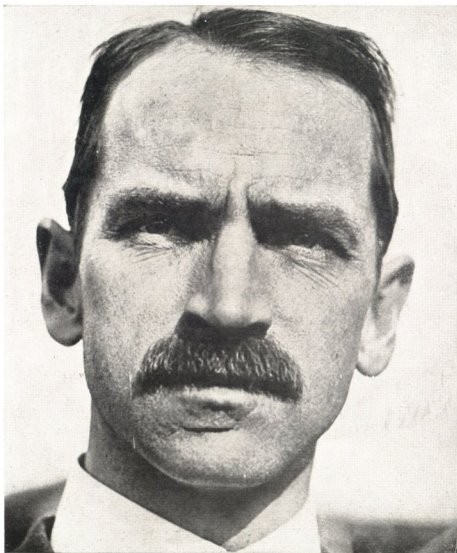


FIFTEEN CENTS

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine



GLENN H. CURTISS

"Handy at fixing things"

(See Page 22)

VOL. IV NO. 15

OCTOBER 13, 1924



ROLLS-ROYCE

A SYMBOL OF GOOD TASTE *and an Indication of Sound Judgment*

ALL OVER THE WORLD

MEN AND WOMEN who will not concern themselves with less than the best turn instinctively to the Rolls-Royce. A list of Rolls-Royce owners reads like Who's Who or The

Social Register. Kings and princes, bankers and social leaders, manufacturers, publishers, statesmen—all those who insist on the best that civilization affords in their homes, and in every material detail of their lives, choose the Rolls-Royce as a matter of course.

THE Rolls-Royce is not intended to be an exclusive car. Nor a particularly expensive car. Nor a unique car. It is not designed for a class or for any special section of the public. But every minute detail of its manufacture is governed by one great idea. And this, like all great ideas, is simple—to build the best car in the world.

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TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine

Vol. IV. No. 15

October 13, 1924

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Mr. Coolidge's Week

¶ Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge, with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Evans Hughes, attended the funeral of Vice Consul Robert W. Imbrie, killed at Teheran, Persia, in July. The body was brought to the U. S. on the cruiser *Trenton*; services were held at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church and burial took place at Arlington. The Persian chargé d'affaires was present and the Persian legion flew its flag at half mast (See PERSIA, Page 11).

¶ The President wrote a letter to a convention of the American Mining Congress at Sacramento. He affirmed that: "When all is said and done, the development of our great resources must in a large sense rest upon the courage and energy of our individual citizens. Ours is not a country of paternalism."

¶ All Washington was mad. The whole town turned out in a great parade—such a demonstration as war and peace and conferences and statesmen seldom evoke from the Capital City. The parade was in honor of the return of the Washington Baseball Club with its first American League pennant. First came the inevitable police, then a U. S. Cavalry band mounted on black chargers, then red-coated, white-breeched fox hunters, then black and white female fox hunters, then the Commissioners of the District of Columbia in luxurious limousines, then the triumphant players, in even more luxurious automobiles provided by the foremost citizens. Up Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol to the ellipse below the White House, the procession wended its way and ended at a flag-draped platform, burdened with Cabinet officers and crushed between surges of fan thousands. The President's speech was interrupted, although it could hardly be said that he was heckled, by calls from the crowd: "Attahoy Bucky!" "Oh, you Bucky!" Between these interruptions, Mr. Coolidge delivered himself in masterly language:

"As the head of an enterprise which transacts some business and maintains a

considerable staff in this town, I have a double satisfaction in welcoming home the victorious Washington baseball team.

"First, you bring home the laurels from one of the hardest-fought contests in all the history of the national game.

"Second, I feel hopeful that, with this happy result now assured, it will be possible for the people of Washington gradually to resume interest in the ordinary concerns of life.

"So long as we could be satisfied with a prompt report of the score by innings, a reasonable attention to business was still possible. But when the entire population reached the point of requiring the game to be described play by play, I began to doubt whether the highest efficiency was being promoted. I contemplated action of a vigorously disciplinary character, but the outcome makes it impossible. . . .

"Tuesday morning, when I had finished reading details of the decisive battle at Boston and turned to the affairs of government, I found on top of everything else on my desk a telegram which I shall read to you.

"Whether or not I shall be able to

act on its advice, many will agree that it presents a correct, constructive and statesmanlike program for dealing with the present emergency. I have received worse suggestions on more important affairs. It is from a true and thoughtful friend of the people, Congressman John F. Miller of Seattle. He wires:

RESPECTFULLY SUGGEST IT IS YOUR PATRIOTIC DUTY TO CALL SPECIAL SESSION OF CONGRESS BEGINNING SATURDAY, OCT. 4, SO THE MEMBERS OF CONGRESS MAY HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO SNEAK OUT TO SEE WALTER JOHNSON MAKE BASEBALL HISTORY. CANNOT SPEAK FOR NEW YORK DELEGATION, BUT HEREBY PLEDGE ALL OTHERS TO ROOT FOR WASHINGTON AND SERVE WITHOUT PAY OR TRAVELING EXPENSES.

"Mr. Miller has such judgment and his sense of public psychology is so accurate that I do not need to say what party he represents. . . .

"Manager Harris, I am directed by a group of your Washington fellow-citizens to present to you for the club this loving cup. It is a symbol of deep and genuine sentiment. It is committed to you and your team mates in testimony of the feeling that all Washington has for you."

Afterwards, the principals were civilized, and the President of the Board of District Commissioners gave Mr. Harris the golden key of the Capital in a plush case.

¶ A few days later, on their wedding anniversary, at a few minutes before 2 p. m., Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge, with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Gillett, Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Stearns, C. Bascom Slemm, marched into the President's box at the ball park. The President smoked a cigar. Babe Ruth came to shake hands. The President threw out a ball and the game was on. Mrs. Coolidge kept a box score and yelled lustily; the

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National Affairs—[Continued]

President, not so lusty at first, perked up as the game went to an exciting finish. He was the first man to rise in the lucky seventh inning. When the score was tied in the ninth, the President autographed a ball brought him by the Washington mascot, a blooming little boy. When the home team lost, the President went off for a week-end on the *Mayflower*.

¶ Mr. Coolidge dedicated a monument to the dead of the First Division.

¶ At the annual meeting of the Red Cross, of which he is president, Mr. Coolidge spoke these imaginative words: "The Red Cross believes that food is more helpful to hungry people than advice; has found that hunger affects people very much the same in all countries, and that the method of coping with it is by feeding its victims. It is absolutely the only organization I have known that does any good by looking for trouble."

The Myth

The "Coolidge Myth"—on which the political intelligentsia have been wasting much breath*—was summed up magnificently by a Manhattan Columbian, one F. P. A.:

"Mrs. Coolidge heard the news over the White House radio of the Washington team's victory. She carried the tidings to the President, who was at work in his office. What we—and thousands of other voters—would like to know is the conversation that took place. How did she phrase it and what did the President say? Did it go like this?

"Come in."

"Pardon me, Calvin, I hope I am not disturbing you. I know how busy you are. And I should not think of interrupting your work, possibly of tremendous importance to the entire Nation, were it not that what I have to say I feel certain would be of interest to you."

"Well?"

"In Boston, the home of the Cradle of Liberty, this afternoon the Washington Baseball Team, by a score of 4 to 2, has just succeeded in defeating the Boston team, thereby winning the pennant."

"Thank you."

The Womb of Tragedy

The Searchlight on Congress, K. K. K. journal, last week beamed editorially:

"Misfortune—to others—has been largely the foundation of the Coolidge career. Each of his greatest advance-

ments came directly from the womb of tragedy:

"A predecessor's defeat gave him his chance to become President of the Massachusetts Senate with the inevitable, machine-controlled sequence of Lieutenant Governor and Governor.

"Next came the Boston police strike, which left easily avoidable death and devastation in its wake—that gave him the Vice Presidency.

"Then Harding died; and he thus became President.

"The Boston calamity was his political chariot. The Harding hearse carried him into the White House.

"These are harsh facts, you may say. They are."

At the Game

At the opening of the World's Series at Washington, Mr. Coolidge observed Andrew W. Mellon peering at the play with great diligence. The President leaned over to the Speaker of the House and remarked:

"I never knew Secretary Mellon enjoyed baseball."

Mr. Gillett looked up quizzically. "What makes you think he does?"

THE CAMPAIGN

Alarums and Excursions

The progress of a week's campaigning found the combatants seven days nearer to the election.

¶ Calvin Coolidge sat tight and held his peace.

¶ Charles G. Dawes invaded the great, open, Brookhart spaces of the Middle West, spoke at Davenport (Iowa), Muscatine (Iowa), Trenton (Mo.), Kansas City (Mo.), Duluth (Minn.). Some of his more pointed castigations:

"I am not descending to personalities in this campaign, but I fired into a flock of political pewits out here; and some of the wounded birds are fluttering. Perhaps you can identify them. I don't know. . . .

"There is one thing I have noticed about this campaign. It is not exactly what you would call a political petting party. . . .

"Now you have got one side in earnest out here and have had for a long while. I respect the courage of these fellows; but the trouble is, a lot of those on my side have been lying down, trying to preach something to please everybody. . . .

"Now you have got a fight; stand up and fight.

"We may stand for jazz music, but we will never stand for jazz politics in America."

¶ John W. Davis carried his standard into Maryland, speaking at Frederick (home of the Frieche family) and Baltimore; then dodged back to Manhattan for jollification with Governor Smith and his Democratic friends there; then turned to New Jersey to make six speeches in one day at Princeton, Trenton, Elizabeth, Newark; then rushed to Rhode Island for a speech at Providence on the following day; then, two days later, turned up at Albany. His "points":

"No one can deny that the chief characteristic of the present Administration is silence. If scandals break out in the Government, the way to treat them is—silence.

"If petted industries make exorbitant profits under an extortionate tariff, the answer is—silence.

"If the League of Nations or Foreign Powers invite us into conference on questions of world-wide importance, again the answer is—silence.

"If race and religious prejudices threaten our domestic harmony, the answer is—silence.

"If a wandering Secretary of the Navy plans a speaking trip in the West, as soon as the fact is discovered he is brought back to Washington and reduced to—silence.

"If a Congressional committee wishes to investigate the Treasury, the answer is—silence.

"An invitation to attend the present conference at Geneva was extended to our Government and was refused.

"Had I been President of the United States I would not only have accepted the invitation to attend the present conference, but I should have insisted upon the right of the United States to be present and take a leading part when matters so vital to ourselves were being dealt with. If I become President I shall favor sending a representative to attend the disarmament conference next June."

¶ Charles W. Bryan made a trip to Chicago to visit Democratic headquarters. A report had got about—assiduously repeated by Republicans—that Democratic headquarters had thought that Governor Bryan was lying down on the job. Discounting the partisan nature of this report, the fact remains that the younger Bryan has made but two appearances outside of his Nebraska habitat, has not made himself a very vociferous seconder of Mr. Davis' campaign. The report continued: "Does Bryan want to help Davis? Wouldn't he prefer to have the election thrown into Congress and take a chance on becoming President himself?"

At Chicago, he looked over the

* Every national figure is necessarily a myth to those who do not know him.

National Affairs—[Continued]

headquarters and chatted a bit with reporters. The LaFollette movement? No, he did not consider it opposition to the Democrats. Radicalism? "We are conservatives in Nebraska when it comes to stealing." Later he would probably make a swing through the East before Nov. 4.

Shortly afterward, a speech-making itinerary was announced for him through Kansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Colorado, South Dakota.

Robert M. LaFollette tarried in Washington, delaying the opening of his campaign. Meanwhile, the Attorney General of Louisiana, following the lead of the Supreme Court of California, barred the LaFollette electors from the ballot for technical reasons. Bob once more awoke to battle:

"The refusal of the Attorney General of Louisiana to place the names of the LaFollette-Wheeler electors on the ballot in that state, and the definite report that comes from Michigan that legal technicalities are to be used there by the two political machines to accomplish the same purpose, show how desperate the reactionaries in both of the old parties consider their cause."

Finally, his plans completed for opening his active campaign in the East, Mr. LaFollette took train for Rochester, N. Y., his first stop on an itinerary which will take him through New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri—and farther if funds are available. His two sons, Bob Jr. and Philip are accompanying him to make rear platform speeches, since the Senator must save his voice. It was said that the LaFollette treasury disgorged its last cash to start the trip and hopes to gather more to provide the finish.

His speech at Rochester was largely devoted to an explanation of what he would do "if elected": 1) call a special session of Congress; 2) secure emergency relief for agriculture; 3) repeal the Esch-Cummins Railway Law; 4) revise the Fordney-McCumber tariff; 5) repeal the soldier's bonus and substitute a cash payment bonus; 6) enact the Howell-Barclay bill abolishing the railroad labor board; 7) increase pay of postal employees; 8) increase pensions of Spanish and Civil War veterans; 9) reconstruct the Federal Reserve and Farm Loan systems; 10) create a national superpower system, etc.

Burton K. Wheeler took his way into the West. He visited among other places Denver, Cheyenne, Billings, Spokane, Seattle. In Wyoming, he said of Senator Warren (Rep.):

"In your State you have a rep-

resentative in Senator Warren who in every instance has aligned himself with the reactionary Republicans and a few reactionary Democrats in defeating almost every piece of legislation which was in the inter-



© Paul Thompson

IDA M. TARBELL
Heroically she sat

ests of the farmers or laborers of this country."

In Montana, he said of Senator Thomas J. Walsh (Dem.):

"I am under obligations to Mr. Anderson, who is running on the Independent ticket. I believe him to be honest, sincere and capable. I have a personal affection for him and perhaps I am doing him an injustice when I ask you to support Senator Walsh. But the defeat of Senator Walsh in this campaign would be looked upon by the country at large as a repudiation of the magnificent fight against corruption in the Capitol at Washington."

I should be an ingrate if I did not stand by him and I am here to do it. I ask you to vote for him because he deserves your support."

Campaign Notes

Ida M. Tarbell, erstwhile Carrie Nation of petroleum, announced that she would vote for Coolidge. Almost immediately twelve ladies (Harriet Stanton Blatch, Rita Lydig, etc.) asked her by letter to recant and vote for LaFollette.

Miss Tarbell received this note with a broken left arm. She had broken it when she tripped over a curbstone two

days before on her way to hear John W. Davis speak in Manhattan. Heroically she sat through the speech without medical attention. But when the letter arrived, she had the arm in a sling. She sent a reply:

"I read between its courteous lines your feeling that I have recanted my former progressive notions, am a turncoat and a renegade. . . ."

"Your letter says in substance—and I agree—that the first step to cleaner government and to economic emancipation is beating down special privileges. But what are special privileges? One must know one when he sees it. I have sometimes doubted whether your great leader, Mr. LaFollette, does. . . ."

"It isn't the honesty of Mr. LaFollette and these workers and farmers that I question. It is their thinking. . . ."

Brookhart's Bolt. For some days, Republicans in Iowa heard sappers. They sat tight in their trenches and waited for the explosion of the mine. They knew that part of the earth under their feet was unsteady. Last week, the explosion came—and the Republicans counterattacked to make the best of what was for them a bad business.

The Republicans knew that Senator Brookhart of Iowa was one of them in name only. He was thoroughly in sympathy with most of the LaFollette policies. But so far in the campaign he had elected to sit on the fence. They waited for him to come out for LaFollette. Instead, he came out against Dawes and then Coolidge.

The Event. He indicted the former in a letter to Chairman Butler of the Republican National Committee:

"Charles G. Dawes has wrecked the Republican campaign, and especially in the Northwest. He started out like a bold-faced 'plutogog'; but his discourtesy and ungentlemanly language quickly reduced him, in his own vocabulary, to a mere 'pewit plutogog'."

He went on to refer to Mr. Dawes' "sulphurated hydrogen bank record," to his "secret purpose of destroying the constitutional rights of labor," to his "sinister designs." He said that Mr. Dawes was "an insult to the whole laboring world," "the emphatic representative of the profiteering class." He added that Mr. Dawes' "advertised financial ability is only a bluff" and that his "most dangerous and offensive act in this campaign is his insult to the cooperative movement in agriculture." He ended:

"For these reasons, I desire to request that the National Republican Committee take steps to secure the resignation of Mr. Dawes as Republican candidate

National Affairs—[Continued]

for Vice President. In his stead, there should be elected a farm bloc candidate—not an imitation farm bloc-er, but one of the fighting type, like Senator Norris of Nebraska, in whom the farmers have the utmost confidence.

"Very sincerely,
(Signed) "SMITH W. BROOKHART."

Three days later, Senator Brookhart delivered a speech at Emmetsburg, Iowa, in which the President was the target:

"I have never had a thought of leaving the Party. My whole soul is wrapped up in the principles of Lincoln, Roosevelt and Kenyon.* On the other hand, I will fight with all my strength that false and corrupt conception that crept into the Party under the leadership of Hanna, Penrose and Newberry.

"I, therefore, desire to review my record and my relation to the President, who is the machine Republican candidate for reelection. . . .

"I was against Newberryism the President was for it.

"I was against the ship subsidy; the President supported it. . . .

"I belong to the farm bloc. The President belongs to the Wall Street bloc" . . . etc., etc.

The same day, the Republican State Committee, in session all day, issued a formal statement:

"The Republican Party in Iowa, without a dissenting vote, instructed its delegates to the National Convention to vote for Calvin Coolidge and made his instruction a part of their platform.

