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Rizal's Withdrawal From Political Leadership

I HAVE learned through other sources that my attitude has been criticized in that quarter and that some one said that I was destroying the unity of the colony. If this is true, I most certainly regret it but I refuse to explain and to excuse myself. My conscience tells me that I can stay in peace on the matter. What unity was there before I intervened? Who was the power of the colony whom I wanted to destroy? During the entire period of the elections I had always wanted to withdraw my candidacy and I did not stop until I withdrew; and yet I had the votes of the majority. Is this destroying unity? Because of this and because it is not enough that one should have good motives and intentions in order to be free from accusations, I think I take a prudent decision in withdrawing myself from politics so that being buried in oblivion I may not be a shadow over our party. * * I have many enemies outside and I do not want to have any within; and as my ambition is not to have honors nor to hold offices but only to see what is just, what is right, what is useful in political matters, and as the attacks of friends hurt me more than all the armed forces of enemies, it is clear that if I expose myself to such risks, I also expose myself to losing my little equanimity.—*From Rizal's Letter to Juan Zulueta, August 14, 1891.*

¶America should leave war alone.

U.S.A.—KEEPER OF CIVILIZATION

THE United States is unique and alone. We are the only great nation on earth which can afford the luxury of free decision between war and peace. We do not have to act as less fortunate nations have been forced to act.

Take a map of the world and look at England, Japan, Germany, France, Italy. What do you see? You see that the first two are islands, and not especially large islands. You see that the last three are fragments of the continent of Europe, with boundaries which have no particular economic justification. You could put any one of them comfortably into the State of Texas.

We are not a nation in the European sense at all. We are an integrated continental area, shielded by 3,000 miles of salt water on one side, and 5,000 miles on the other, beyond the reach of the best of bombing planes for years to come. Iowa cannot go to war with Nebraska. New York cannot raise a tariff wall against Connecticut. No state has a suppressed national minority demanding self-determination. We cannot take much credit for this condition. It is just our good luck.

Suppose the United States were like Europe. Then we should have some 20 or 30 independent nations on our territory, each trying desperately to make its own economic position more secure at the expense of the rest. Half of them would be ruled by dictators. The free city of New Orleans, for instance, and the Mississippi Corridor back of it would be a powder mine, ready to drench the continent in blood. There would be "Maginot Lines" along the Ohio, the Missouri, the Colorado. Nations in the interior would be plotting for access to the sea.

We can admire the people of Europe and still be sorry for them. They have not got together since the fall of Rome. They have been marching, fighting, recarving their boundaries for 1,500 years. Their present political structure is unsuitable to the power age. No one nation has adequate natural resources inside its own boundaries, and few are on good enough terms

with other countries to be sure of importing what they need. When they fight, it is for economic motives far more acute than any conflict of ideas. Modern Europe presents a terrible problem in political and economic anarchy. The only answer lies in some form of economic unification.

We have achieved economic unity in North America. As a result we are the strongest nation on earth today, the most productive, the most democratic—and the luckiest. The people of Europe had to start fighting before they could think. We have time to think. We can wait. We can choose a course leisurely.

There are no imports from Europe which are absolutely vital to our well-being. Our export business is now running at the rate of 4 or 5 per cent of the national income. The domestic market absorbs 95 per cent of all our output. Would we go to war for this beggarly 5 per cent? I do not want to see my boy sailing away to die in Europe or Asia for a trade which I know, and can prove, is not vital to the American continental economy.

Ever going to war to protect our investments in the Old World need not be argued. During the last war, we loaned 10 billions to our allies. They have not paid and do not intend to. Since the war we have loaned some 14 billions more to governments and private parties abroad. It is estimated that when the books are balanced, 10 billions of this "investment" will be in default. That makes about 20 billion dollars in American products sent overseas—for which nothing has been received as pay. In effect we gave away our soils, minerals, oil reserves, manufactured goods.

Our foreign trade and our foreign investments are no reason for war. But there are two grave economic temptations that might lead this nation to fight. Both seem to me contemptible, and I shall state them without gloves on.

1. Shall we kill a million boys to give a temporary boom to business? Businessmen themselves are questioning the value of this stimulant.

2. Shall we kill a million boys to give our excess savings an outlet in war investment, because we are too stupid to find adequate channels in peace investment? Shall we send them to die because it is easier to finance death and

destruction than to finance life and construction? These bloody and cowardly paths out of business depression are not good enough for me, and I profoundly doubt if they are good enough for the majority of the citizens of America.

There is, then, no economic motive which would force us into the war. But are we immune to the ideological struggles of Europe?

The war is called a war waged by the democracies against the dictatorships. The United States is a democracy, and accordingly it should join with brother nations, it will be said, to crush the menace to freedom which the totalitarian idea presents. This is an appealing argument, but the line between democracies and dictatorships today is blurred. It changes with every day's headlines. It is not altogether impossible that we might wake up some fine morning to find Mr. Mussolini, the founder of Fascism himself, waiting to join us at the breakfast table. England and France are democracies of sorts, but their empires were seized by military aggression, and the peoples they conquered do not all enjoy the blessings of democratic rule. Besides, their wartime government at home is indeed a strange brand of democracy.

For any nation to engage in war now for ideological reasons is a kind of ceremonial suicide. It is like the Chinese who hang themselves in protest against some public action. They have no assurance that the action will be changed, but they have every assurance that they themselves will be quite dead. If we go to war we simply join, with the wooziest of motives, the suicide club.

We have no territorial ambitions, no surplus population to be exported, no driving need for a greater place in the sun. We have no yearnings for military achievement, no traditional enemies. We do not need to show the world how strong we are. The world knows how strong we are. We are fortunate above all others, and unified above all others. Therefore, in a sense we have civilization in our keeping. The responsibility is passing from the Old World to the New. We may not be worthy of it, but we are getting it by default.

If we are only going to play power politics with the rest of the world, we do not deserve this

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(pp 5-8)

¶ The terrible meaning of—

"ALL QUIET . . ."

WHEN the communiqué on war operations reports "all quiet on the front" it speaks with detachment. The front is never quiet; it would no longer be the front if it were.

A war communiqué is the quintessence of thousands of reports. It is the apex of a pyramid of paper. The smallest units acting independently in the line make daily reports. These reports are grouped successively by company, by battalion, by regiment. Then come divisional reports, corps reports, army reports, army group reports—all condensed at each stage.

For the sergeant and his machinegun crew posted at the edge of a wood it seemed of very vital importance to report that for half an hour four shells came screaming every five minutes. Afterward, the sergeant retrieved splinters to ascertain the caliber of the gun and discover any markings revealing the place and date of its manufacture. All the facts he could ascertain he set down in his report. The regimental intelligence officer added these details to others and passed them on. Gunnery experts at divisional corps headquarters filed the report for reference.

What may seem momentous to those actively concerned is often but a trifle on a line of 250 miles. Reports are sifted and sifted again, to culminate at GHQ in a cold, laconic: "All quiet." Yet on the strange front that this strange war has produced, something is happening every minute, every second.

Consider the situation between the Rhine and the Moselle: On one side there is the Maginot Line, on the other the Westwall. Behind each, armies are massed for action. And since the opponent inevitably will move some day, he must be watched always. Outposts do the watching.

But that is not enough. Between the respective outposts lies a stretch of land; its depth ranges from several hundred yards to several miles. The opponent is crafty and knows how to conceal himself. Behind ridges inside for-

ests, beyond screens of camouflage he may be doing things that the outposts cannot see. So patrols must circulate at all times in that No Man's Land. And outposts and patrols are never idle.

The apt description of an outpost: it is like an insect's feelers. It is as sensitive—and as fragile. In practice an outpost consists of a certain number of men, relatively small, sent out some distance in front of the army to serve as its eyes, its ears, its finger-tips. Although it has automatic and other weapons for its protection, its mission is not to resist; it is too small. Like the insect, the army draws in its feelers when they meet an obstacle. But because the obstacle is mobile and generally of superior strength the outpost often has to fight, and fight hard, as it strives to evade the obstacle by retreat.

An outpost is placed at any point where it can best do its office—on a crag, in a dip, amid trees. There the men have to live and watch for days on end with what shelter they can contrive. Food and drink must be brought to them from the rear. The chief characteristics of an outpost are isolation and lack of the most elementary comfort.

Since the great desire on each side is to learn the exact location of the other's outposts, the small garrisons are ever on the alert. Those not on watch repair rude trenches that are always caving in, consolidate the barbed wire that encircles them, place "front door bells' in the form of dangling tin cans to signal the approach of prowlers by night and, when they have time, improve the shallow dugouts or hutments of clay and wattle which are their living quarters. They seldom have time to do that for patrols are frequent—they have to keep contact with neighboring posts and to scour the country immediately ahead, with the everpresent possibility of coming face to face suddenly with scouts from the other side bent on similar errand.

An uncanny silence pervades No Man's Land, a feeling of solitude and desolation, above all of suspense. Nothing appears to move, but every man in every post senses that behind hundreds and hundreds of gun muzzles eyes are peering ceaselessly.

Occasionally the leaden silence is broken—by the crackle of shots or the boom of guns, or both. An

outpost is being raided, or two patrols are clashing, or batteries are engaged in a duel. Then calm comes again. The watch goes on.

Night falls and all changes. The outposts can be detected only if they show lights. So no lamps glow. The ear now is of more avail than the eye. Intent watchers listen for the snapping of a twig, the rolling of a pebble, the flop of a heavy boot in a pool. The least sound may have a meaning, for at night No Man's Land is the hunting ground of daredevil bands.

Their official French name is *corps francs*—free corps. They come into being when fronts are stabilized, to vanish when movement is resumed. Each corps improvises its own equipment, its own tactics, for daredeviltry of this sort cannot be fixed in manuals.

They are all volunteers, and applicants far outnumber needs. A *corps franc* is composed of 30 men, on the average, led by a lieutenant. Its special task is to obtain information, even by going deep into the enemy lines: above all, it is expected to take prisoners for questioning. The Germans have their daredevils also—*Stosstruppen*. They keep French outposts on the alert.

These French volunteers are of all kinds. The leader of one group is a quiet-mannered, shortsighted Professor of Philosophy in whom has been reincarnated an Indian brave. He has a motley crew—plowman and clerk, mason and storekeeper, and butcher, baker and candlestick maker. They have volunteered for love of adventure, thirst for excitement, escape from daily routines irksome to their temperaments.

They get all the adventure and excitement they crave—and more, for the High Command is very inquisitive. What has the enemy got at this spot? How wide is that wire? What unit is stationed at that point? The daredevils go out and find out, day or night. By day you can see better, but you yourself can be seen. By night you may not see, but with luck you may be able actually to touch. A night patrol is true adventure.

It may be a sorry reflection on civilization, but these men soon revert to the primeval as they hunt other men. Faculties develop that had been dormant. Instinctively they acquire woodcraft, see in the dark, hear the slightest sound, sniff the wind.

Yet they leave little to chance. Once their mission has been assigned, the leader and his aides go out to a point overlooking their objective. There they may lie for hours in the grass, absorbing the landscape, searching every inch with field glasses. They memorize bearings and draw a mental chart of their future path. Maps and compasses are worthless in the dark. On their return, parts are cast and the group rehearses the adventure with diagrams.

