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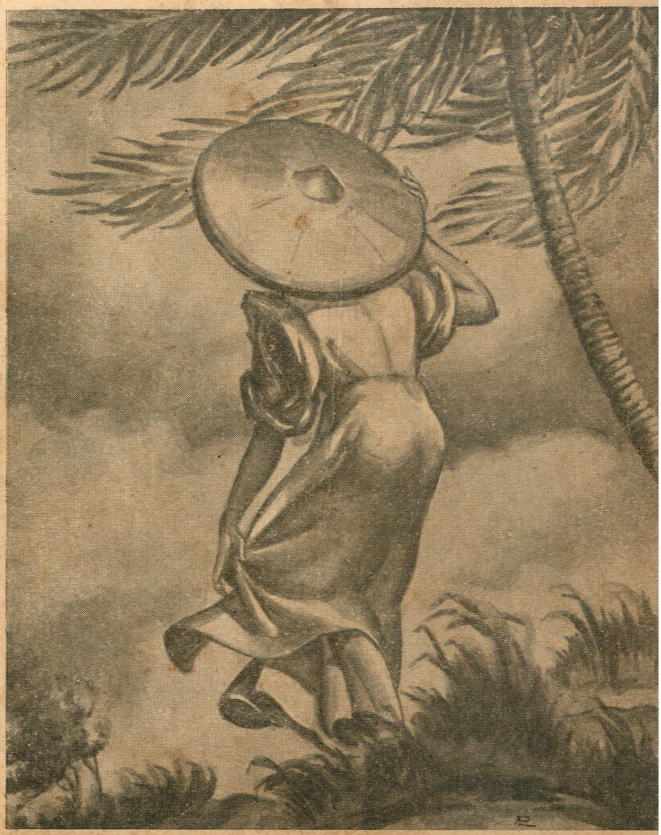

RIZAL'S FOREBODINGS

The World's Greatest Man • Dope—Japan's New Weapon
Women Who Shoot • Humpty Dumpty's Rule in Law
Cordell Hull: The Vanishing American • Tomb of Love
A Day in Roosevelt's Life • Not All Geisha Are Girls
Iceland: Democracy's Farthest North • Dusk on the Lake

20 centavos a copy

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PANORAMA

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Rizal's Forebodings

What I wish is that others should rise and that their names should become familiar to the ears. I am haunted by sad thoughts although I do not completely believe in them. In my boyhood I had a strong feeling that I would not reach the age of thirty years. I do not know why I thought that way. For the last two months almost every night I dream only of friends and relatives who are dead. One time I even dreamt that I followed a path that led into the bottom of the earth, and there I met a multitude of persons sitting down in white dresses, with white faces, silent, and surrounded by white lights. There I saw my two brothers, one of them being now dead and the other still living. Although I do not believe in these things, although I am strong and have no sickness of any kind, I am, however, preparing for my death; I am arranging what I am going to leave; and I am ready for anything that may happen: *Laong Laan** is my true name. For this reason I want to finish at all cost the second volume of *Noli Me Tangere* and if possible I do not wish to leave what I had begun without any one to continue it. That is why I desire that new men should be known and should shine. Do not think that I have become gloomy and depressed. Every two days I do my exercise and I practice fencing and calisthenics in private; but who can foresee the misfortunes that may come?—*Jose Rizal, letter to Marcelo H. del Pilar, Brussels, June 11, 1890.*

* Meaning: Always ready.

¶He is neither the philosopher nor the plutocrat.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MAN

I'M GOING to talk about a man you never heard of—a man who has done more than any other single individual to hold mankind together in some form of social fabric. I don't now this man's name. No one knows his name. No one will *ever* know his name!

His identity is lost among the dim early pages of human history. He probably lived somewhere in southeastern Europe. At that time the more-or-less human race was a pitifully primitive and aboriginal people.

Life was cruel in those days, ten thousand years ago, for life consisted of *not much more* than a never-ceasing movement, pausing a little while here, then desperately moving to *there*! Why? Because life was primarily a search for—*food!*

Food consisted sparsely of the occasional flesh of those wild beasts that could be slain with primitive weapons; but more importantly, food consisted of the grains, the fruits, the vegetables that might luckily be found growing. *Found growing?* Yes—for primitive man had no idea of *agriculture.* Homeless and helpless, he wandered around with his group or family until he found some food. Then he ate it. Then he moved wearily on until he found more.

Now, each of these pathetic groups of humanity was ruled by an absolute monarch, the "Old Man" of the tribe—and many a modern dictator would gnash his teeth in envy of the unlimited power of the Old Man, for the Old Man was deemed supernatural!

Thus, when the Old Man died, these tragic people thought that perhaps the dreaded ruler had merely gone on a journey. So they carefully buried him to protect his body from wild animals. For the Old Man always had a very nasty temper indeed, and he would have been quite annoyed if he returned to find that one arm had been chewed off by a saber-toothed tiger.

Furthermore, lest the Old Man feel neglected, they hastened to bury with him some food for his

journey; for instance, grain. So, if perchance once out of a thousand times some of this buried grain grew up through the ground again in the form of more food, they gratefully believed that the Old Man's spirit was pleased and had deigned to grant them a boon.

And then along came the man whose name nobody knows and made his astonishing discovery. Scientists call it the greatest discovery the human race has ever made. We can't tell by what mental processes this man made the discovery, but make it he did.

In his slow and limited mind evolved the conviction that this food growing out of the grave of the Old Man was neither gift nor miracle nor accident, but merely one of the regular processes of nature! And sooner or later the so-called human race came to realize that if you will take some of the seeds of the bounty that grows from the earth and put them *back* into the earth, then not probably but *surely* the earth will return you food a hundred fold.

And so the hungry human race didn't have to keep moving to find places where food was already growing. *Now,* with this magical secret, they could select a salubrious place, and plant their seeds, and know that the grain would rise up again in plenty.

And therefore they could *stay* in that salubrious spot, and for the first time remain in *one place* long enough to build themselves shelter against the elements. The *first* homes. These first homes were, no doubt, little more than caves, or hollows, gouged out of a cliff, but slowly and surely down through the ages they grew into *houses,* forerunners of every building that ever existed on this foolish planet—the mothers of every skyscraper, every palace, every cottage that ever will be constructed by man.

And the shallowest cave of ten thousand years ago was as much a home to these ancestors of ours as is the most luxurious mansion today. Perhaps more so, bearing in mind *some* mansions I know of.

So let's pay tribute, every one of us, to the man who discovered agriculture, the man who gave us "Home, Sweet Home"—the man whose name no one will *ever know.*

I think he is the greatest individual that ever graced the genus of life we call man. What do *you* think?—*Carey Wilson, in Radio Digest.*

¶It is doubtful if this is the brave man's way of fighting.

DOPE—JAPAN'S NEW WEAPON

NARCOTICS—opium, morphine and heroin—are the spearhead of the Japanese military invasion of China. The army's systematic use of dope as a military weapon, like guns or bombers, is something new in the world.

Advance guards of dope peddlers debauch populations, particularly the young men of fighting age, to pave the way for easier army victories. Special agents plot to make addicts of Chinese who are, or might become, strong leaders, dangerous to the conquerors. The drug traffic helps finance the Japanese army. It is also corrupting it. Japanese officers serving the Emperor in China, from the rank of major up, are getting rich from dope and the profits of prostitution.

"Pestilence and war historically go together," said Lieutenant Commander Fletcher to the House of Commons, "but it has been left to the Japanese to find a way in which to make pestilence pay for war."

These charges are fully substantiated. The damning evidence is to be found in reports on file with the League of Nations, the Institute of Pacific Relations, our own State and Treasury Departments, the Navy Department, and the British Consular Service.

Opium production is increasing rapidly in Japanese-controlled territory, but not rapidly enough to supply the addicts the army is creating, so that imports from Persia are increasing also.

Japanese laws against drug addiction—by Japanese—are the strictest in the world, and the best-enforced. For example, the mere possession of an opium pipe is good for seven years at hard labor. And a pamphlet distributed to all Japanese soldiers contains this paragraph.

"The use of narcotics is unworthy of a superior race like the Japanese. Only inferior races that are decadent like the Chinese, Europeans and the East Indians are addicted to the use of narcotics. This is why they are des-

tined to become our slaves and eventually disappear.

Divest your mind of all European moral precepts, if you can for a moment, and look at the new weapon of warfare from the Japanese point of view. Is it not perfect? It is more effective than machine guns. It kills no Japanese soldiers. And it pays!

The samurai have acquired a new sword.

It is probable that the Japanese first grasped the potentialities of narcotics as an agency of conquest when they took over Manchukuo. The opium smoking regiments of the Manchurian army fled, or surrendered without a fight.

The Japanese army then embarked on a definite program to prepare North China for conquest by the judicious use of narcotics. The army and the Japanese diplomats worked swiftly and effectively to smooth the way for the Korean peddlers who were sent in. At home, a Korean has no civil rights; the lowest Japanese can slap a Korean aristocrat around with impunity. But when the scum of Seoul came into China with cheap suitcases full of dope and started peddling it around the countryside in violation of both Chinese and Japanese law, they became important representatives of the Japanese Empire. If arrested by the Chinese police, the Japanese police forcibly released them.

In the guise of traveling doctors, the Korean peddlers sold pills guaranteed to cure all diseases. The pills were, of course, heroin. But young men, potential soldiers for China, were healthy and did not buy pills. So the Japanese introduced a new brand of cigarettes, priced to compete with the cheapest brand on the Chinese market. Japanese salesmen gave away samples, made cut-price introductory offers. Yet these cigarettes were expensive; they were loaded with heroin. The cigarettes made addicts by thousands.

The peddlers did their work well. It will be recalled that the Japanese troops marched through North China practically unopposed. One patriotic Chinese commander frankly explained the loss of an important battle by saying the weather was rainy and his troops could not light the doped cigarettes without which they were helpless. All the areas of China which have come under Japanese control have been flood-

ed with narcotics.

The program has probably been most successful in Nanking. The opium suppression measures of the Chinese government had succeeded so well that three years ago Nanking was as free from narcotics as any large city in the United States. But as soon as the city came under Japanese rule opium, morphine and heroin could be purchased as freely as a cake of soap.

The Nanking opium monopoly, which cynically calls itself "the Opium Suppression Bureau" has control not only of the sale of narcotics in the city but in the surrounding areas. It does a gross business of Ch. $5,000,000 a month. This sum would feed, clothe and shelter approximately 200,000 people. In Peiping there are 500 shops dealing in narcotics, outnumbering those in any other line of business.

Profits meet a large part of the public expenses. But all of the huge profits do not go into official treasuries. Japanese officers have found the temptation of easy money too strong to resist. Officers in the higher ranks spend more than their salaries on saké and geishas. Those in the lower ranks luxuriate with beer and Korean prostitutes. The entire army is honeycombed with opium graft. In their attempts to poison the people of China they have turned themselves into an army of crooks.

For some months foreign residents of Shanghai were cynically amused by an open controversy between the army and the navy over control of the opium business in that great port. A compromise was effected whereby the army gets the major portion of the swag. This was equitable as the army does not need much help. The poppy fields which it controls provide the world's greatest supply of raw materials, and opium as well as the finished drugs are moved as army stores. It is only when additional supplies from Persia are needed that the navy is called on for help.

Japanese have always taken a morbid pride in the fact that for a generation thousands of them have bought raw opium, converted it into morphine or heroin and sold the stuff without creating a single addict in Japan.

But the story of the past few years is different. Some of their own nationals have now been ensnared. A recent official report disclosed the fact that there are

a thousand known Japanese addicts in Harbin and an equal number in the immediate neighborhood —a degree of addiction greater than any that has ever existed in America. We can only guess how far this has spread. It is known, too, that some of the army officers in Mukden have become opium smokers and have been sent back to Japan for cures.

Year after year the Narcotics Advisory Committee of the League of Nations has called the attention of the Japanese government to the flood of illicit drugs for which it was responsible. It has been a stinking scandal for a decade; the subject of a hundred official and unofficial protests. The only response to any of these has been a promise to investigate.

Continued study of the sale of narcotics in China serves only to show more clearly the guilt of Japan and disclose more horrible details. It is a guilt so complete that it might be said to constitute the perfect crime. It is a crime which has been committed, not by a single individual or a group of individuals but by a whole nation. The army, the navy, the foreign office, have all been involved.—*Carl Crow, condensed from Scribner's Commentator.*

* * *

TRAPPED

"FINE piece of land out here!" said the dusty, shrewed-looking man as he descended from his wagon outside the farmer's house.

"You're right there," replied the farmer, eagerly. "It's the best to be found in the country."

"Bit too high a figure for a poor man, I reckon?" asked the stranger.

"It's worth every penny of $300 an acre," answered the farmer, with an eye to business. "Were you thinking of buying and settling in these parts?"

