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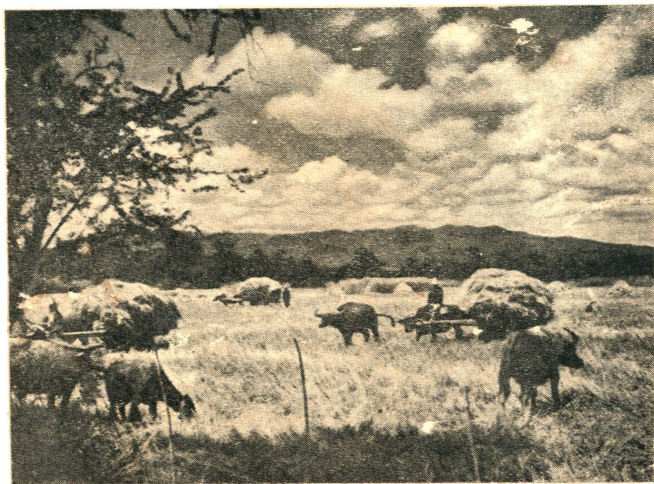
PANORAMA

The Philippine Digest of Good Reading

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No. 1



RIZAL'S VIEW ON NEWSPAPER ATTACKS

How to Fight High Taxation — A City of Monks and Coons —
Housewife in the Opera — Bencs, a Democratic Bloch —
Notes on the Next War — Climbing to Success on Frog Leg; —
How to Make Money and Win Friends — Legal Cobwebs —
Is Stalin a Modern Nero?

S. N. Ed

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Rizal's View on Newspaper Attacks

I have received today an issue of *La Solidaridad* of April 15 and have read its articles, including that of Lete directed against me. I cannot express either contempt or indifference upon reading such article, for after all, he is a Filipino and of the good type since he has received the prize of patriotism. Neither can I express anger or bitterness, because not having communicated with any one for some time now about what I do even with my own political ideas, it may easily happen that Lete does not know what I am doing with myself. Moreover, I have taken into account the state of your feelings there and of the Madrid atmosphere, for, from what Blumentritt has written me, it seems that some persons believe that I am the cause of *La Solidaridad's* shortage of funds or of its dying condition. There is no truth in this, for I have always in mind what I promised Del Pilar that I would never enter into any plot against him or against the paper; and to date I have complied and shall comply with my promise. I much regret that Del Pilar allowed the publication of the article for it will make many people believe that there is in fact a division among us. I think that we can well have slight resentments and personal differences among ourselves without making them go beyond our group. We should keep quiet and should respect ourselves.—From Rizal's letter to Mariano Ponce, May 23, 1892.

HOW TO FIGHT HIGH TAXATION

NO sane man objects to paying just and reasonable taxes. But every sane man does object to paying more taxes than he should pay, objects to having his money squandered by careless, inefficient, negligent, stupid, ignorant, or corrupt tax officials.

Our taxes have been multiplying for years. They have now reached a point where they are threatening to drive the country into pauperism. Business and industry have suffered until there is no new wealth left with which to create new enterprises or to support constructive programs.

Why does this condition exist?

Because billions of dollars are wasted every year by those who spend our tax money!

We cannot support both government and waste. Which will survive?

That question is for us, the people, to answer. We have the power to safeguard our government by driving the crook and the charlatan and the spend-thrift out of public office. It is our duty and right to see that our taxes are wisely used. We must not let them be thrown to

the winds, or spent whimsically. We must not let our money buy political favors for those in power. And we must see that an accounting is made for every penny of it.

We in Nebraska have found out a lot about taxes and tax officials during our campaign for better government and lower tax levies. When we speak of the waste of billions of dollars, we are not guessing. We know.

Nebraska has become known, in the last few years, as the nation's "white spot," a white spot on a map black with the gloom of heavy taxation and the fear of heavier taxation to come. The story of her fight to decrease her taxes may prove enlightening to people of other states.

In ten years Nebraska's general property levies have been reduced 33.1 per cent. Taxes have been cut approximately \$139,000,000. The state, as a state, has no bonded indebtedness today. It has no sales or use tax, no luxury, cigarette, or income tax.

Up to the present the people of Nebraska have resisted all the efforts of the wasters—pressure

from within the state and from without — to establish new forms of taxation. There are still some black spots in the "white spot," but these will be eliminated as soon as possible.

We in Nebraska realized some years ago that our tax money was being flagrantly wasted. We determined to find out how and by whom. It was hard, monotonous work. It took years of investigation and auditing accounts. Over a hundred million dollars in tax expenditures were itemized, classified, and analyzed.

First we organized groups of tax-payers, men willing to spend time and energy and their own money in getting at the truth of government expenditures. We formed nonpolitical organizations, for we knew that both our major political parties spent our money with equal carelessness—that the tax funds were "anybody's football."

We uncovered a m a z i n g things when auditing the books—where there were books to audit. Some government offices, incredible as it seems, had almost no records. We found accumulations of years of bills—some receipted and some not—as the only records available to account for the spending of thousands of dollars.

After we had surveyed a number of counties, cities, vil-

lages, and school districts, we had a basis for comparison. For instance, we discovered that one county had paid \$700 for 10,000 distress warrants—ordinary printed forms on a small sheet of paper—whereas another county had bought the same number of these warrants for \$52.50. We checked up on five other "low" counties. They paid an average of \$115.70 for almost the same printed forms.

The county that paid the highest price spent \$1,103.20 for 10,000 primary election ballots. The county that paid the lowest price obtained the same number for \$45. The average of the five lowest counties was \$63.50.

One county paid \$110,000 under contract for a number of steel bridges. But when these bridges were checked, they were one short. Nobody ever found it.

In another county a carload of gasoline was missing. What became of it is still a mystery.

In my talks I usually exhibit part of a creosoted post. Any farmer in Nebraska knows that he can buy that post for \$1.60 to \$1.85. Yet one county paid as high as \$12.50 apiece for these posts—they were designated as piles—and bought a large quantity of them.

Gradually we began to get a true picture of the tax and gov-

ernment situation in Nebraska. We published our findings without prejudice or personal criticism. Gradually the people began to wake up, to demand economy, and to get it.

The citizens of Nebraska now know that nothing helps the state more, both inside and outside, than the fact that a militant group of citizens is uncompromisingly insisting on good government. They realize that to take an interest in taxation is nothing more than taking an interest in the protection of their homes.

There is only one way to eliminate waste and bad politics: Go into every political subdivision of your state. Put trained men to work auditing the books, itemizing, classifying, and analyzing every dollar of income and every dollar of expenditure. Voluntary contributions will take care of the cost.

By spending money for defense against the wasters, you'll be cutting down the tribute you are paying and will continue, otherwise, to pay.

In Nebraska we itemized all income and outgo for the years 1912, 1918, 1930, and the last two years. In 1912, an average year of the prewar period, expenses were low. They were higher in 1918, during the war. In 1930 they reached the peak.

The last two years show the reduction from peak expenditures, and even more important, just what has taken place currently in the office under survey. Thus we see the record each public official has made for himself. We do not color the record. We merely present the facts. The voters will do the rest.

The figures show things like this: Hall County, Nebraska, used to spend from \$600 to \$800 a year to publish a bar docket. Under a new system it costs less than one sixth that amount. In another county, analysis indicated a waste of \$2,000 a year on one small item of stationery and office supplies.

These investigations must be made through organizations that are no part of, or in no way controlled by, the public pay roll. It is a work that demands eternal vigilance. A governmental unit may be efficient this year and scandalously inefficient the next.

Our local leagues were started about 1922. Shortly after that groups of tax leagues began forming. Eventually the State Federation was organized. It was in reality a vigilance organization.

We told the truth of Nebraska's condition exactly as we found it, without fear or favor. Many of the tax spenders, and others—became almost hysteri-

cal in their protest that we were going to ruin the state because we were telling the truth about the state's condition. Now they know that the work of these pioneering tax leagues created the control that made the "white spot" possible.

The Federation has opposed new forms of taxation until such time as the tax money now being collected is honestly and efficiently expended.

In some states it rains new taxes all the time. Do these new forms of taxation—usually rep-

resented as a sales tax, use tax, service tax, or income tax—improve government, raise the standard of living, make a better commonwealth? Or does this mass taxation penalize industry, lower the standard of living, and actually hurt the state? These are questions which should be carefully considered. We have failed to find much good that has resulted from excessive taxation. And we can see an infinite amount of harm that has been done by it.—*Frank G. Arnold, condensed from Liberty.*



The Sense of Smell

THE sense of smell in man is limited to a very slight sphere. His range of smell perception is small, and the stimulus is easily exhausted. It is only to the special few, the smeller by vocation, the tea-taster, the poet and lover of nature, and the blind that the sense of smell is still important.

No better example of the compensatory mechanism can be found than in the case of Helen Keller. Deprived of sight and sound, she can re-create the world around her with unbelievable accuracy. "If," she says, "many years should elapse before I saw an intimate friend again, I think I should recognize his odor instantly in the heart of Africa as promptly as would my brother that barks."

This is no mean comparison, as many masters of the brothers that bark can affirm. Did man lose something that cannot be replaced when his sense of smell began to vanish?—*Health Digest.*

BENES, A DEMOCRATIC EPOCH

EDOUARD BENES, President of Czechoslovakia until Hitler forced him into retirement by the dismemberment of his country, was considered the ablest statesman of post-war Europe. Quite recently he accepted the invitation of the University of Chicago to serve as one of its professors. Speaking of the decision arrived at in Munich by Germany, Italy, France, and England, by which parts of Czechoslovakia were given to Germany, Benes said that if France and Great Britain had given him reasonable notice that they were not prepared to fight to preserve the original Czech frontiers, he could have made a much better agreement with Germany than Chamberlain and Daladier got for Czechoslovakia at Munich.

Dr. Benes had always believed that the existence of a strong and independent Czechoslovakia was vital for French and British security, because it meant that if there were a war Germany would have to fight on two fronts instead of one, and therefore would be unable to concentrate an overwhelming force on its western front in order to crush France before Bri-

tain's vast but unorganized strength could be mobilized.

It is a fact that Germany, during the years of the Hitler regime, frequently invited Czechoslovakia to make terms with Germany. Dr. Benes's refusal was based on his dislike of National Socialism, his deep admiration for the two western democracies, and his faith in France's pledged word.

In spite of all that Dr. Goebels and his propaganda machine have said to the contrary, Benes did not and does not dislike the Germans. What he did dislike, and no doubt still does, is German militarism.

His opposition to Hitlerist Germany was ideological, not racial. He is, and always has been, a democrat. He underestimated the effect of German pressure upon France and Great Britain.

Benes has a mastery of several languages, including English and French, as well as German and Italian. He has an emphatic way of talking, punctuating his points with a determined wave of the hand. He is a confirmed "doddler," and spends his time while he is listening drawing lines on a half sheet of pa-

per and converting them gradually into a maze of geometric figures. When he is talking statistics, he jots each set of numbers down underneath his "doodles."

The room in the Hradcin Castle in which Benes worked while he was President was simply furnished with practically nothing in it except a desk, a few chairs, and some lovely oil paintings. Benes's desk was near a window, from which he could, by a half turn of his head, look out to the ancient city of Prague.

It is difficult for anyone who knows him to picture Dr. Benes in his present position of enforced abstention from active participation in world affairs. Though he is still below the middle fifties, he has been in the forefront for 24 years without a break. As Secretary General of the National Council of the Czech Lands, he helped Masaryk put Czechoslovakia on the map during the World War. Benes was the first foreign minister of his country, and held that post from the end of the war until he became president in succession to Masaryk.

It is ironical to recall that during the peace negotiations Benes was against claiming the wide frontiers which ultimately helped bring about the Munich pact, that in the postwar period

he played a leading part in bringing Germany back into the comity of nations. He was one of those who helped bring Germany into the League.

Benes could have co-operated with the Germany of Stresemann. He could not co-operate with the Germany of Hitler, though he could have established correct relations with it if France, and to a lesser degree England, had not encouraged him to oppose it. Some day, perhaps, Germany will come back to the democratic fold, but until then it looks as though one of the world's great democrats, Benes, will have to stay in the wings.

Dr. Benes has made his own way in the world since he was about 15. Having done well at his village school at Kozlany, he was sent to Prague to live with his eldest brother, Wenceslas, in order to complete his secondary education. Being of an independent turn of mind, he found he could earn money by helping his fellow students in their studies and doing odd jobs for the teachers. His brother at that time ran a couple of shorthand magazines and Eduard helped him produce them. Benes makes his notes for his speeches in shorthand.

An indispensable part of the school curriculum was the daily singing of the Austrian nation-

al anthem. Edouard Benes always opened his mouth as wide as anybody during this ritual, but he made no sound unless one of the teachers came inconveniently near. His distaste for the Hapsburgs grew steadily and was second only to his distrust of pan-Germanism and German militarism. His student days in Paris and Dijon coincided with the incident when the Kaiser insisted on the dismissal of the French Foreign Minister, Delcassé, which aroused indignation among Benes's French friends, most of whom were of the Left. The pro-French and pro-democratic policy which ultimately brought about his retirement and the neutralization of Czechoslovakia really dates from this period.

Edouard Benes, in his student

days, was a keen footballer, but sport aspirations were cut short by an injury which led to his escaping military service. This indirectly opened the way for his war-time collaboration with President Masaryk which culminated in the establishment of an independent Czechoslovakia. When war broke out, Benes and Masaryk were university professors in Prague. They started a secret society known as the Maffia, whose members formed the nucleus of the first Czechoslovak government when the war ended. Both Masaryk and Benes, however, had to flee the country and they carried on their joint campaign for liberty during the greater part of the war from London and Paris.—*Godfrey Lias in The Christian Science Monitor.*

* * *

No Change

Mrs. Smith: How is your cold?

Mrs. Brown: Very stubborn.

Mrs. Smith: And your husband?

Mrs. Brown: About the same.

—*Children's Play Mate Magazine.*

* * *

Very True

"If the Dean doesn't take back what he said to me this morning, I am going to leave college."