At dusk they set out. Discarding all cumbersome and tinkling regulation equipment, they wear berets and sweaters. Their weapons are pistols, daggers, and grenades hanging from their belts, and cutters for barbed wire. They empty their pockets of letters and papers, anything that might furnish information if perchance any failed to return. When they near their goal there is a rapid count, a short breather. They divide each to his allotted part—crawling, pausing, listening again and again. Then . . .

Success may mean decorations, bringing with them three days' extra leave. Failure means beginning all over again.

A flash betrays the emplacement of a gun, a volley reveals the strength of a post. The word is: 'Don't shoot until you actually see your man coming for you." The captain on his morning round will ask: "What of the night?" When told that there were glows to the right at 10 o'clock, suspicious sounds to the left at midnight, and the "front door bell" rattled 20 minutes later, he will question: "And did you fire?" To an emphatic "No, sir," he will reply, "Good man."

Listen to a colonel: "A troop that can hold its fire is a seasoned troop. Calm is as contagious as panic. The side which, in spite of many alarms, can pass night after night without firing a shot is moral master of its sector."

There is an inner meaning to "All Quiet on the front."—*G. H. Archambault, condensed from New York Times Magazine.*

* * *

STUPIDITY

AGAINST stupidity the gods themselves battle in vain.—*Goethe.*

¶ The plea of a great Oriental.

I APPEAL FOR JUSTICE!

THE appearance of the English in Indian history is a wonderful affair. As messengers of European thought, they have come so near to us and established a contact so deep and so extensive, as no other foreign nation had ever done.

Just as from the distant heavens a shower of raindrops strikes the earth and penetrating into its dorman depths, infuses a strong impulse of life—an impulse which shoots up into a wondrous variety of plants and blossoms forth into flowers of miraculous beauty—even so did the vivifying downpour of European thought and culture quicken into new life our mind, slumbering, apparently lifeless, for ages.

When we first became acquainted with English literature, not only did we derive from it new aesthetic and emotional enjoyment, but also, our hearts were moved by a divine urge to remove the wrongs inflicted by men on their fellow-men, our ears rang with the proclamation of its political ideal of knocking off the shackles of fettered humanity and our minds felt the earnestness of its grim struggle against the tyrannous practice of treating men as merchandise in trade.

I am now more than seventy years old. It was about the middle of the nineteenth century when I commenced my acquaintance with this period of our history which must be called the European Age. The present-day youth laugh at it; with them the Victorian Age, as they style it, is a standing joke.

At that time, Europe had not lost faith in her ideals of liberty of thought and of the individual for which she had fought during the days of the Reformation and the French Revolution. At that time, in the United States of America brothers fought against brothers about the suppression of the slave trade. The Victorian Age could glory in the noble exhortations of Mazzini and the daring exploits of Garibaldi, and it was during that age that Gladstone's voice of thunder resounded throughout the world in condemnation of the Sultan of Turkey's atrocities.

We also in India, at that period, began to entertain definite hopes about our independence. In these expectations there was, no doubt, an element of hostility to the English on the one hand, but again, on the other, there was also an extraordinary confidence in the English character. Whence came the strength in our minds which made it possible for us to believe, that simply by appealing in the name of humanity, we might be able to persuade the British to take us on as partners in the administration of India?

We saw the Eastern nations marching towards the New Age. We had hoped for a long time that we also would fall into line with them and take our proper place in world history, that our political chariot would move along towards the front and that England herself would seize the ropes and lead us on along the path of progress. We gazed and gazed earnestly in expectation of help, but to our horror found, at length, that the wheels of progress had completely stopped.

Today the chief achievement of the British Government is the establishment of law and order and the enactment of acts and ordinances. In this vast sub-continent, there is very little provision for education and sanitation; and the opportunity is rare for our countrymen to open up new avenues for the production of wealth. We do not find the least possibility of any such opening in the near future, all the resources of the country having been swallowed up in the monstrous maw of law and order.

It, therefore, appears as if India's very contact with Europe has brought about the untoward result of depriving her of the best gift of the New Age. India still remains a dark spot on the brilliant surface of the sun that shines over the New Age.

Could India make up her mind to go the length of saying in the name of civilization: "It is not possible to bear the intolerable load of debt imposed by your costly administration—a debt which robs us, poor broken bankrupts, of the priceless treasure of life itself—a debt which will never allow our ill-fated country to shake off the dead weight of barbarity which sits heavy like an enormous rock on her breast and suffocates her almost to death?"

The day when the weak, the humiliated, will cease to raise their voice, in appeal for justice, above

the oppressor's roar and will lose, for ever, completely the courage and the right to cry shame on the strong who forget their better selves in the pride of power—that day I will come to the melancholy conclusion that the age has indeed gone hopelessly bankrupt even to the uttermost cowrie of all its best treasure. Let another age commence its career of unrelieved gloom from that day—the blackest in the calendar. —*Sir Rabindranath Tagore, condensed from The Modern Review, Calcutta, India.*

* * *

EXCITING HUNT

FOR SHEER, stark excitement there is nothing like a wolf run. In Russia an avenue about a mile long is cut through the pine forest, at each end of which is a large circular stockade. Inside one of the stockades a *troika,* three-horse sleigh, is prepared, the wolf pack is attracted by the squealing of a small pig, and at a given signal when the moon shines directly down the avenue, illuminating the snow, the great doors of the stockade are flung open and the *troika* dashes out with the pig squealing through the stillness. Onlookers climb ladders and gaze down the avenue. The wolves are at once on the heels of the sleigh. Two shots are fired, and then another; the wolves check, only for a moment, to fall upon their dead or dying companion. The greater part of the pack now rushes on, but divides and disappears into the shadow of the forest, running level with the sleigh on either side of the avenue.

Presently members of the divided pack begin to cross the track. It is then that good shooting is essential to the lives of the huntsmen.

During that mile run a certain number of the wolves must be killed as they cross the track; this checks the pack and enables the skillful driver to ease his terrified horses, for should they tire and peck, nothing—not even machine guns and bombs—could save any living thing on that sleigh. The sleigh is now nearing the other stockade; the doors are flung wide open, men with guns and Mausers are standing in readiness, and a huge fire is blazing within.

In dashes the *troika;* if any wolves get in, they are promptly despatched. Fresh horses are harnessed, and the same huntsmen or others make ready for the return journey—and so on, as long as the moon shines or the wolves will run. Great skill is necessary, for a couple of wolves in front of the sleigh would soon settle matters.—*Ranald MacDonell in "And Nothing Long," (Constable).*

WHO SAID HANDICAPPED?

A GREAT many people ask how it was possible for me, a deaf girl, to graduate from junior college, how I happen to have so many hearing friends, how I manage to lip-read and speak so well.

I have been totally deaf since I was about 2-1/2 years of age. I have never felt embarrassed on account of my handicap, as most deafened people are. On the contrary I dislike having people sympathize with me. As a small child I played with my brother and sister and other children, and I was never conscious of any difference in myself from my little friends.

When I was six I entered the 17th Street School for the Deaf and Hard-of-Hearing in Los Angeles. Hearing children were in the same building, but though we copied their play and actions, we were in an isolated group and did not mix with them.

When the time came to go to junior high school in the seventh grade I was transferred to Pasadena, where a hearing conservation class was available. This was a great change for me. Instead of being helped and directed at every step and prevented from making mistakes, I was expected to think and act for myself and to go along with the hearing group just as though I were not deaf. I was greatly discouraged at first, but I found that I had nothing to fear. The teachers were used to the deaf, and everywhere among the students I met cheerful smiles and encouraging glances.

At first I stayed with the other deaf in the conservation class. All of them were happy and successful in their school work and explained many things to me. I learned something new each day. One innovation was "after-school sports." All sports except baseball and volleyball were new to me. I had such a hard time learning the new rules that I was about to give up, when one day I saw my name on the bulletin board as one who was to be initiated into the Girls' Athletic Association. This incident changed my whole life, for it gave me an interest in sports. Here was a field in which I could excell.

This contact gave me my first understanding of an friendship with hearing students.

Gradually I went less and less with the deaf and more and more with hearing girls. With this came a desperate need for lip-reading and speech. My grandmother had worked hard with me as a child and I knew the elements of speech and had learned from my lipreading lessons in the grades to understand ordinary conversation. But this was not enough. I just *must* be normal.

As I worked, other honors came. Our band leader let me try out for drums, and I played in the Armistice Day parade. (Though we cannot hear sound, we feel vibration and rhythm.) Another time I was amazed to learn that I had won a scholarship.

At the time I graduated from the tenth grade none of the deaf girls had gone on to high school. There was no hearing conservation class there. But I was determined to go, and when the day came for seniors to meet the high school counselor I was there in the first row. I have always been grateful to that counselor. She not only encouraged me, but by some miracle she understood what few understand—that the deaf are *not* feeble-minded. I say this counselor understood, for she did not assign me to a class in weaving or handicraft, at which I am not particularly apt, but put me in classes fitted to my interests and abilities. Sports was one of these. I joined the life-saving class in swimming.

Hearing girls helped me in other classes. I was still afraid to use my newly acquired speech and went around with a paper and pencil. I suspect that some of my teachers gave me passing grades feeling that I could not really do the work. But I knew my gym work was successful for I was made squad-leader for the swimming class.

My second year a hearing conservation class was organized, and I felt very important helping the new pupils. And what a pleasure that class was. Out of her rich background the teacher made words come alive. I became acquainted with words and more words. That, I think, is our severest handicap. The normal hearing person has no idea how much of his vocabulary comes almost unconsciously through his ears, by repeated hearing of words that we don't know at all.

One event stands out. That was the time a movietone news took pictures of our life-saving demonstration, and with the others I went through the intricate patterns and no one set me apart as "deaf."

The following year Pasadena, again in the forefront educationally, started the 6-4-4 plan and our high school became part of a four-year junior college. This was the year I threw away my paper and pencil so far as conversation was concerned. I determined I would speak so slowly and so clearly that people would not fail to understand. And I did... And they do.

How I wish all deaf and hard-of-hearing children could know that it is possible for them to live happy and normal lives if they will take advantage of the opportunities offered them and learn to speak and lip-read. Then they can ask with me: "Who said handicapped?"—*Marie E. Lukens, in the Sierra Educational News.*

* * *

BUDHA ON MARRIAGE

THERE are five rules that the husband should observe in the way he treats his wife. He must respect her with an upright heart. He must not become irritated at her personal sentiments. He must not have affection for other women. He must provide her with food and clothing. He must give her jewels at the suitable time.

There are five rules that the wife should observe. First, when her husband enters she should rise and greet him. Secondly, when her husband is out she should occupy herself with cooking and washing as she waits for him. Thirdly, she must not attach her heart impurely to another man and if her husband talks to her harshly she must not reply in like words or show anger. Fourthly, she must obey the orders of her husband and not conceal household objects. Fifthly, when her husband is resting she should not go to bed herself until she has closed the doors.—*Condensed from Parade.*

TINIEST DEMOCRACY

If San Marino had 14,000,000 inhabitants instead of 14,000, and if it had gained its land by war and seizure instead of by barter and gift, it should long ago have suffered the fate of nations which try to compete with their betters.