"Hardly," murmured the traveler, making some notes in a book. "I'm the new tax assessor."—*Kablegram.*

¶Why men fight for democracy.

DEMOCRACY AT THE FRONT

THE word "democracy," instead of being an immense truth flaming above the nation, has become a sort of secret confided to the soldier, to every soldier. In France that truth, "democracy," has been divided into six million secrets, assembled on the German border. Statesmen, philosophers, all have passed along their responsibility to the simplest peasant, to the simplest working man at the front.

What responsibility?

No soldier speaks of it to the soldier beside him. But there is not one of those six million men who does not know what he has come to accomplish on the frontier.

That programme is in the hearts of all of them. It is in that army, in the bivouacs or the trenches—it is there that we have placed for safe keeping all the conscience of the country.

What is that democratic front? There is, first the idea of responsibility. The peasant knows that he owes something to the nation, that he is its debtor. Everything in life must be paid for. A good country must be paid for. At birth, before the notary, he has signed a contract. A country with good climate, good soil, is worth paying for. To have a cathedral visible from the fields, a chateau rising above the vineyards, that also is worth paying for. Those who are honest have something well worth paying for in the Rhone, the Seine. The highways, the mails, the railways, those are paid for with taxes.

But there is only one way in which to pay for the general atmosphere of the country, the spirit of the provinces, the condition of being not only a citizen, but a true son of the country—that is, not to hesitate to risk life itself for it. That is the most elementary honesty. And only the country is worthy of that sacrifice.

The soldier has also the idea that he fights for something which he owns. He does not fight to rob or merely to conquer, but to keep what he has. And that is not for comfort, or riches—the French peasant is sometimes less comfortably situated than the German peasant.

Above all, he defends a stable life. He defends villages ten centuries old, stone churches, cemeteries. He defends a way of life written between two square miles, but which required the Crusades, the Revolution, circumnavigations of the world, the conquest of America, of Africa, the Great War, to found; a modest life, but one which required Charlemagne, Louis XIV, the greatest Kings and greatest Ministers to bring to its present state.

He defends a religious faith which is not arrogant, which is discreet, but which required the greatest Popes, the greatest saints and the greatest reformers to filter through the ages. That which displeases him most in the spectacle afforded by his adversaries is their perpetual improvisation, continual changing of the map of Europe, an instability which to-day is ruining the past, and which ruins itself. Hitler is, for him, a nomad. He doesn't like nomads. Hitler displaces the population of entire provinces, transplants mountaineers on to the plains, puts field workers into mines. To be able to live on the same bit of earth, and not to leave it, there is true liberty.

There is also the idea that he does not wish the domination of a world of theoretical or mechanical life. He has the impression that an effort is being made to substitute, for that state of affairs where each person has his value, his freedom of choice, where his ways and his work have their price, an epoch in which he will be no more than a wheel in a machine. He has a horror of overwhelming formulas. He accepts the machine in so far as it is at his service, but when the machine becomes his master, when the machine is the Nation, when the individual is crushed by it he kicks. He marches fast because parade steps, especially the goose-step, suggests servility.

Finally, he has a certain pride in going to war. The peasant acquired at the time when he was given the right to fish and hunt, the right to defend personally, and not by mercenaries, his person and his country. He considers himself not as a conscript, but as a volunteer. Among the five or six million men called up in France, there have not been more than a hundred objectors. The peasant soldier does not consider himself a servant receiving an order, but as

someone who has been chosen, because of his good health, because he is strong, because he understands to represent his country in the struggle against another.

He considers himself a representative. Therefore, since the army represents the majority of French electors, he does not desire that behind him, in the interior, Parliamentary debates continue. All the votes are on the frontier. The soldier feels himself a sort of Deputy, and all political discussion seems to him inappropriate since he will be left out of it.

There is not, at this time, in France, a suppression of democratic customs. There is this: *A sort of silence which permits the soldiers to hear nothing but the voice of war.* This discussion of civic details in the interior, while the strongest and finest part of the country is being killed on the frontier for liberty itself, that would be a bad joke. The expression "full powers" given by the French nation to its leader does not indicate renunciation, it indicates free consent.

Such are the simple ideas of the peasant soldier: his duty towards a piece of earth, his disgust with instability, his devotion to human dignity, his consciousness of being himself the humblest servant, but nevertheless the representative of his country. There is no democratic front out there, but simply The Front. A band of earth separates it from millions of men who believe in conquest, not in civilised customs, in the breeding of men, not in their refinement, in the tribe and not the nation, in command and not in free consent. *—Jean Giraudoux, condensed from The New York Herald Tribune.*

* * *

THE WISE MAN

THERE are seven qualities that identify the wise man. He does not speak his opinion first, when a greater person than he is present; he never interrupts a speaker; he does not answer prematurely nor without deliberation; he asks questions and answers to the point; he discusses things in their proper order and one at a time; if he should be ignorant of a subject he admits it; and he admits a mistake which he has made. The fool and simpleton never admits a mistake.—*A. M. Factory News.*

¶The modern man is more free.

"MACHINE BONDAGE"—A MYTH

A RECENT academic conference overseas announced its intention "to rescue man from his bondage to a machine-made civilization." Now, these words may have meaning, but one searches in vain for it. What is this bondage? Why do bookmen find the machine so repugnant? They like its results —none more. The machine made their conference possible—by air and land and water it transported them to the place of meeting. It prints their books; it is the instrument of much of their science; it provides the refinements of their colleges and homes; it liberates their time and supports them in their work. They speak of bondage, but give no specific instance of *their* bondage to the machine.

It may be they are thinking of those who work for wages—perhaps among *them* this "bondage" exists. Again—*where* is it? Where do the bonds of the machine fasten themselves on life? There was plenty of bondage in work *before* the machine came. People were bound to their work for 12 or 15 hours a day. If there were 10 in a family, all 10 were compelled to work to gain a living. Hands were the principal tools, and most of the power was supplied by muscle. No free hours; no home freedom for wives or children; no freedom from heavy physical burdens. Bondage was almost complete.

Then, in due time, came the machine. Seven hours each working-day have since been freed of bondage. The machine enables the labor of *one* person to support a family. Generations of children have been given the freedom of childhood. Mothers, liberated by the machine from labor-bondage, are left free to make a home. The machine has done the work of hands and muscles, has released the worker from physical stress and strain. Less time and labor, more income, a free family—all these the beneficial fruit of the machine! *Where is the bondage?*

Here is a famous cleric in an eastern city; he lives in a modern house; machine-generated electricity is a silent servant everywhere; his every want is instantly met by some machine-made service. The

telephone saves him time; dictaphone or typing machine saves him labor. On Sunday morning he steps into his machine-made motor car which is also a machine, that carries him speedily and comfortably to the magnificent edifice where he officiates, and there, under the soaring pipes of a machine-made and machine-operated organ, he steps to the microphone, and through a score of stations filled with radio engineers and radio machinery he utters his eloquent denunciation of the machine age! It is a curiously contradictory picture, *but where is the bondage?* Is anything here but a large freedom?

Then there are those who like to speak of "the complexity of this machine-made civilization." It is a mouth-filling but now much hackneyed phrase, and what is hackneyed is suspect. The whole thing is open to challenge. In the first place, we have no "machine-made civilization"; what we have is a *civilization-made machine.* The more man masters his environment, the better he makes machines to ease his toil and improve the quality of his work. You can chart his rise in intelligence by the tools he creates. They did not make him, nor do they rule him; he made them and he rules them. Civilization is not produced by the machine; the machine is produced by civilization.

Moreover, this so-called "machine-made civilization" is not "complex," it moves toward greater simplicity. The pale, inactive critic, out of touch with his times, performs a more complex operation every time his finger flips the page of his book, than the most amazing machine in Christendom can perform. We say Christendom, for it is significant that there the machine has come into fullest flower.

Let us compare what many think of as the old simplicity, with what others call the new compexity. Anyone reared on a back-country farm 50 years ago, will have a fair standard of comparison. Compare the complexity of harnessing a team to go to town then, with the simplicity of pushing the starter button of a motor car today. Compare the complexity of lighting a lamp—filling the bowl with kerosene oil, trimming the wick, cleaning the glass chimney, lighting a match, standing by to see that the lamp did not smoke, and the small weak circle of light you got for all this effort—com-

pare that with the simplicity of switching on an electric lamp that gives you light indeed.

The modern mass-production factory that dazes the unaccustomed beholder is merely a long series of very simple operations connected each with the other for a single purpose.

Life is more filled because we crowd together and do more; it is noiser, but is it more complex? No.—*W. J. Cameron, in the Listener's Digest.*

* * *

THE IMPORTANCE OF INTEREST

WHY is it that the Turks created absolutely nothing in poetry, theater, literature, science, economics? Most savants hold that the terrible thing Islam did to the Turks was to prevent their mental evolution and freeze their minds. Yet when we remember the wonderful artistic and scientific accomplishments of the Arabs, who were not only Moslems but founders of Islam, it seems that the Koran was not altogether responsible for Turkish mental deficiencies. There must have been another reason for it, an organic disability of the Turkish mind itself.

Sir Charles Elliot has pointed out a curious omission in the Turkish language: the Turks have no equivalent for the word "interesting." The Turkish brain may perceive things, understand and accept them, but it is not interested in them. This peculiarity gives us a deeper insight into the Turkish inclination toward fatalism, their unconcern with the spiritual life of their subject peoples, their cold-blooded, mechanical cruelty.

The main difference between us Christians and the Turks was not that we had different creeds, but that the Turks had nothing but a creed. They lacked any knowledge of the earth, any feeling for the soil or the soul. Their conquests were external; and they never looked but like a swarm of predatory birds perched on the trees all over a vast landscape. One day the birds flew off, and the trees remained. As G. K. Chesterton put it: the Turk had to have an empire because he had not got a country; he was so satisfied with being a Turk that he made no Turkey.—*Stoyan Pribichevich in "World Without End."*

CORDELL HULL: THE VANISHING AMERICAN

THE typical American is today as rare as the Indian. This Republic is too vast, too complex, too sectional and too contradictory to produce a national type.

Yet now and then one does run into a genuine American in the traditional sense. It is in this sense, which is indefinable but unmistakable, that Cordell Hull is a genuine American. Of course, he is not "typical." He is almost aboriginal, and his kind is rapidly vanishing.

Without intimating any analogy with the genius of Lincoln, one may say that Hull's similarity to him as a social type is amazing. First there is the close analogy in political experience. Hull was a circuit judge in a backwoods community. Lincoln was a peripatetic lawyer following the circuit in a community very similar, given the difference in time. Both were young state legislators. Both were volunteer captains in wars with which they had no great sympathy —Lincoln against Mexico, Hull against Spain. Both went into "lawin" without much success, being politicians at heart. And neither of them had to learn politics any more than a duckling learns swimming. They were born to it—the politics of interminable discussions of a frontier democracy: of the county court house and hotel lobby, of the country store and the small town newspaper. Politically Hull is especially Lincolnesque: crafty devious, infinitely patient, always principled, courageous only when necessary but then fearless. His is not the cheap craftiness of the ward heeler. It is the craftiness of the frontier democrat who is deeply suspicious of the human animal, without moral indignation and without cynicism.

The best of these border statesmen based their democracy not on the sentimental belief that all men are equally good, but on the shrewd perception that most men's motives are equally ulterior and that they have to be protected from one another by the democratic process. Perhaps it is this in-

sight which gives some of them that look of infinite sadness and long-suffering patience which screens their caginess so deceptively. This look of frontier *Weltschmerz*—at characteristic of Hull as it was of Lincoln—endows them with an enormous advantage in all dealings from politics to poker. Hull always looks at you as though he is ready to forgive and forget the shenanigans you have no intention of pulling. "Hull," said Frank Rice, his closest friend during the Spanish-American war, "had one great advantage in a poker game. He could look sad and beautiful and humble while he had four of a kind, timidly and carefully betting against other people's full houses." When Captain Hull returned from Cuba he had $6,300, three-fourths of all the money in the Fourth Tennessee. Thirty-five years later Dr. Raymond Moley ran up against the same deceptive meekness in a political poker game with the Secretary of State.

Cordell Hull was born on October 2, 1871, in Overton (now Pickett) County in middle Tennessee. He is of Scotch-Irish stock, with some English on his father's side, and a strain of Cherokee on his mother's. His father, William Hull, was a little fellow with a hair-trigger temper, a perfect shot, full of colorful excitement and hard work. Elizabeth Riley Hull, the Secretary's mother, was a typical frontier woman who combined the native intelligence of Nancy Hanks with the sweet temper of Rachel Jackson. There were five sons: Orestes, Sanadius Selwin, Cordell, Wyoming, and Roy. Cordell was the steadiest of the lot. His father once said, "Cord was always like a grown man from the time he could walk."

