost overnight Manaos was deprived of the main source of her existence—her tremendous rubber export trade. Her incredibly wealthy rubber barons lost their fortunes; poverty and gloom entered where before they had feared to show themselves.

The palatial homes of the formerly wealthy citizens are still standing—deserted ghost-castles surrounded by weeds instead of gardens. Cafés and pleasure haunts are shabby, neglected, badly-patronized. When their once-gorgeous decorations crumble from the walls, no one bothers to repair them.

The opera house and theatre are closed; no famous personages ever visit Manaos now. And all that her citizens have left is the memory of their departed grandeur, the knowledge that once—not so very long ago—they knew what it was to live life to the full, a thousand miles up the Amazon!—*Condensed from Parade.*

\* \* \*

### *Dash After Bill*

TEACHER: "How would you punctuate this sentence—"The wind blew a ten-dollar bill around the corner.'"

JOHNNY: "I would make a dash after the bill."—*National Postal Clerk.*

¶The secret of happiness in old age.

## I LOVE LIFE AT 70

ON MY 70th birthday the Advertising Club of New York gave me a party. During the previous month I had addressed five conventions, and before that I had made a strenuous 14,000-mile trip of 81 days' duration, during which, without missing an engagement, I had made 108 speeches. I had returned to New York feeling and, so people said, looking younger than when I left home.

At 50 I had not felt young. I recall perfectly the very morning that I sat straight up in bed, startled by the realization that old age was just around the corner. How was I going to spend it? My forebears had been long-lived; but they had had the means to retire gracefully and lead a contented, social life, while leisure interests and I parted company long ago.

So I deliberately set out to combat the ailments of old age—the degenerative diseases which cripple, infect, and weaken both men and women. Twenty years ago the complete physical examination was a novelty; but I had one; the diagnostician and I got to the root of all the old-age warnings that my body had sounded. My dizzy spells were traced

to eye strain; I consulted a progressive oculist. The rheumatic twinges were tracked to infected teeth. They came out. Intestinal poisoning, which makes most of the trouble we have to face from 50 on, I began to fight unremittingly with the help of osteopathy, hydrotherapy, exercise, and diet.

I began to study what food was good for me and what disagreed with me. No doctor can decide this very individual problem for you. You learn for yourself which foods will sustain your strength and which will create the discomfort, however slight, which eventually will weaken your entire digestive tract.

I decided that regular exercise was necessary, and even now, at 70, I still give 10 minutes a day to calisthenics. I follow this light routine: Before rising, while lying flat in bed, I flex certain muscles and joints—my fingers, wrists, elbows, and shoulders; then my toes, ankles, knees and hips. After rising, I do a few simple exercises to flex the neck. These are important for circulation, which affects the sight. Finally, I have three exercises for bending at the waistline and one for rising on

the toes to strengthen the arches of the feet.

I emphasize the importance of these exercises because without them I would have the same difficulty in getting in and out of cars, stepping off curbs, even stumbling and falling, that some of my old friends have.

Long ago I learned that the daily bath in the tub is a severe drain on the strength of an elderly person. I take a tub bath only every other day and a sponge bath on the alternate day.

At home I live like a luxury-loving tabby cat. I do not belong to the large group of women who have become habituated to self-denial and practice it when it is no longer necessary. For me the comforts, little luxuries, the delicacies of life which all women love, are not extravagant but are aids to efficiency and cheerful living. At 70 I outfit my toilet table with those articles which you might expect to find a young matron using, and today I have a clearer, fresher skin than I had at 60.

My philosophy may be all wrong, but I think that life owes me a lot. I don't mean by this that the world owes me a living. It is up to me to earn that—or marry it. I believe, however, that life owes me certain satisfactions and joy, and I can't have these if I am half sick and filled with fear for the

future. I have never been a rich woman. In fact, I have known when the chances of being able to pay the next month's rent seemed pretty dim. But there never was a time when the prospect was hopeless, or when I was afraid to take the next step, however hazardous it seemed; and this was because I had the venturesome spirit which dwells in a healthy body.

At 50, however, I suddenly realized that I had come to the parting of the ways. Not only had my youth gone but my children, who should now be allowed to live their own lives. It was up to me to fill the void left as they married and scattered into little worlds of their own. Happily I had work of absorbing interest. Not every woman is so fortunate, but every woman can have an absorbing hobby; and it matters little whether that hobby is gardening or bridge, travel, music, collecting early American glassware, or conducting a civic league.

