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Panorama

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RIZAL BECAME IMPATIENT

Fortunes from Words • It's Funny! • Alimony for Husband
The Mindanao Treasure Chest • How to Talk Religion
War Lord of the Sea • Mistakes of Life • Died for a Cigarette
Undergraduates Never Change • Proverbs Are Traitors

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Rizal Became Impatient

I WANT to go back to the Philippines. Although that might be an act of temerity and imprudence, what does it matter? The Filipinos are all very prudent, and that is why our country is what it is. As it seems to me that we are not doing well by following the path of prudence, I shall look for another. Who knows if ours is really a special country, which should be governed by special laws? The only thing that can prevent me is if my parents object. It is my duty not to disturb their last days. In that case I shall wait, working to gain a living in some other part of the world.

Pedro Serrano is in Paris. I do not yet know why he came. As soon as I am better off in money, I shall go to see him. I thank you for your kindness in inviting me to live with you and with Del Pilar and that, if possible, I go with Serrano also. We four could organize the Filipino colony in Europe. We four could be four musketeers better than those of Dumas. But, my friend, I do not want to be a burden to any one. Neither do I want to contract more debts.—*From Rizal's letter to Ponce, Brussels, July 18, 1890.*

THE MINDANAO TREASURE CHEST

MINDANAO is the land of the greatest potential and least developed natural resources in the Philippines. It constitutes the greatest challenge to the Filipino and his greatest opportunity.

Unlike many tropical islands, Mindanao has a wide diversity of climate and resources.

Such a diversity means a variety, present and potential, in agricultural products. Bukidnon grows excellent pineapples of the Hawaiian variety, but is best known for its cattle ranges. Lanao is essentially a district of small garden crops. Cotabato has been indicated as the logical place for large-scale development in rubber. Davao is famous for its hemp. Magnificent hardwood forests exist in every province.

The mineral resources of the island are just beginning to be opened up. Coal and some gold have been found in the province of Zamboanga. The large-scale mineral developments, however, are in the northeast part of the island, in the provinces of Agusan and Surigao, where gold is being

mined and where the Philippine government has its largest reserve of iron, 1,000,000,000 tons.

The opportunity for better population distribution in the remainder of the archipelago through the emigration of Filipinos from crowded districts to undeveloped parts of Mindanao has seemed logical from the start. This population pressure, added to the desire to exploit Mindanao's very great resources, was a major factor in impelling the Philippine Commonwealth to regard Mindanao as one of the most pressing of its great problems.

Japanese encroachment, moreover, had come in Davao through the taking up of public lands, legally and illegally. So long as the Japanese obeyed the law there was neither the possibility nor the wish to drive them out. There was, however, a chance to hold them to their present degree of penetration by ringing them around with homesteaded lands, taken up by Filipinos. This policy of mild "encirclement" had its inception in the organization of a model penal farm

north of the city of Davao. That demonstrated what could be done in closing the channels to penetration through establishing public enterprises. It can therefore hardly be regarded as entirely accidental and the first three sites chosen by the Philippine government for experimental developments in Mindanao should form a wide crescent around Davao.

These sites are the Koronadal Valley, in southeast Cotabato, the Kidapawan Valley in eastern Cotabato near the Davao Province line, and the Compostela-Monkayo site, in Davao Province itself, northeast of the city. The first of those is already in full swing. Modification in the plans for the others will depend in part on lessons learned at Koronadal.

One such change is already taking place. After the first season at Koronadal the government has decided against the initial object of subsidizing individual settlers, and will apply its funds to the building of roads, surveying of lands, construction of public buildings and establishment of agricultural stations and projects. Immigrants to Mindanao will get jobs in these projects and will get their money in wages instead of doles.

To realize the extent to which this is a shift in orientation it is necessary to recall the original Mindanao development program. A government corporation was set up, the National Land Settlers' Administration. A capital stock of \$10,000,000 was provided out of government funds. This corporation was to undertake the selection of emigrants from the more northerly provinces, transport them to Mindanao, grant to each a tract of twenty-five acres, provide building materials for housing and set up community marketing projects. The estimated expenditure was to be between \$200 and \$300 for each immigrant in the first year. From tens of thousands of applicants, the government chose several hundred for the initial venture. They were moved onto the land of the Koronadal development in February.

The plan has not worked out so well as had been hoped. There has already been garden crop failure. The possibility of repayment of obligations by the settlers is admittedly remote. In the meantime there has been continued pressure for more emigration from the north and the beginning of a large-scale voluntary population

movement, which by June had already reached the proportions of 5,000 persons monthly. This was more than the government had planned to transport. The emphasis therefore has been momentarily shifted from colony-founding to road-building and land-surveying. This method of settling, by offering homesteads in developed districts, has been tried successfully in the province of Nueva Ecija, on the island of Luzon, and the example is encouraging.

Transportation has always been one of the keys to the Mindanao development plans. Manuel Quezon was seized with the idea of a trans-Mindanao railway, running from Iligan in Lanao to Davao, powered by electricity derived from hydroelectric developments in the two provinces. This plan has been replaced by a very extensive road-building program. There is now overland mail service bringing all the major points within twenty-four hours of one another. Three years ago some of these routes represented a week by steamship, and the steamships might call once a month.

Meanwhile, the government has thrown its full weight behind the land survey problem. For the next

four-year period, \$1,250,000 has been appropriated for land surveys. With that money it is proposed to set up 60,000 homesteading lots, 40,000 of which will be in Mindanao. Thus far, in Mindanao 9,335 lots have already been given out. It is planned to have 7,214 more ready by the end of this year.

This survey problem is not quite so simple as it would first appear, since the government has an ambitious plan for hinterland development and is putting a premium on settlement slightly removed from the beaten track.

The major roads now crossing Mindanao have been designated as "national highways." The new homestead regulations provide that the areas within the first kilometer of either side of a national highway shall be subdivided into homestead lots of 2.5 acres. Within the second kilometer from these roads, homestead lots will be 5 acres. In a third zone, up to 25 kilometers from these highways, the grants will be 25 acres. Beyond that there will be forests and plantation grants to individuals or corporations, limited only by the Philippine land laws that restrict agricultural holdings to 2,500 acres. In addition, each native of the

islands who is already living on the land in homestead areas will be given five times the area under his cultivation at the time of the survey.

The total public land available for distribution is 17,000,000 acres. It is estimated that, as the present rate of migration accelerates, this will be taken up by at least half a million settlers within the next five years.

Under the existing arrangements between the United States and the Philippines, ample funds are available for the project. The return of the excise tax on coconut oil in the United States to the Philippine government has given the Commonwealth an exceptional financial position. The addition of not less than \$10,000,000 a year, and usually much more, to the Philippine revenue has given the country (with normal expenditures of only about \$35,000,000 annually) a gigantic working surplus. At the close of the current fiscal year the Philippine Commonwealth was "in the black" by more than \$9,000,000.

As for the men to administer this Mindanao program, fortunately the Commonwealth has, in the three key positions in respect to

Mindanao, three of its ablest citizens.

The chairman of the Land Settlers' Administration is the Secretary of the Interior, Rafael R. Alunan. He is an able financier and an experienced executive. He is cool and competent.

The Commissioner for Mindanao and Sulu, who is working out the details of a newly created administrative post, is Judge Guin-gona. He has been the Deputy Governor of Mindanao and the head of the Non-Christian Tribes administration. He is sympathetic, sensitive and industrious. He is a Filipino whom the Moros admire and trust, and that doesn't happen every day.

The key to the whole program is the general manager for the Settlers' Administration, Major General Paulino Santos. General Santos was a colonel in the Constabulary. He resigned that post to become Director of Prisons. He left that job to be Chief of Staff of the Philippine army. He retired from the army to undertake the conquest of Mindanao.

General Santos, lean, bronzed, alert, is regarded by many persons (this writer among them) as the finest type the Philippines has pro-

duced. He loves his country and has a gigantic imagination in dealing with its problems. He enjoyed his work in the Philippine army because it gave him a chance to experiment with the possibilities of producing army equipment from native Philippine products. He made army cots out of bamboo and campaign hats out of coconut fiber. Not all of this program worked, but it was a good idea. That was the keynote, also, of his distinguished service as Director of Prisons. He put the prisoners on farms and made them self-sustaining, even profit-making. He built the famous farm prison at San Ramon, in Mindanao, that became known as the "prison from which no one wanted to run away." The Davao Penal Farm also was his "baby" from the start, and its success gave the spur to the whole Mindanao project.

But it is a far cry from having an ambitious project on paper to carrying it to a successful conclusion. There are some important obstacles to the Mindanao program that must be overcome.

Naturally there must be considered, first of all, the attitude of the Moros themselves. In a sense the Filipinos are "invading" their

country. And for centuries there has been no love lost between Moro and Filipino.

The typical American mental picture of the Moros, however, is likely to overemphasize this difficulty. The Moro is usually thought of as a "noble savage," a valiant and unshakable intransigent, taking to his homemade fortress to defend with his life the encroachment of the despised Christian.

Although it would be folly to deny the personal courage of the individual Moro, that factor has been multiplied into a false conception of the group as a whole. Actually the Moros, as an entity in the Philippine population group, are, and have been for years, depressed, underprivileged, disease-ridden and ignorant. They have not taken advantage of the opportunities for free public education which, within a third of a century, have made almost every Filipino under thirty literate.

Both the "backwardness" of the Moro and his hostility to the Filipino can be overcome, to a degree, by wiser administration, larger use of public funds for public service and a greater participation in representative government. The lib-

eral provisions in the survey regulations, giving an advantage to natives on the land, is an example of administrative wisdom through generosity.

In practice, however, this will affect the Moros less than it does some pagan groups such as the Manobos and Bagobos, who are the predominant "natives" in the homesteading districts.

An important gesture to enlist the cooperation of the Moros is the shifting of the "capital" of Mindanao from the old Army and Constabulary station at Zamboanga to the Moro city of Dansalan, Lanao. This will be the headquarters of the Mindanao Commissioner, and the move is a recognizable indication of the eagerness of the government to take the Moros more fully into council. The government, moreover, has backed up its move by ordering the construction of a branch of the government-owned Manila Hotel at Dansalan, thus indicating, in a physical way, its confidence in the new "capital."

Another really basic difficulty lies, not in the character of the Moro, but in the character of the

Filipino himself. Filipinos are not any more industrious than would be expected from a tropical people; they are sentimental, gregarious, not particularly thrifty, rather careless, in fact, of money matters and lacking, as a rule, in the vital emotional attachment to the soil that is characteristic, for example, of northern Europe. Whether that is raw material out of which time, money, circumstance and opportunity can forge a conspicuous group of true pioneers remains to be seen.

These particular obstacles are local and personal rather than policy-determining. Behind them stands the big Philippine question mark: Can this project, or any other great Philippine enterprise be assured of a successful consummation unless there is guaranteed to the Philippine government that freedom from outside interference, that stability of operation, that continuity in transferring ideas into accomplishments, which depend upon the strength and good will of a power such as the United States?—*Robert Aura Smith, condensed from Asia.*

* * *

FORTUNES FROM WORDS

WHAT do front rank authors earn? Details are not always available, but from figures that are published from time to time the answer would appear to be, as the Americans would put it—plenty!

For instance, Sir James Barrie left £1,740,000, one of the largest fortunes of any British author. As Barrie financed a hospital in France during the war and in recent years had been a generous donor to charities, his literary earnings must have been very great. Rudyard Kipling was close up with an estate of £1,550,000.

The great Charles Dickens fell short of these money spinners with a paltry £930,000. George Moore, £750,000 and Thomas Hardy, £910,000, were right behind them. Stanley Weyman, whose historical romances had a great vogue a few years ago, left £1,000,000; and John Galsworthy of Forstye fame, £880,000. The estate of Rider Haggard, whose writings cast a glamorous veil of magic and mystery over Africa, amounted to £610,000.

Turning to the earnings from

single books and stories, Hervey Allen's *Anthony Adverse* was one of the greatest gold mines of all times. For the first four years of its publication it netted its author £400,000 per annum in world royalties. *The Little Minister* brought Barrie £500,000 while for one of her novels Marie Corelli received £200,000. Alice Hegan Rice's best seller, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, also earned £200,000. As the book was only twenty thousand words in length this was a return of £10 a word!

Kipling, too, in his heyday, was paid some remarkable sums. On one occasion he got £2,400 each for the English rights only of a series of eight short stories. With world rights added this transaction must have netted him at least £80,000. For the English and American rights of *Kim* he was paid £50,000, and, for a single poem *Collier's Weekly* wrote him a cheque for £2,000! Among living authors, Somerset Maugham has earned as much as £10,000 with one short story.