The Hull boys went to Montvale Academy. From there Cordell went one winter to the National Normal University in Lebanon, Ohio, and then for ten months to the Cumberland University Law School in Lebanon, Tennessee, run by the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. A full-fledged bachelor of law at nineteen, he was admitted to the bar before he was twenty. In short, Hull is a self-taught man. Like most self-taught men he is not widely cultivated. But his native intelligence and tireless industry have made him a very learned man in his chosen field of

economics. He also has the self-taught man's advantage of not being overawed by authority. In time he became a leading expert on taxation and the tariff. He is one of the few real scholars in this Administration.

After practising law for a couple of years in Celina, Tennessee, Hull was elected to the State Legislature, where he remained until the Spanish-American War. Then he recruited a company of mountaineers from around Celina, and joined the Fourth Tennessee Regiment as a Captain. But his fame as a military man did not rest on his martial exploits—the Fourth Tennessee got to Cuba too late to fight—but on his poker-playing and "a command of language which was the envy of all the sergeants in Cuba." The Secretary of State is still one of the most fluent private cussers in public life, specializing in original expletives and alliterative combinations.

In 1903 Hull became Circuit Judge, with headquarters in Carthage, Tennessee. The district was primitive, without a railroad in six of its eleven counties. His administration of justice was impartial, full of common sense wrapper in dull legal terminology. Once he fined his "pappy" five dollars for sitting in court with his hat on. He still likes to be called "Judge" by his friends. In 1907 Hull went to Congress from the Fourth Tennessee District, and began one of the most distinguished Congressional careers in American history. He served in the lower House, except for one term, until 1930, when he went to the Senate. His one defeat was in 1920, due partly to the Harding landslide but mainly to neglect of his constituency in his absorption with the tariff question.

For eighteen years Hull was a member of the powerful Ways and Means Committee; and he was really the leader in the House of President Wilson's progressive economic program.

Five hours after his inauguration, President Roosevelt swore in Cordell Hull as Secretary of State. The country was in chaos; the banks were closed, business was at standstill, the capitalist system seemed to be in a state of gay dissolution. The brain-trusters were riding high. Most of them were consciously high-brow and 'brilliant," irresponsibly "experimental," dazzled by their sudden

eminence. But a majority, then as now, were of that arrested intellectual type, the Young Man of Forty, brightly stupid, ambitious, excited amateurs in politics and arrogant dilettantes in economics. To them Hull was an old Congressional dodo, slightly daffy on the matter of international trade agreements, a backwoodsman who had belatedly discovered the *laissez faire* capitalism of Adam Smith in a world of "social planning." In retrospect this evaluation of Hull by the political playboys is exceedingly funny. Today Hull is the most respected figure in Washington, respected for his staying power, his simple dignity, his strength of character, and his intellectual integrity.

At his press conferences he has developed to a fine point the art of saying nothing elaborately:

> That situation is complicated by the interplay of many phases which are receiving our most careful analysis. However, each phase is made up of so many individual circumstances and conditions that we are attempting to investigate each phase of the circumstances and conditions so that we will have a true comprehension of the entire development.

This is a free rendition, by Harlan Miller of the Washington *Post,* of a reply by Hull to a ticklish question. And then the Secretary is apt to add a touch of irony to the confusion he has created: "We always want to be helpful to you gentl'men." When not provoked into extreme caution, his answers are likely to be direct, dry, witty, but always skillfully meaningless.

Formerly an advocate of gradual international disarmament, today he believes in the strongest possible national defense with a navy powerful enough to defend this hemisphere.

But his main interest is the extension of his trade agreements. The Trade Agreements Act of 1934, of which he was the main architect, attempts to increase our foreign market through reciprocal tariff adjustments, and gives the President the right to reduce tariffs as much as 50 per cent.

If the Allies win, only Hull's policy can lay the basis for some sort of peace in international relations. The increasing social controls we must develop to insure greater industrial democracy and

the wider distribution of wealth cannot remain democratic and are bound to make for national socialism—unless world commerce flows freely.

If Mr. Roosevelt should doubt whether his re-election is in the bag, and therefore decide not to be drafted, Hull appears to be his candidate. As a candidate Hull has certain disadvantages. He is sixty-eight. Rightly or wrongly, some sections of small industry and many farm organizations are against his policy of trade agreements. There are more authentic objections. Though as a politician Hull has a perfect sense of timing, as an executive he is slow, at times indecisive, overcautious.

On the other hand, Hull is the perfect compromise candidate. The Southern conservatives, the Garnerites, cannot openly object to him. The New Dealers, who are Roosevelt's creatures, would have to be for him. Above all, the state of the public mind is for him. Hull today is almost the perfect symbol of the American Elder Statesman. The American people have a nostalgia for his type of Vanishing American: the backwoods politician, the common man, reared in the folkways of frontier democracy, who has risen to great heights of simplicity, dignity and moral prestige. In these days of moral danger to our democratic institutions, Hull's traditional Americanism has an enormous appeal.

If Hull is nominated, the Republicans will have a hell of a time. *—Benjamin Stolberg, condensed from The American Mercury.*

* * *

DUSK ON THE LAKE

THIS is the hour when night slips quietly
Along the flaming edges of the sun;
Here, on the lake, an opal ecstasy
Repeats the heavens' word that day is done.

A silver moment as a fish leaps high,
Or deer's hoof breaks a twig upon the shore;
Then sudden cool, a night-bird's startled cry;
The creak of oarlock, and the dip of oar.
—Catherine Haydon Jacobs in Christian Science Monitor

WOMEN WHO SHOOT

FORTY thousand women march through China. Forty thousand women in shabby, ill-fitting uniforms snatched from the battlefield where their brothers, sweethearts and husbands have fallen under the Japanese guns.

Forty thousand women march, fight and fall day by day on China's battlefields. "Women," I said. But are they really women and what kind? Are they women who shed tears over a pet-dog, who scream at the sight of an accident, who squabble over a friend's new hat? Women to whom a new perm means happiness and lacquer on their nails the very breath of their lives? These women with a rifle in their hands—are they still women?

And what happens to the woman who shoulders a rifle with the intention of killing?

That question came suddenly into my mind as I talked to Miss Tou, a young and charming member of the Chinese women's army when I met her in a London Club. Never have I seen anyone looking less militant and more womanly than Lucy Tou.

In civil life she is a lecturer in sociology at the Central China University. She is a great friend of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the head of the Chinese republic.

With a grey Persian lamb coat, a rose in her button-hole, a hair-setting that would have honoured any Paris hairdresser, Lucy Tou made it hard for me to imagine under the rough cloak of a soldier.

Yet she has undergone a training so severe that many men would shrink from it.

It seemed as if she had guessed my unspoken question as she turned to me, teeth shining, coal-black eyes blazing.

"People wonder what happens to us mentally," she said, "what happens to a woman who trains to shoot the enemy. They ask what it is like to be woman soldier, not realising that the expression is a contradiction in itself. You can only be a woman or a soldier. You can't be both!

"A woman who becomes a soldier casts off womanhood. She has to go a long way to reach a

mental state which is stronger than the most primitive laws of womanhood. Only when fear, hatred and despair have reached such a pitch that nothing seems to matter, only then will women in mass formation turn against their nature and fight to kill.

"Peasant and office worker, student and factory-girl turn into one team which knows neither fear nor remorse."

Veterans of the great war will wonder who women, however willing, can stand the pace physically. It is in order to cultivate endurance that the training which the Chinese government has devised for its women's battalions is so hard.

"It is a training that I will remember to the end of my days," said Miss Tou, "although I stood it surprisingly well."

Vanity is the first thing that a woman must leave behind when she enters a Chinese women's training camp.

"We are eight of us in one room with one wash-basin between us," Miss Tou told me. "The bugle sounded at 4:25 a.m. for the first time. We had five minutes to get ready because to 4:30, when the bugle sounded for the second time, we were expected to fall in the courtyard.

"Only a few of us made use of the luxury of a comb. Most girls had stopped bothering about such things. From 4:30 to 6:30 there were field exercises. After that came "breakfast"; a cup of water (out of the tumbler which at 4:30 had served for your tooth-wash) and a piece of dry bread. Then a military lecture. After that shooting, machine-gunning, horse riding until lunch.

"For lunch a bowl of soup and a bowl of rice. Ten minutes were allowed for that. A short rest, then more field exercises, another lecture and at last dinner at 7:30, consisting of meat (provided it was available and vegetables). Eight o'clock found you in bed.

"We had to sleep with our boots on and sometimes even fully dressed, with the rifle slung over your upper shoulder. That meant that, if you slept at all, you could only sleep on one side. Occasionally the bugle would sound in the dead of night. We had to be up and assembled in a few moments.

"But this," Miss Tou concluded, "is nothing compared with what women soldiers have to put up with when they are moved into

the fighting line."

Considering the hardships of the training, it seems remarkable that only 20 per cent of the women recruits fail to complete the three months' course successfully.

"In the training centre we slept at least on mattresses," Miss Tou said, "but in the front line women soldiers frequently sleep on the bare ground, with only a cloak over their uniform. Food was meagre enough in the camp. In the trenches more often than not we had to go without a scrap of food for two and three days.

"After what he have been through no one can tell me that women physically cannot endure as much as men. There is one more fact which I cannot stress enough: Women will never complain."

Miss Tou told that when the men troops would ask for this and that, the women always said: "We're all right!"

I questioned Miss Tou about sexual problems. I asked whether there were difficulties when a women's regiments was thrown between regiments of men who for weeks had been leading a lone existence in the dug-outs.

"Chinese soldiers will respect their women comrades under any circumstances," she said gravely. "They have been through too bitter an experience, for their own women and children were left an easy prey to the Japanese invader.

"The women soldiers are comrades only. They have forgotten they are women; they have forgotten the art of flirting. They don't care a hoot about their appearance any old, cast-off uniform will do. Most of them have their heads closely shaved for the sake of convenience."

Occasionally one of the other of the women soldiers may meet a long lost sweetheart in the trenches. Such a story always goes round like wild-fire, and for a moment, perhaps, all these women have a queer, warm, funny feeling round the heart—a heart which officially they're not supposed to possess.—*Olga Illner, condensed from The Star, London.*

* * *

¶Legal absurdities.

HUMPTY DUMPTY'S RULE IN LAW

"When I use a word," said Humpty Dumpty, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

But Alice objected, "The question is whether you can make words mean so many different things."

CHINAMEN in California were formerly held to be Indians, which disqualified them as witnesses against white folks and made it possible for good white men to rob and assault them with impunity. A Chinese merchant sent to the penitentiary is no longer a merchant, but a laborer, so that the exclusion acts may be applied to him. For the same purpose a gambler is a laborer.

In New York, under the sanitary code, candies are vegetables; and in Georgia a watermelon is both a fruit and a vegetable. In Pennsylvania, a bicycle is an animal. Pipes, tobacco, cigars, and newspapers are not "articles of comfort" for a poor husband, but mere luxuries. So says the Alabama Supreme Court, which might be expected to have a deeper sympathy for the downtrodden male.

In Michigan a dentist is a mechanic. In Mississippi he is not a mechanic. And in North Carolina he is not a physician, within a statute allowing the sale of liquor on the certificate of a physician. Otherwise, says the court, "toothache would be more welcome and more prevalent than snake bite."

A gelding is not a horse. At least both the Montana and the Kansas Supreme Courts have held that, where an indictment charges a defendant with having stolen a gelding, his conviction cannot be sustained if the evidence merely shows that he stole a horse. And a charge of stealing a hog cannot be supported by testimony of the stealing of a dead hog. In other words, a dead hog is not a hog. We have the word of the Supreme Court of Virginia for that.

In Missouri a pistol so defective that it could not be discharged even if it were loaded is a firearm. In New York it is not.

Nowhere is it more evident that the prejudices and predilections of

the courts determine the meaning of words than in the decisions interpreting Sunday laws, particularly with reference to baseball. Thus the Missouri Supreme Court has held that baseball is not a game of any kind, but a sport. The Nebraska Supreme Court has held baseball to be a game within a statute forbidding "sporting" on Sunday. The New Mexico Supreme Court has held that baseball is neither a sport nor labor. But it is labor in Virginia, at least when played by professional players, though no admission is charged, and in Oklahoma it is a public sport and banned if played by professionals, but a private sport and not within the statute when played by amateurs.

How would you define the words "household effects"? In Vermont it was held some years ago that they did not include a piano. In Michigan there has been a similar holding; but in Missouri, Oklahoma, and Texas the term "household effects" has been held to include a piano. In New York it has recently been held that "household effects" included two automobiles, a riding horse, and a speedboat; and an earlier New York decision was to the effect that wines in a well-stocked cellar were "household goods." It may be interesting in this connection to note that the Iowa Supreme Court held in 1929 that a radio had "no likeness or kindred relationship with a musical instrument."