The greatest foe to a comfortable and happy old age is selfishness. The woman who talks continuously about her operation or the crick in her back or the indifference of the family physician (who is probably bored to extinction with her complaints about her small

aches and pains) is headed for a lonely, fretful old age. Speaking from very satisfactory experience, I say to all women of 50, begin now to grow old gracefully. Be your age, but be

it rightly. Look your age if you must, but don't let it rub the smile from your lips or the laughter from your eyes.—*Anna S. Richardson, condensed from Physical Culture.*

\* \* \*

## *What Causes Pyorrhoea?*

WE OFTEN meet people who have never suffered from caries and whose teeth are intact, but who nevertheless have lost several teeth and whose remaining teeth are loose. When we press the gum, in such cases, pus flows out along the tooth; sometimes these teeth seem longer than the others because the gum has receded.

The tooth is implanted in a cavity of the bone, called the alveolus, and is attached to the walls of the alveolus by fibrous tissue. In pyorrhoea the tooth is not affected. The disease attacks the fibrous tissue, the bone constituting the alveoli and the gum. Pus forms along the tooth, the fibrous tissue is partly destroyed, the bone is affected, the gum is red and swollen, and when the bone is corroded, leaving the root uncovered, the gum also recedes. This destruction causes the tooth to become loose. When the pus can escape, there is seldom any pain, but when it cannot do so, painful abscesses occur.

Without a doubt, the deposit of tartar behind the lower teeth and the upper molars causes an irritation of the area which renders it susceptible to pyorrhoea.

Pyorrhoea almost always causes digestive disorders; firstly, because the pus is continually being swallowed and, secondly, because mastication is insufficient on account of the looseness of the teeth.

Finally, there is the ever-present danger of general infection of the blood stream which may cause severe and remote damage.

Many forms of rheumatism, foul breath, severe headaches, liver, stomach, and bowel disorders, gastric ulcers and serious heart affections are directly attributable to this insidious disease. If you have the slightest cause to suspect that you are suffering from pyorrhoea, consult your dentist without delay.—*Doctor.*

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## 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. One of these former Presidents of the United States was once the chief executive of the Philippines: (1) *Theodore Roosevelt*, (2) *McKinley*, (3) *Taft*, (4) *Coolidge*, (5) *Harding*, (6) *Hoover*.

2. This province was once famous for coffee production: (1) *Albay*, (2) *Cavite*, (3) *Misamis*, (4) *Batangas*, (5) *Cebu*, (6) *Leyte*.

3. The revolver was invented in 1835 by: (1) *Samuel Colt*, (2) *S. P. Langley*, (3) *Hiram Maxim*, (4) *Benjamin Franklin*, (5) *Thomas A. Edison*, (6) *John Remington*.

4. In England, the possessor of one of these titles takes precedence over all but members of the royal family at formal functions: (1) *Marquis*, (2) *Earl*, (3) *Lord*, (4) *Duke*, (5) *Sir*, (6) *Esquire*, (7) *Baron*, (8) *Sahib*.

5. If the franc is the monetary unit of France, then the monetary unit of Switzerland is the: (1) *lira*, (2) *pound*, (3) *franc*, (4) *dollar*, (5) *piaster*, (6) *peso*, (7) *mark*, (8) *ruble*.

6. Those eight central front teeth in your mouth are called: (1) *biscupids*, (2) *canines*, (3) *wisdom*,

(4) *incisors*, (5) *molars*, (6) *nippers*.

7. No matter how many times we look out of windows most of us don't realize that one of the three major substances used to make glass is: (1) *olive oil*, (2) *varnish*, (3) *iron ore*, (4) *wool*, (5) *sand*, (6) *kerosene*, (7) *discarded football-game programs*.

8. One of these is a simple instrument used to determine the thickness or diameter of an object: (1) *conifer*, (2) *calorimeter*, (3) *calliope*, (4) *caliph*, (5) *calibrator*, (6) *caliper*.

9. The character of Ophelia appears in one of these Shakespearean plays: (1) *Merchant of Venice*, (2) *Macbeth*, (3) *Hamlet*, (4) *Romeo and Juliet*, (5) *The Tempest*.

10. By human standards, one of these creatures has the ugliest, most repulsive face of the list: (1) *hartebeest*, (2) *ocelot*, (3) *iguana*, (4) *yak*, (5) *jackal*, (6) *gazelle*.