"What did he say?"

"He told me to leave college."—*Jester.*

OPIUM ECSTASY

OPIUM smoking is a perfectly legal habit in Iran, and opium is rationed out to the army, as to some Indian regiments like the Sikhs. In roadside and frontier posts it is smoked by the police and *gendarmerie*.

It provides the Iran government with a considerable revenue, and its export to China, although decreasing, is a source of income to poppy farmers in about two-thirds of Iran's twenty-six provinces. The only restriction is an official seal, in some districts attached to pipes for purposes of taxation and to prevent addicts who open the bowl from taking out the opium to chew.

Sitting on a rickety old stool I watched an olive-skinned Iranian of aquiline features puffing at his pipe with dreamy solicitude. He sat cross-legged on a wooden bench, wide enough for a man to sprawl in sleep, or for two or three to form a little party round a charcoal brazier, essential to the Persian style of smoking.

The fumes spread across the room, so strong that one knew it must be true, as is said in Iran, that cats and dogs living in this drugged atmosphere themselves

become victims. The pipe was about ten inches long. Its straight stem was made to pull apart, a small circular mouth-piece on the narrower half.

The bowl was short, cylindrical, and hollow, its only aperture a tiny one in the round porcelain wall. Hard-wood stem and delicately patterned bowl were bound together with a ring of polished copper.

There was a well-worn look about this pipe, and the silver pin, which hung by a tiny chain from the black stem, was bent. The bowl, a fragile pink, had broken into a network of superficial cracks.

The smoker took the pin, cleared the hole of its sticky black residue, then cut a fresh piece of opium from a brown stick which exactly resembled a length of modelling plasticine. He pressed the opium into his pipe and warmed it over the glowing charcoals. Pierced a hole in the plastic substance, then blew. Took up a tiny pair of tongs, picked a lump of glowing charcoal from the ornamental brazier, and held it close to the pipe bowl.

As he blew down the stem and out through the tiny jet the

brown opium began to boil; a black viscous fluid formed, its smoke pouring up the nozzle of the pipe into the man's mouth and lungs.

Good opium has a high morphine content, as much as 12 per cent, and its first noticeable effect upon the addict is to make him hungry for more. Remoulding this treacly drug with the little pin, the smoker repeatedly applied hot charcoal.

The opium bubbled up, and the fumes, inhaled as easily as tobacco smoke, passed into the lungs and out through the nose. I watched him cut another piece, smoke another pipe, and then throw back his head, the

nerve controls of the brain relaxed.

His lips flickered into a smile before the defiant attack of fantasy which raced in his mind. He sprang to his feet, stimulated to fresh effort in a fallow world where now grew vineyards, lush melons, cucumbers, and the white and purple poppy flowers. He strode out into the bazaar with a light step, leaving his companions to go on smoking with that half-paralyzed look upon their faces.

I, too, left them to a dream-life among unwhitewashed walls and tumble-down tables, presided over by the hollow-eyed proprietor and his elephantine samovar.—*Michael Langley, in The Spectator (London).*

* * *

When Japan Was China's Pupil

THE lords of Japan asked St. Francis in 1551 how it was, if the Christian religion was true, that the Chinese knew nothing about it.

The Japanese had derived all their culture from China. They revered China as modern Europeans reverence Greece. Xavier noted this, and decided that the best way to win vigorous Japan would be to capture the greater country first.

He began to learn the Chinese script—that dreadful writing which has several hundred characters instead of twenty-six with which we write our language.

But before 1552 was out, he was in his grave on the island of Sancian.

What different history would be written of China and Japan if the missionary from Spain had lived twenty years more and had achieved then his tremendous purpose!—*Irish Press, Dublin.*

CLIMBING TO SUCCESS ON FROG LEGS

IN 1926, in Japan as a newspaper correspondent, I sat in a Tokyo restaurant unscrambling Japanese characters to see what I'd have to eat. Finally I broke down the hieroglyphic into the word *yoa*. It meant "bullfrog."

When I asked the waiter about it he replied:

"Yes, si', catch 'em plenty bullfrog. Japanese peepul he bling bullfrog thrum 'Nited State long tam ago. Now he lairse 'em julluk chicken!"

The price of a frog dinner was four yen, roughly two dollars in American money. I ordered one, and the waiter soon brought me a platter with two fine big frogs on it, fried to a rich golden brown. In Japan you get the whole frog—not just the legs. The Japanese are not so wasteful as to throw away an animal which carries approximately one-third of the edible meat on the back and forelegs.

For some reason, the bullfrogs interested me. I visited frog farms and looked up some history.

It soon became obvious to me that, if the Japanese had accomplished the domestic production of bullfrogs, Americans should

be able to do the same thing. Somewhere in the back of my head the idea was hatching, that, if anyone in America could produce frogs as we produce other domestic livestock, he'd do so at the risk of becoming a millionaire. I had an idea I might be the fellow to do it. But the time was not yet.

Newspaper work kept frog culture only a dream as far as I was concerned until 1929, when the stock market crash caught me at the completion of a time contract, and it seemed like a waste of time to look for a job while panic was sweeping the country.

The idea of establishing an agricultural farm somewhere in Southern California was still in my head, and I spent most of the winter of 1930 and 1931 hunting a suitable location. I was looking for swamp land, something that is very scarce in this land of seasonal rainfall and semi-aridity. Eventually I practically abandoned the project, but by 1933 two bank failures, collapse of a building and loan firm, and a few similar financial catastrophes wiped out the savings on which I had depended on for a comfortable

old age. The frog farm changed from an interesting hobby to a means of livelihood.

I resumed my search for a swamp more seriously and by a different method. I rented an airplane and struck out. After 50 hours of flying I found just the spot I was looking for. It was a tract of 12 acres. Six acres of it could be rated as arable land by removing enough brush and trees. The rest was undated—lake, marsh, ponds, flowing streams, or jungle.

This property was owned by a local bank. The bankers nearly fell on my neck when they learned I wanted to buy or lease it. I got the land on terms that seemed like grand theft.

Having acquired the property, Mrs. Haig and I moved in with a camping outfit. Fortunately, we had a mosquito-proof tent. At night the place swarmed and sang us to sleep. In about a week I'd moved enough trees and grubbed out enough brush to get a place to put a house. In another 60 days we had a house, and I know it is a good house because I built it myself.

After that there was a well to be driven, poultry houses to be built, a pig pen to be set up, a garden to be made, land to be cleared to get a place to plant taro, ginger, and other marketable crops. Next came the seemingly interminable task of

snatching an agricultural farm out of that six acres of lake, marsh, and jungle.

That took work and money. I had plenty of the former and never quite enough of the latter. Nevertheless, out of it all has come about an 80 per cent realization of an idea hatched in Japan in 1926.

We went a shade into black figures in 1934, well into the black in 1935, and showed a substantial return on the investment of labor and capital in 1936. Some promising profits came definitely in sight for 1937 and many years to come.

The system I have developed is essentially an adaptation of the Japanese and Chinese methods with certain modifications to local conditions. A female bullfrog lays from 10,000 to 30,000 eggs at a spawning. The male fertilizes the eggs externally.

Thus, the system begins with a series of pools fenced against the escape of frogs and the entrance of their numerous natural enemies. There are tadpole pools into which females with the necessary males are introduced during the spring spawning season and removed as soon as spawning is completed. The eggs look like black tapioca spread over the water in a square yard sheet of jelly like slime which attaches to sticks, water

plants, or shoreline. The eggs hatch in about 72 hours to leave the pool swarming with tiny black tadpoles.

In the climate of Southern California frogs mature to adult life in approximately 18 months from the egg, from four to six months of this period being consumed in the growth and transformation of the tadpole, and approximately one year for the growth of the frog from a baby to a 20 or 22 inch bullfrog with a marketable weight of two and a half to three pounds.

Beyond the tadpole stage the problem is primarily one of adequate feeding, keeping frogs of a given size in pools where they are protected against natural enemies and their cannibalistic habits. A big bullfrog will swallow a tadpole or baby frog as readily as a crayfish or a top minnow, but baby frogs cannot swallow each other, nor can adult frogs swallow any living morsel as large as themselves.

Experiments have convinced me that, under a planned and protected system of frog culture, frogs will multiply at such a rate that it becomes impossible to retain and feed more than 20 per cent of the frogs that progress beyond the tadpole stage. For this reason I've been back-feeding about 80 per cent of my baby frogs to the adults. Someday we'll find a way to elimi-

nate this waste, but the man doesn't live today who can authoritatively say how it is to be done.

Every frog I can ever hope to raise is spoken for a year in advance at \$5 a dozen for frogs 20 inches in length or larger delivered alive, or at \$6 a dozen dressed and iced. Domestic production will probably never lower these prices within my lifetime.

Because capital has been and still is a serious problem for me, and because there are still so many experimental angles to frog culture, I didn't make the mistake of putting all my eggs in the frog basket. My first effort after getting a roof over my head was to put in a garden and raise some poultry, a few pigs, and various things that would provide my family with food and knock the props out from under the costs of living.

Next, after getting these things started, I went after the six potential arable acres and planted them to taro, ginger, and water chestnuts. I had a good crop of these plants in 1935 and 1936, and can reasonably expect a good crop this year.

Taro root is the surest crop, consequently the least valuable. Nevertheless, it produces heavily, and if the price ever goes down to \$25 a ton, I'll still be

making money out of it. Ginger at \$175 a ton. Water chestnuts at \$200 a ton, and water lotus root at \$150 a ton. Still we're importing thousands of tons of these products from China annually, with shipments eight to twelve weeks old when they get here, and then a 25 per cent import duty. That is why my limited crop goes to Chinatown in Los Angeles where a dozen commission merchants plead for deliveries I can never hope to make in sufficient volume, beg for the next truckload, and pay for every pound of it in cash.

Several large American food canning firms have already conducted successful experiments with the canning of frog meat. The supply of canned frog meat is limited. If you care to sample it, you'll pay 50 cents for an eight-ounce tin. This phase of the business is obviously capable of enormous expansion. But who's got the frogs? The limited supply of frogs now reaching the markets is steadily being hunted out. An adequate supply can be obtained only from large scale domestic production—something which does **not** now exist.—*John Angus Haig, condensed from Nation's Business.*

* * *

Baldness

MOST persons who still have their hair at the age of forty, need not worry about becoming bald.

There is about one bald-headed woman to something between fifty and one hundred bald-headed men.

In some parts of the Orient a bald-headed man is held in great respect.

People get bald on the top of the scalp because the circulation is sluggish there; they seldom are bald around the ears or the neck where the circulation is active.

Men with plenty of hair can do more physical labor than their bald brothers, says the American Association for the Advancement of Science.—*Fact Digest.*

[Here is a practical suggestion—

HOW TO MAKE MONEY AND WIN FRIENDS

THE best-selling volume in the world is the Bible, but a forty-six-year-old American named Dale Carnegie has soared to second place with his *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. In eight months 500,000 copies were sold, and United States bookstalls were soon swarming with similar works.

Dale Carnegie was born on a Missouri farm and never saw a street car until he was twelve.

To pack his mind with knowledge as a boy he went to bed at midnight with his alarm clock set for 3 o'clock. From college he went into the sandhills of Nebraska and Wyoming selling correspondence courses to the ranchers, became a schoolteacher, a motor salesman, and an actor. Then he started courses in public speaking for businessmen, and a book he wrote on the subject was adopted by the American Bankers' Association, the National Credit Men's Association, and all Y. M. C. A.'s.

Nowadays more people go to Dale Carnegie for training in public speaking than attend all the extension courses of the twenty-two colleges and universities in New York City. The

basis of *How to Win Friends* was a two-year survey which cost the University of Chicago and the American Association for Adult Education almost \$25,000.

This elicited the information that every normal adult wants (a) health and the preservation of life; (b) food; (c) sleep; (d) money and the things that money will bring; (e) life in the hereafter; (f) sexual gratification; (g) well-being of his children; (h) a feeling of importance.

Almost all these wants are gratified, except the "desire to be important" or appreciated, and one of the secrets of winning friends, believes Mr. Carnegie, is to furnish the missing link.

The late great Flo Ziegfeld scored phenomenal success as a showman because he had the knack of doing this. Often he selected for his "Follies" an unknown Cinderella, and then transformed her into a glamorous vision of mystery and seduction by the simple process of making her *feel* beautiful by treating her with intense galantry and consideration.

Cultivate this habit of giving other people sincere appreciation and you will begin to win friends.

Another Carnegie maxim is, "Arouse in the other person an eager want. He who can do this has the world with him."

Andrew Carnegie, the poor Scottish lad who began work at two cents an hour and finished with a fortune of \$165,000,000, once wagered his sister-in-law \$125 that he could get by return post letters from her two neglectful schoolboy sons.

He wrote a cheerful letter, casually mentioning that he was enclosing five dollars, but purposely leaving the money out of the envelopes. Letters from the two pen-shy boys soon arrived.

Become genuinely interested in people. The individual who is not interested in his fellow men meets the greatest difficulties in life.

Try to be a good listener, talk in terms of the other man's interests, and make him feel important.

Show respect for the other man's opinions. Never tell him he is wrong. Socrates said repeatedly to his followers in Athens: "One thing only I know; and that is that I know nothing." And author Carnegie, who feels that he can't hope

to be smarter than Socrates, has quit telling people they are wrong, and finds it pays.

"Most of us are prejudiced and biased. Most of us are blighted with preconceived notions, with jealousy, suspicion, fear, envy, and pride. And most citizens don't want to change their opinions about religion or their hair-cut or communism or Clark Gable."

If you are in the wrong, admit it quickly and emphatically. Let the other man do as much of the talking as he pleases and feel that the idea is his. Try honestly to see his point of view. Then you will be on the road to changing him to *your* point of view.

A big problem in business is to criticize and not be disliked for it. The remedy for that is to call attention to mistakes indirectly. Employees have more regard, too, for the boss who avoids giving direct orders, secures the same result by suggestions and questions, such as "You might consider this" or "Don't you think this would work?" Petty? No. Almost everybody resents taking orders.

