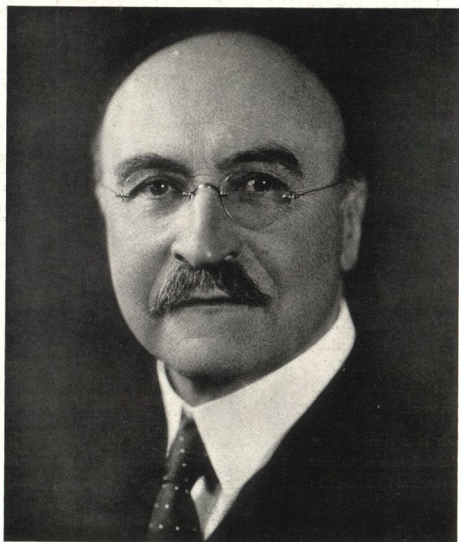


FIFTEEN CENTS

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine



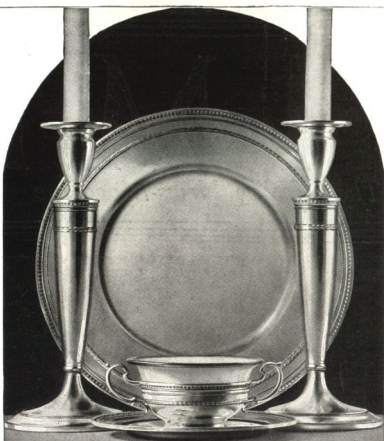
VOL. IV NO. 12

DR. LEO H. BAEKELAND

"It will not burn. It will not melt."

(See Page 20)

SEPTEMBER 22, 1924



Candlesticks
pair \$65

Bouillon Cups
each \$15

Bread and Butter
Plates, each \$11.50

Service Plates
each \$48

Dessert Knives
½ doz. \$20

Dessert Forks
½ doz. \$20

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FINE in line, beautifully proportioned, Edgeworth's charm is reflected in every piece—candlesticks, tea service, spoons, knives, forks. Passing fancies can affect neither its beauty nor its value.

Edgeworth is a sterling silver dinner service designed and finished by master craftsmen. Because of its

dainty yet substantial charm, it is adapted to surroundings of elegance or to the smaller house or apartment. And it is very moderately priced.

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Note the charm
of the delicate
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TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine

Vol. IV. No. 12

September 22, 1924

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

The White House Week

¶ The President reviewed a parade of 30,000 soldiers and civilians celebrating Defense Day.

A special announcement was issued from the White House:

General John J. Pershing, General of the Armies, having this day reached the age of 64 years, is retired from active service in conformity with a requirement of an act of Congress approved June 30, 1882. . . . General Pershing has already received from the Congress the thanks of that body and of the American people, and now I extend to him anew the thanks of the nation for his eminent services, and feel certain that I voice the sentiment of the entire citizenry of the Republic in wishing him long life, happiness and prosperity in the retirement he has so richly earned.

(Signed) CALVIN COOLIDGE.

¶ Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge attended the first inning of a baseball game between local police and firemen, then went aboard the *Mayflower* to spend the week-end with political counselors and the report of the Tariff Commission on sugar.

¶ Young John Coolidge left the White House, took train and sped away, to matriculate at Amherst, his father's alma mater.

¶ Mr. Coolidge with several members of his Cabinet waited several hours in the rain, wearing rubbers and a slicker, to welcome the Magellans of the air, the peri-globular fliers, returning to the Capital of their nation.

¶ Malcolm MacDonald, son of Ramsay, British Premier, was the guest of Secretary Hughes, who presented the young man at the White House.

THE CAMPAIGN

Words

At Denver, John W. Davis, going into new country, began to use new weapons, although he did not abandon the oil scandals, the Republican tariff. His first topic was irrigation and reclamation. He cited the misfortune which has overtaken many settlers on irrigation projects; told how, in many cases, settlers were in dire distress because the Government's estimated cost of reclaiming their lands had been greatly increased by

the time the actual project was completed. He quoted the Republican platform which recommended the curtailing of irrigation projects to prevent overproduction, and then exclaimed:

"I invite every settler on any irrigation project to read that statement. He knows now with what earnest sympathy the leaders of the Republican Party view his difficulties."

At Cheyenne, on Defense Day, Mr. Davis turned to the problems of defense and spoke:

"So long as an adequate Navy guards our coasts, we need not fear the coming of any invader. . . ."

"At the Washington Conference on Disarmament, we accepted a definite ratio in the matter of capital battleships of 5-5-3, as between Great Britain, America and Japan. It startled an American to learn from the lips of the Secretary of the Navy himself that those in power have permitted America's actual strength in battleships to fall to the figure of four or below.

"When that Conference ended, the

public, I think, gathered the impression that equality in naval equipment between Great Britain and America was assured and that American superiority over Japan at the ratio of five to three was fixed for the next ten years. I do not charge that this impression was the result of any intentional misrepresentation. But the American public is entitled to know that that Conference dealt in no way with modern cruisers, with submarines or the auxiliaries of a fleet; that, against 44 modern cruisers owned by Great Britain and 25 by Japan, the United States has but 10; and that in ocean-going submarines and airplane-carriers, our position is still more disadvantageous. We must not let praise for the good intent that lay behind the Washington Conference blind us to the partial and inadequate character of its scope and results."

At Topeka, Mr. Davis, in a number of rear-platform speeches, turned his attention for the first time to Mr. LaFollette:

"It is conceivable—I do not believe it probable—that the Republican Party may win . . . It is conceivable—and I think it is probable—that the Democratic Party will win. . . ."

"But is there anybody who believes that the third party, the Progressive Party, can win possession of the Presidency and a majority in the Senate and a majority in the House? I know of no one who contemplates that contingency.

"I submit to those who wish to see progress in this country, to those who wish to see honesty in government and who wish a restoration of a Government of justice and courage, that they have in this election, as reasonable men, no cause to vote any ticket other than of the Democratic Party."

He then returned to the theme of Republican corruption and the tariff, of which he said:

"It costs the State of Kansas alone \$66 million annually in the additional price the people of this state are com-

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National Affairs—[Continued]

pelled to pay for the things they buy."

At Kansas City. After speaking at Topeka, John W. Davis went to Kansas City. There he stopped at the Hotel Muehlebach. He left his room and went to another room in the hotel. There he called on Senator James A. Reed of Missouri, who is invaliding from a recent illness. Senator Reed not long ago announced himself as a supporter of Mr. Davis. So the two are on good terms, although Mr. Davis is a proponent of the League of Nations and Mr. Reed a violent opponent.

At Bunceon. Next day, there was a great barbecue; 13,000 pounds of beef, 3,000 pounds of mutton and 14,000 watermelons—for 50,000 people at the farm of Dr. Arthur W. Nelson, Democratic nominee for Governor of Missouri. Some 50,000 people attended, and some went hungry. Mr. Davis was properly provisioned and then spoke:

"Privilege creeps like a viper into the administrative chambers of your executive departments. . . . Where can there be found such a chapter of shame in American history as that which contains the names of Fall, Edwin Denby, Harry M. Daugherty, Charles R. Forbes, Gaston B. Means, and a host of jackals who followed in their trail?"

At Milwaukee, Charles G. Dawes went to the lair of LaFollettism to attack, not because the Republicans hope for success there, but rather because of the compelling interest which comes to those who attack the lion in his den. He declared that the LaFollette plank, which would permit Congress to override a decision of the Supreme Court that a law is unconstitutional, would destroy the authority of the Constitution which guarantees the civil and political rights of the individual, which reserves certain rights to the states. He said:

Of popular government: "That government whose policy is determined by the ultimate judgment of the people will permanently survive. The government whose actions are determined by the passing phases of popular opinion, as distinguished from ultimate opinion, will perish. The Constitution of the United States establishes the rule of the people, as distinguished from the rule of the mob."

Of LaFollettism: It "represents the quiescence of demagogism animated by the vicious purpose of undermining the constitutional foundation of the Republic."

Of LaFollette's Labor Day speech: "A violent and unsupported affirmation.

. . . Never in the history of the United States has the commonsense of the average individual received a greater affront."

At Washington, one William Meuser and a committee from the Steuben Society addressed Mr. LaFollette, promising him the support of six million U. S. citizens of German blood. Said Mr. Meuser: "The notification which we convey to you is the expression of the mature judgment of 90% of the most loyal, modest and conservative element in the American complex, which recognizes in you the shining qualities of conservative statesmanship and unbending devotion to the principles of constitutional government."

Answered Mr. LaFollette: "From my heart I thank you for your stirring message and welcome the support you pledge. . . . We are hearing much in this campaign of the Constitution and of Americanism. I am content to have it so. But I insist that the best friends of the Constitution are those who dared to voice their protest when that instrument, ordained to give perpetuity to the immortal declaration 'conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal,' is invoked as a shield for corrupt and lawless wealth and for the oppression of the liberties of the people in the exercise of their inalienable rights."

"I maintain that the real enemies of the Constitution and the real menace to American Government are those unpunished agents of corruption who have despoiled the public domain and betrayed the people, who have written the blackest page in the history of our Government from their high Cabinet positions, and who, it must be said to the shame of the country, have gone to this hour without Executive rebuke."

"To trace the progress of this malignant disease, which threatens the very foundation of Constitutional Government, we need only survey the wide chasm which separates Carl Schurz, Secretary of the Interior in Garfield's Cabinet, from Albert B. Fall, Harry M. Daugherty and others of intimate and daily association with this Administration."

Where the Money Goes

Donald MacGregor, correspondent, recently wrote an article on campaign management. As a specific statement of what the Parties are doing and will do in the present campaign, it was of little value; but it rehearsed, in a general manner, the

way money is spent in campaigns—something which is not too well known by the public.

Mr. MacGregor laid out a typical campaign budget:

- 25% for headquarters expenses
- 20% for speakers and radiocasting
- 20% for campaign books, buttons, posters
- 15% for miscellaneous and emergency costs
- 10% for advertising
- 10% for press bureaus

The 25% for headquarters expenses is devoted to rent and management, to scores of clerks and stenographers and other assistants, such as are necessary in the business of spending several million dollars effectively in two or three months. If possible, the headquarters are usually made expensively elaborate, because visitors like feeling that they have been to call on a successful organization.

The 20% devoted to speakers goes mostly for railroad fare and hotel bills, since most of the speakers give their time free. Radiocasting will cut down some of the traveling expenses, but will add instead another cost—the use of telephone wires for carrying speeches to distant radiocasting stations. Every radio speech now costs several thousand dollars.

The 20% for campaign trinkets goes into a number of things. The most elaborate is the campaign text book giving the party platform, acceptance speeches of the candidates and other good party propaganda. These are distributed to local campaigners, to editors, to correspondents, etc.—wherever they may do good—and they cost perhaps \$50,000. There are also many thousands of pamphlets, much cheaper to get out, but much more numerous. There are posters and lithographs of the candidates which cost about four cents apiece. In 1920, the Republicans distributed 5,000,000 of these in crucial states. There are also campaign buttons costing from three cents apiece up, depending on their elaborateness. A shipping department must handle the distribution of all this stuff. In 1920, the Republicans spent \$680,000 on shipping.

Billboard advertising is more flexible than other means of expenditure, is more likely to be practiced by those with well-filled campaign chests than by those who are cramped in their funds. Even in the gigantic year of 1920, the Republicans spent only \$400,000 in this way.

The 15% for miscellaneous items covers telegraph and long distance

National Affairs—[Continued]

telephone calls, everything extraordinary. Usually, the traveling expenses of the Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates come out of this fund rather than out of the general speakers fund. These traveling expenses frequently come to 5% of the entire cost of the campaign. The reason for this is that candidates travel on special trains so that they can stop by the wayside to make speeches and thus facilitate their business. Special trains are expensive. Cars are rented by the day and 100 full-fare railroad tickets are required also. James M. Cox spent \$160,000 on his expensive stump-speaking in 1920.

The 10% spent on press bureaus and news service, chiefly to stall dailies and weeklies, is well spent; good writers, good cartoonists are hired to turn out news-propaganda. This is shipped out free to the small papers, sometimes as "mats" or "plates"—that is, with the typesetting already done. The little press gobs take this up greedily. In general, it is by far the most ably written stuff that such papers print and it has a deadly political effect.

This is the manner in which \$10 million or so will be spent this year.

Bob Jr. vs. Butler

Republican Chairman William M. Butler counter-attacked Senator LaFollette on the question of combinations and monopolies:

"He reiterates the conviction that there are gigantic conspiracies in American industry and trade by which the 'system' is sucking the blood, morals and pocketbooks of the American people.

"As a matter of fact, in the bituminous coal industry, which comprises 85% of all coal, there is no single corporation or group selling commercial coal which controls more than 5% of the output. There are 8,000 independent operators busy at the present time selling each other's throats in competition and fully one-half of them are now selling coal for less than cost.

"The price of sugar in the United States since the tariff has averaged a little over six cents a pound for wholesale refined sugar at New York. The average for the three years before the War was a little over four and one-half cents per pound, making an increase in price now of between 30 and 35%, while the increase in wages in the United States has been 100% and the average increase in the price of all other commodities has been about 45%. It must be obvious that, if this industry were under monopoly, it would surely

try to get the average price of commodities.

"Competition in the oil industry has resulted in tremendous overproduction and low prices. Senator LaFollette, with his usual knowledge of industrial conditions, prophesied a year ago that we would have \$1 gasoline."

To this, Bob LaFollette, son of Senator, retorted:

"There is no coal trust, no sugar trust, no oil trust, no beef trust, or any other kind of trust, so far as Mr. Butler has ever heard. All the trusts are gone. Harry Daugherty smashed them.

"Coal, according to Mr. Butler, is selling for less than cost, Standard Oil is a philanthropic institution, and the 'Big Five' packers are dead broke. Only the tariff, says Mr. Butler, is protecting the innocent beet sugar trust from the terrible Cuban cane sugar trust, when everybody knows that both are controlled by the same bunch of American financiers.

"I challenge Mr. Butler to go anywhere west of the Mississippi and recite his farm prosperity statistics to an audience of bankrupt farmers."

Protestants

The following is an extract from a document given to the press and published in many Republican papers:

The undersigned, who were supporters of Theodore Roosevelt and the Progressive Party, hereby express resentment at the attempt to arrogate the name of "Progressive" for the radical movement represented by the candidacy of Senator Robert M. LaFollette, and join in this statement of reasons why his candidacy is not entitled to Progressive support.

The movement in which we united with Theodore Roosevelt and millions of other Americans under the historic name of "Progressive," was not radical. Its purpose was to improve American institutions, not to substitute others for them. It stood for political and social justice, not economic revolution. It believed in democracy, not socialism. The only political party of which Senator LaFollette is the avowed candidate is the Socialist Party. The rest consists of incongruous groups invited as class blocks rather than as citizens holding common views, who agree only in their disagreement.

The Republican Party, which he now repudiates, was satisfactory to him when it had shrunk to a minority fragment dominated exclusively by its conservative element. He said in 1912: "If they [the leaders] are true to their trust, the party may suffer the temporary defeat of its purposes. But what object idly to seek upon such a basis as to destroy a great political party. . . with a clear progressive majority in its ranks, which they have had been building up, a progressive movement that promises to make the Republican Party the instrument through which the government will be restored to the people. . . And upon that fact in recent political history, I appealed to progressive Republicans everywhere to maintain their organization within the Republican Party." What Senator LaFollette would not do for a "progressive" movement because he was not the candidate, he now does for a destructive, radical one because he is a candidate.

Of this Roosevelt said: "He is acting in such fashion as to make him one of the most potent enemies of this country and the most sincere enemy of democracy. . . We are to stand against men of the stamp of LaFollette. We had this type in the Civil War. They called them 'Copperheads'."

We regard it as a supreme challenge to

vindicate the memory of Theodore Roosevelt by repudiating this attempt of frustrated ambition to promote the class cleavage in class politics, which Roosevelt spent his life to prevent.

L. F. Abbott..... N. Y.
George Ade..... Ind.
Henry J. Allen..... Kan.
Chas. S. Bird..... Mass.
Mrs. A. C. Bird..... N. Y.

W. P. Bloodgood..... Wis.
W. C. Bohls..... Ind.
S. J. Duncan-Clark..... Ill.

F. P. Corrick..... Neb.
Mrs. William Curtis..... N. Y.
Desmorest..... N. Y.

C. P. Dodge..... Col.
M. H. Elliot..... R. I.
Lewis Emory Jr..... Pa.

H. D. W. English..... Pa.
J. R. Garfield..... Ohio
A. L. Garford..... Ohio

Benjamin Griffith..... Col.
H. Hagedorn..... N. Y.
A. B. Hart..... Mass.

E. H. Hooker..... N. Y.
A. M. Hyde..... Mo.
F. Kellogg..... Mo.

L. Kirkwood..... Mo.
L. N. Kirkwood..... Mo.
J. M. Parker..... La.
G. D. Pope..... Mich.
F. C. Porter..... Calif.

G. F. Porter..... Ill.
G. C. Priestley..... Okla.
Raymond Robin..... N. Y.

Charles Ringer..... Ill.
C. R. Robinson..... N. Y.
C. H. Rowell..... Calif.

H. K. Smith..... Conn.
P. S. Stephenson..... Va.
Oscar Strauss..... N. Y.

Julian Street..... N. J.
E. A. Van Valkenburgh..... Ind.
E. D. Vincent..... Cal.

