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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1928

Confronted with the task of selecting gifts, man a person finds himself up a Christmas tree.

We Democrats won't get to solve the problems of the nation during the next four years, but we seem to have enough of our own to occupy our time.

When prohibitionists tell us the country has become prosperous under the Eighteenth Amendment, we suppose they mean that in a dry country it is easier to save for a rainy day.

Preparation for war is costly, and so are the care of veterans and the repayment of war debts. War seems to get you not only while here but also going and coming.

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Needless Reservations

The Moses resolution proposing that the United States Senate qualify its consent to the Kellogg anti-war treaty with four reservations, is objectionable not because it jeopardizes final acceptance of the conditioned treaty by the principal world powers, but because it undertakes to dilute an already sufficiently water-logged treaty with qualifications that have either already been noted by Secretary Kellogg in his several official pronouncements, or which represent an unjustified expansion of the field of exceptions.

Senator Moses would have the Senate declare first "that the treaty imposes no obligation on the United States to resort to coercive or punitive measures against any offending nation." In an address delivered by Secretary Kellogg before the Council of Foreign Relations in New York on March 15, 1928, and cited by him in subsequent correspondence with the French government as representing the views of the United States, he said:

> I can not state too emphatically that it (the United States) will not become a party to any agreement which directly or indirectly, expressly or by implication, is a military alliance. The United States can not obligate itself in advance to use its armed forces against any other nation in the world.

Even if the Kellogg treaty imposed any obligation on the signatories to employ force against a covenant-breaking nation—which, of course, it does not—this statement would be a complete repudiation of such a pledge in so far as it involved the use of military power. There is no need to adopt safeguards against the possibility that the United States may resort to non-military punitive or coercive measures against an offending nation. No Senate resolution can limit the right of our government to adopt such measures of its own free will should it deem such a procedure necessary. The duty of adopting such a procedure is not imposed on us and what is not imposed on us needs no protective declaration from the Senate.

Reserving the second Moses declaration for the last, let us look at Reservation No. 3. It declares "that the treaty does not impair the right of the United States to defend its territory, possessions, trade or interests." Secretary Kellogg has already in his official correspondence with the French government incorporated his understanding that there is nothing in the treaty "which restricts or impairs in any way the right of self-defense. . . . Every nation is free at all times and regardless of treaty provisions to defend its territory from attack or invasion and it alone is competent to decide whether circumstances require recourse to war in self-defense." What more does Senator Moses want? He wants a specific reservation for complete liberty of action in respect to "trade or interests." That is a treacherous reservation and unworthy of the Senator who has proposed it. It seeks to extend to a country's commercial ambitions the same immunity from external inquiry that is reserved for a country's territorial integrity or national safety, and is a wretched and specific cancellation of the moral obligation set up by the treaty not to resort to war as an "instrument of national policy." If any of the four reservations offered by Senator Moses contains a mortal thrust at its spirit and purpose, this is the one that harbors it.

The fourth reservation, "that the treaty does not obligate the United States to the conditions of any treaty to which the United States is not a party," is a patent absurdity. The Kellogg treaty not only does not "obligate" the United States to the conditions of any other treaty, but it does not "obligate" the United States in respect to anything at all save to refrain from war—that renunciation being limited by its own unlimited right to decide what kind of wars it can not afford to refrain from. Senator Moses' long-cherished animosity against the League of Nations has here got the better of his common sense.