But San Marino was not predicated upon wealth and power. She realized that her strength lay in her weakness, and, as the years went by, she steadfastly refused to expand her territory or to engage in activities that might make her a tempting mouthful for some ambitious lord or bankrupt baron. When in 1797 Napoleon offered to enlarge her boundaries, she gracefully declined. And thus her sovereignty has been respected.

Founded as a monastery, shortly after 3-1 A. D., by a Christian stonecutter who fled from Dalmatia to escape religious persecution and settled in northeastern Italy, the turreted little country has survived—surrounded by Italian soil—through 1638 years, unconcerned with the economic and territorial questions which other nations are bound to face. Only 24 square miles in area, it has maintained its sovereignty throughout the centuries because it has almost nothing that anybody else could possibly want—and because its value to Italy as a quaint symbol of the ancient is far greater than the worth of the little stone quarries that form its "natural resources."

This little country has harbored the persecuted and given sanctuary to such rebels as Garibaldi, whom she saved from the Austrian gallows. Inspired by her valor and ideals, Washington Irving visited San Marino, discovered that the library of one of the oldest Sanmarinese families was rich in American historical data, and spent considerable time there gathering material for his own work.

Abraham Lincoln, upon being made an honorary citizen of San Marino in 1861, replied with a moving letter of appreciation.

"Wishing that your interesting State may endure and flourish forever," Lincoln wrote, "and that you may live long and enjoy the confidence and secure the gratitude

of your fellow citizens, I pray to God to have you in His holy keeping."

During the Middle Ages, however, before this wish could be guaranteed by a strong and united nation on the Italian peninsula, San Marino was not without her enemies, as today her watch-towers and gun-emplacements bear witness. The little democracy was exposed to the rompages of ironclad feudal lords who desired San Marino for its strategic and almost impregnable position, rather than for its paltry resources.

In these early times, the "Arringo," a general meeting of the heads of all the families was developed. This form of government, in turn, became one of a free commune governed by a General Council, with the executive power entrusted to six Councilors.

The religious aspect of San Marino's life did not disappear under this new government machinery. The guidance of Providence was acknowledged—and is acknowledged today—in State affairs. Selection of the six Councilors is entrusted to forces beyond human control in this manner.

Twice a year, in March and September, a nominating committee composed of 12 members is "elected" by drawing lots. This committee then meets on Sunday to select six candidates for the Regency. The names of the candidates chosen are paired and the ballots placed in three egg-shaped silver balls. On the day following the next Sunday, all the citizens of the Republic assemble in the Cathedral. A religious ceremony is held, following which a boy draws one of the silver balls from the basket.

The names appearing on the ballot are the new Regent Captains for the six months following.

In other departments, however, the system of checks and balances does not differ greatly from the procedure observed since earliest times in other small republics. Upon the occasion of the selection of the new Regent Captains, any head of a family may present verbally or in writing to the Grand Council his suggestions as to the conduct of state affairs, and complaints about the outgoing administration. Justice is administered by three foreign judges, who are changed every three years in an endeavor to insure justice.

No Regent Captain can conduct or attend to any kind of private

business while he is in office. Each receives about $52 a month and, after six months in office, is ineligible for the next three years.

In the past, San Marino's location helped to guard its sovereignty. Today, although this is no longer true, its unique position atop Mount Titano attracts many tourists. The altitude of the "Rocca," loftiest of the defense towers, is 2463 feet and there is an almost sheer drop to the valley below.

What the original town consisted of would be mere speculation, as its history does not begin until 885 A. D., some 500 years after this mountain had become a thriving religious community. The most impressive aspects of the town—its three towering fortresses on the loftiest summits of Mount Titano, the encircling and almost breath-taking curves of its massive wall, and the various levels of the town which ascend from the suburb below to the capitol about 1000 feet above—belong variously between the ninth and sixteenth centuries. These spectacular monuments are supplemented with numerous old palaces and churches, quiet squares, and tiers of houses which flank staircases hewn from solid rock.

Income is derived from the sale of pottery, which San Marino has produced since the very earliest times; from quarried stone—an occupation of even greater tradition; and from the manufacture of cement.

Contrary to what is expected of a democracy, however, most of San Marino's income is derived from the sale of stamps issued in 1937 is one of the many special issues which have enabled the government to balance an annual budget amounting to about $250,000. This source of revenue dates from 1887, when San Marino's first stamps were issued. About 30 issues have been printed since then, and they have found their way into philatelists' collections all over the world.—*Eugene Wright, condensed from The Spur.*

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SCOTCHMAN

THEN there was the Scotchman who gave his sweetheart a lipstick as a birthday present because he knew he'd get most of it back.

TEN POINTS WORTH REMEMBERING

1. When men pass fifty, there are emotional disturbances which are intensified. This is the time to remember that moderation in all things means health.

2. Men past fifty like to lie back, eat too much, smoke too much, smoke too much, drink too much, live too rapidly. That way lies sickness and an early death.

3. Keep an interest in the work and in the hobbies which occupied you when you were younger. A constant interest in living prolongs life.

4. After middle age, the eyes begin to change in their structure. Most paper get farsighted after forty-five. Glasses to correct farsightedness will relieve many symptoms which are related to the eyes.

5. A reasonable amount of exercise is beneficial for health but the heart and the blood vessels after middle age cannot do what they were capable of doing previously.

6. Untidiness in the aged is the result of age and not the result of mental laxity. Too many young people try to manage the old people. Help them but don't manage them.

7. In the life cycle of the human being sex function begins to lessen after middle age. Modern glandular preparations may somewhat prolong these functions but it is not possible to make all of the body as young as the fortified glands. The damage resulting from excess may result in harm to the heart and the blood vessels for which no amount of pleasure can compensate.

8. Drugs that can do good can also do harm. The amount of drugs to be taken and the manner in which they are to be administered must be determined by the doctor after a careful study of his patient.

9. Mental factors are just as important as physical factors. Much of failure and much of success is related to mental attitudes.

10. Long before we knew about glands, many an octogenarian was contributing notably to our civi-

lization. After 85 Verdi wrote three famous operas. At 79 Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote Over the Tea Cups. At 80 Goethe completed Faust. At 83 Tennyson wrote Crossing the Bar, and at 80 Cato began the study of Greek. Their accomplishments are not necessarily glandular.—*From Your Life.*

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RACE EQUALITY IN BRITAIN

LAST month an announcement was made in the House of Lords that the British forces thenceforth would be prepared to accept, on the basis of equality with all British subjects, volunteers from India and Burma. The British Empire has existed now for nearly 200 years, and hitherto the Forces of the Crown have been deliberately organized on a European basis, and British coloured subjects, where they have been so organized, were units apart.

Henceforward, when nations and governments count heads, they will have to count British potential forces not as 40,000,000, but as 450,000,000 people.

The French attitude towards colonial armies and people has hitherto been fundamentally different from that of Great Britain. French overseas colonies and their people are in theory an integral part of France. In Great Britain we think of the French population in terms of 40,000,000. France thinks of her population—and quite correctly—as 105,000,000. Thus, when French writers quote German population *versus* French population, and refer to Germany's population of 80,000,000, they always put against the German population a French population of 105,000,000 as the potential man-power upon which French can rely.

The population of the British Commonwealth is now taken to be about 450,000,000 people; of these only about 70,000,000 are white. The vast Empire majority of nearly 400,000,000 is composed of all races, creeds, and languages. Thus, to make colour and colour alone the test of Empire citizenship is to court disruption.—*Sir John Harris in Good Lines.*

ALEXANDER THE GREAT: MAD GENIUS

Two thousand and more years after his death at the fateful age of 33, Alexander of Macedon persists in men's minds as a staggering enigma.

Alexander changed the world. He fused two civilizations and spread Greek culture and civilization throughout the East. His cataclysmic, thirteen-year reign was a pattern for the despotisms to follow. He showed that democracies and citizen-states must bow before the hurricane of conquering war lords and, in the rapid decay of his Macedonian Empire after his death, he also showed the essential vulnerability of the imperial idea.

He was a beautiful man. Of medium stature, hard-muscled, with "melting" blue eyes, blond hair, and white skin, he was the Greek ideal come to life—even though he was not a Greek. He was vain to the point of Narcissism. He shaved clean, thus setting the style for five centuries. Even his trick of carrying his head to one side was copied by numerous emulators after his death.

A champion athlete and horseman, Alexander nevertheless had a coddled childhood. He was brought up in the unhealthy atmosphere of the women's quarters under the domination of his mother, Olympias—a barbaric, half-mad woman steeped in ancient Dionysiac mysticism. Demosthenes, who saw him at the age of 10, thought the lad a simpleton; years later the Greek orator was to find out how wrong he was.

At 16, however, the boy was a seasoned campaigner with his father and already had shown signs of military talent. When he came to the throne on the violent death of King Philip in 336 B. C., the eyes of the ancient world focused on the stripling of 20. What would Philip's son do? He would conquer Persia first.

With the shaky throne of Macedonia, Alexander inherited a barren country, a crack fighting force (the first standing army in the world), and treasury of but 60 talents. His objective was a vast empire of over 50,000,000 souls,

its terrain difficult to penetrate, ruled by a shah whose coffers groaned with thousands of talents for the hiring of mercenary soldiers. Within a few years, however, great Persia had crumbled under the wheels of the Macedonian war machine and, with Greece, Turkey, all of Asia Minor, Syria, and Northern India, was but a part of an empire which encompassed most of the civilized world.

Even his denigrators grant Alexander military genius. The Macedonian phalanx was less important to Alexander than generally supposed and was never a decisive factor in his victories.

Alexander's character was infinitely complex. Deeply religious, Alexander could wipe out a whole city and massacre its inhabitants for a religious crime committed centuries before. He was a drunk and a brawler, and he killed his best friend while in his cups. He wallowed in the sensuality of the East, but he could steel himself to the rigors of campaigning at will. —*Condensed from Newsweek.*

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TONGUE-TWISTERS

You *can't* say any one of these lines perfectly three times in succession. Oh, no, you can't!

1. I sniff shop snuff; you sniff shop snuff.
2. A bloke's back brake block broke.
3. A school coal scuttle; a scuttle of school coal.
4. The short sort shoot straight through.
5. I chased a big black pug pup up Upper Parliament Street.
6. Chop shops stock chops.
7. Are you copper-bottoming 'em? No, I'm allumining 'em, Mum,
8. Pure Food for four poor mules.
9. Wasps whisked briskly from Willie's wasp swatter.
10. Kris Kringle crushed crispy chocolate cracker cumbs.
11. Old oily Ollie oils old oily autos.
12. Frank threw Fred three free throws.
13. Six Scotchmen picked up six thick thistle sticks.
14. Soldiers' shoulders shudder when shrill shells shriek.
15. Bob bought a black back bath-brush.—*Parade.*

THREE SMART JOB-HUNTERS

THE great and mighty—how did they land their first jobs? Was it easier then than now? Did they have powerful friends who flung open doors and bade them enter? Did they have relatives who took them into the firm and made them feel welcome?

I think of June, 1898, and a boy in Boston who had graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and had a fine diploma and no job. He wanted to work in a bank, but it was a bad business year, and there weren't any jobs. You've heard the boy's name—Roger W. Babson—and if you go outside of Boston you will find a town named in his honor: Babson Park.

He was living in Gloucester, thirty miles from Boston. Every morning he came to Boston and every evening he went home and no job went with him. Finally he found an advertisement which was exactly what he had been hunting for:

Wanted: An assistant in the statistical department of a banking house. Write to Box 44, General Post Office.