H. E. Vittum..... Ill.

FARMERS

What They Want

Gray Silver, "the Legislature representative" (i. e., head lobbyist) of the American Farm Bureau Federation, gave out last week a list of some of the things that farmers want from the next session of Congress:

☛ A bill to develop Muscle Shoals for cheap fertilizer. Mr. Silver spoke repeatedly of the Ford bill, but did not specify that it was the only one acceptable to farmers. He argued that more power must be applied to agricultural processes and showed the effect of increased power; that in 1850, with 1.5 horsepower per farmer, nine farmers were able to feed themselves and one other man; that today, with 4.6 horsepower per farmer, one farmer is able to feed himself and three other men. But, he added, "the value of agricultural products per worker is about \$2,000; the value of the manufacturer's nearly \$6,000; the miner's, \$3,000; the railroad's, \$2,500." This is in spite of the fact that the investment in agriculture is twice that in manufacturing, four times that in railroads and ten times that in mining. He admitted that horsepower applied to agriculture does not produce as great an increase in the value of the product per worker as in other lines of activity.

If this be true, it means not only that power will be turned to other more profitable uses than farming, but also that there is no legitimate reason why the community as a whole should develop its power for agriculture rather than for more productive enterprises.

☛ A bill to permit the Department of Agriculture to dye all imported field seeds which it finds not adaptable to this country. The object of this bill

National Affairs—[Continued]

is to exclude in effect large quantities of Italian clover seed. From experiment the Department of Agriculture believes that this seed is inferior for planting in the U. S. Dying would enable farmers to detect it.

¶ The Ketcham Bill to authorize the Department of Agriculture to report market conditions on farm products, acreages, yields, conditions. This bill has passed the House and awaits action in the Senate.

¶ The Copper-French Truth-in-Fabric Bill, requiring the branding of woolen goods to show the percentage of virgin wool, shoddy, cotton, silk, or other fibre in the fabric. A bill of this general type has been before Congress for 22 years.

¶ The Purnell Bill to supply the Department of Agriculture with funds to further agricultural experimentation.

ARMY & NAVY

For Defense

"The War Department has received, during the evening, dispatches from all corps area headquarters describing the results of the defense test. These reports show that more than 16,792,781 person have participated, and that there have been 6,535 demonstrations."

If 16,792,781 persons did not take part in Defense Day exercises (one person in every seven), at any rate a large number had a hand. The official bulletin compiled from the reports of corps area commanders may have contained some pardonable exaggerations.

But the idea was simple—to get the people accustomed to the initial steps which must be gone through in a national emergency. Parades, sham battles, demonstrations were an incidental means of dramatizing the idea.

In Washington, General Pershing and President Coolidge reviewed a parade of 30,000 people. Secretaries Hughes and Weeks looked on. Major General John L. Hines, the new Chief of Staff and successor of Pershing, Admiral Edward W. Eberle were part of the group. In 6,534 other communities, lesser officials did the job.

General Pershing issued a farewell statement in honor of the day which was coincident with his retirement:

"To participate in ceremonies attendant upon the retirement of officers and enlisted men, as I have done numberless times, gives one no adequate idea of his feelings when his own turn comes. But even in severing an association that has lasted as long as mine, there are some compensations. I can look back over the period and see the evolution of the Army from a small body of highly specialized Indian fighters, for the most part remote physically and mentally

from the great mass of their fellow-citizens, into the Army of today—Regulars, National Guard and Reserves—two-thirds of which are civilians participating in the business, political and social



© Paul Thompson

JUDGE GARY

"Crowley, see to that!"
"McRoberts, attend to this!"

lives of their various communities, but none the less integral factors in the national scheme of defense."

In the evening he talked by telephone, with Major General Robert L. Bullard, at New York; Major General Harry C. Hale, at Chicago; Major General George B. Duncan, at Omaha; Major General Charles G. Morton, at San Francisco.* Connections were made so that all five heard what the others said, and radiocasting stations spread all their remarks far and wide.

Pershing: "Hello, General Bullard . . . Please don't sing for us this evening."

Bullard (warbling old West Point song): "Faint heart never won fair lady."

Pershing: "How did Defense Day go in the Second Corps Area?"

Bullard: "Bully! Bully!"

Pershing: "How many citizens turned out in New York?"

Bullard: "About a million."

Pershing congratulated Bullard, switched over to General Hale at Chicago.

Pershing: "What success or lack of success?"

Hale: "No lack. . . . We put over

*General Bullard was Pershing's classmate at West Point (1883). General Duncan was a plebe when Pershing and Bullard were yearlings. Generals Morton and Hale were in the Class of 1883.

a powerful peace demonstration in the Chicago area today."

Pershing: "Most gratifying."

General Pershing then told General Hale that there had been "a wonderful turnout" at Washington, that President Coolidge had reviewed. Said he: "Just one word more before I terminate my active service at 12 o'clock tomorrow. I don't know anybody who wants to turn the hands of the clock back and it doesn't make much difference."

Hale: "I, too, will soon follow in your footsteps. . . . Success and happiness. Goodnight, General."

Omaha answered the next switch of signals: "This is Duncan talking."

Pershing: "Is that you, George? Did you hear what Hale and Bullard just said?"

Duncan: "Yes, I listened. . . . They only echoed what happened in this corps area. . . . We regret to hear you say goodbye to the Army."

Pershing thanked him, reminisced briefly, hung up.

Coincident with the military tests, which brought National Guardsmen and reservists to the colors, which provided for the temporary enrollment of Red Cross nurses and civilians everywhere (even in Paris 250 men registered for service), the captains of industry rallied around their desks for the national defense. It was a great game.

In the Engineering Societies Building in Manhattan, Judge Elbert H. Gary, Chairman of the U. S. Steel Corporation, received a hypothetically frantic order for railway equipment.

"Crowley," he cried, "See to that!"

"At once," exclaimed the President of the New York Central, and began to execute orders right and left, which went humming out in code over imaginary telegraph lines.

Came an order for untold wealth.

McRoberts," shouted Judge Gary, "Attend to this!"

"Aye, aye, sir," called the Head of the Metropolitan Trust Company, jumping forward.

As the myriad demands were made, so they were met by a ten-myriad of orders. It was a great game whether or not it all happened as reported. In the end, the captains of industry were rewarded for their labors. A telegram arrived:

"JUDGE ELBERT H. GARY:

"Please be good enough to communicate my good wishes and the assurance of my deep interest in the purposes of the gathering which is being held today by the leaders of the industrial and engineering activities of the country. The national power in these departments is one of our firmest reliances for prosperity and security.

(Signed) "CALVIN COOLIDGE."

National Affairs—[Continued]

SHIPPING

Wood and Flames

One of the great stories of the Trojan War was the wooden horse. One of the best stories of the World War was the wooden ships. Now their weather-worn hulks are lying in profitless decay.

The Shipping Board wanted to dispose of them on any terms. The Western Marine and Salvage Co. came forward with an offer. On the calm waters of the River James, lay 218 ships, the pride of the U. S. wooden navy, built at a cost of \$235 million. The Salvage Co. has taken an option on the entire lot. Ten are to be burned. If the iron and copper salvaged from the ashes repay the effort, the whole fleet will be bought for \$262,000.

The ships are being towed to the Potomac, off Tidewater Virginia. When practical, they will be drawn up on shore; when not, they will be left afloat. Oil, \$25,000 worth, will drench their frames. And the flames, leaping and licking, will devour their oaken bodies in the last great lustration of a war gone by.

gress reassembles. By Mr. Lewis' reappointment hangs a tale.

The Tariff Commission has been



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"Bully! Bully!" said General Bullard
(See opposite page)

TAXATION

Refunds

The Treasury Department reported that, without the filing of claims, 1,723,000 refunds, totaling \$12,989,000, have been made to those who paid their full income tax on Mar. 15 and subsequently became entitled to a 25% reduction. As Government efficiency goes, this is a good record.

The only point of the refunding procedure which seems to be involved in red tape is in securing credit and refunds for a 25% deduction on taxes "paid at source." To secure this deduction, one must massage the tax machinery.

TARIFF

Tariff and the Sweets

There are six members of the U. S. Tariff Commission, who serve for 12 years each, one retiring at the end of every two years. It happens that, on Sept. 30, the term of David J. Lewis, of Maryland, expires. President Coolidge announced last week that he would give Mr. Lewis an interim appointment; and it was intimated that the latter would be nominated for the full term when Con-

gress reassembles. By Mr. Lewis' reappointment hangs a tale.

badly divided against itself. It was divided three to three on the question of whether a member should sit in a hearing in regard to a commodity in which he was financially interested. Congress settled that question by saying "No!" The latest division was on the question of the sugar tariff. The Commission submitted two reports to Mr. Coolidge. One said: "Employ the power of the flexible provision of the tariff law to raise the sugar tariff." The other said: "Employ that power to lower the sugar tariff."

The President is still meditating on this advice. But Mr. LaFollette, quicker to express himself, cried out that the tariff should be lowered, adding that the beet-sugar, high-tariff group were out to prevent the reappointment of Commissioner Lewis, who voted for a lower tariff. The reappointment of Mr. Lewis was President Coolidge's reply—in part. His decision on the tariff itself is still in abeyance.

The politics of the situation is curious. The high sugar-tariff group consists principally of the beet-sugar farmers of the West; their advocate par excellence is Senator Smoot, of Utah. Their argument is that we must have a high sugar tariff; if not,

the sugar importers from Cuba will cut prices, drive the beet sugar industry out of existence, and then hold up the U. S. consumer at will. As may be expected, the regular Republicans, with their high-tariff proclivities, usually rally round this standard. The high-tariffers have had most of their own way.

The low sugar-tariff group is composed principally of the importing refiners and a number of large financial interests who have great investments in the Cuban sugar industry. Certain Democrats are with them, except those who come from sugar-producing states, and Senator LaFollette. They argue that, since by far the greater share of our sugar is imported, and since it is estimated that sugar makes up as much as 25% of the nourishment taken by this country, it is unjust to tax the great consuming public for the benefit of a few sugar farmers.

Here one finds Senator Smoot and his regular cohorts taking the side of the sugar farmers; and Senator LaFollette aligned, in regard to one issue at least, against a group of farmers and on the same side as the great financial interests which he attacks.

THE CONGRESS

Primary Season

The last week saw the making of a number of important nominations in widely scattered states. Some of the most significant include:

In South Carolina, ex-Governor Cole Livingston Blease was nominated for Senator over Representative J. F. Byrnes, after the present incumbent Senator N. B. Dial had been eliminated in a previous primary. Some of the feeling which Governor Blease can rouse may be gathered from a caucusing editorial in the *London (Va.) Mirror*:

"CRAZY AGAIN

"People familiar with South Carolina say the State goes stark, staring, raving crazy about every thirty years. In 1801 it voted solidly and persistently for Aaron Burr for president. In 1830 it undertook to nullify the tariff laws of the United States and was called to order sternly by Andrew Jackson. In 1860-61 it first seceded and then fired on Fort Sumter and forced the rest of us into a hopeless civil war. In 1891 it threw out of the United States Senator Wade Hampton, the greatest soldier it ever has produced, and the man whose magnificent and daring leadership de-

National Affairs—[Continued]

livered it from the horrors and oppressions of reconstruction, replacing him with a very ordinary politician.

"We rather hope the people will make their job complete by nominating and electing Cole Blease. . . .

"On the other hand, Blease, unless awed to silence and helplessness by the traditions and dignity of the Senate, would be a continuing scream, a clown without cleverness, the most perfect specimen of the cheapest kind of cross-roads orator, such as we see in the comic strips, the Senate ever has known—an endless delight to the humorous section of the press gallery. He would draw on the State abundantly the shame and ridicule it has earned justly."

President Wilson remarked that Governor Blease did not require "any extended comment or commendation."

Blease began his career at the State University. He won a gold medal in an oratorical contest in which he spoke on the life of Robert E. Lee. He was then charged with having plagiarized part of his remarks; and the gold medal was taken back. He was expelled from the scholarly precincts. But his friends gave him a gold watch-chain and elected him to the Legislature.

It was as Governor (1910-14) that he first got his great reputation. He pardoned convicted criminals by the score, 2,704 of them altogether. Finally, he resigned from office five days before the expiration of his term, in the midst of a political fracas. He bitterly opposed President Wilson and the War, although he changed his ground somewhat after War was declared.

At one time he was quoted as saying "To Hell with the Constitution" while defending the prohibition of divorce in South Carolina. He corrected this quotation: "Seventy-five thousand white men of my State indorsed it as I said it, and here is what I said: 'If the Constitution of my State causes my State to blush and allows her women to be forsaken, then I say to Hell with the Constitution.' We stand alone on this proposition and we are proud of it and we have no apology to make to any one."

Besides having been great in turning men out of prison, he has also been great at keeping them from getting in—a very successful criminal lawyer.

Ever since leaving the Governorship he has been trying to enter the Senate. In 1914 he lost the nomination to Senator Smith. In 1918 he lost it to Senator Dial; in 1920 to Senator Smith again. In 1924 he won. The Senate has another fire-eater to look forward to.

In Massachusetts, Frederick H. Gil-



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EASTWICH-GOVERNOR BLEASE
"An endless delight"

lett, Speaker of the House, 73, carried off the Republican nomination for Senator. He took it from three opponents by a good margin with the support of William M. Butler, Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Nine years ago, at 64, Mr. Gillett married. Five years ago, at 68, he was elected Speaker. He said then: "I have reached the goal of my ambition." Not so. At 73, he is running for the Senate. When one of his opponents in the primary, a man 20 years younger, objected that Mr. Gillett was too old, the Speaker answered simply: "I'm still the second best golfer in Congress." In November, Mr. Gillett will contest with Senator David I. Walsh.

In Michigan, Senator James Couzens was nominated by the Republicans to succeed himself. Because he has frequently been insurgent, the Administration did not exert itself for him. He won by good margin, when Detroit, his home town, of which he was formerly Mayor, backed him with a large majority.

In Georgia, Senator W. J. Harris defeated ex-Governor T. W. Hardwick without question. It was in good part a Klan struggle with the Senator tacitly for the Klan (although denying that he was a member) and the Governor opposing it.

Senator J. E. Ransdell won a re-nomination in Louisiana.

In Colorado, the Democrats nominated Morrison Shafroth, son of the late Senator; the Republicans, Rice W.

Means, supported by the Klan, for the short term in Senate. The nominations for the long term in Colorado went to the state's two Senators at present, L. C. Phipps, Republican, and A. B. Adams, Democrat.

POLITICAL NOTES

In Northampton, Mass., James Lucey, famed cobbler friend of Calvin Coolidge, gained the First Hampshire County District Republican nomination for the Massachusetts Assembly. Aged 68, Cobbler Lucey has never before competed for public office.

In Manhattan, Gifford Pinchot, Pennsylvania's famed Governor, underwent an operation for the removal of an obstruction to the duct of one of his salivary glands. Said he: "The obstruction had to be removed . . . it makes talking difficult for a few days. . . . Meanwhile, the less I say the sooner the cut in the side of my neck will heal."

In Manhattan, 500 women were "graduated" from the Speakers' School of the Women's National Republican Club. Said Mrs. Grace Vannamee, conductor of the classes: "Dress plainly and avoid cosmetics when you are about to make a speech."

In Connecticut, Hiram Bingham, Yale professor, was nominated by the Republicans for Governor. Prof. Bingham was elected Lieutenant Governor in 1922, has headed three exploration parties to South America, is married to a grand-daughter of the late Charles Tiffany, famed Manhattan jeweler.

In Terre Haute, it was reported that Warren T. McCray, onetime Governor of Indiana, who was sentenced to Atlanta penitentiary for using mails to defraud (TIME, May 12), is now functioning as a teacher in the prison Sunday School.

In Manhattan, A. Mitchell Palmer, Pennsylvanian, Attorney General in the Wilson Cabinet, commented on a report that President Coolidge would make a campaign tour of the country: "I hope he will. It would be a splendid thing for the Democratic Party. The people would get a chance to see him and learn his limitations."

FOREIGN NEWS

REPARATIONS

Second Payment

Agent General Owen D. Young, executor of the Experts' Plan, was gratified to receive a second payment of 20,000,000 gold marks (\$5,000,000) from Germany on account of the 83,000,000 gold marks that has to be paid during September under the provisions of the Plan.

Mr. Young stated that Germany would probably not be required to make any further payment during the present month as the Franco-Belgian Ruhr receipts, which have to be credited to Germany, would more than cover the total amount due.

THE LEAGUE

The Assembly's Week

The following matters of importance came before the Fifth Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva:

Hungary. A report on Hungarian financial reconstruction was read by Commissioner General Jeremiah Smith Jr., of Boston. It was a long recital of the success of the League's plan to put Hungary on her feet. Points made by Mr. Smith: currency inflation definitely ended; stock of exchange had risen from one million Swiss francs to 90 million in the space of a few months; budget deficit for year ending June 30 had been covered; adverse trade balance reduced by 40%. Hungary should be self-supporting at the end of two years.

Albania. Premier Fan Noli of Albania, Harvard graduate, caused a stir in the Assembly by delivering himself of a veiled attack on the U. S. He described Boston as an Irish city "full of O'Connors, O'Connells and Fitzgeralds, all of them good talkers, who with other Irishmen do all of the talking in American electoral campaigns."

Continuing, he said: "There is no wonder why the Americans, Germans and Russians are not anxious to join the League of Nations. They do not appreciate our speeches. They know better."

The Assembly, said he, was nothing but "words, words, words—which means, in plain English, hot air."

Then shifting to the Experts Plan, he called it "a tortuous, complicated, diabolical, infernal combination of bubbles—the most colossal super-

bubble modern history has produced."