The "Bulldog Drummond"

books earned the late H. C. McNeill ("Sapper") £1,000,000 in seventeen years, and Beverley Nichols made £250,000 out of books written about his cottage and garden in Huntingdon.

In the field of biography, Lord Morley's *Life of Gladstone* brought the author £100,000, and for the life of his father, Winston Churchill received £80,000. "Trader Horn," whose real name was L. L. Smith, wrote a best seller at the age of seventy-three! His *The Ivory Coast in the Earlies* brought him a fortune in royalties and film rights.

Warwick Deeping and A. A. Milne have been credited with incomes of £300,000 per annum, while the American author, Clarence Budington Kelland, whose chief source of income is writing serials for periodicals like the *Saturday Evening Post*, is said to average £250,000 yearly.

Until fairly recently it was fashion for established authors to sneer at motion-picture-producers and all their works. Now Hollywood attracts as scenario writers and adaptors some of the best writing brains in the world, including P. G. Wodehouse, James Hilton,

George Kaufman, Hugh Walpole, Robert Sherwood, John Van Druten, and W. P. Lipscomb. This is where the real money is.

Few Hollywood writers draw less than £1,000 a week and most get from £3,000 to £6,000 a week! Here, too, is a golden market for the author in selling film rights of published books, plays and stories. Prices range from £15,000 to £150,000. Some bring more; *Dodsworth*, for instance, brought £320,000, *Street Scene* £250,000, *Dinner at Eight* £220,000, and *Dead End* £330,000!

It is well, however, to remember the other side of the picture. Guy Boothby wrote for ten years without a single sale, and W. W. Jacobs' first four years netted him only £17! Hall Caine, later a best-selling author, made nothing out of his first book and only a few pesos out of his second and third, and an author of the calibre of H. G. Wells was glad, in his early writing years, to earn an occasional guinea for an article in the *Family Herald*.

In writing, as in all the arts, "many be called but few chosen." —*John Payne, condensed from The Australian Digest.*

HOW TO TALK RELIGION

It's always best to avoid a religious discussion. Religious discussions are apt to become arguments—and religious arguments can get out of hand like wildfire. You see; religion isn't like art or music or literature or any of the other topics that form what is loosely called conversation. Religion is bred of sweetness and bitterness—it creeps under the skin and mingles with the blood stream.

Very few people have allowed themselves to be fed to the lions in an arena because of some dispute over a painting or a symphony. Practically no one at all has ever been flogged through the streets, or burned at the stake, because he did—or did not—react to a certain sonnet. But religion has nourished many lions, and has fed any number of flames.

There are four types of individuals who enjoy talking religion and who lie in wait for the unwary, but gregarious, mortal. They are first: Devout people. Secondly: Quarrelsome people. Thirdly: People who are trying to be smart. And fourthly: People

who are trying to be funny.

The first of the four types is the easiest to cope with—by all means. An honestly devout person is understandable by almost every standard. Though he may differ from you in creed and in idiom and in point of view, you know what he is saying—or trying to say. For he is apt to be fair and if you also, are fair, you will give him credit for his sincerity even though you cannot give him applause.

There is only one need of caution when you come in contact with a devout person. You must not treat lightly the words which, to him, are sacred. You must not voice opinions unless you have some knowledge of the framework which lies back of those opinions. And you must learn to maintain a golden silence whenever you are in the least doubt.

The second type—the quarrelsome religious talker—is quite a way down the list. He gets his greatest kick out of controversial topics such as Jonah and the whale, and the flood, and the creation and

the various Mosaic miracles. If you agree with him you're out of luck for he'll probably turn and twist your agreement until it means exactly the opposite of what you intended. If you disagree with him you're lost for the afternoon or the evening or the week end.

There is one time-honored way of dealing with the quarrelsome religious talker—and only one. It sounds like a bromide, and it is—but in common with most bromides it does sometimes relieve a nervous headache. You can look your fighter in the eye, and say sweetly—

"I'd prefer not to discuss that point. The Bible is like fish. It's full of good meat, so why choke yourself on the bones?"

If that doesn't silence your opponent nothing will. It's stood me in good stead upon many a tense occasion.

The third group—the people talk religion in the smarty-pants way—should have said smarty pants turned down in favor of a good, wooden-backed hairbrush. But since the conventions must be observed, up to a point, that method must be discarded.

There's nothing much worse than a giggling girl who—with a

cocktail in one hand and a cigarette in the other—attempts to be clever on the subject of religion. There's nothing much more obnoxious than a reedy young man with a pseudo Oxford accent, who blows up a bubble of religious profundity and then punctures it with a forefinger that's much too slim and white. Unfortunately these bright young people—much as one hates to admit it—are rather tricky opponents. They're difficult to handle because they're invariably facile of speech and are endowed with an India rubber bounce. Your only hope is to outwit them by solid truth. And unless you know the truth—and *feel* the truth—you might as well give up the outwitting as a bad job.

The fourth group—the people who try to be funny when they talk religion? The man who tries to make religion ludicrous is making himself ludicrous. The woman who points an off-colored story with a religious phrase deserves a pinch of cyanide in her tea.

Religion does not lend itself to humor. To mirth and laughter—yes. But that is different. Christ himself loved happiness and joy and a goodly company of friends who would make merry together.

The simple parties at Bethany were made more joyous by his presence. The marriage at Cana was glorified by him, and when he turned water into wine he did it so that the festivity might not take on a meagre aspect. Christ was not a grimly frowning man who sat apart and brooded. He was the center of every group.

But I do not hesitate to say that Christ would have stood up in magnificent wrath if anyone had joked about his mission on earth—at such a time I'm sure that he would have made good use of his strong hands and his flexible muscles.

If anyone ever tries to joke about religion in your presence, you may be as harsh and outspoken as you desire, and you'll be astonished by the amount of sincere applause that comes your way! Even if the joker is the guest of honor, put him in his place—which is the

dog house.

As I said in my initial paragraph, try to avoid religious discussions whenever it's possible. But don't avoid it at the expense of religion or your own self respect. You mustn't back water away from your principles—not ever.

Last, but not least—never start a religious conversation to prove that you *are* religious. There are better ways of showing your true colors. By being tolerant and kind and ready to extend a helping hand, you can indicate—beyond doubt—that you are a Christian. By refusing to join the pack that is hounding a gauche social transgressor, you can follow the laws that are laid down by any church. By telling the truth you can shame the devil and, incidentally, some of your friends. My last word is: Don't talk your religion. *Live it.* —Margaret E. Sangster, condensed from *Coronet*.

* * *

Adding Machine

Teacher: "Billy, what counts most in this world of ours?"

Billy: "An adding machine."

ALIMONY FOR HUSBANDS

ALIMONY for husbands! Judicial decisions in the United States are being heard with increasing frequency these days. Alimony as an exclusive prerogative of the ladies is definitely on the way out.

How did it all come about? Look to the action for breach-of-promise and you have your answer. Once upon a time, in the peak days of femininity and purity, a woman's future depended upon her ability to make a profitable marriage. If she were jilted, she lost prestige. She became, in the matrimonial market, a second-hand article. Therefore she and her contemporaries felt that the fickle fiancé owed her damages for the depreciation in value for which he was responsible. Therefore the woman had her action at law—a case in contract, that is, breach-of-promise. She sued and collected, and society approved. But today society does not always approve. Why? Because today many women are dependent no longer. Today they are often the economic equals of men.

For instance: women control eighty per cent of the country's purchasing power, statisticians tell us. Thirty-eight per cent of all incomes are exclusively in their hands. And in bad times women can frequently hold on to jobs longer than men, and can get them more quickly.

The English courts were the first to appreciate the changing economic status. And the same logical minds decided that fickleness should no longer be considered an exclusive feminine privilege, but rather a sexless right for all.

Bills outlawing breach-of-promise suits have now been passed in Indiana, Michigan, New York, Illinois and Massachusetts.

Sensitive men wilt at the thought of having their quondam love affairs broadcast and the ladies are quick to turn this knowledge to their own use. Many a case that would be thrown out of court—if it got that far—can be made to pay handsomely by merely threatening to file suit. So the lawmakers of Michigan, with the interests of their fellow men at heart,

added a rider to the original bill. Now, when the predatory creature intimates her intention to threaten to use, it's blackmail! And the punishment fitted to this particular crime is a stiff fine or a maximum of five years imprisonment.

Breach-of-promise suits outlawed, the next step was an obvious one—curb the alimony careerist, any of the numerous women who collect husbands as the Sioux collected scalps and then cash in on the arrangement via the divorce courts. These women have borne on children. Their marriages are measured by the month. They have gotten as much from the marriage as they gave to it. Why, the courts are asking at last, why should *they* be paid for *their* contribution?

In New York State a bill has recently been proposed which would limit the period of alimony payment to this group to three years. Eastern courts as a whole are reluctant to grant alimony on a life-term basis. The husband may ask for a review. After five or ten years children may be self-supporting and justice sees no reason for their father to continue to provide an income for the convenience of a mother who may choose

to live abroad or (unhappy thought!) to maintain constant escort-service for herself.

Third step in man's fight for equal rights is, of course, his revolutionary demand for "male alimony." And the courts are tumbling over each other to support him.

"Marriage is a two-way contract," announced one judge recently when he granted alimony to a destitute husband from his well-to-do wife.

"Alimony works both ways," judges in Pennsylvania, California, Indiana, Iowa and other states have echoed.

One of the first judges to appreciate the plight of the exiting husband was Judge Joseph Sabath of Chicago. Here was a man, reasoned Judge Sabath, whose savings and investments were either already in the clutches of his wife, or were now being handed over to her account weekly. He was at a time of life that gave him little opportunity to work up another fortune.

Judge Sabath took time to look at the financial status of both husband and wife. Why shouldn't the wife share the spoils of married life, especially if the money had

been gathered during their years together? If the wife has profited more from the marriage than has the husband, should she shirk financial responsibility in the divorce? "No," insisted Judge Sabbath. "The conditions reversed, the husband would automatically be responsible. The one who has, must provide for the one who has not."

This stand impressed the lawmakers as being so just, that five years ago Illinois passed the Graham Bill. It gives the court the right to decide whether husband or wife is better able to pay alimony. In California the courts see to it that the income-producing wife shall provide for the dependent housekeeping husband when and if divorce comes. Louis L. Kramer and Erwin Pope, husbands who stayed at home, when handed divorce decrees from their respective wage-earning wives, were also granted handsome monthly alimony. Children? No. But alimony just the same.

And what about a divorced or separated husband who has fallen upon bad times? Must the ex-wife with money share her income with him? In Pennsylvania one Herman Reich of Wilkes-Barre found

himself destitute, his wife with an income of her own. She was extremely reluctant to support him. But the judge decreed that the lady must. Herman had been a good provider when he had it. Now, if she didn't want him in her home, she must see that he had a room elsewhere and an additional twelve dollars a month for board and clothing.

Shall the wife who works for a living be compelled to support a jobless husband? Again Pennsylvania says yes. Poor Leo Gorins, jobless, broke, appealed to Pittsburgh agencies for relief. They investigated, as is customary. They learned that his wife, a scrubwoman, was earning sixteen dollars a week. With one member of a family working, relief was automatically denied. But now the wife threw Leo out. And, buffeted thus between wife and agency, the poor man turned to the courts. The state decreed that a wife must support a dependent husband; that the marriage contract is a reciprocal agreement with either party responsible for its dependent other half.

So no longer do all the spoils belong to the feminine victor in a suit for separation or divorce. A

woman may win her decree, and even all the alimony she begs of the court, only to find that she has also won the inestimable privilege of supporting her one-time provider.

And the moral of all the foregoing is exactly what? Well, if it is anything, it might simply be, *Lady, beware!*—*Ralph Childs, condensed from Scribner's Commentator.*

* * *

IT'S FUNNY!

A JOKE is a rather serious thing. It is due to the realization of the difference between what ought to be and what actually is—that is to say, between the real and the ideal. The most elementary form of joke is the sight of a fellow-creature in an incongruous or undignified situation. In England, the symbolic means to that desirable end is a slippery banana skin. Other nations, other fruit.

Humour comes roughly under three headings—farce, wit, and satire. Farce includes all that is implied by the banana skin: man in an incongruous situation.

Second in popularity is wit. Its popular expression is back-chat, by which the commonplace man scores off a mental or physical superior, thus proving that the battle is not always to the strong. It is the humorous expression of the legend of Jack the Giant Killer.

