

FIFTEEN CENTS

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine



ETHEL BARRYMORE

"Actors began as wanderers"

(See Page 15)

VOL. IV. NO. 19

NOVEMBER 10, 1924



ROLLS-ROYCE

A PERFECT BALANCE *of Excellence and Good Taste*
THE RESERVE OF AN ARISTOCRAT,

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TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine

Vol. IV, No. 19

November 10, 1924

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Mr. Coolidge's Week

☐ The Farmer's Union, The Federated Farm Bureau, the National Grange and the American Livestock Association received telegrams. President Coolidge presented his respects, asked them to consult their State organizations and invited them to suggest the next Secretary of Agriculture.

☐ Chairs and a table were moved out to the rear lawn of the White House. A notary public, a battery of camera men assembled. Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge appeared. The President sat, holding up a large envelope for secrecy's sake, and marked his ballot. Mrs. Coolidge, wearing a necklace of seven ivory elephants, did the same. The notary took their affidavits; the ballots were sent to Northampton, Mass.

☐ At 10 p. m. Eastern time, on the eve of election, the President stepped before a microphone and advised all good citizens to do their duty on the following day.

☐ Representatives of 44 advertising agencies, all members of the Coolidge and Dawes Advertising League Club, had cereal, bacon and eggs, buckwheat cakes, maple syrup and coffee in the state dining room of the White House with Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge. The advertising men were escorted by Colonel Rhinelander Waldo, the same who brought John Drew and other actors to the White House a week earlier. Said the President: "I can only promise you to continue those policies that have helped to make for prosperity and confidence."

☐ All letters written to the White House are answered—or nearly all. Last week a group of Tammany Democrats offered to pay the President's expenses if he would speak in Manhattan. Their letter was not answered because it was "patently not in good faith."

☐ Cameramen who missed Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge doing their ballotting induced them to go out on the White House lawn and do it over again. In

order not to violate the statute, however, the Coolidges refrained from mailing their second ballots.

☐ General Plutarco Elias Calles arrived in Washington and rode about under the protection of a troop of U. S. Cavalry from Fort Myer. One of his calls was on Mr. Coolidge. Next day General Calles returned to lunch with the President and with Secretaries Hughes and Mellon. He was attended by officials of the Mexican Embassy.

THE CAMPAIGN

Election

As this issue of TIME goes on the presses, the election returns are still too incomplete for a significant analysis of the results.

Alarums and Excursion

Election day brought the campaign to an abrupt demise.

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Candidate Coolidge terminated his inactive campaign by an Election eve radio speech inviting voters to vote—and ceased to be a candidate.

Candidate Dawes made a last stumping tour through the East, hopped back to Missouri, ended with a finale in Indiana—and ceased to be a candidate, having traveled 17,000 miles.

Candidate Davis terminated his contest with a number of speeches in and about Manhattan. Like Coolidge, he made an Election eve radio address—and ceased to be a candidate.

Candidate Bryan ceased to be a candidate.

Candidate LaFollette followed a serpentine trail from Maryland through New York to Boston, to Pittsburgh, to Cleveland, attacking in turn the sugar trust, J. P. Morgan, the Standard Oil, the water power trust, "American Imperialism," Mellon Aluminum Interests—and ceased to be a candidate.

Candidate Wheeler went back through Illinois, Michigan, Ohio to Manhattan, completing his marathon speaking tour from coast to coast and back again—and ceased to be a candidate.

At Hannibal

If a campaign is a dull thing to some of the onlookers, it is an exceedingly wearisome business for the candidates. But even for the candidates there is occasional relief.

Charles G. Dawes, peregrinating from stump to stump, halted at Hannibal. Under an ancient guide, he inspected the famous Tom Sawyer cave—a cave which Jesse James and his many men had also used.

"Where," asked the General with reverence, "did Tom Sawyer find the opening out on to the river bank?"

"We're coming to it," answered the guide. "But right here is where he found Injun Joe's gold. . . . Yes, sir, the James boys hid right here in this here cave, and there's the very place they killed two of the detectives that came a lookin' for them. . . . And right here is where the James boys

National Affairs—[Continued]

buried them two detectives at, one atop the other."

The Auditors

The special committee of the Senate, headed by Senator Borah, and delegated to examine (TIME, Oct. 3) the receipts and expenditures for and against candidates, sat divided. In Chicago, Senators Borah and Shipstead held hearings. In Washington, Senators Caraway and Bayard did likewise.

The most important information elicited, however, had to do with the amounts received and expended by the several groups.

The Republicans reported collections of \$3,742,962 through Oct. 30, of which amount \$800,038 was returned to state organizations for which the National Committee had "acted as a collection agency"—thereby bringing the Republican fund down to \$2,942,962 and within the announced \$3,000,000 budget.

The Democrats reported, up to Oct. 25, contributions of \$552,368 and expenditures of \$725,000.

The LaFollette ticket reported, up to the same date, contributions of \$171,821 and expenditures of \$157,122.

Mr. Borah, closing the hearings of his committee until later, philosophized: "And after the political consequences of the investigation have been dissipated, I think we can get at such facts as will be available to legislate on the subject in an intelligent way."

Cousins

Plain speaking between relatives is proverbial. Last week, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Democrat, campaigning against Theodore Roosevelt, Republican candidate for Governor of New York, said of his cousin:*

"The Republican candidate for Governor of this state has a splendid War record, one of which every American can be proud. He is on the other hand, a record in public office which is wretched.

"As a candidate for Governor, he has gone into the highways and byways of the state, promising anything and everything, contradicting himself, agreeing to do the impossible. He is indeed a 'promising' young man."

*Theodore is a fifth cousin of Franklin D., once removed, as follows:

Johannes (1689)	Jacobus (1692)
Jacobus (1724)	Isaac (1726)
Jacobus (1759)	James (1760)
Cornelius (1794)	Isaac (1790)
Theodore (1831)	James (1828)
Theodore (1858)	Franklin D. (1882)
Theodore (1887)	

Of Yesteryear

Scribbling on a tavern table, inflamed with love and drink, the great scamp of poets, François Villon, asked: "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" A political observer might be tempted to ask the same question, with somewhat less of pathos and something more of irony: "Twenty months ago a struggle for the Presidency commenced. But



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F. D. ROOSEVELT

Plain speaking between relatives is proverbial.

where are the men, the issues, of that yesteryear? Then was the springtime of political hope. Now is the autumn of political fruition. But where are the snows whence sprang this herbage?"

Under the Old President. Warren Gamaliel Harding was President in that March of 1923, when the 67th Congress was passing and the prospect of the 1924 election was first discussed. He had swung the Limitation of Armaments Conference to rather more than expected success—a great achievement whose limitations were not yet perceived. However, the kindhearted, human Harding—cabineted by Secretaries Hughes, Mellon, Hoover, on the one hand; by Fall, Daugherty, Denby, on the other—had not found all his road smooth. Congress—the Congress with Senator Knute Nelson, Samuel E. Nicholson, La Barón B. Colt, Frank B. Brandegee, Wm. P. Dillingham—all missing now—had made him trouble. It he had had to veto; it had turned down his ship subsidy; and when he surprised it in its closing hours with a proposal that the U. S. should enter the World Court with reservations, the Senate had

refused to agree by a two to one vote. Indeed, the Senate had adjourned without the customary vote of thanks to the rather insignificant, the entirely silent, the "stern and rockbound" Vice President. Senator Heflin, the ebullient Alabamian, had prevented it because the Vice President had sustained a point of order of the learned senior Senator Lodge from Massachusetts and had, thereby, as Mr. Heflin put it, "participated in a rape of the rules of the United States Senate." But nobody cared greatly; even the Republicans were inclined to the opinion that they would "ditch this dumb Vice President" when they came to making up their ticket for 1924.

That same Congress was passing; and the presidential timber was beginning to put forth its springtime tendrils. Senator Oscar W. Underwood sailed for Europe, saying that he would consider his candidacy when he returned. Hopeful Senator Hiram W. Johnson went overseas—looking perhaps for ammunition to fire at President Harding's foreign policy. The name of Henry Ford was on the tip of many a tongue. William G. McAdoo was paving his path to the Democratic Convention. President Harding, bent on a deserved rest, turned south to Florida; and Senator William E. Borah, going home to Idaho, stopped at Akron, Ohio, to remark that a third party in 1924 was "not impossible, not even improbable."

On the front pages of the press, the subject of discussion was the President's World Court proposal, the suggestion that it might split the Republican Party. Interspersed with this matter were accounts of the President's vacationing in Florida—his trips aboard the *Pioneer* (the houseboat of Edward B. McLean), his foursomes at golf with Mr. McLean, Albert D. Lasker (the then Chairman of the Shipping Board), and Charles G. Dawes (the former Director of the Budget). Before the vacation was over, Harry M. Daugherty, Attorney General, caused a small furor by announcing that Mr. Harding's hat was in the ring for 1924.

Then came the final, fatal trip; the journey of President and Mrs. Harding westward across the Continent, leaving the White House in the process of renovation—not knowing that the mansion was being made ready for a new tenant. As Elbert H. Gary gave word that the steel mills were going to give up their 12-hour day, as Edward W. Bok offered a prize of \$100,000 for a practical peace plan and announced a committee in charge of the award, including as a member one John W. Davis, quondam Ambassador to the Court of St. James—speeding west beyond the Mississippi, in sweltering June

National Affairs—[Continued]

and July, President and Mrs. Harding were entertained by farmers, Mormon elders, cowboys, pioneers, Indians—as far as Alaska. There Mr. Harding became ill—the first untoward event of the trip. Then homeward they came; a glorious stop at Vancouver; a collision at night with a destroyer in the mists of Puget Sound; a review of the fleet; a terribly strenuous day in Seattle; indigestion; bronchial pneumonia; abrupt termination of the trip at San Francisco; a stroke of apoplexy—death. (TIME, Aug. 13).

Thus, with tragic swiftness, came the ending of the first chapter of the tale.

Under the New President. Abruptly, the scene shifts from the Golden Gate to the hills of Vermont. Reporters in automobiles rushing over country roads; a knock at the door of a white farmhouse in the little hamlet of Plymouth; oil lamps lit, dispelling the darkness; telegrams read by their glow; a brief statement of mourning; the next of office taken at dawn and the oath chapter is inaugurated.

The silent Vice Presidential travels as he has never traveled before. Accompanied by his wife and by Frank W. Stearns, the Boston business man, he travels by special train to the Capital.

Every presidential aspirant began to count his fingers and then his toes. "The race of 1924 is open to all," said he, "Gird on my sandals."

President Coolidge went quietly to his old Vice Presidential home at the New Willard. He saw numbers of notables and said little. The members of the Cabinet sent their resignations—Secretaries Hughes, Mellon, Weeks, Daugherty, New, Denby, Work, Wallace, Hoover, Davis. All were refused. The Cabinet would stay on. The old régime would continue.

Gradually the country quieted. There were to be no disturbances. Mr. Stearns, the veteran business man, was joined at the President's side by Mr. Slomp, the veteran politician. Other acquisitions came—an Airedale, a fox terrier, a collie and finally William M. Butler, the Campaign Manager.

There was a diversion caused by a threatened anthracite strike. The President turned to Governor Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania for a solution of the problem. Mr. Pinchot worked out a solution and revealed somewhat in the temporary fame it brought him, barking at the Administration about the coal situation, about prohibition enforcement. But his voice brought him comparatively little attention.

Within four weeks, the new President seemed the most favored contender for the Republican nomination—that is, if he would display some individual initiative, something that would make him a figure in his own right, not a mere shade

of Mr. Harding. Other candidates likewise were getting their plans under way. Senator Underwood was at work; Senator Hiram Johnson and Mr. McAdoo were preparing their plans. Finally, on the same day, the latter two announced themselves as Progressives—contrasts to Mr. Coolidge. Mr. McAdoo was for remaking the railways; Senator Johnson was for remaking foreign policy on strictly isolationist lines. Mr. McAdoo's effort grew, although politicians shook their heads and muttered: "He will never be able to win the necessary two-thirds of a Democratic convention." Senator Johnson's candidacy was on the wane from the first; since he belonged to the same Party as Mr. Coolidge, the President's accession was his diminution. And the President's following increased.

Then suddenly, in early November, less than a month before the assembling of Congress—the Congress which was to be the test of the new President—Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon, injected a new issue into the contest. He published a plan for tax reduction—not simply an idea, but a plan worked out in all its details (TIME, Nov. 19 et seq.). Tax reduction was the one suit which politicians had not expected to play. They were as startled as auction bridge players hearing a bid of nullo. What surprised them at first was the avidity with which the public took to the notion of tax reduction. The Congressmen, who were at first non-committally opposed, soon turned lukewarm, later hot.

This was the situation when the 68th Congress assembled for its first session. The country waited to see what the new President had to offer in his premier—his first message to Congress.

Under the New Congress. New faces came to Washington: the broad beaming face of Magnus Johnson; the sharper face of his fellow Farmer-Laborite, Shipstead; the keen, shrewd face of Wheeler and the rounder face of Dill, two "progressive" Democrats from the Northwest. Robert M. La Follette had greatly strengthened his insurgent contingent. At once, there was a deadlock over the election of officers; and the awaited Presidential message was delayed until there could be compromises.

The message came. (TIME, Dec. 17). It was characterized as "unequivocal" by most of the press. The Opposition called it reactionary. But, in the main, its reception was favorable. It came forward strongly for tax reduction, for economy; it advocated restricted immigration and, in one brief sentence, tersely gave the President's adverse opinion of a soldier bonus. It put Mr. Coolidge

into a new stage of his career. At first, he was considered "safe" because he was as Mr. Harding. With this message he won confidence by his individual attitude.

But troublous times were ahead. For the time, tax reduction was the sole major issue; and Congress quarreled over Democratic versus Republican details of the measure. The bonus followed more quietly in tax reduction's wake. And, in the midst of all, burst Teapot Dome. Albert B. Fall, Secretary of the Interior in Mr. Harding's Cabinet, was cast in the shadow, if not of crime, at least of grave impropriety in dispensing leases of the Naval Oil Reserves. The Senate went into "hysteria"; the scandal drove two members, Denby and Daugherty, from President Coolidge's Cabinet (TIME, Mar. 17, April 7). But Mr. Coolidge, either indecisive or unwilling to be hurried, was slow in bringing about changes.

All winter and all spring the Opposition and the Administration struggled over three chief issues: the bonus, which was passed, vetoed and passed over the veto; the Mellon tax plan, which with considerable Democratic alterations was passed and signed; and the question of corruption which, like a volcanic disturbance, rumbled and shook and erupted time after time, burst out again and again in fiery rhetoric and finally settled in the scoria of public distaste and weariness.

During the contest, William G. McAdoo and Hiram W. Johnson acclaimed themselves and the bonus; and the latter, struggling till his voice gave out, lost every primary fight, save in South Dakota; Henry Ford surrendered unconditionally in support of President Coolidge, who left his campaigning to his managers and turned himself to the struggle with Congress and the season's entertaining. Mr. Coolidge's nomination was assured two months before the Republican National Convention. A month before the Convention, Senator Johnson withdrew; Mr. McAdoo took most of the South away from Senator Underwood, who had denounced the Ku Klux Klan. But other Democratic aspirants appeared: Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York, Senator Ralston of Indiana, ex-Governor Cox of Ohio, Senator Robinson of Arkansas.

Meanwhile, the great prop of the Democratic party, Woodrow Wilson, died (TIME, Feb. 11). The world fliers had hopped off across the Pacific (TIME, Mar. 24). President Coolidge had suffered on the Pacific Coast by opposing the Japanese exclusion section of the Immigration Bill. The final passage of the bill, however, relieved

National Affairs—[Continued]

the tension—so far as Mr. Coolidge's internal politics were concerned.

June came again. A disgruntled Congress, nursing a feeling that it was disliked by the public and that it was imposed upon by an inferior type of man at the White House, stalked off to its conventions. But, ere it went, most of the issues that it had fought for were dead or dying. Tax reduction and the bonus had been largely "killed" as campaign issues by their enactment. The corruption issue had been impaired in its virility by the Senate, which had pursued it to the verge of sadism, to the point of public exhaustion. The guerdon of the struggle remained the same; but, by the beginning of the last scene, most of its contenders and nearly all of their weapons had been altered.

Under Party Banners. In June and July, there were three conventions. First, the Republican which met at Cleveland (TIME, June 23), with only one thing to decide—whom it should nominate for Vice President. The Coolidge organization, which handed the Convention a ready-made candidate and a predigested platform, was dubious about its choice for Vice President. Mr. Butler thought that a western Progressive—not insurgent—should be chosen. He considered Judge Kenyon and picked Senator Borah. Mr. Borah, inconsiderately, on the morning of the day on which he was to be nominated, refused. Taking advantage of the unexpected, the Old Guard named Frank O. Lowden, onetime Governor of Illinois. Mr. Lowden refused. The Old Guard again overruled Mr. Butler and named Charles G. Dawes. Thus was it done in spite and chiefly without premeditation.

The Democratic Convention opened second—in Manhattan—but closed last (TIME, July 7 et seq.). Here nothing was predigested or ready made. Nearly all the candidates—almost a score including favorite sons—were on hand to cook the broth. Mr. McAdoo came with almost half the strength of the Convention; but against him were arrayed a group of anti-Klansmen and more-or-less Wets, united on one thing: that they could not have loved their several candidates so much save that they hated Mr. McAdoo more. For four days the groups fought bitterly over the platform. For two and a half days they made fiery nomination speeches. For nine days they balloted before being able to nominate their ticket leader. For 98 ballots, Mr. McAdoo clung desperately to his delegates, scoring from 400 to 530 (his high mark), making the pace all the way. Then, physically exhausted, he gave up and pattered off the stage. Samuel M. Ralston, the good-natured, the kindly, the inoffensive old Senator from In-

diana, might have had the nomination then, but just previously he had insisted on withdrawing. The contest was then between John W. Davis, Senator Underwood and Edwin T. Meredith, onetime Secretary of Agriculture. Mr. Davis led and, in the last spurt to end the terrible ordeal, he was nominated.