"Every candidate for office on the Republican ticket entered into the primary campaign and filed as a Republican after the Iowa convention had been instructed for President Coolidge.

"We, as the representatives of the Republican Party in Iowa elected through the medium of the primary, submit to the Republican voters of the State that the repudiation of the Republican nominees by Senator Brookhart is a repudiation of and a bolt from the Republican Party. . . .

"On any issue of honesty, integrity and interest in the welfare of all the people, we are proud to stand on the life and record of Calvin Coolidge against the attacks of any man."

The Significance. Senator Brookhart's personal strength in Iowa is well known. He carried, late last Spring, the Republican primary for renomination to the Senate by a large majority.

He is expected to be reelected by a large majority. His friction with the regular Republicans is expected to hurt the Republican chances in Iowa. It seems strange, therefore, that he was read out of the Party; while Senator LaFollette, an open revolter for many years, still remains a nominal Republican. The answer to this apparently illogical situation is that Senator LaFollette long ago captured the Republican organization in Wisconsin. Naturally, the state organization would not then break with him; and the National organization could not turn out LaFollette without practically giving up its entire organization in the state. The situation in Iowa has been different. Mr. Brookhart has always been more or less of an outsider to the state organization. It countenanced him, but never stomachs him. Now it need no longer do either.

Belle Case LaFollette, wife of the Senator, having made two campaign speeches for her husband, one at Mountain Lake Park, Md., the other at Manhattan, was in a fair way to blossom into a full-fledged campaigning orator. It was decided that she should not accompany the Senator on his tour, and the party managers were reported as offering her employment during his absence.

Mrs. William McMillen Adams, née Davis, has taken her place in her father's battle line. Thousands of letters have been sent out over her signature, it is reported. She was told that 3,700,000 young women would cast their first ballot this fall, and she murmured:

"Any urging I would do in favor of the Davis-Bryan ticket, of course, would be based upon my own recollections and my knowledge of my father. I can't imagine that the opinions of myself—once the quiet, awkward small girl who received a salary of 25 cents a month to make his bed every morning—have any real bearing on the present political events. My father was then to me the same omnipotent authority, the final court of justice, that he remains in my mind today. I believe he would make a good President, because I have never had occasion to question his decisions or to doubt his wisdom and justice."

Clinton W. Gilbert, famed correspondent, wrote a comparison of party headquarters in Chicago:

"Those of the Republican party, scattered over three floors of the

Wrigley building, look like an ordinary business office.

"Republican headquarters look fairly busy but not rushed. They are not the clubby places national headquarters usually are. The boys don't drop in in large numbers.

"Mr. Butler is caviar to the politician.

"Those of the Democrats are up one flight in the front of the Auditorium hotel. Four years ago, the Western headquarters of the Republicans were in this place. Hiram Johnson had the same rooms at the time of the 1920 convention.

"Of course, these are not the main headquarters of the party, but correspondents traveling through here make no allowance for this fact.

"I am sure those headquarters will cost the Democrats many votes. The great empty ante-room, about 75 ft. long by 25 ft. wide, with only one lone boy at the entrance, one telephone operator and never more than one visitor waiting on a sofa, has the same moral effect as staging a mass meeting of six persons in Madison Square Garden."

"The Progressives are on the fourth floor of the Morrison Hotel. For some reason, radicals always hold their gatherings at this hotel. The Farmer-Labor party got its start in this hotel.

"The LaFollette headquarters are all rush and enthusiasm. They extend through many rooms on one floor in the Morrison. Typewriters click furiously.

"Most of the workers are probably volunteers. They are as busy and as serious as the dollar-a-year boys used to be when they were running the War from Washington."

Charles E. Hughes, campaign speaker, cut loose at Cincinnati on behalf of the Republicans:

"Whatever may be the subject of campaign speeches, there is really only one issue in this campaign and that is, 'Shall the administration of Calvin Coolidge be continued?'

"There are no dividends for honest men in sweeping denunciations. This lesson should be taken to heart by our Democratic friends."

William J. Bryan, campaigning for his brother and Mr. Davis, issued through the Democratic National Committee a comparison of candidates:

"Progressives are not lacking in

*William S. Kenyon is a sometime U. S. Senator from Iowa, now a Judge of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

National Affairs—[Continued]

common sense; they are quite as intelligent as the reactionaries. In fact, the presumption of intelligence is on their side, because a man must be informed before he can protest against an existing wrong and propose a remedy. Anyone can submit to injustice without having any information on the subject at all; in fact, the less information he has, the less liable he is to protest. . . .

"The Democratic Party, under the leadership of John W. Davis, burns the bridges behind it; while the Republican Party, under the leadership of President Coolidge, burns the bridges before it. The Democrats will not turn backward; the Coolidge Republicans will not go forward."

Betting

Not even Wall Street claims that it is infallible, yet the bets on the election, registered with betting brokers there, have their effect upon business confidence and are usually right in the odds prevailing shortly before the presidential contest. In 1908, odds were between 3 to 1 and 5 to 1 on Taft; his popular vote was 7,679,006 to Bryan's 6,409,106. In 1912, odds ranged between 8 to 5 and 5 to 1 on Wilson; his vote was 6,286,214 compared with 4,126,020 for Roosevelt, and 3,483,922 for Taft.

In the exceedingly close election of 1916, odds were between 9 to 5 and 6 to 5 on Hughes, shifting between 6 to 5 and 2 to 1 on Wilson on the day after election. Yet in this case, the trend of betting was generally incorrect—Wilson receiving 9,129,606 votes and Hughes, 8,538,221.

In 1920, however, the odds on Harding ran between 10 to 1 and 2½ to 1; Harding received 16,152,200 votes against 9,147,353 for Cox. All this summer, odds have been keenly in favor of Coolidge for reelection and, thus far during the fall, they have grown heavier upon him as election day nears.

"No more, no more—"

The unflagging enterprise of political campaigning produced this little chorus to a campaign song for Senator LaFollette. One L. A. Orth fathered the brain child:

*Wrong things ain't goin'a be no more,
No, they ain't goin'a be no more.
We sing this song
Against the wrong
What ain't goin'a be no more.*

WOMEN

Imitators

With the success of Mrs. M. A. ("Ma") Ferguson in the Texas Democratic primary, we may expect an influx of female Ma-politicians throughout the country. Middletown, N. Y., already has a "Ma" Mullaney, Democratic candidate for County Clerk. Sauk Centre and Tuxedo will follow—imitations of a great female success.



© Keystone

THE GOVERNOR OF WEST VIRGINIA

"— otherwise unruffled"

SUPREME COURT

Oh Yes, Oh Yes, Oh Yes

Into the onetime Senate chamber in the north wing of the Capitol came nine men, just back from their summer vacations. They were the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the U. S. Supreme Court. They looked at the docket and their faces fell.

Yes, there were 644 cases on the docket, including 25 cases under advisement and awaiting decision. This was about 50 more cases than awaited the Court when it assembled a year ago.

But the Chief Justice's smile could not be dimmed for long. Year by year, the docket grows longer. But it also grows interesting. This fall, the Court will treat itself to hearings on the Pennsylvania Anthracite Coal Tax, the Kansas Industrial Law and the case of Mal Daugherty, who denied the right of a Senate Committee to examine the books of his National Bank.

A NEW BOOK

Gubernatorial Spoon River*

The popular way to look at politicians is as the knaves of the human deck. But Frederick L. Collins, veteran journalist, has gone out and captured 14 of them in the gubernatorial stage and labeled them *Our American Kings*. Mr. Collins isn't a Lytton Strachey, but he doesn't aim to be. He went to take notes on the personalities and home life of Governors in their official habitats and he did so with good-natured appreciation:

Alfred E. Smith of New York. "After dinner, in the study with the men, Al Smith was at his best. He is a great actor; not a heel comedienne like Willie Collier, who stands in one spot and gets his effect, but an all-over-the-let acrobatic performer like Douglas Fairbanks. He gets out on the floor and acts out his scenes, puts his hands on the arms of your chair, shakes his fist at an imaginary enemy, and sinks into exhausted laughter at the end of his own story. His best ones were about prohibition and the Ku Klux Klan."

E. F. Morgan of West Virginia. "The big man laughed all over, dislodging two heavy wisps of white hair, which he kept pushing straight back from his round young face. During the days I spent with Governor Morgan at Charleston, in his office and in his home, he never got those two wisps to stay where he put them. They represent, I should say, the two most worrisome problems of his otherwise unruffled life."

Ragnvald A. Nestos of North Dakota. "When he sits on a chair he obliterates it; he throws back his great shoulders, spreads his elbows and knees, settles and solidifies as if he were a statue in the park. He looks like Henry Ward Beecher with a touch of Barnum and a clout or two of John L. Sullivan. He is Paul Whiteman with a Babe Ruth punch. He is an American Viking."

Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland. "He was tall, straight, vigorously impressive; a gray-haired John Barrymore with eye-glasses; or rather John Barrymore as he might have looked if he had gone in for real estate or automobiles instead of for Shakespeare. He moved quickly and spoke brightly, as if he were in the advertising business. A little too handsome, a little too slim-waisted—and much too busy."

A. Victor Donahay of Ohio. "He wanted me to come to breakfast. . . . I wasn't sure, then, that I liked Donahay."

*OUR AMERICAN KINGS—Frederick L. Collins—Century (\$2.50).

National Affairs—[Continued]

hey; and he-men who bang the table and shout about virtue and raise large families are a bit terrifying early in the morning. . . .

"At breakfast he was assertive, but not deafeningly so. . . . I was impressed with the fact that Governor Donahey would be a very nice fellow if he would forget that he was an honest man and let himself go. . . .

"Mrs. Donahey is a peach. She's had twelve children—ten are living—and she's listened to Vic's banging since 1897. . . ."

J. A. O. Preus of Minnesota. "But Jake doesn't laugh at politics. He takes it as seriously as most people take mah jong; and he plays the game day and night. 'He's the best d—— office-holder in the world,' one of his political opponents told me. He never leaves his desk until everything is cleaned up and in good shape. Then he'll go out and address 40 million picnics, and arrive at every one on time. When it comes to political meetings, Jake's a regular Paul Revere."

John Blaine of Wisconsin. "At the election in November, Blaine of Boscon received 336,000 votes; his opponent a little more than 100,000!

"That's a great record!" I exclaimed.

"What? Mine?" laughed the Governor. "That's nothing compared with Calamity's—Calamity Mechtide De Kol, I mean—why, her record shows 28 pounds of butter in seven days, and if she hadn't been such a delicate feeder—"

"John," put in Mrs. Blaine sweetly, "Mr. Collins came to see us, not our cows."

"And I never did hear about Calamity's indigestion."

Percival Baxter of Maine. "The Governor is a character. Bachelor. Tall, strong and pink. Forty-six or 47 in the record books, but much younger with his hat on. 'Just a nice age!' as one Maine woman expressed it. Rich, too. It's a shame he isn't married. But I looked vainly in his office and study and bedroom for a sign of an impending romance. On his desk are 23 ivory images,—dogs, elephants, lions, rabbits, ducks, lizards, eagles, horses, cats and one 'hanatonosawamikaarima'—but no women."

Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania. "Mrs. Pinchot's blue slippers and silken ankles appeared at the top of the stairs—quite the smartest slippers and the nicest ankles I have ever seen in an Executive Mansion. As she descended rapidly, drawing on an Egyptian sweater over her American house-dress, I could see that she was tall, like her



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MRS. PINCHOT

She is not afraid to be intelligent

husband, and slender, too; but of stately slenderness—not a lanky one like Gifford's. . . . She is a beautiful woman, Cornelia Pinchot, with a strong body and a stronger face, and a deep, room-filling voice which manages somehow to be inconsistently feminine; and she is not afraid to be intelligent. I liked her. But, then, I am no judge. I always did like red-haired women."

George Silzer of New Jersey. "George Silzer has brains—enough to be a lawyer and a judge, enough to amass a considerable fortune; he has a character—enough to be a big man in the legal, financial and religious life of his State; he has culture—enough to talk

easily and colorfully of men and affairs in the new and old worlds; he has charm—enough to command not only the franchise of his fellow-citizens but their insistent demand that he leave his chosen work to become their Chief Executive."

A. J. Groesbeck of Michigan. "... is one of three best Governors upon whom I have stumbled in my gubernatorial marathon from coast to coast. . . .

"He pulls his black hat upon his bullet-like head, clamps the brim over his heavy eyebrows, sinks his neck into his back, and squares off his great shoulders as if he were going to hit you in the jaw. Then he's ready to say 'Good morning.'"

Pat M. Neff of Texas.

You'd never think I'd take a drink. I haven't.

You'd never think I'd take a smoke. I haven't.

You'd never think I'd shoot a gun. I haven't.

You'd never think I'd bait a hook. I haven't.

You'd never think I'd any fun. I haven't.

"The first two charges were true," he told me, as we walked under the shade-trees from the Capitol to the Governor's mansion. "I don't smoke. And I don't drink. Not even coffee or tea. Just water and milk."

Friend W. Richardson of California. "As he talks, especially as he becomes interested in one of his favorite topics—economy, for instance—he looks out at you from under extraordinarily heavy eyebrows, and his eyes snap and his brows twitch. He buries superficial crudities under a river of picturesque language, which flows from a mountain of facts. Suddenly, you do think that he's the Governor, and you understand how it is that in the end he 'gets 'em.'"

Louis Hart of Washington. "First he was a lawyer; then an insurance agent; for 14 years he was secretary of the Odd Fellows in the State of Washington. He joined the Maccabees and the Elks, the Masons and the Red Men, the Ancient Order of United Workmen; in fact, he joined everything that came to Washington. He never made any money, but he made a lot of friends. He became 'Brother Hart' to thousands of his fellow-citizens. And after a while he loomed up as a good man to have as Lieutenant-Governor. But nobody thought of running Louis Hart for Governor—and nobody ever would—if Governor Lister hadn't taken ill and abdicated, leaving the office to easy-going Louis."

FOREIGN NEWS

THE LEAGUE

Teeth

"A League with teeth in it" has long been the battle cry of those who are dissatisfied with the present League of Nations structure. Last week's closure of the Fifth General Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva, in which 55 nations took part, showed that the teeth have begun to grow.

Unrest. It is a fact that, with the downfall of the Central Empires at the conclusion of the War, occurred the downfall of Europe. The whole Continent needed regeneration. What was the new Europe to be like? The signs and portents were that it would not differ materially from the old. France, with enlightening logic, impinged on the cornerstone. "I must have security," said Marianne.* Then Britain and the U. S. declined to sign an alliance with France to protect her against aggressive warfare. The builders of the edifice caught the cry of France. "Security," called Czechoslovakia. "Security," echoed the small nations of the earth. "Disarmament," voiced the idealists. Then the gruff roar of Great Britain rolled out the word "Arbitration." But the cornerstone remained the only part built of the new Europe that everyone wanted.

A year ago, Lord Cecil became the chief designer of the architectural plans. He drew a scheme (TIME, Aug. 20, 1923), by which nations should be grouped in accordance with their geographical situation. They were then to conclude treaties, promising each other assistance in case of armed aggression. "Pooh," remarked John Bull. "I don't think much of that." "Blah," grunted Uncle Sam as he folded it up and lit his pipe with it.

The "American Plan." "Now then, gentlemen," was the figurative saying of Prof. James T. Shotwell of Columbia University to the Council of the League of Nations last June, "you are mistaken. What you really ought to do is to outlaw war." Here the Professor's nine coadjutors clapped a hearty endorsement. The "American Plan" (TIME, June 30), while by no means a perfect instrument, was the first to have any actual elements in it. For example, it:

1) Defined aggression as meaning a concerted action taken by a State in defiance of

a ruling or summons made by the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague.
2) Made that P. C. of I. J. the executor of the plan.

3) Laid down rules for enforcing, in the first place, economic and, in the second place, military sanctions (punitive measures) without in any way infringing upon the sovereignty of individual nations.

4) Made the plan open to members and non-members of the League.

5) Provided for periodical conferences on disarmament.

In the Halls of Peace at Geneva, the American Plan received marked favor; for it had been read by every statesman in Europe worthy of the name, and all found it good.

Fifth Assembly. When the Fifth General Assembly met at Geneva (TIME, Sept. 8) it had many matters of routine to dispose of. There were thorny problems to solve; but all these things were as nothing compared to the task, which had been set, of drafting a plan for the building of new Europe and the renovation of the rest of the world. Two great speeches from Premiers Ramsay MacDonald of Britain and Edouard Herriot of France indicated that the building was to be in the style of arbitration, security and disarmament. The chief draftsman was no longer Lord Cecil; Dr. Eduard Benes was the man nominated for the post; and his ideas were largely synonymous with those of Prof. Shotwell and his colleagues.

There was already a plan in existence aiming at the maintenance of world peace *ad infinitum*. This document was called the Covenant of The League. The new ideas, it was decided, should not interfere with the Covenant, but should reinforce it. A protocol to the Covenant was the method adopted of putting the new ideas into effect. It was early decided to reserve the matter of disarmament for a special international conference to be convoked at Geneva on June 15, 1925.

Protocol. All during September, the draftsmen labored on the protocol and then presented to the Assembly an elaborate document of 21 articles—21 teeth that are to make the League's bite mightier than his bark. Ex-Premier Aristide Briand of France, chief French delegate to the Assembly, asseverated:

"I declare to you, it is the most precious moment of my public life, this in which I stand before the nations of the world and say to them,

in the name of France, that she has placed upon the protocol her signature."