British Fleet. In the manner of parlance, Sir Cecil Hurst, legal adviser to the Foreign Office, "dropped a naval bomb" into the Assembly, when he declared that Great Britain would accept the principle of compulsory arbitration provided that she were not brought into Court because of some act of her Navy performed in attempting to maintain or restore peace. His speech mightily pleased the French, who subsequently agreed unconditionally to the principle of arbitration in international disputes.

Security. The draft compact of arbitration, disarmament and security was in process of formation. The above-quoted naval qualification was accepted by the experts who are charged with the task of making a plan that will please everyone.

COMMONWEALTH

(British Commonwealth of Nations)

"Appearance of Evil"

British Laborites have been accused of flirting with the capitalists, accepting hospitality from the King and Queen and what not. To all these accusations they have had a ready and satisfactory answer. But last week the diligent Rothermere press discovered proof positive that socialist Ramsay MacDonald was a capitalist.

The *Daily Mail* noted that Premier MacDonald had been registered in Edinburgh as the owner of 30,000 preferred shares in McVitie and Price, biscuit manufacturers. The value of the shares was at about \$150,000.

The *Evening Standard*, Beaverbrook journal, printed the story of MacDonald's lifelong friendship with Sir Alexander Grant, Chairman of the biscuit company. Grant's father and MacDonald's uncle had been fellow guards on the Highland Railway and the two boys had to a certain extent grown up together. The *Standard* also pointed out that Grant had only recently received a baronetcy. The implication was that the Premier had sold Grant a baronetcy for \$150,000.

The Premier gave the following explanation:

"I am sick at heart to have to talk of this, but I must protect my dear old friend in the enjoyment of the honor which the King so worthily bestowed upon him and with which this act of personal kindness to myself had as much to do as the man in the moon."

He went on to explain that the shares

had been left to him for life in order to endow a Daimler automobile. "I did not fancy myself as the owner of a motor car," continued the Prime Minister. "It was against the simplicity of my habits. It took a long time to be persuaded and letters are in existence which reveal our minds. In the end I agreed with this arrangement. A sum of money was to be invested in my name and the income I am to enjoy during my lifetime so long as I keep the car, and at my death it is to revert to Sir Alexander Grant or his heirs."

Sir Alexander had this to say: "Shortly after being appointed Prime Minister, MacDonald stayed with me at Edinburgh and was looking very ill. He had been in bad health because he was working so hard, and all the newspapers were speaking about how ill he was. And when I learned he was traveling about on the underground railway I felt he was taking too much exercise. For instance, on the night he went to the Pilgrims' dinner and delivered a fine speech, after he left the hall he had to take a train to Baker St., then out to near Chequers, where there was an old Ford waiting for him."

Said *The Morning Post*:

"We certainly would lay no stress on the possibility which lies open to a malicious mind. On the contrary, we would like to agree with the Prime Minister. They may have had no more to do with each other than 'the man in the moon' but we feel bound to say that Ramsay MacDonald and Sir Alexander Grant, with their Scottish upbringing should have remembered the sagacious apostolic injunction to avoid even the appearance of evil."

The *Evening Standard* remarked that \$150,000 was a handsome endowment for an automobile, the upkeep of which could not possibly cost more than a third of the income to be supplied by the sale of biscuits.

Son MacDonald

Arrived unostentatiously in the U. S., Malcolm MacDonald, 23-year-old son of Premier MacDonald, a member of the Oxford Union debating team that is to have 17 oratorical matches in the U. S. and Canada.

He was presented to President Coolidge, lunched with Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes, saw many friends, left for Toronto.

The press made much fuss about his visit, compared it to that of Lord Renfrew, as if the comparison were equal. As he had never

Foreign News—[Continued]

met Renfrew, it was suggested that he meet him for the first time on U. S. soil. He replied:

"The Prince is here on a holiday and I don't want to interfere in any way with that. He is here unofficially and wants to be left to his own devices."

In American politics he was extremely interested:

"The political campaign in America is a very much greater undertaking than elections under the British system. The huge number of voters to be reached and the vast territory to cover make American electioneering a task of magnitude beyond anything we have at home."

Animadversions

Ex-Premier George stuck his finger in his mouth and held it up in the air to decide which way the political wind was blowing. He decided that a gentle zephyr was blowing, favorable to Liberalism, so he virtually gave notice to the British public, probably with the counsel of his titular chief, ex-Premier Herbert H. Asquith, that a general election was to be held at the end of the year.

Basing his attack against the Government on the Anglo-Russian Treaty (TIME, Aug. 18), Mr. George said in a speech at Penmaenmawr, Wales: "In so far as it [the treaty] is not a fake, it is folly. In fact, it is both. It was hastily patched up at the end of the session because the Prime Minister had been held up by a number of Socialist gunmen of his own party. Let me emphasize the point that it has nothing to do with the rights or wrongs of the restoration of Russia. It is purely a question of whether out of our depleted till we are to lend scores of millions of pounds to Russian Communists, most of which will be handled and spent by them in their own way."

"We are burdened with heavy debts and are passing through a period of unexampled depression. We need all our surplus cash to finance our own trade and develop our own resources. It is an act of criminal recklessness at such a time to guarantee huge sums of money to be spent in another country by a Government whose principles are predatory and destructive of all legitimate enterprise."

Home

J. H. Thomas, Secretary of State for the Colonies, received in South Africa, where he was on a semi-official visit, a telegram from Chief MacDonald. The Premier informed Mr. Thomas that

Parliament would reassemble on Sept. 30, for "Irish business" and that his presence was necessary. Before sailing Mr. Thomas remarked to a reporter:

"My visit to South Africa has been



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THOMAS

"It would be unwise"

most instructive, and I intend making other visits in the Empire, in order to acquaint myself with the problems of the various countries concerned in my department. I have a visit to another dominion in mind, but it would be unwise to tell you at present."

Princely Pilgrim

The chronological account of Lord Renfrew's visit to the U. S. is herewith continued:

☐ Precedent was flagrantly flouted when the noble lord planted a tree on the Burden estate to commemorate his visit. Usually royalty, even if it is disguised, plants only acorns. Renfrew's tree was a handsome, upstanding young red oak of 20 summers.

☐ Rain and the consequent postponement of the international polo match (see SPORT) persuaded Lord Renfrew to postpone his departure. While waiting, he spent a typical day. Rose at 10 a.m., took a plunge in the Burden pool, played seven chukkers of polo, lunched with Mrs. Harrison Williams at Glen Cove, teed at J. P. Morgan's home in the same place, dined and danced at the home of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt.

☐ Captain Lascelles, assistant private secretary to Lord Renfrew, said that his lordship had been reading *The Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page*, and that he was very fond of Mark Twain, had read some volumes twice. The secretary also said that numerous presents, ranging from chewing gum upwards, had been sent to him by firms and individuals. The rigid royal rule of not accepting gifts from strangers was adhered to and the gifts were all returned by registered mail, allegedly costing the Baron no trifling sum for postage. It was stated that from 10 to 40 letters daily are received from admiring females whose sole request is for an autographed photograph. Even this trifling comfort has to be denied them. But they receive a form letter, expressing profound regret.

☐ A bath in lieu of a sleep, a fox hunt in which all barriers were taken, though many others flunked them, six chukkers of polo after breakfast and then a sleep, followed by unknown pursuits, rounded out a regular, royal day.

☐ Slipping out of the servants' entrance of the Burden home, the Baron bounded into an automobile, was driven to Manhattan. At the Pennsylvania Station he took a subway to Park Place, walked to the Woolworth Building, was taken skywards by a neatly-uniformed and much impressed "indoor aviator." From the top the Baron himself became impressed with the wonders that were revealed to him. From the Woolworth Building he paid a visit to the New York Port Society, inspected the building, chatted with the seamen. He was much interested to learn that British and American seamen sing in unison *God Save the King and My Country 'Tis of Thee*, the economy of music being made possible by both songs being set to the same tune. The visit to the seamen over, the Baron was driven up busy Fifth Avenue, did some shopping, returned to his Long Island home.

☐ A vast crowd assembled one fine day at Meadow Brook to witness the much-heralded polo match. Several times that crowd was seen to rise hesitatingly as a succession of young men wearing clothes à la Renfrew arrived. His arrival was unmistakable; the vast hordes of photographers gathered at the main entrance to the field suddenly went "mad dog", scampered hither and thither, stopped, snapped and retired. Cheers and handclaps were absent, but most of the spectators strained their necks. All present were impressed with

Foreign News—[Continued]

the Baron's good sportsmanship. He smiled throughout the game, despite the fact that the British were losing.

☐ Next day, lunch with Harrison Williams, a motorboat ride, dinner with Julius Fleischmann, yeast man.

FRANCE

La Finance

Many financial rumblings were heard in the land of Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité.

U. S. Debt. Edward N. Hurley, member of the U. S. World War Debt Commission,* returned to Washington from Paris. In his briefcase was a plan for liquidation of France's war debt to the U. S., which Mr. Hurley stated had the approval of French Government officials.

The amount which France now owes to the U. S. is in excess of \$4 billion. The present plan proposed to pay off this sum on much the same terms as those granted to Britain at the beginning of 1923—that is, over a period of 67 years. Two important features, not included in the British debt settlement, were suggested:

1. That a moratorium of five years be granted to France during which period interest shall not be cumulative;

2. That the U. S. Government be required to invest annually half the amount paid by France in 25-year sinking fund gold bonds of French industries, railways, water-power profits, public utilities and electric development concerns.

This scheme is to be considered by the War Debt Commission in Washington. Nothing was known concerning official opinion, but semi-official circles regarded it as "a valuable supplement" to the Experts' Report in the economic resettlement of Europe.

An outline of the plan is that France is to pay \$100 million a year for 67 years in payment of interest and principal. The U. S. will invest \$50 million in France. At the end of 67 years, the French Government

will have discharged its War liability, but French industries, etc., will continue to refund to the U. S. \$50 million per annum for 25 years. In the whole period of 92 years, the U. S. Government will receive about \$11 billion.

Morgan Loan. During the past week, the loan made to France at the time of the franc's collapse (TIME, Mar. 17) by John P. Morgan, was renewed for six months.

Budget. Premier Herriot, having been in the forefront of international politics, began to turn his attention to domestic problems.

One of his election promises was to abolish the unpopular 20% tax increase imposed by Premier Poincaré (TIME, Jan. 28). This he now found himself unable to do. His difficulties:

The budget for the first time since the War is one and indivisible. This means that the French have abandoned the foolish practice of having two budgets, one *ordinaire*, and one *reconstruable*. (To the latter was charged the expense of reconstructing the war-devastated areas, the amount being a charge against reparation payments from Germany, which were generally unpaid.) This year the Government has to face a budget deficit of about 2 billion paper francs (\$100 million). On top of that, it has constantly to worry with maturing short-term commitments. The panacea suggested is to convert into long-term securities the short-term debt of France; but there is no hint of reduced taxation.

German Loan. Paris bankers decided to underwrite 5%, or \$10 million of the loan to Germany as provided in the Experts' Report (TIME, Apr. 21). It was said that this will be the first time since 1870 that France has subscribed to a German loan.

Ruhr Receipts. The Ministère des Finances announced that the occupation of the Ruhr had yielded to France 3,519 million paper francs (\$175,950,000) for the 18 months ending in June. The cost of occupation had been deducted.

Notes

The French Academy—the 40 most learned men in France who meet in l'Institut de France and guard the purity of the French language with the vigilance of a duenna—decreed that the word "cocktail" has no place on the tongue of the Frenchman. Not even was *coquette*, a substitute compromise, allowed. The word is outlawed.

Georges Clemenceau, "The Tiger," was interviewed in Vendée. He stood under an oak and said: "This is my old friend. A little older than I. It has lived 2,000 years."

The interviewer mentioned the League of Nations. Purred the Tiger: "I thought we were talking about trees. How can you talk of the League when the weather is so sweet, the sky so clear and the oak so beautiful?"

A Polish imposter, who had duped ten French Bishops by pretending to be a prelate of the Roman Catholic Church, was exposed when he entered a railway bar at Saint Brieuc and ordered cognac. The bystanders gazed longingly, so the cleric cried: "Set 'em up for the crowd!" His popularity grew; and at the third round there were three cheers for His Grace. After the fourth round, the "priest" indulged in Rabelaisian tales which shocked even the Breton toppers. An investigation followed; and the convivial host was discovered to have been formerly a lackey of the Polish diplomatic mission in Paris.

The Academy finished the first volume, A-H, of the dictionary of the French language begun in 1878. At a uniform rate of progress, it was estimated that the dictionary will be completed in 2022.

PORTUGAL

Three Hours

At 2 a. m. one black September night, Lisbon, capital of the Republic of Portugal, was startled from its sleep by the firing of seven large rockets. The signal for a Communist revolt had been given.

Hundreds of Communists immediately captured the arsenal, the War Office, the telegraph station, the Customs House. Then Republican troops came on the scene, surrounded all the captured buildings, forced the Communists to surrender by 5 a. m. Thus ended the three-hour revolt.

SPAIN

Moroccan War

From the scanty reports that escaped through the mesh of the Spanish censorship, the war between the Moorish rebels under Abd-el-Krim and the Spanish forces under Director Primo Rivera appeared to be going from bad to worse for the latter.

The Spanish evacuated several gar-

*The U. S. World War Foreign Debt Commission is composed of: Chairman, Andrew W. Mellon; Charles E. Hughes; Herbert Hoover; Reed Smoot, Senator from Utah; Theodore E. Burton, Representative from Ohio; Charles R. Crisp, Representative from Ga.; Richard Olney, ex-Representative from Mass.; Edward N. Hurley, ex-Chairman of the Shipping Board; Secretary, Eliot Washburn, Asst. Secretary of the Treasury.

Foreign News—[Continued]

risons of great importance owing to the difficulty of maintaining supplies. No decisive fighting took place.

From a French source, the forces of Abd-el-Krim, "an able chief," were said to be inferior in numbers to the Spanish Army, which numbered approximately 60,000.

As far as could be ascertained, the tactics of the rebels is to avoid open attack on Spanish strongholds but to intercept communications, to rout Spanish convoys. Due to the fact that the Moors are excellent marksmen and that they are familiar with the country, their campaign plans were meeting with considerable success.

On the other hand, the forces under the ex-bandit Raisuli (subject of President Roosevelt's famed telegram: "Pardicaris alive or Raisuli dead"), who was recently made a Spanish Governor, were being mobilized for attack on Abd-el-Krim's forces. The Spanish troops were also being concentrated near Tetuan, capital of Spanish Morocco.

ITALY

Vengeance

In one of those screeching vehicles labelled S. P. Q. R. (*Senatus Populusque Romanus*)*, known also as "trams," sat Fascist Deputy Armando Casalmi with his 14-year-old daughter. As the trolley car moved off, a well-dressed young man answering to the name of Giovanni Corvi jumped on the rear platform, drew a revolver, fired three fatal shots at Casalmi, who fell forward and remained motionless despite the pathetically desperate invocations of his frightened daughter.

The assassin, having completed his ghastly deed, turned, jumped off the car, fell, picked himself up and made off, chased by an angry mob. Several shots were exchanged between chased and chasers, but without effect. Blind terror made Corvi's sprinting feat shame the legendary effort of Mercury. Faster and faster he sped over the uneven cobblestones of Rome, occasionally looking back at his angry pursuers. In such a moment, he ran full tilt against the muzzle of a loaded rifle, at the butt end of which was a stern



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ABD-EL-KRIM

"An able chief"

Italian soldier who ordered him to surrender; this he meekly did.

Meanwhile, the trolley had stopped; and Signor Casalmi was removed to the hospital, where he died soon after.

At the police station, Corvi was identified as a carpenter whom his victim had often helped modestly in a financial way, when drinking to excess had lost him a job. He was said to be unconnected with any political party and it was generally supposed that his crime was the product of a diseased mind. Nevertheless, he stated that he had killed Casalmi "to avenge my brother in idealism, Matteotti," murdered by Fascisti three months ago (TIME, June 25).

The deed aroused Italy, including most of the Opposition, to a fervor of indignation such as the Latin races alone are capable of displaying. Flags were at half-mast all through the Peninsula; places of amusement were closed; many shops had posted a notice on their closed doors: "Have closed as a sign of public mourning." Indignation was heightened and sorrow became more profound when it was learned that the murdered Deputy was a poor man and had left a widow and five young children totally unprovided for.

Benito was quick and energetic to forbid any reprisals on the part of the Fascisti. Troops were confined to barracks and kept in readiness for any emergency; strong posses of police guarded all strategic points; cavalry bivouacked in many piazzas of many

towns. In Rome and some other large cities, the public was treated to the novel spectacle of seeing the offices of the Opposition press, which had so hotly and often denounced Benito's régime, guarded by the black-shirted Fascist legions.

From his office in the Palazzo Chigi, Italian Foreign Office, Benito telephoned to the Prefects all over Italy, told them that he would hold them personally responsible for any disturbance that might occur. The Fascist Directorate, hierarchy of the Fascist Party, with Benito interpreting the rôle of Zeus, ordered peremptorily all Fascist leaders to keep the peace. No disturbances took place.

At the same time, the Fascist organizations were incensed at the bloody murder of their comrade, and roundly excoriated the Opposition for instigating the crime. The Opposition retorted that the Fascisti themselves had caused the murder by their violent methods. The bulk of the press, however, voiced a strong plea for an end of internecine party strife and a strong desire for a return to internal peace. The *Giornale d'Italia* took a non-partisan viewpoint of affairs:

"The murder of Deputy Matteotti had this untoward consequence, that it exasperated the passions of both sides till the country now lives in an atmosphere which is almost unbreathable, so red hot and full of poisons is it. The Italian people ardently wish peace and tranquility and insistently call upon every one to disarm, both materially and spiritually. But nobody disarms. The Opposition continues to deal blows, hoping to precipitate events; Fascism continues to believe that it must defend its position and its power like a conquered trench.