It was a surprise—in the phrase of the day—that a man "so much a statesman and so little a politician" should have been chosen. It was almost unprecedented. Mr. Davis, at hand in Manhattan, looked over the Vice Presidential timber and nodded to Charles W. Bryan, Governor of Nebraska. It was a stroke aimed to tie up the West with his cause and to pacify the Bryan element in the Party. As matters developed, it also helped to alienate part of the East.

The third convention, or rather conference, met at Cleveland—the Conference for Progressive Political Action (TIME, July 14). Senator LaFollette was the apple of its eye. But it did not name Senator LaFollette. He handed it a platform. Having surveyed the Republican Convention and most of the Democratic and deeming the time favorable, he nodded to the Conference, saying: "You may endorse my independent candidacy." So 'twas done. The Socialists, too, endorsed him; and, taking his own time, he picked, a few days later, his running mate, Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, a nominal Democrat, as he himself was a nominal Republican. Together they set forth under the title of the "Progressive ticket."

It was only after all this had happened that the issues of the campaign began to develop. The physical arrangements were simple. President Coolidge sat at his desk, silent, while Mr. Dawes stumped about mainly between the Mississippi and the Rockies. Mr. Davis made two trips, one as far West as Denver, one as far as St. Louis, but spent most of his time in the East. Mr. Bryan did almost as little as President Coolidge. Senator LaFollette, late in the campaign, started on a trip from the East to the Northwest and then back. Mr. Wheeler, beginning in New England, stumped all the way across the country to the opposite coast and back again.

Meanwhile, the issues were developing. President Coolidge chose for his own—economy. A weakness was found in Senator LaFollette's armor in the proposal that Congress should be allowed to override decisions of the Supreme Court. Mr. Dawes hammered that. The Republicans held themselves up as defenders of the Constitution. They also capitalized the existence of the third ticket, the radical ticket, to

gather all conservative support and the support of those who feared the possibility of the election being thrown into Congress, of a deadlock in the House; of the radical member of the Democratic ticket, Mr. Bryan, being elected President by the Senate.

Mr. Davis hammered on the corruption issue, calling for a change of administration, denouncing the "robber" tariff of the Republicans. In regard to Senator LaFollette, he took the tack opposite to the Coolidge group, and belittled the third ticket. He aimed at President Coolidge; and President Coolidge sat as immobile as a sphinx, repeating with the persistency of Poe's raven: "Economy and more economy."

Senator LaFollette attacked the "special privilege" which "honeycombed" the old Parties. Mr. Wheeler stung the personal records of Coolidge and Dawes. But in part, at least, LaFollette and Wheeler were kept on the defensive about their Supreme Court proposal, about Government ownership of the railways. Yet they made a brilliant campaign.

In the strategy of the struggle, the Republicans had all the best of it; more able management than had Mr. Davis, much more money than any of their opponents. They kept the "lead" in the public mind. They kept all eyes focussed upon themselves. They talked about themselves as economists and preservers of the Constitution. Others talked about them as crooks and the puppets of Wall Street. But everyone talked about them. It was good strategy, whether or not all of it was intentional.

The last stroke of the campaign was struck by the Republicans. Secretary of the Treasury Mellon ordered that the gross amounts of tax returns by individuals and corporations should be made public. The law which made this possible was passed over the Administration's protest by Democrats and insurgents. A howl of rage went up from business men everywhere. Perhaps Secretary Mellon meant to suggest by his gesture: "You may expect more of this if you support our opponents."

Then came Hallowe'en with pumpkins and practical jokes; and after Hallowe'en, election day. Warren G. Harding and Hiram W. Johnson, William G. McAdoo, Oscar Underwood, Henry Ford, who began the contest, had departed the field. The ship subsidy, the World Court, the bonus, tax reduction—great issues earlier in the fight—were lost or had dwindled into insignificance for the most part.

There was a trace of the truly scientific mind in that scamp of a poet when he asked: "Where are the snows of yesteryear?"

National Affairs—[Continued]

TAXATION

A Suitable Suit

A furor in the business world over the publication of the amounts of income tax payments made by individuals and corporations came to a head, and the doctor was sent for with his lancet.

Attorney General Stone hastened to Washington, was confronted with the two apparently conflicting passages in the law:

Section 257 (b) directs that Collectors of Internal Revenue "shall cause to be prepared and made available to public inspection" names and addresses of all tax payers with the tax paid by each person.

Section 1018 (re-enacting a section of the previous law) forbade any person to print or publish in any manner not provided by law any part of an income tax return: Penalty, \$1,000 fine and one year in prison—or less.

Mr. Stone was perplexed and formally remarked: "Just what purpose Congress had in mind in re-enacting this provision after it had made it the duty of Commissioners to make available for public inspection the amount of income tax paid by each tax payer can only be surmised. The provision, however, is expressly made a part of the present Tax Law, and it appears clearly to be the duty of the Department of Justice to have an appropriate case presented in the courts so that the full force and effect of this provision may be judicially determined. This will be done, at an early, convenient date."

The truth of the matter probably is that Congress had nothing in mind: it apparently intended to open to publication the amounts of individual taxes, but forgot, on the journey from Section 257 to Section 1018, that the latter might conflict with their intentions in part.

Mr. Stone, therefore, holding that the tax information in question is legally open to public inspection, but may not be otherwise published, prepared a suitable suit against a suitable newspaper. The press as a whole was not frightened by the prospect and continued to publish the information discovered at the tax offices.

Meanwhile, in Cleveland, a different point of law had been brought up. A lawyer asked an injunction to prevent the Collector of Internal Revenue from publishing his tax return on the grounds that it was his pri-

vate property. A federal judge ruled that his tax return belonged not to him but to the Government and denied the petition.

In Maryland, a tax collector gave the desired information to inquirers, but began a practice of making public the names of the information seekers.

ARMY & NAVY

Soldier on Eagle

On June 26, 1917, the first U. S. troops sailed into St. Nazaire Bay,



© Keystone

MRS. WHITNEY

A veteran General registered the only protest.

France, with a view to fighting Germans. On June 26, 1926, a statue will be unveiled on a jutting rock in St. Nazaire Bay to commemorate the event.

The statue, by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, represents a soldier, standing on an eagle, holding a crusader's sword in his right hand. The soldier will be 15 ft. high, the eagle's wingspread 35 ft.

A veteran General registers the only protest. Since seeing a photograph of the model, he has been unable to sleep nights. Although a U. S. soldier might fly on an eagle, says he, he would never carry a sword instead of a gun.

At Churchill Downs

"And while the bands were playing Dixie, a sudden hush came over the throng. The Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Commander-in-Chief of the United Confederate Veterans were standing

with hands clasped before the flag of our country."

So wrote the National Vice Commander of the American Legion to Mrs. William Birch Haldeman, in condolence with her on the death of her husband. He went on: "The Nation has lost a patriot and the world has lost a man."

When the war broke out—the Civil War—Walter Newman Haldeman was publishing the *Louisville Journal* and had a son, William Birch, but 14 years of age. The *Journal* was suppressed because of its Southern sympathies and some two years later the son ran away from Forest's Academy to enlist in the 9th Kentucky Infantry, the famous Orphan Brigade (Confederate). He fought at Chickamauga and was wounded. Then he shipped as a midshipman in the Confederate Navy. But gunboat service was not exciting enough for him. He went back to his old company and finished the war with it.

After the war, the elder Haldeman with Henry Watterson founded the *Courier-Journal*. The son served under them for a time. Then he went to the Kentucky Military Institute to take first his B.A., in 1869, then his M.A., in 1871. In 1884, the elder Haldeman established the *Times*, an evening paper coördinate with the *Courier-Journal*, and in 1902 William Birch became its editor. He held that post until 1918 when he sold his interest in the two papers.

His prime interests were always politics, horse-racing and the Confederacy. For each of them he undertook service. In 1896, he was a Democratic National Committeeman from Kentucky—belonging to the "Gold (Anti-Bryan) Democrats." He supported Woodrow Wilson strongly, and took the post of National Committeeman again during Wilson's second administration. In connection with horse-racing, he was a member of the Kentucky Racing Commission from 1914 to 1919. In connection with the Confederacy, it was largely through his efforts that a great shaft was erected at Fairview, Kentucky, in memory of Jefferson Davis, whose birthplace it was. In 1923, he was elected Commander-in-Chief of the United Confederate Veterans. Last spring he was reelected. In his official capacity, he presided last June at the dedication of the shaft at Fairview. It was said that he never missed a reunion.

Last week, he attended the races at Churchill Downs. At about the time of the fourth race, he complained of feeling ill and started to leave. Before he could go far, the illness overcame him. He was taken to the emergency hospital. There, suddenly, peacefully, he died before members of his family could reach him, stricken while he was still actively enjoying the life he loved.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE LEAGUE

Laurel Leaves

The Council of the League of Nations, sitting at Brussels, Belgian capital, had a busy and significant week.

Before it, appeared Fethi Bey, Turkish representative, and Lord Parmoor, Lord President of the Council, British representative, pledged to accept the decision of the Council on Turko-British dispute over the Irak-Turkish boundary (TIME, Oct. 27).

The crux of the trouble between Britain and Turkey has been that each has a different idea as to where the boundary line should be situate. This led to no mere equivocation. Angry words and angry deeds resulted; land was occupied by both sides, not without bloodshed. War was in the air; but, fortunately, sane counsel prevailed; and the two Nations placed their problem unreservedly before the League for its solution.

Hjalmar Branting, once more Premier of Sweden (TIME, Oct. 27), was the "big man" at Brussels last week. Mainly through his work, a compromise solution was quickly arrived at; and away into space scurried all the dark war clouds.

The decision of the Council was that the line described in the Lausanne Treaty should be recognized by both parties. Exceptions were made: three times the line dipped south in favor of Turkey; three times it bulged north in favor of Irak, whose mandatory guardian is Britain. The British received most territory; and the concessions granted to Turkey were regarded as useless. Turkey, however, won a big point; for she established her right over a tract of land that Britain had emphatically labeled "No Man's Land."

Many U. S. journals ignorantly write about Britain's oil interests in Mosul and lead their readers to suppose that the recent controversy was in reality over oil. This is a misconception. The settlement reached had to do only with the frontier. The question of whether the Mosul and its rich oil district is, or is not, to revert to Turkish sovereignty has yet to be decided by the League.

The Council also settled amicably the dispute between Turkey and Greece over the exchange of population (TIME, Sept. 22). The Mixed Commission, which controls the exchange of population between the two Nations, was asked to meet; and both Powers agreed to recognize and submit to its authority to deal with the question. The Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague is to settle any future disagreements.

The Council then adjourned, con-

scious that it had added two leaves of laurel to its ever-sprouting crown. The next meeting will take place at Rome on Dec. 8.

REPARATIONS

Stern

Before leaving Paris for Berlin, S. Parker Gilbert Jr., Agent General of



© Wide World

S. P. GILBERT JR.
"This is no movie show!"

Reparations, had a terse word to say to photographers who had conceived it to be their duty to dog his footsteps. As Mr. Gilbert is possessed with powers that might turn an absolute despot green with envy, Paris photographers decided to treat him as royalty and "snap" him with that regularity that attends their attitude toward visiting monarchs.

But American Mr. Gilbert is made of sterner stuff. Said he to the cameramen: "This is no movie show; there are not going to be any photographs of this job."

Some of the more daring asked if it were true that he had come to Europe without knowing the amount of his salary. Replied he: "That is a mere detail."

COMMONWEALTH

(British Commonwealth of Nations)

Election Results

The results of the British general election (TIME, Oct. 13, et seq.) may fairly be said to have been a great surprise to all parties concerned and to the world at large. A Conservative victory had early appeared cer-

tain, but that it should have been the most crushing of any that the party has ever won, and the greatest since Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman rode into office on the tidal wave of 1906 with a majority of 356 seemed impossible.

Results. Parties.

PARTY	No. OF SEATS
Conservatives	412
Labor	153
Liberals	40
Constitutionalists	7
Independents	4

Total seats in Parliament..... 615

State of parties at dissolution (TIME, Nov. 3):

PARTY	No. OF SEATS
Conservatives	258
Labor	193
Liberals	158
Independents	5
Vacant	1

Total

Analysis. Conservatives gained 154 seats; Labor, Liberals, Independents lost respectively 41 seats, 118 seats, 1 seat; Constitutionalists are a new party. Conservative majority: 223.

Strongholds. The Conservatives took by storm the Lancashire and Glasgow divisions, for decades the strongholds of Liberalism and extreme Socialism. The London constituencies, which have often sponsored Liberalism, returned only three Liberal candidates. At Birmingham, however, which for years has been a shelter to Conservatism, the Conservatives narrowly missed a defeat.

Women: Last Parliament there were eight lady members:

Lady Astor	Conservative
Duchess of Atholl	Conservative
Mrs. Hilton Philpott	Conservative
Mrs. Wintringham	Liberal
Lady Terrington	Liberal
Miss Margaret Bondfield	Labor
Miss Dorothy Jewson	Labor
Miss Arabella Susan Lawrence	Labor

All the above with the exception of the three Conservative members were defeated. Miss E. Wilkinson was elected as a new Labor member. Out of 41 candidates, therefore, only 4 were elected, despite the fact that about half the electorate is composed of women.

Men. The most prominent defeated: ex-Premier H. H. Asquith (Liberal), Dr. MacNamara (Liberal), J. A. Pringle (Liberal), J. M. Hogge (Liberal). None of the chief Laborites was defeated. Mr. Asquith said, on hearing the result of the ballot in his constituency: "I am done." He said he would run again.

Sons. A feature of the results was that not one son of prominent members was returned. The defeated:

Malcolm MacDonald (Labor), son of Premier MacDonald.

Oliver Baldwin (Labor), son of ex-Premier Stanley Baldwin.

Gwelym Lloyd George (Liberal),

Foreign News—[Continued]

son of ex-Premier David Lloyd George.

Arthur Henderson Jr., and W. Henderson (Labor), sons of Arthur Henderson, Secretary of State for Home Affairs.

Young (initials unknown) Mond (Liberal), son of Sir Alfred Mond.

With very few exceptions, Conservatives not only won a large number of seats but succeeded in greatly increasing their previous majorities. Even Premier MacDonald was returned to Parliament with a reduced majority. Among those few of the Liberals and Laborites who succeeded in increasing their majorities: Ex-Premier Lloyd George and Sir Alfred Mond. The most notable Conservative loss was sustained by Neville Chamberlain, brother of Austen Chamberlain, who had his majority cut from 1,554 to 77.

Foreign Comment:

U. S.:

The New York Times: "If Baldwin does not throw his majority out of the window again, the Conservatives are in office for many years."

The New York World: "Mr. MacDonald has burned down the Progressive house to roast the Liberal pig. For the doubtful benefit of eliminating the Liberals, he has enormously strengthened the Conservatives and given them a long, clear lease of power."

The New York Herald-Tribune: "In Europe, as well as in America, the people are sick of destructive radicalism and of the selfish fomentation of economic and political discontent. They want to get back to work. . . . The British election is only one manifestation of a present world-wide mood."

The New York Evening Post: "Great Britain will experience all the difference between a weak and a strong Government. Politics, for the next few years, will no longer hang upon the ragged edge of uncertainty and doubt. In foreign affairs, the rest of the world will at least know just where Great Britain stands, whether for good or ill."

FRANCE:

Le Temps: "He [Premier MacDonald] based his hopes on the successes of a foreign policy which he claimed had been his. The Labor leader thought he had settled in ten months those grave problems which the Conservatives and Liberals before him had been unable to adjust. The British vote shows he was mistaken."

L'Intransigeant: "All Europe remains poisoned with the germ of war. . . . A frank and disinterested European to believe that Labor has gained

accord alone could save us all. But no one dares to admit it."

L'Information: "Too many general and local circumstances change each election. However, one is tempted



ASQUITH

He is done.

(See opposite page)

ground, and that England, in spite of the Conservative victory at the expense of the Liberal party, will experience social anxieties similar to those of Germany before 1914."

GERMANY:

Berliner Courrier, rebuking the German Monarchists: "A Tory democracy will be very careful not to drive more voters into the Socialist camp by making laws which are annoying to the mass of the people."

ITALY:

L'Epoque: "The advent of Baldwin doubtless will have profound reactions throughout Europe, especially in Germany, where elections are imminent, and in France, where Premier Herriot appears to be fulfilling his promises to extend French influence by international agreement."

RUSSIA:

Izvestia: "It is now evident that in England, as in all other countries, the Labor Party can capture power only by a definite and open class struggle."

Conservative Cabinet. The last Cabinet of Mr. Baldwin was constituted as follows:

Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, *Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin

*The prefix Right Honorable indicates that the member is a Privy Councillor. All members of the Cabinet have to be Privy Councillors.