Did he write? Did he! He wrote it over and over; he got it exactly right. Not boastful, but calmly confident and reassuring. And then he put his letter and a prayer in a mail box.

He waited two days but there was no answer. Puzzling. Three days went by. No answer. Astonishing. Hmm! The president must be out of town.

One morning an idea hit young Babson and he got himself on a train which left Gloucester at six-thirty. When he arrived in Boston he pegged around to the post office as fast as his legs would take him, and asked the postmaster who rented the box. The post master said it was against the rules to give out the information. So the boy planted himself as immovable, as unconquerable, as the Minute Man of Concord and watched the ramparts.

Time passed and so did a negro. He went to the box and pulled it open and shoveled the mail into a big bag. Young Babson had his eyes about him. The outside of

the bag said: "E. H. Gay & Co., Bankers."

Babson got to a city directory as fast as he could and looked up the address of the firm. Then it was a race between him and the negro to get to the office first. The negro lost disgracefully.

Babson sent in word to Mr. Gay that he wanted to see him, and at last was in the banker's office. Then he told the astonished executive he wanted a job; but he he did not stop there—he told all. Mr. Gay shuffled through a pile of letters on his desk—three of them were from the Gloucester youth.

"Hm!" said Mr. Gay. "I'll just read one of your letters."

He did read it, and looked gloomy.

"I'm disappointed in your letter. Too boastful. I consider it the poorest in the lot." There was a pause during which Babson died and was buried. "But you've got something the others haven't—enterprise! I'll hire you."

I think of the year 1909 and a young man from Sunbury, Pa., who had to find a job and had no powerful friends to find it for him. His name was George H. Bucher. He had graduated from the home high school, and had gone to Pratt Institute in Brooklyn and studied machine design and electrical engineering. Then came senior year and graduation.

Young Bucher had to get a job and he had to get it alone. He knew he wanted to go to work for Westinghouse, so he sat down and wrote a letter telling them of the opportunity that was awaiting them. But the company didn't seize its rare opportunity, so the young man wrote again, enclosed a carbon of his first letter, and urged them to make hay. But Westinghouse wasn't in the hay business.

He was not going to let them get out of it that way. He wrote again and enclosed a carbon of his last letter and said they'd better hurry as another company was dickering with him. Westinghouse decided to let the other company dicker.

During the summer he wrote eight letters. Eight times he was greeted with dignified silence. Then he fired off a telegram, giving them their last chance to save themselves from bankruptcy, and received an answer asking if he could come for an interview.

He went for the interview and

the employment manager was interested. He said, "We've got a job for you," and Bucher's heart almost leaped onto his desk. It's in the winding department. It's winding coils, and it pays eighteen cents an hour." Bucher's heart jumped back where it belonged.

A college graduate. Eighteen cents an hour!

It was a job and he took it. But it turned out all right. The former coil-winder, who had to get his own job, is now president of the Westinghouse Company!

Consider the year 1912, and a young man from Canada getting off a train at Grand Central, New York. He wanted a job, but he had no powerful friends to go to, no relatives to help him. In fact, not in all New York did he know a soul. His name was Alfred E. Lyon.

On Forty-second Street he stood bewildered, looking this way and that, not knowing which way to go.

For no reason at all, the British-born boy started West and presently arrived at Sixth Avenue and passed under the El that is no more. There he saw an impressive looking store, and in the window a display of Melachrino cigarettes. He knew nothing about cigarettes, but he was looking for a job and this was as good a place as any to prospect.

He strode boldly in—and almost strode out again, for he asked to see the boss, and the clerk told him the boss was in San Francisco; and that the cigarettes were manufactured there, too. But the young man didn't go out; not just yet. He asked if there was a branch office in New York and the clerk said there was and gave him the address and a superior smile.

He found the number, and asked to see the head of the sales department. At last he was admitted and said he wanted a job. The man had bad news for him.

"I'm sorry, but we haven't an opening." Then he looked at his desk.

But the interview wasn't quite over, for the young man said, "Are you selling all the cigarettes you want to sell?"

The man looked up, no longer fascinated by his desk. "No, by gad, we're not! You're hired."

Well, that turned out all right, too, for the company also manufactured the Philip Morris cigarette, and now Alfred Lyon is vice-

president, and may be the greatest cigarette salesman in the world. You've heard of Johnnie Morris. Well, Lyon's his boss.

These three did it by themselves, with no one to open a door or lay a carpet. And who is there to say that isn't the best way? Yourself! No one else.—*Homer Croy, From Your Life.*

* * *

HOW TO END A LOVE AFFAIR

FOLLOWING are five ways guaranteed to take you out of his life as the girl he can't forget:—

First—be mysterious. Nothing more maddens a man than something he can't understand. Don't be alarmed if he at first seems intrigued—it is a fleet reaction that will quickly give way to one of injured ego at his inability to penetrate the enigma.

Second—talk about old love affairs, hint of present admirers, and wherever you go select someone (the head waiter or the band leader usually do very nicely) to admire, inordinately and audibly.

Third—critize. Tease him about his taste in ties. Suggest that he wasn't very bright to have selected such a boring show or a restaurant with such feeble service and impossible cuisine. Yawn and fidget during his stories; or jump in and finish them for him. Belittle him in an amused, patronizing way.

Fourth—go intellectual. Talk about subjects you know he doesn't know anything about. Invite in someone who does and the two of you go into a huddle over your common interest, politely freezing him out.

Fifth—become platonic. Delete all feminine frills in favour of man-cut clothes and sensible shoes. Be a pal to the lad instead of gal to the lad. Deftly duck or cut short all demonstrations of affection. Say you'll always think of him as your biggest, bravest, dearest, and most generously understanding friend.

Conversely, if you don't want to end an affair, if you want to hang on to the man you've snared—well, damsels dear—*don't do any of the aforementioned things.—Marjorie Holmes Mighell in Your Life.*

¶ Goering speaks.

HOW I CREATED GERMANY'S AIR FORCE

A DAGGER hangs on the wall above my desk. It is a piece of exquisite workmanship; long, thin in the blade, the handle set with brilliant stones which reflect every shaft of light. The carefully-cut faces at the hilt shone with virgin lustre when the dagger was presented to me by Hermann Goering. There is an inscription in the old German calligraphy on the thin blade. It is the "Dagger of Honour"—symbol of Germany's air renaissance.

It was May Day, 1935, and I had been in Berlin about a fortnight when my host, an ex-officer of the Kaiser's Imperial Air Force, had received an official invitation from General Goering. It was barely an invitation; it was more Goering's command to my host to attend at the Tempelhof Aerodrome, Berlin. The first sentence gave the clue to the purpose of the meeting and to many other things as well—"The German people must become air-minded."

My host and I had fought out an air battle in our ramshackle planes over the Western Front in 1917. This curious tie sufficed to obtain for me special permission to attend the ceremony Goering staged on that sunny May Day. We arrived at the Tempelhoferfeld that morning to witness the inauguration of Germany's newly-founded "Corps of Air Men."

Few, if any, foreign observers were present, and to all but the keenest political students the corps was merely one more of the post-revolutionary branches of the new sport. But to those who knew, the movement was ready-made, Versailles was doomed, the treaty in shreds. Germany was about to spread her eagle's wings over Europe.

I sought an interview with General Goering and we spent more than an hour shouting questions and answers at each other with thirty great triple-engined "transports" flying overhead in perfect military formation.

I asked him about warplanes, about bombers, about aircraft production.

He said, "Mein Herr, do I intend building war aircraft? I do, but I want to build no bombers.

Bombers I shall leave to other nations in Europe. Listen to me. The German nation of 1913 were taught by their Government to fear England's naval threat. We had entered the war of 1914-18 with the finest army in Europe. Our fleet was a mighty fleet. But our air force had but 218 machines and those were divided among forty-one flying detachments, the commanders of which never saw eye-to-eye with headquarters or even among themselves..."

I interrupted him to point out that in 1907 Britain had tested aircraft and that the Admiralty had decided their use would be of no practical value to the fighting forces. I pointed out, too, that Britain entered the war of 1914-18 with but seventy-five planes, with no organized air industry, and with a "Balloon Section" branch of the Royal Engineers under the entire control of an eminent gentleman known as the "Director-General of Military Aeronautics"—the importance of which was such that his headquarters were located in a back room off Whitehall.

Goering said "So!" nodded comprehension, and continued: "I was one of the very first to realize that Germany must gain air supremacy over the Western Powers. By the end of September, 1914, my country had eight new factories producing military aircraft. By the end of 1918 Germany possessed no less than fifty-three fully-equipped aircraft factories. She was employing 150,000 skilled mechanics and many thousands of unskilled workpeople. She produced nearly 45,000 warplanes and 10,000 aero engines from 1914 to 1918. And in the month of October, 1918, mein Herr, Germany peaked her aircraft output with 2,200 warplanes and 1,900 aero engines. We were prepared to sacrifice seventy-five per cent of our total air strength to bring Britain to her knees... but it was not to be."

His eyes clouded over, a sigh escaped his lips, and he was silent for a moment.

"In those days our airmen fought gallantly. We had an active list of more than 5,000 pilots, observers, gunners, bombing experts, and radio operators. Our aircraft mounted more than 7,000 machine guns, and thousands of cannons of small calibre. But we lost altogether 7,700 flying officers, non-commissioned officers and men

—dead, wounded, or missing."

The thirty big convertible transport machines were still circling the aerodrome close to where I stood with the general. He continued: "But Germany was not crushed. It meant rebuilding from the ground up, but we intended to do it. We acquired the funds first by public subscription. That is news to you? It was news to most people, even to statesmen who thought they knew everything that was going on in Germany."

I asked General Goering exactly how he planned to rebuild the air force. He replied: "The Bavarian Motor Works have acquired license rights to build American 'Hornet' engines. The Berlin Askania works have recently purchased from America the Sperry Gyroscope rights to manufacture directional compasses. We shall improve on their robot pilot. The stage is set, mein Herr. We awaited only this day."

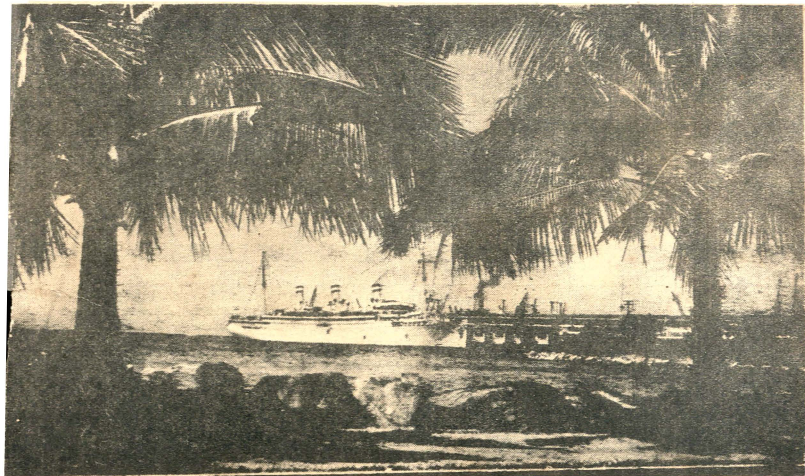
The Dagger of Honour that hangs above my desk reminds me of that memorable interview with Goering.