From Milan, Benito's paper, *Il Popolo d'Italia*, said:

"Though our indignation is profound and overwhelming, and though we disdain to stoop to reprisals and revenge, we cannot but shout our denunciation of the instigators of this atrocious murder, and especially of the Opposition press. It is three months that Fascism and its chief leaders are victims of a relentless daily campaign of insidious, vindictive, provocative, insincere attacks and insinuations. Our sense of discipline and our convictions lead us to endorse the appeal of the Directorate of the Fascist Party against reprisals, but we feel that it is not sufficient. The public opinion is most disturbed and demands reparation. It insists that our rulers take a series of steps which shall break this chain of revolting murders. Public life must not degenerate into a brawl."

*S. P. Q. R. is derisively translated by northern Italians, who are industrious and detest the slothful Romans, as signifying: *Sono porci questi Romani* (these Romans are pigs).

Foreign News—[Continued]

Notes

Benito granted an 80-minute interview last week to King Vittorio Emanuele III, on the latter's return to Rome. Benito told his Sovereign what conditions were, and later issued a manifesto stating that order must be maintained.

Following an interview with Benito, Alexandre Constantinescu, Rumanian Minister of Agriculture, declared that Italy and Rumania must cooperate. The usual alluring remarks were made about Italian development of the riches of Rumania and the hopes for an Italo-Rumanian Treaty. In conclusion, Constantinescu said that the Rumanian monarchs, "King Marie and Queen Ferdinand," would visit Italy in the near future.*

RUSSIA

"Down With Shame"

During the past week, a number of athletes, of both sexes, paraded Moscow streets. Men with bulging biceps and prominent pectorals walked with equally muscular maidens. The sole costume was a little apron and a red ribbon across the shoulders, bearing the inscription "Down With Shame." Infuriated crowds gave chase and the shameless ones found safety in police protection. The Red authorities said: "Don't do it again, or—"

MONTENEGRO

Appeal

M. Luigi Criscuolo, head of the Manhattin Branch of the Committee for Montenegrin Independence, sent a memorandum to the League of Nations at Geneva requesting justice from that body for Montenegro, forcibly annexed by Yugo-Slavia in 1912.

Points from the memorandum:

Nearly six years have elapsed since the question of the independence of Montenegro was first brought to the attention of the nations of the world.

There is no abatement in the practice of the Serbs in imprisoning, torturing and murdering Montenegrin men, in mistreating and even violating women, in persecuting old men merely because they have refused to swear allegiance to the new Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes and persist in maintaining that they are Montenegrins and that the sovereign rights of their country shall not be violated.

The ostensible object of the League of Nations is to prevent wars. For years, those who sympathized with the aspirations of the

Montenegrin people have been pointing out to the world that the inhuman policy of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes towards its minorities would only lead to another struggle in the Balkans. The attitude of the Croatian separatists under M. Stefan Radich, of the Macedonian insurgents under Alexander, of the Montenegrin insurgents under the late Savo Raspopovich gives proof that the spark exists that can kindle another war, if it be not extinguished.

The League of Nations is hereby petitioned to appoint a Commission to investigate the condition of the minorities in the Balkans—in Montenegro in particular—in order to ascertain the truth of the assertions which we have made, and with a view of conducting an impartial plebiscite in Montenegro at the earliest possible moment.

If it is possible for small nations to be forcibly annexed by large ones and no objection is forthcoming from an international tribunal such as is the League of Nations, then this is proof that civilization is declining rather than advancing.

There is no one question that would inspire more faith in the League of Nations and gain for it many thousands of adherents and supporters than an immediate solution of the question of Montenegrin independence. This is particularly so in the United States, where the question has been brought to the attention of the American public and has received strong support by the press of the country which, while realizing the almost hopelessness of the fight, has, nevertheless, in many instances maintained that the forcible annexation of Montenegro by Serbia was a crime against humanity as well as against International Law.

TURKEY

Oust the Greeks?

Sat in Constantinople, former capital of the Ottoman Empire, a mixed commission to decide whether or not Greeks, resident in Constantinople before Oct. 30, 1918, should be deported. The commission decided that they should not.

Turks were angry, stated that in October they would oust the Greeks despite the ruling of the commission. Greeks were troubled, thought the Turks' threat might be carried out.

Two points of view are herewith juxtaposed:

The Greeks, most of whom are Levantines or Levant traders of a low order, have for long been the backbone of Turkish commerce. Having done much for Turkey in this respect, they naturally think they are justified in maintaining their right to trade in Constantinople.

The Turks, who are at present going through a Turkey-for-the-Turks phase, have ever despised the lowly and, be it said, dirty Greek and other Levantines for their unscrupulous methods. Foreigners who visit the bazaars of Constantinople have noticed that it is always the Levantines who cheat and hardly ever the Turks.

*An overstatement. While various sections of the U. S. press have from time to time published letters and articles on the plight of Montenegro, it is untrue to say that any paper has given "strong support."

ARABIA

Hejamy Massacre

On the barren plains of Arabia was witnessed a grim tragedy.

The Wahabites of Nejd (central Arabian country without precise boundaries) descended upon the town of Taif, 70 miles southeast of Mecca, in the Hejaz, over which Hussein is Emir. According to a Mecca message:

"After having destroyed the tomb of Eben Abdarsi, they killed the people, respecting neither young infants nor the aged. In a word, all people were passed under the sword, including foreign subjects."

The message then contained an appeal to the civilized world: "We appeal to the League of Nations to put an end to these crimes and to take severe measures against this savagery, which makes humanity and civilization tremble."

CHINA

Changese War

Dramatis Personae:

Super-Tuchun Chang of Manchuria, over-lord of the Provinces of Fengtien, Kirin and Heilungkiang, allied with Dr. Sun-Yat-sen, of Canton and Tuchun Lu of Chékian. Driven from Peking, where he was Pooh Bah in 1922, by Super-Tuchun Wu, Chang seeks to oust Wu and President Tsao Kun and resume his lordly sway in the Capital. Like all Chinese leaders, he interprets his ambition as a step toward reunifying China. Possibly the whole trouble with China is that there are too many leaders trying to do the same thing. It was rumored during the past week, that he was being financed by Japan; but, naturally, this was denied.

Super-Tuchun Wu of Chihli, Shantung, Honan, Kiangsu, Shansi, Shensi and Szechwan, greatest power and most brilliant military genius in China. He is the military power of the Peking Government and is allied with Tuchun Chi of Kiangsu against Chang and his cronies. His precise strength was not known, due to the fact that it was not certain that all the provinces under his sway would permit themselves to be swayed his way. In China, as elsewhere, every man is first and foremost for himself.

President Tsao Kun, Tuchun of Chihli, all of which is now over-lorded by Wu, is one of the Chinese wonders. Bordering upon 60 years of age, most of his career was necessarily made during the Manchurian regime. It was, and still is, considered

*A former visit was postponed (TIME, Apr. 7), following Benito's "insult" to Marie and Ferdinand by objecting to Rumania's attempt to repudiate all foreign commercial debts.

Foreign News—[Continued]

a marvel that Tsao, once a lowly coolie, should have risen to the power and riches (he is said to be worth about \$40,000,000) that he has.

He was formerly considered the most powerful man in China, but the obligations of office have forced him to place much of his power in the hands of his friend Wu. The full story of Tsao's meteoric rise is long; but it is significant to remember that he, Wu and Chang once combined to oust from Peking the Anfu clique (political party charged with accepting bribes from Japan). In 1922, however, Wu waged war on Chang, drove him from Peking into Manchuria. Tsao Kun aided Wu with soldiers but took no part himself in the war, as Chang was his brother-in-law. Many rumors have circulated concerning a prolonged disagreement between Wu and Tsao Kun following the events of 1922. This may have been, but it was generally believed that it was part of Tsao's policy to have Wu support the Presidency of Li Yuan-hung until he was ready to take the Presidential chair himself.

Tuchun Chi of Kiangsu, who started the Chinese war by opposing Tuchun Lu's dominion of Shanghai, which is in his province.

Tuchun Lu of Chékang, defender of Shanghai.

Military Commissioner Ho of Shanghai, puppet relative of Tuchun Lu.

Dr. Sun Yat-Sen of Kwangtung, self-styled President of South China, known as the "perpetual rebel." He is the intractable foe of Tsao Kun and has joined forces with Chang and Lu in order to crush the power of the central leaders and through victory to "reunify China."

Last week, heavy rains delayed movements of troops and little decisive fighting took place in China's great war (TIME, Sept. 8, 15).

In the North, Chang was busy moving troops over the frontiers between Manchuria and the Province of Chihli. Communiqués stated that some fighting had taken place at Shanhaikwan, a few miles over the border, and near Jehol in the heart of Chihli and about 100 miles northeast of Peking. This gave rise to the supposition that Chang intended to attack the Capital from the North and East. The railway lines in Man-

churia were commandeered for military purposes.

Around the outskirts of the Shanghai territory, the armies of Lu and Chi exchanged shots. Lu suffered an unimportant loss when several junks carrying troops were sunk on Lake Taihu; most of the soldiers suffered nothing more than a ducking. Progress of the week favored General Lu and his comrade, General Ho. Some territory was taken from the enemy but no definite news of locations was obtainable, except that Hing, west of Lake Taihu, had fallen before Lu's assaults.

In the South, Dr. Sun marched at the head of a regiment to Shiu-chow, in the north of Kwangtung Province, where he proposed to establish headquarters. Later, he is to despatch 40,000 troops to the aid of Lu in Chékang.

LATIN AMERICA

Au Revoir?

In Chile, Liberalism was displaced by Militarism.

Having acceded to the demands of the militants (TIME, Sept. 15), Señor Arturo Alessandri, President of Chile, was forced to tender his resignation. Senate and Chamber, however, declined to accept it. They were requested by the President, who had sought shelter in the U. S. Embassy, to reconsider their decision. Again they refused to countenance the presidential resignation.

By this time General Altamirano, who had forced the President to name him Vice President, had succeeded in establishing a military Directorate. Alleged to be baffled by Parliament, the Directorate, in the pert Mussolini manner, gave the President six months leave of absence and off went Señor Alessandri to Argentina.

Not a drop of blood was shed during this unusual Latin American revolution. The streets of Santiago, capital city, were quiet. The only flutter of excitement was caused by the publication of the following proclamation of the militants:

"We declare solemnly on our honor that in taking charge of public affairs we do so provisionally and only until the regular functioning of public institutions has been reestablished, and that we do not aspire to, and will not permit, perpetuation of a military system of government."

Yet, it is strange to think that the "revolution" was in the main caused because President Alessandri

championed a bill to provide salaries for Parliamentarians, on the ground that it would enable the poorer classes to enter the Legislature.

"First in Air"

The Republic of Colombia earned the distinction of becoming the first country in the world to connect all its principal commercial cities by air mail.

This feat, magnificent as it appears, was not difficult of accomplishment. Colombia has few cities of any commercial consequence: Barranquilla with its seaport at Puerto Colombia; Bucaramanga, Cali, Cartagena, Cucuta, Manizales, Medellin, Buenaventura.

Revolt

A tremendous battle occurred on the border of the States of Matto Grosso and São Paulo in Brazil. No information escaped the censorship, but the fight was such that correspondents fearlessly declared it to be the most important since the rebels evacuated São Paulo City (TIME, Aug. 4).

It leaked out that the rebel cause had been given encouragement by the adherence of the Federal troops under General Isidore Diaz Lopez to the rebel cause. General Lopez commented upon his disaffection, said ironically: "You will receive news, as you have already received it, of continuous victories of the Government troops. This news will be duly confirmed by the victory of my soldiers and our ideals."

Revolt

A revolution, cause not stated, broke out in northern Ecuador. Government troops were sent from Quito to quell the disturbance.

Revolt

The Honduran revolution, reported over (TIME, Sept. 15), proved to be "going strong." Peace moves were delayed by the inability of the warring factions to decide on a place for negotiations. Meanwhile, it was rumored that two sanguinary battles had been won by the Government forces.

The U. S. Government ordered the landing of 100 sailors at Ceiba from the light cruiser *Rochester* to protect foreign lives. At the same time, the U. S. intimated that no rebel government would be recognized, even if it were to prove victorious over the Government forces.

MUSIC

No Strike

The strike that threatened to replace the orchestra of every musical show in Chicago with an electric piano (TIME, Aug. 25) and to spread throughout the music centres of the East (TIME, Sept. 1) has been checked at its source. The players' salaries are to be increased from 7½% to 10%.* The agreement will be in force for one year, after which another squabble will be in good order. Meanwhile, Chicago musicians are the highest paid in the world. Weekly they collect a minimum of \$72.10, a maximum of \$92.50.

Carnegie Doomed

Manhattan's musical landmarks, famed for generations, are rapidly passing. Aeolian Hall will be turned into a "5 & 10" (TIME, Aug. 25), the Metropolitan Opera House, even, is threatened with replacement by something beautiful and modern (TIME, Aug. 25).

And now Carnegie Hall, for 34 years easily the most distinguished setting for concerts in Manhattan, is to be sold, razed to the ground. This according to reports current in the world of real estate. In its place an office building, or an apartment house, of the zone-law, or neo-Babylonian type, will rear its tiers of terraces.

The Carnegie Foundation has looked over its accounts. The result has been painful. The old Hall makes no money. In fact, it causes a total loss of some \$15,000 every year. And so it must go.

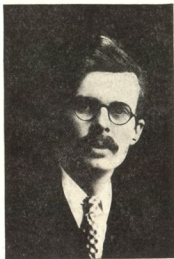
A history of Carnegie Hall would be a history of modern music. Tchaikovsky conducted his own works there in 1891. Since that time, every composer of any importance has had his compositions performed at Carnegie, and many distinguished moderns have appeared on the bare wooden platform in person. It has also been used as a synagogue and as the scene of stormy political meetings.

Voluptuous Modernity

Aldous Huxley, nephew of the great Darwinian, smart, fashionable, blasé, ice-cold, most devilishly clever of all the devilishly clever young *littérateurs* who make the waterside of Chelsea inundate all London with lavender and mauve intellectual meanderings, has written down his opinion of the popular music of today. The essay has been published—in *Vanity Fair*. It defends the thesis that the evolution of popular music has run parallel, on a lower plane, with the evolution of serious

music. Beethoven, ultimately and indirectly, is responsible for all the languishing waltz tunes, all the dramatic jazzings, all the negroid music of the contemporary theatre and dance hall.

"The difference between *Ach, du lieber Augustin*," he explains, "and any



ALDOUS HUXLEY
Fashionable, blasé, ice-cold

waltz tune composed from the middle of the 19th Century onwards is the difference between a piece of music almost devoid of any emotion and a piece of music deeply saturated with sentiment, languor and voluptuousness. The susceptible maiden who, when she hears *Ach, du lieber Augustin*, feels no emotion beyond one of general cheerfulness and high spirits, is fairly made to palpitate by the luscious strains of the modern waltz; her soul is carried swooning along undulating oceans of molasses; she can hardly breathe for the overpowering odors of opopanax and ambergris. . . .

"And what has happened to the waltz has happened to all popular music. It was once innocent, now provocative; once pellucid, now richly clotted; once elegant, now it delights in being barbarous. . . . It is the difference between life in the Garden of Eden and life in the 'artistic' quarter of Gomorrah. . . .

"The people who compose popular tunes are not musicians enough to be able to invent new forms of expression. All they do is adapt the discoveries of great men to the vulgar taste. . . . Beethoven is responsible, because it was he who first devised really effective musical methods for the direct expression of passion and emotions. Beethoven's passion and emotions happened to be noble. But, unhappily, he made it possible for people of infinitely inferior

mind and character to express in music their less exalted passions and more vulgar emotions. . . . He made possible such masterpieces of popular art as *You Made Me Love You and That Old Black Mammy of Mine*. The corruption of the best too often becomes the worst; 'lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.'"

On Time

An astounding, prodigious reform is to be inaugurated this winter. Concerts in Manhattan are to begin on time—or nearly on time. This is advocated by the National Music Managers' Association, which discussed the subject in its preliminary conference. Records showed that in the season 1922-23, out of 151 concerts, only four started on time. Nine began from two to five minutes late, 27 from five to ten, 31 from ten to fifteen, 38 exactly at fifteen, 32 from fifteen to twenty, and 10 at more than twenty. The record was a delay at the start of 45 minutes.

Mr. George Engles, President of the Association, delivered himself of the following remarks:

"We will, each of us, promise to begin concerts on time—as far as it is possible. . . . I do not believe that we will ever train the public to be at a concert on the minute, but we may be able to persuade them to be a little earlier than they habitually are. At the opera, at the theatre, people come late and do not miss much. . . . But an artist, particularly a big artist, does not want to begin a concert with an empty house. . . . If the audience misses the beginning, the balance is lost.

"More important than all this, however, is the question of the critics. . . . A great many artists, we must admit, give concerts not for the public, but for the critics, to get notices. Critics, with one or two exceptions, never get to concerts on time. Your house is fairly full. Your audience is there. You look around. There is not a critic in the place. You cannot go on with the concert.

"Next season, however, we are going to try to begin on scheduled time. We may be able to train part of the audience. We may even be able to train some of the critics. But there are a few artists who have genuine artistic temperament, and those you can never count on. Mr. Paderewski is one of them. He is always in the hall from half an hour to an hour before the concert, and yet he never begins on time. There is always some interruption. Something goes wrong backstage. He is upset and must calm his nerves before he can go on, or visitors come to shake his hand before the concert. You lock all the doors, but they get in."