Do you know how to spur men on to success? It is to watch for and praise the slightest improvement. "I have found," wrote Warden Lawes of Sing sing, "that the voicing

of proper appreciation of the efforts of the inmates secures greater results in obtaining their co-operation and furthering their ultimate rehabilitation than harsh criticism and condemnation of their delinquencies."

A boy of ten working in a factory in Naples longed to be a singer, but was discouraged by his teacher, who barked: "You can't sing. You haven't any voice at all. It sounds like the wind in the shutters." His peasant mother praised him and went barefoot to save money for his singing lessons. The boy's name was Caruso.

Half a century ago a boy working in a London draper's shop usually rose at five o'clock, swept out the store, then slaved for 14 hours a day. In despair, the drudge wrote to his old schoolmaster, whose sympathy and praise were immediate. He gave the boy a job as a junior teacher, and so restored the lad's confidence in himself that he went on to fame. To-day he is renowned, has written nearly 80 books, and has made a fortune. Can you guess who it is? Of course, H. G. Wells.

Carnegie's advice to those who would make their homes happier and fuller is to read a

book on the sexual side of marriage.

When *How to Win Friends* appeared through publishers Simon and Schuster, Sears Roebuck, a mammoth U. S. mail-order house, bought several thousand copies.

In advising his Florida staff to spend two dollars on the book, W. R. Letcher, General Agent of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, wrote: "As soon as you have read it, read it again more slowly and carefully. Then make a written outline of it to impress it on your mind; then start practising its use. In a very short time it's yours, and then, as never before, the world is yours for the asking."

Women have written to Dale Carnegie, thanking him for making them popular and charming. Wrote one ecstatic high school girl: "On my first day in school I enjoyed a sincere, friendly, and unaffected manner, and eight boys I had never met before asked me for dates."

Many readers have sent Carnegie their photographs, among them a prison warden, who forwarded "before" and "after" snapshots of himself, showing the transformation from grouch to optimist. —*Michael Gelan, from Parade.*

A CITY OF MONKS AND COWS

I KNOW twenty different capitals, but Calcutta is the most crowded of them all. Imagine a city composed exclusively of monks—seven hundred thousand of them.

Seven hundred thousand other people—the women of the city—live indoors, but they don't count for as much as the men and they do not walk abroad. You are always surrounded by men. The impression is extraordinary.

A city composed exclusively of monks. The Bengali is a born monk, and all monks except the very young ones, who are carried, go on foot. Everybody is a pedestrian. They fill the street as well as the sidewalk. Tall and narrow, without hips, without shoulders, without gestures, without laughter.

Their costumes vary. Some are almost naked, but a real monk is always a monk. The naked ones are perhaps the most dignified. Some are clothed in robes with two skirts trailing behind. Others have only one skirt. Their robes are mauve, rose, green, wine-colored, and white.

Extremely numerous, they are calm, sure of themselves, magnetically sincere, and they have attained the kind of impudence that is achieved by sitting cross-legged meditating on religion. Their gaze is perfect. It is neither raised or lowered. It contains no defects, no excitement, no apprehension.

When they stand their eyes look like the eyes of men who are lying down, and when they are lying down their eyes look like the eyes of men who are standing. They have no flexibility, no pliancy. They have all been caught up in the same net.

They are careful to avoid every form of defilement, including the foul breath of Europeans, which smells of meat and murder. They have no contact with laundrymen, curriers, Mohammedan butchers, fishermen, shoemakers, or handkerchiefs, which preserve what ought to return to the earth, or with any of the innumerable things that keep plunging a man in mud up to his neck if he does not take care.

They are concentrated people and are reluctant to flow

with the street traffic and the torrent of life. They maintain an inner check on themselves.

Their emotions are always sheathed and never get out of hand. They never lose control of themselves, never give up the fort. They are assured and impudent.

They sit down wherever they please. When they are tired of carrying a basket they put it down on the ground and sprawl out on it. When they meet a barber they say, "Stop, give me a shave," and they are shaved then and there on the open street, indifferent to the tumult about them.

They sit down everywhere except in the places one would expect—on roads, in front of benches, or on the shelves of their stores among the merchandise, between hats and shoes.

They sit down on the grass in the sunlight (for the Indian derives nourishment from the sun), or in the shade (for the Indian nourishes himself from the shade, too), or they may sit partly in the shade and partly in the sun, gravely talking to one another among the flower beds in the parks or leaning against benches but never sitting on them.

Can you ever tell where a cat is going to sit down? The Hindu is just the same. Oh,

those devastated Calcutta lawns. There is not an Englishman who can look at them without shivering inside. But no police force, not even artillery squadrons, could prevent the Indians from sitting down wherever they choose.

They are immobile and expect nothing from anybody. Whoever wants to sing sings, whoever wants to pray prays at the top of his voice while he sells betel or does anything else. Calcutta is incredibly crowded with pedestrians, and one has a hard time making one's way along even the widest streets. It is a city of monks and their master, their master in impudence and the inner life—the cow.

The Hindus have made an alliance with the cow, but the cow knows nothing about it. The cow and the monkey are the two most impudent of sacred animals.

Cows wander all over Calcutta. They walk through the streets or lie down on a sidewalk, blocking it entirely. They inspect stores, threaten elevators, and install themselves in doorways. And if the Hindu were edible they would no doubt eat him.

In its indifference to the outer world the cow is also superior to the Hindu. It seeks no explanation, no truth, in the

outer world. And if it eats as much as a tuft of grass it needs seven hours to ruminate.

A large number of cows wander all over Calcutta chewing their cuds. They belong to a breed that does not mingle with other breeds and in this respect they resemble the Hindus and the English. Thus three different races inhabit this world capital.

The Hindu is not charmed by the grace of animals. Not at all. He looks at them awry. He does not like dogs, for dogs have no concentration. They are creatures of movement, shamelessly devoid of self-control.

And, besides, what are dogs but reincarnations of creatures who would not have become dogs if they had not sinned? They are foul criminals who may even have killed a Brahman.

The Hindu appreciates wisdom and meditation. He feels in accord with the cow and the elephant, who are self-possessed and live a somewhat retired life. The Hindu likes animals that do not say "thank you" and that do not cut too many capers.

In the country there are peacocks but no sparrows. There are ibises and cranes and quantities of crows and kites. All these birds are serious.

Then there are camels and water buffaloes, who are also very serious. Needless to say, the water buffalo is slow. He wants to lie down in the mud. Beyond that nothing interests him. And if you drive him through Calcutta he will not go fast.

From time to time he sticks his long, soot-colored tongue through his teeth and looks at the city as if he had lost his way. As for the camel, he is clearly superior to the horse, Orientally speaking.

A trotting or galloping horse always looks as if he were engaged in some kind of sport. He does not run, he competes. The camel, on the other hand, moves forward rapidly with enormous strides. It is not that the animals differ in constitution; they differ in character.

The Englishman washes very regularly but to the Hindu he is the symbol of filth and uncleanness. The Hindu has difficulty in not vomiting when he thinks about the Englishman.

The reason is that the Englishman is constantly contaminated by various contacts that the Hindu carefully avoids. Few people bathe as often as the Hindus. In Chandernagore there are sixteen thousand pools, and no matter what time of day you

visit them you rarely find one that is not occupied.

The Hindu behaves very seriously in the water. He stands upright, knee-deep. From time to time he ducks and the sacred water of the Ganges flows over

him. He spends some time this way and also washes his clothes or his rags. His teeth he cleans with particular care. And if the sun is shining he prays to it.

But there is no laughter.—
*Henri Michaux, translated from
Nouvelle Revue Francaise (Paris).*

* * *

Wake Up and Live!

DARWIN spent many years of his life in tedious, painstaking research. He shook the scientific world with his writings. To his work he gave unreserved devotion. And yet, once, in a few lines written in a letter to his wife, he gives us a philosophy of happiness that may mean more to us than his ponderous biological works can ever mean.

“At last,” he wrote, “I fell asleep on the grass, and awoke with a chorus of birds singing around me, and squirrels running up a tree, and some woodpeckers laughing; and it was as pleasant and as rural a scene as I ever saw; and I did not care one penny how any of the birds or beasts had been formed.”

Darwin awoke to the fact that, no matter what our problems and difficulties may be, the world goes right on being a beautiful place. The birds still sing. The sun still shines. Brooks go babbling on their way. Our work is laughably unimportant in the scheme of things.

Too often we take ourselves so “darn seriously” that the real, fundamental beauty of the universe in which we live goes unnoticed. We cannot see beyond sales charts, ledgers, production graphs, and piles of correspondence. The grinding of gears, whirl of machinery, and blowing of whistles in our factories deafen us to nature’s music.

Wake up to the beauty of the world! Take time to live as well as to make a living. The world won’t stop if you stop to enjoy it now and then.—*The Friendly Adventurer.*

THE MONASTERY GUEST

MY few days in an English Benedictine monastery as a non-Catholic guest were an experience from which I have emerged full of gratitude. One cannot hope for perfect peace in this world, but I approached that ideal closer than I had ever done before.

After a little while within that sealed seclusion, where everything seen and heard has a purely religious dedication, the world and its vexations faded into an extraordinary remoteness and unimportance. The effect might be described as spiritual "slimming," for the spirit, like the body, is liable to become vulgarized by the gross and the unnecessary.

The experience is open to anyone (within, that is, the modest limits of accommodation at the disposal of the monasteries) who is sincerely desirous of it for his soul's sake. Of that, he would need to give some evidence, for a monastery does not welcome the merely curious guest, or one whose chief object is a cheap holiday.

His *bona fides* accepted, he is received with the most benevolent courtesy. He is as free to arrange his own pursuits as any

considerate guest would be in the house of a good host. Naturally he conforms with the routine of the monastery, joining in its services and occupying the meantime in such ways as consort with the spirit of the place. But no religious pressure is brought to bear upon him.

It may be interesting if I describe my own way of living in the monastery, the population of which consists of about sixty men, of whom rather more than half are choir monks. The rest, lay brothers, do the manual work of the monastery, in the garden, in the apiary, on the farm, building, making cider and butter and cream, tailoring, boot-making, etc., for the monastery supplies all its own needs except the cloth for the black habits of the monks.

I, usually, having dressed and shaved with the hot water which the punctual guest-brother brought me at 6:30, began the day by entering the church by the private door from the cloisters and attending the 7:15 mass; and my other appearances there would be at conventional mass (9 a. m.), vespers (2:30 p. m.) and compline (8:45 p. m.).

Being a Benedictine monastery, there was a rule of silence which prevailed during the greater part of the day and was never broken between supper and breakfast. The lay brothers at their various occupations were partially exempt, but in the refectory the rule was general and absolute, except for the reader, who, seated at a high desk, read to us during meals from some book of a religious character. During my stay, the work was a history of the church in Scotland.

The procedure was as follows:

At the sound of the bell for lunch or supper, the monks assembled silently in the cloisters and double-filed into the refectory in order of seniority. The place of the guests was at the rear. An elaborate grace having been sung, all standing behind the chairs, the monks sat down in their appointed places, which were marked by napkins on each of which lay a wooden strip bearing the name of its owner.

The reader began reading at once, and for a minute no other sound but his voice was heard: then the abbot would reach for his napkin, and at once a general clatter of chairs being drawn up and plates and cutlery being shifted overcame the reading.

The abbot's movement was

also the signal for the entrance of the viands. In from the kitchen came a white-aproned monk wheeling a trolley of food, followed by other white-aproned monks whose duty it was to serve the others.

These duties are taken in turn by all the monks, and I was amused to recognize, on the Sunday, in the stout father with the trolley doling out the steaming food from the stockpot, the divine who had preached to a large congregation in the church that morning.

The monks' meal — what exactly it consisted of I could not see — was simple but ample, though not so ample as that of the guests, who were very generously regaled. I particularly enjoyed the home-made cider and cream, both of which were provided *ad lib*.

The silence rule was a little awkward for us guests when we wanted salt or bread, or wished to convey a preference to lean meat or fat, but our pantomime became sufficiently accomplished with practice.

Some of the men were very young, almost boys, and I noticed that these were much more austere of countenance and manner than the older ones. Among the latter there were several examples of the "jovial monk" of tradition. He whom I recognized as the principal es-

cort and guide of visitors to the abbey had an exuberantly humorous personality. He would have been entirely at home as a British museum lecturer.

On other faces, the mark of some intellectual pursuit dwelt more conspicuously than the mark of the ecclesiastic. I was particularly attracted by one monk, aged about thirty, with a small, delicately shaped head, a solitary air, and questing eyes that rested, full of musing speculation, first on one and then another of his companions. I found him exciting, for it seemed to me that there was something dangerous about a monk whose thoughts dared to range freely in an atmosphere where intellectual speculation encountered so many bars.

The church offices took up a very large part of the choir monks' day. I could hear them chanting long before I was up. But they have plenty of literary and artistic occupation between these duties.

There is a fine library ranging over a wide field of literature in many languages, including (I was surprised to find) a lot of very ordinary modern novels—part of private library bequests, I suppose. The monks write and study there.

Some play the violin, others put in the evening hour of relaxation playing Bach and Beethoven on the organ, while others, in the common room, converse over newspapers and magazines. Billiards and cards are allowed, and tennis and swimming can be enjoyed in the grounds.

To complete the story of my own devices, I spent the intervals between services and meals either in re-reading my *St. Francis of Assisi* and *St. Thomas á Kempis* in the cloisters or in my own room; in occasional short walks in the beautiful country in which the abbey is situated; in contemplating the many interesting features of the abbey itself; or in rambling about the gardens and grounds where Brother Bee was to be seen gathering honey for the table, and Brother Pig grew uncomfortably portly, and Sister Cow ruminated with appropriate piety in the pastures.