Satire is humour in its aggressive form, and is a form of propaganda. It is the means by which a man who thinks he's right tries to disarm wrong by making it look silly.—*B. J. Boothroyd, in The Adelaide Mail.*

* * *

Borrowers

Jones: "Good evening, old chap. Thought I'd drop in and see you about that overcoat you borrowed from me last week."

Brown: "I'm sorry, old man, but I lent it to a friend of mine. Were you wanting it?"

Jones: "Well, not for myself, but the chap I borrowed it from says the owner wants it."—*Galt Reporter.*

SICK GIRL OF ASIA

YUEH HUA is beautiful, fragile, consumptive. Yet this lovely Manchu lady, the epitome of helplessness, has balked the plans of the empire-building Japanese so effectively that until the agile brains of the "little brown men" can devise some new strategic move, their whole programme of ruling China has been halted.

The story is a simple one, one of love. Yueh Hua is the wife of Pu-Yi, "Son of Heaven," Pu-Yi love his wife—and this baffles the Japanese.

Five years ago, on the bitterly cold plains of Manchuria, Mr. Henry Pu-Yi stepped from his three-ton armoured car to go through the 3,000-year-old rites which assertedly made him "Kang Teh," Emperor of the new State of Manchukuo.

"I have received a mandate from Heaven," he said, "to rule the Chinese peoples."

But no one took either the man or the announcement seriously; that is, no one except Mr. Henry Pu-Yi himself. In the calculating eyes of the Japanese he was not

even an individual. To them he was merely a royal puppet, that would jump when they pulled the strings. Mr. Pu-Yi, in the eyes of the Japanese, was a very convenient person to establish as the most important figure in China on whom to hang their plans which call for swift conquest of the centuries-old country.

The Japanese looked for no trouble from their newly enthroned Emperor. They expected him to do exactly as they ordered. There seemed no reason for them to think otherwise. Pu-Yi was not a very prepossessing figure five years ago. Effeminate in appearance, he was shy in the presence of strangers, childish in his innocence of the world.

To the Japanese he seemed without will, possessing limited intelligence. Machinery of all kinds fascinated this appointed ruler of the Chinese people. He like to take things apart, anything from watches to motorcars, try to put them back together again. His greatest wish was to travel to America, visit a motor plant. He often ex-

pressed a desire to work in one. He seemed a perfect puppet.

The Japanese wanted to make this pliable tool the Emperor of all China. He was the last of the Manchu dynasty to rule. Thousands of Chinese considered him the real ruler of China. They wanted him back. The Japanese expected to place him on the Dragon Throne of China in Peking, after that city was captured. They knew that such an action would have a stabilising effect throughout the whole of the country and its territories.

There is little doubt that the Japanese were right in their calculations. For centuries the Chinese actually and literally worshipped their emperors. Pu-Yi was the "Son of Heaven," appointed to rule over them, and many Chinese have not been able to shake off this conviction in the quarter century since the Manchu throne was overthrown.

Henry Pu-Yi was very carefully brought up as becomes a young emperor. He lived since early childhood in Japan, where he was taken when the Chinese Republic was established in 1912. He lived a studious, secluded life with his retinue upon such funds as he could

obtain from the Japanese Government, and upon the proceeds from sales of some of his Imperial possessions.

He was taught the little his guardians deemed necessary. Eunuchs and retainers swindled him outrageously, charging him fantastic prices for everything he obtained. He had absolutely no sense of values, and paid what was asked. He obeyed instructions implicitly. He seldom talked with anyone outside his small circle.

When he was seventeen years old he received his first wife. He got a mate because "court officials" announced that it was unthinkable that he remained single. He chose his wife from a group of photographs of young Manchu ladies of station.

Yueh Hua was young and beautiful. She was kind, and the lonely dethroned young Emperor fell in love with her. Three years later, when his "court officials" urged him to take three concubines, he finally consented to take one. She left him, charging "cruelty" because he would not live with her.

Yueh Hua travelled with him to Manchuria and eventually became his Empress. Only one cloud

marred their happiness: they had no children. And it was whispered about that the delicate health of the Empress was responsible. About this time the Japanese Government became anxious. It was vitally important that the future Emperor of all China have an heir to the throne. He was asked to take another wife. Surprisingly, he refused to consider it.

Here was a disturbing factor which had been overlooked. Events were not moving according to schedule.

But perhaps the new Emperor was merely coy. He couldn't be serious. A sick wife? No heirs? Nonsense! They would find him a beautiful, healthy mate, one who would change Pu-Yi's mind about staying married to Yueh Hua. Word went out that another wife was wanted. Perfect girls by the score answered the appeal.

Pu-Yi, the puppet, was adamant. He announced firmly that

he already had one wife, and that was all he wanted. Eunuchs from all over the East gathered, hoping he intended to establish a harem. He sent them away. The Japanese gave up, for there seemed no way round this particular difficulty. But they found it hard to believe that fragile little Yueh Hua, who had finally contracted tuberculosis, could have created so much havoc with their plans.

Peking fell to the Japanese two years later, but the Forbidden City remains empty. And there is no indication that Pu-Yi will be installed there in the near future. Japan has established provisional governments in her captured territories, which are prepared to call for the Emperor, as quickly as they receive their orders to do so. But it is doubtful if this "spontaneous" shout will ever be heard.—*A. J. Billingham, condensed from The Sunday Mirror, New York.*

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WHERE'S THAT CHLOROFORM?

Head Clerk: "I am very sorry to hear of your partner's death. Would you like me to take his place?"

Manager: "Very much, if you can get the undertaker to arrange it."—*Pitt Panther.*

UNDERGRADUATES NEVER CHANGE

AFTER twenty years of teaching at Columbia, I am prepared to defend the thesis that, despite acute and profound changes that have taken place in our society, the undergraduate has not changed very perceptibly.

Faculties may tinker with the curriculum, dictators may tinker with the world, New Deals make over the nation, but the standards and the types of undergraduates remain the same. They will persist so long as college education remains a fetish of American democracy, so long as state universities graduate their thousands each year, so long as upper-bracket-income families send their sons, as a matter of routine, to the fashionable colleges of the East. Every college professor knows the types by heart and in a few cases, *ad nauseam*. There is the athlete or would-be athlete, the campus politician, the aesthete, the industrious professional; there is the idler marking time, as it has been said, between puberty and adultery. There is, a rarity but a persistent one, the genuinely active and pro-

misg mind.

The numerical proportions of these types have changed, but not as much as one would think. A few differences are likely to develop in the next few years—one need only talk or listen to undergraduates to realize it. Our college population is still a middle-class population. But the thought has entered the heads of even the less reflective that opportunities to be comfortable members of that class are shrinking. Even the wealthy among students have gathered that the soft income-bearing class to which they belong may face a tougher and less lucrative life in the future.

In short, they face their own future with uncertainty. In the past many individually did so, though I think it is only now beginning to occur to them that the problem of each is the problem of all. Half the thoughts of a college senior twenty-five years ago were about what he was going to do in the world. But he was quite sure there were things to be done; his diffidence came from worry as to

whether as an individual he could make the grade. Now, seeing his older fraternity brothers, sometimes four or five years out of college and still without jobs, he begins to recognize that there is a crisis for all educated men in our society, that his individual worries about a career are functions of a universal worry with wide economic roots.

There is another change in today's undergraduate, more apparent than real. There is a level of sophistication, or apparent sophistication, which is a little deceptive. It means merely that a certain type of intellectual and social analysis has become so conventionalized and popularized that it has become an epidemic even on college campuses, and reached even members of the crew. I suppose even the football squad now knows what a complex is, and on Fraternity Row they doubtless talk about sadisms and inhibitions. Esoteric themes like homosexuality, which one would have had to explain to a class a generation ago—or even to a class's parents—are familiar enough *verbally* now.

European university students, even the English, are relatively men of the world. Americans are

children of the campus. They talk well, some of them, and with a certain glibness about matters that twenty-five years ago their predecessors had not even heard of—Freud, Marx, Joyce, Spengler, and others have percolated down. But college students remain, on the whole, obedient children, and they are intellectually kept as children, too.

But there are other reasons for the persistent simplicity and sometimes outrageous intellectual innocence that persist in the average American undergraduate. The fact is that our colleges, as President Hutchins of Chicago University has correctly pointed out, are for the most part not devoted to intellectual discipline as their primary concern. The colleges are places where nice young men have a pleasant time in an environment largely dominated by fraternities, athletics, and a routine of the taking and passing of courses. Now, as in the past, there is always a small percentage of really inquiring minds, and there is no question but that at any reputable college those minds can be at once stimulated, nourished, and trained. There are first-rate scholars and teachers in nearly every college,

and there are a growing number of colleges where the curriculum is being organized in the interest of intellectual growth, where education, rather than credits or a degree, is the objective.

When that objective comes to be predominant in American colleges—if it ever does—there will, then, as a matter of fact, be a drastic reduction in the number of students who go or will be expected to go to college. But as long as the college population is so large, education will resemble the high school—students will remain boys and

girls. They will, except for the aggressively articulate few, be relatively unconcerned about the serious issues of our society and casual about the things of the mind. They will go through the rituals and exercises, curricular and otherwise, of collegiate life, but they will not be a community of inquiring intelligence.

Meanwhile, there will always be the passionate and competent few who make teaching so rewarding an art.—*Irwin Edman, condensed from The American Mercury.*

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CLASS MARKS

THE conflict between student and instructor probably will go on until the end of time.

Two generations were comparing notes. The older, dating her story in 1907, said that one of the brighter girls in her college class interrupted a sentence in an examination paper with the insertion "and the cow jumped over the moon." The paper was marked "A," sure proof to the girls of those days that the professors did not read papers carefully.

The young man put his experience in 1937. He was certain that the instructor was determined to flunk him in an English writing course. Try as he would his themes were marked "D." One day he borrowed from a friend a last year's theme which had been marked "A" by the identical instructor. He copied it, word for word, turned it in, and it came back with a "D."—*The William Feather Magazine.*

PROVERBS ARE TRAITORS

SOME PEOPLE are greatly comforted when an apt proverb is quoted at the right moment. They like to be reminded that what is happening to them—good or bad—is nothing new to the human race. They like to see it crystallized into a neat sentence of proverbial wisdom.

But there is a hitch in that wisdom. The human race has gone on for so long, and has found itself in so many predicaments, that it has left to posterity—meaning, at the moment, ourselves—an embarrassingly wide choice of apt proverbs. The wisdom of the ages is kept ready-made, in all sizes to fit the customer.

For example, it all depends upon whether you are naturally sanguine or gloomy, if you decide to say, on certain exciting occasions, "*Dead men tell no tales!*" rather than "*Murder will out.*" It is equally a matter of your temperament whether you cry "*A stitch in time saves nine*" as a reason for premature action, or whether on the other hand you say "*Never trouble trouble till trou-*

ble troubles you" or "*Don't cross your bridges till you come to them.*"

On my right, "*Procrastination is the thief of time,*" and "*There's no time like the present.*" On my left, "*Tomorrow is another day,*" and that fine old Spanish proverb, "*Patience, fleas, the night is long.*"

Perhaps the most famous conflict in the world of the proverb centers round the adage that "*Familiarity breeds contempt.*" But, opposing this idea: "*A burnt child fears the fire*" and "*He only jests at scars who never felt a wound.*" Then to the support of "*Familiarity breeds contempt*" comes another masterpiece of wisdom, "*Absence makes the heart grow fonder.*" Perhaps you think that this one is easily disposed of by saying "Out of sight out of mind," or perhaps you will agree with the French that it all depends. Say the French, "*Absence does to love what the wind does to fire; it extinguishes the little fires, but inflames the big ones.*"

Since proverbs are rather like the oracles of ancient times and fit

themselves neatly to opposite views, do not be surprised if they fail to give you all the advice in the practical affairs of life which you might expect. There is a rather disappointing proverb which says "*If you want a thing done well, do it yourself*"—a dictum which rather upsets the advice "*Don't keep a dog and bark yourself.*"

On the whole large question of ambition, the proverb-makers have safeguarded their position. Very loudly and bravely they exclaim "*Fortune favors the bold,*" but they hasten to add that "*Discretion is the better part of valor.*" "*He who hesitates is lost!*" they cry, and then they pluck your coat and whisper "*Look before you leap.*"

As you stride along saying to yourself "*You never know what you can do till you try*" and "*Try, try again,*" there run in your head the proverbs that are waiting to console you when you fail: "*You can't get a quart out of a pint bottle,*" nor hope to "*make a silk purse out of a sow's ear*" and "*The pitcher which goes too often to the well gets broken at last.*"