Another word that has puzzled the courts from time to time and led to conflicting rulings is the word "accident." According to a Pennsylvania court, the bite of a dog is an accident. So is being shot by an assailant or robber; and so was the shooting of a husband by his wife, when, following a quarrel, the husband approached the house, swearing and carrying an axe, and the wife took a pistol and killed him. The latter holding was made to enable the wife to recover on an insurance policy containing a provision that there could be no recovery by the beneficiary if the insured met his death at her hands other than by accident. Suicide in a fit of delirium or insanity is an accident; but electrocution following a conviction of murder is not an accident according to a decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals handed down last June. However, death by lynching is an accident in the opinion of the Kentucky

Supreme Court, whatever it may appear to the victim.

"Colored person" in Virginia means one having one fourth or more of Negro blood. In North Carolina, it means a person having Negro blood of any degree. In Oklahoma it is held to mean Negro so clearly that a white person charged with being colored can maintain an action for libel. But in Mississippi it has been held that the term "colord races" includes all races except white. The Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, on the other hand, held in 1910 that "colored" referred only to persons of the Negro race, and that, regardless of the slight amount of Negro blood that might be in their veins—the determining factors being "physical touches, whether of shade, hair, or physiognomy"—they were "colored" if there was the least admixture of Negro blood.

The word "collision" is another that has demanded a great deal of attention on the part of the courts, and their conclusions as to its application have been varied and conflicting as usual. The Michigan Supreme Court, for instance, held in 1920 that "an object coming from above" might be considered as constituting a collision, the object in that case being the shovel of a steam shovel that fell upon a loading motor truck. The Texas Court of Civil Appeals, on the contrary, decided in a somewhat similar case that an object falling from above could not be considered as constituting a collision, the object being the upper floor of a garage that gave way and crushed a car standing on the floor below.

In New Jersey a recovery on an insurance policy on the ground of a collision was allowed where the car went through the guard rail of a bridge and was damaged by falling to the ground below. Where a car was backed into an open elevator shaft and fell to the floor below it was held to be a collision by the Pennsylvania Superior Court. But in Wisconsin it has been held that where a car ran off the road, and down an embankment into a river, the facts did not justify recovery as for a collision.

A troublesome word is "drunkenness." The Nebraska Supreme Court held that a man might be under the influence of liquor without being drunk, and gave as the test the one of whether or not he

had lost control of his bodily and mental faculties. But the Iowa Supreme Court in a case involving the removal of a mayor on the ground of intoxication, after saying that intoxication and drunkenness meant the same, held, "It means not necessarily that he is so drunk as to be unable to walk straight or show outward signs to a casual observer, but is satisfied if he is sufficiently under the influence of liquor so that he is not entirely himself."

A Texas court more wisely said, "It is extremely difficult to draw the line on a 'drunk.' There are various stages, such as quarter drunk, half drunk, and dead drunk. There are the stages of being vivacious, foxy, tipsy, and on a 'high lonesome,' and it is as difficult to determine when a young lady gets to be an old maid as it is to tell when a man has taken enough alcoholic stimulant to pass the line between 'jolly sober' and 'gentlemanly drunk.'"

In one instance a high court was stumped by a problem of definition. It was the Supreme Court of Georgia, which in 1925 admitted and explained:

"From the days of Socrates and Xantippe, men and women have known what is meant by nagging, although philology cannot define or legal chemistry resolve it into its elements. Humor and threats are idle. Soft words but increase its velocity and harsh ones its violence. Darkness has for it no terrors, and the long hours of the night draw no drapery of the couch around it. It takes the sparkle out of the wine of life and turns at night into ashes the fruits of the labor of the day. In the words of Solomon, 'it is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in the wide house.'"—*Harry Hibschman, condensed from The Atlantic Monthly.*

* * *

WHAT A LIFE!

Luxury is an ancient notion. There was once a Chinese mandarin who had himself wakened three times every morning simply for the pleasure of being told it was not yet time to get up.—*Scribner's Commentator.*

¶Logic and reason are not always good guides.

TRUST YOUR HUNCHES

It was the habit of the inquiring philosopher Socrates to buttonhole young men and quiz them about truth and their beliefs and the Gods. For such irreverent doubts he was charged with heresy and sentenced to drink the cup of hemlock, to take himself and his subversive ideas out of harm's way. And today, more than 23 centuries later, I am attempting to clarify the same insistent question: Where does our knowledge come from?

As it seemed wholly beyond limited human powers to fathom the profound truths of the universe, there arose in early days the belief in revelation from on high; hence the inspirations of saints and seers, of prophets and sibyls.

These belong to the realm of religion, which is not under consideration. There is, however, a belief in certain extraordinary sources of knowledge. This belief holds that some persons are "psychic"—that they have peculiar powers which the majority does not possess, by which they get private flashes of guidance. Perhaps —a very doubtful perhaps—there are such; the evidence, *when carefully analyzed,* is so shaky that for practical purposes we may as well dismiss it. Yet some people will ever prefer to consult oracles and note the cases in which the messages clicked or could be so interpreted, and forget the others. They will go on believing no matter what one might say. To one who dismisses such belief as illogical, it just doesn't make sense that the position of the stars, that mystic vibrations of some kind can determine when to buy or sell, when to venture, when to withdraw, and can transmit that information to a fortune-teller, an astrologist, or a medium who for a price—relays it on to the customer.

There is a way of knowledge that may explain the apparently "psychic" for which insight and intuition are fairly good names. Though likewise set in a bit of mystery, they present a real and important fact. This insight-intuition notion holds that some persons somehow get the answers without going through the slow

and drudging steps of reasoning. Another name for it is a *hunch,* which is slang for an "inspiration" or an impulse. Though psychology does not recognize hunches, yet there are few men or women who don't have them or go on them occasionally. What are they?

One thing we do know about intuition—*alias* hunches: you can't hunch in all preserves.

No one by a hunch can extract a cube root, decide whether Brahms lived before or after Beethoven, or when the next train leaves for Detroit. Intuitions require a sustained interest which leads to a large fund of general and special knowledge. Themes in music occur only to the musically endowed, poems to those with a flare for poetry, and inventions to those with a knack for invention; and in general you intuit well in familiar fields.

The fact then is that we all use our minds in two ways; the one is conscious, reasoned, specific, detailed—call it "blue-printed" for the sake of analogy. You certainly know your own house, yet you might not be able to make a good blue-print of it. You know it in terms adequate for all your purposes which are not those of an architect. Your blue-print of a friend's house would be far less detailed or correct; yet you can find your way in it. It's this other, vaguer, good-enough but not specialized, not analyzed knowledge that we are busy acquiring most of the time; and for most purposes, that is all we need. If you have an alert and observant mind, you accumulate all sorts of store-houses of knowledge and impressions just by experience, without any intentional effort, without analysis, or even awareness. It is these subconscious reservoirs that serve as the basis of intuition.

This second way of getting knowledge is *impressionistic.* It's what makes or forms an impression. It is said that husbands can't tell, if you snap the question: "What's the color of your wife's eyes?"

In judging more complex matters, the question is: Are your judgments more analytical and blue-printed, or are they impressionistic and "intuitional?" Do you read only the lines or read a lot between lines?

When you dislike or like a person decide how far he or she is sincere, what do you go by? How do you tell? That answer tells

the tale of your use of the two ways of knowing, for there is always a mixture of both.

Here may be the clue to the common and correct opinion that women are more intuitive and employ intuition more commonly than men. This is at once a combined result of mental make-up and occupation. Business men must analyze situations, give reasons for their decisions, and so incline to and favor the blue-print type of mind. Women's favorite field is in social relations, which places the major emphasis upon impressions.

For illustration, take first the connoisseur—French for the man who knows. He takes half a look at what is purported to be an old master—say Leonardo, which I mention because such a case came up in the courts a few years ago—and pronounces it a fake. How does he tell? To his trained eye it just looks all wrong, or retouched, or "off" in manner and execution. To convince a jury he might have to blue-print the evidence and show by enlarged photographs of canvas and brush strokes the points of difference. He can give reasons for his opinions and yet relies on impression. He knows and he "intuits"; and it is that combination that gives him *insight*—knowledge of paintings.

Next take the doctor. What does he go by? How does he tell what's wrong with the patient? The same answer: first blue-printing, which is making a diagnosis by tests, in these days with all sorts of specialized instruments. He judges also by general impression derived from experience with many cases of the same kind.

Doctors differ, and some, it is often said, have an uncanny habit of guessing right when the diagnosis is uncertain. Trained intuition serves a doctor no less than an artist, though, of course, in different ways.

If we step into the kitchen and observe how the cook does things we again note the blue-print, which in this case is the recipe book, and also the knowledge that is just impressionistic, of when to stop stirring, of a little of this and a little of that, and a general "knack" for the whole business. A course in Home Economics would raise the performance in the blue-print scale and would in addition give more of the reasons why things are done as they are; but there is no guarantee that all this

knowledge would result in a better meal. On the contrary, if you bother the cook with reasons she is apt to spoil things.

These two ways of knowing have also and very properly been called conscious and subconscious. But I can't subscribe to the usual description which says that one has two minds; the conscious mind and the subconscious mind, with the further implications, that some jobs are done by the one, while others are delegated to the subconscious self. That is misleading. I much prefer to say that we have but one mind, one set of memories and capacities, but that these are organized in both conscious ("blue-printy") and subconscious ("impressionistic") ways.

You know a lot subconsciously in the sense that you can't always upon command bring it into the limelight of conscious memory; but you know it. It may be a forgotten name; you fumble about in the subconscious attic, meanwhile consciously busy about something else, and presently the name comes.

All conscious processes depend upon the happy support of subconscious ones. If I launch on an after-dinner speech with only a dim outline of what I am going to say; I trust to what is called "the inspiration of the moment," which really means the organized support of an abundance of ideas which I trust will come when wanted. There is a touch of the spontaneous in the impromptu talk, which is never quite in the prepared speech, the deliberately conscious blue-print of the written word. The written word is more concise, better organized; but it is cold unless I can manage to get into something of the subconscious manner prompted by the responsive audience before me

The subconscious includes very much more than the intuitional. Dr. Freud, who gave the theme its vogue, mentions that he (not unlike other physicians, when they find at the end of their day that they have forgotten to pay certain calls) found that the ones forgotten were the patients less likely to pay their bills. This shows that a bit of motive enters into the subconscious forgetting.

Thus we are ever intuiting even as we reason, some of us intuiting more and reasoning less, others quite the other way. Various tasks

require different supports. Most of the important work of the scientific and business world is reasoned; most of that of the artistic world is intuited; yet each must make sense, have meaning, render something of significance to the human mind.

Our world is very much richer for the presence of these two elements. Women may find men stupid because they demand reasons for what they should understand by intuition; and men may find women irritating (if they are not in love with them) for doing things without being able to explain why. That's one of the many reasons why the world is a more exciting place to live in than if we all had the same type of minds.

There is a natural and sound psychological way of thinking about intuition. Intuition combined with knowledge makes insight.—*Dr. Joseph Jastrow, in the Listener's Digest.*

* * *

POOR TEACHER

I WAS brought up in a Philistine community where education was one of the lesser public utilities. Teaching as a profession was regarded by my friends and family as a last resort for those who could not do anything else. An obvious explanation, that teaching was poorly paid, did not tell the whole story. The ministry was poorly paid, but met with no such mild but rather deadly disrespect.

There seems to have been an idea, not too clearly thought out, that the teacher, even the college teacher, did his work in childish world from which adult men and women had escaped by taking up the really important tasks of life. The teacher lived on the margin of such vital affairs as business or running a household, and was perhaps not really an adult at all. It was always surprising to learn that a teacher had made money or fallen in love. Teachers were usually high-minded and cultivated people, yet belonged, nevertheless, among the servile classes, a cut above a nurse.—*Henry Seidel Canby, in Harper's.*

¶How busy is the leader of the world's leading republic.

A DAY IN ROOSEVELT'S LIFE

THE most important building, for its size, in the United States—perhaps the most important of all buildings—is a simple, gleaming-white structure squating low on the land of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington—the executive offices of the president.

Certainly since its construction in 1902, as an annex to the White House, this cottage-like edifice has been the heart of the United States. The great and near-great of the nation and the world have stepped through its canopied entrance, have talked in rather hushed tones in its corridors, have signed historic documents on its polished desks.

But in spite of the importance and power that sits within, the building remains somewhat of a mystery. Who are the 163 employees who pass by the secret service men at the door at 9 o'clock every morning, and what do they do? Who can and who cannot walk into the lobby and see the chief executive without appointment? Who are the thousand or so people who call up National 1414, the White House telephone number, every day?

The reason that the answers to such questions are not widely known is that the machinery of the office is like that of a watch —its inner workings, although intricate and delicate, run steadily and without noise.

Activities are keyed to the president's movements, orders, and fancies—from 10:30 a. m., when Mr. Roosevelt arrives from "the House," to 5 or 6 o'clock in the afternoon, when he leaves for the day.