Then, supper over and compline having been sung in the lovely dusk of the half-darkened church, I retired at nine o'clock to bed and a long, dreamless sleep in a stillness which, after London's roaring nights, seemed incredible. — *Horace Thorogood in Hibbert Journal.*

* * *

A HOUSEWIFE IN THE OPERA

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD is the world's greatest living Wagnerian soprano. Since her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York in 1936—which, some say, saved the Metropolitan—she has had no rival. To opera-lovers she is a Viking goddess. Her houses are all sold out. Hundreds of would-be standees are turned away. When it was announced that she would sing an additional performance of *Tristan* the house was sold out in four hours—a record. Not since the days of Caruso has anyone done so much for the box-office.

She can sing in Norwegian and Swedish thirty-eight grand opera roles. Asked to sing in German, she learned the *Brunhilde* role in *Gotterdammerung* in six days. When she finished the rehearsal the men of the orchestra laid down their instruments and cheered. She knows, in addition, fully thirty roles in operettas.

Offstage, Kirsten Flagstad's personality has a distinctly "homey" quality. She was the oldest of four children. Two brothers, Oke and Lesse, are now conductors of orchestras, and Karen Marie, her sister, is a

singer in light opera. When they were all little, Kirsten bossed the family. The parents were musicians and often they had to be away. Kirsten looked after the table manners of the younger children and saw that they took sufficient baths; washed them behind the ears; changed the baby's diapers; made them behave, and got them off to school in time.

"They minded me better than they did our father and mother," she says. "I was very proud that I was trusted to give the cook her daily instructions, and to oversee the work of the seamstress who came to make our clothes."

In 1929 she had her first offer to go to America to sing, but she did not go. For one thing she had heard there was no fresh fruit in America, and that everyone ate out of tin cans. Moreover, she had just met Henry Johansen, her present husband. Going with her brother to a party at Johansen's house, she danced all night. Before she realized it, it was broad daylight and her brother, boiling mad, was waiting in the hall to take her home. The next evening she had din-

ner with Henry. The day after that they were engaged. Mr. Johansen's chief business interest is lumber, in Norway, but he also owns a chain of hotels. Kirsten travels around the country with him, when they are at home, often spending weeks at a time in lonely lumber camps. She is an expert on skis; she has the body of an athlete, and, because of her years of vocalizing, the lungs of a deep-sea diver. Her husband explains the intricacies of his business to her, laying plans and projects before her and asking her advice. She can take a hand in any lumber deal, and has learned much about the hotel business.

Henry Johansen, like most businessmen, knew very little about music before he met Kirsten. Now he takes her to operas and concerts, and buys her new music. He is not always as interested in music, however, as Kirsten is in lumber. He has a talent for napping while she is singing in their home. Sometimes the world's most beautiful trills are accompanied by deep, masculine snores!

She is the only star of the first magnitude who does not have a maid or secretary. Some prima donnas travel with six or seven maids, chaperons, *maestros*, managers, and keepers-of-the-Pekinese. But Kirsten Flag-

stad hates to have people "fussing around her." When she is out on tour she packs her own suitcases, dresses herself, and puts on her own make-up. If she has a quick change to make, she will ask a wardrobe mistress to help her with the hooks and eyes, but otherwise she prefers to do everything by herself. Her dressing-room is as bare as a monk's cell.

After she sings she can't stop the music from going around in her head. She has to sit up, sometimes all night long, and play game after game of solitaire. Her fans have learned about this, and she is deluged with letters telling her about new kinds of solitaire games.

When she went home to Europe the first time, her children and stepchildren wouldn't believe that everyone in America was making such a fuss over her. So she brought her daughter Else Marie over with her, when she came back, and took her to a concert. Then, when the crowd was shouting and demanding encore after encore, she rushed back to Else in the wings, and cried:

"There! Now do you think Mama exaggerated?"

When an amaryllis was named for her at a flower show she attended, she sent one of the plants home across the Atlantic to prove that she wasn't mak-

ing up the story. Mama might be exaggerating again!

Besides her love of music, Kirsten Flagstad has an eminently practical reason for singing. She believes that every woman, married or single, ought to be equipped to earn her own living.

"I had to support my child for a number of years before

my second," she says. "I want her to be able to meet a similar emergency, in case it should arise. My mother was obliged to go on with her work. One of the first maxims she taught us was that everyone, man or woman, should be trained to be economically independent."—

Jack Famison, condensed from Radio Guide.



To Keep Happy, Keep Busy

I KNOW a man who married a woman with a lot of money. He doesn't have to work. He tells me that he doesn't know what to do with himself. Almost every afternoon he goes down town and attends the movies. Frequently he takes in a whole string of them in one afternoon, starting in as soon as they open up. In the winter time he drives through the South, and that, too, has got to be an old story, and simply bores him.

The man who has to work can thank his lucky stars. He has something to live for, to struggle toward. When a man arrives, when he has all the money he needs and can loaf the days away—life loses its zest. True joy comes from doing something worth while; from going out to meet the new day, with its new experiences, its new problems, its trials and battles; from the feeling that one is a part of the strenuous world of modern business.

The workers, the doers, are the healthiest and happiest folks on earth, especially when they have found the work they love.

Here's a good rule: To keep happy, keep busy.—
The Friendly Adventurer.

¶“Justice is one thing and law is another”—

LEGAL COBWEBS

JAMES HARRIS was indicted in the state of Delaware in 1841 for having stolen “a pair of boots.” But at the trial it appeared that, in the excitement of acquiring new footwear in violation of the law, he had seized, not two boots that were mates, but two that were for the right foot. He was convicted as charged in the indictment; but on appeal the high and honorable Superior Court reversed his conviction on the ground that a charge of stealing a *pair* of boots could not be sustained by proof of the stealing of two boots that were not mates.

The rule applied in the Harris case has not yet been sent to limbo. For, in law, rules and precedents are like musty bottles in old wine cellars—they are esteemed for their age. In 1912, for instance, the Alabama Supreme Court held that violation of a statute making it a felony to steal “a cow or an animal of the cow kind” could not be proved by evidence of the stealing of a steer. And in 1917 it was decided in Missouri that a conviction under an indictment charging a man with stealing hogs would have to be reversed where the evidence showed that

the hogs were dead when taken. The august appellate tribunal that handed down this illuminating decision cited three English cases as authority, two of them decided in 1823 and the other in 1829. It reached the conclusion that “the carcass of a hog, by whatever name called, is not a hog.”

A recent example of a reversal of a conviction because of “variance” as the courts call such difficulties, is the Texas case of Prock vs. State. Here the complaint on which the defendant was arrested and bound over for trial described him as a “male person,” and the information filed against him and on which he was tried described him as an “adult male.” It was held that this difference required the reversal of his conviction of aggravated assault on a female.

In 1917 the Illinois Supreme Court reversed a conviction for embezzlement because of a mistake in the name of one partner out of more than thirty named in the indictment as the injured parties. And in 1919 it similarly upset a conviction in a liquor case because in one count out of forty-nine, under all of which the defendant was found

guilty, his name was spelled Holdburg instead of Goldburg.

If one dares to ask what difference it can make to a defendant—what rights of his are jeopardized—if two unmated boots are described as a pair, or if he is proved to have embezzled from thirty men properly named and one misnamed, or has the first letter of his last name given wrongly in one count out of forty-nine, one is moved to exclaim with the Wisconsin Supreme Court that “there is little wonder that laymen are sometimes heard to remark that justice is one thing and law is another!”

American courts have been especially fearsome of permitting one jot or tittle to be taken from, or changed in, indictments.

Among the most notorious are the “the” and the “did” cases. Of the former the best known is a Missouri case, decided in 1908, in which a verdict of guilty was set aside because the indictment read “against the peace and dignity of State of Missouri” instead of “the peace and dignity of *the* State.” The leading “did” case was decided in Mississippi in 1895, when a conviction was reversed because the word was omitted from the indictment.

Then in 1907 this original case was followed as a precedent in a murder case. In the second case the fact that the word had been omitted in the indictment before the words “kill and murder” was discovered in the lower court at the trial, and its insertion was permitted by the trial judge. In spite of this amendment, the defendant’s conviction was reversed and the case ordered dismissed.

In Texas an indictment was held fatally defective because it alleged that the defendant deserted his complaining wife “unlawfully and willingly” instead of “unlawfully and wilfully.”

The strange thing about American adherence to outworn practices is that we claim to have inherited them from England. And yet England and her dominions have long since cast most of them overboard as so much rubbish. The judge who sits in an English criminal court may wear an ancient garb, but the procedure he follows has been modernized.

The fundamental difference between present-day English and American criminal jurisprudence may be graphically illustrated by quoting the indictment in the famous Sacco-Vanzetti case and comparing it with a similar indictment in Canada.

The Sacco-Vanzetti indictment read as follows:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Norfolk, ss.

At the Superior Court, begun and holden within and for the County of Norfolk, on the first Monday of September in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty, the Jurors for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts on their oath present: That Nicola Sacco of Stoughton in the County of Norfolk and Bartholomeo Vanzetti of Plymouth in the County of Plymouth on the fifteenth day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty at Braintree in the County of Norfolk did assault and beat Alexander Berardelli with intent to murder him by shooting him in the body with a loaded pistol and by such assault, beating and shooting did murder Alexander Berardelli against the peace of said Commonwealth and contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided.

In Canada that indictment would have read:

In the Supreme Court of Ontario:

The Jurors for our Lord the King present, that Nicola Sacco and Bartholomeo Vanzetti murdered Alexander Berardelli at Ontario on April 15, 1920.

Compare this, too, with an indictment returned by a grand jury in the District of Columbia in 1891. It charged that the defendant "did cast, throw and push the said Agnes Watson into a certain canal then situate, wherein there then was a great quantity of water, by means of which casting, throwing, and pushing of the said Agnes Watson in the canal by the aforesaid Frederick Barber, in the manner and form aforesaid, she, the said Agnes Watson, in the canal aforesaid, with the water aforesaid, was then and there mortally choked, suffocated, and drowned."

This indictment was held defective on the ground that it did not allege that Agnes Watson died by reason of "the defendant's homicidal act."

If England and Canada have been able to modernize and simplify indictments and other elements of their criminal jurisprudence, why can't we? We have already made a beginning in some states. California, despite the Mooney case, is perhaps the most striking example.

In 1911 the following section was added to the California constitution:

No judgment shall be set aside or new trial granted . . . unless, after an examination of the entire cause including the

evidence, the court shall be of an opinion that the error complained of has resulted in a miscarriage of justice.

Then in 1927 the Penal Code was amended so as to permit a short form of indictment or information and so as to make many other radical changes. The former crimes of larceny, embezzlement, false pretenses, and kindred offenses, for instance, were amalgamated into one crime, theft.

The short form has also been adopted in Maryland, Massachusetts, Alabama, Iowa, New York, and other states. So we

are making some progress. But before we can travel very far, the enlightened members of the bar who are striving for a better judicial system must be supported and reinforced by an awakened and insistent laity. Tradition, the self-interest of certain groups, indifference, and a reactionary judicial psychology constitute barriers to even the degree of reform attained in England. And a sane system, truly modernized and humanized, must carry us far beyond that.—*Harry Hibschan, condensed from The American Mercury.*

* * *

Slang over England

THE perennial bout between the King's English and the American vernacular was revived in London last November. American won, two to one.

Sydney F. Markham, Oxonian M. P., expressed fear in Commons that King George VI might come home speaking American. He singled out as special danger "sez you" and the Goldwynism "include me out." English-speaking countries, Markham said, can agree on everything except how to speak English.

Next day Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain took that notion for a ride. He declared on a world broadcast from the lord mayor's dinner: "The Americans have an expression—doubtless you are familiar with it—which, as the American terms so often do, conveys its meaning without explanation. They talk of a 'go-getter.' Well, I want the government to be a go-getter for peace."

Also, the American-born Lady Astor objected to a wisecrack by Sir Stafford Cripps, Laborite M. P., about her "Cliveden set" of pro-Hitler friends. "Set? What set?" she cried. Cripps retorted: "I withdraw the word 'set' and apologize for it, and substitute for it the word 'gang'."—*Newsweek.*

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DONALD DUCK

HIS publicity agents will tell you gravely that Donald Duck represents what every member of the audience has at some time wanted to be—scrapy, irrepresible, and generally ornery. His lack of inhibition makes him the favorite of millions. Paradoxically, he is said to appeal to the maternal instinct of women, each of whom feels that she would be capable of making him a better duck.

Donald's cinema role is the direct opposite of the role of Mickey Mouse. In contrast to Mickey's unimpeachable character and sunny smile, Donald's most characteristic trait is his pugnacity. His favorite line is "Wanna fight?" His stinging repartee, "Wah, wah, wah, wah," is delivered in perhaps the nastiest manner of which any stage or screen actor is capable. Friday the Thirteenth—any old Friday the Thirteenth—is his birthday. Prophetically, he made his first appearance in *Silly Symphony Number Thirteen*, where for the first time plot exigencies left him a defeated but not despairing duck. Asked by the Wise Little Hen to help her plant corn, Donald developed colic. Subse-

quently, when the Wise Little Hen was enjoying her corn muffins, she informed Donald, "You were too sick to work, so you must be too sick to eat."

Successful in this small role, Donald was called to appear with Mickey, the virtuoso of the cartoon world, whose popularity must not be damaged by a poor supporting cast.

Now Donald is regarded second in popularity to Mickey himself. Despite his bad disposition, he has a definite commercial appeal. He appears on balloons, sweatshirts, pencil sharpeners, penknives, flashlights, greeting cards, and lamp shades. He is manufactured in everything from hard rubber to platinum, and in all sizes. You may even purchase Donald Duck in diamonds and platinum for anything from \$10 to \$150.

But with all his popularity, Donald is after all only a runner-up. You cannot even find out his salary; it is incorporated under the name of the more famous Mickey. Mickey winds up his pictures with Minnie safe at his side, receiving plaudits for his heroism and cleverness;

Donald, when the curtain goes down, is usually peering, pathetically cross-eyed, from under some large, solid object. Per-

haps the ultimate inferiority of his position accounts for Donald's unfortunate manners.—*Digest and Review.*

* * *

Easy Workers

MOST men are proud to be called hard workers. They like to brag about the tension, strain, and worry of their duties. Working hard is a religion with them. Modern psychology, however, points out that it is more important to be an easy worker than to be a hard worker. Instead of working at high tension, the easy worker relaxes. He has trained himself to be calm and poised. He knows how to let go, and rest mind and body. He keeps fresh and vigorous. And most important of all, he gets more done than the hard worker!