When you begin to think that there is something rather phony about the traditional wisdom of

mankind, and that you had better ask the wise, it is not very easy to find out from proverbs whether old people are likely to be wiser than young. It is all very well for the proverb-makers to patronize the young as they do, reflecting that they "*must not look for old heads on young shoulders*" and that "*Youth will be served,*" but they are even more critical of the elderly: "*You can't teach an old dog new tricks,*" and "*There is no fool like an old fool.*"

About some matters, they really do seem emphatic. About thrift, for instance, they say, "*Waste not, want not,*" "*Slow and steady wins the race,*" but you must not let this advice get too much of a hold on you. Remember: "*In for a penny, in for a pound,*" "*As well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb.*" "*Opportunity,*" they treacherously exclaim, "*knocks but once.*" "*It's now or never.*"

In moments of real trouble, it would be particularly helpful to gain enlightenment from the proverbs, and some of them have a good hand and tell you to cheer up: "*Every cloud has a silver lining*" and "*It's always darkest just before the dawn.*" But there is another company of proverbs who

hang around, with mournful faces, remarking that "*It never rains but it pours,*" that "*Misfortunes never come singly,*" and that "*It is the last straw which breaks the camel's back.*"

"*Don't do things by halves,*" the makers of proverbs say. But the next moment they are commanding, "*Don't put all your eggs in one basket.*"

What about their honesty? Oh, that's quite all right, they claim. Honesty is our strong suit. If there is one saying of ours that we have hammered into the heads of everybody it's "*Honesty is the best policy.*" Very revealing, we re-

mark drily, so that is how honesty appears to you, as policy. That explains, we go on, all worked up, why we also catch you saying that "*What the eye does not see the heart does not grieve over*" and "*Let the BUYER beware!*" We also suspect you, we add, of coining the handy phrase, "*Finders are keepers.*" We do not, in short, find proverb-makers to have a very nice sense of honor. The world, in fact, is a tricky place, men an unpredictable lot. And the proverb-maker, when called upon to give a straight answer, is the trickiest of all.—*Douglas, Woodruff, condensed from The Listener.*

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BEFORE YOU SIGN

1. Never sign a paper unless you have read it through carefully and thoroughly understand its practical and legal implications.
2. If you do not understand the language and its legal meaning, consult your solicitor before you sign.
3. If you are urgently pressed by the other party to sign immediately because it is your last chance to participate in a profitable deal, be assured that such pressure is designed to lure you into a disastrous transaction.
4. If you are assured that the paper is not legally binding, you are probably in the presence of a swindler.—*Your Life.*

A JAPANESE PORTRAIT OF UNCLE SAM

UNCLE Samuel sits upon a fence: he made it himself. It's very tall. Uncle Samuel has built many a sky-scraper, but this fence of his is much taller. And it goes all around his mighty domain, along the Atlantic and the Pacific. Some people call it a tariff wall; but that is only a wee portion of it. For there is a good deal that is mental as well as economic and material about it. It is his HOLLIER-THAN-THOU stool, Uncle Samuel loves so much to sit upon and look out on the world at large.

Just now he is facing the Pacific: the theme of his high shrieks is the Open Door policy—"the preservation of the territorial and jurisdictional integrity of China and equal commercial opportunity in China for all nations."

Does Uncle Samuel understand what "the Open Door policy," he loves so much and talks so much of, is? The historical meaning of it? If he did, his Ambassador, Joseph Grew, couldn't have talked with such comfortable unctiousness before the Japan-America Society on

October 19.

For years, down to the closing days of 1890s, John Bull had a great juicy plum in the very heart of China. He called it the Yangtze Valley Trade of his. Right: it was exclusive: his very own. In addition, scattered all along the China coast, he had plums of less luster and magnitude: you see he had been robbing China right and left ever since 1840 when he began poisoning a nation of 400,000,000 people just for the sake of his pocket book, in the high name of civilization and out of his inbred sense of duty of carrying the white man's burden. John Bull naturally wanted to keep all his plums: more, to go on adding to them. And who can blame him for that? In the closing days of 1890, British trade with China rose close to 65 per cent of the entire foreign trade of China. And John Bull's ships carried as much as 85 per cent of China's foreign trade.

By 1897, John Bull smelt the offensive odor of other pirates and marauders trying to "horn in" on his preserve. Horrors and night-

mares! He saw himself being steadily squeezed between the ever-closing pincers of France from the South and Russia from the North. Some thing had to be done—and at once. So, all of a sudden, he became sobbingly tender of sentiment and vivid of conscience for the “territorial integrity” of China and equal trade opportunity in China—never for once forgetting however to exempt all his exclusive plums.

John Bull didn't launch the Open Door doctrine himself. A wee voice of wisdom whispered into his ears that it would be much more effective if he could find a diplomatic innocent abroad to introduce it before the eyes of the suspicious world.

Looking about, he found Uncle Samuel—all ready and made to order. So he wedded the doctrine to Uncle Sam. And so the famous Open Door Doctrine was born.

William W. Rockhill drafted practically all of the historic Hay note of September 6, 1899. And this is what he said in his letter to Alfred E. Hppisley (August 29, 1899): The memorandum he offered to Secretary Hay embodied “all your views” but was so phrased, “that the policy suggested

was not a British one—that the British had sinned against the Open-door policy as much if not more than others . . . As the memo will be presented to the President, I thought it better that it should seem as if coming from me alone . . . I am but your mouth-piece.”

And who was Alfred E. Hppisley? “A British subject and a member of the Imperial Maritime Customs Service.”

Thus the dearly beloved Open Door Doctrine of Uncle Samuel is really a low, clever tricks of the British to protect their none-too-clean exploitation of 231,180 square miles of the richest portion of the Yangtze valley.

To show you with what deep, abiding sincerity, John Bull espoused the principle of equal commercial opportunity in China there remain a few clean-cut historical examples.

On May 21, 1898—that is to say, five months after Balfour had “expounded and endorsed” the Open Door Policy in China in his speech at Manchester, the Peking Syndicate signed an iron-clad agreement with the Shansi Bureau of Trade giving the British capital “the sole right to open and work

coal and iron mines and petroleum wells in the district of Yuhien and Pingtingchow and the prefecture of Luanfu, Tsechowfu and Pingwangfu" for 60 years. An out-and-out monopoly.

On June 21, 1898—that is to say about four and half months after Prime Minister Salisbury had been loud in the House of Lords on the same topic, the Open Door—the same British Peking Syndicate secured a similar monopoly agreement from a commissioner of the Governor of Hunan for mining and railway rights in Hwaiking and in the hill district north of the Yellow river. These were sanctioned by the imperial decree of May 17, 1898.

Washington did not give any particular sign of excitement over these contracts. A sweet picture of Uncle Samuel when he turns deaf-mute whenever he takes a notion of being accommodating to his friend!

When the "Boxer" trouble of 1900 came up, Secretary Hay saw that the maintenance of his beloved "Open Door Policy" depended much on the maintenance of China's sovereignty. So he backed up his Open-door note of September 1898 with a circular

note to the powers of July 3, 1900.

By this time Uncle Samuel had made the "Open Door Policy" his pet child—all his own. Puffed up about it like old Aesop's frog in fact. And just what did our dead Uncle do to this child of his high enthusiasms?

In November, 1900—that is to say not so many moons after his strong circular note of July 3, 1900—John Hay, the American Secretary of State, the legal father of the Open Door doctrine, did something—something, astounding, even shocking. I can tell what that something was in my own language of course. But it would come with better grace from an American historian of America's foreign policy in the Far East, Prof. A. Whitney Griswold:

"In November, 1900, under pressure from the War and Navy Departments, he (John Hay) executed the surprising *volte face* of instructing Congress to endeavor to obtain for the United States a naval base and territorial concession at Samsah Bay in the Chinese maritime province of Fukien. The erstwhile champion of Chinese integrity, still outwardly loyal to the policy of his notes, had actually forsaken that policy and tried to

enter the concessions scramble. As it happened, Fukien had already been pre-empted as a sphere of influence by Japan whose treaty rights in the province would be infringed by the American venture. Japan had to be consulted. It must have been embarrassing, for Hay to read the Japanese reply, reminding him of his own admonitions against using the Boxer Rebellion as the opportunity for territorial aggrandizement and reaffirming the Imperial Government's adherence to that principle.

"This was kept secret until 1924, when it was first published in *Foreign Relations . . .*" (The Far Eastern Policy in the United States).

This is not the only time Secretary Hay sinned against his own pet doctrine on the administrative entity of China. When Russians lorded it over Manchuria, he "acquiesced in the collection of customs at Newchwang by the Russians."

But it is utterly silly to blame Secretary Hay. In the boasted Homeland of Freedom, diplomacy was—and I believe is today—an abject, chained slave. Secretary Hay goes farther than that, and declares there is no such thing as di-

plomacy there. Listen:

In a letter to Mr. Nicolay, with whom he had written their famous *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, Hay says in 1900:

"In any proper sense of the word, Diplomacy is impossible to us. No fair arrangement between us and another power will ever be accepted by the Senate. We must get everything and give nothing—and even then some malignant Senator or newspaper will attack the deal, and say that we have surrendered everything,—and that scares our cowardly friends out of their wits."

By the time Philander C. Knox sat at the head of the State Department under President Taft, the Open Door Policy lost much of its dignity. It stepped down from its high pedestal to be a bed-fellow of "Dollar diplomacy." Again in the language of Prof. Griswold:

"Reduced to its simplest terms, the resulting policy was an attempt to force American capital by diplomatic pressure into a region of the world where it would not go of its own accord. The political power thus theoretically to be gained was, in turn, to be used to improve the general economic in-

terests of the United States in the Far East. The policy tended to ignore the growing importance of Japan to the United States, contemplating, rather, the pot of gold at the end of the Chinese rainbow."

Finally, the proud, much tom-tommed Open Door policy turned into a weapon of intervention of the political and economic life of the Far East as shown by Tyler Dannett, an eminent student of American diplomacy in the Far East in his article: "The Open Door Policy as Intervention" published in the "American Academy of Political and Social Annals," in 1933.

This tendency got so raw that it compelled President Wilson on March 18, 1913 to withdraw the American support for the so-called Reorganization Loan to Yuan Shihkai by the Four Power Consortium, of which the American financial group was a shining mem-

ber. In explanation, President Wilson said that he found the loan "to touch very nearly the administrative independence of China itself."

He must have felt the shame of the thing rather poignantly to take such a drastic measure.

This, then, is the great Open Door Doctrine and the principle of the preservation of China's sovereignty. It is this thing, Uncle Samuel is waving aloft as he sits there upon the high "Holier-than-Thou" fence of his and shrieks out his denunciations at Nippon as a treaty-violator, an international villain and plague to be quarantined by all the decent peoples of the earth.

A noble picture of Uncle Samuel—he who is without sin—casting stones at a sinner!

Uncle Samuel, have you a laugh still left with you?

Then, laugh with us.—*Kameyama Musen, condensed from Japan Times Weekly.*

* * *

CURED

"Well, Doctor, you kept your promise when you said you'd have me walking again in a month."

"Well, well, that's fine."

"Yes, I had to sell my car when I got your bill."

—*Synopsis.*

CAN MAN LIVE ON GRASS?

MR. J. R. B. BRANSON, a retired officer and farmer, has been experimenting. Interviewed in a National radio broadcast in England, he was asked:

“Seriously you don’t mean you eat grass?”

“I solemnly and seriously do. I’m doing so jolly well on it that I want other people to know. I have learnt from scientists that grass contains all the most valuable vitamins, especially if you get it when the growth is fresh. When I was horse breeding and dairy farming I became fully alive to the efficiency of grass as food stuff. For the last two years grass has been a staple article of my diet.

“I am using more and more of it as I go on. And the results are gratifying. I have been an athlete all my life—rugger, rowing, riding—but under normal circumstances age puts a stop to that. Well, I’m rising sixty-seven and although I have not got back all the resiliency of youth, I have more enthusiasm for life than I had as a young man in my prime. I went for a run just for the fun of the thing this morning, and I have cycled over ninety miles on occasions without getting tired.

“There is another aspect of grass eating too—it reduces the cost of living enormously. I eat it raw, but, of course, it must be made appetising. I eat mine with raw carrots, beetroot, and brown sugar, and it goes down very well. My breakfast this morning came off a bowling green. Young grass is rich in chlorophyl—the stuff they sell in tablets these days. I assure you, and scientific experiments confirm my view, that if we could make grass-eating universal, we could produce four or five times as much natural food per acre as we do now by growing wheat.

“When you think of the number of people starving in the world at the moment, what enormous benefit grass-eating will be to humanity. Let me give you one word of warning. Don’t rusk off and think you can live on grass immediately. You can’t do in a moment what I have done in two years. Gently does it. Try some grass in your next salad to begin with.”—*“The Listener,” London.*



My Nipa Hut



She stands for Law.