Lord Privy Seal,

Rt. Hon. Lord Robert Cecil
Lord President of the Council and
Deputy Leader of the House of
Lords, Rt. Hon. Marquess of Salisbury
Lord High Chancellor,

Rt. Hon. Viscount Cave
Chancellor of the Exchequer,
Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain
Secretaries of State:

Home Affairs,
Rt. Hon. William Clive Bridgeman
Foreign Affairs and Leader of House
of Lords,

Rt. Hon. Marquess Curzon of Kedleston
Colonies, Rt. Hon. Duke of Devonshire
War, Rt. Hon. Earl of Derby
India, Rt. Hon. Viscount Peel
Scotland, Rt. Hon. Viscount Novar
Air, Rt. Hon. Sir Samuel Hoare
First Lord of the Admiralty,

Rt. Hon. L. C. M. S. Amery

President, Board of Trade,
Rt. Hon. Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame
Minister of Health,

Rt. Hon. Sir William Jowison-Hicks
President of Board of Education,

Rt. Hon. E. F. L. Wood
Minister of Agriculture and
Fisheries,

Rt. Hon. Sir Robert A. Sanders

Minister of Labor,
Rt. Hon. Sir Montague Barlow
Postmaster-General,

Rt. Hon. Sir Laming Worthington-Evans

It was supposed in London that Mr. Baldwin would form his Cabinet (which has been sitting since its resignation in January of this year as a "Shadow Cabinet") much as above, with the exception that a place will be found for Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Sir Robert Horne, Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Birkenhead. Many and fervent were the hopes that Lord Curzon would decline, if offered, the office of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

At this time, there came a book from the publishers* which is, in the jargon of journalism, "of great news value." The book is written in a style that is distinctive of the "Gentlemen with a Duster." It champions Conservatism against both Liberalism and Socialism, and in so doing the language is direct, conclusive, partisan, brilliant. It is, or seems to be, a thousand pities that the author failed to include such Conservative personalities as Lord Curzon and the Duke of Devonshire. The dusting of these gentlemen might have disturbed the atmosphere at Westminster, convulsed the author with literary sneezes and choked the readers with amusement not unminged with that grain of truth that invariably deserts the object and sticks to the duster.

Thanks. After the victory had become established, ex-Premier Baldwin thanked the electorate thus:

"On the eve of the election, I appealed to my fellow-countrymen and women to give the Conservative and Unionist Party a secure majority. I thank them warmly for the way in which they have responded to that appeal. To all who have contributed

**The Window of Westminster—A Gentleman with a Duster—Pittman (\$2.50).*

Foreign News—[Continued]

to this phenomenal victory, I am most sincerely grateful.

"The result of the election has more than justified the profound confidence which I have always had in the political judgment and common sense of the British people when confronted with an issue of grave importance. In this hour of victory, I offer my grateful thanks to all who labored in the cause which we have so much at heart."

Future. The Labor Government was hourly expected to resign. Just as frequently, ex-Premier Stanley Baldwin was expected to be summoned to the Palace by the King and requested to form a new Cabinet. This procedure would obviate the passage of a no-confidence motion in the next Parliament, which meets Nov. 18.

What are the Conservatives likely to do? They will not make a government-guaranteed loan to Russia, but they are not likely to withdraw recognition of that country, having for so long been staunch advocates of the doctrine of "continuity in foreign policy." Despite the alarms and excursions of the new Opposition, observers found no reason to believe that the Conservative foreign policy would be any less conciliatory than that of Labor. In this respect, the Conservatives have had an excellent object lesson and, perhaps, they have learned it.

In domestic politics, the Baldwin Government will probably reimpose the McKenna duties (TIME, May 12), because they afford some measure of protection to Empire produce, the lack of which had disastrously affected the automobile industry of Britain. It seems established by the huge Conservative vote in Lancashire, home of the cotton mills and Richard Cobden of free trade fame, that protection is not so much of a bugaboo as was Socialism; therefore, a trend to protective tariffs is more than probable.

In the main, as Mr. Baldwin not so long ago remarked, Labor Legislation will have to be studied and, if necessary, revised.

The Singapore naval base is one of those measures that now seems certain of being revised.*

Significance. The great issue of the election was a fear of Socialism, expressed in the policy of the Labor Party. Socialism, at least for a time, is now a dead letter—an overwhelming body of the electorate voted



DISRAELI

"I find something better than the rights of men in the rights of Englishmen."

against it. An even greater body would have voted against it, had many of Labor's supporters believed that their leaders would be influenced by the extremists.

But more important is the shake-up of the Conservative Party. Who did it? No doubt the "Shadow Cabinet" of all the talents. The fact remains that they have done for Conservatism what Disraeli did for it in the last century—they have modernized it; hence the oft-quoted epithet: "The Conservatives of today would have been the Radicals of yesterday." But in following Disraeli's tactics, they have reaffirmed his principles. The fight which Conservatives and Liberals have won against the Laborites has ended in a victory for the rights of individuals over the rights of the State. Disraeli put it more clearly when he attacked the Liberals: "I prefer the liberty we now enjoy to the Liberalism they promise, and find something better than the rights of men in the rights of Englishmen." The Conservatives have made it: "We prefer the liberty we now enjoy to the Socialism they promise, and find something better than the rights of the State in the rights of Englishmen."

...

In India

Otto Rothfeld of the Indian Civil Service arrived in Manhattan allegedly to lecture before U. S. Universities on

Indian affairs. Speaking of India, he said:

"The conditions are much better at the present time and will be further improved by the Conservative Party coming into power. I expect that Sir George Lloyd [ex-Governor of Bombay] will be the next Viceroy when Lord Reading retires, which will be in April, 1925, if not before.

"The people of India generally do not wish to see the British Government relinquish its hold upon the country. They wish to have a little more to say in the local government, which is quite natural, but they have not the slightest desire to see their native Princes come into absolute power. There are, of course, the extremists in Bengal, who would stop at nothing short of murder, but they are in the minority.

"One of the strange things is to see how Gandhi has fallen from power. Now he is regarded in India as nothing more than a religious fanatic. That is because he has accomplished nothing.

"The business people in India are contented to go along as they are doing if they have a little more to say at the top in the conduct of home affairs. Conditions in the country are not really half as bad as the newspapers have tried to make them out to be. The trouble is that India has not been understood quite right politically in the last quarter of a century, but it is too late to talk of that now. All the people want is a bigger share in the home Government and they will get it.

"The English women who have gone out there have never understood the native side of the question and have caused a good deal of trouble for the officials of all ranks. There is a little unrest on the Northwest frontier as usual, but it was not very serious when I left India."

Incarcerated

After the arrest at Londonderry of Eamonn de Valera, President of the Irish "Republic" (TIME, Nov. 3) the police removed him under strong guard to Belfast, where he was tried and condemned to one month's imprisonment, although the maximum term of incarceration prescribed is two years.

Mr. de Valera declined to recognize the court, referred to it as "the creature of a foreign Power"—the foreign Power being England. This made no difference, however, and to jail he went.

While under arrest, Mr. de Valera heard that he had been defeated as Republican candidate in the general elections. As a matter of fact, the 13 seats of Northern Ireland were all captured by the Conservative Party.

*The Singapore naval base was a Conservative project, which was shelved by the Labor Government. It is important to bear in mind that there is a large dock at present at Singapore, but its accommodations are insufficient for many of large battleships.

Foreign News—[Continued]

FRANCE

Russia Recognized

In the Quai d'Orsay, French Foreign Office, on the forenoon of a typical Paris October day, Premier Herriot made a momentous decision.

At 12 o'clock, the wireless apparatus on the top of the Eiffel Tower spoke to the world: "France has recognized Russia."

In a note, Premier Herriot had acquainted the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (Russia) that *de jure* recognition had been extended by the French Republic.

In an acknowledgment, signed by Kalinin, Rykov and Tchitcherine, the U. S. S. R. voiced its pleasure with the action of France, suggested an immediate exchange of ambassadors.

The terms of recognition were virtually negligible. It was understood by the two Governments that neither should interfere in the domestic affairs of the other. As, according to the Russian Government, the Communist (Third) Internationale is in no way connected with the Government, the latter will, of course, not be responsible for the dissemination of propaganda in France by the Internationale.

All matters concerning debts, loans, property, treaties, etc., are to await discussion by conference of the two parties. Hence recognition follows the same formula as that laid down by Premier MacDonald last spring when he extended a virtually meaningless recognition to the Moscow autocrats (Time, Apr. 28).

In the capital of Tsarist Russia (Paris), royal Russians and those loyal to royal Russians staged a demonstration protesting against the recognition of their enemy the Bolsheviks. Their plans were to run up the Imperial Flag on the old Embassy, but it was thought that they would be persuaded not to do so as such an act would inevitably bring them into collision with the Paris police.

Meantime, former Imperial Russian Ambassador to France, M. Maklakov, called upon M. Herriot to hand over the Embassy buildings. M. Herriot told M. Maklakov that he was a private citizen and said that the Embassy was automatically the property of the Bolshevik Government; therefore, M. Herriot could not receive the Embassy and M. Maklakov could not give it.

Later, M. Maklakov requested the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Cerretti, to hand over the building to the Bolsheviks. It was believed that the Pope's Ambassador accepted the mission, but



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GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

He made the Kaiser grateful.

the report was unconfirmed. At all events, the royalist Russians removed all their papers and documents to another building before quitting the Embassy.

GERMANY

An Old Voice

In the *Current History* magazine, George Sylvester Viereck, described as "in closer personal relations with the former Emperor than anyone outside his immediate entourage," presents the exiled All Highest's views on Germany's War Guilt, the Treaty of Versailles, the Experts' Plan and the League of Nations.

The article is sealed with the ex-Kaiser's stamp of approval: "I am deeply grateful for this capital essay. I authorize its publication as it is, and have no changes to suggest."

"William I. R."

The ex-Kaiser, it is enough to say, does not think that Germany was responsible for the War, and it is quite evident that he entertains similar convictions about himself, for he says: "I turned my face to the Prince of Peace, not to Mars."

The Versailles Treaty is breaking down "the entire structure reared for the protection of labor," says the ex-Kaiser. Mr. Viereck adds: "In the

**The italics are the Kaiser's.*

Prussia of Frederick the Great, every man was allowed to 'seek Heaven in his own fashion.' The same principle prevailed under the old Kaiser. But in the Germany of William II, no man, in his own fashion or otherwise, was permitted to go to the devil."

The Experts' Plan the Kaiser of Doorn condemns because it is "impossible of execution. It may temporarily mitigate certain economic ills, but it saps almost beyond recovery the patient's power of resistance. Germany under the agreement is compelled to sign her own death warrant as a free Nation."

To His All-Highness the League is "too intimately associated with the Peace Treaty of Versailles. No such arrangement, no world court, can eliminate war. I detest war. I have kept the peace of Europe on at least two occasions, when the chances were in our favor, when England was engaged in the Transvaal and Russia in the Far East."

This kind of thing, of course, flows as logically and as naturally from William's brain as does milk from a ripe coconut. Real touches of the ancient Imperial and Royal bombast are contained in the following excerpts:

"In the final arbitrament both I and my people will stand guiltless before the Supreme Court of History and of God."

"I do not wish to abandon my reserve by mixing in questions of politics, to take sides, or to set one Nation or party against the other" (as if he could).

"The Hohenzollern dynasty never desired world hegemony. Its scions did not even aspire to be masters of Europe in the approved Napoleonic fashion imitated by Poincaré. Two Princes of the house of Hohenzollern, Frederick the Iron and the Great Elector, refused the throne of Poland, stating: 'We are German Princes. It is difficult enough to rule the Germans!' (Here the ex-Kaiser sadly smiled.) 'We have no desire to rule the earth.'"

The late Woodrow Wilson, according to the Kaiser, desired to go down in history as "the greatest Englishman" of his time. According to His Majesty, he "sacrificed American lives to the Moloch of Anglo-Saxon supremacy."

In the introduction to the article, some interesting facts are given about the present life of the "Master of Doorn":

"He holds in his home at Doorn every morning religious exercises at which are present his wife, his official circle and all his servants; these exer-

Foreign News—[Continued]

cises consist of Bible reading and prayers. On Sundays, he conducts formal services and delivers a sermon on a text from the Bible. His correspondence further reveals the fact that his domestic relations are happy; his references to his wife, Hermine, display the deepest affection."

Election Campaign

The general election, which is to end at the polls on Dec. 7, began to make its thunder heard.

Chancellor Wilhelm Marx, leader of the Catholic or Centre Party, opened his campaign at Berlin by attacking the Nationalists (Monarchists) and their demand for the publication of a denial of Germany's War guilt. Said he:

"If we strive to have the Versailles self-confession of War guilt annulled, we do so simply for moral reasons. It would be fatal self-delusion to believe that, if we succeeded in having that self-confession annulled, we should be liberated from the obligations of the Versailles Treaty."

The notorious Junker, Count Westarp, denied, with much heat, that he had offered ex-Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm a Nationalist nomination for the Reichstag.

Count von Bernstorff, onetime German Ambassador to the U. S., informed the Democratic Party that he would stand for reelection.

Only 14 parties entered into the election fray, being 9 fewer than in the election of last May (TIME, May 5).

Grand Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz was thought likely to be elected leader of the Nationalist Party. Admiral Tirpitz voted for the Experts' Plan; and, if he becomes leader of the Party, it was said that the Nationalists would refrain from attacking the Plan during the elections.

An incident only faintly connected with the elections came to light when 27 Bavarian Generals declared a social boycott against ex-First Quartermaster General Erich von Ludendorff because the latter declared that ex-Crown Prince Rupprecht, virtual King of Bavaria, had played Adolf Hitler and himself false during the "beer hall brawl" (TIME, Nov. 19, 1923). Further, he had demanded that the ex-Crown Prince should appear before a court of honor to defend himself. The Bavarian Generals demanded an apology and were said to have expected challenges to duels.

General von Ludendorff has ever preserved a Ku Klux Klan attitude toward the House of Wittelsbach (that of Prince Rupprecht) because



© Paul Thompson

WILHELM IV*

"Immediately there was a free fight."

it is Catholic. "Ludy" is a fire-eating Protestant and pins his faith to the House of Hohenzollern. Nevertheless, he has had a remarkable following in Bavaria which he appears now to have lost. This seems likely to affect his chances of being re-elected to the Reichstag.

Fists, Ex-Imperial

The gentleman who is one day to become to all German royalists Kaiser Wilhelm IV—Wilhelm Friedrich Franz Josef Christian Olaf von Hohenzollern, eldest son of ex-Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm—had a chance to prove that he is made of the same metal as his ancestor, Frederick the Great.

At Potsdam, capital of German Monarchism, the Stahlhelm, Monarchist organization, came into collision with the Reichsbanner Schwarz-Rot-Gold, Republican organization. Immediately there was a free fight in which the Monarchists were defeated and forced to flee. But in the middle of the scrap a tall, lanky young man with large, heavy fists began to use them with such good effect that the Republicans went down before him like ninespins. But the support he received from his comrades was scanty and soon discretion overcame valor and he too fled.

Only some hours later was it known to the Republicans that the tall, lanky youth was Prince Wilhelm von Hohenzollern.

*Wilhelm was the youngest at the right; his younger brother Louis Ferdinand was he at the left—several years ago in a sentry box at Partenkirchen.

Erratum

In Volume IV, No. 18, TIME, Nov. 3, page 10, column 3, for "Labor" Restoration, read "Later" Restoration.

ITALY

A Promise Kept

Upon the second anniversary of the triumphant entry into Rome of the Fascist legions, the Fascist national militia, which for two years has been an extra-legal army owing allegiance only to Signor Benito Mussolini as the Dux of Fascismo, swore allegiance to King Vittorio Emanuele and ceased to be a purely party organization.

At Milan, Benito's home town, Black Shirts, as the Fascist Militia is known, concentrated in large numbers to swear fealty to their King.

The most spectacular parade was, however, at Rome. In the vale of the Aventine and Palatine hills, between the Colosseum and the Appian Claudius road, thousands of Black Shirts assembled. On every side were thousands of Romans whom the gorgeously clad carabinieri had the greatest difficulty in managing.

Cheers upon cheers rent the air—then there was a lull, occasioned by deepening interest not unmixed with curiosity. Three men appeared upon the scene followed by their retinues. They were the Ministers of War, Marine and Air. They had come to receive the oath in the name of the King. This the troops gave in the customary manner of the Romans—that is, with arms outstretched and palms extended before them. Henceforth the Fascist militia was to know a new master.

All this came to pass because Premier Benito was severely criticized by the Opposition at the time of the Matteotti murder for keeping a "party army." Having been morally forced to make a concession to the Opposition, the Premier decided to form them into a national militia rather than to disband them. Some months ago, he promised this (TIME, July 7). His promise has been kept.

JAPAN

Homeless Again

In Tokyo, a mere flame was fanned into an uncontrollable conflagration by a strong wind.

The fire destroyed 750 temporary barracks in the grounds of the Hamaya Palace. In those barracks lived some 5,000 earthquake victims. All were again made homeless, except those few who perished.

The cause of the fire was unknown.

Foreign News—[Continued]

CHINA

Peace?

Dramatis Personae:

Marshal Tsao Kun, President of China.

General Feng Yu-hsiang, "Chinese Christian Soldier," dictator at Peking.

Super-Tuchun Chang of Manchuria, friend to Feng.

Super-Tuchun Wu, opposed to Feng and Chang.

Marshal Tuan Chi-jui, an ex-Premier, known for his friendliness to Japan.

Fighting in the Chinese civil war, which has disrupted the North for the past few months (TIME, Sept. 8 et seq.) was ended. Out of chaos there began to emerge a semblance of order, but real peace seemed a mere illusion.

Presidency. With the appearance of General Feng in Peking at the head of a powerful army, President Tsao Kun had no recourse but to resign the Presidency. He accordingly handed over his seals of office to the new Cabinet (see under) which then assumed the functions of the Presidency.

According to the Peking despatch, the ex-President, who has been in office slightly more than a year (TIME, Oct. 15, 1923), was still resident in the Presidential Palace. Complete freedom of action was accorded to him.

Meantime, preparations were in train for the election to the Presidency of Marshal Tuan who is, apparently, to become the puppet President of the "Chinese Christian Soldier." His Japanese sympathizers are now heralded with widespread delight, although such was not always the case.

War. The defection of General Feng (TIME, Nov. 3) left Super-Tuchun Wu in a virtually untenable position. Harassed from the North by the advancing troops of Super-Tuchun Chang, he conducted a retreat on Peking with the object of ridding the world of "Traitor" Feng. The odds were too heavy. Several times, military observers declared, Chang could have annihilated the Wu army, but he always left a loop-hole for its retreat by way of the sea. Finally, Wu requested an armistice from General Feng. The war stopped. Peace negotiations proceeded. Chang was reported retiring to Mukden, his capital, but this seemed improbable. Peace at all events seemed possible.