11. On his fifth wedding anniversary, a man may correctly present his wife with: (1) *a cord of wood*, (2) *a tin pie pan*, (3) *a set of crystal goblets*, (5) *a box of paper napkins* (6) *a new gold inlay*, (7) *a china pot*.

12. The title of one of these books has been used as the name of a wonderful place reclaimed from the sea and made the site of a world exposition: (1) *Ivanhoe*, (2) *Paradise Lost*, (3) *Treasure Island*, (4) *The Good Earth*, (5) *Vanity Fair*, (6) *Noli Me Tangere*, (7) *Count of Monte Cristo*.

13. It is said that so much paper being now imported into the Philippines there should be paper factories established in the Philippines using principally one of these raw materials for paper making: (1) *rags*, (2) *kapok trees*, (3) *bamboo trees*, (4) *rattan vines*, (5) *coconut leaves*.

14. One of the foremost Filipino philanthropists who died this year was: (1) *Gregorio Araneta*, (2) *Teodoro R. Yangco*, (3) *Isidoro de la Rama*, (4) *Jose Fernandez*, (5) *Manuel Earnshaw*.

15. The new President of the University of the Philippines who has earned the reputation of a disciplinarian and an efficient executive is: (1) *Jose Laurel*, (2) *Francisco Benitez*, (3) *Jorge Bocobo*, (4) *Bienvenido Gonzalez*, (5) *Rafael Palma*, (6) *Camilo Osias*.

16. During the last days of April, 1939, there was much talk in the papers about launching the candidacies of one of these pairs

for President and Vice-President to succeed Quezon and Osmeña, respectively: (1) *Alunan-Cuenco*, (2) *Osias-Aglipay*, (3) *Yulo-Paredes*, (4) *Osmeña-Recto*, (5) *Recto-Montinola*, (6) *Roxas-Sabido*, (7) *Sumulong-Aguinaldo*.

17. President Franklin Roosevelt proposed a ten-year period of peace and non-aggression to one of the following groups or states: (1) *the democracies*, (2) *the soviet states*, (3) *empires*, (4) *Italy and Germany*, (5) *England and France*, (6) *Japan and Russia*.

18. The first day of May is celebrated as an official holiday because (1) *it is the Philippine independence day*; (2) *the day of the capture of Manila by the American forces*; (3) *labor day*; (4) *health day*; (5) *the Communists' holiday*.

19. One of these is not yet a chartered city in the Philippines: (1) *Cebu*, (2) *Davao*, (3) *Lipa*, (4) *Bacolod*, (5) *Iloilo*, (6) *Zamboanga*.

20. The election code of the Philippines does not allow one of the following public officers to be elected more than three consecutive times: (1) *Member of the National Assembly*, (2) *municipal councilor*, (3) *municipal mayor*, (4) *city mayor*, (5) *member of the provincial board*.

\* \* \*



¶The will to conquer in the Japanese.

## DON'T UNDERESTIMATE JAPAN

WILL Japan break down from war-weariness? I think, if a plebiscite could be held on the simple issue of war or peace, the majority of the Japanese would vote for peace. This would most probably be true of any country at war. If one talks privately with Japanese who have sons or husbands or brothers at the front, one finds that they are like human beings in any other country, more concerned about the safety of their loved ones than about the high-sounding phrases which they read in newspapers and hear in radio broadcasts. But between this mood and one of revolt or mutiny there is a wide gulf. The Japanese people are in the grip of a powerful, well-oiled military machine which shows no signs of cracking. Psychologically it is almost impossible for a Japanese to be a conscientious objector, if only because of the disgrace which this would bring on his whole family. Quite conceivably his parents would feel obliged to commit suicide.

It is often suggested that China enjoys the great advantage, over Japan, of fighting in self-defense. This advantage, would probably be great if the

war were being fought by intellectuals on both sides, by the types of Japanese and Chinese, for instance, whom one meets at conferences of the Institute of Pacific Relations. But for the average peasant, shopkeeper, laborer, clerk, such factors as regularity of rations, care of the wounded, provision for families at home (which Japan can order better than China because of its greater material progress) bulk larger, as a general rule, than the abstract ethical issues of the war.

Moreover, Japan has built up an ideological case for its war which is not necessarily ineffective in influencing Japanese because it seems mythological to most Westerners. The main thesis of this case is that Japan is fighting to save China and, in the long run, other Asiatic countries as well, from the double threat of Soviet Communism and occidental colonial exploitation.