I AM THE PERFECT WOMAN

SOON after I left school I became an artists' model, and after sitting to a few well-known painters I was invited by a leading commercial photographer to pose for some semi-nude studies for a "glamour" advertisement.

As we were enjoying a cigarette after the sitting he said: "I know a good deal about classical sculpture, as I studied in Athens, and I believe your figure is just about perfect, according to the Ancient Greek standards." He measured me and discovered that I conformed exactly to the Greek ideal of physical perfection.

I didn't think much about it except that it was rather amusing, until I decided to enter a contest which was held to discover the perfect woman of Great Britain. A jury, which included C. B. Cochran, Muller—the health expert—two artists, and a doctor, chose me out of several thousand applicants, at a final judging held at the London Palladium.

As I left the stage door a young girl, obviously a very keen health enthusiast, stepped forward, and

after congratulating me, asked to what I attributed my success. I thought for a second and replied, "Biddy."

The answer sounded worthy of the Marx Brothers, but not really! Biddy is my setter—a dog I reared from puppyhood, and who is my most devoted companion. I have to thank Biddy for getting me out most devoted companion. I have into the open air, for I walk at least five miles a day with her, even in the winter, and I am quite convinced that she has given me many valuable hours in the open air which would have been spent by the fireside, had she not looked at the front door with such longing glances.

Biddy has turned me into a fresh air fiend, and that goes a long way towards good health.

When I get up in the morning I go through a few simple stretch and swing exercises. Then, after five minutes' skipping I am ready for the day.

People who look at my figure think I live on lettuce leaves and black coffee. On the contrary, I

have a keen appetite, which I take the greatest pleasure in satisfying. There is no joy like a good meal taken in the right company, and I must confess that sitting at table with my friends is one of my favourite pastime.

I eat anything, and plenty of it. It so happens that I don't like fat meat, and I don't think pastry is very good for one, but apart from that and the fact that I don't take sugar in my tea or coffee, I am the easiest person in the world to ask out to dine, as long as my host is prepared to give me a good square meal. I don't drink much alcohol, and I only smoke occasionally, but my fruit and chocolate consumption would put any school-girl to shame.

Apart from my regular swimming, which I practise in summer and winter, I don't devote much time to the task of keeping fit and in perfect trim. As far as swimming is concerned, I think the crawl stroke is the most beneficial from an exercise standpoint.

I believe in regular habits and like to be in bed every night by eleven for that hour's beauty sleep before midnight works wonders, even though so many people laugh at it as an old woman's remedy.

I get up at eight, fully refreshed, no matter how exhausting life has been on the previous day.

My one and only daily tonic is the open air with Bidy. In the summer we usually go caravanning together for two months. I enjoy that enormously, for I can live in a bathing suit from one week's end to another, and go about bare-footed to toughen my feet which have been encased in high-heeled shoes for ten months at a stretch.

I have odd notions about shoes. I always wear high heels, even on my long country walks, because I find them comfortable. As far as clothes are concerned, I always wear as little as possible, as the body should have the maximum of freedom. Corsets, tight belts, and garters find no place in my wardrobe.

As far as beauty treatment is concerned I maintain that good exercises will correct a faulty skin. My own skin is what is known technically as normal, and for day-time makeup I use Special Foundation Lotion and peach bronze powder with lipsticks of varying shades to match my particular colour scheme. I like my hair to be rather soft, so I use a good shampoo,

which is so easily applied from a tube.

My measurements are:

Height ... 5 ft. 4 in

Weight .. 112 lb.

Bust 35 in.

Waist 22 in.

Hips 33 in.

Thigh ... 20½ in.

Calf 12½ in.

Ankle 7½ in.

—*Christabel Leighton Porter, condensed from The Health Magazine, London.*

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SOME HIGH JUMPERS

WHEN I visited the native kingdom of Ruanda, in Africa, I was lavishly entertained by the natives, who danced to a savage rhythm that took my breath away.

When the dancing was over the young Watussi bucks showed their skill as short distance runners, or at javelin hurling, or shooting with bows and arrows, and as a fitting climax the chieftain called to his young warriors to greet me. And how do you think they did this?

They were standing at a distance of about forty feet from me, and one after another they ran swiftly forward, in spite of their long robes, and leaped high over me, although I stood erect with my big sun helmet on my head. It was always a high jump of between seven and eight feet, as my camera snapshots can prove. This means simply that in Ruanda there are a number of young men any one of whom can beat the all-time official world record of six feet ten inches—which is over two inches higher than the Olympic record.

Their style and technique do differ from ours. They make a small hard mound two or three inches high to mark the point from which they vault swiftly into the air and over you, and when they reach the highest point their long bodies, legs and arms are outstretched horizontally almost parallel to the ground beneath; they land gracefully on their feet.—*Martin Birnbaum in The Listener, London.*

GOOSE-STEPPING MANIACS

THE GERMAN goose-step, which has been adopted by the Italian Army and rebaptised "Roman Step," was invented during the reign of William I, King of Prussia (1713-1740). During the eighteenth century it spread to other armies in Europe.

The French Army abandoned it at the time of the Revolution and only the Prussian Army continued to use it in the last century.

Marshal de Bono, writing in *Il Popolo di Roma*, explains that the "Roman Step" brings out the martial qualities that are so eminently present in Italian soldiers: it strengthens the sense of discipline, and symbolises the spirit of authority.

The goose-step is a highly artificial manner of marching—the thigh is raised as high as possible, the leg is thrown forward sharply and the foot is brought down to the ground violently. On the whole, it is very reminiscent of the prancing of a circus horse.

Everything, that an economical method of marching would avoid, is exaggerated in this step: vertical

movements of the body, sharp, violent motions and the stamping of the feet on the ground.

People instinctively adopt a similar step when they are advancing over ground covered with briars or nettles. They raise their feet high in order to avoid being caught in the thorns and put them down flatly to get a firm support on the ground. Web-footed birds walk in much the same way—they bring down their outstretched foot flat on the ground to avoid sinking into the marsh.

When the step is repeated long enough fatigue of the nerve centres ensues. When the soldiers has been sufficiently exhausted in this way he lapses into a hypnotic state that makes thinking impossible and is conducive to blind obedience. That is the real reason for the popularity of the goose-step among Prussian militarists and their emulators.

In the eighteenth century the goose-step was useful during attacks on the battlefield. The advance was made in long, close formation, three or four rows deep.

As the soldiers fell under the enemy bullets, the officers would give the command to "close ranks."

With the progress of armaments the close formation was abandoned in attacking. Even the Germans had to realise that the day of their beloved goose-step on the battlefield had passed. In 1870, during the battle of Saint-Priat, the Prussian Guard charged in close formation and parade step. Within a few minutes 6,000 men had fallen and the commander had to give the order to retreat.

To-day, with the development of the machine-gun, every single man would be moved down under like circumstances.

During the battle of the Yser in 1914 a German force consisting for the most part of young recruits from the University of Berlin attacked in deep formation, shoulder to shoulder, and goose-stepping. All were wiped out almost at once.

The goose-step requires a good deal of time to learn and is very difficult to do well. During their

period of training German soldiers practise it two hours a day.

Some years ago the writer began advocating a new military step—the "flexed march"—which is the opposite of the goose-step.

The knees are bent and the feet scarcely leave the ground—they are raised only in order to avoid obstacles. The foot is lowered squarely but lightly. The body is inclined forward, but remains straight, with shoulders back and head erect. The march begins slowly with paces of about ten inches. As it proceeds the length and the frequency of the steps increase.

This "flexed march" is economical both of physical and nervous energy. It is effortless and automatic; the nervous energy of the soldier is conserved intact over a long period of time. He can turn his head, observe the territory around him and talk. This step suits the conditions of modern warfare.—*Dr. F. Regnault, condensed from Revista de Medicina y Cirugia, Havana.*

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Slaves

Contented slaves are the most dangerous foes of liberty.—*M. Von Ebner-Eschenbach.*

DIED FOR A CIGARETTE

I HAVE never taken to smoking. I dislike the smell of tobacco, and the careless throwing about of cigarette ash and stubs strikes me as more than uncleanly. The sight offends and irritates me.

Having no need for cigarettes, I was able to congratulate myself, when I arrived at the front, on having never taken up smoking. But the reverse was true of the other soldiers, almost without exception regular smokers, who suffered more and more from the cigarette shortage while on front-line duty.

As though admitting that smokers know no propriety, they would help themselves to their comrades' cigarettes when their own were gone. Even when my own soldiers would be miserable for want of cigarettes, I could look on more or less indifferently. I even thought there was something despicable in their craving. But recently I have come to feel a bit differently.

An incident having to do with cigarettes that occurred while we were on the march is still alive in my memory. Our unit was or-

dered forward to mop up remnant enemy troops. After encountering a large enemy force, we experienced indescribable hardships. We stayed day and night in the trenches. Our food supply gradually began to wane, and at the same time we suffered from a shortage of cigarettes. What was worse, one night we had a heavy downpour, and fighting started in the middle of it. When it was over, we found the few remaining cigarettes almost completely ruined.

The soldiers began to share the little tobacco they could salvage from their sodden belongings. Two or three would smoke the same cigarette, and at times more than ten were glad to puff at one that was passed around.

Finally, a soldier suggested that they all pool the cigarettes that were left and agree upon rations to make the supply last as long as possible. At first, the plan seemed to involve arithmetical difficulties, since some men had been accustomed to smoking more than others. In practice, though, it

worked smoothly.

After we had spent several days in this way in the trenches, one of the soldiers suddenly burst into sobs. Alarmed, we went to him and asked what was his trouble. But he refused to look up. All he would do was to ask to be forgiven, and he kept on weeping. When we pressed him to explain himself, he slowly raised himself and said he was afraid to confess unless we promised to forgive him. We promised, and he began to look relieved.

He told us he had been concealing some cigarettes. He could not go without smoking for even a little while, he said, and so had kept some back when all the men had pooled their supplies. But his guilty conscience was too much for him when he saw the others sharing with one another what little they had. As he pulled four crumpled cigarettes from his pocket, his face brightened, and he said he was again light of heart.

We found that he was not alone in his guilt. One after another, three soldiers stepped forward to confess that they, too, had held back a few cigarettes. Tears trickling down their cheeks, they apologised. The other men, some

of whom at first had mumbled angry words, were, of course, willing to forgive the sinners and even rejoiced at the unforeseen additions to their common stock.

A private was in charge of the storage and distribution of all cigarettes. His "warehouse," consisted of several boards thrown together to form a sort of box. On top, spread out in neat rows, cigarettes that had become wet and crumpled in the recent rain were drying in the sun. The soldiers facetiously performed the Shinto rite of clapping hands before it, and there was much laughter.

Not long afterwards, a large supply of cigarettes was delivered from the rear. The men had more than they really needed. And yet I heard them say to one another that the new cigarettes, though a more expensive brand and fresh from the factory, did not taste so well as those they had drawn several days before from their scanty supply. They did not smoke so frequently as then, and seemed vaguely dissatisfied amid their plenty.

On look-out duty one night, we suddenly heard a rifle shot from the direction of the sentinel line. We ran towards it. In the dark

stood a sentinel with his rifle, and at his feet lay a Chinese soldier, dead. He had been killed by the shot, which had gone through his head. A cigarette was still burning in his mouth. It fell out while I looked, but its red glow did not die immediately.

In a cheerless tone, the sentinel said, "He must have come to pick up a cigarette. What a fool! I wish I hadn't fired."

He had seen a black shadow near the line. After challenging it several times without getting a reply, he had fired as it suddenly started to move away. The glowing point of the cigarette had made an easy mark of the Chinese, and the shot killed him.

The cigarette that fell from his lips was the half-inch butt of a Golden Bat.

It was easy to reconstruct his fatal adventure. In the enemy position, not far off, the men were undergoing the same privations as we, and at least this one must have suffered to the point of agony from the cigarette shortage. Probably the Chinese had not enforced rational consumption as we had, or possibly there was not a cigarette left in the trench.

This young man, who must have

been frantic with need of a smoke, spied a tiny spot of red light on the battlefield, which he recognized as coming from a burning cigarette. At first he thought a Japanese soldier was smoking. Yet if it were being smoked, it should brighten and grow dim, or move about. But it remained stationary at a fixed point.

Moreover, he surely reasoned, no Japanese would be so careless as to smoke openly where he could be seen from an enemy trench. To make sure, he had wiggled from his position and crawled cautiously across the ground, slowly nearing the tiny glow. He had been right—it was a cigarette that had been discarded.