Two years passed before I was again in Berlin. Once more I sought out Hermann Goering. This time I found a vastly different man, no apologist but a confident, almost crudely insolent individual. Yet as he spoke to me, his mask could not entirely hide his fear of Britain and his respect for her "pitiable little air force." He tried to manage a good-natured sneer when he said: "England need never worry about Germany on the score of bombers. I have never planned for bombing machines, but if others build them, so shall we, and we shall go on building them until the Western Powers have renounced their bombers. Then there will be no bombing."

If Goering had no plans for bombers, he certainly had the machines for Spain. The Spanish Civil War was a testing ground for them. The experiment proved worth while in more ways than one. It disturbed French commentators. Le Jour, Paris, said: "Our fighting machines are not fast enough to oppose the German bombers. They can fly from the Rhine to Paris in an hour, to a Paris without up-to-date anti-aircraft guns, and with a badly organized passive defence."

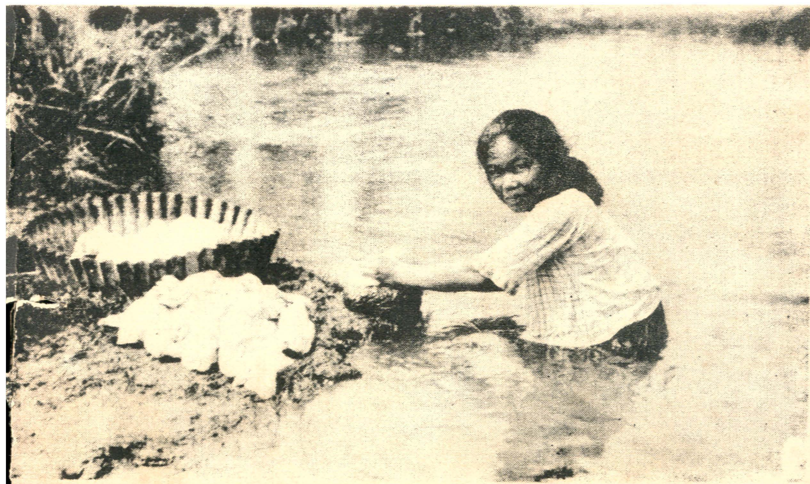
That was in December, 1937, but two years later France was not feeling quite so worried. Her

A Pose.



Manila Pier

Jar Market



Washing Day

men and her machines had been improved until they were capable of flying rings round the Germans, good as they undoubtedly were. And the Royal Air Force of Britain, soon to be joined by the air forces of the Commonwealth, was demonstrating its effectiveness.—*Howard Drayton, condensed from The Palestine Post.*

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SUPERNATURAL

WHETHER the petty French official named Bottineau, and often referred to as the Wizard of the Isle of Mauritius, actually made an epochal discovery, or had some super-normal ocular faculty—or was simply a small time rogue—will probably never be settled.

Bottineau claimed that he could detect the arrival of ships when they were still five-hundred miles at sea. He said he did it by observing the horizon and noting a certain atmospheric change.

He had an incredible assortment of testimonials to his strange power. The Governor of Mauritius, the Attorney General of the island, the Commissioner General of the Navy, and a dozen other reliable men testified to Bottineau's ability to foretell the arrival of ships. Between 1778 and 1782 he foretold the arrival of 575 craft, many of them four days before they were visible to any other persons on land.

Now that the experiments at Duke have brought the question of supernormal perception to the fore again, scientists may deign to look into a few of the host of tales about men and women who have apparently perceived things beyond the range of normal human faculties. But the mists of dogma have lifted too late for Bottineau. He died while still trying to get French officialdom to give him a hearing.—*Coronet.*

"EAT AND GROW BEAUTIFUL"

THE fact that women can be more beautiful if they eat the right foods has been sold to them at last.

When Greta Garbo breakfasts, she has a glass of orange juice, a glass of milk and a piece of hard toast. It may be some consolation to ordinary human beings to learn that Garbo's lunch consists of a raw vegetable salad, vegetable juice, a slice of buttered whole wheat bread and a cup of weak tea. Dinner is her heartiest meal, but even then she eats sparingly. She never eats meat more than twice a week.

The man behind the Garbo diet is the same man who has spread the new raw-vegetable-and-vegetable-juice health food doctrine on a wider scale than anyone else—Dr. Benjamin Hauser, who is a personal friend of the movie actress. Dr. Erno Laszlo has a hand in the planning of Garbo's menu.

The nutritionists made comparatively little headway until recently. They long preached the value of a vitamin and mineral-rich, protein and calcium-rich, diet for better health. No one but the sick, the hypochondriacs and the diet fanatics paid much attention to their "Eat sensibly or else!" threat. But when they recently changed the slogan to "Eat sensibly and become beautiful," millions of women pricked up their ears and changed their diet.

As soon as the new slogan "Eat Your Way to Beauty" started to catch on, famous dietitians and beauticians began publishing books on the subject. Probably the most authoritative is Dr. Hauser's new book, Eat and Grow Beautiful.

Dr. Hauser stresses the importance of fruits and vegetables with their health-producing minerals, warns all women who want to be beautiful against overcooking them, and advises them, just as he advises Garbo, to eat the vegetables raw. He says the notion that chemically correct food must be unpalatable is silly, and proceeds to give recipes to disprove this theory.

For a clear skin much sulphur

is needed, says Dr. Hauser. It is found in radishes, onions, red cabbage and asparagus—if eaten raw. For pink cheeks he advocates iron, and therefore an abundance of watercress, slightly cooked spinach, figs and prunes. For beautiful hair the ladies must make up their minds to eat sea greens, plenty of fish, cod-liver oil, pineapple, and fruit and vegetables with the skin on, because the hair-growing and hair-beautifying minerals are lodged directly under the peel. A lot of calcium is needed for a pretty set of teeth, and this is found in milk, cheese, buttermilk and oranges.

For a woman who wants to reduce and still remain beautiful, Dr. Hauser does not advocate skipping meals, because he is afraid she may make it up doubly at the next meal. Oranges, lemons, grapefruit, salad with lemon juice, vegetable juices, a little broiled meat, celery, carrot sticks, raw cauliflower, are all good reducing foods that still maintain health. To gain weight, women must eat very slowly and chew thoroughly. Water is not permissible in either instance; instead, vegetable juice must be taken, during meals or any other time in the course of the day when one gets hungry or thirsty. Cabbage juice, celery juice, spinach juice, parsley juice, carrot juice, rhubarb, tomato and strawberry juice are all very healthful and palatable.

Of course the vegetable juices alone are not enough to constitute a complete beauty diet. Dr. Laszlo recommends as positive beautifying foods, herring, oysters, eels, kidneys, veal, liver and mutton.

The Hungarian physician, who has spent a lifetime searching for beautifying foods, puts special emphasis on yoghourt. He says that the diet of Bulgarian peasants, who live to the ripest age of any people in the world, consists mostly of yoghourt, which is like acidophilus milk, only more solid and such more pleasant and refreshing to eat. Acidophilus milk contains bacteria that kill other injurious bacteria in the colon; this is why the Bulgarians who drink it consistently live long and keep young, says Dr. Laszlo.

Milk taken in any form, the dietitian adds, is a great aid to beauty. The doctor considers chocolate an effective beautifier, because it creates energy and energy in turn creates beauty. The voice —for a pleasant voice is also one

of a woman's attractions—clears and becomes more sonorous if you eat a great deal of honey, he says.

Here are additional little-known beauty recommendations: asparagus is soothing to the nerves. Barley improves the blood stream. Pineapples and pineapple juice are good for all intestinal ailments; they are also useful in reducing diet. Cottage cheese cleanses the colon and is an important beauty food. Endive is excellent for the liver. Carrots are splendid for the complexion, aiding in the cure of skin diseases. We may check greying hair by eating foods that contain a great deal of vitamin B; foods rich in vitamin B are liver, rice, bran and yeast, as well as a large number of vegetables, providing they are not overcooked.

Every woman is seeking a road that leads to beauty. Recommended diets differ, but evidently the best medical opinion is agreed that any road which takes a detour around the kitchen will never reach its goal.—*Iles Brody, condensed from Coronet.*

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THE IDEAL STATE

AT A dinner given by Periander to the Seven Wise Men of Ancient Greece, the question was propounded: "What is the ideal State?" Recorded history reveals these answers:—

Solon: "That in which an injury done to the least of its citizens is an injury to all."

Bais: "Where the law has no superior."

Thales: "Where the rich are neither too rich, nor the poor too poor."

Anacharsis: "Where virtue is honoured, and vice detested."

Pittacus: "Where dignities are always conferred on the good, never on the bad."

Cleobulus: "Where the citizens fear blame more than punishment."

Chilo: "Where the laws are more regarded, and have more authority, than the orators."—*Parade.*

HOW I CAME TO WRITE ABOUT ETIQUETTE

ONCE upon a time I was a novelist. A dozen years ago I was at work on what proved to be my last novel when, for several days in succession, the message was brought to me that Mr. D. of an important publishing house wanted to speak to me about an encyclopedia. As I already had five encyclopedias I sent word that another was one thing in the world I did not need. Mr. D's. reply at last made it plain: "We do not want you to buy an encyclopedia, we want you to write one."

Unable to imagine what kind of encyclopedia it might be, I could hardly wait until five o'clock, when he was coming to tea. I don't know what I expected him to suggest, but all the lovely balloons of fantasy collapsed at the word "etiquette." To me at that time the word meant a lot of false and pretentious fuss over trifles. I refused even to talk about it, and thought the matter closed.

For a while I heard nothing from Mr. D. and concluded that someone else was writing the book he wanted. Then one day he called again, saying he had something important to show me. This proved to be a stack of books on etiquette. He picked up one.

"I brought these to show you that there is a serious need for the book we want to do. All I ask is that you look through them."

I really thought him a little mad. "All right, I'll read them," I said—by which I meant that I would glance through them and return them with the message that I was really not interested in the subject of etiquette and never would be.

It is curious how small things shape our ends. Had the book I glanced through been any one of the dozen others, had it been any simple and sincerely written book, I should never have written a line about etiquette. I don't know why that one book so violently affected

me. Perhaps it was due to Mr. D's. remark about the thousands of young American people who, seeking to know the fundamental precepts of good taste, had to trust to what they could find in books like the one in my hand. The unfairness of providing them with what was to me shocking misinformation swept me into a rage of resentment.

Suddenly I slammed the book shut and telephoned Mr. D. at his house. "I *will* write the book for you," I said, "and at once! It will be only a little primer—just a few of the essential principles of taste. I'll begin it tomorrow morning."

And I did. Only instead of its being a primer, it turned out to be a gigantic volume. Everything we said and how we say it; everything we do; everything we choose and where we put it or how we use it; everything we think, every impulse we follow; every judgment we make, every aspect of morality or character or taste; every test of beautiful living as well as every human contact—all these are part of the vast subject of etiquette.

I found that the truly vital questions of etiquette have a significance far beyond such trivialities as which spoon to take up from the table first; the right or wrong way to introduce a cruise acquaintance to one's mother-in-law; whether one, two or three visiting cards are to be left when paying one's first call on the new minister's wife. But even these are real and pressing to a great many people. For a dozen years the greater part of my time has been spent in helping those who want to know the answers to such questions.