Walter Pitkin's little book, *Take It Easy*, discusses the art of easy working, and relaxation: "Today we begin to see that work and rest are not opposed quite so crassly as men once thought. We see that, while we shall never be rid of work, we may slough off its drudgery and overstrain. He works best who uses the least energy, and yet accomplishes what he sets out to do. He works best who works laxly. He works best who works at what he likes. He works best who is the master of his job and not its slave."

Here are a few of Pitkin's tips for relaxing: Imitating a restful person; lying down with lights out, listening to the radio; finding peace by glancing upward into the night sky; going regularly to motion pictures; simplifying our work and activities; letting go in the odd moments of unavoidable delay; concentrating on today, and not worrying about the tomorrows.

Most leaders, Pitkin finds, are easy workers. In the midst of the whirl of things they remain unhurried, and calm. Yet they are prepared to strike hard and fast when the need arises.

Learning to be an easy worker is not easy. But the mastery of this art is the salvation of the business man.—*The Friendly Adventurer.*

IS STALIN THE MODERN NERO?

IN the light of certain recent revelations, there are some who believe that Joseph Vissarionovitch Djugashvilli, known to fame as Joseph Stalin, is driven to destruction by some dark impulse within himself.

The blood lust of a Nero or a Tiberius is traced by modern psychology not to innate wickedness, but to some unhappy childhood experience, some derangement of the glandular system, some hereditary taint, some shock to the psyche, some repressed impulse raging in the unconscious.

Once the repressed impulse bursts its chains, it may dominate the personality completely. If the individual is unchecked, disaster will follow.

No Caesar, no Czar ever ruled more absolutely than Stalin. He holds in the hollow of his hand one-seventh of the globe and one hundred and seventy million people.

Stalin's father, Vissarion Djugashvilli, a cobbler by profession, was a confirmed dipsomaniac.

In one of his drunken rages the brute almost beat his son to death. He attacked the boy, not only with his fists, but drew

blood by stabbing him with the implements of his craft. With difficulty the mother of Vissarionovitch Djugashvilli saved her son's life.

The father died in a drunken brawl, but his beatings left on the soul of the son even deeper marks than those left in his face by smallpox.

This information is vouchsafed by Stalin's former friend and fellow countryman, Kyrill Kakabadse, one-time deputy People's Commissioner of Georgia, the land where Joseph Stalin was born.

After holding high offices under the Soviet government, and representing the Russian manganese trust in Berlin, Comrade Kakabadse fell out with the dictator. Condemned to death on his refusal to return to Russia, he remained abroad to tell tales out of school about the friend of his youth, Stalin.

All others who know the truth, Comrade Kakabadse avows, are either dead or in prison.

It behooves us to take all information, friendly or hostile, concerning Soviet Russia, with a grain of salt. Kakabadse's revelations would be rejected by

the present writer, if they did not tally with the actions of the dictator.

Some children are crushed completely by parental brutality. Stalin's childhood experience made him what his name implies, a "man of steel." It taught him to defend himself with cunning and ruthlessness.

These qualities liberated him from the sense of inferiority engendered by pain and humiliation. They are the qualities with which he triumphed over men far superior to him in mental equipment.

If this were all, Russia could draw her breath in peace. Ruthlessness and cunning may be desirable attributes of statesmanship, but recent events in Russia justify the suspicion that Stalin is sacrificing the interests of the country and the principles that seem to have guided him in the past to his passions.

It is difficult to reject the suggestion that, like other autocrats, Joseph Stalin derives a morbid pleasure from the exercise of his cruelty and his cunning.

Not satisfied with killing, he plays with his victims like a cat with a mouse. He imprisons them and sets them free, only to jail them again tomorrow. Before their final annihilation he forces them to humil-

iate themselves in public and to praise the hand that slays them.

Some students believe that Stalin's emissaries use drugs which make the mind exceedingly susceptible to suggestion to extract confessions. The Cheka is accused of practising refinements of cruelty, unknown since the inquisition, until weakened, terrorized, starved, its prisoners break down.

If these methods fail to work, Stalin's victims are tricked by false promises of a pardon or threats to their wives and children. Those who still refuse to succumb, die in prison. The others sign weird confessions with which the world is familiar, all written in the same style, all dictated by the dictator!

Even Stalin's friends admit that he is vengeful and that he never forgives an insult. All these facts—making due allowance for exaggerations and wilful distortions—suggest the possibility that Joseph Stalin is a sadist.

Both masochism and sadism are expressions of the "will to die" that exists—if Freud may be trusted—side by side with the "will to live."

Masochism is the passive, sadism the active, expression of the same destructive impulse. In the masochist it is directed against the individual himself;

the sadist diverts it from himself to others. It is also probably entangled with the desire to punish oneself or others for various offences.

All these elements may enter in some way into the psychology of the man whom the friend of his youth calls "Stalin the Terrible."

Fortunately, in most individuals—even sadists—the destructive impulse stops short of murder. But where the barrier of the law is removed, havoc may ensue.

Absolute rulers, tyrants, dictators, are likely to overstep all limits. Yet they are cunning enough to rationalize their bloody impulses by ascribing their murders to political motives. Nero, Caligula, Tiberius, usually ascribed some reason, however fanciful, some legal quibble, however far-fetched, to explain their ruthlessness.

"I have no enemies," said one great tyrant, Porfirio Diaz.

"Why not?"

"They are all dead."

"If I did not chop off the heads of my subjects," said Stalin's compatriot, Ivan the Terrible, to the Prussian Ambassador, "my subjects would chop off mine."

Something like this would no doubt be Stalin's explanation of his mass executions. Is it more than a coincidence that

Stalin occupies in the Kremlin the apartment that once harbored Ivan the Terrible?

Before his death Lenin warned the Communist Party against Stalin. When Trotzky read the message of the dead leader to the high council of the Bolshevik Party, Stalin shrugged his shoulders and insisted that Lenin was no longer mentally responsible when he wrote his last will.

But he resented its introduction, and everyone who opposed him at that time or any other time, no matter how great his merit, how powerful his claim to consideration, is either a corpse or an exile.

Kill—kill—kill — seems to be the *leitmotif* of the dictator. Lenin died in time. "If my husband had not died," Krupskaja sarcastically remarked, "he, too, would have been liquidated."

Trotzky, Zinovieff, Kamenef, Bukharin, Radek, Rykov, Tomski, the leaders of the Left and the Right, have been slain, imprisoned, or exiled one after another. Eight commanders of the Red Army including Field Marshal Tukhachevsky, followed.

Stalin's regime is a succession of St. Bartholomew's Nights. In the Ukraine, among the Cossacks, in the Caucasus, everywhere flamed opposition and everywhere firing squads silenced

Stalin's critics. Everyday there are reports of new shootings.

However, the man who is feared by all Russia, is himself

pursued by fear. At home or in the street he is protected by triple guards.—*D. F. Wickets, condensed from Physical Culture.*

* * *

The World's Largest Animal

SOME of the earlier zoologists classified the whale as a fish, but all zoologists now classify the whale as a mammal, since the cow whale suckles her young. The whale baby feeds on its mother's milk for about eight months, and then it is weaned. Adolescence lasts from then until about the end of another period of eight months. Thus in two years the whale passes from infancy to adulthood, although of course it continues to increase in size for a long time after maturity is reached.

Its growth goes on at a tremendous rate. In a single day, during the period of most rapid increase in size, the young whale puts on in growth the weight of a full-grown man. A really large whale will weigh as much as 1,500 men.

The oily blubber, chief prize in whaling, performs a very important biological function for the whale. It is to these huge sea mammals what the hump is to a camel—a reservoir of energy-food stored up in times of abundance, to be drawn upon in seasons of scarcity. Because of the tremendous quantitative fluctuations in the various forms of sea life on which whales feed, they must often go for long periods without feeding, and often cruise for hundreds of miles without so much as a herring or a shrimp to eat.

A second function of the blubber is protection from the cold. A whale well wrapped up in his layer of blubber can live for weeks and months in polar water at a temperature near or below freezing.

Whalebone, formerly next in importance only to oil in the whaling industry, is now of practically no value. Nowadays the whalebone sieve from the animal's great jaws is simply dropped into the sea.—*Science Digest.*

LIVING IN GLASS HOUSES

GLASS has a long history of service to mankind. No one knows who first discovered it, but it was probably an accident. What is known is that the practice of glass-blowing is a very ancient one, originally practised by the Egyptians, but spread throughout the world by wandering Phoenician merchants.

Until the dawn of the mechanical age glass-blowing had remained very much the same for six thousand years. The hand-blower of twenty years ago worked very much as did his Egyptian counterpart.

In the last thirty years, however, a mechanical method of glass-blowing has been devised, which has revolutionized the industry and immeasurably widened the scope of the uses to which the material may be put.

To the layman glass is a hard, brittle substance, suitable only for objects subjected to little or no stress, no extremities of temperature. But that same layman would be surprised were he to know the extent of its new-found versatility.

Research workers have found that glass is a non-conductor; now it is used for telephone-pole insulators and vacuum

tubes. Glass can be made resilient now, and consequently we have glass spring boards at swimming pools. Glass has been proved tough and heat-resisting, so that we have glass dishes in which food can actually be cooked.

These are just a few of the unusual uses of glass. Possibly the most amazing fact is that we now have offices and houses of glass blocks that may cause a revolution in building. Buildings made of glass blocks are twice as well protected against heat and cold as buildings made of ordinary bricks. They are not transparent, because there are ribs on the outside which scatter the light.

Another use for glass is that of textile materials. Glass wool, glass yarn, and glass cloth are now on the market, very similar to their animal and vegetable counterparts.

A "mechanical sheep" makes the glass wool by forcing liquid glass at tremendous speed through a narrow jet. This draws the glass out into a fine pliable fibre, a cubic foot of which weighs only a pound and a half. It is the best insulator ever discovered; four inches of

glass wool gives a house as good insulation as a wall of concrete ten feet thick. It is also fire and rain-proof, and is not affected by insects.

This quality of insulation is very important now that we are having more and more air-conditioning in the home. Apart from this obvious use, glass wool serves many industrial purposes. Refrigerators, heaters, airplanes, battleships, and locomotives are just a few of the machines in which glass wool plays an important part.

Glass cloth is woven from a yarn which contains not less than 102 different glass fibres and is finer than ordinary cotton thread. The uses of the cloth are still largely in the future, for it lacks the "stretchability" we like in our clothing. However, draperies of glass for hotels and restaurants are already practical. The advantages of using glass for these purposes

is that it is fireproof and the colors are really permanent. Glass tablecloths are also a possibility. Hot dishes could be put right down on the table without burning the novel cloth.

Wallpaper made of glass cloth is being tried out. It reflects the light in dark corners and is waterproof for use in kitchens and bathrooms.

We are apt to class the Ages of Man according to the materials he uses. The Stone Age was an age of flints; the Bronze Age followed the discovery of that alloy and marks the time when bronze was the principal metal in use. Following this to its natural conclusion, may we not be about to enter an era which will be known as the Glass Age? Every indication seems to point to a future in which glass will play a most important role.—*Condensed from Our Times (U. S. A.).*

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How to Reach Olympus

ONCE someone inquired of Socrates the way to Mt. Olympus. The reply was, "You get to Mt. Olympus by going in that direction."

MENTAL MARVEL

ALMOST anybody can do two things at once, such as dictating while twisting a paper clip, or talking over the telephone but really thinking about next weekend.

Here is a man who can do ten things at once and not one of the ten things is chewing gum, or smoking, or playing a one-man band. He is Fred Craig, Jr.

Craig is now twenty-nine; he took up the study of being a mental marvel when he was fourteen. He had gone to a county fair near the town where he lived in Ohio, and had seen a pen demonstrator ("three pen points twenty-five cents, pen holder thrown in free") write upside down and backwards.

He went home and began practising himself. After working three months four or five hours a day, including all study periods at school, he found he could write the alphabet perfectly upside down and backwards.

By the time he was in Denison college, he was reading newspapers upside down and backwards while writing upside down and backwards.

Now in his professional appearances he does ten things at once. He reads three different newspapers upside down and backwards, one headline from the front, one from the back, one from the center outwards. He asks his audiences for two numbers totaling millions, writes them upside down and backwards and adds them at the same time that he is compiling a list of six other figures upside down and backwards which when added, will give the same total as the numbers given by the audience. He carries on a running conversation and lets the audience call out cities in any English-speaking country, and tells the main streets of those cities.

He misses on his additions only once in twenty times. His biggest problem is not the possibility of error but the audience factor. The whole point to his writing upside down and backwards is that when he has finished the audience can read the words right side up and forwards from where they sit.

While he is writing, however, most audiences insist upon squinching about, turning their

heads upside down and consequently can't read the writing after all. It's sometimes tough being a mental marvel.

Craig has been tested by all the experts, including the psychologists at Columbia and Johns Hopkins. At Columbia a professor told him he shouldn't try to do too much at once, that mental marvels eventually go wacky because they add one trick too many to their repertoire. He was doing four things at a time then, and has since increased the number to ten, but still feels he is on the safe side.

He finds the psychological tests difficult sometimes, because the professors try to mix him up. When Johns Hopkins wanted to test him, he went into training, studied all the mental tests, the Alpha, the Thorndike, etc., and worked out an-

swers to all the puzzles and problems he could dig up.

Sure enough, some of the questions and problems appeared in the test and he was able to answer quick as a wink. The psychologists were astonished and he didn't trouble to disillusion them of their opinion.