There remains the second reservation, "that the treaty does not impose any limitations upon the Monroe Doctrine or the traditional policies of the United States." The second half of the reservation may be dismissed as a preposterous attempt to confer moral immunity on any policy of the United States that any Senate or President may, at any time, describe as "traditional." The first half is rendered unnecessary by Secretary Kellogg's declaration that each nation "alone is competent to decide whether circumstances require recourse to war in self-defense." It is only as a self-defense policy that the Monroe Doctrine has any moral standing. If it has no bearing on the security of the United States, our attempt to give force to the Monroe Doctrine is a piece of insufferable officiousness and bound, soon or late, to provoke war. Our government has made sufficiently clear its attitude to the Monroe Doctrine by excluding questions arising under this policy from the application of the late arbitration treaty with France. The Kellogg treaty neither adds to nor subtracts from our rights, duties or claims under the Monroe Doctrine. It does impose on us the moral obligation to qualify a war waged in defense of the Monroe Doctrine as a war in defense of our national security, and no war waged by us under the Monroe Doctrine ought to be free from this moral compulsion. That seems to us a valid and proper obligation, even though the British government has made a reservation in favor of "certain regions" in which it has vital interests. Great Britain's interests in Egypt have an immediate relationship to the integrity of the Empire which have no parallel in the relationship between our own safety and the vast territory covered by the Monroe Doctrine. The British exception in respect of "certain regions," in its implication of similar exceptions for other signatory nations having similar regional interests, constitutes all the reservation that the United States needs for its own protection in Latin America. Any weakness in our position arising from our failure to note a specific and sweeping exception, can easily be made good by recourse to our unimpaired right to interpret the needs of our own national security.

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Aviation 25 Years Hence

A quarter of a century ago today, the Virginian-Pilot announced to its readers that Wilbur and Orville Wright had solved the problem of mechanical flight at Kitty Hawk, N. C. Aviation has developed, intensively and extensively, at a tremendous rate since that rude beginning. Compare the first successful plane built by the Wright brothers with its 16-horsepower motor and its propeller in the rear with the huge 400-horsepower Fokker plane in which Commander Eyrd flew across the Atlantic. Compare the 120-foot flight which the Wrights made at Kitty Hawk 25 years ago with the 4,600-mile hop from Rome to the Brazilian coast, credited to Captain Ferrarin, the Italian pilot this year, and one may see something of the increased performance that has come with this evolution. Planes have multiplied as they have improved, with the result that flying is one of the accepted modes of transportation today in every part of the civilized world. Passenger lines, mail lines, express lines are springing up in every quarter of the globe, and the plane has also become an accepted part of the defensive armament of every great power.

This is the record of the past 25 years. What does the next quarter of a century hold in store? There is of course only a speculative answer to this question, but certain developments would seem to be well within the range of possibility. The chief problems of flying today are to make the plane proof against storm and to navigate it through fog. Once these problems are solved, and there is abundant reason to believe that they will be solved within the next decade or so, the airplane will approach the older forms of transportation in dependability and its increasing use as a commercial agency will be inevitable. It would not be surprising if the year 1953 found it displacing the train and the motor car in the transportation of passengers, especially over long distances. It may also be carrying most of mail and light express. Nor would it be surprising to find it the chief reliance in the matter of national defense, instead of a mere adjunct to the Army and Navy as it is today. One hesitates to suggest that the plane may be as much a commonplace then as the motor car is today, but even that development is not impossible. The evolution of flying will be particularly rapid in the event that experiments with gyroscopic apparatus make it possible to take off and land in a relatively small area. The autogiro, invented by a Spanish flyer, had several successful trials in Europe this year before it crashed at London. It is a promising device, the perfection of which might easily make possible many exploits that are now deemed chimerical.

Nor is the Zeppelin airship wholly without potentialities. Lighter-than-air craft have not developed as rapidly as the early performances of the Shenandoah and the Dixmude might have led us to believe, but their possibilities remain to be thoroughly explored. Even Commander Byrd, who is wedded to the airplane, admits the promise of the dirigible. In an article written before his departure for the semi-centennial edition of the St. Louis Post Dispatch, Commander Byrd predicted a keen competition between the dirigible and the plane for aerial supremacy. His prediction was voiced before the somewhat disappointing flight of the Graf Zeppelin to this country, but it remains prophetic despite that setback. Already Germany is preparing to construct a larger ship than the Graf Zeppelin, while our own navy is building two ships even greater than the Los Angeles. It will be interesting to see whether the air liners of 1953 will trace their ancestry back to the dirigible as well as to the machine which the Wright brothers first flew at Kitty Hawk 25 years ago.