Cabinet. General Feng requested the retiring Premier, Dr. W. W. Yen, to form a new Cabinet, but he refused. General Huang Fu, ex-Minister of Education, was then approached

and agreed to head a Provisional Cabinet.

LATIN AMERICA

Cuban Elections

During the past week, Cuba was in the throes of a Presidential election, which was not unaccompanied by violent scenes, bloodshed and sudden death.

Latest results favored the Liberal candidate, General Gerardo Machado, who received 178,166 votes to the 122,000 polled by Conservative Candidate General Mario G. Menocal.

Not Radical

Arrived in Manhattan, Plutarco Elias Calles, President-elect of Mexico, en route for Mexico City from travels in Europe (TIME, Aug. 18).

On Dec. 1, he will sit on the Presidential chair of Mexico which President Obregon has kept warm these past few years. At a dinner given to him by the Chamber of Commerce, Señor Calles, having eaten "busily of file, partridge, salad and mousse," stood up to indicate the policy that his administration would follow. Enthusiastic applause greeted him. Standing with his back to the Stars and Stripes, his bulging shirt-front "full of chest," his chin sticking out "like a fist held in front of his face," the President-elect began: "*Señores capitalistas*," and continued in Spanish:

"I know that I have been pictured by certain of the press as a destructive man and without capability of properly conducting the destinies of a Nation. Let me assure you, gentlemen, that those things are untrue. My program is eminently constructive and eminently logical. I believe that Mexico cannot be a great country as long as it has 12,000,000 of human beings who have for several centuries been in perpetual slavery. To lift the moral and economic level of these men I believe to be a work of reconstruction that will benefit not only Mexico but all other countries with which Mexico has relations; because it is not to be doubted that with the awakening of the spirit of industry among those unfortunate people, the volume of business will be greatly multiplied; and then we shall have performed for our country the great humanitarian work that has been intrusted to us.

"We wish to establish cordial relations with all Nations on a basis of equality, on a basis of honor, and we ourselves shall make every possible effort to constitute a moral and efficient Government that will do away with the vices of former exploiters; and you may have the absolute certainty that the ideals we are seeking, the better-

ments we are trying to effect, will not be an obstacle either to the development of industry or commerce, but will serve to strengthen the spiritual ties that must unite all countries in the world."

"Most Excellent"

Having been appointed Ecuadorian Minister to the U. S., Señor Francisco Ochoa Ortiz arrived at the Capital, went to the White House, presented to President Coolidge his letter of credence. Wrote Señor Ortiz to the President:

"Most Excellent Mr. President:

"I have the honor to place in your hands, Most Excellent Sir, the autographed letters of the Most Excellent, the President of the Republic of Ecuador, which bring to an end the diplomatic mission entrusted to my distinguished predecessor, the Most Excellent Señor Doctor Don Rafael H. Elizalde, and which accredit me in the high capacity of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary near the Government of Your Excellency.

"In so delivering this letter, it affords me great pleasure to say to you, Most Excellent Sir, that one of the main objects of the missions with which I am entrusted is to continue and make closer, if it were possible, the good relations which happily exist between the two countries; to which end I believe I may rely, without a doubt, on the most important coöperation of the Government of Your Excellency.

"In the name of the Most Excellent, the President of the Republic of Ecuador, and in my own, I make, Most Excellent Sir, the most sincere and fervent wishes for the growing prosperity of your great country, for the continuance of the success of the Government over which you ably preside and for the personal happiness of Your Excellency."

President Coolidge replied:

"The friendship of your Government for the United States, so generously expressed, affords me abundant assurance that you will so conduct the affairs of your mission as to advance the interests common to both Governments; and it will be my pleasant duty to coöperate most heartily to this end. . . .

"I thank you, Mr. Minister, for the friendly sentiments and good wishes which you express on behalf of His Excellency, the President of Ecuador, and for your own which you so courteously add. I shall be grateful if you will assure your Government of the similar sentiments which are entertained by the American people and by myself.

"I am happy to accord you formal recognition in your high capacity and trust that your residence among us may be a most pleasant one."

BOOKS

White Monkey*

Mr. Galsworthy Appraises
the Post-War Generation

The Story. The book is about several Forsytes and several more of their connections. Chiefly, there is Fleur Mont, collector of people—celebrated people, very modern people. In her collection was Wilfrid Desert, poet, who became much too fond of her. Here was a problem. Fleur wanted him in the collection. On the other hand, she did not love him even as much as she loved her husband, Michael, Wilfrid's best friend. She tried for a long while to eat her cake and have it too. Wilfrid would deliver ultimata—demanding that she yield "now or never." Somehow, it never seemed to be either. He told Michael all about it. Relationships grew increasingly strained, until finally something snapped and Wilfrid left for Jericho.

The older generation is chiefly represented by Michael's father, Sir Lawrence Mont, ninth baronet, and old Soames Forsyte, collector of pictures. Catastrophe overtook these gentlemen through the Provisional Premium Re-assurance Society, known to its intimates as the P. P. R. S. Manager Elderson of the Society brought ruin upon it and then decamped. So they retired from the board with dignity and little else.

A sub-plot—in many respects the best thing in the book—tells of the tribulations of Tony Bicket and his girl-wife, Victorine, units of the inarticulate masses. Tony was caught "snooping" books from the publishing firm for which he worked and of which Michael was a member. He did it for the support of Victorine, who was suffering from pneumonia. Deprived of his job, Tony became a capitalist, investing all he had in rubber balloons, which he hawked about the streets. He and Victorine looked upon Central Australia as the only place where happiness might await them. On her recovery, the young wife, abetted by Michael Mont, went surreptitiously to work as an artist's model—not infrequently in the "altogether"—to earn passage money. Accidentally, old Bicket came upon her picture in an exhibition, and her secret was out. Followed recriminations, the man crazed with horror at her shamelessness. But a final confession of his own thefts and her brought them together again and set them on the way to Australia.

Much to the delight of the older generation, Michael and Fleur finally permitted an eleventh baronet to come into the world, and the final happiness of all concerned was only qualified by

the symbolic significance of a picture bequeathed by a dying Forsyte. It was a Chinese work, depicting a "large whitish sidelong monkey, holding the rind of a squeezed fruit in its outstretched paw." The picture is commented on as a perfect allegory. "Eat the fruits of life, scatter the rinds, and get copped doing it," says one of its observers; . . . a monkey's eyes are the human tragedy incarnate."

The Significance. Mr. Galsworthy's method has always been to propound



SCRIBE GALSWORTHY
"Neither knows nor understands—"

a question, wrap it up in a story, present both sides with equal eloquence, and then not answer it. In this case, the question has something to do with the relative values of the post-war generation and those that came before it.

As fiction, this volume is not in its author's happiest vein. It is the latest and probably the least interesting addition to that formidable series, *The Forsyte Saga*. Mr. Galsworthy neither knows nor understands completely the society he is discussing. He is not himself a modern, and he is not in sympathy with modernism. Thus his study is lacking in force.

The Author. John Galsworthy is an Englishman of the old school. He is smooth-shaven, rather tall, middle-aged. His chief works of fiction are embodied in the ponderous *Forsyte Saga*, a series of novels, beginning with *The Man of Property*—published 1906—dealing with the lives and problems of a typical British family. Among his most talked of plays are *The Silver Box*, *Strife*, *Justice*, *The Pigeon*, *The Skin Game*, *Loyalties*.

Epitaphs

THE NEW SPOON RIVER—Edgar Lee Masters—Boni & Liveright (\$2.50).

The *Spoon River Anthology* was published, first serially, then in book form, just before the War. It consisted of compressed, ironic little dramas in verse—the biting epitaphs of the dead of Spoon River, the voices of the inarticulate suddenly articulate from the grave. It was variously welcomed, but always with interest, its powerful originality indisputable.

The War is over, but people are still dying in Spoon River. The foreign born have come into their own. Spoon River has become "a ganglion for the monster brain Chicago." An addition has been made to the old cemetery, to accommodate the ashes of the lately dead. The new names of the departed include such as Euripides Alexopoulos, Didymus Hupp, Saul Kostecki, Teresa Pashkowsky, Diamanti Viktoria, Yet Sing Low. Their problems have changed, too. They have become those of an age of faster transportation, closer communication of the city and the towns which draw their strength from the city. There remains the old keen irony, the uncompromising economy of expression, the free but careful technique. The book has not the importance of the first *Spoon River*—but only because its method is no longer an innovation.

Psychological Spooks

CHALK FACE—Waldo Frank—Boni & Liveright (\$2.00).

John Mark was a doctor and a genius, albeit a young one. He loved "Mildred, chaste as thought, Mildred, deep as discovery, Mildred, remote and imminent as truth!" Two things stood between him and Mildred—his parents' opposition to the match and a rival whom he had never seen. The rival was murdered under circumstances of which he was mysteriously conscious. Shortly thereafter, his parents were also assassinated. In both crimes, a strange figure with a white head was curiously implicated. John Mark began to feel that he himself was in some occult way guilty. He came to grips with the white-headed man, strove with him, conquered him—conquered his own embodied will.

This is no ordinary mystery story. It is a strange, bold plunge into the heart of man. The struggle of John Mark is the struggle of every man with his own will. The story is a weird allegory of the soul battles of man, a daring objectification of the subconscious. It is also an insidious pitfall for the unwary reader of detective stories who may stumble unsuspectingly on its tortuous analyses of the human intelligence. As an experiment, its courage and interest cannot be denied.

*THE WHITE MONKEY—John Galsworthy—Scribner (\$2.00).

Rugged Lincoln

Do You Like Sea? And Character?

Joseph C. Lincoln's latest book* is a character study of the old coast guards—life-savers who seldom if ever mind a call. I have written of Mr. Lincoln before in these columns; but whenever I have a chance to talk with him, I am reminded again of a character so filled with humorous wisdom and real charity, that I have a wish to impart something of it to others. The other day I discovered two things about this exceedingly popular novelist that I had not realized before: first, that like Robert W. Chambers, Robert Cortes Holliday, W. B. Maxwell and many other writers, he started his artistic career drawing rather than writing and then discovered his aptitude lay in the telling of stories. Perhaps this explains why he has always preferred to dwell more on intimate character sketches of Cape Cod folk rather than to bother too greatly with plot. He sees his quaint people whole and puts them on paper so, sketches them lightly and then inks them in with dialogue and anecdote, the situation furnishing a light background to the picture. The other thing I discovered about Mr. Lincoln was that when he was a boy he had a toy theatre. Did you have a toy theatre? Did you paint the scenery and write the plays? Well, I did; and, like Mr. Lincoln, I kept it up until I was ashamed to have people know I played with such toys.

However, Mr. Lincoln has little time for hobbies these days, with the possible exception of golf. He works sincerely and hard for six or eight months on a novel; and for *Rugged Water* he did considerable research, going back and talking to some of the old guards, gathering details and anecdotes from them. That is probably why he has succeeded in creating so admirably the tense atmosphere of the life and actions of the old time life-saver.

There is much in common between Joseph Lincoln and Zane Grey—personally, I mean—their books are little alike. Both are out-of-door men. Both have families in which they are interested and of which they are proud. Both have sons who are determined to follow in their father's footsteps; in fact, young Lincoln is about to become a reporter and later has his eye on the magazine field. If you haven't read *Rugged Water* and like stories of sea and character, do; and if you want to read one of the most striking animal stories for the past ten years, look in the current *Ladies' Home Journal* for Zane Grey's *The Wolf Tracker*.

J. F.

**RUGGED WATER*—Joseph C. Lincoln—Appleton (\$2.00).

ART

In Chicago

Opened the 37th annual exhibit of American painting and sculpture at the Chicago Art Institute. The pictures, 325 in number, had been chosen by a jury which for many weeks searched the U. S., selecting from proposed entries those which best recommended themselves to the eye, with a continual hope of discovering among young artists some mute, inglorious Millet, some untrumpeted Whistler or coy Corot. The pictures were put on view; prizes were awarded. To Eugene F. Savage of Manhattan went the Frank G. Logan medal, carrying with it \$1,500, for his painting *Recessional*, which showed (life-size) the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, fire in their nostrils, clouds in their hair, racing and racing down the midway of eternity. Malcolm Parcell, also of Manhattan, took the Logan \$1,000 prize and the Wait Harris \$300 award for his two portraits, *Jim McKee* and *My Mother*, the latter of which was acclaimed as one of the most exquisite productions ever hung in one of the Institute's U. S. exhibitions. *Young Women*, ingratiatingly painted by Leon Droll of Chicago, won for that artist the Potter Palmer prize of \$1,000, while one Charles Grafty of Philadelphia was given the last large award, the Keith Spalding \$1,000 medal, for his sculpture, *Study of a Head of War*. Many others were solaced with minor prizes which, though their greatest weight was one of honor, were yet of substance enough to keep coal in studio stoves, tea in studio pots.

In Boston

A man either sees what he believes or believes what he sees. Let a painter regard a barn. If he sees a red rectangular building, useful for the housing of animals and grain, with a farm wagon in front of it, a maple tree behind it, he is in the latter class—an academician. If, on the other hand, he sees a toppling multicolored cube a-tilt against an oblong vegetable, with a grisly wheeled mechanism in the foreground, he sees what few believe. Such a one may be a member of the artist colony of Woodstock, Mass., whose pictures were last week on exhibit at the Boston Art Club. These artists are the Whigs of modern painting, an aesthetic Jacobin Club. Followers of the innovations of Derain and Picasso, their art is to intensify reality by warping it, to convince by deception. Notably successful among them are Judson Smith, landscape painter, Warren Wheelock, Earnest Fiene. The latter, with two canvases, *Spring* and *Autumn*, represents the most effective use of the Deranged perspective, mak-

ing visible the spirit of these seasons in a bonfire of color as sober reproduction could never do. The work of these Woodstock artists was referred to by an English critic as "rather picayune than Picasso"—a witticism belied by such able technicians as A. A. Blanch, Herman More, H. L. McFee, Harry Gottlieb.

In a totally opposed tradition was the exhibition of the Guild of Boston Artists which also opened last week. This group has always sought to preserve the manner of the old Boston School, rigorous, conservative, fastidious. Pictures of ships, girls, countryside, they presented in their exhibition—tall Boston clipper-ships, New England girls, New England landscapes etched in pearly monotonies. Mr. Tarbell is represented by the type of quiet interior which won him notice at other of the Guild's exhibits; Mr. Paxton likewise with an interior, suave, adept—a girl holding a cup, surfaces of flesh, porcelain, fabric, exquisitely touched. More spirited are the dancing sprites of Arthur Spear after the mode of Robert Chanler, the pencil drawings of Charles Woodbury.

In Philadelphia

A Gentleman with a High Hat; a Lady with an Ostrich Feather Fan. Secure in an elegance which time has not soiled, these two look out from history, nameless, irreproachable, erect. Much have they seen since one Rembrandt Harmens van Rijn, by painting them, preserved their finery from the fate that overtook its fashion. Lately, they have been themselves much watched, talked of—that serene lady, that impeccable gentleman—because a destitute nobleman, Felix Yusupov, once prince in Russia, sold them to a U. S. financier and art collector, Joseph E. Widener, of Philadelphia, so cheaply that he felt himself cheated (TIME, Nov. 3). Last week in Philadelphia, they were spoken of again—and for another reason. Their owner announced that since his father, Peter A. B. Widener, had suggested in his will that the collection he had begun should some day be given to a museum, he, Joseph E. Widener, was making plans to carry out the design. Where they would be given was not disclosed; but it was definitely stated that the Lady, the Gentleman, twelve more Rembrandts and other works of art, whose combined value exceeds \$20,000,000, would be placed in a public museum either in Manhattan, Philadelphia or Washington.

The Widener collection is rivaled by only three others in the U. S.—those of John P. Morgan (Manhattan), Michael Friedsam (Manhattan), Henry E. Huntington (Los Angeles). In addition to the group of Rembrandts (probably the finest in the world), it contains several items acquired from

the Morgan collection: some immensely valuable tapestries, two marbles by Donatello and paintings by such masters as Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Constable, Holbein, Hals, Hobbema, Rubens, Millet, Corot, Daubigny, Dupré, Raphael, Tintoretto, Murillo, Goya, Velasquez.

In Paris

To the opening of the Fall Salon in Paris thronged many Americans. They saw the pictures and sculpture of Russians, Parisians, Italians, Argentines, Greeks! they saw little work by U. S. students, for fewer of these were included than has been the case for many a year. Among the few were Cameron Burnside, represented by a single picture; Cecil Howard, U. S. sculptor, whose work has recently become popular among British fashionables. Among the paintings, landscapes predominated over interiors; in the sculpture, imaginative groups over simple figures. Other U. S. artists exhibiting were E. H. Brewster, Draper Savage, Constance Bigelow, James D. Herbert.

CINEMA

The New Pictures

Garden of Weeds.—"Saved by a Man from Syracuse" might have been the secondary title of this adventure. Betty Compton is the young person and that from which she is saved is a sort of country-club harem. There is an insidious individual who backs theatrical productions and swindles big business men as a relaxation. In his garden, country club, harem, is a variety of unfortunate and very lovely young women who have presumably come there from the various assemblies of his revues. He is just about to scalp another soul (subtitle writers are warned that this morbidly mixed metaphor is copyrighted and its use forbidden, no matter how great the temptation). That's where the man from Syracuse comes in. The soul-scalper is played by Rockliffe Fellowes in a manner to reinforce the growing judgment that he is about the next star to be discovered in the crowded California heavens.

The Only Woman. The old story of the girl who married the wastrel to save her father's crooked business fortunes. All the rest of the report is good news. Norma Talmadge played it in association with Eugene O'Brien. Sidney Olcott, who stands with Griffith, Lubitsch, and Cruze as one of the great directors, turned his hand to the old yarn and wove it into a bright and almost novel garment. Of late, Mr. Olcott has been directing in the East (*Little Old New York*, *The Green Goddess*, *The Humming Bird*) and deserted to do *The Only Woman* in Hollywood.