But it was farther away than he had believed, and lay dangerously close to the Japanese position. He wanted to reach it as quickly as possible, though, that there might be more of it to smoke, and his impatience made him less cautious. As he reached out to pick up the butt, the sentinel discovered him. The moment he was challenged he lost his head and, as he started to run, put the lighted cigarette to his lips not realising what he was doing.

The point of light gave him

away. The shot was aimed well, and he died. The cigarette end on the ground burned itself out.

A casual and overly sentimental episode of this nature would hardly induce me to abandon overnight my lifelong dislike of smoking. Recently, however, I have come to feel, though only slightly, something like loneliness, perhaps tinged with remorse at having refrained completely from tobacco. I have felt envy, almost jealousy, at witnessing the comradeship among soldiers in the trenches, en-

hanced by their common habit of smoking.

Though not a total outsider, I have had to look on as though I were of a different race simply because I did not smoke. And so these days I am beginning to practise it, while my soldiers laugh when unbearable irritation in the throat causes me to burst into coughing, when prickling in the nose brings sneezing, or smoke sends large tears trickling down my cheeks.—*Corporal Ashihei Hino, condensed from Contemporary Japan, Tokyo.*

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MISTAKES OF LIFE

THE greatest mistakes of life are:

To expect to set up your own standard of right and wrong and expect everybody to conform to it.

To try to judge the amusements of others by your own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To endeavour to mould all dispositions alike.

Not to yield to unimportant trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied.

Not to help, if we can, all that needs help.

Not to make allowance for the weaknesses of others.

To consider anything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform.

To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.

To live as if the moment, the time, the day were so important that it would last forever.

To estimate people by some outside quality, for it is that within which makes the man.—*Rankin's Ray.*

¶You can not put a good man down.

WAR LORD OF THE SEA

WHATEVER turn events may take in war-racked Europe, there is one man who probably won't be fooled. For six years he warned England of impending disaster. For six years he pounded away with his argument—Nazi Germany is a menace to Britain, to the Empire, perhaps to free action throughout the world.

When, last September, England and France declared war against Germany, there was one man all Britons looked to—the unheeded prophet, Winston Churchill. His appointment to the post of First Lord of the Admiralty was an acknowledgment that he had been right all along. British Statesmen had gambled on his being wrong—and they had lost.

This sudden bolt back into prominence of Britain's most brilliant, best informed, least employed statesman, a man who has been exiled from British Cabinets for ten years, was really a surprise to no one. Winston Churchill has been bobbing up and down on the English political stream for years, leaving behind him a list of offices

that makes him sound like a one-man Cabinet.

He has been nearly everything: Home Secretary, First Lord of the Admiralty, Secretary for War, Secretary for the Colonies, President of the Board of Trade, Chancellor of the Exchequer. And that's only half of it.

As a soldier, "Winnie" served in seven campaigns—marching every time to the front firing line. Once, in India, while the authorities in London were wrangling over whether he should be allowed to join personally in the waging of a war, he won a special mention in dispatches. At Omdurman he rode, revolver in hand, unscathed through a horde of enemy Dervishes arrayed menacingly in 12-deep formation. Taken as a prisoner in South Africa, he escaped single-handed from a well-guarded jail and made his way unnoticed to the frontier 300 miles away.

"Winnie" has always had incredible luck. At Harrow School, just before facing an examination, he knew that one of the tests would be to draw by memory the map

of any country the examiners demanded. Feeling that he couldn't learn the geography of the globe by heart, Churchill drew the name of New Zealand out of a hat and proceeded to make himself an expert on the contours of that one country. Sure enough, the examiners asked for New Zealand, and "Winnie" astounded them with his knowledge of geography.

Once, when he was flying from London to Paris, the airplane caught fire and the pilot saved Churchill's life by setting the plane into a nose dive while the two men put out the flames. Another plane in which Churchill was a passenger turned a complete somersault just before taking off. The gasoline tanks might have exploded; but "lucky Churchill" was merely left dangling upsidedown from the fuselage, roaring with laughter.

The first time he took a plane aloft himself, the controls failed to respond to his touch and Churchill realized with dread certainty that the machine was crashing. "Very likely this is death!" he told himself. Then the plane struck the ground at 50 miles an hour, its left wing crumpling like paper, its propeller and nose plunging into

the earth. Yet two hours later, merely bruised black and blue, Churchill turned up at a House of Commons dinner to make a scheduled speech.

During the World War, when rival ministers turned him out of the Cabinet, "Winnie" donned his old major's uniform and flew the Channel to take a front line post in the Flanders trenches. A shell killed everybody else in his trench; but Churchill escaped again, because an officer had asked him to attend a council three miles away, that morning.

Even when knocked down by a taxi in New York, he staggered for a couple of blocks to the nearest hospital and calmly inquired for the accident ward.

"Can you afford a private doctor?" asked the nurse in charge, not recognizing the blood-spattered figure.

"I ought to be able to. I'm a British statesman!" responded "Winnie" before he collapsed.

Everything he does is like that—touched with drama, edged with wit. While taking a holiday once in the highlands, an urgent call came for him to return to Balmoral for an audience with the king. It was a 300-mile journey

over narrow country roads made almost impassable by heavy rains. The chauffeur accidentally drove the car into a yellow bog of mud and the cherubic politician was forced to peel off his coat and lend a hand in getting the car out of the mess. He arrived at Balmoral on time, but the only way in which the king could have distinguished him from a tramp would have been to notice the silk dress, socks, and patent-leather evening shoes he had put on en route.

Churchill's exasperating capacity for being right, his jaunty, outspoken manner, have gathered about the statesman a mighty circle of enemies. Old line army officers have never fully recovered from their early suspicion of his unorthodox methods. Women disliked him because he was dead set against the suffragettes. Irish sympathizers could not forget his harshness in the Civil War in Ireland. Businessmen remembered the huge debt they claimed he had rolled up as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Liberals never got over the fact that he had served in eight Liberal Cabinets before becoming a Conservative. His outspoken attack on Nazi Germany when he was last a Cabinet member cost him his government job.

But "Winnie" seems to thrive on opposition. He likes to swim against the stream—abruptly, daringly, boldly—and he always manages to come out on top. His phenomenal streak of what some people know as luck has always stood by him. The prize that he lost in politics, he won back in literature. He is generally recognized as the world's best writer among men of action. And he speaks with a terseness, a lucidity of thought that charms the lover of effective English.

Churchill's appointment as First Lord of the Admiralty was more than an admission that he was right in his warnings about Germany. It vindicated his distrust of Russia, his outspoken criticism of Prime Minister Chamberlain's delay, his attacks on the Munich conference as laying the foundation for a new crisis. It vindicated, too, his whole concept of the British Empire. Empire for Churchill does not mean Gunga Din and lands beyond the sea. For him it is a living faith, a way of life, a force for social progress, almost a religion.

That's why he's directing the mightiest force in the history of the world—the British navy.—*Mark Priestley, condensed from Answers.*

CATHERINE OF SIENA

CATHERINE OF SIENA, the practical saint, was born in 1347. The little Catherine, the daughter of a dyer and one of twenty-two children, was so charming that at first she was called Euphrosyne. But at the age of six she became silent and introspective, because she had seen her Saviour making the sign of the cross, on His head a triple crown. Later on she cut off her beautiful blond hair, hired herself out as a servant, and refused to eat meat. She scourged herself daily. At night she slept in a kind of coffin, her face aglow with the lovely ecstasy of adolescence. One evening Christ again appeared to her and, slipping a pearl ring on her finger, pledged His troth to her. Blinding beams of light streamed from His five stigmata, making her body tingle with pain. She afterwards told all these things calmly, almost analytically. With superhuman strength she continued to struggle against temptation, youth, and beauty.

And yet the course of her public life was quite worldly. Prompted by curiosity, a few nobles came to

her and asked her to act as an arbitrator, as did also the town fathers of her native city, which at this time was again embroiled in a struggle between nobles and citizens. Her clear intelligence enabled her to understand these masculine dissensions and, being virtuous and unarmed, she tactfully carried out the measures that her powerful intellect advised. Soon prayers and ministrations to the sick could no longer content her active soul; the strife of the world interested her more. And so she, who could not write, dictated letters to the Italian princes and generals, even to the King of France, ordering them to discontinue their strife. From then on she had one purpose: to bring the Pope back from his exile and to end the disastrous schism which was disrupting the Church and the whole of Italy. Not yet thirty years old, the girl went before the council of the excommunicated state of Florence, and with all seriousness accepted the commission of propitiating the Pope at Avignon.

And what letters she wrote

him!—gentle, gracious, exuberant, yet both scholarly and threatening, like a more clever precursor of Savonarola—tactful and yet full of alarming prophecies, for she anticipated the Reformation one hundred and fifty years before its appearance. And at last the Pope set forth. The sea voyage to Genoa was so rough that he wished to turn back there; Catherine alone, who had preceded him on land, urged him onward. In long nightly discussions the little daughter of a dyer convinced the great Pope and even circumvented the malice of his cardinals.

Soon he could not get along without her. This time it was he who sent her to Florence, to arrange for terms of peace. She was accused of double dealing, and when the rabble attacked the governor's house, where she was staying, surrounded by her spiritual

adherents she walked out toward the mob of armed soldiers, who lowered their swords before her. She was serene; always and ever did she court death. Not until the armed men withdrew irresolutely did she weep.

How differently she handled the next Pope, the rash Urban, how logical and statesmanlike her letters to him. And he, too, could not dispense with her. Then, at the age of thirty-three, she died from exhaustion, with the face of an angel, as reports have it.

Stronger in action than in meditation, diplomatic and wordly both from instinct and self-confidence, Catherine knew how to live among men without suffering temptation; this she had stamped out in her childhood and transferred all her energies into holy spheres.—*Emil Ludwig, in The American Magazine.*

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We'll Be Blowed!

A dusky lady went into a drug store and asked for one-cent's worth of insect powder.

"But that isn't enough to wrap up," said the clerk.

"Nemind 'bout wrappin' it up. Jess blow it down ma back, dassal."—*The Kablegram.*

GROWTH

It is time to strike the total of last year's achievements so that we may know how far we have gone.

It is very well to fly, but who flew, and what did he seek? An airplane or a swift train is merely a means of going from one place to another. It can convey a stupid man, a careless, thoughtless man, a cruel man.

We are interested, of course, in the development of communication. But what was communicated? Telephones, transatlantic cables, and radio stations are merely means of carrying symbols from one place to another. Symbols of what? Of cupidity, hate, half-formed ideas? Or symbols of generosity, understanding, of sound, *objective* thinking, untinged by prejudice or malice or fear?

If we are to measure progress for the year, let us first measure ourselves. How many telephone calls did we make last year? Who cares? The important thing is what we said. Did we speak less brusquely and less inanely than we did the year before? Were we less impatient, more tolerant? How

many times did we say, "Perhaps I am wrong. I think we can reason this out and come to an understanding?" How many forgotten friends did we call and how often did we say, "I heard you had had some hard luck and I wanted to know whether I could help?"

It is not important how many miles we traveled in our motor-cars last year. It is important how many times we yielded a crossing to a stranger, not through timidity but through a recognition of the rights of others. How many persons, who would otherwise have had to walk or stay at home, did we take for a ride? How many times did we drive alone to a hill-top to read and to meditate, hungering for betterment?

There are those who will scan the building statistics of the dead year and say, "Things are not so bright, are they?" I am not particularly interested in new buildings, unless they provide more air and sunlight and opportunity for the people who work in them. I am interested in what goes on in buildings. So many of the great

of the earth have labored in basements and attics and hovels.

The statistics of farm and factory production for the past year are important. But what did we produce—you and I? How much did *we* grow in mental and moral

fiber?

In this new year, perhaps, if we are thoughtful and honest and kind and courageous, we may ascend a little way toward our own stratosphere—the mysterious altitudes of ourselves.—*Robert A. Millikan.*

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BALI NUDES

A BALINESE woman with a baby on her hip came out from among the trees and walked along with us without saying a word. Her hair was a slattermane, wound up around her head with a dirty towel and now on its way down again. Her skirt was greasy and spotted and her short, faded blouse was pinned together in front with two big safety-pins. Suddenly she unfastened the pins and told me in practiced English that she would pose for a photograph without her jacket for ten cents.

I met other practical women like her. In a deep and silent little valley, where rock cliffs have been carved out of the green to make hallowed tombs for ten ancient kings, there were several more of these girls who offered to pose, for ten cents each, as children of Nature. And so it is, all along the motor roads. I don't suppose any tourist ever comes to Bali without a camera, and without aiming it at every unjacketed girl he passes.