*The musicians demanded that their salaries be increased 10%.

BOOKS

Piracy Again*

How Treasure Island Was Stocked with Bullion

Here is a sequel that takes the place of its predecessor. It is the tale of how the treasure got to Treasure Island. Not Stevenson, but Smith has written it—with an apology:

"To R. L. S.

"Think not this wretched miswrought tale

"Is meant to breast the thundering gale

"Of your great art and skill—"

The Story. Robert Ormerod, callow youth, son of a Manhattan merchant, is trapped and abducted down Maiden Lane. His taking was not the simple story of an undermanned ship and a force gang. It was the daring plan of his great uncle, the cold, the cool, the calculating Murray, on land the inspired follower of King James, at sea the terrible pirate, Captain Rip-Rap. With young Ormerod is taken his redoubtable friend the Dutchman Peter Corlaer, a veritable Lionel Strongfort for bodily prowess. With them also goes the red-haired boy Darby to whom the taste of piracy is sweet.

At sea, they join Murray's company in two ships. One of them, the *Royal James*, Murray's own ship, dominated by his cold cruelty, is as disciplined as a ship of the line. The other, the *Walrus*, under Captain Flint, contains the ruffianly crew of drunken, careless, filthy, fighting buccaneers, whom Stevenson made famous. There is Long John Silver, the one-legged, still as ingratiating, still as desperate as ever. There is Pew, the crafty blindman, who sees with his ears. There is Billy Bones, the mate.

Southward the two vessels sail. Captain Murray is intent on capturing that year's Spanish treasure ship, sailing from Porto Bello, laden with a million and a half pounds of bullion. Flint and his rum-swilling crew are to receive a quarter of the prize; the crew of the *Royal James* is to receive a quarter; and a round half is to go to the cause of King James to restore the Stuarts and to make Master Ormerod "my Lord Duke of Jedburgh, Marquis of Cobbielaw, Earl and Baron Broomfield." Unfortunately, Master Ormerod has no stomach for piracy, cares nought for dukedoms and is thoroughly incensed at the idea of bringing aboard a pirate ship an innocent maid, the daughter of an Irish colonel who is a follower of King James and who helps to set the trap for the treasure ship.

But Murray has his way. The *San-*

tissima Trinidad, laden to the water-line with bullion, falls victim to the pirates off Hispaniola. From its deck, Master Ormerod carries the fair maid Moira to the *Royal James*. Then trouble begins. Half of the treasure is buried on the sandy dot of land in the Caribbees, dangerous to shipping—the Dead Man's



PIRATE PEW
He saw with his ears

Chest. Half is taken to Treasure Island.

There a mortal struggle begins with Flint and his crew. A sea fight is followed by a hurricane and a desperate struggle on the island. Blood flows like water. One after another of the trusty men of the *Royal James* succumb; and finally, Ormerod, Moira and Corlaer, with the treasure, fall into the hands of the ruffianly crew of the *Walrus*—they who swear great oaths baffling to the worst blasphemer: "A — — fool agreement, if you broach it now! A — — of a — — piece of — — — — idioity!"

Flint buries the treasure—and six men with it. Bad goes to worse. Fever carries off the terrible Flint. Finally, Ormerod and his friends escape the bloody deck of the *Walrus* at Savannah, during a throat-cutting contest, leaving the treasure safely buried, leaving the maid to be safely married.

The Significance. As a pirate story, *Porto Bello Gold* is a worthy successor of *Treasure Island*. As a piece of literature, it falls short of Stevenson's art. But the tale never lags; it is bloody enough for the best of us.

The Author. A. D. Howden Smith, a special correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* till 1921, has written a number of other adventure stories—*The Treasure of Bucoleon*, *The Doom Trail* (from which some of the characters of *Porto Bello Gold* are taken), *Beyond the Sunset*.

New Books

The following estimates of books much in the public eye were made after careful consideration of the trend of critical opinion:

THE DARK CLOUD—Thomas Boyd—*Scribners* (\$2.00). Because the skipper used to lick him, Hugh Turner ran away from his ship at Quebec, got down to Detroit by river. He met a man named Durham who was a gambler and decent and who in his spare moments punched tickets on the Underground Railway, the Negroes' accommodation train. They made out pretty well together, keeping away from Federal officers, until one day a Southern gentleman shot Durham in a card game. After that Hugh shipped on the *Bald Eagle* with Captain Hargusson and went up and down the Mississippi. That is about all. Mark Twain, conjurer, used to tell about the Mississippi; and every page or two, he would come out from behind his screen and have a cigar with the reader—or a drink, maybe. Mr. Boyd does not use tobacco, in a literary way. His style is as impersonal as the river, and as grave. But, on that unlaughing surface, a boat is reflected, slipping down the river under a moon like a golden poker chip; people on board eating, drinking, fighting, making love—ladies in lace pantaloons—bad men with aces in their cuffs—all dead, long ago.

KEEPING THE PEACE—Gouverneur Morris—*Scribners* (\$2.00). Edward Eatons' maternal parent was known in her family as "dear Mother." She was a sweet, soft and pious woman, whose sweetness drove one son to follow the sea, whose softness bred moral degeneracy in another, whose piety did its best to force Edward, an artist of sorts, into the clergy. This jauntily unpleasant book is an attack upon a type of woman to which the term Victorian has often been applied, always inaccurately, since lust, ignorance and bigotry are not the peculiar property of any particular period.

PALLIETER—Felix Timmermans—*Harper* (\$2.00). Bursting with healthy blood and full-blown appetites, Pallieter, simple, lighthearted Flemish farmer, wallows joyously in Life—snuffing its smells, slobbering over its flavors, smacking his thighs over its rich sensations. He swims naked at dawn in his river, cries over the beauties of sunsets and spring flowers, rides a huge mare bareback through a thunderstorm, rolls exulting in new snow on Christmas morning, devours gigantic meals, gulps down gallons of wine and other drinkables. The story—what

**PORTO BELLO GOLD*—A. D. Howden Smith—*Brentano's* (\$2.00).

THE THEATRE

there is of it—covers that year of Pal-lietier's life when he found Marieke, a rosy Rubens virgin, married her straightaway, had by her a lusty set of triplets, departed with her into the wide world "as the birds do and the wind." Suspense and tragedy are wholly absent from the book. Author Timmermans just shouts aloud, in an excess of good spirits, that life at Mother Nature's breast is a glutton's feast for body, mind and soul. It is grand philosophy, stirring tonic for city-pale people.

Author Timmermans is Belgian, his gusto unfeigned. The illustrator, Anton Pieck, contributes fetching garnitures, one per page.

Michael Arlen

He Is the Harold Bell Wright of Sophisticates

Occasionally an author really shoots across the sky with all the brilliance and success of a comet. Such an author, it seems to me, is Michael Arlen (Dikran Kuyunjian—American spelling). You may like his books—or they may annoy you. At least they are arresting; they have caused a sensation in England and are rapidly becoming the thing to talk of in America.

Rapidly, we are coming into a wave of the purely artificial. Wasn't this inevitable after the muddy baths of realism and naturalism into which we were plunged of late? It is the crisp phrase, the daring image, the subtly concealed idea that demands our attention—and Arlen, with none of the purring phrases of Van Vechten nor the difficult nuances of Huxley, is like to become the Harold Bell Wright of the hyper-sophisticated.

Arlen's life is semi-detached, like his characters in *These Charming People* and *The Green Hat*. He has a gesture of romance, even in the accident of birth. Is it not strange that so many foreigners bring to the English language a style that, while thoroughly English, has a touch of color in world-grouping that makes it richer than much purely native writing? Arlen was born on the Danube and moved to England when he was quite young. He went to school fitfully, was educated partly in Switzerland, came back to London and was exceedingly gay. He dined, dined, traveled and indulged in some quiet writing. That he takes his writing lightly is not true. He has been known to destroy a novel that he did not believe to be up to his standard. Only think of that—destroying a novel!

I have never met Mr. Arlen; but he is arriving presently (in November, I think) in America. I shall meet him with pleasure and expect to be destroyed immediately by an epigram!

J. F.

New Plays

Vanities. The second edition of this revue, which threatens to become an annual, went to press with a great deal of shouting; but when the opening audience read the proofs, their reactions



SOPHIE TUCKER
"Large, loud, good-natured"

were divided. It was agreed that Earl Carroll had crowded a chaotic beauty into his production that would be hard to match but that his search for mirth and music had been less successful. Joe Cook is again the headlined humorist, but somehow his new material does not make up into so effective a garment of gaiety as did his veteran vaudeville sketches. Sophie Tucker heads the parade of pretties. Miss Tucker is not pretty. She is large, loud, good-natured. Saving the costumes, sets and girls, that is about all that can be said for the entire entertainment.

Quinn Martin—"In need of a good joke."

Thoroughbreds. Paternity puzzles in the Theatre are likely to be intricately uninteresting. An absorbing pattern of drama must be sketched to make the spectator care just who is her father. In place of drama, the authors of *Thoroughbreds* have designed a crazy quilt of odds and ends stitched in from all the parent pieces of this particular ilk.

A youthful lady lawyer of a tiny

Southern town is assigned, for her first client, a horse thief. It evolves that the client is her father, and that he has been stealing horses all his life to provide her, anonymously, with a competence. A deep-dyed district attorney ferrets out the facts and offers to absolve the prisoner if the daughter will make the horse thief his father-in-law. Eventually, everybody confesses; and amid a good deal of weeping the hardy hero of the entertainment takes the heroine into his arms and the thief is somehow exonerated.

Ann Harding, the blondest actress in the world, forgot her Southern accent after the opening minutes, and gave a generally mechanical performance which disappointed those who witnessed her brilliant playing in *Tarnish* last season. George Marion was moderately successful as the soft-spoken kidnapper of horseflesh.

Burns Mantle—"One of those coincidental plays steeped in sentiment."

Gilbert W. Gabriel—"So mortifying is this situation to parent, child and all others concerned that, during the second intermission, a vendor stationed cannily close to the Vanderbilt Theatre's doorway did a rushing business in *Birth Control Reviews*."

High Stakes. It is more or less generally known that A. H. Woods (bedroom man) had Lowell Sherman on his hands and nothing for him to do. Willard Mack was therefore summoned and directed to fashion a play to Mr. Sherman's talents. *High Stakes* is the result, and for anyone who knows the type of thing that Mr. Mack and Mr. Sherman depend upon for their existence, the result would almost inevitably be *High Stakes*.

Lowell Sherman is occupied as a playwright and wit. Since his plays are not produced, he depends upon his wit. Slashing about him with his wit, he manages to save his elderly and wealthy brother from the designs of a childlike and quite unscrupulous young woman. Lacking a love interest, the dramatist supplied the elder brother with a beautiful stenographer who was portioned off to Mr. Sherman in the due course of these proceedings.

The critics were unkind to Mr. Sherman. Mr. Sherman took the opportunity to repay in unkindness their disparagement through cartoon speeches during the opening week.* These efforts failed entirely to undermine the position of these critics with their respective editors, and likewise availed not at all toward making Mr. Sherman a good

*He called Mr. Alexander Woolcott of *The Sun* "a little, round person."

actor. It would take a lot more than curtain speeches to make Mr. Sherman a good actor; and among the first essentials would be a better play than *High Stakes*.

Percy Hammond—"She [Phoebe Foster] and Wilton Lackaye adorned the ribald cemetery of *High Stakes* with many artistic asphodels. . . . It is a cheap and, no doubt, prosperous entertainment.

The Mask and the Face. Returning voyagers from London reported favorably on this adaptation from the Italian comedy of Luigi Chiarelli. The Frohman Company contracted for Somerset Maugham to do a special version; but another producer slipped ahead of them with the lines as London heard them. William Faversham was summoned to play the lead, and the production was pressed hurriedly into shape. The result was decidedly depressing. The story: A man banished his wife for suspected incontinence, was acquitted of her murder and remarried her (figuratively) at her funeral. The cast, including Mr. Faversham, were received without hosannas.

Alexander Woolcott—"The most important of all fell to an actor for whose tricks and manners on the stage we find it increasingly difficult to suppress our complete lack of enthusiasm."

Percy Hammond—"As disheartening an episode as the drama lovers have suffered this season."

Conscience. A new playwright and a new actress combined to furnish the single notable item in the dramatic column of the week. Don Mullally contributed the play and Lillian Foster, trained in Western stock companies, provided her precise technical ability and brilliant personality. It was Miss Foster's first start in the great Manhattan handicap. Unless signs fail, she will return to win many races.

The play taken all through was not so satisfactory as the actress, but such of it as was good was so good that finer things can be expected of Mr. Mullally. He opens his play in a Yukon cabin, torments his leading man with memories, switches him back to the day when he left his wife alone because it was required of him to go to jail. The wife, driven to the easiest and yet the hardest means of livelihood, was entertaining a visitor when he returned. He murdered her.

Stark Young—"Lillian Foster . . . shades of feeling and grades of reaction she got without a break in the emotional movement."

Alexander Woolcott—"If the first audience did not precisely tear the engine from her taxicab and drag the cab to her hotel, at least it rose and cheered her to the echo."

The Best Plays

These are the plays which, in the light of metropolitan criticism, seem most important:

Comedy

CORRA—A thumping play causing the staring eye and the flushed brow, stirring up considerable expert excitement over the discovery that Eve is still the temptress.

THE MIRACLE—Showing with almost barbaric splendor how the woman paid even as far back as the medieval mystery play.

THE SHOW-OFF—Wherein a ringing and considerably amusing slap is taken at the loud mouth.

FATA MORGANA—The Theatre Guild's comedy by Ernst Vajda in which Emily Stevens does much able acting in the pursuit of one night of love.

SWEENEY TODD—An old English melodrama dripping with blood and played seriously to gorgeous burlesque effect.

EXPRESSING WILLIE—Zoe Akins' deft development of the incompatibility of artistic temperament and the tired business man. The thin spots comfortably padded by a brilliant cast.

THE WEREWOLF—A satirical discussion of incontinence expertly played by Laura Hope Crews, Marion Cookley and Leslie Howard.

Drama

WHITE CARGO—A severe study in sex and loneliness that has kept an obscure uptown playhouse busy for over 300 nights.

WHAT PRICE GLORY—A comedy of manners among the U. S. Marines & the front in 1918. The best of the new season.

HAVOC—An English War play of moderate distinction made worthy chiefly by an expert cast from London.

CONSCIENCE—Reviewed in this issue.

RAIN—Jeanne Eagels once more in our midst with her diatribe against the South Sea missionary.

Musical

Returning winter colonists are principally interested in the following music and hilarity: *Kid Boots, Rose-Marie, The Dream Girl, Charlot's Revue, The Passing Show, I'll Say She Is, The Grand Street Follies, Ziegfeld Follies, George White's Scanzals, Stepping Stones.*

The New Pictures

The Clean Heart. It is argued by many observers that character study is the highest hurdle between the motion picture producers and the realm of Art. Character may be studied indirectly through incident, and in a small degree through subtlety. Yet without hearing what comes out of a man's mouth it is virtually impossible to tell what is inside of him. In the present picture (from A. S. M. Hutchinson's novel) a character drawing is attempted without alloy. Thanks to the immense sympathetic sincerity which Percy Marmont gives the leading rôle, the attempt is almost a success.

Mr. Marmont plays a writer whom over-work has steered into a nervous breakdown and mild insanity. Taking up with a philosopher tramp, he narrowly escapes death in an ocean storm, falls in love with the nurse who coaxes back his health. When they are examining the cottage where they expect to live, his mind slips a cog, he calls the girl a common little nobody, whereupon she rushes out to fall over a cliff. The realization of her death crystallizes his love. The girl recovers.

Only slightly less accomplished a piece of acting than Mr. Marmont's was Marguerite de la Motte's in the part of the girl. Otis Harlan as Puddlebox, the tramp, made an amiable, Bible-wise drunkard.

The Alaskan. There was considerable agitation among the cinemillions prior to the opening of this film. Thomas Meighan had gone all the way to Alaska to make it. Men, guns and money had accompanied him without stint. It ought to be good. But it isn't.

The story details the efforts of a band of unscrupulous capitalists to steal Alaska from the Pioneers. Dynamite and daggers contribute to the suspense.

Probably the most instantly absorbing feature of the film is the fact that Estelle Taylor plays the girl. Her qualifications include two huge dark eyes.

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ART

Poloiana

Little horses, nervy and debonaire, clipping the turf with pointed hoofs, mallets whacking, riders shouldering, wheeling, while young Royalty looks on. At Meadow Brook, the background is grass; at the Wanamaker Art Gallery, Manhattan, it is canvas. An exhibit of Poloiana has opened there. A wooden pony, smartly blanketed, stands at the end of the gallery—a silent symbol of the stable. The room is rigged with saddles, flags, balls, mallets; scenes of the game and portraits of dead and living players cover the walls. A painted Prince, losing in the work of St. Helier Lander something of the incipient puffiness that sits upon the living one, gazes mildly down.

Sporting scenes, because they contain balanced movement, a living impulse of clean speed, have always attracted artists. Degas, for instance, cultivated the paddock almost as assiduously as he did the *salle de ballet*. He is represented in this exhibit by a pencil study of a horse. There is Middleton Manigault's modernistic painting of an International match; a series of Robert W. Chanler's decorations on *Polo Through the Ages*; George Wright's *Grooming Polo Ponies*; two water colors by Ivester Lloyd of a game in full tilt; spirited etchings by Morshead and George Soper.