Letters began to pour in upon me, with the publication of my book, and they have never ceased. Month after month they go on, steadily increasing in number. Most people assume that my readers are all women and that their principal interest is in table manners. Actually ten per cent of the letters are from men—usually young men—and the subjects range from children to questions of ethics or taste, or to the ordinary mechanics of social life.

In my mind there began to grow a new conception of the significance of etiquette. I began to receive questions on how to build a house wisely, how to furnish it invitingly, how to make the

machinery of its management run smoothly, to fill it with the intangible spirit of home that might warm the hearts of all who cross the threshold. Questions on how to give children those early advantages of training in character and taste, to make them appreciative of the beautiful, the good and the useful things of life—these are, to me, the vital subjects within the province of etiquette.

During twelve years, the character of the problems presented to me by thousands of readers has changed little, except that since the depression there is a more careful approach to spending. Five or six years ago men and women would ask whether I thought the Georgian or the Tudor house more beautiful or whether I preferred the French or English or American patterns of silver. Today they ask: "Which type of construction will need least repair?" "Which pattern of silver shall we not grow tired of?" "What material will give us best service?"

Parents come to me with real problems. Their letters usually ask how Mary is to be made to realize that a well brought-up young girl cannot follow the shocking examples set by Susie and Jane, whose easy-going parents seem willing to let the daughters do as they please. It is hard to tell a mother who insists upon harking back to the training she received when she was young, that she cannot talk of the obsolete ways of yesterday and expect to be listened to. The modern girl must be trained, not protected. She must be able to fend for herself, to judge for herself, to gauge the character of every man she meets, and to handle every situation with ease.

In my own day the education of a well brought-up girl included a course in deportment that began as soon as she could speak and lasted until she came out. A child of yesterday who did not learn French or German was thought to be at a disadvantage. English the child acquired by copying her parents, and by being incessantly grounded in every taboo. Don't shout! Don't talk through your nose! Open your throat! Don't jumble your words together!

For years I was made to practice carrying a sandbag on my head. With this I had to curtsy to my governess, who pretended

to be my hostess; and then in turn I, playing hostess to her, would smile and bow, and dance and walk across a polished floor without swinging my arms or resting a hand on my hip. And of course I set bolt upright on a backless chair. Today I can sit for hours without a chair back—and do!

To a young modern these methods of training sound not only prim but senseless. Actually they contributed not to stiffness but to grace and to poise. But of far greater importance than the ability to walk and stand and sit as a lady should, and not as a hula dancer or as a contortionist, were all the endless details of deportment that had as their end the difficult achievement of unfailing tact and kindness. Rudeness was (and still is) the unmistakable brand of the pretender, and the greatest fault possible was to hurt another person's feelings—especially the feelings of a guest. If a child was made unhappy at my party, it was unforgivably my fault.

Only by applying the ideals of my own early training to modern youth and modern conditions could I be of help to the increasing thousands who come to me. In the beginning the sale of that first book of mine was small, but it was the nation's best non-fiction seller in 1923, among the ten best sellers in 1924, and it is still not very far below the ranking ten. And public libraries report that there is always a waiting list.—*Emily Post, condensed from Pictorial Review.*

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THE DICKENS

A TEACHER comparing the work of Dickens and Thackeray said: "It's in his wonderful insight into human nature that Dickens gets the better of Thackeray; but on the other hand, it's the brilliant shafts of satire, together with a keen sense of humor, that Dickeray gets the pull over Thackens. It's just this: Thickeray is a humorist and Dackens is a satirist. But, after all, it's unnecessary to make any comparison. Both Dackeray and Thickens are worthy of study."—*Epworth Highroad.*

FIND WHERE YOU FIT

BEFORE you take one step toward looking for a job—before you even settle in your own mind what kind of job to go after—go into executive session with yourself and find where you fit.

If you could have any job in the world, which one would you pick?

How does one go about finding out what are one's best vocational bets?

If you are so fortunate as to be a student in a high school or college that offers a vocational guidance service, the answer is simple enough: consult your vocational counselor. Why not? The service is free of charge, the counselor trained in a specialized technique for helping you uncover your vocational assets.

If there is no counselor in your school or college, or if you are no longer a student, there are numerous vocational books, some of which you will surely find in your public library, which give you explicit directions for conducting a vocational self-examination, including tests, questionnaires and ratings that you can administer to yourself—with what degree of enlightenment depends largely upon the measure of impersonal detachment you are able to take up toward yourself, and the honesty and courage with which you are able to face the findings.

Whatever the means you adopt, your objective is the same: to find answers to two questions. First, what do you want to do most? Second, what do you believe you can do best?

What you want to do is important because it is a guide to your interests: and interests, say the experts, have quite as much to do with job-success as such more obvious factors as education and training.

What do you do when you do what you like? What would you rather do than eat?

The answer to these questions indicates a "leading," and a leading is much too valuable and significant a thing to be neglected or ignored. It is a straight tip to your own truest and deepest self. And when that tip points to an

activity, it is as strong and reliable an indication as you could ask as to the nature of the work that is likely to bring you the highest satisfaction, and in which, therefore, you are most likely to succeed.

What are your hobbies, your favorite recreations? What type of plays and movies do you make actual sacrifices to see? What sort of books do you read with the keenest zest? What are the radio programs you never willingly miss?

Ponder your answers to these questions carefully. They may open your eyes to vocational assets you never realized you had and that you ought to put to work for you.

What kind of work do you do best? One clue to the answer is to be found in your school records.

Which of your studies did you like best—find easiest? In which did you consistently get the highest marks?

If, in school, you regularly took prizes in mathematics, what more logical to assume than that, on the job, you might take prizes in lines of work where figures are important — bookkeeping, accounting, statistics, auditing, actuarial work. You might even wind up as the controller or treasurer of a big corporation.

If, in school, you came off best in languages, in composition, in English literature, you might reasonably expect to acquit yourself well in lines of work calling for proficiency in the use of words—such as newspaper or magazine work, publishing, publicity advertising, the numerous varieties of free-lance writing.

Another clue lies in your extracurricular activities. If you sold more advertising space in your college paper than anybody else, does that not suggest that you may possess gifts of salesmanship that would cause you to succeed in any one of the numerous varieties of selling—including, in addition to selling merchandise over the counter or on the road, selling insurance, real estate or investments, or acting as a broker for such people as authors, artists, musicians, who have wares to sell but don't know how to sell them?

The way not to approach the selection of your life work is merely to ask yourself: Where are the good opportunities? None of the opportunities are good unless they are good for you, which is to say

unless they can utilize to the utmost your best and highest gifts, talents, abilities.

You have no outstanding gift, talent, ability?

Never say it. Everybody has at least one. Everybody grades A in something. The way to approach the selection of your career, the way to find the right job for you, the way to make a success of your job and of your life, is to seek out in the depths of your consciousness the special qualities in which you grade A.—*Francis Maule, condensed from The Christian Science Monitor.*

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TROJAN HORSES

AFTER ten long years of trying in vain to take Troy by storm, the ancient Greeks finally turned to strategy. When they sailed off, they left behind a huge wooden horse which was dragged inside the walls by the curious and unsuspecting Trojans. When night came the horse disgorged Greeks who opened the city gates to the enemy. Thus Troy fell.

Years ago Adolf Hitler told Dr. Hermann Rauschning (then President of the Danzig Senate): "Our strategy is to destroy the enemy from within, to conquer him through himself." This was to be done in two ways: (1) Nazi agents ("no one shall see them as anything but commercial travelers," Hitler said) would start the ball rolling in the country to be conquered and (2) German nationals and Nazi sympathizers there would help the plot along. When everything was ready the country would be ripe for the Fuhrer's plucking. Variations of that system worked in Austria and Czecho-Slovakia. Denmark fell an easy victim to the same tactics. The plot revelations how Nazi Trojan horses, known as the fifth column, caught Scandinavia napping sent shivers down the spines of governments in every neutral European nation. —*Newsweek.*

ONE HUNDRED MILLION COPIES!

INDIGNANT school-teachers wanted to run him out of the state. Horace Mann's business was practising law, they said. What right had he to criticize their business, which was teaching school? Nevertheless, the young lawyer had reported to the Massachusetts Board of Education, the first such board ever established in this country, a shocking lack of qualifications and laxity of methods among the teachers in their schools.

The teachers besought the legislature to abolish this unconstitutional board of education. But the legislators, listening to Horace Mann's impassioned arguments, not only voted to retain the board but appropriated funds to establish the first normal school in the United States. It was founded one hundred years ago in Lexington, Massachusetts.

Always it had been Horace Mann's creed that education should be free to all. He himself had been a poor boy and had had a desperate struggle to get an education. In those days only the children of the rich attended school, and even for these the schooling was pitifully inadequate. If the school-teacher chanced to be a market clerk, a grave-digger, a postman or a sexton, to eke out his living, school frequently was closed while he attended to those other duties. At best the schools were open but a few weeks in the year, and the teacher taught whatever happened to appeal to him—a bit of figuring, some catechism, a rhyme or two. If he dozed and the children got into mischief, a b i r c h i n g promptly followed. There should be free schools, paid for by the state, and teachers properly trained to educate the children, Horace Mann insisted.

In Oxford, Ohio, another young dreamer was quietly influencing educational methods. William Holmes McGuffey, in a small country school, was adjusting lessons to the mental ages of the children, providing them with reading material suited to their development. In 1837 McGuffey published the first of his series of readers. Five more followed, inaugurating the biggest book sale

in history. In twenty years a hundred million copies of McGuffey's readers were sold, a copy for every man, woman and child then living in the United States, and the only book ever to attain such a record. Soon an entire nation of children were learning grammar and moral influence to such verses as:

"I love little pussy,
Her coat is so warm.
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm."

During the turbulent days of the Civil War, more and more women went into classrooms as husbands, brothers or sons were summoned to the colors. And when the war was over, women were firmly established in their new profession. They were not only cheaper to hire, they had a natural ability with children. They had patience.

In the half-century since then educational systems and methods have continued to change and develop.

Today, instead of the discipline of the birch rod, there is student-government discipline. Instead of forcing all children into one mold, as was done in the little red schoolhouse, each child is encouraged to follow his individual interests. That idea was first introduced by Dr. Montessori, who came here from Italy to operate a private school on the theory that a child reached his highest development only by following his individual impulses, and should be encouraged to do so.

The work of teachers with subnormal or mentally retarded children is one of the outstanding achievements of modern education. In New York alone there are six hundred classes, besides thousands of others throughout the country, taught by teachers who have college degrees and who have studied the psychology and methods of helping handicapped children.

Since 1880 the United States has built schools at the rate of one a day for its growing population. Today education represents five percent of the national wealth. But that is not the end of the story! And there lies a field for the teachers of today and tomorrow.

One hundred years ago Nathaniel Hawthorne, famous writer of that earlier generation, was a friend of Horace Mann. But, like nearly everyone else in that Massachusetts town, Hawthorne believed Mann to be slightly mad.

When others urged him to use his influence with Mann, Hawthorne said:

"I can do nothing. Nothing! Horace will never rest till he has the state bankrupt and every little tot in Massachusetts befuddling its poor brains on a school bench. Read my Blythedale Romance," added Hawthorne, "and you'll see Horace in the full glory of his madness!"