It makes the whites seem very bizarre creatures to the Balinese—that they should come so far for such ordinary pictures.—*Mona Gardner, in "Menacing Sun."*

BALI SPELLS PARADISE

BALI is a hundred-mile square of tropical wooded mountains and fertile valleys just below Java on the map of the Dutch East Indies, not far from Singapore. Writers rave about it; tourists bring back movies of it. Artists of all countries have conceded Balinese women to be the most statuesque in the world. Globe-trotters rate Bali, Nikko, Peking and Tahiti as the four most interesting spots of the Orient, with Bali leading.

What have the Balinese that the rest of the world lacks?

Oh, you say, their island is bestowed by nature with all the gentle climate, fertility and beauty to encourage graceful living. It is true they have isolation, "man-labour" methods of agriculture, a simple standard of living, no competition, no war fears, no political feuds, no economic worries—hence no discord. And a part of *every* day is reserved for temple worship. Adding up these things, you get happiness and contentment.

According to the standards for a perfect civilization as set forth by Dr. Alexis Carrel in his re-

cent best-seller, *Man, the Unknown*, the Balinese approach the ideal in their ways of living and working, in their diet, tempo and philosophy. For over 2,000 years they have been quietly developing their beautiful island and people until the name Bali has come to be synonymous with Utopia. Sufficient unto themselves, each man has found individual peace. They have not been greedy or aggressive for trade or conquest.

It is quite possible that our mechanistic civilizations might pause with profit and take a few pointers from the Balinese.

The natives themselves have good features, large, dark, expressive eyes and thick, black, glossy hair, which the women wear loosely knotted on the neck. From long exposure to the sun and air, their skin is a fine golden-brown gleaming with high lights. Due to their habit of carrying burdens on their heads, they walk with a swinging, perfect balance, straight and supple. All are slender and graceful. Unhampered by tight clothing or too much civilization

with its conventional styles, these outdoor people, with their clean, brown bodies exposed to the elements, are perhaps the most "natural" people in the world.

The universal skirt of the island, called a *sarong*, is worn by women and men alike, draped about their lithe hips so that the bright length falls in flowing folds to the ankles. The *sarong* is a strip of cotton cloth about 40 inches wide and nearly three yards long; usually it is hand-dyed in brilliant *batiked* designs of flowers, birds or Hindu patterns.

A few batik *sarongs*, darker ones for every day, and vivid, some times metallic-embroidered ones for temple ceremonies, plus a few simple adornments of jewellery, make up a Balinese woman's wardrobe.

The Balinese woman sets her own style. Women predominate in the population by at least 70 per cent. The women are the "business men" of the island, too, and control the purse strings. They are admitted by the men to be the shrewder sex; yet they do not attempt to dominate the men in authority. All bargaining and business transactions are left to the women. Likewise the greater share

of the work and responsibility. The men are good farmers and excellent engineers in irrigating the land, but the rest of the business of everyday life is managed largely by the women.

From generations of living out of doors, the women are as strong and hardy as men, bearing their children with little or no pain. Straight and slender as saplings, and exquisitely curved, they are lovely to look upon. Tall and regal, with shapely hands and feet, they swing along the forest path, carrying offerings of fruit and flowers to their gods, the glint of the sun on their broad shoulders.

Divorce is practically unknown. Children are taught from the age of four and five to use their hands at some skillful occupation that appeals to them. By instinctive talent, they are encouraged to become farmers, engineers, musicians, artists, wood carvers, stone cutters, metal workers, weavers.

Working and living in the open, the fortunate Balinese have universal good health. Without worries, at peace with their gods and their neighbors, they work, play and sleep as relaxed as children. Mental diseases and nervous disorders do not exist.

Money is not *all-important* in Bali. Rice is a more important commodity of exchange. A man wants a good wife and family, an untroubled soul, a home like his neighbor, and plenty to eat—and he needs little money for these. Hence money is not so highly prized or hoarded. Nobody strives to be exceedingly rich; no one is poor. It is a well-known fact that there isn't a real beggar in Bali!

Even the climate is gentle, averaging approximately 80 degrees the year round, although the island lies very near the equator. Being completely surrounded by water, there is always a breeze over the land.

The soil is so fertile that it yields three and four harvests a year. Old and young, men and women, take their share in the cultivation of rice, which is the great national industry of Bali and even an intrinsic part of their religious life. (Coffee is the second main crop.)

One finds the true community spirit carried out without enforcement. When one man's rice crop is ready for harvest, all his neighbors co-operate until the crop is gathered. So, in turn, they help each other and share the grain.

But the natives do not accept their bountiful harvests without remembering to thank their gods. Each rice field has its own tiny bamboo offering swinging from a high pole, an airy miniature temple to the rice god. Balinese think it not strange that drought or blighted harvest is unknown there.

Fruit and flowers grow wild on every side. Purple mango-steens, pink-fruited pomelos, little sugar pineapples, wild oranges, lemons and limes, every kind of bananas, salaks and chermoyas, and the finest juicy mangoes. A visit to an early morning market in the woods is something to remember. There are strange new fruits you've never seen before, such as the little prickly pears that look like baby armadillos and are as delicious as pineapple hearts.

Dr. Carrel claims that modern civilized man has forgotten the development of his spiritual side. He has turned too far toward mechanical advancement for physical comfort and speed.

Our Balinese friends appear wiser in their way of life. The very best things of life you cannot buy: peace, love and beauty. And every human being has a di-

vine right to these. The Balinese sufficient within."—*Helen Eva*
has learned the oldest lesson in the *Yates, condensed from Christian*
world: "Know thyself—and be *Science Monitor.*

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AS OTHERS SEE AMERICANS

AMERICA IS THE LAND where children certainly rule their parents. American children are taught to be "tough," and there is no sweeter music in a parent's ears than to hear "he surely is a tough guy, your youngster." He may be bad at lessons and not too good at games, but he gets away with all that if he is a "tough guy." From what I could observe, being tough means kicking your shins on sight, or throwing stones at the dog! Any child who is not anxious to give and to receive a black eye or a bloody nose is a "sissy," and nothing in America is worse than that. So they teach their young to hammer away at each other's adenoids and keep smiling.

On a voyage from Honolulu I talked to a few American children regarding their future, and in every case they were ambitious to be gangsters. "Gee, it's a game!" said one nine-year-old to me. "Stick 'em up and stick 'em up quick and you've got all the dough you can burn. Work? No, mam. It gives me a pain in the neck."

Later on I repeated this conversation to the child's mother. "Sakes alive," she said, "now isn't that boy the toughest thing. Pity your Pete is not like him!" And that was that.

Naturally manners are not cultivated, because no gangsters or "tough guy" has such things, and the most you will get out of a well brought up child—by American standards—after he has been to tea with you, is "Bye," as he walks out of the door. The old-fashioned joke "Mother told me to say I enjoyed myself—Good night," is neither understood nor laughed in America. Also the acquisition of other tongues is frowned on as being unnecessary. The inquiry, "Do you speak French?" brings the reply, "Why'd I speak another guy's language? No, mam! that's just soft, I'm no sissy.—*Lady Lawford in The Queen, London.*

PLAYBOY INTO STATESMAN

EARLY in 1914 Nicholas II, last Tsar of All the Russias, and Marie, then Rumania's British-born Crown Princess, decided it would be nice for both their countries if Marie's elder son Carol and Nicolas' eldest daughter Olga were to marry. To push the romance along, Marie and her husband, Crown Prince Ferdinand, took Carol on a trip to Tsarkoye Selo, the Tsar's winter palace outside St. Petersburg, and later His Imperial Majesty and family visited the Rumanian royalty at Constantza, on the Black Sea. But Prince Carol, who after all had to do the proposing, balked. Then 20 years old, for five years Carol had been allowed by indulgent parents to taste the pleasures of Bucharest, and already he was beginning to show decided independence in his choice of women. Instead of making up to the rather plain, high-cheek-boned Grand Duchess Olga, he took a fancy to the prettier and more vivacious Grand Duchess Tatiana, the Tsar's second oldest daughter. Since this was not on the schedule,

the matchmakers called the whole affair off, and His Imperial Majesty at length showed his distaste not only for Carol but for the entire Rumanian royal family by coining one of his very rare epigrams: "Rumania, bah! It is neither a State nor a nation, but a profession."

But the choosy Balkan Prince had the last laugh on the proud Emperor of Holy Russia. By 1918 Nicholas Romanov had lost his job and his life; by 1930 not only was Carol Hohenzollern very much alive, but after four-and-a-half years of self-exile, he was back in Bucharest and able truthfully to describe his profession to Rumania's census-takers as "mostly a king," secondarily a "farmer." The Tsar lost his throne primarily because he did not know his job. Rumania and the world have become gradually convinced that Farmer-King Carol thoroughly knows all the ins and outs of how to be a King in the Balkans.

It takes considerable work and ability to be a Balkan ruler nowadays and, particularly in Ruma-

nia, the job will not get any easier in the months to come. The old "Playboy of the Balkans," now 46, runs a country of 20,000,000 people whose 113,884 square miles, rich in oil and cereals, are not only the most prosperous in their part of the world, but the most coveted by grabby neighbors.

No city is more nervous, but no European capital is today gayer or more frivolous than Bucharest. With no blackouts, no curfews, no ration cards to worry about, Bucharest's 900,000 sophisticated, easy-going, sensuous citizens are at last earning the title which the city long ago assumed but never quite deserved—"Paris of the East." With warring nations bidding for her produce, Bucharest's stockmarket is booming as rarely before.

Throughout the city, new buildings are going up. Around the King's Palace whole blocks have been demolished to make a new Royal Square, a quarter of a mile away. Centerpiece of this new square will be the equestrian statue of Rumania's first Hohenzollern King, Carol I. Meanwhile, Carol II is staying at Cotroceni Palace, his late mother's favorite home, on the outskirts of the town.

Since 1938 Carol has not only been King but dictator of Rumania. That he should undertake all this reconstruction in such perilous times is perhaps proof enough of his faith in his ability to maintain Rumania as a going concern for some time to come.

Carol's life is the story of the Rake's Progress in reverse, a tale of the dissipated, headstrong young man who got better as he got older, winding up a serious-minded, at times even enlightened, ruler. In point of fact, Carol was never a black sheep. He was as good a product as was likely to come out of the court in which he was reared—a court which reeked with corruption and vice, which was ruled by a conniving and ruthless camarilla, in which mother was pitted against son, brother against brother, sister against sister.

Carol's father, Prince (later King) Ferdinand, anticipated his son's later escapades by falling in love with a pretty young poetess, Helen Vacarescu; according to one version he eloped to Venice and renounced his right to the throne. Finally persuaded by his uncle, old King Carol I, to return to Bucharest, he was then married to Princess Marie, daughter of the

Duke of Edinburgh and Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, grand-daughter of Britain's Queen Victoria.

A blushing 17-year-old girl at her marriage, Princess Marie was not long in mastering the arts of Balkan intrigue. She quickly allied herself with the powerful bourgeois Bratianu family which had founded the modern Kingdom of Rumania by revolting against Turkish rule in 1877. Princess Marie's favorite soon became Prince Barbu Stirbey, Chamberlain of the King's Household and, more important, brother-in-law of Ion Bratianu. Prince Ferdinand came to the throne in 1914, a weakling from the start, and thereafter the real power in Rumania was lodged in the hands of the Bratianus, Prince Stirbey and Queen Marie.

No project was too ambitious or too devious for the Queen. She rode rough-shod over her Hohenzollern husband's natural inclinations and brought Rumania into the Allied side of the World War. She later marched into the Versailles Peace Conference in 1919 and marched out with a treaty which doubled Rumania's size at the expense of Russia and Hungary.

Her children figured largely in her scheme to gain more power. One daughter (Marie) she married to Yugoslavia; another (Elizabeth) to Greece. She hoped that a third (Ileana) would marry Bulgaria but King Boris did not press his suit when it was gossiped about that Ileana was Prince Stirbey's, and not King Ferdinand's daughter. Through her daughters Queen Marie hoped to exert powerful influence throughout the Balkans; through her eldest son she planned on ruling Rumania.

Only fault with this reasoning was that Son Carol refused to play. A year or so of training at Potsdam, a tutor in the person of Professor Nicholas Jorga, a dogged old National Democrat who was against virtually everything the Bratianus stood for—these put unexpected backbone into the young Prince. Mother Marie was too busy hatching plots to notice that Son Carol was developing a mind of his own. She had a first glimpse of Carol's stubbornness at the Court of the Tsar. She got a big dose of it when, in World War I, the young Prince, serving as a Colonel, left his regiment, journeyed to Odessa, Russia, and there, after marrying 22-year-old Zizi Lam-

brino, the dashing daughter of a Rumanian officer, renounced all his rights to the throne.