THE THEATRE

The Best Plays

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

Drama

WHAT PRICE GLORY?—Two marines fighting over a French girl for two acts, and against Germany for one. Permitting you to peer into the bottom of the cup and see the dregs of war.

WHITE CARGO.—Though a white man's skin stays white, his soul stays brown with native association through a long exile in Africa.

RAIN.—In which the clergyman and the courtesan change places in the dripping forests of a South Sea Island. Approaching its third year.

CONSCIENCE.—Lillian Foster luridly accurate in her portraiture of a girl who went wrong because starving did not appeal to her and because her husband was in jail where she could not appeal to him.

COBRA.—The snaky whip of melodrama snapping smartly around the old, old story that Eve is still the temptress.

Comedy

THE GUARDSMAN.—The Theatre Guild, Molnar, Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne most amusingly involved in the attempt of a great actor to seduce his own wife.

EXPRESSING WILLIE.—The blunt business man collides with the sharp intellectual sally of modern youth.

THE WEREWOLF.—One of our more promiscuous houseparties, set in Spain and neatly played by Laura Hope Crews.

THE SHOW-OFF.—Exposé of the man you all know who requires a sledgehammer of swaggering speech to drive a tack of accomplishment.

MINICK.—Middle-class mixture of old and young generations which float apart like oil and water in the domestic tumbler.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.—Genial English country comedy in which the widower Streetfield proposes to five different women.

GROUNDNS FOR DIVORCE.—The imitable Ina Claire, being badly treated by one husband, takes another and then helps husband No. 1 to rediscover her.

Musical

The bands play, the girls dance, and everybody is actively amused at the following favorites in the musical comedy field: *Kid Boots*, *Ritz Revue*, *I'll Say She Is*, *Ziegfeld Folies*, *The Grab Bag*, *The Grand Street Folies*, *Scandals*, *Rose-Marie*, *The Dream Girl*, *Dixie to Broadway*.

New Plays

Dixie to Broadway. Another machine gun of the show business has opened up on the line. It is a Negro musical comedy with Florence Mills directing the fire. Experts assert that the new contrivance shoots the fastest of all its kind.

It differs from earlier Negro models in elaborateness of dress. Money and a mild amount of taste have gone into the manufacture.

Speed and decoration have overwhelmed slightly the humor of the evening. Hamtree Harrington is hired to induce hysterics and is not as thoroughly ridiculous as he has been previously. His material rather than his method seemed at fault.

Florence Mills, who made sheer impudence an explosive factor of success, retains her frantic popularity. She is seconded by Shelton Brooks, Cora Green and Will Vodery's band. But it is the chorus that carries the motion.

Heywood Brown.—"The most exciting of all the musical comedies now current in New York."

Alexander Woollcott.—"A dressy, rapid, ordinary musical which happens to have employed colored folk for its songs and dances."

The Rising Son is a family matter with the name Nugent on the invitations. J. C. Elliott and Ruth Nugent, best recalled for *Kempy*, tell another of their artless histories and in the telling unloose a moderate amount of laughter.

Toward the end of the second act, the novelist father discovers that his cook is his own mother. Previously, it seems, he has been a humble and happily ignorant Irish youth with an itch to write stories. He made money easily enough, but was always worried about the college education he had missed. His son was to go to college and proceed from there to the composition of deathless literature instead of the ephemeral magazine humor which paid the family bills so promptly. The son preferred business. Only his affection for a girl who could write palliated his father's incredulous discomfiture.

The vaudeville experience of J. C. Nugent is usually visible through the fabric of the manuscript. His lack of simplicity and directness of attack on a full-length play diffuse the cumulative effect. His playing is characteristic. Elliott Nugent contrives miraculously to look and talk in a manner actually reminiscent of college boys. Ruth Nugent is pretty and Mary Shaw gives a notable performance as the Irish cook.

Alexander Woollcott.—"A strangely miscellaneous comedy. . . . The Marxes

remain our favorite American family." *The New York Times*—"A good deal that is genuinely entertaining."

Follies, Fall Edition. Mr. Ziegfeld has caused to have inserted in the daily press tidings that henceforth the *Follies* will remain in Manhattan the year 'round. To the end that their popularity shall not diminish, he reports that three times after the opening he will invigorate the exercises with new material. The first of these invigorations is now on sale. The new ingredients are the Russian Lilliputians and Mitty and Tillio, French dancers; a pair of athletes called the Athenas; and new acts for Vivienne Segal, Lupino Lane, and minor residents in the monolog of Will Rogers.

Both the Lilliputians and Mitty and Tillio are regarded in Paris as belonging to the enthusiastic category of the "woos." In the *Ziegfeld Follies*, they seemed only pretty good. The former did a wooden soldiers march that might have created feverish rejoicing if wooden soldiers had not already marched so many miles across our stages. Mitty and Tillio did "The Phantom Ship" and "The Mirage," both of which stick pleasantly in the memories of most of those who have recently been to Paris.

The dancing of Ann Pennington, the meditations of Will Rogers and the political speech of Tom Lewis remain the favorites of the current *Follies* family.

Percy Hammond—"The *Follies* continues to be the best of the show-shows, no matter what they do to it."

Alloy. Through the fourth wall of a miserable mill-worker's hut in a steel town the audience is permitted to gaze at one of the most sordidly natural tragedies now open for inspection. It is a man-and-wife tragedy. The man is a drunkard and a beast. The woman is driven into the protecting arms of the family boarder. Vigorously written and vividly performed by Minna Gombell, the part of the girl carries the evening's interest. The saccharine platitudes and copybook virtue of the boarder (Ivan Miller), take the edge off the climax. If he were an individual rather than a clipping from a Y. M. C. A. pamphlet, the play would be decidedly engrossing. Under the circumstances, it is a capable but not a compelling contribution to the season's lists.

The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. A big, red apple—surrounded by rouge pots, pencil and puff for eyebrow and cheek—sat on a star's dressing table. Outside the rhythmic recall of an actress before the curtain attested the audience's approval. The clapping rose

and fell, mingled with cheers, finally lingered and fell. The dressing-room door swung open and Ethel Barrymore appeared, beautiful, a little tired perhaps, excited and again successful. The big red apple seemed to smile and glisten with importance. It was Uncle John



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MRS. CAMPBELL
Comparisons were inevitable.

Drew's gift and its presence signaled another Barrymore opening.

"Speak your piece good and you will get a big red apple," was an early rural maxim that caught in John Drew's memory. When his niece Ethel appeared 23 years ago in her first star part (Clyde Fitch's *Captain Jinks*, he gave her a large red apple. It was the initiation of a custom which he has built into a Barrymore tradition.

These and many other magic facts one finds while burrowing through the pages of *My Years on the Stage** by John Drew. One finds that Lionel Barrymore (46) is the oldest, Ethel (45) next and John (42) the Barrymore baby. This was the family of Maurice (Blythe) Barrymore and Georgie Drew. George and John Drew were children of an elder John and his wife Louisa. All were actors. The blood and training of nine generations in the theatre has combined to make three of the greatest in our generation.

Since this is Ethel Barrymore's opening night, we must perforce pass by the brilliant Barrymore brothers. John is pottering about with various plays; and accurate chroniclers have it that he will not appear in the U. S. at all this year. Lionel and his lately acquired wife, Irene Fenwick, are touring in *Belasco's Laugh, Clown, Laugh*.

Miss Barrymore is one of the most beloved figures on our stage, one of the

greatest workers, and a true traditionalist. Few actresses in her position work year in and year out, in Manhattan and away, on the legitimate stage and in vaudeville, almost without a break. Actors are born wanderers; the craft arose in the tradition of the strolling player. Nowadays, an actor fancies to stay in Manhattan, possibly with short runs in Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit and Boston. The dwindling of good road shows is not due to the cinema, but in a large measure to the refusal of good performers to undertake the hardships of provincial travel. Not so Ethel Barrymore. She is a trouper, honoring her followers throughout the smaller cities. Last season she toured. Now she is back again as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

This part had been properly regarded for many years as the property of Mrs. Patrick Campbell who, as Paula Tanqueray, won her first great success in 1893. It was last played in this country at Wallack's Theatre at a benefit many years ago by Mrs. Campbell. When Ethel Barrymore assumed the rôle, comparisons were inevitable.

The part portrays a woman of rusty reputation who hopes to obtain position and happiness through a favorable marriage. In the opening act, most critics agreed, Miss Barrymore was heavy, rasping and overloud. The Campbell tradition calls for a flexibility, lightness and humor, which Miss Barrymore possesses preeminently but elected to omit in her interpretation. In the later acts, as calamities gather, she was accorded universal admiration. The final half hour is one of the great things of her career. The play, for all its years, stands up stably enough.

Thus the curtain fell and cheers echoed from the auditorium to the little dressing-room where the big red apple waited on the table. Many productions had come and gone since the first red apple appeared at the premiere of *Captain Jinks*. And many eulogies have been spoken since that time, and much criticism written. But none of it is as true as the three sentences which came from the gallery of the old Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, when *Captain Jinks* had its opening performance preparatory to the Manhattan run. It was Miss Barrymore's first long and important rôle. She was somewhat nervous with her opening lines, and not quite audible.

"Speak up, Ethel," called a god of the gallery. "You're all right. The Drews is all good actors."

Heywood Brown—"An uneven performance in an indifferent play."

Alexander Woolcott—"A still engrossing play . . . brought to glowing life by the magnificence of Ethel Barrymore."

*MY YEARS ON THE STAGE—John Drew—Dutton (\$5.00).

MUSIC

Galli-Curci

People who sit in the glittering horse-shoes of great opera houses, in the orchestras of famed concert halls, have cold faces, bright clothes. To brilliance, to frigidly runs their taste. Let a soprano pour out her soul in a fine frenzy of enthusiasm, they lift their eye-



© George Mallard Kessler, P.B.

GALLI-CURCI
They clapped and clapped.

brows, clap and go away to their clubs or cabarets. But let her be a coloratura, let her sing with no emotion but with brilliance, with coldness, these cold, bright people in their turn give way to a fine frenzy of enthusiasm. Melba—they smothered her under mountains of flowers; Patti—they took her out to supper on their shoulders; Jenny Lind—50 brilliant, chilly young men pulled her carriage up Fifth Avenue. Now Galli-Curci, who recently made her first English appearance before the coldest, the shiniest audience in the land.

They did not even wait to hear her sing but met her steamer, conducted her to London with what the British press termed "unprecedented popular enthusiasm." She appeared before them to justify this reception; suddenly they became sceptical. Here was a lady in a Paris ball-gown, younger, slimmer than great divas are wont to be; she positively looked as if she were about to be emotional. The brilliant and the chilly sniffed; Galli-Curci sang. Her first song was *Se tu m'ami*, an old fall warm as the yellow wine, soft as the jargon fountains of Italy. That was a mistake. Her next, a number from *Dino-rah*, came more welcome; it had a thinner flavor. The coldness of her

music increased; the warmth of the audience increased commensurably. She sang Bishop's *Pretty Mocking Bird*, the *Polonaise* from *Mignon*. Then the *Mad Scene* from *Lucia*—flight upon flight of crazy silver bells pealing in a ruined steeple rimed with frost.

That cold, brilliant audience rose to her; they clapped and clapped again; they cheered her until her car (which even the gallant 50 could scarce have budged) took her away. She had given them what they wanted, a flawless technical performance. Lind, Melba, Patti—Galli-Curci.

Boston

One Friday afternoon, years ago, the Boston Symphony Orchestra—Dr. Muck at the wheel—played Chabrier's rhapsody, *España*—brilliant, flaming. The audience roared approbation, kept on roaring. Dr. Muck looked worried. He turned back the page of the score, looked at the audience, look at the orchestra. Plainly he wanted the piece again. Plainly he wanted to give it to them. But precedent—sacred precedent—forbade repetition. Dr. Muck's courage failed him. After all, Boston was Boston. He went on to the next number.

The other day Serge Koussevitzky, new conductor of the same organization, played Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scherzo of the Bee*. The audience liked it—liked its imaginative humor, its showiness. They clapped loud and long. The piece is very short. Without hesitation, Mr. Koussevitzky turned back the page, lifted his wand; the *Scherzo of the Bee* was replayed.

Precedent tumbled about his ears—but the audience was pleased. The police refrained from intervention. No bolt fell from Heaven. No harm appears to have come of the episode.

Karsavina

Last week, Tamar Karsavina, famed Russian dancer, première danseuse at the Imperial Ballet at St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), made her first appearance in the U. S. at Carnegie Hall, Manhattan. On the same night, another Russian lady, at another theatre, was filling the Manhattan engagements of what is declared to be her farewell tour. Outside that other theatre was displayed an advertisement familiar to five continents, simply worded—the most arrogant advertisement in the world. It read in large letters ANNA PAVLOWA; in small ones, as if the epithet was too indisputable to require emphasis, "The Incomparable." Karsavina is the only woman who has ever been capable of challenging the justice of that epithet. How rash was her

challenge? A large audience went to see. For them she danced.

In chevelure of curled peruke, to a Mozart serenade, she wished her silken panniers, as did the belles of Bath, treading in the formal maze of a minuet, all the pride and fashion of the 18th Century caught in pattern of her narrow slippers. She danced a "Hurdy-Gurdy" dance like a marionette of ivory pulled on silver wires, to an imaginary music-box that slowly wound down and down. In gold boots and scarlet gown, she glided through an adagio with her big partner, Vladimiroff, to music by Glazunov. Again with Vladimiroff, she did her famed Caucasian Dances, a slinky lady then, wild and jimp with shiny eyes, while a little drum tapped like a drunken heart-beat. In a dance called the "Polka Vendredi," with the flavor of a dirty joke of the '70's, she became the sort of person that modern Chief Justices and aging college presidents were warned against in their salad days—a saucy, swaggering, heliostoped trollop. Young blades regarding her shivered slightly with a fear that all had not yet been told them; old bucks wiped away a tear and thought of the Bal Bullier.

Critical opinion next morning proclaimed that "Madame Karsavina is a very beautiful woman who gives much pleasure" (*The New York Times*); that "Madame Karsavina is one of the best dancers actively extant" (*The New*



KARSAVINA
Technique, grace, eloquence.

York Herald-Tribune); that "Madame Karsavina is an artist of the first rank. She possesses technique, grace and eloquence of gesture and pose" (*New York American*). But no one suggested that the epithet that has adorned, in small black letters, so many billboards, should be one title altered—the epithet which inspires the most arrogant advertisement in the world.

RELIGION

In Elmira

Evening. In the tabernacle-tent of the evangelist, every yellow chair and all the sawdust aisles were filled. Six weeks had he labored for this hour. Half the town (Elmira, N. Y.), as they sang hymns of salvation, saw their sins stand horrible and naked before them. The evangelist leapt to the rostrum, proclaimed his text: "THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH." Finally, said he: "No person in whose heart reposes guilty knowledge need expect to make peace with God until full confession is first made."

Dawn. In police headquarters, a night captain leaned drowsily over his desk. He felt chill dawn creep through an open door. A solitary woman came toward him. She was on the graveyard side of 50, listless, tear-stained, slummocky. When she began to speak, a little hysterical, the captain yoked up. She told of a night spent on her knees before an unopened bed, of wrestling with God, of foreseen tortures of Hell, of crimes she must confess.

Day. None of the crimes confessed had been committed by the terrified woman. The crimes were robberies from the American Express Co. and the U. S. Parcels Post committed by her friends over a period of several years, which had utterly baffled the police. Thirteen men and one woman were arrested as a result of her confessions. Loot* to the value of \$5,000 was recovered, gathered into a large room, and inspected by the evangelist before he left Elmira.

The Evangelist. Reverend William A. Sunday is the last of many evangelists whose names have become "household" with the American public.

Whitefield (who nearly converted Benjamin Franklin to Evangelical Christianity), Chalmers, Moody, Drummond, were among the best known men of their times. And ten

years ago, Billy Sunday, on a lower intellectual plane, was known wherever U. S. vices flourished. His "clean-ups" of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, followed in quick succession. Every drawing-room de-



© International

WILLIAM SUNDAY
He leapt to the rostrum

bated whether he did more harm than good. Every Protestant minister was forced to come out either "for" or "against" him. He was jeered, knocked, caricatured and people went early to get good seats in his tent.

Liberals

The National Federation of Religious Liberals met in Manhattan. Two hundred Unitarians, Universalists, Jews, Ethical Cultivists, Hicksite Quakers attended.

Fosdick

Requested by the authorities of the First Presbyterian Church, Manhattan, not to abandon them utterly but to continue to preach there when he could (Time, Nov. 3), Dr. Fosdick replied by letter:

"... In considering your new proposal... I must insist that a date be set when my relationships with the church, even as casual supply, shall come to an end. For the sake of definiteness, I name the end of March, 1925..."

Meanwhile, an effort is afoot to have the Presbyterian Church at its next General Assembly legalize the position of Dr. Fosdick as permanent special preacher in a Presbyterian pulpit.

EDUCATION

"A Year of Latin"

The organization of U. S. education continues. Last week, masters from 18 Eastern private schools sat down together at the Fessenden School (West Newton, near Boston) and determined that hereafter there should be some uniformity in the admission requirements that all their schools employ. They appointed a committee—Messrs. Osgood of Milton Academy, Christie of St. George's, Fessenden of Fessenden—to appoint examiners and prepare and distribute papers in entrance subjects common to all the schools.

Entrance to these 18 schools will hereafter be similar to entrance to those colleges which exact the uniform College Board standards of their matriculants. The purpose of the masters was not to change the requirements of any given school, nor to standardize the use of any list of books, but to come to an agreement, as representatives of competing schools, on what, for example, shall constitute "a year of Latin" for entrance to the fifth year before college.