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War the Mocker

The only hope now of averting a formal declaration of war between Bolivia and Paraguay is the slender one that Bolivia, having struck back and captured a Paraguayan fort, will consider the immediate affront to her honor avenged and declare herself willing to entertain the possibility of arbitration. This slender hope is further conditioned on the willingness of Paraguay, after the Fort Boqueron battle, to arbitrate instead of to fight—a decision which may rest more with the excited Paraguayan people than with the government at Asuncion. The dismal consideration is that it is only very rarely the case that military encounters like the Forts Vanguardia and Boqueron clashes fail to lead to formal warfare. If they do not loose a bloody war in the present instance it will be a miracle.

If such a war comes we shall be assured afresh by those who take no stock in Leagues and Courts and anti-war treaties that all these agencies are worthless. It will be in order to ask these realistic persons whether being fully armed both with implements of war and potential causes of war is not even more dangerously worthless if this condition is not in some degree checked with covenanted enjoinments to peaceable adjustments. The tragedy in this hour is not that the World Court, League, Pan-American Conference or war-outlawry treaty are proving unequal to the task of preventing bloodshed, but that the war-lust in times of excitement still mocks the solemn commitments that nations make in times of serenity. In La Paz and Asuncion these days there is being enacted the familiar prelude to the familiar old tragedy—"we want war" demonstrations, statesmen orating fervidly on national honor, deputies voting special appropriations, students leaving their classrooms for the colors, rich men offering money, industrial corporations offering material and supplies, women offering to nurse, taxi drivers offering their motor cars, Boy Scouts volunteering to distribute patriotic propaganda. That is the way war comes everywhere—in South America as in Africa as in Asia as in Europe, now as in the beginning—but it always ends the same way—in debts and corpses. Let there be no mocking of the Leagues and Courts and anti-war treaties. Even the little good that they do abundantly justifies their creation and maintenance. Later they may accomplish more. Let there be, instead, tragic commiseration for this poor humanity of ours that still must needs slay one another in the name of honor and security.

The Pilot House

THE RADIO SANTA'S NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

("Brodcasters plan to bring Santa by radio."—News item.)

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the "speaker" with care
For the program had said that St. Nick would be there;
The children were sleeplessly snuggled in bed,
Each hoping the batteries wouldn't go dead,
When out of the radio came a great clatter
Of hoofbeats and sleighbells (but mostly the latter).
The jingle, the laughter and noise of the pack
Made me think that the ginger ale hour was back,
When what should my ears very presently hear
(Though the static was bad and the words not so clear),
But a voice saying "Kindly stand by, folks, because
The next voice you hear will be old Santa Claus,
"Who is speaking tonight, we are happy to state
O'er an unequaled hookup extensive and great;—
He will talk to more people from east coast to west
Than were talked to by Hoover or Smith at his best;
This program will broadcast Yule greetings galore
To some seventy millions . . . and probably more."

* * *

Then next, to our joy, came a voice rather thick—
"Good evening! How are you, folks! This is Saint Nick!"
The patter of deer feet convincingly came
As he whistled and shouted and called them by name—
Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!
On Comet, on Cupid, on Donder and Blitzen—
"The reindeer, dear folks, are the Superfine Brand,
Mild, Tender and Wholesome When Fresh or When Canned;
"To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!—
"This porch and the wall that we're using tonight
Is a Schmalz & Schmalz Product, the Builders' Delight."
And then in a twinkling I heard on a roof
The pawing and prancing of each little hoof;
"This roof," said St. Nick, "is of cooper, I think,
The product of National Roofers Corp., Inc."

* * *

As I tuned out the static I next heard him say,
"If you'll kindly stand by I'll a saxophone play;"
Then he played lots of jazz with much gusto and swing,
Talked a while on the tariff—then started to sing!
He sang "Honey Boy" twice and I don't need to say,
Like all radio songsters, "I'm King for a Day;"
Next he pulled a few jokes and a short talk on sports,
Gave an organ recital and market reports:
His laughter was that of a jolly old elf,
And I never did doubt it was Santa himself;
"I hope," he said gayly, "you people out there
Are pleased with this hour of mine on the air;
"I now think I'll spring to my sleigh, folks, and when
I do it you'll know it's just quarter past ten!"