President Roosevelt, incidentally, does a great deal of his work before he reaches his office, before he leaves his bedroom. He has his breakfast in bed, reads the morning newspapers, and makes plans for the day. Although he is always telling reporters he reads "only the headlines," Mr. Roosevelt reads the papers thoroughly. He does not depend upon his secretaries for news.

Heralded by the chief usher and flanked by secret service men, the president goes to work via the west

terrace and colonnade which tie the White House proper to the executive office. From bed to swivel-chair in the oval office is a matter of a few hundred yards.

He rings the buzzer, and his secretaries—Miss Margaret LeHand, his private secretary; Stephen T. Early, his Press secretary, and Brig.-Gen. Edwin M. Watson, his military *aide* and appointment secretary—gather for a quick survey of the day's work.

Seated at his gadget-strewn desk, in his comfortable, high-backed chair, the president is ready to tackle the stream of bills to be signed, correspondence to be written, memoranda to be dictated, reports to be read, speeches to be prepared, callers to be talked to—a stream that flows in and out of his office in assembly-belt fashion.

On an average day, the chief executive receives from fifteen to twenty callers or groups of callers, at quarter-hour and half-hour intervals. These visitors range from congressmen, administrative heads, political candidates and party workers to business men, foreign emissaries, diplomats and some of his many personal friends.

To obtain an appointment at the White House, all callers must write in advance to one of the president's secretaries. Only cabinet members may drop in, without notice, for a presidential conference.

When President Roosevelt wishes to entertain at luncheon, he and his guests are served in the office. The luncheon is brought from the White House kitchens by tea-wagon, and served by tray. These office luncheons are only one of many ways in which the president saves time.

The hour from 4 to 5 o'clock is set aside by the chief executive for his dictation—usually taken by Miss Grace Tully, who is Miss LeHand's assistant.

Five o'clock is the famous "children's hour," when "Missy" LeHand, "Steve" Early, "Pa" Watson and others close to the president saunter into his office to review the day's accomplishments, to exchange jokes, and to relax.

Many of President Roosevelt's appointments are regularly weekly affairs—the legislative conference, with party leaders of the Senate and the House of Representatives early Monday mornings, the Press conferences every Tuesday afternoon at four and every

Friday morning at 10:30, and the cabinet meetings on Fridays at two.

The last are held in the large cabinet room, two doors from the president's office. The ten cabinet members sit in their name-plated chairs on each side of the centre table, with the president and vice-president at either end. On the table are, among other conveniences, telephones and engraved note paper.

Aside from the scheduled meetings, the president has other means of keeping in constant touch with his cabinet. Of the 105 extensions on the White House telephone switchboard, several are direct, private wires to the desks of the cabinet members—and to their homes.

In the only private office that opens directly into the president's study sits Miss LeHand, personal secretary, general manager, fiscal agent, buffer, and outspoken friend of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Missy —as she is called by the Roosevelt family—has been part of the household for the past eighteen years, so she knows Mr. Roosevelt better than does anybody else at the executive office. She writes the president's private letters, guards his private papers, pays the bills, balances the cheque books, buys the president's Christmas presents, and selects his new photographs.

In addition to his personal secretary, his Press secretary and his appointment secretary, President Roosevelt recently appointed three new executive assistants—"leg men"—to advise him on economic policies, problems of personnel, and legal matters. Soon he will employ still two—possibly three—more "leg men" as additional help as confidential eyes and ears.

The executive office is a well-packed maze of other departments: the filing room, the telegraph room, the mailing room, the Press room, the social room, the conference room.

Although architecturally the executive office is small, so as not to detract from the adjoining mansion, its three stories, which appear to be one, accommodate offices large enough to take care of almost two hundred employees.

These minor employees, as in an ordinary business office, are assigned routine duties, depending upon whether they are clerks, messengers, stenographers, secretaries,

attendants or policemen. Most of them are concentrated in the filing room and in the mailing room, where the daily correspondence is sorted and sent from department to department. Very few of the 2,000 to 60,000 letters received daily ever reach the president's eye.—*Condensed from The United States News, Washington.*

* * *

HE ATE FOR THIRTY MEN!

NIKOLAS WOODS could eat thirty full meals at a sitting! Once thin, of little appetite, Woods (an Englishman who lived three hundred years ago) fasted for a week, became so famished that he ate a side of lamb without pausing. From that time until the day he died, Woods' gastronomic feats made history. He was once carried out of a dining-room, after a thirty-meal repast, and stretched before a fireplace, where doctors, fearing that he might explode, rubbed hot oils on his stomach, which had expanded to immense proportions.

When King James heard this story, he employed Woods as chief food-taster of the court. His job was to eat ten portions of food five times a day. Woods' notoriety reached an all-time peak when he save his king's life by eating pudding intended for the monarch, pudding later proved to have contained enough poison to kill forty men. This dose made the great trencherman a little bit ill. In fact, he hovered between life and death for the next three months. When he recovered, King James rewarded him by retiring him for life. Four men were put in his place.

Some years later an attempt to poison King James was successful, and Woods, feeling that he should never have left his job, became despondent. He sat down with the frank intention of eating a dinner big enough to kill him.

It was, and it did, and thus perished Nikolas Woods, the hungry man.—*Adapted from the "Don't You Believe It" program, KFRC-MBS, Cranston Chamberlain.*

¶The home of the oldest parliament.

ICELAND: DEMOCRACY'S FARTHEST NORTH

ONE of the smallest and most remote democracies is Iceland. Though opinion varies as to what Iceland is noted for—some say fish, others weather—a few realize that Iceland has evolved in its own way, and for its own use, an admirable form of democratic government.

Iceland tells its story even from afar as rugged mountains streaked with snow rise upon the horizon. Drawing nearer, appear desert wastes from which hot springs send up intermittent surges of water, the steam dissolving slowly against the sky.

There is rock everywhere, volcanic rock a play of fantastic colors in the unchanging midsummer light. Tiny clusters of houses are set down in green fields where the lava flow spared areas of fertility. Piles of fish stand ready to be laid out to cure in the sun. White dots on the hillside are the long-wooled sheep going forth to feed. Then, across the bay, Reykjavik appears—the chief city of Iceland, of no great size but of considerable importance. A modern city, it rises in beauty, order, and activity out of the rock around it, representative of a land that has made for itself an honorable way of living.

In the ninth century, the growing despotism sweeping over Europe after the age of Charlemagne precipitated the settlement of Iceland. The northern races had always been liberty-loving, and when King Harold of Norway's rule became too autocratic, many of his chieftains took their families and livestock, household possessions, and retainers, and sailed in their open boats west to establish themselves in a land where they might be their own masters.

Reaching Iceland, they found there only a handful of Celts, who had come across the sea from Ireland a half century previously, seeing seclusion and religious freedom. The Celts did not remain long on the same land as the lusty, idolatrous Vikings, but something of their influence did. From 874 to 930 colonists flowed to Iceland,

all of them well-born chieftains with wealth and personal power. The island soon had a population as numerous as that of today. It became clear that some centralized form of government was needed, and in the year 930 the first parliament of the world met in the plains of Thingvellir.

The idea was better glimpsed than fully understood, for the proud chieftains had as yet no intention of sinking individual sovereignty into a common governing body. But a legal system was formulated whereby human rights were respected, the will of the people was considered, and a strong national conscience had its inception. A criminal code and trial by jury were established, divorce was legalized, and mutual insurance against fires was instituted. Soon Christianity was accepted by majority vote and, though the Sagas tell of deeds many and evil done during those days, a beginning had been made. While Europe floundered through the darkness of the Middle Ages, Iceland went ahead; culture flourished, and religion evolved from ecclesiasticism to freer forms of worship.

Iceland's history from the thirteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth is perhaps the saddest of all national histories. The country suffered internally from cruel overlords, externally from roving bands of pirates and unscrupulous traders. National disasters—earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, disease, and famine—ravaged the land; but through it all Iceland never lost sight of the vision glimpsed in the ninth century—a good life for all people through representative government.

A free land at first, Iceland passed, through its own incompetency and its rulers' deceit, into the hands of Norway; then some centuries later into those of Denmark, regaining its freedom only in 1918. Still bound to Denmark by an elastic "Act of Union," Iceland has the opportunity of becoming wholly free in 1940, if it so desires.

Today, Iceland abounds in relative phrases. There are proportionately "more artists and poets than in any other country of the world," and both are thought of as highly honorable and worthy of subsidy by the State. "In proportion to the population, Iceland has more bookshops and publishes more books than any other coun-

try," it is averred.

That is the key, for in Iceland the whole population counts. There are no very rich and no very poor. There are no fine schools for a privileged few and second-rate schools for others; all have the same educational opportunities. There are no mansions and no slums. And because there has never been militarism, there are no war memorials or veterans' homes.

Icelandic women were among the first in Europe to gain the franchise. A daughter takes her father's first name as does a son, i. e., Jon Tomasson's children will be known as Hans Jonsson and Anna Jonsdottir. There is never any question as to whether the woman should retain her maiden name or not. She does, merely adding the title "Fru" in marriage. To an outsider this might seem confusing, but to an Icelander each person is an individual, thought of in relation to himself or herself alone and not to his ancestors. Crime has never been a problem in Iceland, though there are plenty of murders in Sagas and the people relish reading of them.

Iceland's climate is rendered moderate by the Gulf Stream and its prevailing colors are the bright greens of fertility and the blues of mountain ranges. It is so far north that its period of daylight falls into sharp divisions—all light in midsummer and no light in midwinter, but even the period of darkness is illumined by frequent and splendid shows of the Aurora Borealis.

When the weather is good, it is wholly delightful—and warm sun and crisp air. It rains often and is so quickly variable that a clear day can change to a wet one in a few minutes. Every week or so a strong, cold wind straight from the North Pole blows across the island. There is little foliage; no trees to speak of save scattered birch thickets some three feet high and generously termed "forests."

Although at present there is little variation in the food from the traditional staples of meat and fish, potatoes, and milk, notable efforts are being made to use the natural hot water of the land to heat the ground and so encourage the growth of tomatoes, cucumbers, grapes, and melons. These are luxury things now, but in a few years Iceland expects to have enough for her own people as well

as for export. Growing tropical fruit in an Arctic land is one of Iceland's many brave dreams, and a dream rapidly becoming reality.

Their mountains hold no rich deposits, only portions of their land are fertile; but their seas are rich with fish and that is the chief source of income. There have been times when other nations have taken the fish from Icelandic waters and Iceland has had no redress.

Perhaps some may wonder why such an excellent little land has not publicized itself more, and others will see that it is not for lack of imagination but is consistent with wisdom. The Icelander is as unhurried as he is independent; he places more value on mental poise than he does on material well-being. He prefers to solve his problems in his own way, and even now Icelanders face many problems in keeping their life true to their own concept with the confusing elements that have entered the modern world. Iceland is too small—not 120,000 population—for a medley of ideas to flourish well. As the poor, stony land is offset by the dramatic beauty of glaciers and hot springs, so the privations of life have developed a kind of mental contentment which the Icelander feels is worth every effort to safeguard.

The bareness of the land, its wide expanses of lava deserts and white icefields, has precluded greed and hoarding, for there is nothing to want or to keep beyond individual needs. The grass grows for sheep and cattle; the earth with a little care produces enough potatoes for each family's use; the sea and the rivers yield fish.

Fortunate people, they are free from any sense of social competition. In the towns people are too busy, in the country the farms are too far apart, though in that land of vast reaches there is no sense of loneliness. Each farmhouse is a cultural unit, satisfied, complete, and loneliness cannot abide where there are mental resources. For generations Icelandic youth has grown up free of the thought that it may ever have to bear arms. Peace is the essence of the land, so deep-rooted that security is its concomitant.—*Elizabeth Yates, condensed from The Christian Science Monitor Weekly Magazine Section.*

¶Here is a singular American.

NOT ALL GEISHA ARE GIRLS

JUST in case you thought all geishas were pretty young girls, you're wrong. There is one exception. Japan has a male "geisha," a "taiko-mochi" and, of all things, he's an American.

So, ladies and gentlemen, we introduce to you W. N. Warren, six foot tall "geisha" of Senzoku-machi, Asakusa.

Mr. Warren is the father of a 12-year-old daughter. Although American by birth he is more Japanese than anything else, speaking the language fluently, dressing in Japanese style and living a typical Japanese life.

He was born in Yokohama, the son of American parents. His father was in the American Consulate in Kobe, but was later transferred to Moscow where he died. His mother also is dead as is his wife, who was a geisha girl. Mr. Warren was educated in a Japanese school.

Yakko Tatsu, as Mr. Warren's wife was known before her marriage, was a geisha in the Shimbashi geisha quarter. It was through her that Mr. Warren, who had always been interested in the music and arts of Japan came to learn more about them. When she died eight years ago he turned to this type of profession, partly through necessity and partly on account of his interest in the dances, songs and music of Japan. He has had a varied career, his first job after graduation from school being with the Dyle moving picture company in Kobe.