He reads and writes upside down and backwards only when he is appearing in public. In his daily living, he uses the plain, old-fashioned system of holding a paper right side up. He writes his letters forwards, too, and wait—we'll answer before you get a chance to ask—he has never yet signed a hotel register writing up side down and backwards, but we'd certainly like to see the clerk's face if he ever did sign that way.—
Excerpt from Rockefeller Center Weekly.

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Dead Silence

Freshman: "Say, have you noticed the smell in the library lately?"

Sophomore: "Oh, that's nothing, just the dead silence they keep in three."—*Kablegram.*

* * *

Fifty-fifty

Mother: Now, Brother, you must not be selfish with your new wagon. You should let your little brother have it half the time.

Brother: I do, Mother. I have it going down the hill, and he has it going up.—*Children's Play Mate Magazine.*

CANNING WILL SAVE US FROM STARVATION

THE modern industry of canning is one whose statistics are enormous, and nothing could be more fitting than that its introduction should be ascribed to the man of titanic conceptions, Napoleon Bonaparte.

More properly the first great name in the history of canning food should be that of Francois Appert, who died in 1840. It was he who, subscribing to the Emperor's famous dictum, "An army marches on its stomach," conceived the idea of preserving animal and vegetable substances in hermetically sealed tins.

In 1795, Napoleon, perceiving the necessity of energy-preserving food in portable form for his troops, offered a prize of 12,000 francs for a successful method of preserving supplies. Nine years elapsed before Francois Appert, brother of the philanthropist Nicholas Appert, came forward with his idea. Appert did not use tins, but wide-mouthed bottles, which he corked and sealed. He knew nothing of the modern method of cooking under pressure, which is the secret of successful and rapid canning. Not much

food preserving was carried out after his discovery, despite the fact that he was successful, and won the reward offered. Glass jars were fragile and expensive.

The impetus towards a canning industry came next from Peter Durand, an Englishman. He discovered the invaluable properties of tin. Tentative experiments in canning oysters, salmon, and lobsters were being carried out in America.

It was he, however, who used the first can, or "canister" as he called it, though it was a later inventor, Thomas Kensett, who took out the first patent for tin cans. He had them cut out by hand from sheets of metal. A rapid workman of his could produce sixty cans a day.

Appert published a book on his methods of preserving food. Among his experiments was one by which he had attempted to condense milk by evaporation. Concentrating on canning solid food, his imitators forgot this line of inquiry.

Fifty years afterwards, in New York, Gail Borden learned how to produce a tinned concentrate from fresh milk. His

discovery was not a purely scientific one, but he was moved to it by pity for young children in sailing ships who were often deprived of their vital food when the cow on board ran dry. This accident had so many fatal results that he set to work to produce condensed milk. The remarkable religious sect of "the Shakers" financed him. He worked in poverty for many years, and suffered ridicule, but in the end he prevailed.

America had cause to thank Borden when this method of condensing milk was used for supplying the Northern armies in the Civil War. During that war a certain press correspondent named Charles Page was struck by Borden's idea. When, in 1865, he went to Switzerland as United States consul, he took it with him and started a factory at Cham. It was the foundation of the Nestlé Company.

A man named James D. Dole also took to canning out of necessity, for he went to Hawaii to farm pineapples only to find that he could not export the ripe fruit. He began canning in a small way; within twelve years he was exporting 5,000,000 cases of cans a year.

At the same time a young man named Heinz was experimenting with horse-radish in western Pennsylvania. He found

it growing behind a deserted house. He added beans and other vegetables, and gradually evolved a great canning concern.

Food preserving began with the necessity of supplying troops in war-time. It became a science for experimenters popularly regarded as cranks. Then the industry grew and canned foods of one sort and another became indispensable. Now its original purpose appears to be on the way to fulfilment, for England and other countries see in canning a method of reducing the danger of one of the less spectacular but very real war dangers, blockade. According to Miss Janet Bond, head of the Canned Foods Advisory Bureau in this country, Britain could live on only a moderate reserve of canned food in war-time.

The question of preservation is easily answered, for recently a primitive tin of food intended for soldiers during the Crimean War was opened and discovered to contain bacon, peas, and beans in excellent condition.

The proposed method of storage is in food dumps, in cellars through which currents of air would be continually passing. The view that a diet of canned food would be monotonous and perhaps deleterious to health is out of date to-day. The number of commodities

which can be put in tins and preserved appears to be unlimited. Cannerymen have gone beyond fruits, vegetables, and meat, and have come to beer, bread, and cheese. In the eighty British factories during the canning season recently ended, 100,000,000 cans were used for storage.

Bristol University led in the research work on canning, in 1930, made necessary by the law which made the use of certain coloring substitutes illegal; since that time the industry has steadily developed. About 2,000,000 tins a day can be produced by English factories.

It has been estimated that the nation would need 350,000,-

000 tins a week on which to live. Thomas Kensett's workman could produce only sixty cans a day. To-day an automatic machine makes them at the rate of 300 a minute and cooks 1,000 at a time.

Will there be enough tin to go round? Tin producers are being pressed to discover new sources of tin. The cost of tin has risen. True, one pound of tin covers 25 square yards of metal. Whether new metal substitutes will be found is a question asked anxiously not only by the canning industry, but by all other trades interested in tinplate.—*Condensed from Evening Despatch (Birmingham, England).*



Razors of the Ancients

BRONZE RAZORS, over 3,000 years old, have recently been unearthed in Austria, proving that man has shaved himself for many centuries. Although somewhat affected by the passage of time, these razors are believed to have been as sharp as those of today. One of the archeologists shaved himself successfully with this razor.—*Science Digest.*

¶Give up your effort—

TO MAKE YOURSELF TALLER

THERE is no doubt that many persons are unhappy over being short. Sometimes an overly sensitive soul develops an inferiority complex because of extreme shortness. Some resort to all sorts of measures to increase the height and naturally are disappointed if their efforts are unsuccessful.

Stature is controlled by nature. It is markedly influenced by heredity, and, with present knowledge, is seldom changed by medication or other measures.

Of course, we can help nature somewhat and aid growth by the removal of all possible handicaps that serve to prevent development. But there is no medicine that will guarantee increased height.

If a child's parents are tall he is very likely to reach a good height by the time he matures. Occasionally the offspring of short parents reaches a good height, perhaps because some of their ancestors were tall.

For this reason it is difficult to determine in advance whether a youngster will be tall, or short.

If you are desirous of being tall and wish to appear taller than you really are, it is necessary to improve your posture. Avoid stooping and walking with rounded shoulders and faulty gait. Your figure may be improved by walking a little every day with a book on your head. Anyhow, it's worth trying.

Take a moderate but regular exercise. Make sure that your habits of eating, bathing, and sleeping are good.

Your diet should be varied and include an abundance of fresh fruits, vegetables, cereals, milk, cream, butter, and eggs. These foods contain lime and other essentials necessary for the development of strong and sturdy bones. Obtain your share of fresh air and sunlight. Practice deep breathing.—*Dr. Royal S. Copeland in The Daily Mirror (New York).*

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AN advertisement in a newspaper read: "Bull dog for sale. Will eat anything. Very fond of children."—*Children's Play Mate Magazine.*

¶Multiply a man's domestic operations by nine—

THE MAN WITH NINE WIVES

FROM the veranda of Bab El Assi where we were seated we could see the Bay of Tangiers, a deep quiet blue.

Hamed's voice had a trace of bitterness in it.

"We did not give up the practice of polygamy because we wanted to do so, but through necessity. Sometimes," he sighed, "I read articles and books which the Europeans write about the changes in our customs. They talk about 'the transformation of Mohammedan minds . . .', 'The evolution of the Moroccan psychology . . .'. What do they know! Our likes haven't changed. It is our pocketbooks, not our hearts that have become impoverished."

He stopped and turned to look at some one who was coming out on the veranda. It was an old man.

"Sidi Abd-el-Aziz!"

Sidi Abd-el-Aziz came toward our table with outstretched hands.

"Hamed!"

Hamed introduced me to the newcomer. He was a rich merchant of Rabat. It seems that he was a protégé of the French

whom he had greatly helped during the World War.

"The Spanish are almost like our own brothers," he assured me courteously.

He sat down by our side on the cushions and ordered tea.

"Sidi Abd-el-Aziz," observed Hamed, "can talk to you about women. He has many wives."

"Really!"

The old man nodded in the affirmative, but he seemed to be absorbed in his own thoughts.

"It would be interesting to learn your opinion of women," I ventured.

"The Prophet says 'Women and perfume are the joy of life,'" he declared. He was lost in thought once more.

It was growing dark. In the pale evening sky, stars began to appear. A low voice wailed in the distance, near the sea.

"Do you know what he is singing?" murmured Hamed. "It is the *Ya Asafi* . . ."

Ya Asafi (The Sorrows) is a song about the loss of Andalusia.

What a shame that that time is past, Oh, my Lord. Those days of happiness and pleasure, the sweet nights . . . Ay, my

lost Andalusia, never shall I forget you.

It was a heartrending lament, much like the wailing of the *flamenco* songs of Southern Spain.

Soon Sidi Abd-el-Aziz, who was still meditating, murmured—

“Yes, I am a polygamist.”

I looked at him without knowing what to say.

“I have four wives and five concubines. Nine women in all. And eighteen sons and daughters. When I leave early in the morning to go to the mosque,” he continued, speaking with lowered head, as if talking to himself, “Mesauda, my first wife and her three sons come to kiss me good-bye. I kiss them. Then my second wife, Halima, and her five children stand on tiptoes and offer me their foreheads. I kiss them, too. Then Baya, the third wife, and her four little ones lovingly surround me. I kiss them. Afterward, I must kiss Safia, Leila and her child, Muny and hers, Zohra and hers, Nadyema and hers, and Aziza and her child. That’s twenty-seven kisses. When I return, Mesauda with her three sons, Halima and her five children, Baya and her four, and Safia and Leila and Muny and Zohra and Nadyema and Aziza, each one with her little one, are at the door

waiting for me to kiss them again. That’s twenty-seven more kisses. Later in the morning, when I leave for work, the nine women and eighteen children line up again at the door to say good-bye to me. And I kiss them again. They are there at noon when I come home for lunch. I kiss them then. And they come in the afternoon to say good-bye before I go for a walk. I kiss them then, too. They wait for me toward evening, at the hour of my return home. And I kiss them all once more. Each day,” concludes Sidi Abd-el-Aziz, after a brief pause, that no doubt he employed in multiplying 27 by 6, “I bestow one hundred and sixty-two kisses.”

“Once,” continued the polygamist, after a brief silence, “I bought Safia a radio. It was 11 a. m. when it was first turned on, and at 11:05 Mesauda leaned her head coaxingly on my shoulder, ‘Won’t you make me a present of some music like Safia’s, my husband?’ I bought her a radio. When Halima saw it she rushed to me. ‘Halima,’ she sighed, embracing me wildly, ‘has given you five descendants, O husband, and you deny to her what you give to others.’ I bought another radio. Then Baya came and threw herself at my feet, wailing with anger. ‘Am I so wretched, Abd-el-

Aziz, that I don't deserve to be remembered. Let me return to my parents' home!' I bought her one so that she wouldn't leave me. I bought another for Leila to stop her crying. And another for Muny to keep her from committing suicide, and still another for Zohra to save her from a very convenient nervous breakdown. And one for Nadyema to prevent her from going on a hunger strike. And another for Aziza to get her to stop her shrieking.

"In the evening the following programs could be heard at one and the same time in my patio: a jazz band from Toulouse which was playing 'Yes, We have No Bananas'; a gentleman from Argel who was reading a weather report; a violin recital from Paris; some bagpipes from London interpreting a Scottish dance; a young lady from Milan who was singing 'goodby' from *Tosca*; a chorus from Barcelona singing a holy church song; and an orchestra from Moscow playing the *Internationale*."

"Must you always," I asked, "kiss all your wives whenever you go out or come home? Wouldn't it be enough for you to kiss one or two? And

wouldn't you have been able to leave one of them without a radio?"

The old man interrupted me in amazement. "Kiss some and not others? Give presents to some and not to others? The Prophet has said 'Be careful not to despise any of your wives.' Besides, do you think that *they* would allow it. They are continually after you, eaten up with jealousy, ready to weep and wail and to scratch your eyes out or poison you as soon as you show the least preference. Those tales of harem favorites which circulate through Europe are pure fantasy. In the harem there is no favorite. I feel sorry for the man who tries to have a favorite. But you can imagine what a man's life is like when he has to multiply all his domestic operations by nine."

There was a pause. Hamed was dozing, half reclining on the cushions. Sidi Abd-el-Aziz was gazing as if hypnotized at the sea which had grown threatening and dark.

"Only Allah is great," he sighed after a while.

"The main thing is to be in good health," I replied.—*Vicente Sánchez Ocaña, reprinted from Estampa, Madrid.*

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¶He is a brassy, sniggering blockhead—

HIS NAME IS CHARLIE McCARTHY

A BLOCKHEAD who wears 3½-size hats and 2AAA shoes has built up a radio following of millions of Americans within a short time. His name is a household word; his wisecracks are widely quoted by table wits and in current newspapers; his habits and manners are subjects for learned editorial comment. Millions who wouldn't recognize a photograph of Milikan, Einstein, or Edison, know his picture at a glance.

Not that Charlie McCarthy is a favorite merely with low-brows. Great wits of the day hang on his words, too. Noel Coward, who thinks up some fast ones himself, discovered Charlie at an Elsa Maxwell party and gave him his start.

The appeal of the talking dummy is universal.

To heighten the effect, the ventriloquist's dummy can—and does—get off unpadding impertinences no human actor would dare to utter. He can pick pomposity, jab at false dignity, and lower false pride with reckless conversational thrusts that take shape in our own minds but are repressed by social niceties or inhibitions.

Few current-generation youngsters know anything about ventriloquists or ventriloquism, yet ventriloquism is older than the most ancient cornerstone of Athens or Jerusalem, and talking dummies pop up in the earliest pages of human history. The teraphim kept in ancient Jewish and Aramaean households are supposed to have been dummies that would talk—though only for priests. Rachel, fleeing from her father, took the family teraphim with her. "And Rachel had stolen the images that were her father's. (Genesis, xxxi, 19.)