* * *

He sprang to his team, cracked the whips o'er his pets,
Saying, "All of these reindeers smoke Blank cigarets."
Then I heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night—
By arrangement with Rosenberg, Plotz and Maloney—
The World Famous Makers of De Luxe Baloney!"

Optical Orthography

Write me,
You said.

I want to read something
From you to me.

I am writing . . .

Not with pen or pencil;
Not on paper.

Nor anything intelligible
To anyone but you.

What I write
Is written in my eyes.

—I. K. R.

Experience

Several survivors of the Vestris sinking were passengers on the Celtic when it hit the rocks and you can almost imagine this dialogue:

Petty Officer: Get up. The ship is sinking.

Vestris Survivor: You can't fool me. If the ship was sinking it would be kept a secret between you and the captain.

Fred Hank says that "I can't give you anything but love" is a Scotch Christmas carol.

H. I. PHILLIPS.

The First Reader

EDDIE CANTOR PUTS HIS LIFE INTO YOUR HANDS

This new book by Eddie Cantor, called "My Life Is In Your Hands," is as good as a front seat at a performance by Eddie Cantor. It's Eddie all the way through, save for the introductory remarks by Will Rogers, who had not read the book and gave it his unqualified indorsement. Harper & Bro. are the publishers.

David Freedman, who put Eddie Cantor's remarks down on paper, because Eddie was too busy dashing from one place to another to do it himself, had the good sense to realize that a man's own tale can best be told in his own way. So we get a book that has none of the literary subtleties of Lytton Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex," because Eddie does not carry three centuries of English literature around with him. He just makes whoopee in his own fashion and gets more fun out of it than Elizabeth and Essex ever did when Sir Walter Raleigh was not around.

First Appearance

Will Rogers, who opens the show, remarks that no actor wants to start a show with his own stuff, for which reason he does the dumb or animal act for Eddie Cantor. He says that when he met Eddie "neither of us knew whether Ziegfeld had a 'Follies' or whether he was maybe a livery stable keeper." The proceeds of the book, says Rogers, will go to a summer camp for poor boys of the east side, "so I advise you all to buy this book, for you will be helping some poor kid to get poison ivy that would never in the world have had the opportunity otherwise."

Eddie Cantor goes back to his east side days, when Grandma Esther, for whom he displays the fondest affection, brought him up. His summary of his own birth is typical of the rest of the book:

"It was the last day of January, 1892, in a small, gas-lit bedroom on Eldridge street, on a biting cold night usually good for theater audiences, at about the time that the regular overture begins, that I made my debut before a packed house. The excited voices of relatives and friends, the clamor of street wagons, the sounds of the Russian balalaika from the tea house, the muffled groans of my mother and my father's plaintive fiddle, all joined in a strange ovation on my first appearance."

His mother died a year later; soon his father, too, fell asleep clutching the violin and no longer making "minuzik," and Grandma Esther, aged 62, took on the burden of Eddie Cantor. She believed in homely remedies. "Only the ignorant, according to my grandmother, depended on doctors." The doctor would not examine his patients. He carried on his visits from the sidewalk:

"What is it, Mrs. Lefkowitz?"

"Mine child, it hurts him in his belly!"

"Give him castor oil and throw down a dollar!"

From then on the narrative gathers speed. We read how Eddie was carried off by Fanya, a Russian girl, at the age of 14, and how he fell in love with Ida Tobias, the belle of Henry street, who did not want to be seen in public with Eddie; how he sang "My Mariutch She Took-a de Steamboat," at a recreation camp, traveled around with Gus Edwards' kid troupe, appeared in vaudeville, married Ida, and began wondering, in a one-room apartment with two baby girls, whether the family would ever have enough money to buy a house.

He looks at the world with friendly eyes. He sticks to his pals. The men he knew years ago remain his friends. He tells how Al Smith, who lived in Oliver street, two blocks from Henry, would stand a treat for the crowd at Bassler's saloon, always taking the youngsters aside for sarsaparilla. He celebrates Junie McCree as a great comedian, and even credits him with organizing the phrase "coffin nails" as applied to cigarets, which was current coin before Junie McCree was born.