The 18 schools concerned: Andover, Arden, Bancroft, Buckley, Chestnut Hill, Exeter, Fessenden, Groton, Hill, Hotchkiss, Lawrenceville, Loomis Institute, Milton Academy, Pomfret, Rivers, St. George's, St. Paul's (Concord), Tome Institute.

"Not So!"

Last week, the American Club of Oxford University held a meeting, its first since last spring. It turned out to be a long meeting.

When the minutes were read, the members were surprised to hear embodied in them certain sentiments toward England expressed last May by the Club's president, W. C. Greene, at a dinner attended by some 400 Rhodes Scholars and a scattering of British notables—Viscount Grey, Viscount Milner, Rudyard Kipling. It seemed that Greene had given the impression that, to all Americans attending it, Oxford was a disappointment; that all were eager to be home again; that the Fabian Society (Socialist) was the British ideal most acceptable to Americans; that Ramsay MacDonald was to Americans the ideal British statesman.

A heavy-set, earnest young man arose, addressed the chair. Soft-voiced, but serious, this was one Edward Egan, Yale Rhodes Scholar at New College, incidentally the amateur heavyweight boxing champion of all Britain. Egan begged to inform the chair and its occupant that the sentiments thus expressed were not shared by other Americans at Oxford and must not be

*The Loot:

Women's stockings, 56 pairs; bathing suits, 5; gloves, 8 pairs; camera films, 141 packages; men's shirts, 45; overcoats, 5; shirt-waists, 3; vests, 3; clothes, 2 suits; bath rugs, 3; sweaters, 6; tuxedo suits, 1; men's hose, 1; American flag, 2; lace curtains, 3 pairs; revolver, 1; Winchester rifle, 2; Ithaca shotgun, 1; L. C. Smith shotgun, 1; towels, 1; rubber sheet, 1; scissors, 7; dress goods, 2 pieces; Artex collars, 11; fur neck pieces, 2 pairs; ties, 1; opera glasses, 1; scarf, 1; wool jacket, 1; kodak film packs, 2; pocket knife, 1; pearl pin, 1; rings, 2; leather bags, 2 (one with letter "M" and one from which letters had been removed); puttees, 1; alarm clocks, 2; cameras, 2.

allowed to stand, as they then unfortunately did, as representative.

Other frowning members backed up Egan's objection. Mr. Greene explained that it had not been his intention to speak before the Rhodes Scholars for all the Americans at Oxford. The Club thereupon reelected Greene as its president, but voted not to accept the minutes as read, that Oxford and England might know a decided error was abroad.

...

Realtors

In Chicago, a survey of "the rapidly advancing educational interest in real estate," made by the National Association of Real Estate Boards, stated that 33 colleges and universities offered courses of study this fall in realty management and marketing. Citing individual institutions, the survey said that the University of Michigan's two-year course qualified a student for his Master's degree in business administration; that Northwestern University was teaching realty by day and by night; that Columbia University was giving night real-estate classes; that the University of Southern California had enrolled 800 students in land economics and kindred subjects.

...

Simplified Spelling

In Manhattan, the New York State Teachers' Association approved of usages recommended by the Simplified Spelling Board for gradual adoption in schoolbooks used by the State, reported that the simplified spelling movement had the support of 22 other State Teachers' Associations and of 173 universities, colleges, normal schools, including 19 state universities. Simplified spellers drop the superfluous "ough" from "through," "though," "bought"; the superfluous "ue" from "catalogue," "decadologue," "pedagogue," "monologue."

...

In California

At Leland Stanford, plans were announced for the establishment of a school of business administration to be laid down along the lines of the famed Harvard school. The report indicated that U. S. Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover, Stanford '95, had suggested the new school when in California last winter. Mr. Hoover had pointed his suggestion by showing how 40 Californians, graduated last year by the Harvard school, had all been absorbed by Eastern concerns instead of benefiting business in the West as they might have done had they been trained there.

S C I E N C E

Deep Briny

There are many kinds of anchorages; but it is safe to say that there is one place where a vessel will never anchor. Some 50 miles from the coast of Japan, the Nipponese man-of-war *Manchu* dropped its sounding lead. The sounding wire rattled from the drum. Ten fathoms of it ran off into the depths, 20 fathoms, 30 fathoms, 100 fathoms. The drum rolled and rolled and rolled—a mile of wire sank into the briny deep. Two miles, three miles, four miles. Still no bottom. Five miles, and the drum still paid out the wire. Down, down, six miles. The wire was not much longer. Still the lead went down. At last, the drum stopped rolling. Nearly six and a quarter miles of wire had been paid out—32,644 ft.—the end of the wire; and still the lead dangled clear of the bottom far, far down in the absolute dark of the cold sea; and little fishes, strange little monsters with radiolight spots, wandered around it in the deep.

The lead was at the end of its tether, so it was hauled in. A greater ocean depth than ever before discovered had been found. The greatest ocean depth previously discovered was 32,113 ft.—found by a German vessel off the coast of Mindanao (Philippines) in 1912. How much deeper the hole off Japan may be, none can tell. At any rate, it is a great deal deeper than the deepest part of the Atlantic yet found—27,922 ft. just east of Haiti.

...

Tetraethyl Lead

The Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey has a plant at Bayway, N. J. There last week a man suddenly became raving mad. He was taken to a hospital in Manhattan where he soon died. Others became affected. Within a few days, five men, all raving mad and confined in straight-jackets, died. In all there were 45 men—three shifts of 15 each—working together on the same job. All were placed under medical observation and care. Only ten of them were unaffected. The others all showed symptoms of the disease: headaches, nervousness, insomnia, lowered blood pressure. Such was the toll of the first major onslaught of the newest "occupational disease."

For some time experiments have been going forward in an effort to improve gasoline as an automobile fuel. A motor entirely of glass was constructed to study the explosions in gas engines. It was observed that there was not one

explosion in a cylinder but two, in close succession. Various lead compounds were mixed with gasoline and tested to improve the operation. It was found that if 1 part of tetraethyl lead were added to 1,000 parts of gasoline, the effect was to retard the explosions—providing one slower detonation instead of two more rapid ones. This improvement prevents "knocking" in ordinary engines and, to a large degree, the deposit of carbon in cylinders. It laid open the possibility of building a new and more efficient type of engine to use the new mixture—a type of engine which, using ordinary gasoline, would soon pound itself to pieces.

But lead is a poisonous substance. Tetraethyl lead must be handled with circumspection in production and distribution. The "Ethyl Gasoline," gasoline treated with tetraethyl lead, is far less dangerous, containing only "about 1 part in 1,000" of the tetraethyl lead.

There are three possible sources of danger in handling the tetraethyl lead and "Ethyl Gasoline":

1) The hazard in the manufacturing and handling of the concentrated tetraethyl lead. This hazard occurs in the manufacturing plant.

2) The possible hazard in handling the Ethyl Gasoline (1 part of tetraethyl lead to 1,000 parts of gasoline). This possible hazard may affect those handling Ethyl Gasoline.

3) The possible hazard due to the exhaust gases from automobiles using Ethyl Gasoline. This possible hazard concerns the entire public.

But the men who died last week were not in contact with the explosion gases of the Ethyl Gasoline, nor with the gasoline itself, but with the 1,000 times more concentrated tetraethyl lead. They had been transferring it into containers to be sent to gasoline stations where it is diluted with the oil. They probably breathed the fumes of the poisonous stuff. Apparently the effect of taking the poison in this way is cumulative and not felt until a considerable dose, possibly a fatal dose, has been received. They may have become careless, and, having no immediate unpleasant effects, continued their carelessness until they were fatally seized.

A remedy for the poisoning, if it is not in too advanced a stage, is believed to be the use of intravenous injections of hyposulphite of soda, to dissolve the lead out of the tissues of the body. Under this treatment the other men affected appear to be recovering.

The Standard Oil Co. temporarily closed its plant at Bayway. Meanwhile, thoroughly frightened, health authorities in parts of New Jersey and New York forbade the sale of Ethyl Gasoline, and in some other places sale was voluntarily stopped until it could be publicly demonstrated that Ethyl Gasoline is itself harmless.

Children eat more— mothers worry less

When Eagle Brand Milk is part of the regular diet

MALNUTRITION attacks an appalling number of school children in our country. Because they do not eat enough of the *right kind of food*. A mother's greatest problem is to give her child a well balanced diet in order to protect him from this dangerously prevalent condition.

The means of preventing malnutrition are within your reach. *Borden's Eagle Brand*—famous for years as a baby food—is now saving many older children from the evil effects of undernourishment.

Why Eagle Brand is valuable for growing children

Eagle Brand is an especially valuable form of milk for growing children. It is clean pure whole milk combined with sugar in a way which makes it exceptionally digestible. It contains all the necessary food properties for healthy growth and development.

And children like Eagle Brand! The sugar content supplies energy and also gives Eagle Brand a flavor which appeals to children's appetites. Many mothers feed Eagle Brand successfully when children ordinarily won't drink milk.

3 Little Books *tell how to use Eagle Brand*

A set of 3 Little Books published by the Borden Company tells mothers exactly how to feed Eagle Brand, with menus and recipes for children for all ages. They also contain height and weight charts—most important in determining the condition of your child's health. They give all the necessary information about malnutrition—how to recognize it, and how to overcome it simply by following the fundamental health rules and adding daily feedings of Eagle Brand to the regular diet. Cut out the coupon below and mail it today for the 3 Little Books. The Borden Company, 387 Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

THE Borden Company has for the past year been conducting a nation wide health crusade against malnutrition. It is peculiarly fitted to undertake this important work because of its place at the head of the milk industry and the respect and confidence of a public which it has served for 67 years.

In addition to the famous Eagle Brand, the Borden Company makes Evaporated Milk—now used by good cooks everywhere — and Malted Milk for both fountain and home consumption. Each is the best of its kind, guaranteed pure, and produced under more rigid sanitary regulations than the law demands. The name Borden is a guarantee in itself to the consumer of milk.



THE BORDEN COMPANY

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350 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free the 3
Little Books.

Name

Address

LETTERS

Herewith are excerpts from letters come to the desks of the editors during the past fortnight. They are selected primarily for the information they contain either supplementary to, or corrective of, news previously published in TIME.

Alleged Breach of Faith

TIME New York, N. Y. Teaneck, N. J. Gentlemen: Oct. 24, 1924

On page 1 TIME, Oct. 27, 1924, you refer to Methodism as "that sect." I am aware of the very general meaning of the word "sect," but you cannot be ignorant of the evil connotation of that term. A recent dictionary of recognized authority makes this distinction: "Sect is an opprobrious and denominational honorific term for the same body."

In soliciting my subscription, you presented TIME to me as an unbiased summary of current news. Is it too much to hope that the magazine will be conducted as advertised? The use of opprobrious terms to describe a church will not make new friends for your magazine, and it may lose many. It is not keeping faith with your advertising.

M. A. WORKMAN.

According to Webster's New International Dictionary, the terms "sect" and "denomination" are synonymous. TIME is partial to "sect" because it contains only four letters.—Ed.

Wilbur Wright's Death

TIME New York, N. Y. City of Rochester, N. Y. Gentlemen: Oct. 22, 1924

In a recent issue of your publication you said that Wilbur Wright died of pneumonia. He died of typhoid, not of pneumonia.

He knew enough to invent a flying machine, but not enough to be vaccinated against typhoid.

G. W. GOLER.

Subscriber Goler is right. The records show that Wilbur Wright died of typhoid fever in Dayton, Ohio, on May 30, 1912.—Ed.

Cain's Wife

TIME New York, N. Y. Terre Haute, Ind. Gentlemen: Oct. 23, 1924

You did well to call attention to the question: "Where did Cain get his wife?" As an illustration, it gives point to much contemporary discussion.

However, I was surprised that you failed to make mention of Genesis 5:4 wherein, as you doubtless know, Adam is credited with 800 years of reproductive life. In those years he begat Cain's wife. Thus your third solution to the problem is the only one biblically permissible.

DONALD MCCUTCHEON.

The story of Cain's wife appeared in Vol. IV, No. 17, Page 16.—Ed.

"Meticulously Correct"

TIME New York, N. Y. New York, N. Y. Gentlemen: Oct. 20, 1924

I have been a subscriber to TIME for two years. I regard it as the most valuable periodical of its class and, in the main, think it is exceedingly well conducted. It was my impression that it was furnished with the idea of summarizing the news of the day in an interesting manner in order that business and professional men might be spared the necessity of glancing through a large amount of

present day news in an endeavor to cull the essential facts therefrom.

I refer particularly to the footnote on the first page of the issue of Oct. 20, in which the line refers to the lack of knowledge of baseball exhibited by President Coolidge. It seems to me that in this case a small slip of cardstock would be meticulously correct, and has succeeded in casting an undeserved slur upon a man who was not selected for the office of Chief Executive on account of his knowledge of baseball.

I have induced several of my friends to subscribe to TIME.

If there is to be a continuance of such a tone in the paper's comments, I shall certainly not continue to recommend it, and shall feel obliged to ask you to discontinue my subscription at the date of its expiration.

JAMES E. BUTTS.

No offense was intended. TIME pointed out that what Mr. Coolidge had described (in a public statement) as a "hit" by Walter Johnson was in reality an "error" by Shortstop Jackson. The editors agree with Subscriber Butts that to select a Chief Executive on account of his knowledge of baseball would be inane.—Ed.

Needle in Haystack

TIME New York, N. Y. Baltimore, Md. Gentlemen: Oct. 20, 1924

I take the liberty of calling your attention to a slight improvement which can readily be made that would be of considerable benefit to one who has not the time to read the whole of TIME carefully. In the column entitled "View with Alarm," published on the last page, you make a sketchy little synopsis in which frequently an item catches my eye that I would be glad to turn back to any read, but the references are practically worthless. For instance, in your number of Oct. 20, first item, "A lunge call blown upon a prodsick," page 20. I have not been able to find anything on page 20 referring to this, and even if it is there, it is almost never under a heading that connects up with the synopsis. Take any of the others, "A Colossus with feet of clay," there is no heading on page 19 that intimates that this is the one referred to in this item. In other words, when one sees an item here that attracts them and attempts to turn to it is necessary to read the whole page to find the item. If this is an indirect plan to compel everybody to read the entire paper, it is not very practicable, as I have long since given up attempting to find the item from this summary. Could you not readily add to the item the heading of the article on the given page to which reference is made?

WALDO NEWCOMER.

Subscriber Newcomer's point is well taken. See Page 32 for "Point with Pride" and "View with Alarm" columns altered to accord with his suggestion.—Ed.

The Salvation Army

TIME New York, N. Y. The Salvation Army 120 West 14th Street New York, N. Y. Gentlemen: Oct. 23, 1924

On page 18 of Oct. 20 issue of TIME it is stated that you are in connection with notice of the Salvation Army's work, pictures of General Bramwell Booth and Commander Booth-Creighton. The General's picture is quite all right but we cannot quite imagine where you get the picture of the Commander. Probably it is a snapshot. At any rate, it does not do the Commander credit, and it will be a pleasure to send you an approved picture at any time you may need one.

It is quite evident that you wish to deal not only fairly but kindly with the Salvation

Army, for which the Commander feels very thankful. However, there are one or two points of misstatement that have crept into your article that the Commander feels she would like me to correct.

In your footnote upon the question of salaries, you say that the male Colonel gets \$29.50 and that a female Colonel gets \$25.50; and that, as the wife may rise to a Colonely, the family income may conceivably total \$55.00. This is inaccurate inasmuch as a married woman gets a separate salary from that of her husband.

W. F. JENKINS
Colonel, National Secretary.

The picture of Commander Booth was purchased from the International Newsreel Service (picture agents) for \$3. TIME will be glad indeed to receive an approved picture of the Commander.—Ed.

Stigma Removed

TIME New York, N. Y. San Francisco Gentlemen: Oct. 16, 1924

I have been an admiring reader of every issue of TIME, and I have felt that one of the most appealing features of the paper is its apparent accuracy—a factor not always present in the daily press.

Accordingly, I was much disappointed to see the statement on page 2 of the issue of Oct. 13 that the *Searchlight* on Congress is a "K. K. K. journal." Having also been a constant reader of the *Searchlight* on Congress for many years, I am hopeful that you will remove this stigma from that interesting and valuable periodical.

CARL I. WHEAT.

There are two "Searchlights": The *Searchlight* on Congress (published in Washington) and the K. K. K. *Searchlight* (published in Atlanta). Lynn Harris, editor of the former, used the name long before the hooded knights started their sheet. To Editor Harris TIME offers an apology.—Ed.

From Pasadena

TIME New York, N. Y. Pasadena, Calif. Gentlemen: Oct. 18, 1924

A few weeks ago you called me a Bolshevik, which I am not. Now I notice that you call the *Searchlight* on Congress a Ku Klux Klan organ, which it is not. The *Searchlight* on Congress has nothing to do with the Klan. You have, since it appears that you are supporting the Klan Candidate Koolidge.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

The charge that TIME supported Candidate Coolidge (or any other candidate) during the campaign seems to the editors to be baseless.—Ed.

"Hocus-Pocus"

TIME New York, N. Y. 100 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y. Gentlemen: Oct. 27, 1924

I like the job you fellows are doing, and I am therefore concerned when you stray from the unbiased path. The article on Spain in the issue of the 20th is an editorial, not news. And it is a bum editorial at that.

What let that loose on you? And by what *hocus-pocus* are you an apologist for royalty at this late date?

Oh, yes, you are just humorous, and forgot to label it for serious reformers like me?

ROGER BALDWIN.

The item in question was descriptive of Vicente Blasco Ibanez's attack on his King. "Alfonso must go!" cried Blasco. In that the item favored reform by constitutional methods as opposed to revolutionary means, it was biased—and therefore in violation of TIME's traditional policy of disinterestedness.—Ed.