Forty-seven states followed France's lead in signing the protocol; all of them had something high and idealistic to say.

Protocol Analyzed. Analyzed, the protocol is an elaboration of the "American Plan" submitted by Professor Shotwell and his associates. Thus, it is somewhat of a paradox that the nation which has, perhaps, contributed more to the theoretical banishment of war is the U. S., which is not a member of the League. The protocol is based on the principle of obligatory arbitration. Members and non-members of the League can endorse its terms; all become aggressors if they either fail to take their dispute to the League or ignore a League or P. C. of I. J. ruling. The Council of the League is empowered to exert economic, financial, naval and military sanctions against any aggressor nation, member or non-member alike. The amount of economic, financial, naval or military support to be given by the member nations, in the case of what might prove to be a League war, depends upon the amount of assistance demanded by the Council and upon the amount the member states are able or willing to concede.

Before the Assembly closed, Japan carried an important eleventh hour amendment. The League may, according to its terms, consider matters "solely within domestic jurisdiction" of a state. Thus a state under this amendment, is an aggressor only if it disregards the verdict of the League or has not previously submitted the question to the Council or Assembly. This means (theoretically) that the U. S. must now bow to the decisions of the League or challenge the whole League Army. "Either there are to be no wars or future wars are to be bigger and better in every way."

Other business transacted before the Fifth Assembly adjourned:

Belgium, Brazil, Czechoslovakia, Spain, Sweden and Uruguay were elected to the non-permanent seats on the Council for the year 1924-25. When the result of the elections was made known, the entire Chinese delegation arose as one man, left the auditorium. They thought that, as China is one of the greatest Asiatic Powers, she ought at least to be entitled to a seat on the Council.

*Allegorical personification of France. Cf. John Bull, Uncle Sam.

Foreign News—[Continued]

COMMONWEALTH

(British Commonwealth of Nations)

Censure

In Parliament, strenuous efforts were made by the Conservatives and the Liberals in preparation for causing the downfall of the Labor Government by carrying votes of censure.

Conservatives. The Conservatives decided to move a vote of censure condemning the Government for abandoning prosecution for sedition against J. R. Campbell, acting Editor of the Communist daily, *The Workers' Weekly*.*

Liberals. The Opposition brought a number of questions concerning Russian affairs to the attention of the Government. Ex-Premier Asquith's motion for the rejection of the Anglo-Russian Treaty was also laid upon the table. The motion read:

"That this House will be ready to support any practical and businesslike steps for promoting Anglo-Russian trade and for protecting British interests in Russia and to approve the use of export credits and trade facilities for assisting trade with Russia on the same terms as with other foreign countries and our dominions; and, while welcoming a definition of fishing areas and fishing rights on the Russian coast, it is unable to approve the treaty which, instead of providing a genuine contribution toward solving the problem of unemployment, threatens to divert resources which are urgently needed for national and imperial development; and which, amongst other objections, contemplates that the British taxpayers should be made liable for further loans to the Russian State, raised by means of the guarantee of the British Government as a condition upon which any part of the private claims of certain British creditors should be recognized or met by the Soviet Republic."

During the session, when a statement was read saying that the Prime Minister had announced that he would be no party to increasing his own salary as First Lord of the Treasury, Sir

*On July 25, *The Workers' Weekly* published an article entitled *An Open Letter to the Fighting Forces*. This letter was virtually an incitement to mutiny. Sailors, soldiers, airmen were advised "to form committees in every barracks, aerodrome and ship, to refuse to shoot down your fellow workers, to refuse to fight for profits and to turn your weapons on your oppressors." They were told: "The next war is being prepared and you will be sent to shoot, shell or bomb French or American workers in uniform. You are workers yourselves. Why do you?"

J. R. Campbell was arrested on Aug. 5 and charged at Bow Street Police Court with inciting mutiny. The trial was scheduled for Aug. 13, but the Public Prosecutor offered no evidence and the case was dismissed.

It was alleged that before the first time in England's history, the course of Justice in the law courts had been changed by outside political forces. Sir Patrick Hastings, Attorney General, questioned in the House, said that the case was dropped because Campbell was a responsible editor and therefore conviction appeared to be unlikely. That he did not wish to dignify the Communists by martyring them was the following offer.

Conservative and Liberal newspapers joined forces in denouncing the Government's action in interfering with the course of Justice.

*Premiers of Britain usually hold the office of First Lord of the Treasury jointly with that of the Prime Minister. The salary for Foreign Affairs, but does not receive any pay as such.

Kingsley Wood, Conservative, gratuitously asked: "... whether before that decision was arrived at, consideration was given to the fact that the present holder of the office had found the emoluments of his office insufficient and had to go to a private concern?" (TIME, Sept. 22).

"Dirty! Dirty!" cried angry Laborites, shaking their fists.

"Dave" Kirkwood, fiery Clydeside Laborite, stretched his index finger and pointed with scorn to the rash knight: "That," said he, "is a gentleman"; and there was no mistaking the grinding sarcasm.

The hubbub grew wilder and wilder until the Speaker arose. "I must insist," he warned the Laborites, "on honorable members allowing me to conduct the business of the House. I will not continue unless I have proper support." He then rebuked Sir Kingsley for having put a supplementary question which could not appear on the paper.

The Conservative motion was considered almost certain of defeat and the Liberals were expected to support the Government. But on the issue of the Anglo-Russian Treaty, the Conservatives and Liberals agreed; neither will support the Government. The Treaty was, however, not expected to come up for debate until November; and the indications were, despite the antipathy to a general election, that the Cabinet of Mr. James Ramsay MacDonald would fall and that the King would dissolve Parliament.

Zaghlul Departs

"What terrible weather you English have," said Egyptian Premier Zaghlul Pasha to Premier MacDonald.

"Yes," replied MacDonald, "the political elements always get aroused about this time of the year."

"I think I must go now. Your soldiers in Cairo will be expecting me back."

"Well, I'm terribly sorry I couldn't do anything for you. Come again sometime when we're having better weather."

It was reported from London that the Anglo-Egyptian conversations* between Premier MacDonald and Zaghlul (TIME, Oct. 6) had broken down. The latter was unable to obtain any concessions from the British Premier, so, "in view of the im-

clement weather and in anticipation of the meeting of the Egyptian Parliament in November," Egypt's Premier decided to quit Britain's shores.

It was generally assumed, owing to the uncertainty with which the British political situation was fraught, that Premier MacDonald was unwilling to make any promises in connection with a modification of British policy in Egypt or with a revision of the Anglo-Egyptian condominium of the Sudan. This implied that the next Government might not recognize any arrangements made by him.

Irish Bill

Lords and Commons assembled at Westminster to pass legislation that is to authorize the Government to appoint a delegate for Northern Ireland on the Irish Boundary Commission (TIME, Aug. 11, Oct. 6).

Second Reading. The second reading (the first was before Parliament adjourned) of the Irish Boundary Commission Amending Bill was moved by Premier MacDonald. He said in his speech that "everything would be done" to bring about a compromise between the Free State and Northern Ireland before the bill became law. Meanwhile, he contended, the measure must be passed because Britain's honor was at stake. Then, paying a pretty compliment to the Conservatives, he asserted:

"The fact that recently there has been no party decision on Irish affairs is an immense achievement, which has been mainly due to the Unionists; because, in the face of real difficulties, they have made it easy for the Government to follow the policy they initiated in the pacification of Ireland."

After speeches by ex-Premier George and ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer Austen Chamberlain, the bill passed its second reading by 291 to 124 votes.

Committee. The House went into committee; and the bill was read for a third time and carried by a vote of 251 to 99. The bill was sent to the Lords.

Lords. The House of Lords was expected to amend the bill and send it back to the Commons. This is to give the Conservatives a chance to vote for the amendments (which have no chance of being carried), thereby placing the responsibility for the bill entirely on the shoulders of the Government. The bill is then to be sent back to the House of Lords in its original form; but their lordships, satisfied that the onus of responsibility is not shared by Conservatives, will pass the bill, which will then

*The conversations were suggested only for an official exchange of views, which were expected to form a basis for an Anglo-Egyptian conference.

Foreign News—[Continued]

become law after the Royal Assent has been obtained.

That the Irish crisis will, however, be intensified by the passage of the Boundary Amendment Act was the opinion of competent observers.

Whatever the decision of the Boundary Commission may be, it will fail to please Northern Ireland, unless the Commission confirms the boundary as it is at present delimited. In the latter case, the Free State will probably revolt against the Government. However, the finding of the Commission is much more likely to be one that will please neither side. In this event, Northern Ireland will appeal to the Privy Council on the ground that the decision of the Commission was *ultra vires*. The issue will then be up to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, whose decision will be final, because it is the highest court of appeal in the realm.

FRANCE

Budget

M. Etienne Clementel, Minister of Finance and le Senateur de Puy-de-Dôme, presented to the Finance Committee of the Chamber of Deputies the budget for 1925. A feature of the new proposals is the retention of Premier Poincaré's hated 20% tax increase (TIME, Jan. 28). No loan was suggested, although it had been widely circulated that one would be asked for.

Expenditures reached the record figure of 32,500,000,000 francs (about \$1,700,000,000); receipts amounted to only 26,500,000,000 francs (about \$1,400,000,000). The difference—about 6,000,000,000 francs—is to be met by rigorous enforcement of the income tax law and the imposition of a new tax on land values.

Included in the expenditure column is 700,000,000 francs (about \$37,000,000) for increased pay for state employees (one fourth of what they asked); the cost of the year's reconstruction of the devastated regions; 1,000,000,000 francs (\$53,000,000) to take care of obligations maturing during the fiscal year.

It was claimed that France would have, for the first time in ten years, a balanced budget. That was not entirely the truth. Among the credits appeared an item of 800,000,000 francs (about \$42,500,000) expected from the Germans under the Experts' Plan. In the past, France has theoretically balanced her budgets by crediting payments from Germany that were never made. The present budget is following a precedent, not creating one. The

point is somewhat academic. Germany, no one doubts it, will pay; nevertheless, the principle of crediting money before it has been received is obviously unsound. Critics of the Minister of



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M. CLEMENTEL

He balanced the budget

Finance repeated the well-known proverb: "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched."

In his speech to the Committee, M. Clementel said:

"It marks the end of the policy of raising loans to meet normal charges—a policy which threatens to engulf France in financial quicksands. Once the deficits due to previous budgets have been regulated by a loan of liquidation, any appeal to the national thrift must have but one object—consolidation of the floating debt and completion of the restoration of the devastated region....

"Thanks to the plan of the experts and the London Agreement, France can today hope to see Germany at last execute the engagements she has solemnly taken. The Allies will watch over the execution of these engagements. Germany's payments are steadily growing and henceforth are definitely fixed. They should, when the plan is fully working [in about two years], provide funds for the redemption of war loans and permit a policy of financial reformation that will gradually give our national money back its value and so reduce the cost of living."

Prosperity

A reprint in *The Living Age* from the Report of the British Commercial Counselor at Paris upon the present

economic condition of France made the following points:

"The entire population of France is in full employment.

"Production has been consistently retarded by the dearth of labor; and, for the last year, more than 6,000 immigrant workers have been arriving every week.

"For all practical purposes of mere industrial output, the reconstruction of the devastated areas is terminated.

"The total coal output of the damaged or destroyed mines will soon exceed the pre-War figure.

"The yearly production of coke is now nearly two million tons more than in 1913."

German Trade Parley

Representatives of France and Germany met at the Quai d'Orsay (French Foreign Office) to negotiate a trade treaty.

These negotiations are made necessary by the termination, next January, of the trade relations between the two countries as expressed in the Treaty of Versailles. Their importance may be considerable. On both sides are men who avowedly sponsor a great steel trust. In France's Lorraine are found Europe's greatest iron deposits; in Germany's Ruhr Valley are the greatest deposits of coal. An agreement to abolish the duties upon iron ore entering Germany and upon coal entering France would have but one effect: France and Germany would be able to undersell their foreign steel competitors.

GERMANY

Cabinet Crisis

Chancellor Wilhelm Marx was confronted with the greatest political enigma that has yet crossed the threshold of his career.

At the time that the Experts' Plan legislation was passed by the Reichstag (TIME, June 16), support from the moderate Monarchists was obtained by promising them seats in the Cabinet. The greatest supporter of this compromise was Dr. Gustav Stresemann, Foreign Minister and leader of the *Volks-partei* (People's Party). He argued that the inclusion of the Monarchists was most desirable from every standpoint: First, the Government should honor its promise; and second, Mon-

Foreign News—[Continued]

archist Ministers in the Cabinet would be a real step toward linking the past with the present.

The Chancellor was not of the same opinion. He thought that Monarchists and Socialists should be admitted in equal numbers. In an interview, he said:

"The reason for this was an ultimatum from the People's Party—a member of the present Government coalition most friendly to the Nationalists [Monarchists]—threatening to 'reserve its liberty of action' unless other parties forming the coalition consent to the admission of Nationalists into the Government."

The position was this: The Socialists refused to join the Cabinet if the Monarchists were admitted; the Monarchists refused to join if the Socialists were to be represented. Foreign Minister Stresemann threatened to secede from the Government coalition unless Chancellor Marx gave the Monarchists the promised seats. The Chancellor wished to admit both Monarchists and Socialists into the Cabinet. The enigma defied solution. Resignations, dissolution of the Reichstag, with consequent general elections, were hinted. Herr Wirth, onetime Chancellor, and Herr Breitscheid, a Socialist leader, were mentioned as prospective Chancellor and Foreign Minister, respectively. Only one thing remained clear: Something had to be done. Beyond that, the future declined to speak.

Loan

All week long negotiations proceeded between Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, President of the Reichsbank, Dr. Hans Luther, German Finance Minister, and U. S. British and Continental bankers regarding the flotation of the \$200,000,000 loan to be made Germany under the terms of the Experts' Plan.

It was expected that \$100,000,000 of the loan would be placed in the U. S., \$70,000,000 in Britain and the remainder on the Continent. Final terms were not published.

On one ground or another, hostility to the loan was evinced in London and Paris; and rumors were spread that the loan might not be successful. In plain point of fact, the loan is certain to be successful if for no other reason than that J. P. Morgan and British bankers have endorsed it. Probably it will be oversubscribed.

Samaritan

General Degoutte is a hero to the French. His War record and the stern efficiency of his rule in occupied Ger-



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GENERAL DEGOUTTE
He is a hero in France

many as Generalissimo of the Franco-Belgian troops combined to endear him to French hearts. In Germany, however, he was one of the best hated men among the hated "invaders."

Last week, a Mainz-Mannheim express steamed out of Mainz station and a few minutes later, in a tunnel, a local train crashed into it, "turning the tunnel into a smoky, gas-filled hell."

To the scene of the wreck rushed General Degoutte, the French Bishop with the occupation army and the German Bishop of Mainz. While the General personally directed rescue work, the two Bishops administered last rites to the dying.

THE HEJAZ

Religious War

In a vast uncharted Arabian desert are sixteen different states.* Some of these countries move whenever their inhabitants decide to strike tents. Some, again, are half settled—that is to say, the inhabitants roam about and return to a fixed settlement. Others are more or less fixtures. In a country of this nature, where whole states are moved on the backs of camels,

*The 16 States of Arabia:
Kingdom of Iraq; French Mandate of Syria; Kingdom of Hejaz; Emirate of Nejd and Hasa; Emirate of Jebel Shammar; Principate of Asir; Imamate of Yemen; British Protectorate of Aden; Sultanate of Oman; Sultanate of Kuwait; Emirate of Kerak; Emirate of Bal-el-Mandab; Emirate of Lahj; State of Hadramaut; Emirate of El-Mohammerah; Emirate of Bahrein.

lies the cradle of Islam, and that cradle was rocked last week by the terrible hand of Emir Faisal Ibn Abdul-Aziz Ibn Saud.

Last Week's Events. Emir Ibn Saud, Sheikh of Daryah, Sovereign Lord of Nejd and Hasa, descendant of Mohammed Ibn Saud (founder of the Wahabite Empire), had declared war on Hussein Ibn Ali, King of Hejaz. Verily, the fierce troops of Ibn Saud were at the gates of Mecca, Mohammaden Holy City.

Husein Ibn Ali, made King of Hejaz by the British for fighting the Turks in the War, made Calif of Islam by no other than himself, opposed the heretical warriors of the Emir of Nejd; but he was not so successful as his sons, Faisal, King of Iraq, and Abdullah, Emir of Kerak (Trans-Jordan). These two monarchs had been able to employ war birds of Britain and strike terror and confusion into Ibn Saud's ferocious men by dropping fire from the skies. Husein, himself had asked the loan of a flock of war birds. But Britain refused. She could not become implicated in a religious war. She had definite obligations to the rulers of Iraq and Kerak under mandates given her by the League of Nations. Husein was independent—so independent in fact that he had hesitated overlong to sign a treaty with his ally, Britain. He must defend himself as best he could.

Unable to maintain himself in Mecca, King Husein last week abdicated the Throne of Hejaz and the Caliphate—Islam was again without a Calif for the second time within a year. King Husein, tears in his eyes, declared that his abdication was a temporary measure designed to protect Mecca from possible destruction. A despatch from Cairo stated that the royal signature to the document of abdication was affixed only after "he had spent many hours in prayer and wireless communication with his sons," Faisal and Abdullah.