He later went to Yokohama and then to Shanghai where he worked for the Seichi Boseki Kaisha, a cotton mill. He stayed in China about nine years, during which time he learned fluent Chinese and speaks it almost as well as Japanese, in which language he is most at home.

It was after his return from Shanghai that he married and developed his interest in the dances and music of Japan. He studied dancing at the Hanayagi school of dancing under Hanayagi Sukeroku, where he is still studying. He learned the "samisen" himself, always having liked to play.

He also studied the Tokiwazu style of singing. Mr. Warren mentioned that it is very difficult to learn these arts. It took him two years to learn the Japanese

dances.

Mr. Warren is what one might term a "free-lance" entertainer. He works for no special geisha house, but is invited by customers to go to various restaurants and "machi-ai" to entertain. He works mostly at the restaurants of Shimbashi and Tsukiji, although he has been to numerous other restaurants of Tokyo.

The little Japanese house where he lives with his daughter is situated in the center of the "geisha" quarter of Senzoku, Asakusa. To approach it one must pass through a narrow street lined on both sides with small geisha houses displaying large signs, usually either of wood or glass with the name of the house written in Japanese characters. About fifty yards down the street one comes to a small alley, only about two feet wide and dark even in daylight. It is in this street in a small house of about three or four rooms that Mr. Warren lives.

Mr. Warren has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Except for his height, he is over six feet, he looks not unlike a Japanese. All his mannerisms and exclamations, even when speaking English are Japanese. Suddenly, in the middle of a sentence he will pause and say "so ne" or add "ne" to the end of a sentence in English. When he counts on his fingers he does this also in the Japanese way, starting with the thumb and closing his fingers one by one, instead of vice versa as foreigners would do. In every way he acts like a Japanese and it is hard sometimes to remember that one of speaking to an American by birth.

Although Mr. Warren naturally speaks English well he much prefers to converse in Japanese, feeling much more at home in that language.

"I should really study English," said Mr. Warren, "as I have forgotten a great deal, but now I am too old."

Apart from the time which Mr. Warren spent in Shanghai he has never been out of Japan. During his life here he has absorbed so much of Japan's ideas and way of living that he now has no desire at all to visit the United States, or to leave Japan. When asked about this he answered,

"No I have no wish to leave Japan at all. Suppose I did go to America, what could I do there?—*Condensed from Japan Times Weekly.*

¶How to be self-confident.

IT'S A PRIVILEGE!

BILL SMITH is a vice-president of a big company in New York. Like a lot of people, Bill made a lot of money in the twenties and left some of it in Florida—in a brand-new orange grove, full of baby orange trees. He made a deal with a Florida cracker to look after the orange grove on shares. It takes seven years, incidentally, for an orange tree to deliver its first oranges.

When the Florida bubble burst, Bill sort of lost interest in the orange grove, beyond sending the cracker money once in a while. After the 1929 crash he forgot it entirely.

By 1931 Bill had lost all his money. Bill's company lost most of its business and all of its money. And the bank which had Bill's company in hock sent in one of its men as president.

The new president had done right well in banking by saying "No" most of the time. He kept right on saying "No." He had no ideas of his own, and didn't like other people's. He fired employees on any provocation. He got Bill's goat right up to the horns. But Bill couldn't quit, because at the time he needed his salary for eating money, and sundries.

One morning a few days after the bank holiday ended, Bill got a letter. The postman delivered it at his suburban home just as Bill was dashing for the train to the city. The letter was from Florida, and Bill was afraid to open it. He was afraid the cracker might want more money for the orange grove. But on the train he read the letter.

The cracker wrote that the first crop of oranges had come in fine, and had been sold for $6,500, to be paid shortly. Bill, very dazed, realized that he had an income of $3,250 he hadn't counted on and an overlooked orange grove. He also realized, very suddenly, that a landed proprietor with an income did not have to stand being pushed around by a banker president. The more he thought about it, the madder he got. When the train came into the New York railroad station Bill was belching flame and spitting cinders.

By ten-fifteen that morning Bill was in the president's office. He beat on the president's desk, and told him that from now on the company was going to be run his way—or else. The president was so dumfounded he told Bill to go ahead and run the company.

The company has done well ever since. So has the orange grove. So has Bill.

The moral of this story seems to be that every man should own an orange grove, which is not entirely practicable. But, for orange grove, substitute any reasonable facsimile.

Another and shorter anecdote brings out a similar point more quickly. Oscar Levant tells about the symphony orchestra oboist who could play any solo, no matter how complicated or unfamiliar, with perfect calm. A fellow musician asked him if he never got nervous. The oboist answered, "With seventy-five thousand dollars in the bank, I no get nervous."

The savings banks, investment companies, maxim writers, and adage quoters have been urging people to save money for a long time. But they have always made saving a drab prospect and thrift very tiresome.

Save for the rainy day, they say, as if a rainy day were something to gloat over. Save to be independent; but if one is independent without money, why worry about money? Save for your old age—a state which the young are congenitally, and luckily, unable to imagine. The triumphal march of compound interest across the years may delight the mathematician, but it's a snail's progress to most people. The far-off future of saving doesn't stack up with the fun of spending now.

But, despite Federal Relief and Social Security, there is another, little used reason for saving money, a reason full of adventure, thrill, excitement. Save for a *privilege!* Save so that some day, with an orange grove, a bank balance, or even a hundred dollars in your hip pocket, you can look an unpleasant situation in the eye—and spit in the eye! The situation comes to everybody, but few can afford the privilege. And it's well worth saving for!—*L. E. McGivena, in The American Magazine.*

* * *

¶Facing the inevitable, the princess changes herself.

ROYALTY TURNS PRACTICAL

SHE WAS born into the prewar generation of royalty. A cousin of the late Czar Nicolas, niece of Czar Alexander the Third, Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia, was related to the royal houses of Greece, England and Roumania. As a child and young woman, she lived in a glamorous world, a world of ceremonies and splendors, all the traditions of court life. Then, suddenly, all that was changed. A fugitive from her own country, she barely escaped with her life to face a completely new existence in which she must make her own way.

From many of the royal exiles, faced with the loss of country and possessions, of family and position, adjustment to a new way of life was at first cruelly bewildering and difficult. But Grand Duchess Marie had been a war nurse and already had encountered grim realities. Too, in her early days at court, she had been trained to accept life as a serious responsibility and not expect to get things for nothing. She had been taught several languages and spoke them well. Idleness in the royal family was severely censured. The men of the court were all in the army, subject to regular army discipline, with no consideration of their position.

Untrained, however, for any particular profession, Grand Duchess Marie courageously set about making a living. Her natural taste and skill at designing suggested that she might do well in running a factory where fine embroideries could be sold. But lack of business experience proved fatal to this venture. Undaunted, she tried again in another field, and then another. Today, despite certain handicaps peculiar to her situation, despite failures and defeats, Grand Duchess Marie has achieved both financial and artistic success in several fields, as a designer, a writer, and as a photographer.

The chief handicap which the young Russian nobleman had to overcome was not the loss of property and position, not lack of specific training, but the fact that anyone with a title was never be-

lieved to be serious in wanting work. All titled exiles have faced this difficult barrier. Where it is considered one of the ordinary processes of life for anyone else to seek work, these titled job-hunters found it almost impossible to convince anyone that they actually needed and wanted employment, that it was important to them and not a mere hobby or pastime. Even when they had acquired and demonstrated specialized ability, employers who believed that they really knew their business and took it seriously were few and far between.

Royalty nowadays is prepared to face the destruction of all that it holds dear. The post-war generation of royalty is educated with less seclusion and is more fully acquainted with practical affairs. Many have specific training. Crown Princess Juliana of Holland, for example, has studied at a university and holds several degrees. The newer generation will make better sovereigns, and are better equipped to make their own way in case of necessity.

But Grand Duchess Marie had to learn from stern experience what she could not learn at court. And although she cannot serve her country and her people in the position to which she was born and for which she was trained, she has courageously served herself and made for herself a full, rich, satisfying life. Those who have read her books and seen the beautiful things she has done in photography will readily admit that the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia knows her job. She has made a hostile and skeptical world come to terms with her. It takes courage to do that!—*Adapted from the "Around New York" program over WJZ.*

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SUDDEN THOUGHTS

A fool and his money sooner or later wind up in college.

A college education: Something that enables a man to get a job from a man who never went to school.

Said the math Professor: "Now watch the blackboard while I run through it once more."

Someone has observed that it takes a student 20 minutes longer to say what he thinks than to tell what he knows. —*Boulder.*

¶The world's most beautiful piece of architecture.

TOMB OF LOVE

TAJ-BIBI, Lady of Destiny, died in a battlefield tent bearing her fourteenth child.

A seventeenth-century formal society would have ostracized the little "Bibi" who refused to stay meekly at home, who knew as much about politics as about love. She fooled her husband's royal counselors, went along with him to war. What was more, she held his undivided interest while other women's husbands were marrying a new wife every other week.

When she died it took 20,000 men seventeen years to build her tomb at a cost of $15,000,000. Because of one small woman who defied the gossips and dared to love, the world has a shrine so beautiful that even the statistical encyclopaedias can describe it only as "a dream in marble," the Taj Mahal.

Even the movies have come to the remote city of Agra in India, crossed the Jumna River and borrowed the 300-year-old love story of Shan Jehan and his Lady of Destiny. Poets have tried to put its silvery spires in rhyme, painters have labored to translate it onto canvas, novelists, architects, cameramen, travelers have all drawn from its glorious inspiration.

Yet no one knows who designed the Taj. The world cannot be sure of the name of a man who turned marble into lasting emotion, whose architecture was so sure that heavy walls acquired an airy grace and huge domes looked light as floating bubbles. He should be recorded as the world's top architect—but who was he? Was he Ustad Isa, the Byzantine Turke, Geonimo Verroneo, wandering Italian, or Austin de Bordeaux just arrived from France? The Taj keeps its mystery, historians continue to squabble over their theories. They all agree, however, that there was magic in the fingers that drew those floating spires and slim white minarets for the tomb.

The Taj marks a double tragedy. It cost the Emperor Jehan his throne. He had taken $15,000,000 from his country, worked

20,000 men and brought a treasure of jewels to stud the tomb. When he saw it rising white and perfect by the river bank, he decided to have a companion temple on the other bank for his own casket. His desperate subjects rebelled at the prospect of more years of sweat and labor, more millions of dollars. They deposed Jehan, locked him in his palace, leaving him a window to look through at his Taj Majal before he died.

Little Taj-Bibi brought only happiness to Shah Jehan. She was born in 1592, a princess of a ruling house who automatically became bethrothed to the young Emperor Jehan. In those days emperors had many wives, often one for each day in the year. It was inevitable that Jehan already had one wife before he married the twenty-year-old princess, a dark spectacular beauty famous for her charm. But after the second wedding day nobody ever heard of the nameless first wife. The new queen was titled by her king Mumtaz-i-Mahal, "Favorite of the Palace." Her "little name" was Taj-Bibi, the "Beloved One." She was India's new woman, born three hundred years too soon. In a day when women were seen and heard only when their lords gave permission, Mumtaz dared to advise her husband about his country's problems, to share his throne and to go with him on all his trips and campaigns. She bore him eight sons and six daughters, yet kept her beauty and charm until the day she died in childbirth as she waited in an army tent for her husband to return from battle against the Hindu king, Lodi.

Heartbroken, Jehan returned to Agra and immediately began plans for the world's most beautiful and famous memorial. Almost three centuries later, experts puzzling over the identity of the man who designed the Taj, brought to light a letter written in 1641 by Manrique, an Augustinian Friar who spent three weeks in Agra while the Taj was being built.

He described watching the gigantic slabs of marble dragged along the road by yokes of "strong, lazy oxen and ferocious looking, heavy-horned buffaloes, in files of twenty and thirty pairs." And he says that the great geometer who planned the Taj was a Venetian named Geonimo Verroneo, who died long before the work was completed and whose successor was an Indian architect, Ustad

Isa. Most historians have chronicled Isa as the original architect, but the Verroneo theory is seriously reported by the Asiatic Society of Bengal. Still others believe the designer was the Frenchman, Austin de Bordeaux.

Wherever the plans came from, they are Eastern in feeling and execution. They translate the decorative ideas of a people who believed that a simple white muslin robe and a single diamond tiara formed fitting formal attire for an emperor.