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

Here are over 50 from a single page of a New York newspaper

reaction	eminent	brutal	command
conservative	national	police	moral
tendency	class	capitalist	revolution
illustrate	energetic	administration	conspire
contraction	industrial	inspection	conference
theory	interest	problem	delegate
absolute	organization	commissioner	historical
dictator	department	naturally	consequence
political	creature	liberal	ideal
social	confiscate	aspiration	action
ethical	character	aristocracy	agitation
practical	person	element	imperial
ignore	demonstration	constellation	situation



No wonder Americans find it so easy to talk and read foreign languages by the amazing new Pelman system!

Everybody wants to be able to talk and read at least one foreign language—either for traveling abroad, or for business reasons. A revolutionary discovery now enables Americans to master French, Spanish, or German at sight—without once “translating” or referring to a dictionary! Get the FREE BOOK that gives you the most astonishing information ever published about learning languages in the only natural way in your own home.

If somebody handed you a foreign newspaper and told you to read it at sight, you would probably say: “Impossible! Why, I don’t know a word of any language but English!”

Yet the amazing fact is that you do actually know hundreds of words of French, Spanish and German—without realizing it. Hundreds, yes thousands, of words are almost identical in English and in the three principal foreign languages. Over 50 of them, printed in the panel above, were taken from a single American newspaper page.

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

This is the Pelman Method of Language Instruction—a wonderfully simple way of teaching that has been enthusiastically received in England, and has just been brought to America. You learn in the simplest, most natural way imaginable—the way a child learns to speak his native tongue—without bothering about rules of grammar at all in the beginning.

First you learn to read the language at sight

Let us suppose, for example, that you have decided to learn French. (The Pelman method works just as simply with the other languages.)

When you open the first lesson of the Pelman method, you will be surprised to see not a single word of explanation in English. But you soon realize that no English is necessary. You find that you already know enough French words to start—words that are almost the same in English—and that you can easily discover the meaning of the unfamiliar French words by the way they “fit in” with the ones you recognize at sight. Your interest is seized and held at once with all the fascination of a game.

In the places where it is necessary, you get the meaning of new words from little pictures of the things the words stand for—but the principle of using words you already know to teach you whole new sentences works so well that you literally read the course from beginning to end in French, and at sight.

And you begin to speak before you realize it

After only eight to twelve weeks you will be able to read books and newspapers in the language you have chosen—and almost before you realize it, you will find yourself able to speak that language more fluently than students who have studied it for years in the toilsome “grammar-first” way.

Mr. M. Dawson-Smith, an English student of the Pelman system, writes:

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

And the remarkable results gained by hundreds of others who have taken the Pelman language courses were not attained by a toilsome struggle with rules of grammar, or by laboriously memorizing long “vocabularies” of words.

Every lesson keeps you interested and fascinated, eager for the next. You pick up the points of grammar that you need automatically—almost unconsciously. It is only after you can already read and speak readily that the subject of grammar is touched at all—but correct pronunciation and accent are taught from the first lesson—and a remarkable new invention has made this part of your progress astonishingly easy.

Remarkable book free

What do you know about the remarkable opportunities that have been

opened up since the war to those who know one or more of the great foreign commercial languages? The amazing free book that you can have for the asking tells you all about them. It shows you what a real business asset it is to have another language at your command. The man or woman who knows two or more languages is needed in business more than ever before.

You have had here only a glimpse, a mere hint, of the fascinating and enjoyable way you can now learn foreign languages through the amazing Pelman method. The big, free book gives you a convincing demonstration of the method in operation—actually teaches you to read at sight a page of the language you select to learn!

Whether you now have the desire to learn another language or not, you will be fascinated by the interesting facts about languages that this book gives you.

The coupon below will bring you full information about the Pelman system of language instruction. Sending for it costs you nothing and does not obligate you in any way. Mail the coupon today.

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2575 Broadway New York City

Approved as a correspondence school under the laws of the State of New York.

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Furnish me full information about the Pelman Method of language instruction.

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LAW

Jury Duty

A Book by a Lawyer for Laymen

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY—Francis L. Wellman—Macmillan (\$4.00). This volume is addressed "to the tens of thousands of men that are called each year to serve their first term in the jury box." Its object is stated by Author Wellman to be "to acquaint jurors with the profound importance and dignity of their membership in that ancient and honorable institution of Trial by Jury; to lay before them the duties, privileges and prerogatives of a juror, to open their minds to the fallacies of human testimony, the whys and wherefores of intentional perjury, the methods by which truth can be distinguished from falsehood and exaggerations can be reduced to their proper proportions."

A succinct impression of its contents may well be conveyed by setting forth the chapter headings and list of illustrations. The chapters are: I. A Middle-aged Merchant's First Experience with Jury Duty; II. History of Trial by Jury; III. Witnesses; IV. Lawyers; V. Lawyers; VI. Judges; VII. Judges; VIII. The Verdict; IX. Some Suggested Remedies. The list of illustrations includes: Joseph H. Choate, Lord Justice Braxfield, Lord Mansfield (of law merchant fame), Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, William F. Howe (Abbe Hummel's partner), Scene at Trial of Carlyle W. Harris, Lord Gordon Hewart (present Lord Chief Justice of England), Lord Chief Justice Russell, Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, Trial of Sir William Armstrong, Recorder Frederick Smyth, Mr. Justice Henry A. Gildersleeve and Mr. Justice George C. Barrett. Every one of these pictures is pertinent to the reading matter wherein it is found.

"The world," says the author, "is already too full of moral lectures and serious reformers; and while I trust my efforts may prove instructive to the uninitiated, my ambition is also to be hailed a welcome raconteur." The public press is daily informing Mr. Wellman that this ambition has been gratified. One Heywood Brown of *The New York World*, in a column devoted to this book, is on record to the effect that after reading *Gentlemen of the Jury*, he regretted for the first time that the laws of New York State exempted newspaper men from jury duty.

Mr. Wellman, in the course of 40 years of active practice, has tried more than 1,000 cases before juries. He is also deeply versed in legal bibliography. In the present volume, he

has drawn with discrimination upon both his experience and his learning.

The style is vivid, almost nervous. The first chapter is the narration of a jurymen in a case involving a suit for civil damages by the widow of a famed banker killed by a young lawyer, who used his beautiful wife to further his professional ambitions, only to find that she had been seduced by the famed banker; and who thereupon killed the trespasser and invoked the unwritten law. A note at the end of the chapter states that the facts were for the most part imaginary.

Significance. Many lawyers have, like Colonel Ingersoll in the Star Route Case, closed their address to the jury with the admonition that they were about to retire to a room, "where all power is powerless except your own." Edmund Burke has said that nothing on earth so nearly approached the power of the Almighty as the power put into the hands of a jurymen. Any book, therefore, which so effectively as Mr. Wellman's awakens a citizen to his duties as a jurymen, is important and destined to remain important.

Trial by Jury is an increasingly criticized institution, but because it is so inherent in the Anglo-Saxon theory of justice, it will probably never be abolished. Mr. Wellman's thesis that it is "the personnel of our juries that makes possible the verdicts which underlie and give rise to all the adverse criticism," is therefore a hopeful one. In "Some Suggested Remedies," he points out that in New York State some 40 groups of intelligent citizens are exempted from jury duty and advocates repealing practically all these exemptions as the first step in obtaining better jurors. This chapter, it is

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submitted, is as thoughtful and practical as some of the earlier chapters are bright and reminiscent.

The Author. Francis L. Wellman is the senior partner of the firm of Wellman, Smyth & Scofield. He was an Assistant District Attorney of New York County under Dr. Lancey Nicoll (1891-94) and specialized in homicide cases. He is the author of *The Art of Cross-examination* and *A Day In Court*, both of which books are slightly more professional in their appeal than is *Gentlemen of the Jury*.

THE PRESS

"No Admittance"

John J. Daly, dramatic editor of *The Washington Post*, one night last week bought himself a ticket at the box office of Poli's Theatre. There was a new show on. Editor Daly stood ready to view, then to review it. At the door, Editor Daly proffered his ticket. Up rushed the house manager employed by the Poli's lessees, Messrs. Shubert of Manhattan. Politely but firmly, the house manager possessed himself of Editor Daly's ticket, marched to the box office, cashed the ticket for its face value, handed the money to Editor Daly, explained that on no account would the Messrs. Shubert permit Editor Daly to enter their Washington theatre after what he had said in his paper about *Artists and Models*, a Shubert show on tour which had visited Washington earlier in the month. There was naught for Editor Daly to do but take himself away from the Poli Theatre, naught to console him but the memory of his review of *Artists and Models*.

The review had been headed: "Artists and Models Found to Feature Suggestiveness—Revue at Poli's Called Blend of Old-Time Burlesque and Vaudeville, with Vulgarly and Coarseness Striking Numbers." The review had admitted there were lovely, even exquisite, scenes, but had said that the show wound up "with dirt behind the ears." Other Washington critics had agreed that the show was somewhat off-color, but only Editor Daly had said: "Evidently everything has to be tainted to get in *Artists and Models*."

Manhattanites recalled a time when, for many moons, the Messrs. Shubert similarly banned the rotund, genial presence of Critic Alexander Woolcott* in any of their Broadway pleasure palaces; recalled ruses, disguises, trickery resorted to by the genial Woolcott to deceive the Messrs. Shubert and slip in unperceived; recalled the waning of that feud, a reconciliation and Critic Woolcott's presence again regularly gracing an aisle seat whenever the Messrs. Shubert had something new wherewith to beguile the public in its idle hours.

*Critic Woolcott has been variously associated with *The New York Times*, *The New York Herald* and *The Sun* (New York).

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Forgan

As it must to all men, Death came to James Berwick Forgan, in the 73rd year of his life and the 24th of his career as the outstanding figure of the Chicago banking fraternity. Stricken at his desk with heart disease, he was



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THE LATE MR. FORGAN
His humor was kindly.

taken to the Presbyterian Hospital, where a transfusion of his son's blood (James B. Forgan, Jr.) rallied him momentarily but was ultimately unsuccessful in saving his life. He died surrounded by his family, after singing favorite hymns with his pastor and saying: "I have put up the best fight I could."

Forgan is one of the old names in St. Andrews, Scotland. James Berwick Forgan was born there, one of six children of Robert Forgan, maker of golf clubs and balls. After an education at Madras College (St. Andrews) and Forbes Academy (Forres), where his uncle was long rector, Mr. Forgan was dissuaded from a predilection for the Law by another uncle, who apprenticed him to the banking profession. Three years' training, and he was accepted by the Bank of British North America, in its London establishment. Soon he crossed the Atlantic, continuing his study and practice of banking in Montreal, Manhattan, Halifax.

The directors of the Bank of Nova Scotia, struck by his distinguished bearing and demeanor, engaged him as paying teller, and, aged 30, as branch inspector. They sent him to Minneapolis to open a new branch. There the Northwestern National Bank made him cashier and he in turn made the Northwestern one of the strongest institutions in its territory.

Chicago heard of James Berwick Forgan; Lyman J. Gage, President of The First National Bank of Chicago, made him his Vice President in 1892. In 1900, soon after Mr. Gage became Presi-

dent McKinley's Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Forgan moved up into the position that was to designate him "dean of Chicago bankers."

The First National grew enormously under the Forgan touch: its assets from some 49 millions in 1900 to nearly 260 millions in 1915; its deposits from 43 millions to 219 millions in the same period. Its good will and reputation for sound policy increased equally rapidly. Mr. Forgan concerned himself with the character and welfare of his employees, giving fatherly talks and plain advice to each newcomer.

In 1916, after the First National had become the largest financial institution in Chicago, Mr. Forgan relinquished the presidency, but continued active in the bank's affairs as chairman of the board.

For 21 years, Mr. Forgan had been Chairman of the Clearing House Committee; for five years he had been a director of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago; for six years he had been President of the Federal Advisory Council of the Federal Reserve Board, at Washington.

Mr. Forgan was widely and affectionately known as "J.B." and "The Old War Horse." His humor was kindly, his sense of justice, honesty and discipline that of a stern Scot. Testimonials from his friends reflected the gratitude Chicago owed him for his services during 30 years of prosperity and panic.

"Greatest Tax"

The publication of income taxes brought out some interesting facts about corporations as well as about individuals. The greatest single tax paid by any one industrial organization was \$15,930,901—the 1923 income tax of the U. S. Steel Corporation. The similar tax paid by the Ford Motor Co. the same year was \$14,449,673.

The Ford Co. started with a capitalization of only \$100,000, of which only \$28,000 was in actual cash. The Steel Corporation, on the other hand, started with a capitalization of over a billion, including bonds. Today, the Ford Co. has no bonds, while U. S. Steel has many millions in outstanding bonds. Ford Co. is capitalized at \$17,264,500, compared with \$868,583,600 of capital stock for U. S. Steel. The latter's assets were listed at \$2,420,882,704, while those of the Ford Co. were given as \$568,101,639. Steel's working capital was \$451,192,447; Ford's was \$257,295,916. The Steel Corporation has 147 steel works, 123 blast furnaces, 331 open hearth and electric furnaces, and 157 sheet jobbing and plate mills; the Ford plants are 34 in number, and are located all over the world.

Foreign Loans

This year promises to establish a new record for the lending of U. S. funds abroad. Thus far, \$1,007,919,000 of foreign loans have been floated and distributed among home investors in 1924, and the prospects are

for a total of \$1,500,000 before the end of the year.

The most important of these foreign loans (in millions of dollars) have been: Japan, 150; Germany, 110; Mexico, 50; Netherlands, 40; Switzerland, 30; Sweden, 30; Canadian National Railways, 29; Canadian Railways, 26; Norway, 25; Industrial Bank of Japan, 22; Argentina, 20; Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railway, 20; Ontario, 17; Consolidated Electric Power Co. of Japan, 15; Nord Railway, 15; Finnish Mortgage Bank, 12; Canadian Pacific, 10; Paris-Orleans Railway, 10.

In the past four years, foreign Government financing in the U. S. has totaled as follows:

1920\$291,000,000
1921379,270,000
1922431,305,000
1923242,845,000

Motor Industry

The motor industry, generally speaking, is in the position of a squirrel in a cage. So far as profits go—it is very active but dubiously profitable. Production of cars proceeds at a good rate, but competition has so reduced retail prices that there is little satisfaction in it all.

Two of the leading manufacturers have recently precipitated more trouble by announcing further price cuts. This occurrence has thrown quite a blight over the plans of many car makers to raise prices next season to a point where larger profits could be seen in the business. Instead, the coming issue will apparently be the survival of the fittest, with the probability that weaker concerns will either retire or consolidate.

Two factors, however, will govern the extent of this prospective elimination of the smaller car manufacturer. There will always be room in the industry for makers of specialty cars, who do not compete in the more standardized field. Secondly, a weak company today may nevertheless bring out next season's most popular car and put itself in a stronger position. The great success this year of the Chrysler car has done just this for Maxwell. On the other hand, the strong companies must each year bring out very appealing new models or lose their position in the industry, as Studebaker has discovered. The competition in the motor-car business is concerned not only with prices, but also with styles and fashions.

Kittie

Sears, Roebuck & Co., famed Chicago mail-order house, last week elected a new president, Charles M. Kittie, to succeed Julius Rosenwald. Because of the large trading in Sears, Roebuck shares on the New York Stock Exchange, brokerage houses financial bigwigs evinced interest. Mr. Kittie, now 44, began his rise to fortune as a water-boy to a railroad section-gang when he was 14. At 17, he was a telegraph operator, then cashier, chief clerk, superintendent. He was general manager of the Illinois Central Railroad. During the War, he

managed the Illinois Central and three additional railroads for the U. S.

Mr. Rosenwald was made Chairman of the Board of Directors of Sears, Roebuck.

MEDICINE

Macfadden Attacked

Just as a surgeon will whip out his scalpel to whittle away proud flesh, so the American Medical Association has whetted the policy of *Hygieia*, its monthly instrument for the interpretation of modern medicine to the lay public, and begun whittling at an unhealthy protuberance in the publishing field, namely, *Physical Culture*, a monthly magazine published by one Bernarr Macfadden (TIME, June 4, 1923; July 14, Sept. 22). The November issue of *Hygieia* carried "the first of a series of articles . . . discussing the manner in which the hope of relief from suffering and disease is exploited by the promoters of peculiar cults and fads."

Said *Hygieia*: "Modern quackery as an industry has grown to the point where it is able to support numerous subsidiary businesses that cater to its needs. Especially is this true in that particular field of quackery commonly designated as drugless."

"The publication known as *Physical Culture* . . . is an outstanding example of the money that is to be made from catering to ignorance and furnishing a contact between the quack and his victims. . . ."

"*Physical Culture* has been put forward as a magazine for those who think."

"The student of journalism is always suspicious of a slogan of this type, whether applied to magazines or newspapers,* for he knows that usually those publications that boast that they are prepared for people who think are actually edited for morons."

"Editorially, *Physical Culture* is devoted to fantastic and bizarre fads and the exploitation of Bernarr Macfadden. Every issue reeks with sex appeal. The *Detroit Saturday Night* has described Macfadden as 'the bare torso king' and the description is apropos."

"The usual cover design is that of a woman in as little clothing as the law allows, so disporting herself as to show a maximum amount of nudity compatible with retention of second-class mailing privileges. Within the cover one finds the same theme played up. . . . Nor is the male neglected. Macfadden himself in various stages of undress, and various other supermen with little on but a singurle doubtless attract many quarters† from girls and women who feel the biologic urge."

Physical Culture and other Macfadden publications are abhorred in many quarters for their execrable taste and blatant hypocrisy. But the prime motive of the attack upon *Physical Culture* by

*Slogan of Publisher Hearst's *New York American*: "A paper for people who think."†The price of *Physical Culture* is 25c a copy.

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THESE are among the contributors to the first numbers of the new weekly review, edited by Catholic laymen.