Immediately following the abdication of Husein, a Provisional Government was formed. The first act of this Government was to send a delegation to Emir Ibn Saud for the purpose of arranging terms of peace before the occupation of Mecca by the Wahabis.

New King. The Government, or Hejaz National Committee, then elected Ali (oldest son of Husein, Emir of Medina) King of Hejaz, in

Foreign News—[Continued]

accordance with the terms of the abdication. It was expressly stated, however, that the offer of the throne was made on condition that Ali conform to the wishes of the people of Hejaz. His father's throne was accepted by Ali on this condition; but the throne of the Caliphate was left vacant until the election of a Caliph by the Pan-Islamic Committee at Cairo, unless Ibn Saud should capture Mecca and elect himself Caliph.

Meantime, it was announced from Alexandria, Cairo and London that ex-King-Caliph Hussein had sent the youngest of his four sons to London "on a private mission." It was alleged that the mission was to sound the British Government on the new situation in the Hejaz.

Islam. Islam signifies Peace, and as such it has long been an anachronism. It designates the whole Moslem world which, taking the holy city of Mecca as its central point, stretches to the west as far as Morocco; to the north, beyond the forlorn steppes of Russia; to the east, as far as the gates of Tibet and the East Indian Archipelago; to the south, into northern India.

A little more than 100 years ago, the Wahabis captured Mecca, capital of Islam, where is situated the tomb of the Prophet Mohammed. After bloody scenes and wild desecration, the Wahabis were crushed and chased back to their country of Nejd. On the eve of the War, Hasa was taken from the distracted Turk; and before it could be recovered the flaming tongues of the war dogs had licked the world.

In the crash of Empires and the falling of crowns, which seemed a logical result of the War, Turkey was a main link in the concatenations of stupendous events. For better or for worse, Turkey became a republic, a midjet of a state compared to its former self; all the old panoplies of government were thrown overboard. The Sultan-Caliph fled for his life. A new Caliph arose; but the Sultanate was ground to dust by the puissant heel of Democracy. It was to be only a matter of time before the sole of the same foot was to crush the Caliphate, the holy office of the Successor to the Prophet. No wonder there was turmoil in Islam.

Caliphate. After the collapse of the Caliphate on the Bosphorus, Islam became torn by the question of the succession. Who was to be Caliph of Islam? Ex-Sultan of Turkey, Mohammed VI, who was temporal and spiritual head of Mohammedanism, said he was Caliph; but that did not settle it. The Agar Khan of Bombay, the Emir of Afghanistan, Sultan Mulai Yusef of Morocco, King Fuad of Egypt all wanted to be Caliph. The President of Turkey, Mustafa Kemal Pasha, said that the Turkish Parliament would in the future impersonate the Caliph. Abdul-Medjid Effendi, last Turkish Caliph, declared with his predecessor, Mohammed VI, that his deposition as Caliph was illegal and sacrilegious. Then from the heart of Islam, Hussein Ibn Ali, a descendant of the Prophet, declared himself Caliph and without more ado he assumed the Caliphate (TIME, March 24). A torrent of rage swept over Islam and died down. Hussein became stronger and stronger each day. He was indeed the "Arab of Arabs," the Supreme Prince of the Moslem faith. But, under the surface, Islam was being moved by mighty forces. Who could say whence they would come, whither they would go? A Pan-Islamic Conference was planned to discuss and settle the question of the succession. It was clear that Hussein's title was meaningless to the mass of Moslems.

Wahabis. With an increasingly jealous eye, the Emir of Nejd and Hasa viewed the opportunist power of his enemy, Hussein, grow like an orchid upon the air. The brow of the beturbaned giant with the coal-black beard became furrowed with anger at the irreligion of the Shia and Sunni Moslems. He would crush them, and off to Mecca he went with 72,000 fanatics before him. He would depose their upstart Hussein, he would purge Islam of Moslem impurities. He, Faisal Ibn Abdul-Aziz Ibn Saud, Caliph of the Saud Sect, would rule all Islam with the sword of purity as ordained by the Prophet. Was this to be the beginning of a holy war? No man could answer.

Koran. The Koran (*Qur'an*) is the cosmic reproduction of an uncreated original preserved by Allah (God). The Book of Allah, as the original is known, was sent, according to Mohammed's teachings, by God from the seventh Heaven down to Gabriel in the first Heaven; and parts of it were on various occasions revealed to the Prophet who, in many cases, wrote down the revelations. After the death of Mohammed, the writings were collected and were called the Koran.

The Koran is then the supreme authority of Islam. Under it are many others. Mohammed said there would be 73 Moslem sects, but that only one would survive. This is

authority enough for the existence of 73 sects, although the nuances which differentiate some of them are delicate in the extreme. For the purpose of clarifying the background to events which are even now taking place in Arabia, attention will be drawn to one—the Wahabite. The Wahabis are a cross between the Hanbalite and Zahirite sects, in western parlance, the Puritans of the Church of Islam. They cling tenaciously to orthodox Moslem tenets and strive for the reform of Islam in conformity to the teachings of the Koran. They believe in:

- 1) Prohibition of alcoholic drink and tobacco
- 2) No shaving
- 3) No veneration of shrines, even that of the Prophet
- 4) No wearing of jewelry, other ornaments or silk
- 5) Non-intervention of a third party between the Faithful and Allah
- 6) Resistance to all foreign influences (Christianity, etc.)
- 7) The personal interpretation of the Koran and traditions (of the Prophet)
- 8) The proselytization of all non-Wahabite Moslems

Thus the victory of Emir Ibn Saud, who knows the Koran by heart, is virtually a Puritan Revolution.

PERSIA

A Closed Incident?

Persians had expected something to happen and happen it did. Ever since the murder of Major Robert W. Imbrie, U. S. Vice Consul at Teheran, Persian capital (TIME, July 28), the populace had been filled with fearful forebodings. The murder, which was called by the *Sépareh Iran*, Teheran journal, a "bloody stain on a page of glorious history," was responsible, apart from its international complexion, for a proclamation of martial law, the resignations of Premier Reza Khan's colleagues, a plethora of arrests. Persians knew someone must die for a foul crime.

Court martials got busy. A fortnight ago, one Private Morteza was found guilty of:

"Having incited the mob to kill Vice Consul Imbrie; having disregarded the orders of Second Lieutenant Mustafa Khan and the non-commissioned officer, Mohammed Ali Khan, who three times ordered him to desist and pulled him out of the

Foreign News—[Continued]

mob, and having nevertheless persisted in attacking."

Last week he was shot. Blood has, apparently, washed out blood.

The day preceding the execution of Private Morteza, the Persian Government handed the U. S. Chargé d'Affaires *ad interim*, at Teheran, a check for \$60,000.

"This amount," said the U. S. State Department in Washington, "is the sum fixed by this Government for payment by the Persian Government to Mrs. Imbrie as reparation for the loss sustained by the death of the late Vice Consul Robert W. Imbrie."

SIAM

Royal Visit

As a wag remarked, when Siam is mentioned, one thinks of twins. Two Siamese natives, legally joined together, arrived in the U. S. They were Prince Prajapitok, second brother of King Rama VI of Siam*, and his wife.

The royal couple spoke English perfectly (the Prince was educated at Eton and Oxford); and said they intended to visit Boston, Chicago and other places en route to San Francisco, where they are to embark for Japan, thence home. "Home is always a good place to get back to," remarked the Princess.

CHINA

The War

The contending Tutchuns continued their war (TIME, Sept. 15 et seq.) with great show and many loud noises, but neither side gained any appreciable advantages. In the north, slight progress was made by Tutchun Chang of Manchuria. In the south, the army of Tutchun Chi of Kiangsu drove its enemy two miles nearer Shanghai, their coveted goal; then rain stopped the engagement.

Super-Tutchun Chang was exceptionally busy behind his lines. In a proclamation "To all whom it may concern," he offered \$50,000 for the head of President Tsao Kun or that of Super-Tutchun Wu, his bitterest enemy. If he were permitted the great pleasure of seeing either one of them alive as prisoner in his own camp, the reward would be \$100,000.

The Manchurian Super-Tutchun was also said to have come to an important understanding with Russia concerning the Chinese Eastern Railway. The gist

of this accord was to the effect that it liberated two divisions of Chang's troops, which were immediately sent to the front for service against the Central forces.

Chang was also active in promoting Japanese friendship. Whether there was any connection or not between the insidious diplomacy of the Manchurian War Lord and 5,000 Japanese in Tokyo was undeterminable. At any rate, a meeting was held in Shibu Park, Tokyo, and was attended by Peers and Representatives. Resolutions demanding the active intervention of Japan in China on the side of Chang were adopted.

LATIN AMERICA

Cuban Clash

Ex-President Menocal of Cuba, who was campaigning for a second term as President of the Republic, spent an eventful day.

Traveling on a train between the towns of Florida and Esmeralda, his party was fired upon by persons unknown.

A few hours later, four coaches of the train were derailed.

Continuing the journey by automobile, the ex-President at length arrived at Camaguey and started a campaign meeting.

Precisely how it happened could not be ascertained, for each side accused the other; but a political riot started, lasted two hours, and was quelled only after the militia had arrived on the scene. Seven people were killed, 57 injured.

At Havana, capital of Cuba, the guard around the presidential palace was doubled.

Commercial Congress

In Atlanta, Ga., assembled representatives of the Latin American Republics, together with those of 19 states of the U. S. The occasion was a Pan-American Commercial Congress. All the many speeches advocated closer commercial cooperation between American countries.

All the Latin-American Republics represented: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Santo Domingo, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela.

Member states of the U. S. represented: Georgia, Florida, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Alabama, Arkansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Texas, Illinois, Michigan, Connecticut, New York.

NEW BOOKS

The following books, economically, politically, historically, or biographically related to Foreign News, have recently been published in the U. S.:

Lord Pam

THE TRIUMPH OF LORD PALMERSTON — B. Kingsley Martin — *Dial Press* (\$3.50). The relations between the public and the press on the one hand and the press and the Cabinet on the other are the subjects of this book. Briefly, it tells of Lord Palmerston's dismissal by Lord John Russell, of his subsequent inclusion in the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen, and his final triumph over the Pacifists. It shows how public opinion drove the country into war with Russia when war could have been avoided; and it tells how Lord Palmerston surged forward on the crest of a wave of public popularity.

It is difficult to say that the author has written well; it is far easier to say that he has done a thorough piece of editorial work.

Zeitgeist

LEVIATHAN—William Bolitho—*Harper's* (\$2.00). The author has chosen the word Leviathan, meaning something formidably large, as title of a number of essays interpreting "our age"—or what the Germans call *Zeitgeist*. Mr. Bolitho says the saxophone is our *Zeitgeist*. He describes the curious cruelty of the English in Mme. Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors—the place where the effigies of famed murders are exhibited before the crime, in the act of the crime, after the crime, at the point of execution, etc. He tells of the great past, moving forward in the same dignified way to meet the future—and how well it is done. If it had been otherwise, the book could not have been written by Bolitho.

A Proud Ptolemy

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CLEOPATRA, QUEEN OF EGYPT—Arthur Weigall—*Putnam* (\$5.00). The story of Anthony and Cleopatra, immortalized by Shakespeare, would seem so well known as to make repetitions unnecessary. Yet Egyptologist Weigall has created a book that all will delight in reading. His characters live again in the pageant of the past. He has entered the spirit of Egypt and has portrayed with consummate skill and a sympathetic pen the great characters that entered into the life of the proud Ptolemy Queen. It is a fine example of interpretive history, in which events are made the creations of human beings.

*The Siamese call their country Muang, Thai, which means "country of the free." The system of government is based largely upon that of Britain. Siam lies to the south of China and to the east of India. Its area is 200,148 sq. mi.—about four times the size of Pennsylvania.

MUSIC

A Critical Guest

Ernest Newman has for years been connected, in the capacity of music critic, with the *London Sunday Times*. He is one of the most thoroughly grounded and keenly sympathetic of living critics—certainly one of the most human and most readable. He has just arrived in this country and will serve for a year as visiting guest critic of the *New York Evening Post*.

Mr. Newman's opinions are varied and vigorous. Of Chopin he writes: "... one of the four or five great seminal forces in modern music"; of Debussy and Stravinsky: "... the frankness of an impressionable child"; of Beethoven: "In point of sheer intelligence and culture, Beethoven could probably not hold a candle to Saint-Saëns or Weingartner"; of Tchaikovsky: "... the typical Weary Willie of Art"; of overtures "... the true problem of the overture was to abolish the overture."

Mr. Newman is the successor on the *Post* of Henry Thophilus Finck, whose chief enthusiasms were the composer Grieg, food, life, love. Finck originated the theory that romantic love is a modern sentiment unknown to savages and the ancients. He has written on Grieg, Wagner, Japan, Spain, gardening, food, Massenet, fat. He explains his authorship of *Girth Control* on the ground of professional association with opera singers. Next to collie puppies, says he, he finds girls to be the most adorable creatures in the world.

In Providence

The "Benedict Monument to Music," bequeathed to the city of Providence by William Curtis Benedict and called "an architectural melody in white marble," has been opened in Roger Williams Park. It has a seating capacity of about 30,000. The elaborate dedication program included Marie Sundelius, soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, as soloist.

Flowerless

The arts are reputed to confer immortality on their practitioners. Pictures, books, symphonies have a certain agreeable permanence, keeping their composers persistently before the posthumous public. Despite the efforts of the Victor Talking Machine Co., there remains a trace of the ephemeral in the fame of the interpreters of music—even the most exalted of them.

Travelers from Italy report a moving instance of the limitations of the memory of musical mankind. Enrico Caruso died three years ago,

leaving millions of dollars and admirers. He was, it may be affirmed with security, one of the greatest singers the world has ever known—and one of the most beloved. Yet 1½ tomb, in Naples, most musical of cities, has been observed to be without a single flower—mute witness to the evanescence of man's favor.



© Underwood CARUSO

"—without a single flower"

In Milwaukee

Milwaukee used to be known as the beer capital.

It also used to be known as the "musical Athens of the West." For many years, Hugo Kaun, famed German composer, lived and worked there.

Of late, Milwaukee has fallen off in musical prominence; but there is every prospect of a speedy revival.

Carl Eppert, picturesque and able conductor of a union orchestra which last year played for 15,000 people in ten public concerts, is backing a campaign for a \$50,000 guarantee annually for three years in the interests of a bigger and better orchestra for Milwaukee.

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

"The Story Without a Name." Reported as a prize story, this picture causes chiefly astonishment. It is about as good a picture as the next one but why prizes were presented is obscure. It seizes upon the popular death-ray plot, abducts the U. S. inventor and his heroine under the auspices of a sinister foreign power, and saves them by courtesy of the U. S. Navy in time to preserve the death-ray secret. Agnes Ayres, Antonio Moreno and the dented nose of Louis Wolheim are among those higher up in the cast.

Dante's Inferno. Doré rather than Dante was the libretto employed for this extraordinary study of home life in hell. All the writhing agonies of the Doré decorations are transplanted and pricked with pins to make them wriggle. Showers of fire, bubbling pitch, blood-stained harpies are industriously pitch-forked together for the discomfiture of most of the prominent sinners of History. It is all supposed to be the dream of a very wicked business man who fell asleep over a copy of Dante. Except for sinners who have the misfortune to be self-conscious, the film is respectfully recommended.

Her Love Story. Gloria Swanson's latest contains only a mild amount of drama but a good deal of Gloria Swanson and will therefore automatically acquire a million or more dollars. Mary Robert Rinehart wrote this one on the sound old theme of the Princess who loved the commoner. Against a purple background of mustachios and gold lace, Miss Swanson again demonstrates that she is quite properly one of the greater figures in the current cinema.

Three Women. The three women are Pauline Frederick, May McAvoy, and Marie Prevost. Pauline is 38 and looking around pretty anxiously for a little affection. May, her daughter, marries it right under her nose and Marie lures it rapidly away. It is Lew Cody. The unseen hand of Ernest Lubitsch pulls the strings for these popular puppets and makes them dance acceptably.

His Hour. Ever since *Three Weeks* was written, the public has furtively expected bright red adventures from the pen of Elinor Glyn. Again she presents the pink pills of platitude. Somewhere in Russia a pre-war prince corners an English girl in a lonely cabin. She pulls a gun on him and they hold the pose for hours. When she finally faints from exhaustion, he gets cold feet or kind heart and carries her off to Petrograd to buy a license.

BOOKS

Super-Man*

The World Turned Upside Down for Your Entertainment

The Story. A mighty man, this Richard Hogarth, farmer, with brown skin, round brow, moles on his cheek, lips "negroid in their thick pout," eyes brown, blood-shot, "imperial large."

The Jews, driven from Europe, had taken England for their own. Baruch Frankl, "Jew of Jews," ordered his tenants to wear a fez with a tassel as Livery of the Manor. But Hogarth refused, and Hogarth's sister rejected Frankl's amorous advances. Things took place—Hogarth flogged Frankl; Hogarth was convicted, falsely, of murder; Hogarth was sent to Colmoor prison. Rebekah Frankl, beautiful, barbaric, with earrings as big as hoops, flung a red flower with a black heart of passion to Hogarth on his conviction.