Surrounded by its ancient trees and lovely gardens, the Taj dreams the years away on its hilltop overlooking the Jumna River. It was begun in 1630 or 1631, finished seventeen years later. The central dome, in spite of its airy grace and the illusion that it floats against the sky, is fifty-eight feet in diameter, crowning the building which itself is 186 feet square. At each of the four corners, miniature replicas of the central dome repeat the motif. The Taj rises 210 feet from its terraced gardens, flanked by four slim white minarets. One wing is the small, perfect Gem Mosque, where agates, bloodstones, jasper and other precious stones are delicately set in lacy marble. Jewels stud the twin caskets (Jehan is buried beside Mumtaz) and jewels glitter on the screens inside the temple. But outside there is only white marble, bright in the sun and fragile as moonlight when seen at night.—*Janice Devine, in the Photo-Facts.*

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THIS EXPLAINS A LOT

THE noted German hygienist, Dr. Ernst Friedberger, placed thermometers and other instruments beneath the clothing of men and women and so measured the temperature of humidity next to their skins. He found that the temperature next to a woman's skin is ten to twenty degrees lower than next to a man's and that the humidity is a third to a half less.

"The average man," he concludes, "spends most of his life, winter and summer, in the debilitating climate of the tropics. The average woman, on the other hand, lives in a climate like the cool, dry air of the Alps.—*The Commentator.*

¶Some falsehoods on a current subject.

THE RACE QUESTION

NEARLY all of us are careless in thinking and talking about "race," yet it's easy enough to get the facts and, fortunately, to present them to high school students. Disproving the race myth is one of the most vital jobs we have to accomplish today. It is upon the Aryan race myth that Hitler has built his whole dastardly program; it is on race superiority that all of America's little Hitlers are corralling their followers. And it is the young people just out of high school who are falling for these inflammatory arguments.

Anthropologists do not agree on all phases of a study of race; they do agree to a man that there is no such thing as a *pure* race. And they are unanimous in declaring that no nation can be called a race. Man is a restless creature and he has been on the go from the beginning. And, to coin a phrase, "boy meets girl" on his travels. Your students can give many examples of intermarriage—American settlers and Indians; sailors and girls native to countries where they took shore leave; Swedish girls in Minnesota married to boys whose grandparents came from Germany; Chinese students married to "Native" Americans.

If your students are of mixed nationalities and if you may do so tactfully, ask them to find out where their four grandparents came from. Point out what a divergence there is even among their own classmates. Have each student make out a family tree going back as far as he can.

Have your students draw a map of early Europe showing where different peoples lived (see any ancient history). Then draw or note a map of Medieval Europe showing the migrations. Then try to find these peoples on a map of modern Europe. The task is virtually impossible.

In regard to the "Aryan" argument, demonstrate that "Aryan" can refer only to a language, that a nation, such as Germany, is a political boundary, and because of the ease of migration can never be composed of people of

any one race. All Germans are not tall, blond, and blue-eyed, although the movies usually show that type when depicting a German. (A study of movie racial stereotypes might well be included in this discussion.) The American Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom, 519 W. 121st Street, New York City, publishes a folder called *Can You Name Them?* which shows pictures of men of different nationalities. It is fun to try to guess their nationalities, and when the answer in the back is read you'll find that almost always you have made the wrong guess.

This brings up the argument that students will undoubtedly present: "You can tell a Chinaman the moment you look at him"; "Jews look different"; and so on. But of course it is a fact that there are physical differences among people. And here may come a discussion of the effect of environment on appearance. Dress plays an important part. A Chinese child born in this country looks different from one born in China. An Indian college student looks different from one who has never been off the reservation. Europeans say, "You can tell an American anywhere you see him," and while they mean this in no flattering sense they will say it whether the American's name is Smith or Cohen or George Washington Brown.

General, l o o s e, thoughtless statements lead to misunderstanding if not actual antagonism toward "races." Mention some to your students such as, "Mexicans are lazy," "Italians are quarrelsome," etc. Have them think of others that they have heard or used themselves. Point out that some people in every nationality have unfortunate characteristics, but that these traits should not be fastened on any one people exclusively.

It is, of course, absurd to say that any nationalistic stock is superior to another. Some groups have had better opportunities to develop superior abilities because of favorable geographical or economic or political conditions. But every group has both superior and inferior members. And all peoples under decent living conditions can make valuable contributions to society.

An interesting exercise and an enlightening one is an examination of textbooks. Watch for such

terms as "backward races," "superior races," and "the supremacy of the white race." Alas, many textbooks used in American schools do contain such statements. Students should also note the treatment of the "race" question in newspapers. Are they fair to all groups? Do they recognize that race difference is a myth?—*Annette Smith, in the American Teacher.*

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CHINESE PATRIOTISM

AMONG the Chinese scholar-officials of the past, which means primarily the Confucians of the past, there were thousands who preferred to die for their principles rather than to live in a way that they believed unrighteous. The poet Ch'u Yuan is still honored in China because he drowned himself in protest against the corrupt government of his state. So is the great patriot and general Yo Fei, who fought a lonely and valiant struggle against the invading Tatars, until intriguers at home brought about his downfall and sent him to an unmerited execution. So are the many officials who at the end of the Ming Dynasty starved themselves to death or otherwise ended their lives, rather than serve under the conquering Manchus.

Patriotism for the Chinese has in the past usually meant allegiance to a personal leader rather than loyalty to the western concept of an abstract state; it has nevertheless led to acts of valor quite as heroic as any that inspired Horace's famous lines. That it is still a living force in China today is shown by the fact that during the past two years there are some millions of Chinese who have preferred to die rather than live under the heel of a foreign conqueror, even though by so doing many no doubt could have gained not only life, but ease and wealth, while cooperating in the "New Order."—*Derk Bodde, in Asia.*

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 63.

1. Mr. Welles has been quite prominent in the newspapers lately because (1) *he wrote a best-seller,* (2) *he visited the Emperor of Japan,* (3) *he rebuked the High Commissioner in the Philippines,* (4) *he was President Roosevelt's emissary to Europe.*

2. Among the present candidates for the President of the U. S. we find one whose name makes us recall the American naval victory in Manila Bay; and he is (1) *Taft,* (2) *Dewey,* (3) *Murphy,* (4) *McNutt,* (5) *Darner.*

3. The name of Rafael L. Trujillo is known by persons acquainted with contemporary history as that of (1) *the dictator of Sto. Domingo,* (2) *the brave general of the Loyalist army in Spain,* (3) *a new president of Cuba,* (4) a *Mexican moving picture actor.*

4. The water that divides Sweden from the last enemy of Russia is known as (1) *Lake Ladoga,* (2) *Artic Ocean,* (3) *Gulf of Bothnia,* (4) *Gulf of Finland.*

5. Among the American governors general in the Philippines, there was one who was a close relative of a great American philosopher Ralph Waldo Emerson; and that governor was (1) *Wright,* (2) *Forbes,* (3) *Harrison,* (4) *Smith,* (5) *Davies.*

6. "Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans," runs the first line of the immortal poem written by (1) *Longfellow,* (2) *Russell,* (3) *Edwin Markham,* (4) *Poe.*

7. When a lawyer improperly encourages a man to bring an action in court against another, he commits an unethical act which is called (1) *black name,* (2) *barratry,* (3) *chicanery,* (4) *champerty.*

8. It was in the battle of Plassey that the British scored a decisive victory under Lord Clive against (1) *the Germans,* (2) *the French,* (3) *the Italians,* (4) *the East Indians,* (5) *the South Africans.*

9. As we admire the parliamentary system of government we should know that the founder of the English Parliament is said to be (1) *King William I,* (2) *Richard the Lion Hearted,* (3) *Simon de Montfort,* (4) *Henry IV,* (5) *William the Conqueror.*

10. Educated men have read about the Battle of Hastings, and they also know that a certain man by the name of Warren Hastings was (1) *a famous English manufacturer of whiskey,* (2) *an English officer impeached but acquitted for alleged abuses in office,* (3) *an American who founded a college for the education of Negroes,* (4) *an Irish leader who was shot by the British for trying to help German soldiers.*

11. To Filipinos the word "tao" is well known and understood but as used by the Chinese philosopher, Lao Tsze, it means, (1) *a beautiful woman,* (2) *the supreme being,* (3) *a mysterious and cruel animal,* (4) *a heavenly mansion.*

12. The French language is the language of diplomacy, but the French term *Lettres de Cachet* is not a diplomatic term but rather (1) *blank orders of arrest issued by former French kings;* (2) *documents enabling a traveller to obtain money in foreign countries,* (3) *documents authorizing a ship-owner to seize the ships of other nations,* (4) *a privilege given by the English sovereigns to a favored individual.*

13. In England one does not need to be born with a title of nobility to become a lord, for any man may acquire a title of nobility by accomplishing an exceptional piece of work. For instance, Lord Leverhulme was given that title of nobility because (1) *he became a successful automobile manufacturer,* (2) *he rose from the ranks of ordinary lawyers and became a great advocate,* (3) *he became one of the world's greatest soap manufacturers,* (4) *he won a great battle against the Germans.*

14. He entered a small air-tight room; and as he was inside he felt a slight inconvenience from certain vapors and suddenly he met death, for that place was (1) *a garage,* (2) *a lethal chamber,* (3) *a black hole,* (4) *a dirty closet.*

15. Theosophy, which is the name of a religious system with several Filipino adherents, is literally translated as (1) *healing by prayer,* (2) *divine wisdom,* (3) *learning rules the world,* (4) *knowledge is power,* (5) *divinity in man.*

* * *

TURNING POINT

WHEN you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, until it seems as if you could not hold on one minute longer—never give up then! That is just the time and place that the tide will turn.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

¶To produce better students, follow this article.

THE IMPORTANCE OF RELAXATION

WE live in a "jitter-bug" age. Tensions, insecurity, and uncertainty are the order of the day. With adults under constant strain, it is no wonder that children react in kind. Pressures are increasing; enrolments are at an all-time high in hospitals for mental diseases.

The school environment too often contributes to an accumulation of nervous tensions. Eyestrain is one of the most frequently overlooked factors conducive to irritation. Is there the necessary light without glare or shadow? Does the teacher move about the room so that she may see the blackboard and illustrative materials from the same angles as the pupils?

Noise and confusion are other common factors. If the classroom gets the full brunt of traffic noises either from within or without the school, is there any attempt to do something about it?

Another element of first importance in the environment is the relationship between pupils and teacher. Group morale, consideration for one another, cooperation, and understanding are vital for a relaxed happy working unit.

Absence of stress and strain in the classroom is often indicative of fine working relations between teachers and administrators. An even distribution of teaching load, clerical help to score tests and grade papers, the elimination of unnecessary reports—all these help to reduce teacher tensions. At University High School in Los Angeles, Ralph Wadsworth, the principal, has been carrying on a campaign for the relief of teacher tensions for some years. All principals can do something to remove "useless tension producers" by "reducing class interruptions, eliminating useless bells, condensing routine information in bulletins, eliminating useless faculty meetings, assemblies, and special events." At University High School the teachers "know why certain things are being done, and are kept free from worry induced by too rigid supervision. They are encouraged to use their own initiative to do things the best way they know how, and the adminis-

trative staff constantly seeks to bring out the potential power of each teacher."

Fears and feelings of insecurity must be eliminated if tensions in the classroom are to decrease. Tenure, a decent salary, democratic relationships between faculty and administration are all important.

There is increased recognition of the need for solution of the problem of teacher load. Committee and faculty meetings, experimentation, reports, extracurricular duties, community activities, homeroom contests, public performances, and special programs take such a toll of teacher energy that the wise administrator will take inventory of the *total* teacher load, not just the pupil-teacher ratio.

Play periods offer the teacher opportunity to become better acquainted with her children. Play solves the problem of discipline. And the teacher who actively plays with the children will find relaxation in forgetting other problems.

After tension there must be release, and after activity, relaxation. Frequent periods of vigorous activity alternating with rest produce the best results. Anyone familiar with animals must have been impressed with the complete and perfect relaxation that immediately follows the rompings of kittens and puppies. If humans would let go as completely there would be no need for articles about the importance of relaxation.

The best kind of relaxation is untroubled sleep. Next in importance is the ability to relax completely at odd moments whenever the occasion permits. Unless such habits are firmly established in youth, the adult finds the process difficult to learn. For younger children a nap just before or after the midmorning nutrition period will work wonders.

Rest is equally important for elementary grade children. Children in classrooms can rest their heads on folded arms and, through training, learn to induce complete limpness. The room should be quiet, and the attitude of mind calm and peaceful.

Alternate stretching and relaxation will relieve tension. Stretching tall and yawning should precede closing the eyes and leaning the head on folded arms on the desk or table. At first it will be

necessary to relax the muscles consciously, as tension often continues even though the person is unaware of it.

The teacher herself is so important a part of the school environment that the significance of her own physical and mental health must be stressed. Too often teachers' lives are devoted to their work with a fanaticism that defeats its purpose. The resulting tension takes a toll in diminished efficiency and is often manifest in irritability and impatience in the classroom. Teachers need to learn to play—to get away from the school atmosphere whenever possible. Too many teachers have no interests, no topics of conversation, except the school, the pupils, or other teachers.—*Hazel J. Cubberley, in Childhood Education.*

* * *

THE PIES HAVE "IT!"