The Chinese had their talking dummies, too, thousands of years ago, but like the teraphim they spoke only in the presence of the keepers of the temple.

They were in particular demand for Chinese widows who were anxious to consult departed husbands. The priests would hold them against their stomachs, repeat the questions asked, and the dummies would answer in deep sepulchral tones. The trick lay, of course, in expert ventriloquism.

The great oracles of Greece, historians suspect, went in for

somewhat the same sort of flummoxing of a gullible public anxious to communicate with the dead. So did the high priests of the Pharaohs. The Louvre has a statuette of Anubis, the Egyptian god, that is built pretty much along Charlie McCarthy lines, movable jaw and all.

Almost anyone, it seems, can learn ventriloquism.

Never is the voice actually thrown. The illusion is created, for the most part, by acting and by changing normal speech and keeping it within the glottis. The result is a crude caricature, so to speak, of the natural voice. Incidentally that distortion is one of the things that makes audiences laugh. It is the voice of Punch.

In the trade that exaggerated tonal effect is known as the "grunt," and the grunt is the basis of all near work. For distant work—the kind where the voice actually seems to come from some remote part of the room or stage—much more practice is required. The basic sound for that is known, professionally, as the "drone." The farther the drone is forced to the back of the throat, the more distant it seems to the listener.

Training for the art, the beginner usually starts with imitations of insects and animals

—speech comes last, because it is the most difficult part.

Radio ventriloquism is easier than stage work or parlor performance, and will be until television comes in. No need for the radio performer to strain at keeping his lips still over difficult labials and aspirates. Working for a visible audience, though, the ventriloquist must restrict his vocabulary. He can't, for example, get away with a line like: "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers"; usually he avoids b's and p's as much as he can.

Charlie McCarthy is famous because his master, a keen wit who was graduated from Northwestern University in Chicago with an A.B., had the foresight to subordinate his own personality to the blockhead's. He saw to it that Charlie became an individual in his own right; relegated himself, more or less, to shadowy background. That was sound psychology and perfect press-agentry.

Even in rehearsals Bergen maintains the pretense that his red-thatched blockhead is not only an individual, but an individualist. Before he ever takes Charlie out of the valise, studio hands can hear the blockhead screaming for release.

At one rehearsal Bergen called for the script, though he usually works without one—*ad*

libs a lot. The page boy hurried over, Bergen looked at the lines and prepared to go on. Before the boy got to the door, Charlie McCarthy called after him, a bit sharply: "Bring that thing back! I want to see it myself." Without a second thought the lad hurried back; blushed as Bergen waved him away. Charlie chuckled.

When W. C. Fields came to sign the dual contract for his radio appearance with Bergen, Charlie happened to be out of his box. The comedian, hat tilted down on his glowing nose, was chewing a sodden toothpick. "Ah there, my diminutive little pal," said the great Fields. "I think you need a hair cut." Charlie eyed him, leered. "Okay, my fat friend," he said in his nastiest, "but you could do with a new toothpick, too." The retort was so unexpected that the great Fields almost swallowed the toothpick.

The blockhead makes pretty free with his master. Whenever Bergen gets a telegram or any other personal message, Charlie will try to horn in on it; has an insatiable curiosity about such things. "Let's have a look, Bergen," he'll say, "that may be for me." He is always the saucebox, always treating Ber-

gen as something less than an equal, and Bergen encourages the idea.

Bergen discovered his gift for ventriloquism one day while talking with schoolmates in the corridor. It was an accident. Something he said seemed to have come from 'way down the hall and the listeners turned to see who it was. Even Bergen was flabbergasted for a minute, but it gave him an idea, and he sent off to a correspondence school for a book on ventriloquism. Like most professionals, he is self-taught.

He made Charlie's body himself but couldn't carve the head. He gave that job to the late Charles Mack, a doll carver, but submitted his own specification, a charcoal cartoon of a Chicago newsboy he knew. Originally the blockhead was dressed as a gamin, in overalls and cap, and had his haircomb painted on. Now he sticks pretty much to top hat and tails.

There have been other famous dummies in history, but none that ever got the publicity or commanded the tremendous audiences that Charlie does. Learned Friar Bacon, early in the thirteenth century, fashioned a head of brass that could talk. The scholastic philosopher Albertus Magnus made a mechanical doorkeeper, too,

but Thomas Aquinas destroyed it; thought it was sacrilegious.

Archythus of Tarentum turned out some amazing androids, or automata, 400 years before Christ.

None of those, though, was a real ventriloquist's dummy; they were merely unusual mechanical gadgets without the personality and character of a Charlie McCarthy. Even today most professional ventriloquists dummies are pretty flat, lack the vital spark. Their lines are dull. Bergen writes Charlie's dialogue, superior stuff.

Psychologists say that Charlie McCarthy differs from other dummies because he has definite spiritual qualities. His throaty, almost lecherous chuckle is a haunting thing; his whole atti-

tude of Weltschmerz is astonishingly real. He says things that a human actor would never dare to say in public, and gets away with them. It doesn't matter whom he's talking to. At house parties in New York, Hollywood, and London (he was a guest at Barbara Hutton's place in Mayfair) he never dreams of pulling his punches.

"Make no mistake about it," said a recent editorial in the *New York Times*, "he (Charlie) is a bad egg."

And he is. A little vulgarian, a brassy, blustering, cheeky, sniggering blockhead, but we wouldn't harm a splinter in his hollow head.—*Meyer Berger, condensed from The New York Times Magazine.*

* * *

Symbols

THE TEACHER was explaining the difference between the beautiful, stately rose and the modest violet.

"You see, children," she said, "a beautiful, well-dressed woman walks along the street, but she is proud and does not greet anybody—that is the rose. But behind her comes a small creature with bowed head—"

"Yes, teacher, I know," Tommy interrupted. "That's her husband."
—*Pearson's.*

¶He has legally killed more persons than any other man living—

THE EXECUTIONER

This is the most revolting success story we have ever read. Yet as long as we have capital punishment we hope we will have executioners like Robert Elliott. For he has spent his life devising the scientifically perfect death—the death which met Hauptman, Sacco and Vanzetti, Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray, and many others.

THE white-walled room was as silent as a sepulchre.

A youth, barely out of his 'teens, was about to die for murder—the murder of his mother. The chair, where those who kill must pay the penalty society demands, was ready for him.

They brought him in, sickened, chattering; with eyes that saw nothing, with a brain numbed by fear. They strapped him to the seat of death, and left him there. All save one. A thin little man, with silver hair and bony hands, remained beside the boy. Deftly his long fingers made certain that the mask which covered the white face and hid the bulging eyes was secure.

Then he stepped to the wall. One hand went into his hip pocket; the other reached for the switch. . .

Green lightning flashed. . . and death!

The thing that was a boy lurched, but the straps held it fast, though they creaked. It turned purplish-red.

The current sizzled and sputtered.

The great clock downstairs ticked off the seconds, one, two, three. Outside a nightbird called, and the leaves rustled on moon-bathed trees.

The boy in the chair slumped, and died.

Then the lights in the death chamber were dimmed. A score of nervous men, witnesses, reporters, attendants, mopped cold sweat from their brows, and with trembling hands signed a big book, to certify that they had seen a boy put to death because he killed.

While they wrote their names, a slim, shadowy figure, with silver hair, coat collar pulled about his throat, a little black bag clutched in his bony fingers, shuffled from a gangway to a

waiting car. He looked to the right, and left, and slammed the door behind him. In his pocket was a crisp check for \$150.

The car roared away into the night.

Bob Elliott was an easy-going sort of a youngster when he took up the study of electricity more than two score years ago. Those with whom he spent most of his private life today say that "around the house he hasn't changed a bit," despite the macabre career which he has chosen.

He will talk for hours about his trade as an electrician, of the progress of electrical science, or about back-yard gardening. But stories of executions are taboo, except among those who are close to Elliott—and they are few.

Like most normal youngsters, Bob showed an intense interest in things mechanical. He took notes on everything electrical, and he watched electric lighting become commonplace, instead of a luxury. He saw electricity revolutionize every-day life.

It was a tragedy of the death house, the first crude electrocution, which drew the young electrician to the gruesome business of taking a life for a life. It was this tragedy which brought upon him the strange urge to make a life study of electrocution, to make death in the

electric chair easier, speedier, more merciful.

Bob Elliott has read over many times the newspaper accounts and penal records of the world's first electrocution, a horribly bungled job, which tortured the victim to death.

It happened in Sing Sing prison in 1890. It set the course of Bob Elliott's career.

New York's legislature decided to substitute the electric chair for hanging. The business of hanging in the county jails, with crowds of curious looking on often in carnival spirit, was outmoded the lawmakers agreed. Further, there was a growing revolution against the fact that too frequently the gallows "fans" actually indulged in something akin to hero worship of those who were condemned.

Electrical experts had suggested that a chair could be built which would carry the current into the body of its victim and cause instantaneous death. Several chairs were tried out, and it finally was decided the time was ripe to substitute this form of execution for hanging.

Elliott was a gangling youth then, that night the first man was put to death in the chair.

The victim was William Kemmler.

He had eloped with Tillie Ziegler, the wife of another.

They lived together for several years in Buffalo. One night, in 1889, they quarreled. Kemmler told the woman he was tired of her. She became hysterical. He left home. For days he pondered his predicament. Then he decided to put an end to his amatory problem with an axe.

All New York was shocked by the bloody crime.

The night of August 6, 1890, the trembling Kemmler was led through the little green door into the new chamber of death for the "awful experiment."

Fumbling hands strapped the fright-stunned man into the chair. At a signal, the current was turned on. The thing in the chair plunged forward, and "rocked." The straps creaked. There was a crackling sound as the current drove through. For fifteen minutes the electricity coursed the body.

Then the electrode at the head was removed. The men in the death chamber went sick at what happened next.

"Look! My God, look, he's alive!" someone screamed.

Sure enough, the man's breast was heaving. Those who had courage enough to look upon the ghastly spectacle thought they saw a straining at the straps, as though the agonized victim were trying to free himself.

A purplish foam covered the lips and was spattered over the leather headband.

Convinced the man was alive, officials, physicians, everyone in the chamber lost their wits. There were startled cries and orders that the current be turned on once more. There were signals only half-understood. The men at the switchboard in the next room seemed glued to their places.

When they finally were made to understand what had happened, they acted promptly. The switch handle could be heard as it was pulled back and forth, breaking the deadly current into jets.

The rigor of death came in the next split-second! There was an odor of burning flesh and singed hair. For a moment, a blue flame played about the base of the victim's spine. The body turned red.

One of the witnesses crumpled to the floor. No one turned to aid him. Eyes were fixed on the man in the chair, where the blue lightning played.

Another witness lost control of his stomach and tried to get out of the room. Cold sweat beaded every face. The current sizzled for four minutes more. Then it was shut off.

The thing in the chair was still. Kemmler was dead at last.

The Business of Killing

WHEN the details of this agonizing scene became known, press and public condemned the new method of capital punishment; opponents of capital punishment saw fresh justification for life imprisonment to replace the death penalty.

But the defenders of the new law said it would succeed and be effective. Among them was Elliott, the young electrician, who told himself that electrical science could perfect this method of carrying out the law.

In many of his moments alone he found himself surrendering to the problem of the electric chair, how it could be "improved" to the point where its victims would die more mercifully. Capital punishment would be a thing as lasting as mankind, he told himself. Capital punishment was here to stay.

The young electrician studied every detail of subsequent executions. He pondered the mistakes made in all of them, and he decided what he should have done under the circumstances. Finally he felt that he had mastered the business of the "perfect death" for the criminal condemned. He kept his eye on Sing Sing.

John Hubert, a grim, studious man, was the electrocutioner.

One victim after another was sent to death by Hubert. Then one day his identity became known. His name appeared in the headlines. He was overwhelmed with threats, threats against his kinfolks, against his home, against himself.

When John Hubert let it be known that he was about to quit, eight hundred men sought his place, among them an electrician named Bob Elliott.

Elliott was chosen not only because he already was known as an electrician of unusual ability, but chiefly because Sing Sing authorities learned that this man had devoted years to study of the very job to which he aspired.

Elliott did his first "job" well. There were other executions, all of them shrouded in secrecy, all knowledge of them kept from his children. Only Mrs. Elliott knew what was at the crux of the journey when her husband suddenly was called away on an "out of town assignment."

Then at breakfast one morning Elliott sat across the table from his young daughter. He opened a newspaper and peered at an inside page. The front page faced the child. There was a black headline across the page. It told about an execution. And there were two pictures—one of

the youth who had died, and the other of Elliott. The caption:

"His Tenth Victim."

"Daddy!" the child exclaimed, as she pointed to the headlines. She began to cry.

Bob Elliott, the "cold-blooded executioner," took his daughter in his arms, and kissed her. He dabbed his eyes with his handkerchief.

Elliott's next execution, several weeks later, was his "worst." His steel nerves served him well, but the picture of his child and the realization that she knew at last that he was killing for the law, haunted him.

But he went through with the job, and another and another.

The other states were watching him. The legislatures of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Massachusetts voted to abandon hanging for the chair, and in each state, Elliott was chosen as the best fitted for the job of executioner. Their agents reported that they found where Elliott officiated, the victim died more quickly, "mercifully."

Scientific Death

ELLIOTT never publicly has expressed himself regarding execution by lethal gas, the firing squad, the axe, or the guillotine, but he has said that both electrocution and the noose will be

improved upon in the executions of tomorrow.

The executioner admits to the paradoxical statement that perhaps, in a measure, his work is in vain, so far as the march of homicide is concerned.

"I don't believe it does any good. Yet, I suppose we have to have it. Somehow, society, or the state, or whatever you care to call it, gets satisfaction, or revenge, when it puts a murderer to death. It's just something we seem to need. But we keep on having murders just the same."

Then he unraveled some more of his strange philosophy.