The statement that Japan's position in China is comparable with Napoleon's disastrous penetration to Moscow will, I think, be quickly disproved by the course of events. For the Japanese in China possess what Napoleon in Russia lacked: a

reliable network of rail and water routes of communication. The Chinese "scorched earth" policy has inflicted more distress on Chinese civilians than on Japanese troops. Even if the number of fugitives in the unoccupied parts of China runs into millions, the greater part of the dense population of the occupied regions must remain and somehow earn a living, accommodating themselves to the Japanese more or less as their ancestors made their adjustments with Mongol and Manchu conquerors in the past.

Can the Japanese be harassed out of China by means of guerrilla warfare? It is too soon to answer this question with absolute certainty. But the Japanese are confident, on the basis of their Manchurian experience, that this type of resistance can be reduced to negligible proportions within a few years. Manchoukuo today is unquestionably a going concern, from the Japanese point of view. Sporadic insurgent activity has not made the country economically untenable. Production and foreign trade have increased since 1931. The railways have been substantially extended. The currency system is orderly and taxes are regularly collected. If a few hundred Japanese soldiers are killed every year fighting the malcontents whom the Japanese call bandits

and the Chinese regard as nationalist patriots, this does not bulk very large in the eyes of Japan's military leaders. And the loss of thousands or even tens of thousands of lives during the next years in maintaining "law and order" in China will, in the same way, be considered a minor incident in the building up of a great Asiatic empire.

It may be, of course, that the Japanese underestimate the obstacles which confront them, that the Chinese guerrillas, supported and reenforced by regular nationalist forces, will make any kind of economic reconstruction more difficult in China than it has been in Manchoukuo. But at the present time there is no feeling of frustration in Japanese military circles as a result of the Chinese partisan warfare. Japanese civilians have been moving into occupied Chinese cities in considerable numbers, not only into Peiping, Tientsin and Shanghai, but also into towns like Taiyuanfu, capital of Shansi, and Shihchia-chung, on the Peking-Hankow Railway, both of which are close to regions of intensive guerilla activity. This movement would scarcely take place if there were any apprehension that the Japanese might be driven out of the places which they have occupied.

The weakest points in Ja-

pan's armor are its finances and the state of its international balance of payments. Japan has never been able to balance its budget since the occupation of Manchuria. Its national debt, which was about 6,000,000,000 *yen* in 1931, is now about 16,000,000,000 *yen* and will exceed 20,000,000,000 *yen* by 1940. War exigencies and depression in export trade have stripped Japan of almost all its gold, except for a sum of 500,000,000 *yen* which is held as a nominal currency reserve, although the currency is actually inconvertible. The trade balance with countries outside the *yen* bloc is unfavorable to the extent of about 500,000,000 *yen*.

One should not overlook these economic danger signals. But one should not overestimate their importance. Does any one really suppose that some day the Japanese Cabinet will meet and decide that, since the country is bankrupt, the war in China should be given up? That such a cabinet, in all probability, would be machine-gunned out of existence is only one of the reasons why no such action will be taken. History is full of examples of countries which fought for years against far greater odds than Japan faces today and in spite of much more serious economic difficulties. (The American South and

Germany in the World War are cases in point.)

If Japan is in financial straits, this is true, in greater or less degree, of every large power in the world. If the United States can afford to spend billions of dollars annually for an indefinite period of time to support it unemployed, it is at least conceivable that Japan can pour out billions of *yen*, treating the war in China and the economic development of Manchoukuo as a sort of gigantic WPA project. One of the incidental advantages of this arrangement is that it tends to find employment abroad for the restless spirits who might otherwise be killing Cabinet Ministers at home.

To the average Japanese in town and country, the war has brought hardships and deprivations but no suffering so acute as to represent a serious threat to working efficiency or national morale. University and technical school graduates can have jobs for the asking—a welcome change from the lean years of unemployment. Japan has its booming munitions centers, its Hog Islands and Bethlehems (the town of Yawata, in Kyushu, site of a large steel works, is a good example). Here some skilled workers earn salaries that are fabulous by oriental standards, as much as two or three hundred *yen* a month. As against this must be set bitter

distress in the small handicraft trades, which cannot adapt themselves to wartime production and cannot get their customary raw materials because of import restrictions.