EDUCATION

Seminaries

Last year, lurid flames lit Rock Ridge, back of Greenwich, Conn.; 175 scant-clad girls responded perfectly to their fire drill, as the dormitories of Rosemary Hall, famed boarding school for young ladies, burned to the ground. Last week, it was announced that students of Rosemary Hall (i.e., their parents, old Rosemarians, friends and philanthropists) had bought nearly all of a \$300,000 bond issue to enable Rosemary to rise phoenixlike from its ashes, more attractive, modern and efficient than ever, and this time fireproof.

Rosemary Hall was founded in 1890 by its present headmistress, Dr. Caroline Ruutz-Rees, at Wallingford, Conn., moving to Greenwich in 1900. Miss Ruutz-Rees (Democratic National Committeewoman for Connecticut) is English by birth and education, and her school has something of the English temper. Its physical and intellectual life is robust, "not for weaklings." The diploma requirement

is admission by examination to Bryn Mawr, Vassar or Smith College. Field hockey, basketball, self-government and brains are the things for which Rosemary has become noted. Associated with Miss Ruutz-Rees are



© Keystone

CAROLINE RUUTZ-REES
"Not for weaklings"

Miss Mary E. Lowndes, who rides horseback and thinks vigorously at 70; and Miss Margaret Augur, a Barnard graduate and old Rosemarian.

Other young ladies' schools in the U. S. that have achieved some prominence:

Bradford Academy, Bradford, Mass. "Oldest institution in New England for the higher education of women," founded 1803. Long an active interest for Alice Freeman Palmer, famed poet-president of Wellesley College. Principal: Marion Coats, Vassar graduate. Specialties: Music, Fine Arts, Expression.

Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass. Founded 1881 as an incubator for Wellesley College matriculants. Headmistress: Helen Temple Cooke. Specialties: "The highest ideals of womanhood, Thorough Scholarship, General Culture." In the college town of Wellesley, Dana Hall girls can be distinguished from the Welleslilassies by the hats they are obliged to wear when walking out.

Miss Porter's School, Farmington, Conn. (commonly called "Farming-ton"). Founded 1843 "in a small way" by Sarah Porter, sister of President Noah Porter of Yale University (1871-1886). "She gave to hundreds of the best-born women of the land that poise and stability of character, that combination of learning and

good manners, which is a mark of the noblest American womanhood." Farmington, whose course is indefinite in length and character, has a reputation for distinction of dress and deportment. It caters to "the finer families." Its product is rather the perfect lady than the trained mind. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Porter Keep are in charge.

Westover, at Middlebury, Conn., is active, modern, out-of-doors and "horsy." The girls wear uniform costume, are more "school girls" than "young ladies." Mary Robbins Hillard, headmistress, who founded Westover in 1909 with the aid of wealthy friends, "has a passion for imparting spiritual truths individually to her girls in private and has almost uncanny genius in understanding what girls are thinking about and gaining their confidence." The school offers "a well-rounded training for social requirements"; but relatively few prepare for college. Unconsciously on Miss Hillard's part, the school has gained a reputation for exclusiveness and most of the girls naturally come from families of wealth.

The Masters School, commonly called "Dobbs Ferry" from its location on the Hudson River, was founded in 1877 by the late Sarah Masters (who is said "never to have attended the theatre"), is now maintained by Mary C. Strong. It has "high social prestige" and an "exclusive atmosphere." The character of its training is somewhere between that of a school and a finishing academy, much like Westover. Neither scholarship nor athletics take precedence. Discipline is strict. Dobbs girls wear uniforms, observe an honor system, may prepare for college.

The Spence School, just off Fifth Avenue, Manhattan, and **The Finch School**, farther uptown, lead the U. S. city finishing schools. A year or two at either is thought good for Western girls, but Spence has also a large Manhattan clientele. Both offer preparation for college, but are attended rather for their adjacency to the theatre, the opera, the Metropolitan Museum. Both are considered "ultra." The headmistress of Finch is Mrs. John O'Hara Cosgrave. Clara B. Spence, strong and graceful of personality, died last spring.

The Baldwin School, at Bryn Mawr, Pa., is the oldest and most widely known of the many girls' schools in and about Philadelphia. Elizabeth Forrest Johnson, Vassar

*Finch was once selected as an exalted anti-finish. Said the *Yale Record*, in verses illustrative of womankind's universal sorority: "The girl from Finch and the Chapel Street finish. Are sisters under the skin."

*This and following quotations are excerpts from Sargent's handbook, *American Private Schools*.

graduate, "maintains the wholesome and sensible ideals of the founder," Florence Baldwin. Her girls take their studies seriously, are taught well by a large staff, usually enter Bryn Mawr College.

Miss Madeira's School, in Washington, D. C., is another college preparatory, smaller and more fastidious than Baldwin.

Foxcroft, in the Piedmont Valley near Middleburg, Va., keeps its pupils much in the saddle, gives them hearty, simple country life, teaches soundly if not extensively.

"Ferguson"

Last week was janitors' week in U. S. colleges and universities. Thousands of patient men in blue denim swept lecture rooms, fitted new light bulbs in corridors and stairways, received letters about students' furniture. It was also football coaches' week. They looked over their "material," started U. S. education on its first important step of the new year by giving setting-up exercises, passing and kicking practice. It was also professors' week. They returned from their vacations, tidied their desks and notes, made up class rolls, speculated upon the youths soon to be submitted them for intellectual advancement.

Some professors, some parents thus speculating read "Ferguson—Rex" by an anonymous contributor in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September. Ferguson is an undergraduate "leader," the college "man of the hour." The portrait is not without truth but is perhaps too surely executed. The contributor called himself "90" and erred, admittedly, on the side of optimism and generosity where others of his age had erred in pessimism and bitterness. Still, Ferguson was a fair inking. Said "90":

"His [Ferguson's] attitude toward his teachers and studies baffles a dull observer, but in the main it is governed by his predominating intellectual trait. He admires manhood vastly more than scholarship. He has yet to learn the important place pure scholarship holds in the general plan of things. He is sure to learn this in time. If he finds in the scholar the man he is looking for, the scholar can lead him anywhere. But the tremendous forces that have made Ferguson what he is have left him where he refuses to see the scholar if the man is not there. It is said that he will learn nothing. No candid observer could claim that the outward signs of mental accretion are overwhelming, but in private conversation Ferguson displays at times a disconcerting clearness of vision, and a wealth of real understanding about a lot of things that he regards as important. . . .

"One great need . . . is a good 'contact man'—someone who can interpret the college to Ferguson and Ferguson

to the college. He must be a rare man, but he can be found. . . ."

Other parents, other professors read *How About the College?* by Edward W. Bok (self-educated) in the *Saturday Evening Post* for Sept. 13. Said Mr. Bok: "Is a college education preferable? Of course the simplest answer here is that anything calculated for our good is more desirable in its presence than in its absence. Unfortunately, however, this does not answer the question. . . . I like the story told of the young Polish girl in a New York school who was asked to write the difference between an educated man and an intelligent man, and who summed it up thus: 'An educated man gets his thinks from someone else; an intelligent man works his own thinks.'"

Schools for the Idle

Said *The New Republic*, with some point:

"The conduct of schools among workmen who are on strike is a rather interesting idea for adult education. The experiment . . . is actually being tried in District No. 2 of the United Mine Workers, where 35,000 workers are on strike. Seven classes have been formed and the attendance is growing rapidly. Obviously this is not an experiment in which any public agency can very well participate. . . . But the establishment of a tradition requiring unions to provide schools and workers to attend them systematically during a layoff could be only beneficial to the men and to the public. . . ."

LAW

The New Psychology

The sentencing by Judge John Richard Caverly of Leopold and Loeb to the penitentiary for life is the end, so far as court records are concerned, of what has been called "the greatest murder trial of all times." It has resulted, however, in giving a preferred position before the bar of public opinion to the case against capital punishment.

In the past, the subject of capital punishment has been approached, mainly, from what may be called the "sentimental viewpoint." Its opponents have stressed "long lists of mistaken verdicts." Its advocates have sometimes been dangerously close to the theory of personal vengeance in their reliance upon the doctrine of "a life for a life." Henceforth, however, the part which the death penalty should take in an enlightened system of law will be discussed in the light of "new psychology."

Said Dr. George W. Kirchwey, formerly Dean of the Columbia Law School

(1901-1910), and Warden of Sing Sing Prison (1915-16): "Judge Caverly met the issue presented to him like a man of the modern world. He may not have known much about the new psychology—few of us do—but he was not, like the State's Attorney, content to repose in the wisdom of the 19th Century. He at least was willing to learn, so he admitted the evidence. He seemed unconscious of the fact of which he cannot have been wholly unconscious, that in so doing he was opening the steel-barred doors of the criminal courts of this country, and the world, to a new concept of responsibility for crime."

Said Judge Caverly (in his opinion): "It is beyond the province of this court, as it is beyond the capacity of human science in its present state of development, to predicate ultimate responsibility for human acts." This, however, is exactly what the modern psychiatrist does attempt to do. One Leonard Blumgart, in an article in last week's *Nation*, stated that Leopold is the victim of a neurosis and Loeb of a psychosis. In speaking of Leopold, he said: "Yet very few persons understand why he developed this intellectual power—to suppress and repress his own perverse processes. Were the public ready, it could hear of as tragic a perversion of normal instincts, as hopeless and tremendous a struggle against them as was ever made. But no, the psychiatrists had to lower their voices, and even then they were prevented from telling all they knew. . . . The mental and emotional processes by which we first come to recognize the difference between our current standards of right and wrong, and then act upon that knowledge, are shrouded in complete darkness."

Lawyers as a body are not, at any rate as yet, very sympathetic to this explanation of human conduct as determining human responsibilities. Cooperation, they argue, is a condition of life in civilized communities. When a person fails to conform to the standards of society and gives the minimum amount of cooperation, as required by the criminal law, the community for its own protection must impose the prescribed penalties, if such a non-conformist has the mentality to understand what Society expects of him. Definitions of legal insanity are designed to state the lack of mental capacity which one must display before not being held fully responsible for criminal behavior.

What is the social value of mental tests, applied after the commission of a crime, which show a person to be irresponsible so far as criminal acts are concerned, though otherwise responsible and even brilliant in understanding his environment and making the best of it? If this knowledge is to be of much service to Society, will it not be necessary for these tests to be applied be-

fore opportunities to commit crimes arise, and must not those in whom dangerous psychopathic traits are discovered, be, as it were, "sentenced in advance"? And, even if the discovery of these psychopathic traits be scientifically possible, is such a procedure administratively practical, and, if administratively practical, can it be carried out with regard to the constitutional guarantees of life and liberty which, in Anglo-Saxon countries, have been relied upon so long and, on the whole, with such good results?

"The rule of the road," says Bernard Shaw, "is simply a device to let you know what the other fellow is going to do. The purpose in part of all law is, for that matter, to let one person know what another is going to do, to permit the realization of reasonable expectations."

The new theory of criminal responsibilities may be "true" just as Einstein's theory of relativity may be "true." And yet, it may be well for the criminal law to retain the seasoned conceptions of human accountability just as it may be well for the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. to continue to rely upon the principles of Newtonian physics in the operation of its trains.

RELIGION

Holy Name

His Grace Michael J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore, welcomed to Washington 100,000 or more delegates to the 650th anniversary celebration of the Holy Name Society.

Four days of demonstration were to conclude with a monster parade to the Washington Monument before which, at a specially erected altar, the vigorous young Archbishop was to celebrate a pontifical mass.

History. Pope Gregory X and the second Council of Lyons, in 1274, enjoined that the "faithful" should "demonstrate more reverence for the Name above all names, the only Name in which we can claim salvation—the name of Jesus Christ." This special mission was entrusted to the Dominicans (newly founded at that time) by an apostolic letter to Blessed John Vercelli. Organized in Portugal, the Holy Name Society spread through Europe and eventually came to its fullest fruition in the U. S. Originally, it was, in part, regarded as reparation for the "blasphemous Albigensian heresies."

Purpose. The Society lays peculiar emphasis on purity of speech. But this ideal is extended to include purity of thought and life. "It gives its members," said a Bishop, "just that amount of moral suasion to keep them loyal to the regular reception of the sacraments."

Function. It serves to organize

laymen for the general welfare of the Church.

In Quebec

Ever since shipwrecked sailors built her a shrine, Ste. Anne de Beaupré has been visited and invoked by thousands yearly. The pilgrims have gone sick and returned well.

Her church, which lay in the province of Quebec, was destroyed in 1922 by fire ascribed to an incendiary. Money for its reconstruction was speedily obtained. Last Sunday, Louis Nazaire Cardinal Begin, Catholic Primate of Canada, laid the new basilica's cornerstone.

Out of the fire was saved the golden statue of Ste. Anne which contains bones of the Saint.

Archbishop Begin, a venerable figure of 74, is one of the senior members of the College of Cardinals. He recently made a grave pronouncement against the frivolous fashions of women.

Pope and Politics

The utility of drawing sharp distinctions between worldly and religious affairs would seem to be too apparent to need exposition. And yet the cry for such distinction is continually heard. Came last week to the Pope a party

of Italian undergraduates, youthfully maintaining that the Pope should become that most mythological of all creatures—a perfect neutral.

Replied the Pope (Pius XI, master of pointed phrase): "When Politics come near the Altar, then Religion, the Church, the Pontiff have not only the right but the duty to give directions and indications to be followed by Catholics."

The same reply was made by Moses. The same was made by Luther, Calvin, Knox. The same was made in unmistakable language by Pius IX, in the last Century: "It is an error to assert that the Church ought to be separated from the State and the State from the Church."

The same reply is made by Protestants today. Protestant Churches established Prohibition. Protestant ministers preach war or peace, condemn or condone divorce, denounce corruption. Hitherto they have sidestepped the problems of industry, but now they are beginning to have something to say about it.

Pius XI's reply to the undergraduates was not only weighted with the authority of tradition; it was the only logical reply. For if Religion is irrelevant to the affairs of this world, it would be completely and quickly banished to the next.

*Indeed, this Pontiff went further and declared: "It is an error to assert that every man is free to embrace the Religion he shall believe true, guided by the light of reason."

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SCIENCE

At Ithaca

Importance makes faces grave; work makes them lean; gazing at mysteries gives them a sober cast. At Cornell University, Ithaca, a group of men gathered. Their faces were grave, lean, sober; they were the members of the American Chemical Society, assembled for their 68th Annual Convention. Two qualities they all had in common. One was a profound concern with the wonders that beset men's comings and goings, traffics and discoveries, on the earth. The other was renown. They deliberated, debated, uttered paragraphs of chemical formulae that were, when understood, criticism, gasconade and prophecy. Sometimes the summer lightning of plain speech lit the cloudy thunders of their discourse . . . "\$62,000,000,000." . . . "The most amazing development in History." . . . "How to cure rickets." . . .

Among the renowned were: Sir Robert Robertson, chief Government chemist of Great Britain; Livingston Farrand, President of Cornell; Sir Max Muspratt, onetime Lord Mayor of Liverpool, foremost British industrial engineer; Dr. J. S. McHargue, head of the Kentucky Agricultural Station; T. A. Boyd of the General Motors Corporation; Professor H. Steenbock, chemical research head of the University of Wisconsin; Professor E. C. C. Baly, famed savant of the University of Liverpool. In the chair was Dr. Leo Hendrik Baekeland, President of the Society, a man who invents. He has discovered processes for the separation of copper and cadmium, for the impregnation of wood, for the making of Velox paper, thus winning heavy honors, including several pounds of medals. But first among his achievements is the invention of a certain substance.

"Bakelite." Superficially, it is a composition, born of fire and mystery, having the rigor and brilliance of glass, the lustre of amber from the Isles. Poetically, it is a resin formed from equal parts of phenol and formaldehyde, in the presence of a base, by the application of heat. It will not burn. It will not melt. It is used in pipe stems, fountain pens, billiard balls, telephone fixtures, castanets, radiator caps, etc. In liquid form, it is a varnish. Jellied, it is a glue. Those familiar with its possibilities claim that in a few years it will be embodied in every mechanical facility of modern civilization. From the time that a man brushes his teeth in the morning with a Bakelite-handled brush, until the moment when he removes his last cigarette from a Bakelite holder, extinguishes it in a Bakelite ashtray, and falls back upon

a Bakelite bed, all that he touches, sees, uses, will be made of this material of a thousand purposes. Books and papers will be set up in Bakelite type. People will read Bakeliterature, Bakeligitate their cases, offer Bakeliturgeries for their dead, bring young into the world in Bakelitters.

Dr. Baekeland is a man in middle years, erect, rugged, taciturn, with the sensitive mouth of a field marshal and the cold eyes of a philanthropist. Of medium height, courtly, dignified, he adopts the old-world manner, shuns personal publicity, wants to be known only in connection with his scientific work, makes many addresses before scientific societies.

In addressing the Society last week, he spoke of Science as an enemy of War, making the point that as modern discoveries made War fearful, further inventions have made it feared. When fighting means certain, agonizing death, no man will fight; and since Science has become, like Death, all-efficient, it is, like Fear, a deterrent to destruction.

Sir Max Muspratt spoke. His was a gasconade: "Through Chemistry, man is now on the eve of the most amazing civilizing development in History. Witness phosphates. In days of ignorance, every dead cat was an engine of nitrogen production, every field had its own fertilizer hanging over it, and men of science knew it, but could not use their knowledge. Now we get nitrogen out of the air. This method, evolved in the War, may solve the problem of feeding the world."