But the full glory of Horace Mann's work flourished beyond the imagination of any of them. Despite the opposition of townsfolk as well as teachers, despite the bitter criticism of his friends and even of his own family, he laid the groundwork of our wonderful system of education today. Founder of the normal school, supporter of women for teachers, founder of public schools, he molded the minds of an entire nation.—*Adapted from the "Americans at Work" program, Columbia Broadcasting System.*

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THESE STRANGE JAPANESE

IN JAPAN they have a high regard for the art of growing whiskers. Members of the Japanese Whiskers Society meet in Tokyo. The objects of the club are (1) Friendship, and (2) Rivalry. Size and abundance of whiskers are carefully noted by the elder members, who regard anything less than a yard of beard a "boyish fluff."

* * *

Every year the Japanese censors cut more than two miles of kisses from imported films and place them under lock and key in a Museum of Immorality. This is a special room in the Ministry of the Interior which has collected on its shelves more than 350,000 pounds of "immoralities" since 1925.—*Commentator.*

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HOW IT FEELS TO FACE A BOMB

WHAT does it feel like to look a falling bomb straight in the face? I have wondered about that for several years, and especially for the last six months. There's no need for me to speculate any more. With the vividness of a nightmare, I have learned how it feels to look a bomb in the face—certainly all that I ever care to know about it. By the margin of exactly 71 short paces I can sit here, wiser but unscratched, still tingling with a series of sensations which will be quite enough if it comes only once in a lifetime.

Even though it's remarkably educational, it is extremely unpleasant to lie on the ground, looking up at a bunch of five bombs which are apparently coming directly down upon you.

Experiencing this was not on the official schedule of the trip on which Wade Werner of the Associated Press and myself embarked when we set out from Helsinki for Sortavala, Eastern Finland. This morning, when at last our train crawled into the village of "B" near the western coast of Lake Ladoga, we met a sad-looking spectacle. The Soviet planes had raided "B" five times in three hours last night, and had poured down 160 bombs upon it. The station was in ruins, and many of the streets were, too.

At 11 o'clock this morning we were sitting in the Sortavala train —had been sitting there for an hour, in fact, waiting for it to start. Then the engine whistles began shrieking, one after another, for miles along the track. It was another air raid warning, the second of the day. Everybody jumped out and started running for the woods some three-quarters of a mile away.

I was still under the impression that pneumonia is likely to be more dangerous than an air raid, so I took time to bundle myself up against the 15-below-zero weather. When I reached a wrecked farmhouse on the edge of town, 40 or more Finns were just disappearing into a grove of spruce trees about 100 yards ahead. The grove was near another farmhouse and completely surrounded by broad fields

of snow.

I looked back above the town and could see no planes, so I started across the field. Just then a Finnish soldier yelled at me and pointed in the air. I looked up. It seemed as if the sky was full of airplanes—long rows of beautifully streamlined bombers. They were coming out of the northeast, and were headed directly toward us.

They were terribly near, too. Should I run for the grove? In three feet of snow, I knew I could never cover that 100 yards in time. Besides, I would only tip off the bombers above to the fact that people were hiding there.

There was only one other choice, and no time to lose. I threw myself down into the deep snow of the broad field. Already this field was marked by two craters where bombs has spewed up the frozen earth last evening. There's a chance, I thought, maybe they haven't seen you.

Then I rolled sideways and looked up again.

Yes, the bombers were still coming, and straight toward where I lay, in line with the wrecked farmhouse, around which the Russians had planted four bombs the last time they came. How many were they? Nine in one squadron and then eight—yes, only eight—in the other. But that makes 17 planes, and 17 bimotors can carry an awful lot of bombs.

I remember too well my thoughts as I lay there with my pulses pounding and my eyes in fearful fascination on those hideously beautiful shapes in the sky. You are trapped, you fool. You can't do anything but keep still. They are almost directly over you now. Watch them—watch beneath them. Will they drop the bombs now? Will the first planes wait just a few more seconds? If they don't, it looks like you're done for. Will they wait—Oh, God. Here they come! Here they come!

Five tiny silver bullets sliding out from under the Russian bombers. Bullets shining in the sun. Coming down and down, directly toward me. Now it happens, now there is no power on earth that can save you. Now you've got to take it. You wondered if you could. Oh, but why do they come so fast?

Then within the orbit of my sight, behind the dropping silver ovals, I saw more planes, and yet

more planes speeding in the wake of the others. Six—13—15 more bombers. Fifteen and 17—how many does that make? Never mind, never mind. Enough to wipe me off the face of the earth. The bombs are coming—where are the bombs? My impressions raced wildly, a hundred times faster than I could have thought.

Yes, there they are. They are bigger and nearer now. And they are coming straight at you. There is no escape. You can't dodge it... Oh, God, don't let them get me. I want to live. I've got so much to do yet. Don't let them—

But it's too late. They are terribly close. In a few seconds it will be over. You will know in two or three seconds—Dig into the snow!

I couldn't stand to look at them any longer. I thrust my face and body into the snow. I am sure I must have closed my eyes. If the knife of a guillotine had been dropping towards my neck, I could not have felt nearer death's door. I held my breath, clenched my fists. Any moment would bring the end of this paralyzing suspense —or of me.

Then thunder and lightning tore across the field on which I lay. The earth shuddered with it. A terrific concussion shook me, as a dog shakes a rat. But then came another—and a third—and a fourth. Wham-roar! Wham-roar! Again and again the earth convulsed beneath me until I lost all count. The detonations followed each other too closely. Then came silence. Nothing had touched me. I was still alive.

But the other bombers? Where were they? I rolled over and looked straight up again. Yes, there they were—the other 15—and now they, too, were directly above me, right where the first 17 had been. Oh, God, will they drop them, too? Will they let them go now? Don't drop them now; you devils. Please wait just a few seconds. I don't want to die yet. Hurry, fly faster. Please—

Yes, they were going over... they had gone over. They were flying now to the town.

I thanked God on the flat of my back in the snow. The roar of exploding bombs continued, but they seemed suddenly far away and unimportant. Nothing in these few seconds had been important but the bombs and myself. It was sheer egoism—the instinct and the will to live struggling with the

fear, almost the certainty, of death.

I jumped up and stared after the Russian planes again, as though I couldn't believe what my eyes had already told me. Then I turned and ran floundering and stumbling for the grove of spruce. As I ran I saw the new black bomb holes—but I kept running until I found myself beneath green branches where several dozen men were stretched flat on the ground. Wade Werner was here, too. Everything was all right.

Soon everyone seemed of one mind, that we should get out of there and into the real woods, another quarter of a mile away. After all, the first bomb had struck the field just about half way between Wade and the others in the grove and myself in the snow. We ran and stumbled until we reached the wood. Then the recall sounded and we started back to our train.

I stopped by the bomb hole. It was more than 10 feet deep and 25 feet wide—the work of a 200 pounder. Sinking into the snow up to my knees, I paced off the distance from the bomb hole to the pathetic little sink my body had made where I had thrown myself down. I counted 71 steps, and in the snow it was impossible for me to step more than two feet at a time, so the bomb had exploded about 50 yards from where I lay. If I had tried to run to the grove—well, I should have just about reached the bull's-eye for the bomb.

In all these long mad hours of the bombing we never saw one Finn who looked afraid—apparently I, for a few endless minutes, had been the only frightened person, though Wade insisted afterward that he should be counted in, too. But the Finns all maintained unshaken calm. I never saw or heard one expression of bitterness or hatred, and I do not know how any people can be capable of such heroism, such restraint.

A thin driving snowstorm set in, and drew a curtain across the slate-colored, death-dealing sky. Never before had I been so glad to be alive nor so grateful to see it snow.

I don't like war reporting in the first person singular, if it can be avoided. Unfortunately, when all alone in a field of snow, with the bombs coming straight down, a human being feels very acutely in the first person singular. For when you look into eternity, you look alone.—*Leland Stowe, condensed from Chicago Daily News.*

FREEDOM AND THE COLLEGES

BEFORE discussing the present status of academic freedom it may be as well to consider what we mean by the term. The essence of academic freedom is that teachers should be chosen for their expertness in the subject they are to teach, and that the judges of this expertness should be other experts. Whether a man is a good mathematician, or physicist, or chemist, can only be judged by other mathematicians, or physicists, or chemists. By them, however, it can be judged with a fair degree of unanimity.

The opponents of academic freedom hold that other conditions besides a man's skill in his own department should be taken into consideration. He should, they think, have never expressed any opinion which controverts those of the holders of power.

University teachers are supposed to be men with special knowledge and special training such as should fit them to approach controversial questions in a manner peculiarly likely to throw light upon them. To decree that they are to be silent upon controversial issues is to deprive the community of the benefit which it might derive from their training in impartiality. The Chinese empire, many centuries ago, recognized the need of licensed criticism, and therefore established a Board of Censors, consisting of men with a reputation for learning and wisdom, and endowed with the right to find fault with the Emperor and his government. Unfortunately, like everything else in traditional China, this institution became conventionalized. There were certain things that the censors were allowed to censure, notably the excessive power of eunuchs, but if they wandered into unconventional fields of criticism the Emperor was apt to forget their immunity. Much the same thing is happening among us. Over a wide field criticism is permitted, but where it is felt to be really dangerous, some form of punishment is apt to befall its author.

The technique for dealing with men whose opinions are disliked by certain groups of powerful individuals has been well perfected,

and is a great danger to ordered progress. If the man concerned is still young and comparatively obscure, his official superiors may be induced to accuse him of professional incompetence, and he may be quietly dropped. With older men who are too well known for this method to be successful, public hostility is stirred up by means of misrepresentation. The majority of teachers naturally do not care to expose themselves to these risks, and avoid giving public expression to their less orthodox opinions. This is a dangerous state of affairs, by which disinterested intelligence is partially muzzled, and the forces of conservatism and obscurantism persuade themselves that they can remain triumphant.

There are two possible views as to the proper functioning of democracy. According to one view, the opinions of the majority should prevail absolutely in all fields. According to the other view, wherever a common decision is not necessary, different opinions should be represented, as nearly as possible, in proportion to their numerical frequency. The results of these two views in practice are very different. According to the former view, when the majority has decided in favor of some opinion, no other must be allowed to be expressed, or if expressed at all must be confined to obscure and uninfluential channels. According to the other view, minority opinions should be given the same opportunities for expression as are given to majority opinions, but only in a lesser degree.

This applies in particular to teaching. A man or woman who is to hold a teaching post under the state should not be required to express majority opinions, though naturally a majority of teachers will do so. Uniformity in the opinions expressed by teachers is not only not to be sought, but is, if possible, to be avoided, since diversity of opinion among preceptors is essential to any sound education. No man can pass as educated who has heard only one side on questions as to which the public is divided. One of the most important things to teach in the educational establishments of a democracy is the power of weighing arguments, and the open mind which is prepared in advance to accept which ever side appears the more reasonable. As soon as a censorship is imposed upon the opinions which teachers may avow,

education ceases to serve this purpose and tends to produce, instead of a nation of men, a herd of fanatical bigots. Since the end of the Great War, fanatical bigotry has revived until it has become over a great part of the world as virulent as during the wars of religion. All those who oppose free discussion and who seek to impose a censorship upon the opinions to which the young are to be exposed are doing their share in increasing this bigotry and in plunging the world further into the abyss of strife and intolerance from which Locke and his coadjutors gradually rescued it.