The strongest point in Japan's war-time economy is self-sufficiency in food. Japan and its colonies and dependencies, with the adjacent seas, produce in abundance everything that the masses of the people eat: rice, fish, soya beans, fruits, vegetables, sugar. After a year and a half of war Japan is less pinched for food than Germany

(allowing for different national habits of diet).

And experience shows that acute food shortage is the only sure means, apart from decisive defeat on the battlefield, of breaking the morale and working capacity of the men and women behind the lines.

Don't underestimate Japan. Any policy framed on the assumption that Japan is near its last gasp, ready to crumble under slight pressure, is likely to prove foredoomed to disillusionment.—*William Henry Chamberlain, condensed from Asia.*

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### *Retorts in Two Syllables*

EVEN when he was Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, Calvin Coolidge's habit of taciturnity was outstanding. Two women acquaintances were discussing the Coolidge trait of using no more words than absolutely necessary, and the upshot of it was a wager which one of the women explained to Coolidge the next time she met him:

"Mr. Lieutenant-Governor, a friend of yours and mine, Mrs. Smith, has wagered that I can't persuade you to say *three words* on the subject of equal rights for women. Three little words, mind you! Now what do you say to such a wager?"

Coolidge reflected a moment, then replied with twinkling eyes:

"You lose."—*Your Life.*

## Panorama Quiz—Answers

1. Taft
2. Batangas
3. Samuel Colt
4. Duke
5. Franc
6. Incisors
7. Sand
8. Caliper
9. Hamlet
10. Iguana
11. A cord of wood
12. Treasure Island
13. Bamboo trees
14. Teodoro R. Yangco
15. Bienvenido Gonzalez
16. Yulo-Paredes
17. Italy and Germany
18. Labor day
19. Lipa
20. Municipal mayor

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## READERS' COMMENT

*Santo Tomas, Batangas*—Count me as one among your contented subscribers. I wish PANORAMA more successes. Aside from enjoying the reading of your selected articles, I find it a pleasure to "travel" and see beautiful sceneries via the *Panorama of Philippine Life*. Why does not PANORAMA also publish a page of selected poems? The good quality of the articles published in PANORAMA is an assurance that only poems of high quality will be published.—*Diego M. Holgado.*

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*Bondo Elementary School, Tayabas*—Let me inform you that every copy of PANORAMA I received is a traveling gazette in our district. My friends and I cannot over-estimate the appreciation from reading, from cover to cover, every issue of the enjoyable and valuable PANORAMA.—*Zoilo Garcia.*

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*Lopez, Tayabas*—Your magazine is indeed very valuable for our Civil Service Review. The contents are interesting and are helpful to us in our own professional growth.—*Jose F. Angeles.*

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*Laoag, Ilocos Norte*—I wish to express my sincere appreciation for the good literature I enjoy in PANORAMA. I hope for the continued success of your publication.—*Tomas B. Trinidad.*

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*Manila*—I consider PANORAMA a magazine for thinkers. Articles on Rizal and on current problems are interesting and though inspiring. I think your new pictorial section is good but I don't consider putting advertisements with it good

taste. It cheapens the section.—*Loreto P. Lagniton.*

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*Baler, Tayabas*—Kindly forward me your coming two issues (only) of PANORAMA (May & June) to the address given below. I wish, if possible, not to miss even a single copy of it because of its high educational value and the pleasure it gives me.—*Andres B. Querijero.*

\* \* \*

*Tuguegarao, Cagayan*—Enclosed herewith please find a post office money order of two pesos for the payment of my one-year subscription to PANORAMA, which is so interesting that everybody here at home enjoy reading every copy of it.—*Mrs. Margarita B. Baquiran.*

\* \* \*

*Manila*—I bought a copy of your magazine and read it from start to finish. I found PANORAMA an educational magazine. It is so interesting and entertaining that I am proud to recommend it to my friends who are now ardent readers.—*Mrs. Placida Zulueta Pablo.*

\* \* \*

*San Fernando, La Union*—Enclosed Money Order for ₱2.00 in payment of my subscription to your PANORAMA, a publication which I consider one of my best papers in my file.—*Juan Borja.*

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*Calarian, Zamboanga*—I wish to thank you for continuing my subscription despite my delay in sending you this remittance for renewal. I have been so much pressed with work that I forgot to send this on time. In closing, let me congratulate you for keeping the magazine better and more interesting than ever.—*Isagani V. Campo.*