He reveals inimitable glimpses of Florenz Ziegfeld, whose passion for sending wires to his actors is so great that, as Eddie remarks, "I have tipped off my friends that, should Ziegfeld pass away, they could sell the Western Union short and become millionaires overnight. He once sent me a 12-page wire and added, 'Will write you in detail tomorrow.'"

It is Eddie Cantor's idea that Ziegfeld sends his actors irritating criticisms by wire toward the end of a season so that they won't ask for an increase in salary. In Eddie's case he called the turn and resigned. Ziegfeld crawled, but to get Eddie back he had to pay an extra $1,000 a week.

"But it is all in keeping with his flourish in the grand manner, which is not affected, but comes natural to him," writes Eddie. "He lives like a potentate, and his musical comedy settings reflect his innermost quality of the far-flung and the majestic. He has an uncanny sense of lighting effects, color combinations, costume harmonies and scenic backgrounds. He pays the highest salaries to artists and is the greatest manager for girls America has ever had."

When Seats to the Show Cost $22

You read this book knowing full well that Eddie is taking advantage of his own life to be an entertainer—witness the anecdotes dealing with his attempts to get some sleep before noon in New York and vicinity, with blasting and tooting going wherever he lays his head. He tells how he builds jokes out of his own experiences, and here he builds a humorous autobiography out of his past. But if it reveals him as an entertainer, it also reveals him as a frank, candid and astute human being who has nothing to conceal. He is very happy to announce that he is the first comedian who made $1,000,000 and still has it. And he makes no bones about telling how he got it. He reveals how he keeps his name in big type.

His home life is that of the average American who rises in the world, and despite the fact that he progressed from a one-room apartment to a house in Mount Vernon and thence to an estate in Great Neck, he remains the boy who made wisecracks and put on stunts in Henry street. He is tickled to death to tell what he knows gets across. For instance:

"Attending the opening night of the 1923 'Follies,' ticket were selling at $22 a seat, and when I found where my seat was I came equipped with a wrench, hammer and screwdriver and began to bang and loosen the seat just before the overture started. An usher hastened down the aisle and tried to stop me. 'Let me alone,' I cried, 'I paid $22 for this seat and I'm going to take it home.' The audience laughed and so did Ziegfeld. The critics observed that it was one of the best bits of the show that night." He is that way all through the book. He knows his line, and it pays.

HARRY HANSEN.

Twenty Years Ago

DECEMBER 18, 1908

The House of Representatives by unanimous vote adopted a resolution requesting the President to supply it with any evidence that might be in his possession that would justify the statement in his last annual message relating to the attitude of members of Congress toward appropriations for the secret service of the government.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., made a charge of criminal libel against S. S. Carvalho, publisher of the New York American, on account of a publication charging him with peonage, and Mr. Carvalho was arrested and paroled in custody of his lawyer to await future examination.

The Strain Of The Christmas Season Has Begun

That Gran Chaco

Lewis S. Gannett in the New York Herald Tribune

In the accompanying article from the New York Herald Tribune, Mr. Gannett explains the boundary dispute that has brought about the clash between Bolivia and Paraguay.

Bolivia is, roughly, as big as the entire United States east of Chicago and north of Florida; Paraguay is as large as New England plus New Jersey. The Gran Chaco, about which they are disputing, is twice as big as New York State. But in all Bolivia there are fewer people than in Chicago, and half of Bolivia's population are pure-blood Indians; in Paraguay there are fewer than in Boston, and three-quarters of them are Indian; and it is doubtful if as many people live in the disputed Chaco as in Haverstraw or Tarrytown. Much of it, indeed, has never been explored or mapped.

It is a great triangle of flat land, this Gran Chaco, between Paraguay and the Pilcomayo Rivera. Most of it is marked on our maps as part of Paraguay, following the line of an 1894 treaty, which neither government ever ratified. Part of it is a swampy plain cut by winding lagoons, and by rivers which overflow in the wet season and are blocked by fallen trees at low water. Part of it is good grass land, broken by thick forests, waiting only settlers to become rich territory. No one paid much attention to it until five years ago, when oil was discovered.