The report of Dr. E. C. C. Baly contained a criticism. The butt was Nature—she takes too long to make sugar. He, the discoverer of synthetic sugar, has a receipt: Make a little formaldehyde out of carbon dioxide and water, expose it to intensely active ultra-violet light, and you have sugar. Genuine glucose has been made by this process, but before such can become a breakfast-table commodity the proper wave-length of the violet ray must be ascertained. It is roughly gauged at from 200 to 220 millimicrons.*

If all the land were bread and cheese, and all the sea were ink, what would we do for gasoline? This was the general proposition discussed by T. A. Boyd and C. M. Larson, Manhattan scientist. "Petroleum," prophesied the former, "will be obtained in the future by cracking cruder grades of oil. The continuance of automobile transportation depends upon the perfection of cheap and efficient methods for doing this." Said Mr.

Larson: "Oil waste must stop. Motorists who now drain good oil out of their crank cases will be provided with simple devices by which the oil will be tested, its viscosity ascertained, waste eliminated."

Prof. H. Steenbock gave the details of his cure for rickets. He has succeeded in effecting this cure in rats by exposing the animals to violet rays from a quartz mercury lamp. He has, it is also believed, discovered a new vitamin in olive oil, helpful to those who have diabetes.

The Society pledged its aid to the Chemical Warfare Service; made plans for an endowment to finance scientific publications in the U. S. It passed in review the progress of chemical industries, stating that their activity, which involves over \$62,000,000,000, is firmer than it has been since the War.

AERONAUTICS

Magellans

Rain and storm fought the U. S. fliers, journeying from Manhattan to Washington in their attempt to keep an appointment with their Commander-in-Chief, the President of the U. S. A worn-out gear brought Lieut. Nelson down near Baltimore, and he was obliged to continue in an escorting plane. A dense fog at Aberdeen, Md., brought down the whole exhibition for lunch and rest till the weather cleared. For four hours the presidential party waited in drizzling rain at Bolling Field. But Mr. Coolidge took the matter good-naturedly, welcomed the national heroes with unabated enthusiasm, examined every part of the planes. "Who would have thought the President would meet us?" cried Lieut. Smith.

From Washington they flew to Dayton, where mechanics worked all night in relays to overhaul the planes. A new engine was installed in Wade's plane, the Boston II. Repaired, they flew on to Chicago, where once more they rested.

Torn by the wind, worn, burnt out and battered, these were crippled birds. Over the tilting continent they limped on raveled wings. Their lifting power was now so impaired, due to the yield of fabrics and skeleton, that they could not attain an elevation of more than 6,500 ft. The bastions of the Rockies, therefore, were impassable; they felt obliged to skirt them. The route was changed. Leaving Chicago, they were scheduled to fly, not by way of Cheyenne and Salt Lake City, but to veer south, with Omaha, Dallas and Tucson as their main stopping places on the sky trail to California.

*A millimicron is one millionth of a millimetre (.00137 of an inch).

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THE PRESS

"Teeth, Fingernails"

In London, *The People*, weekly newspaper, published an alleged psychic message delivered by the late Alfred Harmsworth Lord Northcliffe to Louise Owen, his confidential secretary of 20 years, via "Mistress Leonard," a medium consulted by Miss Owen.

The Northcliffe tones, the Northcliffe mannerisms were said to have been heard:

"I am glad I passed over. I am in perfect health. I had an idea we over here would float around wearing white robes. How I hated that.

"I have teeth, fingernails and everything. I am wearing a grey flannel suit, a soft collar and soft shirt.

"Persons here are never ill, never hurt and never depressed. We have no money. We work things out in kind. I worked for my suit.

"I would not return to earth, for I am happy here and there is much for me to do. You will be glad to know I have chosen a country home here, not in town. I have a beautiful home with flowers and birds. . . I was with Conrad when he passed over."

Louise Owen was "most indispensable" of Lord Northcliffe's staff. Editor Hannan Swaffer of *The People* believed in her present sincerity.

Hardly a Newspaper

Upon Manhattan news stands appeared a new tabloid sheetlet. It's title read *New York Evening Graphic*; its motto, "Nothing But the Truth." Gum-chewers, shop girls, taxi drivers, street sheiks, bummers, idlers took one look, recognized it as their kind of publication, fished out two pennies each, bought, read. They had known it was coming out, for Bernarr Macfadden, body-worship zealot, high priest of "health for everybody," does not hide his journalistic lights beneath bushels of poor publicity.

Publisher-Priest Macfadden's latest contribution to civilization was hardly a newspaper. It called itself that, but only in the broadest of definitions. Save for a few tiny paragraphs, and a lead story about heroic firemen in Monterey, Calif., all the stories were purely local or intensely personal—"I Know Who Killed My Brother," by the sister of a bootlegger's dead friend; "I Can't Enjoy Life Without Baby, Mother Says," about a penniless woman who abandoned her child, then repented; "My Friends Dragged Me in the Gutter," by Ann Luther, "wronged" screen queen; "Prince Tells Me Just Why It Is He Is So Sad," by a Society Leader; "Ready for College at 53," by Charles A. Templeton, Governor of Connecticut.

Distinctly an innovation in journalism, *The Graphic* presented a confusing aspect in make-up, typography, language and subject matter. Only in the broadest "feature" strokes could the reader

come to grips with the nature of what he read. Here the Macfadden shrewdness appeared in full force.

The editorial page, unmistakably labelled for the benefit of the dull-witted, announced that *The Graphic* was "of the People." "We just want to be recognized as one of the folks. Many editors are placed on a pedestal. They talk as from a far distance. . . Many might think that such editors confer with God occasionally before the wisdom they pour forth is presented. Now we are not of that class. We are just nice plain folks. Whether we are from Main Street, the Bowery or Hoboken does not make a great deal of difference. . . This paper will be devoted largely to self-help. . . We intend to dramatize and sensationalize the news and some stories that are not news."

Bernarr Macfadden's own column, flanked with feminine portraiture and thus sure of attention, announced *The Graphic* as "a crusading newspaper," fighting for "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

The fiction pages contained "an original Macfadden True Story" of the woman's-soul-cruel-justice-and-fate type that has sold other Macfadden publications into six-figure circulations.*

Above all, the money offers: 1) (Amount not named) to any one recognizing Miss Courtney of *The Graphic* in the subway and offering her his seat. Miss Courtney was pictured twice in her bathing suit.

2) Ten \$1,000 awards for marriages between "twenty American Apollos and Dianas." Suitable pictures accompanied this. Also: "Idea wins spontaneous endorsement of clergy."

What did the publishers of the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily News* think of their new competitor? They reflected that *The Graphic's* pictorial pages were fewer than their own, had started out to be mechanically inferior. They noted four pages of sporting news, the same number as in the *Mirror* and *News*, but less illuminating. Radio, fiction and cinema pages were at parity. Macfadden's "health page" was unique but nothing to worry about, so they waited to see if Macfadden's disconnected, irrelevant "human interest" stories, in behalf of "clean living" and "the whole truth," would offer any competition to their own flashy news columns. They knew that if money could sharpen this competition, Macfadden had millions. They knew that he "expected to make a few million dollars for myself and associates" and would therefore forego the fray. They realized that if *The Graphic* turned out successful, many another such sheetlet would sprout forth in the land, being cheaper to produce than any gum-chewers' delight ever evolved.

*Other Macfadden publications in the U. S., the character of which can be guessed at from the above and from the titles: *Physical Culture*, 300,000; *True Romances*, 400,000; *Muscle Builder*, 150,000; *True Story*, 1,750,000; *True Detective*, 150,000; *Fiction Lover*, 125,000; *Dream World*, 150,000; *Radio Stories*, 150,000; *Movie Weekly*, 100,000; *Dance Lovers*, 80,000.

Charles Scribner's Sons believe that to the readers of *TIME* the publication of an important book is an event which ranks in interest with anything in the news. They take especial pleasure in making the following announcement.

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Arthur Train THE NEEDLE'S EYE

THE great success of "*His Children's Children*" has led a wide public to expect work of importance and high interest from Arthur Train. And yet this novel sets a new standard for its author, for it is a splendid achievement, an extraordinary advance even over its predecessor.

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By Struthers Burt



Struthers Burt is the author of *The Interpreter's House*, one of the outstanding novels of the year, now in its sixth large printing. . . \$2.00

SOME score of years ago the author of *The Interpreter's House* went to the West. His aim was to find a way of making a living that would free him from the necessity of writing for money and that would give him at least some liberation from the preoccupations of city life. Eventually he became a dude wrangler, and this remarkable and often very beautiful book is hung upon the narrative of his career in this strange, new profession of breaking in the Eastern tenderfoot to the spacious ways of the West.

The Diary of a Dude Wrangler is chiefly a book of adventure and anecdote, but it is a book touched also with poetry and philosophy. It holds much shrewd comment on the phenomena of our civilization. \$3.00

The Red Riders

By Thomas Nelson Page

A posthumous novel of the last months of the Civil War and the first years of reconstruction. \$1.00

The Dark Cloud

By the author of "*Through the Wheat*"—Thomas Boyd
A story of adventure on the great inland waterways in the time of the Underground Railway. \$2.00

Cowboys North and South

By Will James

The cowboy's story at its best, pointed and enlivened by the author's remarkable drawings. \$3.50

Keeping the Peace

By Gouverneur Morris

Do men of to-day sacrifice talent, ambition, personality for the sake of keeping the peace with the modern woman? The question suggests the theme of this unusual and fascinating novel. \$2.00

Oil

A novel by Walter Gilkyson

"Mr. Gilkyson has a sense of structure and climax. The book moves to a crescendo. It gathers speed and power . . . and ends in swift, intense action. . . . Its author can tell a tale." —*Philadelphia North American*. \$2.00

Ring Lardner's "*How to Write Short Stories*" is not one of the newest books—it was published last April—but there has been a large printing every month so far, five in all. It has been something of a literary sensation; assuredly it is as entertaining a book as one could hope to read. \$2.00

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British Automobiles

U. S. automobile manufacturers, provided with facilities for enormous output, are carefully studying foreign markets these days as an outlet for their production. One of the most promising foreign markets is Great Britain.

The removal of the duty on imported cars there should prove an undoubted stimulus to the sale of U. S. cars. Nevertheless, there are several difficult handicaps still to be surmounted by our automobile exporters. First of these is the high British horsepower tax of almost \$5 per horsepower—or \$100 annually, even on a Ford. The tax yields the hard-pressed British Treasury about \$65 million each year, and amounts to enough on each car to restrict considerably their widespread ownership. Moreover, gasoline retails at about 45 cents a gallon, which makes running expenses high. U. S. cars are built without especial consideration for their consumption of gasoline, where British cars are especially constructed to be economical of fuel.

Yet U. S. cars have several positive advantages. They are better on hills, they are cheaper and easier to repair, and they are much less expensive to begin with. Lastly, U. S. makers will probably introduce the popular part-payment plan for purchasing.

Ford in London

Some years ago, Henry Ford established an experimental factory at Cork, but his calculations did not include the local brand of corrupt politics. Abandoning the Irish base, he next tried Southampton but ran into the heavy handicap of red tape on the part of city officials. Simultaneously, he opened a small plant near Manchester, but has not found it desirable to expand his facilities there.

In consequence, after these many wanderings, Mr. Ford has decided to locate his main British factory in Dagenham, ten miles from the heart of London. The new plant will employ 10,000 men, will turn out 500 cars a day. It will be the largest automobile plant in the British Isles, although small compared with existing Ford factories in Detroit.

The incentive behind Mr. Ford's determination to build and operate in England is undoubtedly that he will have there no competitors in manufacturing cheap cars. The cheapest British car costs \$575; British makers are so unaccustomed to standardization of a few models only, that they manufacture over 300 models. Daimler alone has 57 models.

In all England, there are at pres-

ent only 350,000 cars. Of these, about 200,000 are Fords.

W. C. Durant

Now that the swift rise in stock prices this summer is over, discussion as to who made money out of it is the order of the day. Chief among those mentioned is W. C. Durant, onetime automobile manufacturer and inveterate bull speculator in stocks. Mr. Durant is said to have been the chief beneficiary in the meteoric rise of Cast Iron Pipe, to the tune of about \$2 million. He is also said to have carried 25,000 shares of Southern Railway from the 30's to the 50's, as well as to have had heavy operations in Savage Arms and Missouri Pacific preferred.

Yet these activities, if true, are small beside Mr. Durant's market operations while he controlled the General Motors Corp. in 1919. At one time his fortune was stated to be \$100 million. The smash in stocks beginning in November, 1919, wiped out most of this, and Durant was compelled to sell out his control of the General Motors Corp. to a banking syndicate. But the genius of Chevrolet soon organized his own auto company, and is said to have done well in its shares on the Curb. In 1921-22 he "came back" in Wall Street by making \$4 million in Studebaker; he accumulated 80,000 shares at 50 and sold them at or about par. Stockbrokers are now beginning to speak

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A FEW years ago a young business man penetrated the inner sanctum of a famous New York newspaper editor and said: "You know so much about life, tell me what is the matter with me. I can't read worthwhile literature. For the past two weeks I've been trying daily to read the works of Carlyle, yet I—"

"Stop," exclaimed the editor, "Have you ever tried to eat roast beef three times a day, seven days a week? That is what is the matter with your reading—you need variety, *daily variety*. Then you'll find the reading of immortal literature one of the most thrilling pursuits of your life. Yes, and the most profitable."

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Even if we do make a start at reading, the next question is how can we keep it up? How can we avoid monotony? How can we get the daily variety in reading that makes the minutes speed by like seconds? This has stopped thousands of would-be readers. They have started to read; they have fallen by the way.

It is the question that baffled educators, brilliant men of letters, University presidents, editors of magazines and newspapers.

And then, recently, suddenly, by a stroke of consummate genius, nine of the most famous men of letters did strike upon a plan which threw open the doors of literature's treasure house. It made reading of the worthwhile things one of the most entertaining of pastimes.

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of Durant as "one of the Street's great operators," "a successor to James Keene."

The Pit Recuperates

Six months ago, the Chicago Board of Trade was not only "bearish" on wheat but on its own future. Legislators in Washington and in the State of Illinois vied with each other in proposing new legislation to cripple the "Pit." Farm organizations were calmly planning to take over the grain business in its entirety. Grain traders could make no profits; grain brokers no commissions. Predictions that the world's greatest grain exchange would shortly shut up shop were freely made.

The extraordinary spring and summer which followed have changed this situation altogether. As long as "bull" speculation rules in grain, legislators keep silent. The farmers are beginning to realize that running elevators and making prices are harder to perform in practice than on paper. Meanwhile, huge advances in grain values have yielded large profits to traders, and commission brokers are active, prosperous, optimistic.

One thing the Board of Trade's grain market has undoubtedly succeeded in doing this year is to absorb without visible effort the large amounts of grain dumped on it this spring and summer. Leading Chicago grain brokers declare that any other system of grain marketing would under similar circumstances experience violent breaks in prices, and point to this year's operations of the Pit as conclusive evidence that the Board of Trade markets are efficient and indispensable.

Unclaimed Deposits

One of the peculiar features of the banking business is the occasional leaving of funds in banks by persons who disappear and never claim them. New York banks are said to hold about \$5 million of unclaimed deposits in this way. Under the law, deposits unclaimed for 20 years must be publicly advertised.

The situation is due to several causes. Some depositors apparently die without heirs, or leave no records of their deposits to heirs. In many cases, too, depositors think they have withdrawn their entire deposit when they actually have left something over their withdrawal.

The banks not only have to seek out these philanthropic depositors after 20 years, but also to guard against fake claimants. Recently a large sum was left in a savings bank by one James Sullivan, a sailor. When it was advertised, 142 claimants appeared. Investigation showed that none of them was entitled to the money. These fraudulent claims are often taken to court and the bank is compelled to fight the case out legally to protect the rightful but unknown claimants.



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SPORT

Dismal

A cold, round moon floated over Jersey City, looked down through the smoke veil spread over factories and freight yards, beheld a vast saucer full of humanity grouped about a luridly lit central platform. On the platform, the moon saw two huge men, one coffee-colored, one swart and hairy, pummeling each other clumsily. The moon, sickened and disappointed, sailed away and sank.

The saucer full of humanity, 80,000 strong, was also sickened and disappointed, drifted away grumbling, muttering. It had assembled to see the two huge men do brilliant battle. Instead, these men, who were Harry

Wills, "Brown Panther," and Luis Angel Firpo, "Argentine Bull Man," had hugged and shoved each other about the ring for twelve dismal rounds, each too cautious to strike out cleanly for a knockout.

Only four clean blows were struck, all by Wills, and those disconnectedly. In the first round, he jarred the Bull Man's head. In the second, he laid the Bull Man suddenly horizontal with a right jaw-punch, as they were backing out of a clinch. The third was a blood-bringing uppercut to the Bull Man's jaw. The last, a stiff left to the same spot.

Thereafter, Wills held his fire, winning all the rounds by clever defense

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which Firpo, weak-kneed and wild, could not crash through, and by thumping away painfully at Firpo's left kidney during the interminable clinches.

Ghost

A score of golfers sat at lunch and with them sat a ghost. The golfers were amateur teams of the U. S. and England, who had completed three-fourths of their annual matches for the Walker Cup. The ghost was England's chance of winning.