Hogarth, having solved the problem of the world's misery, decided that he was justified in leaving prison to set things right. Blasting the great bell of Colmoor with lightning from heaven, he escaped astride of its clapper when it was sent for repairs. The ship bearing the bell and Hogarth was wrecked, and he was cast up on the Cornish coast.

Inconspicuously disguised in the robes of a Bedouin, he dug out of a meteorite enough diamonds to buy the earth, got in touch with Rebekah, circumvented temporarily his enemies, indicted a note to the great powers taking possession of the oceans of the world.

Having spent three years juggling with the world's finances, training armies, building colossal floating fortresses of impregnable steel, Hogarth blew up a few liners, destroyed the British fleet, established a toll (sea rent) on all passing vessels, finally took over England in the capacity of regent, in order to put into operation his panacea for the ills of the world—a system of land tenure by the nation, not by the individual. The Jews he commanded to return to Palestine.

Unfortunately, Hogarth still had his enemies. Two in particular—an ex-priest and a cockney murderer—had peculiar talents for turning up at the wrong time in the wrong places. At the height of his triumph, the murderer stabbed him and the

ex-priest contrived to sink most of his floating forts. Hogarth fled for his life, his power tumbling in ruins about his head.

Happily, he was a resourceful superman. Having failed as Lord of the Sea, he went to the Holy Land just in time to be acclaimed as the Mes-



M. P. SHIEL

Lacking a word, he coins one

siah of the Second Coming. He married Rebekah and for 60 years ruled over Israel, documents found in a hair trunk having proved him to be a Jew. Under his rule, Israel became the centre and heart of the world.

The Significance. Shiel is a mad, dazzling fellow, "wildly well writing and riding this English language." He is more romantic than Romance, juggling nations, kings, comets, peasants in soaring obedience to unreined fancy. His characters talk as no man talked, act as no man acted, exist in a blazing phantasmal world where almost anything is almost sure to happen. Lacking a word, he coins one; where History or Science runs counter to his conception, he remakes History and Science. He is sheer imaginative flame run wild like a cosmic prairie fire. You can laugh at him—you cannot deny his vitality.

The Author. Matthew Phipps Shiel was born of Irish parents in the West Indies in 1865. He studied medicine and mathematics; chemical experiments and mathematics are still his chief amusements. He appears to know a little about almost everything. His first venture as an author was the publication of a paper, written out by hand, at the age of 13. His particular

pride is his body. He boasts that he, "over 40 years old, can run nine miles with sprightliness." He sees a fundamental identity between genius and physical health. Among his novels—some 20 in number—are *Prince Zaleski*, *Shapes in the Fire*, *The Purple Cloud*, *The Pale Ape*, *Children of the Wind*. *The Lord of the Sea* was first published in 1901.

New Books

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

Heavy Huxley

YOUNG ARCHIMEDES—Aldous Huxley—*Doran* (\$2.00). The skilled dispenser of cleverness to the sophisticates becomes excessively painstaking and elaborately voluble in a set of six not particularly short short stories. They are exhaustive studies in human nature. *Uncle Spencer* enlarges upon the love of an elderly Englishman for a cockney male impersonator in a German internment prison. *Little Mexican* tells about a romantic Italian Count and the thwarted life of his son. *Hubert and Minnie* relates the abortive misconduct of an unwilling young man and a willing young woman. *Ford*, short and not without poignancy, is no more than a snapshot of an overworked chambermaid and her temperamental mistress. *The Portrait* describes the selling of a fake Old Master. *Young Archimedes* discovers an infant mathematical prodigy, recounts his frustration and early suicide. All the stories are careful, ambitious work. All are dull.

Huck Finn Redivivus

GOIN' ON FOURTEEN—Irvin S. Cobb—*Doran* (\$2.50). John C. Calhoun Custer had his 13th birthday the day before the first page of this book. He is spiritual brother to "Penrod," to "Huck Finn," to "Tom Bailey," to all the other naughtyurchins whose pranks bring reminiscences up to shriveled throats. The story—or series of stories—is true to form. There are adventures with dogs and cats, a treasure-hunting expedition, the inevitable circus, a running away from home. There is tragedy when the village bad boy dies to rescue a contemporary from drowning. The book is like a score of others, but Mr. Cobb's insight into the pre-adolescent intelligence or his recollection of the days immediately before the first hair curved proudly on the youthful chest is shrewder than most.

*THE LORD OF THE SEA—M. P. Shiel—Knopf (\$2.50).

THE THEATRE

New Plays

That Awful Mrs. Eaton. There lived a lady once, in Washington, of whom many suspected that she was not really a lady at all. The fact that she had been a tavern keeper's daughter had something to do with it. She was married to John Henry Eaton, Secretary of War under Andrew Jackson. Andrew Jackson took it upon himself to establish her social position. With her engaging Irish wit as his chief aide de camp, he succeeded.

The unfolding of this more or less historical tale requires six scenes. Of these, three could be deleted; and the play would remain a significant commentary on the masks and manners of an earlier generation. Of the scene in which Andrew Jackson has himself shaved while granting an audience to the British Ambassador, of his following fulminations against the flimsy turrets of society and of the episode of the White House Ball much good must be remarked.

One cannot see the history one studied in childhood magnificently recreated in the stately personages of Calhoun, Clay, Webster, John Quincy Adams and Dolly Madison without delight. So dextrous was the play in setting, character and costume that it stirred unmistakable delight throughout the audience. If the play's incident was mild, its brilliant qualities of pageantry more than erased the difference.

John Farrar and Stephen Vincent Benét are the authors. Possibly they imputed to Peggy Eaton a nimbler wit than they devised for her. As played by Katherine Alexander, the character caught the crackle of conviction.

The Far Cry. Those who are industriously interested in the stage have long known the facile genius of Robert Milton. He has been termed the most talented director of our theatre. This season he incorporated himself and plunged into independent production with *The Far Cry*. The splash attracted notables, professional and social, to the opening performance. They retired at eleven o'clock with their hopes vaguely dampened.

A very expensive cast gave a patchwork performance in a somewhat unpalatable play. The single redeeming feature was the bitter brilliance of Margalo Gilmore.

Miss Gilmore translated into beauty and cynicism the playwright's conception of an American girl who has lived too long abroad. Deserting the lax and luxurious friends of her not too immaculate mother, she turns up in Florence with an American artist who

is not her husband. Her long-suffering father and the mother of her artist arrive to create a difficult scene from which she flees with an Italian count for no very good reason. Back in Paris,



MISS GILMORE
"A magnificent performance"

she repents on her father's shoulder and departs for America ostensibly to reforge her rusty morals against her marriage with the artist.

Heywood Brown—"A magnificent performance [Miss Gilmore's], a good deal of interest and entertainment, and a cracked window on life."

Gilbert W. Gabriel—"If it does not seriously threaten the traffic in travelers' checks, (it) puts an aureate lily in either hand of the Statue of Liberty."

The Busybody. A turbulent tale of chorus girls and stolen jewelry arrived under this trade-mark and achieved the distinction of being one of the loudest, if not one of the funniest, farces currently in operation. Ada Lewis, whose hoarse and drastic buffoonery have promoted the pulse of many a musical comedy, took the lead. She took in addition nearly all the critical cordiality that the production was awarded.

Made for Each Other. A stranger wandered into a small uptown theatre and was riddled with critical bullets. Everything about him was awry. The story he had to tell was jejune and his mode of narration was stumbling and shabby. He discussed in three switchback scenes just why the hero of his story was one hour late for his wedding.

Alan Dale—"Somebody remarked that the play needed life. . . . Life was possibly too drastic, but 20 years—at least 20 years."

Bewitched. A brilliantly colored and ambitious dream has added its spell to the diversions of the season. Fantasy is one of the most dangerous elements of the Theatre. The heavy hand, particularly the heavy stage hand, crushes its magic. The magic of *Bewitched*, occasionally disturbed by clanking scenery, contrives nevertheless to contribute a high quantity of beauty.

It tells the tale of a Boston aviator, crashed in a magic forest of France and in love with the daughter of the castle. As he falls asleep that night, he dreams that the Marquis of the castle is a sorcerer. In answer to his demand for the daughter's hand in marriage, the sorcerer presents him with temptations. The echoes of old love return in tempting series to drown the latest melody. Through a horrible night of memories he survives successfully to plead his case with the lovely lady in the morning.

Florence Eldridge is called upon for the complex portrayal of the granddaughter, the wizard's ward, herself "a sorceress in a small way," and the old loves. Seldom are such intensive and complicated demands made upon an actress in a single evening. Miss Eldridge was game, but hardly great.

Judy Drops In. A harmless little comedy that is probably not long for this world was among the late arrivals of the week. It is one of those clean, wholesome entertainments to which you can take your greataunt. Almost anyone else would be bored to death.

Greenwich Village, and a bachelor ménage is suddenly surprised by a little lady who has been disowned by her horrid old mother just because she stayed out too late at a party. In the end she marries one of the bachelors. Greenwich Village turns out to be a tidy settlement after all, given to mild jokes and exceedingly correct parties.

Great Music. The old story of the man who came back is herein told. Only this man didn't. The demeanor of the telling is dangerously explosive, and dangerously obvious. It flies its danger flags so flagrantly that most of the witnesses can retreat, mentally, to safety before the crash occurs.

Throughout the play, an enlarged and presumably expensive orchestra thunders away at Erik Fane's great music. The action aims to tell the story of his life, on which he based his sympathy. First he flees Rome with a mistress because his father demands his return to Wall Street. Failing to write his music in Paris, he slides down the scale and is next discovered in a Port Said brothel. Ably assisted by quantities of dope, he murders a cockney sailor man. His last lap is in the Marquesas where he comes down with leprosy. In the brief remaining years

of sanitay he is supposed to have contributed the symphony.

The play shouts at the top of its voice for lovers of morbid melodrama. As a serious discussion of character disintegration, it is preposterous.

The Best Plays

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

Drama

WHAT PRICE GLORY—Mayor Hylan and the U. S. Army entered a public conspiracy to throttle the best play of the fall. Hylan snorts at the swear words; the Army dislikes the frankly severe portrait of Marines at home in the trenches.

CORBA—Melodramatic, possibly slightly old-fashioned; but distinctly of the type that was once known as "gripping."

THE MIRACLE—Almost at the end of its metropolitan career. Religion in hugely proportioned pantomime.

RAIN—Jeanne Eagels in her incisive argument that wickedness is sometimes next to godliness and even a little ahead of it.

HAVOC—Fairly conventional War story made serviceable by a competent London cast.

WHITE CARGO—What happens to an exile when loneliness merges into madness.

CONSCIENCE—A patchy parable of jail and prostitution rising to excellence with the performance of a brilliant novice, Lillian Foster.

Comedy

THE SHOW-OFF—Diverting dissection of all-American bluster as it affects the lower middle class.

THE WEREWOLF—Largely concerned with a topic usually taboo in polite conversation. Admissible for its sage and finished playing.

EXPRESSING WILLIE—Swiftly satirical and quite up-to-date study of artistic temperament in the younger generation.

FATA MORBANA—Emily Stevens as the city orchid who frolicked for an evening with the rustic ramblor.

GROUND FOR DIVORCE—Somewhat sparse brambles of marital infelicity thickly populated with the brilliance of Ina Claire.

MINICK—Proving that an old man blends better with old men than with lower-middle-class rigidity of his son's "in laws."

Musical

The following metropolitan musical shows can be listened to, looked and laughed at most agreeably: *Rita Revue*, *Kid Boots*, *Rose-Marie*, *The Dream Girl*, *I'll Say She Is*, *The Grand Street Folies*, *George White's Scandals*, *Ziegfeld Folies*.

ART

Will Sell

David Belasco, wizard of the realistic stage, is about to sell his collections—artistic and otherwise. There is a work table of rosewood, gift to his mother from Edwin Booth; there is a cloak



© Paul Thompson

DAVID BELASCO

"There is a work table of rosewood"

worn by Booth as Don Cesar de Bazan; a French harp once belonging to the Empress Eugénie; Staffordshire ware, vessels, plates, figurines; European and Chinese porcelains; Chinese porcelain birds; Capo di Monte figurines; English, U. S., Bohemian glass; wood carvings; furniture from France, England, Italy; early textiles, brocades, needlework panels, cushions, banners; Chinese, Persian, Caucasian, Turkish rugs; arms and armor of all periods and climes; paintings and panels by Jan van Beers, contemporary Dutchman; silver and pewter; miniatures in enamel and ivory; silhouettes and medallions; cameos, intaglios, jewelry, ornaments; U. S. and British drums from the Revolution; a British silk battle flag; early U. S. prints; three bronze treasure caskets, elaborately fashioned, carefully followed Gothic models of famed Venetian chests, which had been constructed in Paris expressly for Mr. Belasco's production of the *Merchant of Venice*.

Ugly Negroes

Herbert Ward was a wanderer in the heart of the Congo jungles. As he went, he collected things—anything that reflected the life and thought of primitive races. There were queer bar-

baric ornaments; shining, murderous weapons; primitive carvings. Also, he saw strange sights, saw battle and death, saw human beings stripped to aboriginal essentials of life and passion. For his own amusement, he liked to take a stub of pencil and stray sheet of paper and sketch roughly the things that interested him.

He came, finally, to London, loaded with souvenirs and memories of his travels. One day, he started to model the head of a Negro such as those he had known in darkest Africa. In 1901, it was shown in the Paris Salon. It is now in the Luxembourg Museum.

Ward's intrusion into the world of sculpture was spectacular. Its result is a series of bronzes—fierce, elemental figures, full of the mystery and terror and power of the jungle. A warrior, armed and tense, snarling; a chieftain, peering at one from under lowering brow; a nude woman and two children fleeing some grim jungle peril; a sorcerer dancing a mad dance.

All are executed with a sure, skilful hand, with an ever-fresh touch, unhampered by schooling. Said Herbert Ward: "But even if a man does ugly Negroes and knows what he is doing and manages to get his soul into it, there will some day come along the men who understand."

Ward's whole collection, bronzes included, has come into the possession of the Smithsonian Institution and may be seen at the National Museum, Washington. If one cannot visit them there, an interesting appreciation of his work by W. H. Holmes, illustrated by photographs, appeared in the September issue of *Art and Archaeology*.

Soap

Sculptors have never been perfectly content with any medium, possibly because their range of choice is so wide. Marble, wood, bronze, porcelain, lead, tin, clay, glass, butter, all have, at one time or another, been modeled or cast in the shape of the beauty in the artist's mind.

The enterprising firm of Procter & Gamble, soap men, have suddenly resolved to test the esthetic possibilities of their product. They offer three prizes of \$250, \$150, \$100 for sculpture in white soap—no brand of white soap specified. Awards will be made by a jury—judgment to be for beauty, technique, artistic excellence, no subject being fixed.

SCIENCE

The Diggers

Some of the major finds of diggers, archeologists and paleontologists, recently made or described, include:

❑ In Pisidian Antioch,* an expedition financed by the University of Michigan and including Dr. David M. Robinson of Johns Hopkins University, unearthed two paved squares, one dedicated to Tiberius, the other to Augustus, a flight of marble steps and a propylea connecting the two squares. The major find was the ruins of a great temple built in the first century by Augustus with a frieze of bulls' heads connected by garlands of leaves and fruit.

❑ In New Mexico, the students of Phillips Andover Academy completed their fifth season of excavation at Pecos Pueblo, south of Santa Fe. Pecos is one of the ancient Pueblos, and the discoveries are contributing to the reconstruction of pre-European Indian society.

❑ In Yucatan, work has been given up until after the rainy season in uncovering the great Mayan City of Chichenitza. A great mosaic floor, several reservoirs lined with stone, and the "court of the thousand columns" were partly cleared, but work is to be continued for perhaps ten years more.

❑ In Nebraska, the State Historical Society, making excavations along the banks of the Platte and Loup Rivers, layed bare the foundations of a great Indian settlement, believed to have been founded as early as 1341 and tentatively identified as the city of Quivira. Floors of large houses, pottery, and pieces of Spanish armor believed to have been taken from a massacred Spanish expedition in 1720 were discovered. The floors were circular in shape, and some as large as 60 ft. in diameter.

❑ In Ober-St. Veit, a suburb of Vienna, on an oolitic cliff, a terraced settlement of an early Indo-Germanic tribe, dated at perhaps 2500 B. C., was discovered by an expedition directed by Professor Joseph Bayer. Bones of stags, roes, horses, pigs, sheep, goats, dogs and fish were discovered, but no human skeletons.

❑ At Sakkarah, Egypt, two stone chapels of the Third Dynasty were discovered. They were said to be "the earliest stone buildings ever discovered."

❑ In Tripoli, work has been going

forward in uncovering the city of Leptis Magna, birthplace of the Emperor Septimius Severus. The city, 100 miles east of Tripoli, and about five miles from the sea at the present time, was formerly a seaport as the discovery of elaborate wharves proves. It was almost two miles square and the ruins are now buried in from 10 to 50 ft. of sand. A great palace, several statues and baths have been uncovered, and a series of columns nine metres high.

❑ In Berlin, Dr. Kurt Sachs of the Prussian State Museum, announced that he had discovered the meaning of two previously unintelligible Assyrian inscriptions dating from the seventh century B. C. He believes that they were musical notations and on the basis of this interpretation has reconstructed a musical system for use with a 22-stringed harp.