Paraguay, though on the map as land-bound as Bolivia, is a low country, linked by rivers with the Atlantic. Bolivia spans the Andes. Bolivia's is the highest capital in the world, 12,000 feet above sea level, higher than lonely Lhassa in the mountains of Tibet. Bolivia's main railroad lines climb still higher from her capital, then drop down to the Pacific Ocean. One line runs south into Argentina; none connects the plateau country and the capital with the low jungle-land of the Chaco. It is easy enough to discover from an almanac that Bolivia's German-trained army is thrice as large as Paraguay's, but it would be another matter to lead an army over a 15,000-foot mountain range and across unnavigable swamps.

Latin America's republics are heirs to the territorial boundaries of the old Spanish provinces. But those boundaries were vague in the hinterland. Bolivia claims the Chaco because it was part of the old Spanish judicial district of Charcas, or Upper Peru, which after the wars of independence became the Republic of Bolivia; Paraguay points out that the Chaco was part of the bishopric and of the intendencia, the political unit, of Paraguay, and that as far back as 1792 the Spanish Governor of Paraguay built Fort Olympo on the Upper Paraguay River to stem Brazilian advances across the river. The country has been subject to only the most tenuous jurisdiction by either republic.

For the first half century of their lives the wilderness seemed too remote for consideration, but in 1879, after Bolivia had lost her Pacific port to Chile, she awoke to a new interest in the rivers that link her with the Atlantic, and began friendly negotiations with Paraguay. The Quijaro-Decoud treaty, in 1881, drew an east-and-west boundary line along the 22d parallel, fifty miles south of Fort Olympo. The Bolivian Congress approved the treaty, with a reservation that Bolivia must have one or two river ports on the Pilcomayo, south of the boundary. Paraguay refused the amendment. Five years later Bolivia withdrew it, but by that time Paraquay, then dominated by the ruthless dictator Lopez, under whose murderous rule her population is said to have been cut in half, demanded still more. A new treaty in 1887 left title to lands between the 21st and 22d parallels to Leopold II of Belgium, but again Lopez refused to accept the results of his negotiators. The diagonal treaty line which appears on most maps was negotiated in 1894, but by that time both Congresses were cautious. Bolivia refused to ratify until Paraguay had acted, and Paraguay waited upon Bolivia.

After that the Chaco was neglected for 13 years. In 1907 the two countries agreed to let the President of Argentina arbitrate their dispute, but the President of Argentina, cannily scenting trouble, refused, and negotiations again lapsed. Still another attempt at settlement was made this year in Buenos Ayres, where Paraguayans and Bolivians met under an Argentine chairman, but without result. Oil had been discovered.

Neither Paraguay nor Bolivia has available surplus to develop the Chaco. Paraguay has encouraged foreign immigration, the most interesting effort being the 3,000,000-acre concession, in the northwestern part of this Chaco territory, to a group of Canadian Mennonites. A group of Mennonites, under Fred Eugen, spent three weeks exploring the territory, with six bullock carts and 100 oxen, and reported that much of the country was like a "large and beautiful park" with forests of such valuable trees as quebracho, and with wild cotton growing on the pampas. Paraguay offered the Mennohites absolute freedom of worship, exemption from military service (they are a non-resistant sect), exemption from taxes for five years and a guaranty of perpetual prohibition within five kilometers of their lands, and a year ago 2,000 Mennonites were reported on their way to the promised land. Tex Rickard also owns large grazing lands in Paraguay, but American investments in that republic are small.

Bolivia, too has mae efforts to colonize her eastern lowlands. A year ago she granted a 50,000,000-acre concession to the British company in territory part of which falls in the disputed zone, and this company planned to colonize the land with white Russian refugees. But the region is far from any railway; while it fringes the Paraguay River, its only outlet to the sea is through Paraguay itself and, apparently, the plan is still a mere grandiose paper scheme. Even within reach of the projected La Paz-Santa Cruz Railway a good steer can still be bought for $2 and oranges sell at 6 cent a dozen. Without transportation the richness of the soil is meaningless.