"Now you take, for instance, some of the others who have tried a hand at this business. Well, the results weren't pretty to see. According to my system, these people never suffer. Now, they don't suffer, because I keep my head about me. I work scientifically. They never know when the current hits them."

What has happened behind the closed doors of his workshop, how he made his experiments to bring his work so close to perfection, only Elliott knows. But it is probable that in the secrecy of his own studies thousands of imaginary men and women have gone to their deaths, without suffering, without torture, speedily.—*L. W. Sheridan, from the Book Digest.*

NOTES ON THE NEXT WAR

THEY wrote in the old days that it is sweet and fitting to die for one's country. But in modern war there is nothing sweet nor fitting in your dying. You will die like a dog for no good reason. Hit in the head, you will die quickly and cleanly, even sweetly and fittingly, except for the white, blinding flash that never stops, unless perhaps it is only the frontal bone or your nose and cheek bones gone so you have no face to talk with. But if you are not hit in the head you will be hit in the chest, and choke in it, or in the lower belly, and feel it all slip and slide loosely as you open, to spill out when you try to get up. It's not supposed to be so painful, but they always scream with it; it's the idea I suppose. Or with the flash there may be the slamming clang of high explosives on a hard road, and you find your legs are gone above the knee, or maybe just below the knee, or maybe just a foot gone; you watch the white bone sticking through your puttee, or watch them take a boot off with your foot a mush inside it, or feel an arm flop and learn how a bone feels grating. Or

you will burn, choke, and vomit, or be blown to hell in a dozen ways, without sweetness or fittingness; but none of this means anything. No catalogue of horrors ever kept men from war. Before the war you always think that it's not you that dies. But you will die, brother, if you go to it long enough.

The only way to combat the murder that is war is to show the dirty combinations that make it, and the criminals and swine that hope for it, and the idiotic way they run it when they get it so that an honest man will distrust it as he would a racket and refuse to be enslaved into it.

If war were fought by those who want to fight it and know what they are doing and like it, or even understand it, then it would be defensible. But those who want to go to the war, the *élite*, are killed off in the first months and the rest of the war is fought by men who are enslaved into the bearing of arms and are taught to be more afraid of sure death from their officers if they run than possible death if they stay in the line of attack. Eventually their

steadily increasing terror overcomes them, given the proper amount of bombardment and a given intensity of fire, and they all run, and, if they get far enough out of hand, for that army it is over. Was there any allied army which did not, sooner or later, run during the last war? There is not room here to list them.

No one wins a modern war, because it is fought to such a point that everyone must lose. The troops that are fighting at the end are incapable of winning. It is only a question of which government rots the first or which side can get in a new ally with fresh troops.

In a modern war there is no victory. The Allies won the war but the regiments that marched in triumph were not the men who fought the war. The men who fought the war were dead. More than seven million of them were dead, and it is to the murder of over seven million more that an ex-corporal in the German army, an ex-aviator and former morphine

addict, drunk with power and military ambition, and fogged in a blood-stained murk of misty patriotism, looks forward hysterically today. Hitler wants war in Europe as soon as he can get it. He is an ex-corporal and he will not have to fight in this one; he will do nothing but make the speeches. He himself has nothing to lose by making war and everything to gain.

Mussolini is an ex-corporal, too, but he is an ex-anarchist, a great opportunist, and a realist. He wants no war in Europe. He will bluff in Europe but he never means to fight there. He can still remember what war is like and how he left it after being wounded in an accident with an Italian trench mortar and went back to newspaper work. He does not want to fight in Europe because he knows that anyone who fights may lose, and the first dictator who provokes a war and loses it puts a stop to dictators, and their sons, for a long time.—*Ernest Hemingway, excerpt from Esquire.*

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It's Part of the Game

██ Japanese soldiers in China are provided with mimeographed reading: "I am fine. The war is splendid. I will be home. All they have to do is fill in the name, date, front, and mail he.—*The Nation.*

DEATH OF A DICTATOR

OVER the alabaster palace of Dolma Baghche in Istanbul the crescent flag of Turkey floated at half staff for Kemal Ataturk. At 9:05 a. m. Nov. 10, Turkey's greatest hero since Suleiman the Magnificent died of cirrhosis of the liver.

Twenty-six hours later the National Assembly at Angora, without a dissenting vote, chose General Ismet Inonu as the new president. Inonu was chief of staff in the Greek War, negotiated the Lausanne Treaty, and had been Ataturk's closest collaborator. He retired last year after thirteen years as premier. The two were the same age—58—and, like Ataturk, Inonu is a disciplinarian and a poker shark.

After Lenin and Pilsudski, Ataturk was the third of the postwar dictators to die in office. Lenin's power was divided by jealous lieutenants until Stalin got the reins. Ataturk insured against this by designating Inonu to succeed him. Thus the transition was made smoothly.

It came at an acute moment. Inonu's hardest job will be to continue Ataturk's foreign policy without Ataturk's genius.

The dictator successfully balanced the Soviet Union, Britain, and lately Germany against each other, taking loans from each and committing himself to none. As safeguards among neighbors he engineered the Balkan Entente with Greece, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, and the Moslem alliance with Iraq, Iran, and Afghanistan.

Not until the year 1937 did Turkey have to deal with an aggressive Germany, however, and this is the tightrope which Inonu will have to walk.

Ataturk was born Mustapha, of mixed Turkish, Albanian, and Macedonian ancestry, and dubbed Kemal (the Perfect One) by a schoolmaster. The Sultan made him a pasha (general), a title that became the ghazi (conqueror) after the Greek War. He died as the Ataturk (father of the Turks).

Mustapha Kemal fought in the Italian and Balkan Wars and in the World war on three fronts—the Dardanelles, Armenia, and Syria. In 1920, when this continuous warfare had brought Turkey low, he gathered the remnants of the army about him at Angora and in two years rejuvenated it.

Then Ataturk swept away Sultan and Caliphate, founded a republic, drove the invading Greeks into the sea at Smyrna—and gained recognition of this through Ismet Inonu's diplomatic skill in framing the Treaty of Lausanne.

Then came the transformation from ghazi to ataturk and a peacetime offensive against Mohammedanism and medievalism. He confiscated monasteries, hauled women out of the harem and admitted them to parliament, forbade the fez, and forcibly introduced the Latin alphabet. With political opposition crushed, he built railways and a modern capital, introduced industries, and forced peasants to learn modern agricultural methods.

Finally, in private life he set his subjects an example of cosmopolitan dissipation by gambling for huge stakes, drinking brandy and champagne in incredible quantities, and disporting himself in night clubs. In 1925 he divorced his wife by the Moslem procedure of saying before witnesses: "I divorce you." After that such home life as he led centered about five adopted daughters.

On Oct. 29, only twelve days before the dictator's death, Turkey celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of the republic—a personal achievement that had transformed a demoralized and devastated nation into the key power of the Near East.—*Newsweek*.

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A Sculptor's Secrets

SCULPTURES steal the show from human beings in a forthcoming Swiss-made photoplay *Life of Michelangelo* that provides first closeup view of details of some of his famous sculptural masterpieces that anyone has had since the artist set them up in dimly-lit churches and palaces centuries ago. Cameras discovered things unknown before about the sculptor's technique. The producer, M. Oertel, got the first Vatican permit ever granted for floodlighting interiors of repositories of Michelangelo's work, and cameramen spent as much as three weeks photographing single sculptures.

The Affectionate Crab

MANKIND in the large is not aware of the gentle feelings and tender sentiments which may animate our familiar crustacean friend, the crab. Human beings value the crab principally as crabmeat salad and crabmeat cocktail, and fried soft-shelled crabs, or, as an arduous delicacy, boiled hard-shelled crabs. Seldom does anyone show any appreciation of the warm and sentimental heart that may beat within a crab's rugged shell.

There was once a diver, and he has had occasion to observe the less-known ways of the denizens of the ocean floor. He relates that he was at work in his diver's suit a hundred and fifty feet below the surface of the ocean. He was looking for a lost anchor. When he found the anchor he discovered that it was covered with the seaweed called kelp. He was in a kneeling position and clearing away the kelp with his knife.

His attention was diverted by a big, ferocious-looking lobster near him. That lobster had in its claws a young female crab. The diver, a kindly soul, reached over, freed young Miss Crab from the lobster's claws,

and handed Old Man Lobster a good whacking with the handle of the knife. The lobster gave him a mean look and slunk off.

The diver thought no more of the incident and went on clearing the kelp away from the anchor. Having to unwind a large piece of the seaweed, he laid his knife at his feet for a moment. When he reached for the knife again he found it gone, vanished. And it occurred to him that the malicious old lobster had sneaked up and stolen his knife in revenge.

That was a bad situation, because the diver then saw a man-eating shark lurking in the green distance of the underwater. And he had no knife with which to fight the shark.

Then he felt something brushing and bumping against his feet. He looked down and saw a little female crab. She was pushing against his leg. In his anxiety he was impatient, and didn't pay much attention to the tiny creature. He kicked her rudely away. But the little female crab would not be driven away.

He observed her more closely now. With one claw she was pulling at his trousers. In her other claw she had the missing knife. She realized now that he understood. She swam up and placed the knife in his hand. He noticed now that several of her legs were missing and she was clawed up a bit, and he realized that the vengeful lobster had stolen his knife, and the little crab had witnessed the act. She had seen the shark, and out of gratitude had flung herself upon the lobster, and, though badly bruised and mangled in the struggle, had taken the knife away from him.

The diver saw a look of affectionate alarm in the face of the little creature and then he saw that the shark was close at hand. He brandished his knife and the hideous monster of the deep fled.

When the diver finished the work on the anchor and was

drawn to the surface, he took the little crab with him. In the cabin of the boat that night he told the story to the other divers, and the little crustacean instantly became a universal favorite. They kept her and fed her, and when she became of marriageable age they caught a handsome young mate for her.

In due time she became a mother crab and had a hundred or so babies. The divers knew that, in spite of all the affection human beings could lavish upon a crab, a boat was no place for a large and growing crab family. So they released their friend and her mate and all of her babies. The whole clan went scurrying away through the water, but first the little female crab turned around for one last look at her human friends. And there were moist eyes and a sniffle or two among the hardened men of the underwater.—*Lowell Thomas in Tall Stories.*

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Simple Enough

Brown: "Your wife is a very systematic woman, isn't she?"

Jones: "Yes, very. She works on the theory that you can find whatever you want when you don't want it by looking where it wouldn't be if you did want it,"—*Weekly News (Auckland, N. Z.).*

READERS' COMMENT

Bacolod, Negros Occidental—I like PANORAMA very much, and I enjoy reading it immensely.—*David G. Fuentebella.*

* * *

Manila—I find PANORAMA one of the most pleasing magazines in the Philippines. My friends unite with me in sending you an expression of our appreciation of the articles it contains.—*José Dario Magno.*

* * *

Infanta, Tayabas—I am very desirous of reading PANORAMA. My fellow teachers are now enjoying the different valuable articles that are found within the covers of this excellent magazine. I cannot afford to miss a single copy.—*Cipriano Estrada.*

* * *

Donsol, Sorsogon—I have read for the first time your magazine PANORAMA. The articles greatly impressed me.—*Eleuterio Magdamit.*

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Surigao, Surigao—Your magazine is a real PANORAMA of life which old and young enjoy reading.—*Cayetano Sitsit.*

* * *

Paniqui, Tarlac—Your magazine PANORAMA is a very instructive magazine, and is easily understood too. Your publication of such a magazine is very laudable, besides being patriotic.—*Eufronio O. Carasco.*

* * *

La Paz, Iloilo City—I have read the October issue of PANORAMA which I found to be very interesting. I wish to have the November and December issues for which I will gladly send you my payment aside from one year's subscription

to begin in January, 1939.—*Franklin A. Dulla.*

* * *

Jones, Isabela—Include me in your list of satisfied readers of your wonderful vest-pocket magazine, PANORAMA, although I am not a subscriber. I can not help reading it through whenever I can take hold of a copy from teacher subscribers here in this locality. Here is a "Cashmere Bouquet" for your inspiring monthly, and my best wishes for its continued success.—*Calixto Garcia Barit.*

* * *

Camalaniugan, Cagayan—Enclosed herewith please find a postal money order to the amount of P2.00 in payment of a year's subscription to PANORAMA. Said magazine has given me more satisfaction and enjoyment than any other paper.—*Luz E. Battung.*

* * *

Tacloban, Leyte—In connection with your magazine, please allow me to say something very worthy of it. The articles published in PANORAMA are very interesting and they can be compared favorably with the Readers Digest. It has met the approval of many people in the locality. I hope that your magazine will continue to be published and will include other interesting features.—*Pablo C. Macariola.*

* * *

San Fernando, La Union—PANORAMA is a good paper to be read, especially by students in High School. My son, who is in the La Union High School, is enthusiastic over PANORAMA. He tells me that it furnishes materials for his current events class and also for his literature.—*Juan Borja.*

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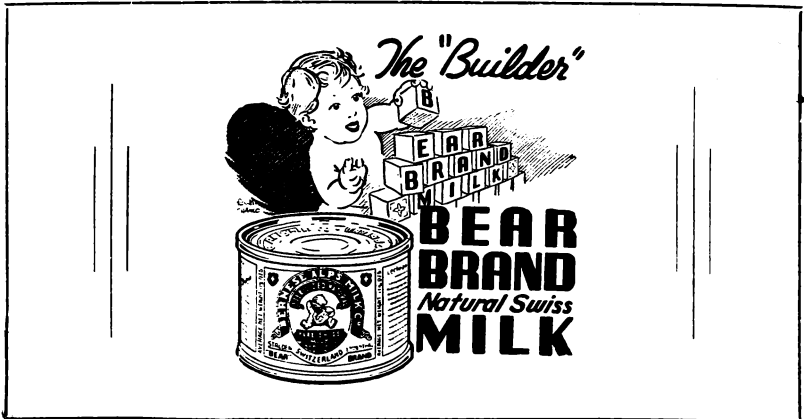
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