The first day's play over the gravelly, bunch-grassed links of the Garden City Golf Club (L. I.) had been at two-ball foursomes. Francis Ouimet and Jess Guilford, Boston's representatives on the U. S. side, had executed their alternate strokes upon the same ball with skill consummate enough to subjugate ponderous Cyril Tolley, leader of the Britons, and his partner, Major Charles O. Hezlet. National Champion Max R. Marston, representing Philadelphia, and Robert Gardner, Chicagoan and U. S. captain, had subjugated W. A. Murray and E. F. Storey. Jess W. Sweetser, of Manhattan, and Harrison Johnston, of St. Paul, had beaten "Tony" Torrance and C. O. Britowe. The only match the Britons had won was from the representatives of Pittsburgh and Atlanta, Walter C. Fownes and "Bobby" Jones, respectively, over whom two stouthearted worthies named Scott, the Hon. Michael and Robert, had slipped in 1 up.

Thus the Britons had been down three matches to one when they teed off the second morning to try the U. S. defenders singlehanded. The ghost of hope appeared when they came in to lunch with these matches half-played, to find three of their number leading, two even, five not badly down.

But the ghost was a ghost only. Lunch over, play rebegun, it vanished forever. Hugel Tolley tried to recall it with colossal drives and dogged putting that overcame Marston on the last green. The Hon. Michael Scott besought it by crushing Sweetser 7 and 6. Of the other English, none could raise a finger, all lost.

Horses and Men

All the king's horses and all the king's men who represented England in the first of the 1924 International Polo matches at Meadow Brook, L. I., became as Humpty Dumpty before a smashing U. S. attack, nor could they pull themselves together again. With Lord Renfrew grinning, with Secretary of War Weeks beaming, with Astors and Goulds and Whitneys and Vanderbilts tilting their field glasses, with Cohens and Murphys and Joneses and Smiths asking questions and gaping—all to the number of 35,000, jammed about International Field—Devereux Milburn and his three co-cen-

taurs swept the Britons harshly aside, moved as a machine, scored almost at will, 16 to 5.

The day's heroes:

Malcolm Stevenson, who, playing No. 3 for the U. S. in his first International match, after waiting 11 years as a substitute, catapulted over his stumbling pony's neck, lay unconscious, was lugged off the field in a blanket with brain concussion.

Devereux Milburn, captain and Back for the U. S., who was "the dashing, daring, irresistible incarnation of arrogance on horseback."

Luis Lacey, captain and Back for England, who sought desperately to turn the tide singlehanded.

The U. S. ponies, which were swifter, keener, cleverer than the British horseflesh present.

Edward of Wales, who behaved himself and was behaved toward as at any time, in any place, in any U. S. crowd.

The New York Times, which devoted 19 of its myriad Sunday columns (over 2 pages) to exhaustive accounts of the shots made, the personages present, the remarks overheard, the theories and opinions advanced, the minutest details about players, ponies, chukkers, mallets, balls, turf, weather, financial data.

Stowed

While beaten English golfers were stowing their clubs at Garden City and beaten English poloists were stowing their mallets at Meadow Brook, victorious English sailors stowed their canvas at Oyster Bay, L. I. In the final International 6-Metre Yacht Races, U. S. boats had brought the point totals to: U. S., 111¼; England, 104½. However, there had been a foul. The English protested. The U. S. bowed. Another race was sailed. England won handily. Points: England, 108¼; U. S., 107. Having won last year on the Solent, the English were entitled to permanent possession of the Challenge Cup. Lady Baird of the invaders donated a 200-year-old silver tankard for future races.

Valuable

Like a chauffeur that can hang curtains, or a cook that can crochet, a baseball pitcher that can bat is a rare and desirable possession. Last week, a committee of sport writers voted one such "most valuable to his team" of all players in the American League this season.

Pitcher Walter Johnson, of the Washington "Senators," was the man. His reward was the American League Trophy, awarded in 1922 to George Sisler, now the St. Louis Manager, and in 1923 to George Herman Ruth, famed New York fielder.

When Johnson came out of the gulches of Idaho to start service for Washington in 1907, a dilemma arose. So fast did he throw a ball that no average catcher could "hold him." Finally "Gabby" Street was found. "Gabby" talked a lot but could catch

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Yet, amazing as it may seem, the fact is that you do actually know hundreds of words in French, Spanish and German, which are almost identical with words in English. Over 40 of them, printed in the panel, were taken from a single New York newspaper page. In addition to these words there are thousands of others whose meanings you can guess correctly almost instantly.

What does this mean? Simply that you already have a start toward learning any foreign language you choose, by the simplest, most efficient method ever invented.

This is the Pelman Method of Language Instruction—a remarkably simple new way of teaching that has just been brought to America and has already been enthusiastically received.

Just like a child learning to speak, you don't bother about grammar, syntax, or any of the other thousand and one rules that make ordinary language studies so difficult. Instead of that you learn how to read the foreign language you want to learn, at sight, and to speak correctly, as though you had spoken the language all your life.

You Learn to Read at Sight

Suppose, for example, you decide to learn French. (The Pelman System is just as effective with other languages.) When you open the first lesson of the Pelman Method you will be surprised to see not a single word of explanation in English. But you will soon realize that English is not necessary. You will find that your knowledge of English has given you hundreds of words you already know, which appear almost exactly the same in French.

You will then find that unfamiliar words are made clear to you by the way they "fit in" with those you recognize instantly. In

places where it is necessary, you get the meaning of new words from little pictures—but the principle of using words you already know, to teach you whole new sentences, works so well that you literally read the course from beginning to end in French, and at sight. Your interest is seized from the very start with all the fascination of a game.

Before You Realize It, You Are Speaking a New Language

In an astonishingly short time, from eight to twelve weeks, you will be able to read books and newspapers in the language you have chosen—and almost before you realize it you will find yourself able to speak that language more fluently than students who have studied it in the old dry-as-dust, toilsome "grammar—first" way.

Mr. Dawson-Smith writes: "A short time ago a Spanish lady was staying in the neighborhood. I Spanish on her and she congratulated me both on my accent and fluency, and was amazed to hear that I had learnt it all from correspondence. She has lent me several Spanish books which I can read with the greatest ease."

Another student enthusiastically says: "I have been over to France and have given my methods a thorough testing. I experienced no difficulty whatever, and was able to enjoy many conversations with my French friends who do not speak English. On no occasion was I compelled to give up because of my inability to express myself—thanks to your excellent course."

Still another student sent this letter: "I have just returned from a voyage to South America, where I found that the amount of Spanish which the first and second booklets taught me was a very great help. I was given the opportunity of conversing in Spanish with some Spanish-speaking passengers on the voyage home."



Hundreds of words you use are almost the same in French, Spanish and German

Here are over 40 from a page of a New York paper.

reaction	police
conservative	capitalist
tendency	administration
illustrate	inspection
contraction	problem
theory	commissioner
absolute	naturally
dictator	liberal
political	aspiration
social	aristocracy
ethical	element
practical	constellation
ignore	command
eminent	moral
national	revolution
class	conspire
energetic	conference
industrial	delegate
interested	historical
organization	consequence
department	

The reason why students of the Pelman Method of Language Instruction have been able to learn to read and speak so quickly is because they learn the practical language! No time is wasted on memorizing lists of words, or intricate rules of grammar. Why should it be necessary to learn grammar? Consider that a child will speak a foreign language correctly without knowing one grammatical rule.

Every second of the time you give to studying this remarkably simple method is spent in reading and speaking the new language. Every lesson keeps you interested and eager for the next. The few rules of grammar that you need are picked up automatically—almost unconsciously. It is only after you can already speak and read readily that the subject of grammar is touched—but correct pronunciation and accent are taught from the very first lesson by a remarkable new invention that makes this part of your progress astonishingly easy.

Remarkable Book Free

Do you realize that a knowledge of just one more language, in addition to English, can help you win a better position and a larger salary? Do you know that men and women of culture are familiar with at least one of the principal European tongues? Are you aware that hitherto unknown pleasures await you in the reading of the great works of French, Spanish and German authors in the original?

The amazing free book that is yours for the asking tells you all about them. It shows you what a real business asset, what a real cultural benefit, what a wonderful means for pleasure it is to have another language at your command.

Here you have had only a mere hint of the fascinating and enjoyable way you can now learn any foreign language through the remarkable Pelman Method. Our free book gives you a convincing demonstration of the actual method—actually teaches you to read at sight a page of the language you decide to learn.

The coupon below brings you full information about the Pelman System of Language Instruction. Send for it today. It costs you nothing. It places you under no obligation. Mail the coupon at once.

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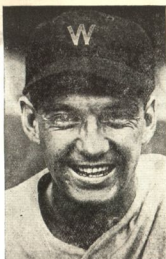
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"MUDDY" RUEL

He risks his palms and finger-tips

and hold anything, even a ball thrown from the top of the Washington Monument. After Street, Edward Ainsmith was discovered. At present one "Muddy" Ruel risks his palms and finger-tips stopping Johnson's bullet-like "invisibles."

Tall, blonde, 37 a native of Humboldt, Kan., father to three sons, Johnson has been called "greatest pitcher of all time," a possible equal being "Christy" Matthewson of the New York Giants. 1913 was his biggest year, when he won 29 of 36 games pitched.

Guard

Rotund and rollicking, dour and dignified, thin and thoughtful, the mature members of the U. S. Seniors' Golf Association foregathered at Rye, N. Y., for their annual fest. Not one was there but had spanned 55 years; some had seen 65, some 70, some 75, some 80. When the last score had been totted up in the national senior championship, Claude M. Hart of Boston and Henry S. Redfield of Hartford were found to be tied at 161 for the 36 holes. They agreed to meet later and have it out.

Mop

Into a Paris garage rolled a roadster, hot from the Dieppe road. The hour was a wee, small one. The garage was full downstairs. The mechanic on duty so informed the driver of the roadster, requested that he steer to the elevator for a ride to the second floor. Out leaped the driver. "I," said he, "am Georges Carpentier," bashed the mechanic's nose with his gorgeous right fist. With an untranslatable exclamation, the mechanic dove at his customer's knees, tackled, rolled the Orchid Man of France upon the greasy garage floor, pummelled, beat, ejected him. Next day Georges was not seen in public. A newspaper headlined: "GEORGES USED AS GARAGE MOP."

MILESTONES

Engaged. Miss V. Hines, of Washington, daughter of Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, Director of the Veterans' Bureau, to one John A. Kennedy, of Sioux City, Ia.

Married. Jack Renault, French-Canadian heavyweight pugilist, to Miss Thelma Hudson, Manhattan show girl. They married after a brief courtship in Atlantic City, where Renault had gone to rest for his next battle.

Sued for Divorce. The Duke of Westminster, in London, by the Duchess. The charge: cruelty and misconduct.

Sued for Divorce. G. Hall Roosevelt, brother of Franklin D. Roosevelt, onetime Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Mrs. Roosevelt's charges were kept secret.

Died. Archduchess Marie Valerie, 56, in Castle Wallace, Austria. She, the favorite daughter of the late Emperor Franz Josef, was the only poetess of the Habsburg family. To the tree-trunks in his park and woods the Emperor had her verses affixed so that he could see them when he walked abroad.

COMING & GOING

COMING. During the past week the following men and women arrived in the U. S. on the following ships:

On the *Aquitania* (Cunard)—Alvin W. Krech, Chairman of the Equitable Trust Co., Manhattan; James Stillman Rockefeller, Captain of the Champion U. S. Olympic Crew.

On the *Olympic* (White Star)—Isaac F. Marcossan, magazine writer; Glenn H. Curtiss, airplane manufacturer; James Speyer, Manhattan banker; Elsie Janis, vaudeville actress; Cyril Maude, English actor.

On the *Rotterdam* (Holland-America)—Medill McCormick, senior U. S. Senator from Illinois; Dr. George V. Butte, Republican opponent of "Ma" Ferguson for Governor of Texas.

GOING. During the past week the following men and women left the U. S. on the following ships:

On the *Olympic* (White Star)—Viscount Wimborne, onetime Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland (1915-18), the principal financial backer of the British International Polo Team.

On the *Mauretania* (Cunard)—Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, wife of the eminent publisher.

On the *Paris* (French)—Reginald C. Vanderbilt, famed clubman; Ring Lardner, professional humorist.

POINT with PRIDE

After a cursory view of TIME's summary of events, the Generous Citizen points with pride to:

An apostolic letter to Blessed John Vercelli. (P. 19.)

A silver tankard. (P. 28.)

A beautiful home—with flowers and birds. (P. 22.)

Faces grave, lean, sober. (P. 20.)

A glutton's feast for the body, mind and soul. (P. 15.)

Persons who are never ill, never hurt, never depressed. (P. 22.)

Benito. He granted an 80-minute interview to his King. (P. 11.)

A painted Prince, gazing mildly down. (P. 17.)

Thousands of patient men in blue denim. (P. 18.)

A venerable schoolmistress who rides horseback and thinks vigorously at 70. (P. 17.)

A vigorous young Archbishop. (P. 19.)

The most devilishly clever of all the devilishly clever young litterateurs. (P. 13.)

A chauffeur that can hang curtains, a cook that can crochet. (P. 28.)

The second best golfer in Congress. (P. 6.)

A handsome, upstanding young red oak of 20 summers. (P. 8.)

"High social prestige," "an exclusive atmosphere." (P. 17.)

A veritable Lionel Strongfort. (P. 14.)



Around the World:

On the Red Star liner *Belgenland*, largest ship ever to circle the globe, sailing westward from New York Dec. 4 (Los Angeles Dec. 20, San Francisco Dec. 23), to Japan, China, India and the Mediterranean. Visiting 60 cities in 14 countries, covering 28,310 miles in 133 days. Back in New York April 16, 1925. All shore trips under the skilled guidance of the American Express Company.

To the Mediterranean:

Masterfully arranged voyages including in their scope Madeira, Gibraltar, Algieras, Algiers, Monaco, Naples, Athens, Constantinople, Haifa (for Holy Land) Alexandria (for Egypt and the Nile). Duration 47 days. Local bookings and stop-overs permitted. White Star liner *Adriatic* Jan. 7, returning Feb. 22; and Feb. 26, returning April 13; Red Star liner *Lapland* Jan. 17, returning March 4; and March 8, returning April 23.

To the West Indies:

Over 25 years' specialized experience in West Indies Cruises assures fullest enjoyment of these one-month voyages. Itinerary includes Havana, Santiago, Haiti, Kingston, Panama Canal, Cartagena, Curacao, La Guaira, Port of Spain, Barbados, Fort de France, St. Thomas, San Juan, Nassau. White Star liner *Megantic*, specially constructed for tropical cruising, from New York Jan. 22, returning Feb. 21; and Feb. 25, returning March 28.

For information regarding any of these cruises apply to Cruise Department, No. 1 Broadway, New York, the company's offices elsewhere, or any authorized steamship agent.

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Bubbling oxygen table water

VIEW with ALARM

Having perused well the chronicle of the week, the Vigilant Patriot views with alarm:

Ann Luther. Her friends dragged her in the gutter. (P. 22.)

Cohens and Murphys and Joneses and Smiths asking questions and gaping. (P. 28.)

A bashed nose, a greasy Orchid Man. (P. 30.)

A cold round moon. It sickened, sank. (P. 27.)

"A little round person." (P. 15.)

John Silver, Pew, Billy Bones. (P. 14.)

Weather-worn hulks lying in profitless decay. (P. 5.)

Rabelaisian tales from a Pole in priest's clothing. (P. 9.)

Motorists who drain good oil out of their crank cases. (P. 20.)

"Unpunished agents of corruption who have written the blackest page in the history of our Government." (P. 2.)

Lowly and, be it said, dirty Levantines. (P. 11.)

Shameless ones who paraded Moscow streets. (P. 11.)

Publisher-Priest Macfadden's latest contribution. (P. 22.)

A carpenter who drank to excess, lost his job. (P. 10.)

A clown without cleverness, an endless delight to the humorous section of the press gallery. (P. 6.)

Ex-Premier George, finger in mouth. (P. 8.)

"As disheartening an episode as drama lovers have suffered this season." (P. 16.)

Lilies that fester. (P. 13.)

*Here is the most
intimate pen portrait
yet written of*

**"The most dynamic
American who
ever lived"**

—in

The Letters of Archie Butt

EDITED BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT



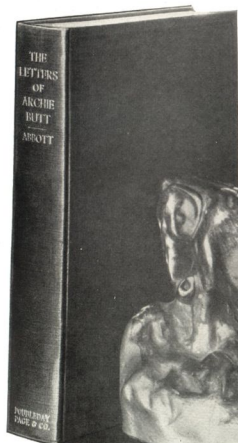
IN these pages the reader finds himself living again the days when Theodore Roosevelt's towering personality directed the affairs of the nation. Through the observing eyes of Butt, the great, magnetic, many-sided Roosevelt is revealed in a new light. One reads of his personal habits, his mannerisms, foibles, virtues, his private opinions as to many of his contemporaries, his relationship to the members of the famous "Tennis Cabinet," his never-ending attempts to elude the secret service guards, his entertainment of educators, prize fighters, diplomats, big-game hunters, political leaders and jiu-jitsu instructors. One is transported into the midst of the Roosevelt family life at Oyster Bay and into the very center not only of the official but of the more intimate social life of Washington.

Dying, as he had lived, a gentleman and a soldier, Major Butt was last seen on the ill-fated *Titanic*, with coat stripped off, standing beside the life boats when the rush for them had begun in the last moments of frenzy. With a revolver in one hand and a belaying pin in the other, he stood ready to strike down or shoot the first man who would attempt to dispute that established law of the sea—"Women and children first!"

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Lead

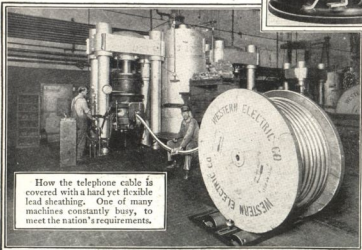
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on raw materials.



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