AMERICANS are the champion pie-eaters of the world—consuming no less than 450,000,000 pies a year. The pies may taste like the kind mother used to make but they are certainly not made the way hers were!

Old-fashioned apple is still America's Number One pie, with coconut custard and lemon meringue tied for second place; a close third is cherry. One pie that we are eating more and more of is pineapple-cheese. While in season certain pies like peach, strawberry, pumpkin, and huckleberry take over the leadership, but all in all the people reigns supreme in the pie world.

One company in New York City bakes over 100,000 pies daily. Pies unsold at the bakery shops the first day are picked up the next and sold to farmers to fatten their hogs. Which, in the long run, means that even if you don't eat pie one way you do in another.—*The Commentator.*

¶A blending of artificial and natural elements.

PERFUMES

PROBABLY few users of perfume realise that in the making of the expensive scent they daub behind their shell-like ears, Bulgarian peasants, sticky coal tar, intricate chemical apparatus and research, an Abyssinian civet cat and a sick whale may have played vital parts. But it's true.

The raw materials of the perfume business are found in nature as the odoriferous products of certain plants and animals—the most important animal substances being civet, a secretion of the African civet cat; musk, produced by a gland of the musk deer of Northern India and Central Asia, and ambergris.

Ambergris is a greyish-white material produced in the diseased intestines of the sperm whale. The best ambergris, the perfume people say mysteriously, is that which has floated in the sunlight on the ocean for two years, and it has been found in lumps ranging from a fraction of an ounce to a 248-pound mass valued at over £13,000.

These animal products, which have a revolting odour in their natural state impart a subtle warmth to a perfume when used in minute quantities. They also slow down and equalise the evaporation of the many volatile oils that give the perfume its fragrance.

In the plant world these aromatic oils are found in flower petals, leaves, stems, barks, woods, roots, fruits, seeds and gums and resins. The perfumer draws from the remote corners of the earth for these "essential oils"—from the Philippines for example, for Ylang Ylang oil; from Mysore for the oil of sandalwood; from Bulgaria and France for the precious attar of rose.

The bulk of the essential flower oils comes from a little town in the South of France called Grasse. All about this Provencal town flowers—over 60,000 acres of them—are grown in bewildering variety: millions of pounds of roses and orange blossoms are picked annually at Grasse and turned into perfume oils.

These flower oils, however,

aren't just wrung out like water from a wet dish rag; a number of scientific processes are employed. In one method masses of flowers are steeped with water in a still and heated to boiling temperature —the idea being that when the distillate of steam and volatile essential oils cools and condenses, the flower essence, being an oil, separates from the water.

Another system, called "enfleurage," involves the principle that fats absorb things—butter, for example, left too long in the icebox with an onion will become permeated with its odour. And other, more modern, methods now in wide use involve chemical solvents which penetrate the flower petals and dissolve the aromatic oil.

Whatever the process used, enormous quantities of flowers are needed to produce a droplet of essence; a crop of a half-million orange blossoms, for example, weighing 1,000 pounds, may yield one pound of neroli oil and a ton of carnations will surrender only eight ounces of floral "absolute." There will come a day anyway, some chemists hint, when these natural oils will no longer be needed; the flower fields of Grasse they predict coldly, will then be turned over to the cultivation of such things as cauliflower and submarginal wheat. However this may be, the chemists laboratory is assuming a more and more important role in the manufacture of perfumes.

Research in the chemistry of perfumes—which began about the middle of the last century—revealed that the odours of flowers are combinations of many substances having definite chemical structures. Chemists since have isolated many of these substances from the natural essences; analysed them; built them up by synthesis from cheap, coarse materials like coal tar.

Before the days of modern chemistry, there were only about 200 odours available to the perfumer; now there are over 1,000 in wide use, for the chemist has gone beyond nature and created a whole new gamut of odours that do not exist in nature—test-tube essences which are used in the finest perfumes today.

The reason for the rise of ersatz perfumery is, of course, the expense of the natural oils and the relative cheapness of the synthetics. At their present stage of de-

velopment, however, synthetic flower oils are at best remarkable approximations of the genuine thing, not exact duplicates, for all the ingenuity of man has not been able quite to capture by artificial means the ephemeral beauty of a flower's aroma.

No fine perfume today, therefore, is made entirely of synthetic products for it would be "coarse." Nor, for that matter, is the most expensive floral bouquet composed solely of natural oils. It is in the esthetic choice and judicious blending of these raw materials—vegetable, animal and artificial—that the art of the perfumer lies.

There is considerably more, it appears, in this strange business of dispensing sweet odours than meets the—nose.—*Lewis Bergman, condensed from The New York Times Magazine.*

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NUTS TO YOU

YOU probably think you're up to the minute in your slang when you use that expressive phrase. But strictly speaking, it's neither slang nor modern. It dates back to the Middle Ages, when Princess Maria, daughter of the Duke of Tuscany, broke off her engagement to the Hungarian gourmet, Count Rudolph of Baskk. Tradition demanded the ceremonious return of gifts when an engagement was broken. But Count Rudolph, whose passion was food, had given the Princess only perishable fruits and delicacies. The one gift she was able to return was a box of nutmeg. This West Indies spice then was fabulously expensive and reserved exclusively for royalty.

The news that Princess Maria, breaking her engagement, had returned to Count Rudolph a box of nutmeg inspired the custom among the humbler classes. They, however, substituted ordinary walnuts or chestnuts, since nutmeg was beyond their means. If a suitor was invited to supper at the home of a girl he wished to wed and she served him chestnuts or walnuts at the end of the meal, it meant that his proposal had been rejected.

The idiom "Nuts to you!" soon became a popular phrase and has traveled down the ages to us.—*From the "Don't You Believe It" program, KFRC-MBS, Cranston Chamberlain.*

SAVING FACE

WITH an American importer, I was walking through a Shanghai bazaar containing dozens of tiny curio shops, most of them selling imitation jade, objects brazenly called antiques, embroideries, pottery and an assortment of inexpensive jewelry.

A rather ornate vase attracted the importer's eye and he asked to be told the price.

The proprietor, a Mr. Lee, ecstatically put down his cup of tea and said, "You know beautiful work, Master. I give you this precious work for twelve dollars." (That, at the prevailing rate of exchange, amounted to about a dollar and a half in American money.)

The importer glanced at the vase again—it was really quite hideous—and decided he didn't want to become its owner.

"How much you offer?" asked Mr. Lee.

"But I don't care for it."

This seemed pretty irrelevant to Mr. Lee. "Master," he said politely, "I gave you *my* price. Now give me yours."

"All right. Two dollars." The importer thought that would end it.

"Two dollars!" Mr. Lee looked as though a loved one had just struck him a mortal blow. "For this beautiful object? Oh, Master!"

"We started away, toward other little cubby holes in the bazaar; but Mr. Lee was soon taging along at our heels.

"Ten dollars," he said.

"Really, I don't want it."

"All right, then name your price."

"I did. Two dollars."

"Master," said Mr. Lee, "it is not proper. I come down. You must come up."

"Really, I——"

"Eight dollars," said Mr. Lee. "See? I come down again. Now you must come up."

My friend smiled. "Two-fifty," he said.

"There," exulted Mr. Lee, "it is yours. That is proper business. I come down; you come up. You save money. I save face."

And, wrapping up the vase

which my friend didn't want, he jingled the coins on the counter to see if they were all right, and returned, bland and satisfied to his cup of tea.—*Arthur Sheekman, in the Coronet.*

* * *

HAS YOUR DOG BEEN NOSE-PRINTED?

DURING the past months we have been hearing a great deal about finger printing. Somebody has suggested that all non-citizens should be thus placed on record with the police, another authority proposed finger-printing everybody in the United States, citizens and aliens alike, and from a third source came the idea that all the members of the White House staff, from top to bottom, should be finger-printed.

More fantastic than any of these, however, is a story out of New Zealand, of all places, where finger-printing has been tried on a dog—nose-printing is the correct term. The dog was a big Alsatian which had been touring the country in connection with a film in which he played an important role. The dog had come from Australia, and the police authorities in Auckland decided on a nose-print to identify him when the permit to leave the country was applied for.

The big shepherd's nose was duly rubbed with finger-printing ink, but before the officials could transfer the impression to white paper, the dog licked off the ink. The second time they held his jaws shut, but he sniffed vigorously and smeared the print. They finally got it, though. A dog's nose-print is as infallible an identification as a human finger-print, and the idea is being urged upon owners of expensive canines as protection against theft.—*Adapted from Lisa Sergio's "Column of the Air" over WQXR, New York.*

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PROFIT

PROFIT is a by-product of work. Happiness is its chief product. The great trouble today is that there are too many people looking for someone else to do something for them. The solution of most of our troubles is to be found in everyone doing something for himself.—*Henry Ford.*

Panoramic Views

THE resolute scholar and the man of perfect virtue will not seek life at the expense of virtue. Some even sacrifice their lives to complete that virtue.—*Confucius.*

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I LIKE life, and I also like righteousness. If I cannot keep the two together, I will let life go and choose righteousness. I like life indeed, but there is that which I like more than life, and therefore, I will not seek to possess it by any improper ways. I dislike death indeed, but there is that which I dislike more than death, and therefore there are occasions when I will not avoid danger.—*Mencius.*

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A MAN who minds his own business generally has a good one.—*Anon.*

*

IT takes less time to do a thing right than to explain why you did it wrong.

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YOU are done for unless you try to do better.—*H. M. Stansifer.*

*

A CERTAIN amount of opposition is a great help to a man; Kites rise against, not with, the wind.—*Hamilton W. Mabie.*

*

BREAD is the staff of life, but that is no reason why the life of our staff should be one continual loaf.—*Outspan, South Africa.*

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MORE than anything, a man hates a dumb woman, especially if she is pretty, because then she's twice as dumb since he's doubly disappointed in her.—*John Barrymore.*

READERS' COMMENT

Apt. 84 Drake Court, Omaha, Nebraska.—I had the misfortune yesterday to lose on my way to business my January issue of "PANORAMA". Since it was in the original wrapper, I had hoped it would be put in a mail box, and I should receive it back, but one can not depend upon that, and so far it has failed to show up. Therefore, I should appreciate your duplicating the January issue to me.

A while back I enclosed 50¢, which I assumed would cover subscription price to "Contact". Did it reach you and am I correct in figuring this is cost of "CONTACT."

My friends and myself continue to enjoy PANORAMA, especially a Mr. Santos, now resident of Omaha, but formerly of Hagonoy. Best wishes for continued success.—(*Miss*) *Pearl H. Smalley.*

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Dadiangas, Cotabato, Mindanao.—Inclosed please find a money order for two pesos for which please renew my subscription to your magazine and kindly send the April issue immediately to my new mailing address—Dadiangas, Cotabato.

In my two years contact with PANORAMA, I have found it handy and highly instructive. Here, especially in the interior jungles of Mindanao, PANORAMA gets me out of mental rut and gives me new visions of the future.—*Ambrosio P. Bayan.*

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La Paz, City of Iloilo.—By availing oneself of PANORAMA regularly, I believe one need not extend the scope of his reading to other publications, for the simple reason that PANORAMA carries a comprehensive coverage of varied articles appearing elsewhere. The articles published in PANORAMA are extremely informative, interesting, and spicy; they satisfy the discriminating and varying tastes of its readers. Needless to say, they contribute a great deal to the broadening of one's knowledge and outlook. Enclosed please find ₱2.00 in M. O. as payment for a renewal of my year's subscription to PANORAMA.—*Celedonio Dechavez.*

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617 San Lazaro, Manila.—I have received two copies already (Feb. and Mar.), of your wonderful magazine and found it to be a delightful entertainer. Its wholesome, concise, and substantial digests of current world thought and events provides an excellent food for the mind. PANORAMA is literally a gold mine of vital reading material and information; and putting it up all in one, I say that it is "tops". Here's a big handshake to Community Publishers!—*Jesus M. Sagalongos.*

Panorama Quiz Answers

1. He was President Roosevelt's emissary to Europe.
2. Dewey.
3. The dictator of Sto. Domingo.
4. Gulf of Bothnia.
5. Forbes.
6. Edwin Markham.
7. Champerty.
8. The East Indians.
9. Simon de Montfort.
10. An English officer impeached but acquitted for alleged abuses in office.
11. The supreme being.
12. Blank orders of arrest issued by former French kings.
13. He became one of the world's greatest soap manufacturers.
14. A lethal chamber.
15. Divine wisdom.

CONTEST ANNOUCEMENT

The closing date of the **Panorama Quiz Contest** has been postponed to June 10, 1940. This decision has been made by the PANORAMA MANAGEMENT in order to give more time to late participants. The **Panorama Contest** will, therefore, close on June 10, 1940.

THE PANORAMA MANAGEMENT