❑ In Utah, Director William Peterson, of the Utah Agricultural College, examining concretions of the roofs of coal mines, discovered them to be footprints of extinct animals. He believes that they were formed when the animals walked across peat bogs which had been covered with about a foot of silt. The heavy beasts sank through into the peat; and the mud, filling up their tracks, was petrified when the peat was converted to coal. The tracks are very large, 16 to 32 in. in maximum length, and are all three-toed. No traces of forefeet or tails were discovered. The tracks follow definite paths 20 to 30 ft. in width.

❑ In Nevada, on the floor of the State Penitentiary at Carson, were discovered footprints of the *Mylodon darwini*, an ancient elephant. They were identified by John C. Merriam of the Carnegie Institute.

❑ Near Urga, Mongolia, Prof. Peter Kozloff unearthed a great cache of animal skeletons, including 25 quadrupeds, 150 birds, 100 reptiles, and 1,000 giant insects.

EDUCATION

Extension

A soldier, wounded in the War, was asked how he passed his three months of convalescence. Said he: "I took a complete university course."

"So?" said his questioner. "And how did you manage that?"

"Read the *Encyclopedia Britannica* from cover to cover," said the soldier.

Few non-college persons have such an opportunity. Few would think of undertaking such a voluminous body of

reading. Yet the soldier's definition of his act was not inaccurate. *A to And, And to Aus* and their fellows contain virtually every fact and theory that the average college course would conceivably offer. And of late the faculty of this portable university opened an extension school. It published:

THESE EVENTFUL YEARS—*The Encyclopedia Britannica* (2 vols.)—\$11.50. Two ponderous volumes, containing 1,351 pages of reading matter, attempt to relate the story of the present Century. From the four legendary corners of the earth—from the U. S. to Australia, from Russia to South America—the *Encyclopedia Britannica* has gathered the experts of the world and has persuaded them to write contemporary history.

History is, properly speaking, a chronicle of the deeds of men. The 84 chapters of the books read with the perfect rhythm of a connected tale; yet all of them have a different tale to tell. J. L. Garvin, Britain's great Liberal journalist, contributes four chapters on world history since 1890, with emphasis on the 20th Century. Major General Sir Frederick Maurice polishes off the War, tells how it was "fought and won." General Ludendorff informs the reader that Germany never was defeated; which contention, even if it be preposterous, at least gives a point of view that is widely held in Germany. Profs. Carlton J. H. Hayes of Columbia and Charles Seymour of Yale give their academic sidelights on Armageddon; and the War subject is rounded off by naval expositions from Admirals von Tirpitz, von Scheer, Jellicoe and Sims—two German, one British and one American.

The League of Nations finds its exponent in M. Léon Bourgeois, a venerable French statesman. Bernard M. Baruch adds a clear chapter on interrelated debts; and many another financial or economic question is discussed by many another expert.

The social history of every important country is summarized by competent authorities. To mention a few: Prof. John H. Latané of Johns Hopkins on the U. S.; Rt. Hon. Sir H. C. Plunkett on Ireland; Brand Whitlock on Belgium; ex-Premier Francesco Nitti on Italy; ex-Ambassador Hanihara on Japan; etc., etc., etc.

But History goes deeper. Read what Dr. Henry S. Canby, Editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, has to say about contemporary literature. About radium, consult Mme. Curie's chapter. On the past, viewed in the light of recent discoveries, Prof. James H. Breasted of the University of Chicago provides a masterly essay. Even the future is summed up by that well-known prophet, H. G. Wells. Whether it be Science, Religion, Law, Sport, Commerce, Industry, Poetry, Drama, Music or Art that is the subject of interest, to each is

*Not to be confused with the modern Antioch, capital of Syria. The Antioch alone referred to is on the border of Pisidia and Phrygia and is the city mentioned by Paul, Acts xiii.

devoted a separate chapter. President Angell of Yale discourses on democracy in education; Sigmund Freud descends into the Stygian night of psychoanalysis and is followed closely by Sir Oliver J. Lodge, whose chapter concerns "psychical research and the invisible world."

Such is the broad outline of the scope of these books. Within them lies the story of this hectic quarter-Century, whose history has already been as active and spectacular as that of any other period in the written annals of man.

Debate

Six young men took turns speaking from the rostrum of Manhattan's Town Hall. They spoke earnestly, carefully, striving to sustain the academic detachment that well befits international debaters. Their subject was: "Resolved, that this House is opposed to the principle of Prohibition." When they had done, no board of judges handed down a decision; but a vote was taken among the audience. It was found that the three young men who had upheld the principle of Prohibition had the agreement of a majority of those voting.

These persuasive three were Columbia University students—A. D. Will, Edward Goodelman, H. F. Williamson. Their adversaries were two Englishmen from Oxford—J. D. Woodruff of New College, M. C. Hollis of Balliol College—and a Scotchman, Malcolm MacDonald of Queen's College. Malcolm and his fellow Oxonians had come to the U. S. A. to take issue with the debaters of 17 colleges, of which Columbia was the first.

White of tooth, firm of jaw, high of forehead, Malcolm much resembles his famed father, Ramsay. During his Manhattan sojourn, he stayed with Norman Thomas, Socialist nominee for Governor of New York, and was there surrounded by many a liberal thinker. This, and his open endorsement of Senator LaFollette's presidential candidacy, were proof that he is no traitor to the politics of his house. During the debate, however, he was at pains to dissociate his own expressions from any views the English Labor Party may hold on Prohibition. Said he: "I hope I will not be taken for what I am not."

At Troy

Night boats up the Hudson, express trains from Buffalo and Boston steamed into Troy, N. Y. Of the passengers, many were hurrying to the 100th birthday party of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute—"the only institution devoted to theo-

retical and practical science to exist continuously in an English-speaking country since 1824."

Some of the hurrying passengers: Herbert Hoover, U. S. Secretary of Commerce; Sir Charles L. Morgan,



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MALCOLM MACDONALD

"I hope I will not be taken for what I am not"

President of the Institution of Civil Engineers of Great Britain; Arthur Surveyor, president of the Engineering Institute of Canada; Henri Abraham, onetime president of the Society of Electrical Engineers of France; Luigi Luiggi, President of the Society of Civil Engineers of Italy.

These men saw tablets unveiled, listened to speeches, spoke themselves. Senator Luiggi invested Palmer Chamberlain Ricketts, President and Director of Rensselaer Institute since 1901, with a splendid decoration from King Vittorio Emanuele of Italy. At a dinner, Herbert Hoover discharged his duty as spokesman for "the leading citizen of our country," thanking Rensselaer for all it had "given to our people."

Amos Eaton and Stephen Van Rensselaer are two outstanding names in the history of the Institute. The latter was Patron of Rensselaerwick and a member of Congress. A generous and loyal patron of progress, he laid the cornerstone for civil engineering in the U. S. by founding what was nominally a school for "the sons and daughters" of farmers and mechanics."

* Actually women were never admitted.

Amos Eaton introduced to the school Van Rensselaer had founded new methods of study and new purposes. It was he who in 1835 grasped the importance of the industrial revolution the U. S. was then undergoing, took upon himself the title of Professor of Civil Engineering and presented four young men for the C. E. degree.

Another notable figure in Rensselaer Institute's history was Benjamin Franklin Greene, who became director in 1847 and reorganized the Institute into a general polytechnic. As such, it thereafter became a pattern for U. S. technical schools.

As early as Professor Eaton's day, Rensselaer graduates went pioneering in the field of scientific agriculture. California and Wisconsin were the first two states benefited. Later, Rensselaer men started the departments of Botany, Zoology, Physics, Chemistry, Geology, Mineralogy and Astronomy at such universities as Iowa, Michigan, Harvard, Cornell, Johns Hopkins. Their greatest names, however, are in engineering annals. Rensselaer-trained were:

Edwin Thacher, '63, slide rule inventor, designer of the five-span Kansas River Bridge at Topeka.

William, '39, and Lewis E. Gurley, '45, famed manufacturers of engineering instruments.

A. J. Cassatt, '59, onetime President of the Pennsylvania R. R.

W. A., '57, and C. G. Roebling, '71. W. A. was chief engineer for the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge. Their firm supplied the cables for the Williamsburg Bridge, "longest suspension structure ever erected."

Theodore Cooper, '58, consulting engineer for the Quebec Bridge and for the Washington Bridge (over the Harlem River, Manhattan).

Dollars and Brains

The direct ratio between brains and dollars is more or less established for the individual. The ratio between a father's dollars and his offspring's brains is another question. Last week, the Federal Bureau of Education announced that, according to the researches of one Andrew H. MacPhail and the late Professor Stephen S. Colvin of Brown University, this latter ratio is also direct.

MacPhail and Colvin, by means of psychological and other tests, surveyed the mentality of 3,333 boys and girls in senior classes of Massachusetts high schools. They found that a curve representing their subjects' intelligence followed closely the downward trend of another curve representing the incomes of their

RELIGION

subjects' parents. Professional men stood at the top of the income graph; their children at the top of the mentality index. Farmers and their children footed both indices.

Comparing the Massachusetts results with the results of similar research made in Indiana, marked similarities appeared, though the financial well-being of the Indiana parents was found to diverge considerably from those tabulated in Massachusetts.

The examinees were also asked to state their chosen life careers. Five-sixths of them had so chosen. In the new classification, it was found that boys headed for professions were far superior in mental equipment to all the others. Prospective farmers were second, salesmen and clerks third, clerical workers fourth, skilled artisans fifth, foremen and business executives last. Among the girls, prospective foremen and business heads led the rest, artisans were second, professional workers third, home-makers fourth, clerical workers last.

Incentive

The blue-ribbon incentive is often talked about in plans for stimulating scholarship. Phi Beta Kappa and other honor societies, prizes, fellowships, positions of honor as offered for high standing—all promote a competitive spirit in student bodies. For these gauds, however, the competition is an individual affair—each man for himself.

Last week, a new vehicle for the blue-ribbon incentive was brought forward by one Robert S. Hale, Chairman of a committee of Harvard Phi Beta Kappa which has been investigating scholarship in secondary schools. Mr. Hale reported and his society adopted a plan for the establishment of an Interscholastic Scholarship Cup, to be contested by teams of students from every high school and academy in the U. S. The award—a bronze plaque—will go to that school whose team passes the seven highest college board examinations each June. The school winning most often in the next seven years will place the plaque permanently in its "trophy room."

Urging his plan, Mr. Hale pictured school study-teams going into training, employing coaches, receiving their schoolmates' support (vocal and otherwise), "fighting" for the national scholastic championship as they would for a football title.

His plan adopted, Mr. Hale proceeded to write to 2,500 headmasters and principals, suggesting that they call their boys together, tell them to hold the Scholastic Trophy on a par with the football championship.

In the Bouwerie

Maidens in "gowns of a flimsy character," dancing, prancing lightly in the nave of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, glorifying God and the American girl, with Matthew, Mark, Luke and John looking on. They are gone. The famed "eurythmic ritual," so notable a feature of the afternoon services in the Manhattan church last year, will be dispensed with this season, announced the Rector, Dr. William Norman Guthrie. His reasons for discontinuing the dances were described by Dr. Guthrie as "rather physical than spiritual." The difficulties of their preparation, together with the necessity for cutting down the Church's budget, has made it unwise to keep them up.

The dances, it is said, were never supported by the older parishioners. When, last Easter, A. Van Horne Stuyvesant went to inspect the grave of his ancestor, Peter Stuyvesant (TIME, June 23), he and his family departed without leaving their individual checks for \$900 at the Church. The eurythmic ritual also brought upon Dr. Guthrie the Episcopal admonition of Bishop William T. Manning. "In disregard of my counsel . . . you used eurythmic or other dancing in said church. . . . Therefore I hereby notify you that I decline to visit the congregation and parish of St. Mark's (TIME, Apr. 7). Bishop Manning was shown in a cartoon quoting the words of a once popular music-hall melody:

The things they do and the things they say

*In the Bowery, the Bowery!
But I'll never go there any more.**

Fosdick

For five years the First Presbyterian Church of New York City has had a queue of people waiting at its doors long before church time. For five years its pews have been jammed, its aisles utilized wherever possible. Yet not for five years has a Presbyterian preacher been the regular occupant of this popular Presbyterian pulpit. The occupant has been a Baptist all this time, a member of the Faculty of Union Theological Seminary, Manhattan, whom the church invited in 1919 to serve as

* But Bishop Manning did visit St. Mark's in the Bouwerie last week. A member of the Stuyvesant family (Miss Catharine E. died); and, at the request of the Stuyvesants and of Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Manning officiated at the funeral.

special preacher. The Baptist's name is Dr. Henry Emerson Fosdick. Vigorous, vauntless, straightforward, this man is as eminent and respected a teacher of men as might well be found today in any church of Christendom.

Last week Dr. Fosdick returned from a five-months' vacation to find his congregation huger than ever. There were the usual faithful flock and in addition newspaper men, noted theologians, a visiting Bishop. Aside from being glad to have Dr. Fosdick back, these attentive hundreds were keen to hear what he was going to say upon a situation that arose last May between him and the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, a situation that might render this sermon his last in the First Presbyterian Church of New York.

The situation was this: In May, the Presbyterian General Assembly (at Grand Rapids) pointed out to the Presbytery of New York that, while he remained a Baptist, Dr. Fosdick "ought not to continue in a Presbyterian pulpit." The Assembly indicated that the logical way to remove "the cause of irritation" was for Dr. Fosdick to enter the New York Presbytery. Whether or not the Assembly expected Dr. Fosdick to do this, could not be guessed, but the Assembly well knew that no such assertions as those Dr. Fosdick made two years ago in the Modernist-Fundamentalist controversy could be held compatible with the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. One of these assertions was that a belief in the virgin birth was not essential to Christianity.

Since being informed of the Assembly's message, Dr. Fosdick, away, had had no opportunity of replying. In his sermon this first Sunday home, he referred to the question not at all.

His answer, a letter to the New York Presbytery, appeared in the October issue of that body's monthly publication.

Said Dr. Fosdick: ". . . I must in all honesty set my longstanding and assured conviction that creedal subscription to ancient confessions of faith is a practice dangerous to the welfare of the Church and to the integrity of the individual conscience. . . . I sincerely regret . . . so much uproar . . . I am sending . . . my resignation.

"I must not do what for me would be a disingenuous and fictitious thing, under the guise of taking solemn vows. I am sure you would not have me do it."

THE PRESS

Grave Error

One morning last week, the countenance of William R. Timmons, Executive Secretary of the Greenville (S. C.) Chamber of Commerce grew stern. He had viewed the doings of Mutt and



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BUD FISHER
Stupid?

Jeff as reported one morning by the fecund pen of Artist Bud Fisher in *The New York World*. Mutt was seen abed, sleeping off the effects of a strenuous evening. Little Jeff was up, dressed, eager to explore the city in which they had stopped. Artist Fisher had indicated clearly that it was a city, not a town. He had indicated, moreover, that it was a city noted as a cotton center. That was what Little Jeff was going to investigate—cotton. Artist Fisher had named the city, too. "Greenville, N. C.," he called it—and that was why Mr. Timmons' face had grown stern.

Mr. Timmons sat down and wrote a letter to *The World*, explaining that Mutt and Jeff had indubitably visited Greenville, S. C., not Greenville, N. C. Upon looking the matter up, *The World* found Mr. Timmons to be perfectly right. Greenville, N. C., is a mere town, on Tar River, noted only for tobacco, cotton not at all. Greenville, S. C., is a city with a cathedral, several collegiate institutions, cotton mills no end. Said Mr. Timmons: "I am wondering if you could not call the attention of your readers to the fact that this error has occurred. You may not know it, but Greenville has between 500,000 and 750,000 spindles."

Said *The World*: "Imagine a man like Bud Fisher not being cognizant of the vast difference between two such

totally different towns as Greenville, N. C., and Greenville, S. C. . . . How on earth could Bud Fisher possibly have been so stupid as not to know that Greenville, S. C., had such a mass of spindles? . . . *The World*, in behalf of Bud Fisher, does the manly thing and apologizes. . . ."

MEDICINE

Cancer

Some time ago, Dr. William F. Koch of Detroit announced that he had found a cure for cancer. He said at the same time that he had no intention of making his cure public. For this he was expelled from the American Medical Association. Now he promises, through *Cancer*, a publication of the American Association devoted to the Study and Cure of Cancer, to give the details of his method in a forthcoming article. His theory is that the disease is caused by a germ which can be killed by the action of a chemical antitoxin in the body. This is a reasonable, almost a trite hypothesis. It is the formula of his synthetic antitoxin which is of absorbing interest to the medical world.

Dr. C. Everett Field, Director of the Radium Institute of New York, states that he has treated 78 cancerous cases with the Koch syrum. Said he: "Twelve cases are in the process of cure. Nineteen have died. Of those who died, it can be said that they were all in a class that presented the limits of lost vitality."

"Greatest Centre"

The "greatest medical centre in the world" (to cost \$20,000,000) is to be erected jointly in Manhattan by the Presbyterian Hospital and the Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons. Plans for this project were announced last week by Dean Sage, President of the Presbyterian Hospital. The section to be occupied by the Columbia College will cost \$3,000,000, which has already been subscribed; the Presbyterian Hospital section will cost \$7,000,000, \$4,500,000 of which is still to be raised. The joint administrative board is headed by William Barclay Parsons and Dr. C. C. Burlingame. James Gamble Rogers is the architect.