No one is more severe toward a rake than a reformed rake, and King Ferdinand punished his son with a 75-day confinement in his barracks. The marriage was promptly annulled, and Mlle Lambrino was pensioned off (\$12,000 a year) and banished from the country. A few months later she gave birth to a boy, named him Mircea. Mother and son went to Paris, and later she got another big settlement. Carol was soon sent on a trip to Egypt, India and Japan, only to find on his return that his family had picked out for him a beautiful and royal bride-to-be—Helen, sister of George II, the present King of Greece. They were married in 1921, and seven months later Princess Helen gave birth to Mihai, who is now 18 years old.

In a marriage of convenience forced upon him by his family, Carol had not the slightest intention of remaining a faithful or even a discreet husband. He made no attempt to disguise his many extramarital affairs, and few Rumanians, to whom mistresses are certainly not unusual, would have

given his peccadilloes a second thought had not His Royal Highness happened one night in the Cercul Militar to meet a voluptuous young woman named Magda Lupescu. Daughter of a small shopkeeper, divorced wife of an Army lieutenant, she also happened to be half-Jewish in a country stridently anti-Semitic. Notwithstanding, Carol fell for "Bibi"—as he called the titian-haired Magda—and for 16 years, through thick and thin, on and off the throne, in exile or at home, he was to stick by her and she by him.

He ran away with her in 1925, and in the very hotel from which his father had once renounced his throne, he was said to have penned a similar letter. Mihai, Carol's son, was declared next in succession. Then King Ferdinand died, and little Mihai was put on the throne surrounded by a regency consisting of his uncle, Prince Nicholas, Patriarch Miron Cristea, Supreme Court President George Buzdugan.

But the Bratianus were slipping. Post-War land reforms gave the peasants thousands of acres. After Versailles, democracy was on the wax in Europe and, notwithstanding Rumania's notorious balloting

methods, a peasant leader named Juliu Maniu eventually won the premiership in 1929. When his reforms were further blocked by the Bratianu court clique, he conceived a plan to dethrone Mihai, crown Carol and get rid of Dowager Queen Marie and Prince Stirbey for good.

Carol landed at the Bucharest airport from Paris on June 6, 1930, and Rumania went wild with joy. There was to be a reconciliation between the new King and the Princess Helen. Magda was to be dropped.

But all did not work out as Premier Maniu foresaw. Marie went into eclipse and Prince Stirbey into exile, but Magda turned up one day in Bucharest and took up residence in a swanky villa presented by the King. Helen departed after getting a settlement of some \$80,000 annually and a promise to be allowed to see Mihai one month a year.

Once more Rumania grumbled that it was run by a woman behind the throne and all the grievances of Rumania were laid at her feet. According to her critics it was Magda who made or broke Cabinets; it was her scheme, first, to finance the pro-Nazi, anti-Jew-

ish Iron Guards (which, incidentally, listed her as No. 1 to be assassinated) only later to get them jailed.

But King Carol and Magda rode out the storm. With Teutonic tenacity he remained faithful to a mistress who grew broad of beam and middle-aged.

At the same time Carol began to try his hand at being a good parent. Father and son breakfasted together every morning. The King supervised the Crown Prince's education, made it a point to play with the boy as much as possible. As time went on Father won Son over completely—so completely that eventually Mihai accepted the friendship of Mme Lupescu.

Meantime, Rumania grew up with its King. The peasants got their land, a prosperous and not too honest business class arose, new schools began to turn out young white-collar workers and these beat a path to get on the bureaucratic payroll a vast collection of big and little political bosses. Then world depression began to crack down on easy money and easy virtue—then came Hitler.

Like most of the other 110,000,000 people who live in southeast-

ern Europe, the Rumanians associate the old overlordship of Vienna, the Sultans, and the Tsars with their primitive miseries. Hitler and Stalin are just two more potential overlords to them and, as never before, Rumanians cherish their nationalism and independence. When last August King Carol declared: "Our frontiers, traced in blood, cannot be altered without a world cataclysm," he got a resounding amen from his people.

After King Carol took dictatorial power, he formed a one-party State and made ministers personally responsible to the Crown. As

Dictator-King he has handled his power firmly, even discreetly. Magda has retired more and more to her villa, where her hobby is raising white turkeys.

Not without some social vision, King Carol has helped peasants to buy farm implements, inaugurated new educational methods, built better roads, founded air lines. The Army, long deep in scandal, has been tidied up. There is still a long way to go, but the age-old corruption of Rumania, largely a heritage from Turkish days, is being rooted out. To be a Rumanian is no longer just a profession.—
Condensed from Time.

* * *

ORIGINS

Lynching. In 1768 an organization known as the "Regulators" was founded at Lynch's Creek in South Carolina. The group met to carry out their own ideas of the administration of criminal justice, and this home-made variety of law enforcement later took the name of *lynching*.

* * *

Pathology. Although this word is derived from the Greek *pathos*, "suffering, deep feeling," we employ it to designate the treatment of disease, taking into consideration the essential nature, cause, and the structural and functional changes seemingly produced.

* * *

Shrapnel was invented about 1803 by Henry Shrapnel, a British general. A shrapnel is a shell containing small particles of metal, a bursting charge and a fuse which produces explosion at a given instant.

PANORAMA QUIZ

THIS feature is intended to test your fund of information on matters that an educated person should know. Read each question carefully. Check the answer you think is correct. After you have gone over all of them, look up the correct answers on page 64.

1. England's use of the Falkland Islands as a naval base during the present European war may violate

- (1) *the Treaty of Versailles of 1919;*
- (2) *the Covenant of the League of Nations;*
- (3) *the Kellog Peace Pact;*
- (4) *the Pan-American agreement in Panama in 1939.*

2. Quite frequently mentioned in today's news is Reval, which is (1) *a lake between Russia and Finland;* (2) *a city in Esthonia;* (3) *a port in Turkey;* (4) *a mountain separating Rumania and Yugoslavia.*

3. Recent history can hardly fail to mention Tannenberg because (1) *it was he who discovered a new cure for leprosy;* (2) *General Hindenburg led the Germans to victory against the Russians in that place;* (3) *the German-Russian non-aggression treaty was signed there;* (4) *it is the name of the German commander of a submarine that sunk over ten English ships.*

4. Penguin is the name of a bird that looks like one in evening dress and pengo is (1) *its Spanish equivalent;* (2) *a popular game in Greece;*

- (3) *a character in an Italian opera;*
- (4) *the name of the currency of Hungary.*

5. The classic name by which the Dardenelles was known is (1) *Lusitania;* (2) *Atlantica;* (3) *Hellespont;* (4) *Olympus;* (5) *Ionis.*

6. The film entitled *The Real Glory* portrays the bravery of the Moros, and one of the characters is played by (1) *Norma Shearer;* (2) *Gary Cooper;* (3) *Adolphe Menjou;* (4) *Joan Crawford;* (5) *John Barrymore.*

7. The line of fortified defenses built by Finland along the Russian border is known as the (1) *Mannerheim line;* (2) *Maginot wall;* (3) *Helsinki defenses;* (4) *West wall.*

8. Among the States composing the present U.S.A. one was for a time an independent republic but which later asked that it be annexed into the American Union; and that State is (1) *California;* (2) *Hawaii;* (3) *New Mexico;* (4) *Texas;* (5) *Louisiana.*

9. If the present war continues, the Germans might again resort, as they

did in the last World War, to Runkelrueben, which is (1) *a cabbage-like vegetable for hog fodder*; (2) *a highly poisonous gas that burns the lungs*; (3) *a substitute for butter and lard*; (4) *a class of fearless Germans*.

10. The deepest part of the sea ever discovered is 32,646 feet. It is found (1) *near South Africa*; (2) *east of Hawaii*, (3) *near the Philippines*; (4) *in the Indian Ocean*.

11. When we speak of measuring fractions of an inch or fractions of a millimeter, we think of the (1) *microscope*; (2) *microphone*; (3) *micrometer*; (4) *atom-smasher*; (5) *tissue paper*.

12. In his attempt to follow the royal road to romance, Richard Halliburton, an American writer and traveller, met his death (1) *while climbing the Alps in the footsteps of Hannibal*; (2) *on the top of the Fujiya-*

ma; (3) *while swimming across the Hellespont*; (4) *in crossing the Pacific on a Chinese junk*.

13. You want to teach very carefully and well your less educated friends the necessity of knowing the responsibilities of an independent nation. In so doing you are said to proceed (1) *industriously*; (2) *meticulously*; (3) *didactically*; (4) *officially*.

14. The most popular lion-tamer in America today is (1) *Clyde Beatty*; (2) *Al Capone*; (3) *Bernarr Macfadden*; (4) *Milo Vance*.

15. In his letters Dr. Jose Rizal, the greatest Filipino that ever lived, clearly revealed that he valued (1) *individual liberty more than national independence*; (2) *national independence more than individual liberty*; (3) *national prosperity more than individual liberty*; (4) *personal fame more than community welfare*.

* * *

Why America?

Although Columbus led the expedition which discovered America, it was named after Amerigo Vespucci. This is the story.

When Columbus set sail on his famous voyage under Spanish patronage, Amerigo Vespucci was a member of the expedition, and on return so discredited the discovery report of Columbus that he fostered another voyage the following year.

Jealousy caused this misrepresentation of the facts, and so Amerigo Vespucci named the land after himself in order to claim the honor of discovery.

Amerigo Vespucci on his death-bed made this confession to a priest.—*Parade*.

Panoramic Views

I HAVE observed that the polite person, regardless of his mental qualities, always has a certain prestige.—*Alain.*

*

IN 1850, in a world teeming with aggressive youth, old age was a distinction and not a problem. Today it is a problem and not a distinction.—*Roy Helton.*

*

OUR highest ideal is not Christ the King, but the German people.—*Dr. Wilhelm Hauer, German philosophy professor.*

*

THOUGH a living cannot be made at art, art makes living worthwhile. It makes living, living. It makes starving, living.—*John Sloan.*

*

I COULD excuse a man who was afraid of an uplifted fist, but if one habitually manifests fear at the utterance of a sincere thought I must think that his life is a kind of nightmare continued into broad daylight.—*Thoreau.*

*

SOME labor unions think recovery is within "striking" distance.—*R. W. Dawson.*

*

IN a big business there is just one way to be promoted, and that is: satisfy the man immediately over you.—*A. M. Boyd.*

READERS' COMMENT

Tara Settlement Farm School, Abra de Ilog, Mindoro.—I am sending my renewal subscription to the Panorama Magazine for three years instead of one year as I found your magazine a very good one. It will help me much improve myself in reading the articles found therein.—*Alejandro Sanchez.*

* * *

Camiling, Tarlac.—After my extensive and conscientious reading of PANORAMA, I can say that this publication is highly educational and is a good source of food for thought. It is one of the few magazines that give information rarely found in the other publications. PANORAMA does not only stimulate the mind of the reader but also give him ideas that are practical in nature. I hope that every Filipino citizen, whether high school student or collegiate, and professionals will read PANORAMA.—*Ciriaco B. Banaga.*

* * *

Sta. Maria Elementary School, Zamboanga City.—My leisure hours in November will not give me a feeling

of ease without your PANORAMA. Please rush my copy for this month. I have not received it yet. That makes me feel that something is missing.—*Jose Tejada, Principal.*

* * *

Manila.—I should like to subscribe again to PANORAMA because it is meaty and informative without being cumbersome and lengthy, but I believe I shall not unless you promise to send me the issues regularly and punctually. You see, I was often embarrassed when I did not receive my copies, but I just took it for granted as it is your own affair. You will remember that it was only when I notified an agent of yours who came my way that you sent me two past issues that I failed to receive. Now, my October issue has not come despite the fact that I have received the November and December issues. If you are kind enough to send me the October issue which I did not receive, I would have my 1939 PANORAMA complete. I want to keep them in a book form, and can you do the binding free for a subscriber?—*Manuel Madarang.*

* * *

Panorama Quiz—Answers

1. The Pan-American agreement in Panama in 1939.
2. A city in Esthonia.
3. General Hindenburg led the Germans to victory against the Russians in that place.
4. The name of the currency of Hungary.
5. Hellespont.
6. Gary Cooper.
7. Mannerheim line.
8. Texas.
9. A cabbage-like vegetable for hog fodder.
10. Near the Philippines.
11. Micrometer.
12. In crossing the Pacific on a Chinese junk.
13. Didactically.
14. Clyde Beatty.
15. Individual liberty more than national independence.

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This contest will close on May 15, 1940. For more particulars, write to

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