It is in the uplands of Bolivia that the United States has been most interested. There are the famous tin and silver mountains. There the Yankee investment, which amounted to only $10,000,000 in 1912, has leaped to almost $100,000,000. There is the seat of the government, financially reorganized by American experts, controlled by a fiscal commission, two of whose three members are named in New York.

The most bellicose demonstrations thus far appear to have occurred in the capital of Bolivia; but surely Bolivia will recall in time that she signed her first arbitration treaty ninety-seven years ago, well in advance of Europe and of North America, and that the name of her capital is La Paz, which is Spanish for "Peace."

Special Plant Makes Cathedral Windows

Washington, Dec. 22.—(AP)—Artistic ideals of the Middle Ages will be portrayed in the 183 great windows of the Washington Cathedral being erected on Mount St. Alban.

A special glass-making plant for the production of the windows has been established near Philadelphia. Lawrence B. Saint, an American stained-glass sartist, is in charge. The ingredients employed in the manufacture are the same as those found in specimens of glass taken from notable windows of medieval cathedrals.

They are mixed with as much care as though a medical prescription was being compounded. The French system of grams and milligrams is used for measuring. Only 25 pounds of glass are made at a time.

The Daily Clinic

BY DR. W. A. EVANS

SHORTNESS OF BREATH

Dyspnea is the physicians' name for what laymen call shortness of breath. When a man with heart disease is compelled to sit up in a room with open windows all the night long, the physician pronounces the condition marked dyspnea due to heart disease. Another term, with a slightly different meaning, is heart asthma.

Dyspnea is merely a symptom. This symptom may be present in any one of several conditions. While curing it is not so easy, giving quick relief and continuing it for a considerable time is now possible. The question is now on a moderately satisfactory scientific basis. This will be good news for many who, as it is, spend uncomfortable hours.

The first step to take is to find the organic basis for the difficulty in breathing. This is essential. Not counting hay fever, because it does not belong in the group, every case of dyspnea has a cause. The type of treatment depends on the cause. That which acts like magic in one group is of no service, or even may make things worse, if used with another group. A very important group is composed of those who have heart disease and who wake up struggling for breath, get up, put up a window, and then sit in a chair for the balance of the night.

Dr. C. S. Danzer had devised an instrument for the relief of the people in this group. It is called a venostal. It consists of four rubber tourniquets exactly like those used in taking blood pressure. One of these is placed on each arm above the elbow and one on each thigh. The tubes are then pumped up, exactly as is done in taking blood pressure, except that the constriction is made great enough to impede flow of blood but not to stop it. The pressure is left on 10 to 12 minutes and then it is very slowly released.

It is possible that physicians could show their patients how to get some of the same effects by wrapping a bandage tightly around the arms and thighs and leaving it for 10 minutes. He also gives a method of getting relief by pressing deeply on the side of the neck at a point about one and a half inches below the angle of the jaw. Some physicians can teach some patients how to do the trick.

In what is called continuous dyspnea with some dropsy of the legs and enlargement of the liver and shortness of breath on exertion, he has two suggestions which the layman is especially interested in. One is that the diet consist wholly of vegetables, fruits and milk. This is called the lacto-vegetarian diet. The urine should be kept alkaline by this diet. If necessary, alkaline table waters or drugs will help. The other is that he train himself to breathe. If such a person notices his method of breathing he will find that when he inspires he lifts his chest, but he does not push his abdomen as does the normal man.

Dr. Danzer says if he will move the abdomen in breathing the enlargement of the liver will lessen.

He has suggestions for the relief of bronchial asthma and asthma due to high blood pressure and Boight's, but they relate principally to choice of medicines. The medicines which give relief in bronchial asthma are not the same as those which are effective in dyspnea of high blood pressure and Bright's.

"Reducing Breasts"

L. M. C. writes: "In what way can I reduce my breasts? Would you advise a reducing cream? My dresses never look right on me because I am so big in my bust.

I am slim and short and I need help very much.

Reply

Using reducing creams is a waste of time and money. Recently we published a letter from a woman whose daughter suffered from a bad disposition of fat over her body. She took up swimming and worked it hard. She had a reapportionment of fat, using the terms employed by law-makers.

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