A site has been selected—the old American League baseball grounds. No more peanuts, no more pop; beds will occupy the space that once contained bleachers; rubber gloves will replace the old saliva-oiled mits; and the palisades of the Hudson, that once echoed to the roar of ten thousand fans, will hear not a whisper,

not a single cry of "Take him out!"

The institution "will surpass the medical centres of any European capital," including Berlin and Vienna. There will be ten ward floors with 64 beds on each. Each floor will be divided into small wards of from one to twelve beds. Efforts will be made to make the patient feel that he is not one of many, that he will receive all the personal attention possible in a small hospital, with the advantage of resources never before equaled.

The Presbyterian Hospital was founded in 1872 by James Lenox. It cares for thousands "without regard for race, creed or color." Over 65% of its ward service is given free. When Lord Lister, about 50 years ago, brought forward his theory of antiseptic treatment in operations, the Presbyterian was among the first hospitals to adopt it, as it was also among the first to introduce medical social service and visiting nurse work. Its present abode, antiquated and in-



DEAN SAGE
He announced the plans

adequate, was erected in 1892. Now it will launch a drive—the first public appeal it has ever made—to complete the building fund. Members of the committee in charge of this fund are: Thatcher M. Brown, Cornelius Agnew, the Rev. Dr. George Alexander, Robert W. Carle, Henry W. de Forest, Samuel H. Fisher, W. E. S. Griswold, Johnston de Forest, Dean Sage, William Sloane Coffin.

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LUTHER BURBANK—"Centuries may elapse before such a mind may appear again. His loss is a world-wide calamity."

J. OGDEN ARMOUR—"Little Journeys form that whole five-foot shelf of books for me."



THOMAS EDISON—"Elbert Hubbard has been of big service to me in telling me the things I knew, but which I did not know I knew until he told me."

ROBERT L. OWEN—"Elbert Hubbard took some of the cobwebs out of my brain and I learned from him some of the wisdom of simple living."

FRANKLIN K. LANE—"He was a Twentieth-Century Franklin in his application of good sense to modern life."

Are you one of the thousands he has made more successful?



COME twenty years ago a man stood in the Grand Central Station in New York, wondering where to go and what to do. He was sick, discouraged, ready to give up. By chance he picked up a little pamphlet and read it through. He left the station a new man, with a new grip on life and a new belief in himself. Today he is the owner of his own business—happy, prosperous and a growing power in his community.

The little pamphlet he had picked up was Elbert Hubbard's famous "Message to Garcia."

What is there in "A Message to Garcia" to account for this amazing influence? It is the same thing that is to be found in all of Elbert Hubbard's writings. It is *Inspiration*.

This is the quality that has made Elbert Hubbard more than a great writer. It has made him a power for good in the lives of countless thousands of men and women. The most abject failures have turned to him for courage to build anew. The greatest captains of industry have nourished their spirits on his words.

Where do you get the inspiration for your daily work? Do you know the magic that Elbert Hubbard breathed into the printed page? Have you

experienced the rare exhilaration of contact with his dynamic personality? Have you drunk of the wisdom of his brilliant mind and caught the courage of his great heart? Have you found the happiness that lies in his sane philosophy of living?

If you know Elbert Hubbard you will understand the love that has inspired the Roycrofters to create a memorial to their founder in the form of The Memorial Edition of his immortal "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great." No more fitting tribute could be conceived than to bring together in one beautiful set those unforgettable gems, recognized as Elbert Hubbard's masterpieces, that take us among the men and women of shining achievement in many fields. All of the one hundred and eighty-two "Little Journeys," written over a period of fourteen years, are contained in The Memorial Edition.

Introductory Price to be withdrawn December 31, 1924

Only a limited number of the Memorial sets will be available at the very low introductory price and on easy terms, as this offer will be withdrawn soon—no later than Dec. 31st, 1924. Those who are fortunate enough to obtain these sets will do themselves a life-long service. Full particulars of the special low price and easy terms, together with an interesting monograph on Elbert Hubbard, and his famous "Message to Garcia" are yours for the asking. You can do nothing more important today than to mail the coupon below.

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I shall be pleased to receive, without obligation on my part, a copy of Elbert Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia," and further information about the Introductory Price of The Roycrofters' Memorial Edition of "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great."

Name

Address

AERONAUTICS

At Dayton

Over a great, rolling plain near Dayton, Ohio, a winged creature appeared, skimming down low through the dusk. As it alighted, another skimmer stole swiftly by—then another and another. The next day and the third day, more winged creatures came, swarming down into the field from all parts of the horizon or dropping hawk-like out of the high heavens. They were not swallows nor blackbirds nor wild grey geese, these creatures, but flying men in all sorts and conditions of craft, migrating to Dayton's fifth international air meet.* By the opening day the swarm numbered about 350 commercial, military and amateur or "gypsy" fliers. Thousands of groundlings flocked also, for there were to be exhibits to stare at, races to gasp at, "stunts" to make one marvel.

Exhibits. The name of the swarming place was Wilbur Wright Field; and the program of events was dedicated to both the pioneering Wright brothers.† Orville Wright, on the scene, mused: "As I stand . . . where our earlier experiments were conducted and see how the principles of flight we used 21 years ago are still being used, I am extremely proud." Nearby stood the first airplane hangar erected in the U. S.; and in it the machine, a biplane with a 12-horse motor and antique arm controls, in which the Wrights effected the first heavier-than-air flight at Kittyhawk, N. C., in 1903. Scores pilgrimaged to this aeronautical shrine, the door of which was blotted in the shadow of the huge three-winged Barling bomber, Exhibit Z in aviation history, the last word in size with its three Liberty motors and 43,000 lbs. of weight.

In other sheds, other curiosities. From Detroit had come Designer William Stout's all-metal "Pullman" passenger plane, equipped with standard railroad Pullman seats convertible for sleeping, a bathroom, electric kitchen, facilities for seven passengers, pilot, baggage. There was a yellow "aircab," of mien similar to its earthly cousin, with a taxi-meter for clocking the miles flown. Chicagoans are soon to see this type in daily service.

Races. Up to midnight before the

opening day, late arrivals by air hurried to the judges' quarters with their flight logs. There was a prize for the "On to Dayton" race (held to encourage civilian fliers), any one



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coming 200 miles or more being eligible. The log of Charles S. ("Casey") Jones, of Garden City, L. I., was judged to record the most efficient trip among 69 entered; he received \$1,000 cash.

Whizzing around a triangular 90-mile course, Walter Lees of Dayton won the \$1,000 in Liberty Bonds offered by the National Cash Register Co. for low-pressure commercial planes. Lees flew a Hartzell F-C-1, averaged 97 m.p.h.

Fourteen commercial passenger machines took off for a 120-mile race, soared above the pylons, were led home by the "On to Dayton" winner, a Curtiss-Oriole, averaging 125.05 m.p.h. Another \$1,000 for Jones.

Eleven Army pilots, all in De Havilland planes, competed for the Liberty Engine Builders' Trophy. Lieut. D. G. Duke, the winner, averaged 130.34 m.p.h. for 180 miles.

Races the second day of the meet were for toy models, light commercial craft, large-capacity craft and light planes guided by civilians.

Robert V. Jaros, 18, Illinois University student, brought forth a model monoplane, driven by twisted rubber bands, that broke two world's records by staying in the air 10 min. 14 sec. and covering a mile and a half.

Basil L. Rowe of Alben, N. Y.,

drove his SV-A three-seater at 111.05 m.p.h. and won the Detroit Aviation Town and Country Club's prize. Jones Curtiss-Oriole led this race until he drove down near the finish. The Yellow Air Cab took second.

Seven huge Martin bombers raced, Lieut. D. M. Myers of Phillips Field taking the Dayton Chamber of Commerce Trophy with a speed of 109.85 m.p.h.

Five tiny pleasure planes, home-made and equipped with motor-cycle engines, showed what can be done in the air at a low cost. J. M. Johnson of Dayton won, going 64.10 m.p.h. in a little yellow bug with a single, underslung wing on each side. Etienne Dormoy of Dayton flew his cherished "flying bathtub" 50.01 m.p.h. for second prize. H. C. Mummert of Garden City won another low-powered event with his 18-horse Harley-Davidson special.

Then the big events—the Pulitzer Cup race and the John L. Mitchell Trophy race. Eleven army pilots competed for the latter, flying Curtiss PW-8 planes with 480-horse engines. They went in a roaring bunch around the triangular course, flirting about the turns so closely that one man's wing-tip severed a guy wire supporting a pylon. Lieut. Cyrus Betts, winner, made 175.43 m.p.h. for the 124.27 miles raced.

Only four entrants set off, at intervals of 10 seconds, to fly the Pulitzer speed test. The Navy, winner last year, went unrepresented, having had no appropriation from Congress. Lieut. W. H. Mills in a Verville-Sperry racer, Lieut. W. H. Brookley in a Curtiss R-6, and Lieut. Rex Stoner in a Curtiss PW-8-A were the first three to fly to a point ten miles behind the start and ascend in the customary "tower" from which the racers plunge down to the starting pylon at maximum speed. Last to leave the ground was Captain Burt E. Skeel, his 520-horse Curtiss R-6 leaping up with a great burst of power. Said the crowd: "There goes the winner!"

With the fliers out of sight, the crowd watched the west. The broadcaster droned: "Here comes Mills." Then: "Here comes Skeel. Note his speed." Down from a great height swooped the plane, catapulting toward the starting line in a wide arc. Then tragedy. The machine was seen to disintegrate, like a cardboard toy. A wing broke completely away, fluttered down. The crippled fuselage spun, dove precipitately behind a row of trees. Flying sticks and clouds of earth, visible to the crowd a mile and a half away, told of Skeel's instant death—the first fatality in all five years of the Pulitzer velocity tests.

Lieut. Mills' time of 216.55 m.p.h. was 27.12 miles slower than the

*International air meets began in 1909, on the plains of Bethany, Belgium, near Rheims, to decide among the nations who had the speediest airplanes. Thereafter the meets lapsed for eleven years. In 1920, the Pulitzer brothers of New York, owners of *The New York World*, instituted a speed trophy, asked the National Aeronautic Association of America to administer it. The meet, however, in no longer properly termed "international." At Dayton this year, no foreign nations entered planes; were represented only by aviation attachés.

†Wilbur Wright, died of pneumonia May 30, 1912.

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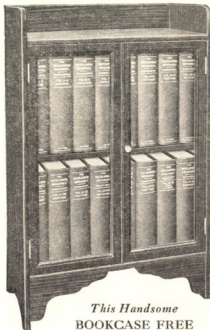
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Navy's 1923 time. The Navy kept the Trophy. The meet was over.

Stunts. Between races, trick flying and aerial feats were performed. Two Army planes maneuvered with a length of ribbon connecting their wing tips. Though they looped the looped and performed other acrobatics, the ribbon was unbroken when they came to earth.

A small Army dirigible ascended with a little Sperry model slung beneath it. At 2,000 feet, the Sperry was released, flew off under its own power. Never before had this feat been accomplished, though it had been demonstrated before that the pendant plane could return and be attached again in mid-air. Major General Mason M. Patrick, U. S. Air Service Chief, called it "a new chapter in aviation," explained the advantage gained for bombing and message-sending.

Lieut. John A. Macready, of transcontinental flight fame, took up "an old bundle of bamboo sticks wrapped around with a bedsheet"—the second plane the Wrights built, 20 years old. He got it up 350 feet, flew several miles, landed perfectly.

Significance. The meet was held, as is an automobile show, to stimulate interest in the progress of aviation, to encourage improvements and invention. No speed records resulted; but speed was only one of many aims. The ease with which a cheap 18-horse plane stayed up, going as slowly as 35 miles an hour, and as fast as 100, getting as much as 50 miles to a gallon of fuel, indicated an advance toward Henry Ford's dream of "a plane for every man." The cutting of operation costs in commercial types, such as the Chicago-built Yackeys and Lairds, hinted at an era of aerial taxis.

People. The National Aeronautical Association dined together, voted that Godfrey L. Cabot of Boston succeed Frederick B. Patterson of Dayton (National Cash Register man) as President.

The world-fliers—Smith, Wade, Nelson—arrived by train from the Pacific coast in time to go to McCook Field (also in Dayton), climb into planes, appear over Wilbur Wright Field in formation just before the Pulitzer race.

Ezra Meeker, aged 94, returned from Puget Sound to the Middle West, which he had not seen for some time. Alighting from the clouds in Dayton, said he: "It was just 72 years ago that I crossed the Missouri at Omaha and started for the Oregon country. It took me six months to reach Puget Sound. And I made the return trip to Omaha in 15 hours' flying time. You bet it was flying!" Going West, a lad, Ezra had goaded his ox team. Coming East, a patriarch, he had sat com-

fortably with Lieut. Oakley G. Kelly, U. S. A., in the latter's plane; had pointed out land-marks—where he had hunted buffaloes, where fought Indians—along the Oregon Trail.

Absentee. Though his works were everywhere present, his name on every man's lip, the face and figure of Glenn Hammond Curtiss were not in evidence at Dayton. At least every other plane of those assembled bore a Curtiss motor. Not one plane but bore some evidence to the contributions he has made to mankind's knowledge of the air and his agility in it.

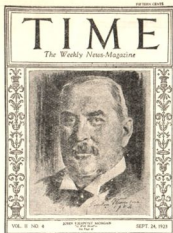
In 1905, it was Glenn Curtiss who designed the motor of U. S. dirigible No. 1 and assisted Captain Thomas Baldwin in trial tests. In 1907, Glenn Curtiss collaborated with Dr. Alexander Graham Bell (telephone man) in the work of the Aerial Experiment Association, as motor expert and director of experiments. His *June Bug*, designed and built in 1907, received *The Scientific American's* trophy of 1908. He won the Gordon-Bennett speed trophy at Rheims, France, in 1909; and, in 1910, was recipient of *The New York World's* \$10,000 prize for a flight from Albany to Manhattan. His was the world's first amphibious plane, which went from land to water and from water back to land in 1911. The multi-motored seaplane was his invention, beginning with the *America* (1914), culminating with the *NC-4* (1919), first craft to make a trans-oceanic flight, going from Rockaway, L. I., to Plymouth, Eng. During the War, his company built large numbers of planes—after 140 different models—for the U. S. and other Governments. His flying rating is suggested by the fact that he holds license No. 1 of the Aero Club of America and license No. 2 of the Aero Club of France. He is active today as head of the Curtiss Corporations at Garden City—sky-writing being one of his recent departures.

In Hammondsport, N. Y., where Curtiss was born, they used to call him "handy at fixing things." Also they would say: "I knew he could do it." Ingenuity, mechanical skill, persistence, enterprise, daring—these were Glenn Curtiss' qualities as early as the days when his bicycle was the speediest, his sled coasted farthest, his motor-cycle a wonder of the day, his skate-sail unique, his birds'-egg collection largest and rarest of all his comrades. His appetite for speed has always been insatiable. Now 46, he still ponders engine construction, streamline, weight reduction in hopes of letting man move faster.

In Detroit

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there. Now, however, Mr. Ford's city has gone forward to conquer fresh worlds, by adopting the slogan: "Bring the Aircraft Industry to Detroit."

Commercial flying, says Detroit, will be the next business sensation. And Detroit is not satisfied with merely discussing the subject. A large all-metal dirigible the first in this country—is nearly completed in a Detroit factory shed. Promoters are already planning air lines and quarreling over passenger and freight rates. Not only the numerous automobile interest there, but bankers and even the municipal Government are interested in the new movement. Particularly active in it have been Edsel Ford, the Hudson Motor Car Co. and the Packard Motor Car Co.

Experiments are taking the form of all-metal dirigibles. The Stout Metal Airplane Co. has already built an "air Pullman," christened it *Maiden Detroit* and put it into passenger work over the city. The vessel is built entirely of a new metal called duralumin, said to be lighter than aluminum yet stronger than steel. Another builder was the Aircraft Development Co. Edsel Ford donated a Dearborn flying field to the two pioneer companies; while the Common Council of Detroit has started to acquire a municipal landing field on the Detroit River.

BUSINESS & FINANCE

Uncertainty

The business outlook continues uncertain and without general trend. Industrial news has been fairly good, on the basis of the heavier seasonal fall and winter activity rather than particular forward progress. Textiles are not yet out of the woods, however, and nowhere is any boom in sight. Cutting of gasoline prices, while temporarily painful to producers and refiners, is a constructive and necessary step in the long run.

Money continues easy, although call rates have risen to 2½%. Gold imports have almost ceased, precious metals being attracted to India for the time being. Foreign issues continue to be floated in Wall Street, and the German loan now seems only a few weeks off.

The heavens are aiding the U. S. wheat farmer. Wheat futures touched \$1.50 on destructive rainfall in Europe and heavier consequent foreign demand for grain in Chicago.

Car loadings hold up very well and, owing to rural prosperity, promise to continue so when Eastward-bound grain cars return West loaded with merchandise.

The real estate world is debating whether we have sufficient construction. Permits have generally fallen off. Landlords have generally tried to maintain high rents. On the other hand, "To Let" and "For Sale" signs appear almost everywhere.

Business men are bored with the election campaign. They wish the windy formalities were through with and generally concede Mr. Coolidge's reelection.