There are two questions which are not sufficiently distinguished: the one as to the best form of government; the other as to the functions of government. I have no doubt in my mind that democracy is the best form of government, but it may go as much astray as any other form in regard to the functions of government. There are certain matters on which common action is necessary; as to these, the common action should be decided by the majority. There are other matters on which a common decision is neither necessary nor desirable. These matters include the sphere of opinion. Since there is a natural tendency for those who have power to exercise it to the utmost, it is a necessary safeguard against tyranny that there should be institutions and organized bodies which possess, either in practice or in theory, a certain limited independence of the state. Such freedom as exists in the countries which derive their civilizations from Europe is traceable historically to the conflict between church and state in the middle ages. In the Byzantine Empire the church was subdued by the state, and to this fact we may trace the total absence of any tradition of freedom in Russia, which derived its civilization from Constantinople. In the West, first the Catholic Church and then the various Protestant sects gradually acquired certain liberties as against the state.

Academic freedom, in particular, was originally a part of the freedom of the church, and accordingly suffered eclipse in England in the time of Henry VIII. In every state, I repeat, no matter what its form of government, the preservation of freedom demands the existence of bodies of men having a certain limited independence

of the state, and among such bodies it is important that universities should be included. In America at the present day there is more academic freedom in private universities than in such as are nominally under a democratic authority, and this is due to a very widespread misconception as to the proper functions of government.

Taxpayers think that since they pay the salaries of university teachers they have a right to decide what these men shall teach. This principle, if logically carried out, would mean that all the advantages of superior education enjoyed by university professors are to be nullified, and that their teaching is to be the same as it would be if they had no special competence. "Folly, doctor-like, controlling skill" is one of the things that made Shakespeare cry for restful death. Yet democracy, as understood by many Americans, requires that such control should exist in all state universities. The exercise of power is agreeable, especially when it is an obscure individual who exercises power over a prominent one. The Roman soldier who killed Archimedes, if in his youth he had been compelled to study geometry, must have enjoyed a quite special thrill in ending the life of so eminent a malefactor. An ignorant American bigot can enjoy the same thrill in pitting his democratic power against men whose views are obnoxious to the uneducated.

There is perhaps a special danger in democratic abuses of power, namely, that being collective they are stimulated by mob hysteria. The man who has the art of arousing the witch-hunting instincts of the mob has a quite peculiar power for evil in a democracy where the habit of the exercise of power by the majority has produced that intoxication and impulse to tyranny which the exercise of authority almost invariably produces sooner or later. Against this danger the chief protection is a sound education designed to combat the tendency to irrational eruptions of collective hate. Such an education the bulk of university teachers desire to give, but their masters in the plutocracy and the hierarchy make it as difficult as possible for them to carry out this task effectively. For it is to the irrational passions of the mass that these men owe their power, and they know that they would fall if

the power of rational thinking became common. Thus the interlocking power of stupidity below and love of power above paralyzes the efforts of rational men. Only through a greater measure of academic freedom than has yet been achieved in the public educational institutions of this country can this evil be averted.

Collective wisdom, alas, is no adequate substitute for the intelligence of individuals. Individuals who opposed received opinions have been the source of all progress, both moral and intellectual. They have been unpopular, as was natural. Socrates, Christ, and Galileo all equally incurred the censure of the orthodox. But in former times the machinery of suppression was far less adequate than it is in our day, and the heretic, even if executed, still obtained adequate publicity. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church, but this is no longer true in a country like modern Germany, where the martyrdom is secret and no means exists of spreading the martyr's doctrine.

Let it be remembered that what is at stake, in the greatest issues as well as in those that seem smaller, is the freedom of the individual human spirit to express its beliefs and hopes for mankind, whether they be shared by many or by few thoughts are at all times necessary to mankind, and it is not out of a dead uniformity that they can be expected to arise.—*Bertrand Russell, condensed from The American Mercury.*

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POUND AND FRANKFURTER

FELIX Frankfurter, brilliant American jurist recently appointed to the United States Supreme Court was attached to the teaching staff of Harvard Law School while Roscoe Pound was Dean of the Faculty. Shortly after Professor Albert Lowell was appointed President of Harvard he suggested to Pound that Frankfurter be ousted from the staff. Pound replied that Frankfurter was considered a genius on the campus and that his dismissal would arouse a storm of protest. "Very well, keep him on if you must," conceded Lowell after a pause, "but don't engage any more of his kind. One Frankfurter to the Pound is enough."—*Harry Hershfield in "Now I'll Tell One," (Greenberg).*

¶ How the great warrior really lived.

NAPOLEON OFF DUTY

HE was one of the greatest military geniuses the world has ever known, and one of the greatest statesmen and administrators in the history of nations. His figure towered over Europe before he was thirty-five.

But exactly what was he like around the house? Well, like this, they tell us:

He was liable to wake up at any hour of the night and take a hot bath. In the tub he always wore a turban tied around his head with the two ends hanging down the back of his neck. Part of his elaborate toilet was to have his chest rubbed with a soft silk brush.....

He was always dressed by his servants. When he shaved himself, he got soap on everything but the celing. He handled a razor awkwardly and inflicted many a scratch and cut on his illustrious cheek. He often absent-mindedly shaved only one side of his face...

His shoes were ungraceful and badly made, but they were always lined with silk. His hats were usually battered and worn, because his scalp was tender and new hats gave him a headache. He wore no jewellery of any kind and never carried a purse or any money in the pockets of his clothes...

He liked his servants to give prompt, confident answers, yet rarely paid any attention to what they said. When he was in a good humour, he tweaked their ears and slapped them playfully on the cheek. He was often irritable; and he had terrible fits of temper, but he quickly cooled off and was very forgiving to every one...

He bolted his food and as a result suffered violent attacks of indigestion. At such times he would lie on the floor, while his wife held his head in her lap and rubbed his chest and forehead. He hated medicine. After dinner, if he wasn't suffering from indigestion, he played cards with his wife and friends....

If he didn't like the book he was reading, he tossed it into the fire. If he caught any of his attendants reading a book he didn't approve of, that went into the fire, too....

MISSING PAGE/ PAGES

(pp 57-60)

Panoramic Views

A FRENCH philosopher said it was the prerogative of great men to have great defects. Greatness consists not in the absence of defect but in an abundance of strength.—*Raymond Clapper.*

*

ONLY the little man thinks that the little things don't count. —*Theodore Roosevelt.*

*

IT IS less important to redistribute wealth than it is to redistribute opportunity.—*H. Vandenberg.*

*

FOOL me once, shame on you; fool me twice, shame on me.—*A Chinese Saying.*

*

THE GOOSE step is a step which sendentary people with large stomachs can not do. That is why we like it.—*Benito Mussolini.*

*

A SUCCESSFUL man is one who makes more than his wife can spend; and a successful woman is one who can land such man.—*Anon.*

*

EVERY one complains of the badness of his memory, but nobody of his judgment.—*Rochefoucauld.*

*

WOMEN are a lot more patient with their children than with their husbands; with men it's vice-versa.—*A. Pemberton.*

*

PERSONAL freedom is one of those joys that is more often praised than found.—*David Cushman Coyle.*

*

NOTHING is more foolish or more futile than for a parent to try to plan and direct a child's future.—*Wm. Henry Chamberlain.*

READERS' COMMENT

Army Headquarters, Manila.—From the time I received my first copy of your PANORAMA for December, 1939, I have found it highly instructive. Its concise, wholesome, and interesting articles are excellent food for the mind. My brothers and sisters enjoy reading this wonderful magazine and even ask for the next issue earlier than the time I used to receive my copy.

In view of the great demand for your PANORAMA, would it not be advisable to have it published at least bi-monthly, doubling its subscription rate? I hope for your comment.—*F. H. Guerrero, Jr.*

* * *

Balasan, La Union.—It is reasonable to value highly your magazine PANORAMA. By far it exceeds other publications because it is sound and very educational. However, this is not the only thing I expect of your magazine. I wish it be issued earlier. —*Alfredo Mortero.*

* * *

P. O. Box 59, City of Iloilo.—After my day's work PANORAMA is the only magazine which I consider the best friend. It has made me a wide reader. After the first copy of my subscription reached me, I did not let it lay idle; but I reviewed it. At present I love to read and read with satisfaction my back copies of PANORAMA.—*Julio G. Espina.*

Bulan, Sorsogon.—Herewith I enclosed money order for my subscription to PANORAMA. Your magazine is swell. It is the best magazine I've ever read, and your questions in your contest are very interesting.—*Felix M. Diaz.*

* * *

Albuera, Leyte.—Please acknowledge receipt of money order No. 474 as full payment of my one year's subscription to your fine mag. Allow me to express to you my sincerest wishes for the continuance of your best magazine.—*Venancio G. Bañez.*

* * *

City Hall, Manila.—Looking over my back issues of PANORAMA which you publish, I have found out that I do not have the 1937 January issue.

Since I wish my collection to be as complete as possible, I have taken the liberty to write you to request for said copy if you have any left. I shall pay with pleasure the cost plus postage.

Just a word before closing: I wish you to add my name to the long roster of admirers of your magazine. It is brief, effective, interesting. I am very glad we have such a publication in Manila, a publication which speaks highly of the culture of the Filipinos. —*Aurelio Alvero.*

Panorama Quiz—Answers

1. Seyss-Inquart.

2. Small boxes at the sides of a newspaper title.

3. The President of Purdue University.

4. The son-in-law of Mussolini.

5. To finance an election campaign against Roosevelt and the New Deal.

6. In Gallipoli during the last World War.

7. The nationalist movement among the Irish at the beginning of this century.

8. A record kept by a notary of the documents executed before him.

9. Harrow.

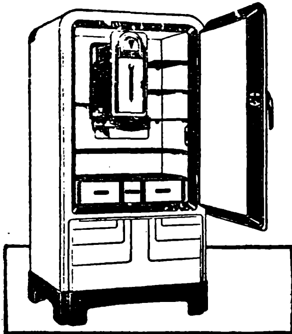
10. Kosher.

11. Currency of Sweden.

12. Bernard Shaw.

13. A socialist.

14. The first wife of Goering.



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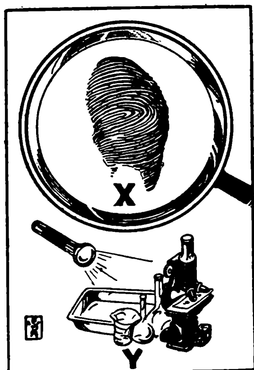

Exhibit "X" represents the magnified thumbmark left on the margin of the check by the forger. "Y" stands for modern detective technique which is piling up victory upon victory with the aid of scientific sleuthing procedure.

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CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

Due to some unforeseen trouble in our duplicating department, we have decided to announce that the closing date of **Panorama Quiz Contest** has been postponed to June 20, 1940. This decision gives more time to late participants. The **Panorama Contest** will, therefore, close on June 20, 1940.

THE PANORAMA MANAGEMENT

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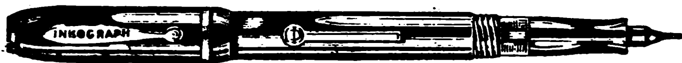

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