A. B. A.

Coming in a presidential year, the 15th annual Convention of the American Bankers' Association (in Chicago) directed its most earnest attention to politics and to economic problems which have been involved in politics. Its keynotes were an out-and-out defense of the existing capitalistic system and a counter-attack on its political foes all along the line. Both addresses and resolutions thus included an unusually wide range of topics: demagogues were attacked, the railroads defended; both the direct primary and the Child Labor Law were condemned; public ownership was assailed; a plea for foreign investments was made; the farmer was told to avoid Government paternalism and to organize cooperative marketing systems; the Federal Reserve Bank was praised; uneconomic taxation was scored; belief was expressed that some reduction of wages must occur; every one was urged to vote; and to the U. S. Supreme Court was pledged the Association's support.

These items having been satisfactorily disposed of, William E. Knox, President of the Bowers Savings Bank, Man-

hattan, was elected President of the A. B. A.

Two internal measures were discussed—branch banking and a closer organization of the present separate divisions of the A. B. A. The Convention was generally favorable to the McFadden Anti-Branch Bank Bill, due for enactment the next session of Congress.

More Buses

Figures prepared by the editors of *Bus Transportation* showed last week that 1,593 bus lines have been opened in the U. S. since last January. Over 5,400 motor buses have been purchased at an approximate cost of \$30,000,000. Many of these were bought by electric railways for operation in connection with trolley lines. On this basis, the figures at the end of this year will be 25% larger than those of 1923.

Chicago's Station

The new \$75,000,000 Union Station in Chicago, it is announced, may be ready for use by the Christmas holidays. It is the western terminal of the Pennsylvania R. R., the eastern terminal of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, and the northern terminal of the Chicago & Alton.

The new station is located across the river, southwest of the "loop" or business district. Its main waiting room contains 25,500 sq. ft.; other waiting rooms account for 22,000 sq. ft. more. The building proper is eight stories in height; in addition to the general offices of the Pennsylvania and the Milwaukee, the structure will house a dining room, lunch counter, cafeteria, tea room, barber shop, beauty parlor, fruit stand, tobacco shop, book store—and last but not

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least, a two-cell jail, a chapel and a hospital.

The train shed is to the east of the station; this structure will have a 15-acre roof of glass and 84,000 sq. ft. of baggage room in the basement. It will accommodate 14 tracks on the south and 10 on the north.

Included in the new Union Station development are two new bridges over the river, concrete viaducts on both sides of the station, a new mail terminal, 239,000 sq. ft. of new streets, and the relocation of several public utilities.

\$1.50 Wheat

In the days when farmers were demanding that wheat prices be pegged, not even the farm bloc would have ventured to set the official price at \$1.50 a bushel. What the economic vagaries of the farm politicians did not dare, the forces of supply and demand have accomplished, and wheat futures touched that price recently in the open Chicago market.

This year, according to the D partment of Agriculture, only five countries are expected to have important amounts of wheat for export: Canada, 200 to 180 million bushels; the U. S., 180 to 165 million bushels; Argentina, 170 to 150 million; Australia, 85 to 75 million; India, 35 to 25 million; all other coun-

tries, 15 to 5 million. The total thus will run between 635 and 600 million bushels.

Of this exportable surplus, about 150 million bushels will go to continents other than Europe. According to recent estimates, Europe will need between 554 and 460 million bushels of wheat in 1924-25. Disappointing harvests have occurred in France, Russia and Poland, as a result of excessive rainfall. The European demand is accordingly bidding for wheat, and the result is a buoyant and rising grain market.

African Copper

A year ago, U. S. copper producers were inclined to think that only this continent, in the future as in the past, could furnish copper in large amounts when the demand for the red metal revived. Some of them have been treated to a rude shock by the sudden recent prominence in the industry of the Katanga mines in mid-Africa.

These deposits, only lately put into heavy production, now have an annual output of 240,000,000 lb. It has been estimated that they contain about 9,000,000,000 lb. of extractable copper metal.

The mines are situated in the district of Katanga, in the Belgian Congo, 1,700 miles from a sea port. Shipments are made via the Benguela Railway and Lobito Bay to Europe. Already a concentrator and electrolytic refinery and a battery of coke-ovens have been provided to work the ores extracted; while a hydro-electric plant and a leaching plant are shortly to be added.

The Katanga copper deposits are owned by a Belgian company—"l'Union Minière du Haut Katanga, incorporated in 1906. This company is in turn controlled by a London company—the Tanganyika Concessions, Ltd.—and a Belgian company—la Société Générale de Belgique.

German Loan

U. S. bankers and investors alike have become somewhat impatient waiting for the German loan. The publicity-orchestra has stopped playing, the lights have been turned down, yet still the curtain does not go up. At the American Bankers' Convention, Mr. Dwight W. Morrow was down on the program for an address entitled *International Loans*. Suddenly Mr. Morrow found he could not be present after all. Several thousand bankers, left in the dark, are more curious than ever.

Meanwhile, behind the curtain, scenery is being set in place and props properly located. J. P. Morgan himself, with his partner T. W. Lamont, have conferred with the Bank of England officials, with German Finance Minister Luther, and with Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, President of the Reichsbank.

WHAT'S AHEAD THIS FALL?

During the Summer months the stock market advanced consistently. Since early September, however, industrial stocks have lost over 30% of the total advance.

Dulness has followed the extreme activity of the Summer. Liquidation has been quite marked in securities of the weaker industries.

WHAT NOW?

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SPORT

World's Series

Scandal. A most disagreeable odor assailed the nostrils of sportdom. It was an odor reminiscent of one that arose in 1919 when some Chicago American League baseball players were convicted of receiving bribes for "throwing" their World's Series with Cincinnati. Investigation showed the cause of the new nuisance to lie with certain members of the New York National League baseball team. Officials were quick to air matters and eject two contaminated persons. Sportdom's ofactories had relief, but memory persisted.

First Game. The Washington populace, uproarious over its first World's Series, was polite to the Giants, neither hissing nor cheering them in the first game. President Coolidge tossed in the first ball. Walter Johnson pitched for Washington, left-handed Nehf for the Giants. The game was tied in the 12th inning. Then Johnson allowed his pitches to deviate. He hit Gowdy, let Pitcher Nehf single and walked Bentley. A "Texas leaguer" and a long fly did the rest. Score: New York 4, Washington 3.

Second Game. Riotous crowds flooded into the park trying to capture and congratulate an elderly, slightly rheumatic man named Peckinpaugh. The shortstop of the Washingtons, this Peckinpaugh had suddenly terminated the game by propelling the ball far enough from home to allow two base-runners to scurry in and tie the series. Manager Bucky Harris and one Leon ("Goose") Goslin, other Senators, interpolated home runs earlier. Score: Washington 4, New York 3.

Third Game. Mayor Hylan cast the first ball in his city. Whereupon the Giants beat that and several other balls about and out of their Polo Grounds, until they had enervated three Senator pitchers. Manager Bucky Harris had the misfortune to drop a ball just as he was about to function as pivot man in a deft double play. Score: New York 6, Washington 4.

Other Baseball

In Baltimore, "the little world's series" waxed hot between the Baltimore Orioles, champions of the International League, and the St. Paul Saints, champions of the American Association. First Baltimore won, 4 to 3, what with 11 strike-outs and a ninth-inning homer. The Saints came back and took the second game like a tennis set, 6 to 0. In this game only three Orioles pecked the ball for safe hits. Darkneers halved the third game at 6-all. In the fourth, the Orioles coupled their hits with errors by the Saints, won 6 to 4. Packing their

bats, balls, mitts, masks and mascots aboard a flier, all adjourned to Minnesota to finish the dispute. Games: Baltimore 2, St. Paul 1.

In Chicago, the White Sox and the Cubs chafed back and forth between ball parks, playing their city series. First, a Cub victory, then three straight for the Sox, then a Cub recovery, then the Sox took the title a second year running.

At Myopia

Ten Massachusetts golfers, among them Francis Ouimet, stood their ground on the Myopia links at Hamilton, Mass. First they beat off ten invading Pennsylvanians led by Max Marston, then ten New Yorkers led by Jess Sweetser. Net result: Massachusetts took possession of the Lesley Cup, contested annually by the three districts, won last year by New York.

Rooting Season

October brought the rooting season. On college football fields, great numbers of burly U. S. males flung their weight about, uprooted one another in scrimmages, ran, shouted, grunted, "rooted" punts. In grandstands, throngs of less burly males and galaxies of highly agitated females "rooted" vocally.

Of the so-called Big Three (East-ern), Princeton set about her work most impressively. When Coach Roper's men had done, Amherst's line was little more than a ragged fabric of perforations and the score was 40 to 6. Coach Roper employed straight plays and three complete teams. Amherst's score was the work of Right Guard Pratt who intercepted a pass, lumbered 30 yards.

Yale chastened the North Carolina "Tar Heels" 27 to 0, rather clumsily except when forward-passing.

Harvard rejoiced in Quarterback Cheek, in Backs Zarakov and Gehrke, as she fell upon Virginia, 14 to 0. Cheek is a line-knifer; Zarakov an artful, ee-hipped dodger; Gehrke's punts sail far.

Though shorn of much of the strength with which she crushed all comers last year, Cornell appeared to be a promising convalescent. Backs Whetstone, Wade and Isaly smashed into the Niagara eleven with commendable violence (27 to 0), and the Big Red line had left.

Dartmouth flattened McGill 52 to 0—a casual performance, for the Canadians are just discovering football. From end to end, the Dartmouth linemen tower tall, are no lightweights. Quarterback Dooley is well acquainted with his office and

has real lightning to unleash in Hall and Oberlander.

Rutgers accumulated the week's hugest score, 56 points, by commuting steadily through eleven scoreless sons of Lebanon.

Southward, Valparaiso and Center Colleges wrangled into a pointless tie. Center is but a wraith of the little giantess she was in the day of "Bo" McMillan, her bold, brash back of two seasons ago.

In the Middle West, of the Big Ten Conference, only two teams conferred officially last week. These were Ohio State and Purdue. The single touchdown entered in the minutes of the meeting was moved and seconded by Ohio. Purdue could not seem to carry any of her motions, but stubbornly opposed the Ohio program all down the line. Captain Claypool, center, was her staunchest reactionary.

Missouri Valley Conference teams took their wares north and east; Nebraska to Illinois, where she was thrashed 9 to 6 for her pains; Missouri to Chicago, where Missouri had the best of a hard-driven 3-to-0 bargain. In the Nebraska game, "Red" Grange, Illinois captain, twinkled again like a bright particular Conference star.

Notre Dame's 152-pound backfield scurried up and down the field, collected 40 points from Lombard.

The first broken neck reported this season, not immediately fatal, was that of George Stevens, of Sherrill, N. Y., playing for Cortland Normal School against St. John's Military Academy.

Welterweights

Brotherly love expired in the breasts of 10,000 Philadelphians jammed about a chilly prize ring in a ball park. They snarled and yelled as, within the ring, Mickey Walker, world's welterweight champion, began to ram his fists against the body and flaming head of Bobby Barrett, challenger. After swinging heavily with his right once or twice, Barrett sank to the floor before Walker's battering. Staggering up, he fell again and again—five times in the first round, Walker tearing in with Dempsey-like speed and solidity whenever unlucky Barrett achieved a perpendicular posture. Gritty Barrett retained consciousness until the sixth round. Then, after grovelling for the count of nine, he dragged himself erect a final time, only to behold Walker racing toward him, muscles bunched, face set in the "killer" look. Crash—indubitably, the welterweight champion of the world was still Mickey Walker.

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MILESTONES

Engaged. Beatrice Fairfax (Miss Lillian Lauferty) to James Wolf, basso in the Metropolitan Opera Company. For ten years, Miss Fairfax has, in her syndicated writings, given advice and publicity to love-lorn lads and lassies of all ages.

Sued for Divorce. By Mrs. Beth Sully Evans, onetime wife of Douglas Fairbanks, one James Evans Jr., of Pittsburgh; in Los Angeles. She married Mr. Evans after her divorce from the cinema actor in 1918.

Divorced. Wladek Zbyszko, famed heavyweight wrestler, from Madame Amelia Diaz Zbyszko, 22 (5 ft., 100 lbs.). He charged cruel and abusive treatment.

Died. Captain Burt E. Skeel, 30, of Selfridge Field, Mich., "one of the best air pilots in the U. S.," at Wilbur Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, in a flying accident during the Pulitzer Cup Race. (See AERONAUTICS.)

Died. William B. Ross, 50, Governor of Wyoming; at Cheyenne, following an operation for appendicitis. He was a Democrat. His death makes necessary the election of Governor at the general election next month. During the intervening period, the Secretary of State will act as Governor.

Died. Hugh Chisholm, 58, editor of the last three editions of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; in London, following an operation for appendicitis. He attended the Felsted School, Essex (where for three years he was captain of the school) and Oxford. He became financial editor of the *London Times*. He visited the U. S. in 1911, gave a dinner in Manhattan to the U. S. contributors to the *Encyclopaedia*.

Died. Lord Knollys, 87, onetime confidant to Queen Victoria; in London. He served the late King Edward as private secretary and filled the same office for King George, until age forced his retirement. He was a life-long friend of the Queen Mother, Alexandra, now going on 80. Possessor of innumerable court secrets, he was mumm as a headstone. A publisher sent him a blank check so that he could fix his own price for a book of reminiscences; he tore up the check. In the days when Edward VII was a rollicking Prince of Wales, Knollys was often the butt of practical jokes. "Bay" Middleton, famed sportsman, had a penchant for catching a coat by the tails and ripping it to the neck. One night, he thus accommodated Knollys, who was unconcerned. "I took the precaution, Sir," said he, "of wearing one of your coats."

POINT with PRIDE

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

An artful, eel-hipped dodger. (P. 28.)

The golden key of the Capital in a plush case. (P. 1.)

Mrs. Donahey, she's listened to Vic's banging since 1897. (P. 6.)

Throngs of less burly males and galaxies of highly agitated females. (P. 28.)

Efforts to make the patient feel that he is not one of many. (P. 20.)

An elderly, slightly rheumatic man. (P. 28.)

A bigger and better orchestra for Milwaukee. (P. 13.)

Naughty urchins whose pranks bring reminiscent lumps to shriveled throats. (P. 14.)

A first hair, curving proudly. (P. 14.)

A human and readable critic. (P. 13.)

Red-coated, white-breeched fox hunters; black and white female fox hunters. (P. 1.)

Two Siamise natives legally joined together. (P. 12.)

The enterprising firm of Procter and Gamble. (P. 16.)

Nine men just back from their summer vacations. (P. 5.)

A to And, And to Aus and their fellows. (P. 17.)

A splendid decoration from King Vittorio Emanuele. (P. 18.)

The fecund pen of an eminent cartoonist. (P. 20.)

A true and thoughtful friend of the people. (P. 1.)



Keeping the Telephone Alive

Americans have learned to depend on the telephone, in fair weather or in foul, for the usual affairs of the day or for the dire emergency in the dead of night. Its continuous service is taken as a matter of course.

The marvel of it is that the millions of thread-like wires are kept alive and ready to vibrate at one's slightest breath. A few drops of water in a cable, a faulty connection in the wire maze of a switchboard, a violent sleet, rain or wind storm or the mere falling of a branch will often jeopardize the service.

Every channel for the speech currents must be kept electrically intact. The task is as endless as housekeeping. Inspection of apparatus, equipment and all parts of the plant is going on all the time. Wire chiefs at "test boards" locate trouble on the wires though miles away. Repairmen, the "trouble hunters," are at work constantly wherever they are needed in city streets, country roads or in the seldom-trodden trails of the wilderness.

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VIEW with ALARM

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

Pink pills of platitude. (P. 13.)

Heavy Huxley. (P. 14.)

A warrior, armed and tense, snarling. (P. 16.)

An influx of female Ma-politicians. (P. 5.)

A smokey, gas-filled hell. (P. 10.)

Lovelorn lads and lassies of all ages. (P. 30.)

The terrible hand of Emir Faisal Ibn Abdul-Aziz Ibn Saud. (P. 10.)

A rollicking Prince of Wales. (P. 30.)

Several angry Laborites, shaking their fists. (P. 8.)

The first broken neck. (P. 28.)

A bold-faced "plutogog" who employs ungentelemanly language. (P. 3.)

A penchant for catching a coat by the tails and ripping it. (P. 30.)

Maidens . . . dancing, prancing. (P. 19.)

"Pooh"—from John Bull. "Blah"—from Uncle Sam. (P. 7.)

A disagreeable odor. (P. 28.)

The ratio between a father's dollars and his offspring's brains. (P. 18.)

A turbulent tale of chorus girls and stolen jewelry. (P. 15.)

Noisy, showy Tuchuns. (P. 12.)



Are They Just Dolls To You?

CATHERINE THE GREAT, Genghis Khan, Muhammad, Charlotte Corday, Cromwell—are they spiritless creatures of sawdust stored away in the attic of your mind?

Do you fully realize that the life-blood coursed gloriously through their veins? They lived recklessly: a bold word, an injudicious kiss, and the flame was snuffed out. They loved generously: through their passions empires trembled—were lost, or gained. Some dreamed impossibilities: their world gasped—doubted—accepted—and then defended their dreams.

What was it that marked them for posterity, while their

brothers and sisters sank into oblivion? To outward appearances these men and women were ordinary mortals, helpless as leaves in a wind. They did not make themselves great. They were shaped by their time—swept along by the tremendous forces of circumstance—brought to the surface, to greatness, by destiny.

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What people dug out the eyes of their poets to keep them in their midst?

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