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Preface by LOUIS MARSHALL
Foreword by LEWIS B. LAWES, Warden
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Held in New York on Oct. 26, 1924, before an audience of 3,500. Illustrated with portraits of the debaters. Price \$1.00 postpaid.
THE LEAGUE FOR PUBLIC DISCUSSION
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the American Medical Association was to prevent the dissemination of what the Association feels to be outrageously fallacious and dangerous medical misinformation. Hygieia's article, to which the attention of the medical profession was called editorially in the Oct. 25 issue of the Association's *Journal*, concentrated chiefly upon the advertising pages of *Physical Culture*, citing numerous nostrums there offered which the Medical Association declared to be positively fraudulent. Hygieia reproduced, in reduced size, a pageful of these advertisements, commenting also on the fact that *Physical Culture*, while professing a violent antagonism to drugs, would accept displays for such substances as "Sargol," "Sanatogen," "Absorbine Jr.," "Munine" and other patent medicines.

The article concluded: "The amount of harm that *Physical Culture* does is incalculable. Not only do its advertising pages inevitably tend to destroy pub-

lic confidence in the printed word but its editorial pages pervert public intelligence . . . have a pernicious effect on public health."

Significance. Bernarr Macfadden has millions of dollars, millions of subscribers. He has shrewd assistants. The reading matter that he vends is stuff that an easy-going, careless public will not hasten to put aside voluntarily. If serious war is made upon him by Medicine, it will be a long war. Macfadden has already entrenched himself by repeated digs at the medical profession, and can always rally hundreds of thousands of the gullible reading public by his apostolic battle cry: "The Truth, Nothing but the Truth!"

Plague

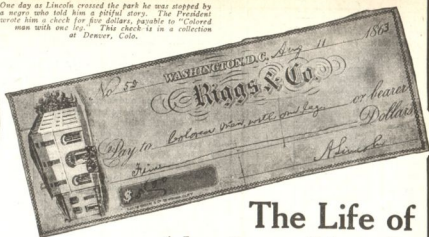
Death is invariably attended by unpleasant physical phenomena which differ but little in most instances and to which physicians become hardly accustomed. Exceptionally unostentatious, however, were those changes accompanying the disease of a certain Mexican woman in Los Angeles, just as the circumstances of her illness had been exceptionally baffling. Dead, she was interred conventionally; husband and friends hacked to the burial. A week later her husband died, the same undiagnosed distemper causing his demise, the same grim disfigurement consequent upon it, as had occasioned, attended, the death of his wife. Each day thereafter was marked by the death, under identical circumstances, of one or more of those who had followed the body of the woman. People in the section of the city—a poor one—where the deaths were occurring began to whisper a word whose horror, long laid in the earth, once screamed from every ditch, devastating cities. "Plague," they said. Health authorities acted. The Mexican Quarter was tightly quarantined. None were allowed passage through its streets, even in automobiles. None were allowed egress from the district except a few industrial workers with special permits. Food was delivered but no garbage or milk containers taken out. The dead were burnt at once. Those ministering to the pestilence-stricken went in and out wearing a sterilized habit, their faces masked. Doctors stated that a pneumonic rather than a bubonic germ was responsible for the disease, but awaited a final diagnosis. Deaths, which numbered 21 in 15 days, went on mounting.

Transfusions

When a man gives his blood to save the life of another, whether on the field of honor or on the operating tables, it has long been conventional to regard him as a hero. Comes Dr. Geoffrey Keynes of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, England, with a denial that there is any virtue of sacrifice in the act of offering one's blood for transfusion. Positive benefit rather than injury is to be expected from the deed. Said he: "It should be widely known that a



One day as Lincoln crossed the park he was stopped by a negro who told him a pitiful story. The President wrote him a check for five dollars, payable to "Colored man with one leg. This check is in a collection at Denver, Colo.



The Life of Abraham Lincoln

By Ida M. Tarbell

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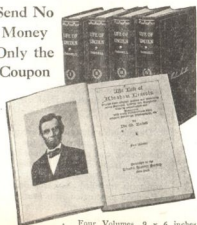
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healthy young man can part with a considerable amount of blood without any immediate effect. Several persons who have given blood for the benefit of patients have told me that they felt better and more vigorous after the operation."

Angina Pectoris

Operations to remove glands at the brain's base and certain nerves adjoining arteries have been successful in curing angina pectoris, the dread disease of the business man. So testified M. E. Dandy, surgeon of Johns Hopkins, before the Tri-State Medical Association.

These operations lower the blood pressure which has been brought to an unnatural height by overwork and worry. And high blood pressure is the reason for angina pectoris.

In California

Perhaps the development of the movie industry in California is responsible for an epidemic of beauty doctors in that state. In any event, the executive officer of the State Board of Medical Examiners in California, Dr. Charles B. Pinkham, has just issued a warning against persons who advertise their ability "to re-make the face," and against persons vaunting their ability before the public, including not only licensed physicians and surgeons, but also representatives of all of the various cults. One beauty specialist and naturopath, now under indictment for murder at Los Angeles, has been under investigation by the Board, Dr. Pinkham reports, since 1921, when her license was revoked after she had been charged with murder in connection with the death of her son-in-law on whom she had performed various beauty operations.

In Chicago

The Illinois Birth Control League recently opened an office in Chicago in charge of Dr. Rachelle S. Yarros, of Hull House. An attempt to open a clinic some time ago was combated by the Health Commissioner, Dr. Herman Bundesen. The present clinic charges a nominal fee, and thus avoids the necessity of a city license. It is reported that the legal department of the city administration is now at work on an opinion as to whether or not the clinic may operate under the new scheme.

TIME, The Weekly News-Magazine. Editors—Britton Hadden and Henry R. Luce. Associates—Manfred Gottfried (National Affairs), John S. Martin, Thomas J. C. Martyn (Foreign News), Jack A. Thomas (Books). Weekly Contributors—Ernest Brenneke, John Farrar, Willard T. Ingersoll, Alexander Krimm, Peter Mathews, Wells Root, Preston Lockwood, Niven Busch. Published by TIME, Inc., H. R. Luce, Pres.; J. S. Martin, Vice-Pres.; B. Hadden, Secy-Treas.; 236 E. 39th St., New York City. Subscription rate, one year, postpaid: In the United States and Mexico, \$3.00; in Canada, \$3.50; elsewhere, \$6.00. For advertising rates address: Robert Johnson, Advertising Manager, TIME, 236 E. 39th St., New York City; New England representatives, Sweeney & Price, 127 Federal St., Boston, Mass.; Western representatives, Powers & Stone, 38 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.; Circulation Manager, Roy E. Larsen. Vol. IV, No. 19.

S P O R T

Football

"Day is done,
Gone the sun,
From the lake,
From the hills,
From the sky;
Safely rest,
All is well,
God is love—"

Three buglers, one at Cambridge, one at New Haven, one at Ithaca, filled three crowded but silent stadia with the long-drawn notes of *Taps*, in memory of the late Percy Duncan Haughton (TIME, Nov. 3), football coach extraordinary. Thousands of football spectators stood bareheaded the while.

A member of Haughton's 1914 Harvard team (Quarterback Logan) wrote to the Harvard *Crimson*, suggesting that Soldiers' Field, at Cambridge, be rechristened Haughton Field.

Percy Haughton's widow watched the Columbia team that he had built sink to defeat before Cornell at Ithaca. Chief cause of this sinking was Ignacio Sadurino Molinet, 19-year-old native of Cuba, Cornell's 179-pound backfield torpedo. Score: Cornell 14, Columbia 0.

Princeton and Harvard played inconsequential games—Princeton practicing against Swarthmore, 21 to 6; Harvard substitutes chastising Boston College, 13 to 0.

The gray ranks of West Point's cadets marched evenly into the Yale Bowl. Unawed by militarism, a chunky Eli, Halfback Pond, greeted their team promptly with a plunge, a twist, a struggle, a 48-yard dash for a touchdown. The Army marched and counter-marched its backfield squad, right and left and double-time, but only once reached the end of the parade ground. Home marched the cadets, more evenly than ever. Score: Yale 7, Army 7.

Lafayette, unbeaten, took on the Leopard's spots and sought to pounce on Penn, also unbeaten. To no avail. A field goal by Chief Leonard Berry was wiped out by a pass by Chief Quaker McGraw, caught and carried by one Joe Laird. The Leopards went back to Easton, dark bruises mingled with their spots and the score: Penn 6, Lafayette 3. The Quakers rejoiced in being the only unbeaten, untied Eastern team of the season, Pittsburgh having tied Penn's nearest rival, Syracuse, 7 to 7.

Dartmouth's slate, which promises to be as clean as anyone's at the end of the season, was never threatened with a smudge from Brown. Messrs. Hall, Oberlander, Dooley, Leavitt and their assistants travelled 222 yards during an afternoon punctuated with many imperfect passes by Brown. Score: Dartmouth 10, Brown 3.

At Annapolis, two cripples met, one

a self-styled lion, one a so-called goat. Limping, hobbling, they tussled until nightfall, when the Navy goat had to admit that the absence of Shapely, one of its curliest horns, was too great a handicap. The Penn State or Nittany lion came off with two field goals. Score: Penn State 6, Navy 0.

High winds rushed through the heavens where Illinois waited on her own field for Iowa. When Iowa came, Red Grange rushed like the winds, sweeping his fellows nearer to the Big Ten championship. Though keenly watched by hawk-eyed Iowa ends, Grange scored two touchdowns in the first period, arranged for a third, threw two passes that gained 86 yards. For Iowa, Quarterback Parkin, of Yale Bowl fame (1922), played stiff breeze to Grange's hurricane. Score: Illinois 36, Iowa 0.

The next most notable Conference events were: Northwestern's first Big Ten success in two years, 17 to 7, from Indiana; a 13-to-0 Michigan onslaught in Minnesota. Chicago, despite gloomy prognostications by her "Old Man," Coach Alonzo Stagg, managed to cope with Purdue, 19 to 6. The Conference championship rested, virtually, between Illinois and Chicago, with the odds on Illinois and Red Grange.

Notre Dame of South Bend, Ind., was a ruthless hostess to the Georgia Technicians, sending them home sorely battered, 34 to 3, a score characteristic

of the potential national champions. The Georgian linemen were hardly impressive, permitting substitutes and regulars alike to pass them by with great frequency. But in the Georgian backfield, Fullback Douglas Wycoff covered himself with the day's individual glory. His best effort was a 47-yard run to Notre Dame's 1-yard line, an effort cheated ironically by Time, which ended the game as Wycoff came to earth.

In the Missouri Valley, Nebraska's thunderous, cornhusking eleven pulled itself together after a dismaying first quarter, sent Rhodes and Bloodgood ripping through for a belated harvest. Captain Bond of Missouri persistently disputed his team's first defeat. Score: Nebraska 14, Missouri 6.

In the South, Alabama heaped a large score upon the head of Mississippi, 61 to 0; West Virginia smothered Bethany, 71 to 6.

On the Pacific Coast, California prefaced its argument with Southern California with the announcement that the game would terminate athletic relations between the two universities. Leland Stanford was said also to have ruled against further relations with Southern California, holding them to be "not conducive to the best interests of intercollegiate sport."

Then California proceeded to loose her champion Golden Whales, and win 7 to 0.

Meantime, Oregon overcame Washington, 7 to 3.

At Night

A golf ball soared through the night. Stars twinkled overhead, night winds sighed as the ball landed, bounded, rolled up on a putting green unaccustomed to such nocturnal visitations. On the green, the ball moved steadily toward, was swallowed up by, a dark little shadow—the hole.

No fairy-flight nor golfer's fevered dream, this. Back in the direction from which the ball had come, 246 yards over hump and hummock, stumpy little Gene Sarazen, onetime U. S. open champion, grimed and chafed with many bystanders as he cracked out other balls into the night from the first tee of his Briarcliff Lodge (N. Y.) links. The bystanders were illuminating engineers having a convention, and in their honor, by their ingenuity, the first tee, fairway and green were flooded with day-like light from huge searchlights, from bulbs strung down the roughs.

Not every ball reached the green; only the one reached the hole at one stroke. Many were lost. But all persons present conceded the possibility of playing "night golf."

Wrote Colyumist Phillips for *The*

"This possibility had already been demonstrated by four Houston Texans (Tex. Aug. 25), who played a full 18-hole round with the aid of luminous paint on their balls, searchlights on trees and greens."

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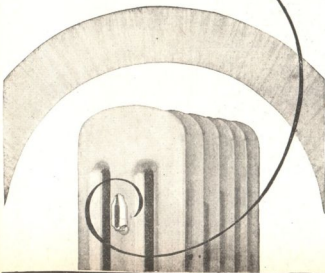
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Sun: "Ever play Geranium Hills?" one golfer will ask another.

"No, but I'd like to."

"Come on over some night and try it."

"Are there any hazards?"

"Yes, there's a dark corner on the sixth and two broken bulbs on the eleventh. Then there's a short circuit on the fourteenth green that gives a player a lot of trouble if he doesn't carry matches."

"Who's the club champion now?"

"Elmer Griggs. He plays a wonderful game of night golf. Never loses a ball!"

"What makes him so good?"

"He used to be night watchman in a moth-ball factory."

Committee

Devereux Milburn, Captain of the American International Polo Team; George Wharton Pepper,* U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania; Grantland Rice, sports writer. These three were last week appointed to serve on a special committee to study the player-writer rule of the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association. The question at issue is: May an amateur sportsman write, if he can? Can he commercialize sport by profiting from the literary value, if any, of a name which sport has made valuable? The literary fecundity of "Big Bill" Tilden, national tennis champion, has raised the argument. Hence the dapper Senator, hence the astute poet-reporter, hence the nimble polo player. No action will be taken until the next annual meeting of the Tennis Association in February.

Called Off

"Rain, rain, go away! The Little World's Champions and the Pacific Coast Champions want to play." But the rain was implacable. St. Paul and Seattle got through only nine innings of a proposed nine-game series to determine the Class AA championship, for which St. Paul became eligible when it beat Baltimore (TIME, Oct. 20). In the nine innings played, St. Paul fell upon Seattle 12 to 4. Then the rain fell, the series was canceled.

New World's Records

Approved last week in Brooklyn by the International Association of Surf Angling Clubs:

Cast for distance—Fred Berger, of Long Island. Distance: 495 ft., 5 in.

Average for five casts—Henry L. Stellwagon, of Asbury Park, N. J. Distance: 368 ft., 3/5 in.

*Thirty-eight years ago Mr. Pepper was a member of the football eleven at the University of Pennsylvania.

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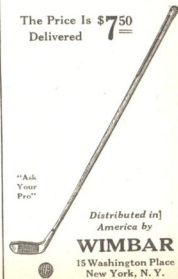
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AERONAUTICS

MILESTONES

Polar Flight

When the *Shenandoah* broke loose some months ago from its mooring mast at Lakehurst, N. J., and avoided destruction by supreme skill, cautious Mr. Coolidge vetoed all plans for a Polar flight. Now that the U. S. has two large dirigibles in its possession, and such perfect command of both ships has been demonstrated again and again, there is revived talk of the expedition. General Mason M. Patrick in fact wants the ZR-3 transferred to the Army, and a race between ZR-3 and *Shenandoah* "to either the North or the South Pole." There would be sufficient thrill to a polar flight even without the element of a race. If a mooring mast and hangars were erected at Nome, Alaska, the actual distance to the North Pole would be comparatively small and either vessel could fly there and back in 72 hours. But terrible dangers would be involved. The dirigible would be deprived of all weather reports, and might meet wild and unexpected gales in the barren North. The terrible cold of Arctic regions, enhanced by altitude, would tax the endurance of the crew to the utmost, and extreme precautions would be necessary to prevent freezing of radiators and engines. A forced landing in the frozen wilds would mean certain death. Success would have little value. Fleeting observations of magnetic action, a rough sketch map of hastily observed and barren, ice-covered areas would be the sum total of results. "Is the game worth it?" queried close students of aeronautics.

America Last

The comparative strengths of the air navies of the world have been computed by the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce. They are: France, 100%, Great Britain, 58%; Italy, 43%; U. S., 16%. France is spending 802,000,000 francs on aviation this year, Great Britain 19,392,000 pounds sterling, Italy 300,000,000 lire and the U. S., only \$27,025,000.

Miracle

Army aviators using a process invented by Prof. Wilder D. Bancroft of Cornell, and Dr. L. Francis Warren of Harvard, "shot down" a series of clouds which overshadowed Bolling Field, Washington.

Captain L. I. Eagle and Lieut. W. E. Melville, piloting two De Havilland airplanes, climbed to 13,000 feet, made a heavy strata of cumulus clouds their objective. Spectators saw them disappear. Then they suddenly broke through, as the cloud disintegrated under the shower of electrified sand discharged through nozzles set in the under portion of the fuselage. The aviators described a circle above the cloud bank and their maneuver was duplicated by a clean-cut pathway through the mist. "A miracle!" cried some of the watchers.

Died. Clifford Milburn Holland, 41, chief engineer of a new vehicular tunnel under the Hudson River at Manhattan; in Battle Creek, Michigan, of heart disease. A day or two after his death, a charge of dynamite "holed through" connecting the two ends of the tunnel driven from opposite sides of the river and disclosed them only three-quarters of an inch out of direct line with each other.

Died. Edward Bell, 42, U. S. Chargé d'affaires at Peking; in Peking, following a heart attack.

Died. Albert H. Loeb, 56, father of Richard A. Loeb, recently convicted murdered, in Chicago. Mr. Loeb, until lately, was Vice President of Sears, Roebuck & Co. Said *The New York Times* in a relentless headline: "Albert Loeb, Father of Franks' Slayer, Dies in Chicago Home Where Crime Was Planned."

Died. Harold M. Sewall, 64, Republican National Committeeman from Maine, father-in-law of Senator Edge of New Jersey, onetime Consul General at Samoa, quondam Minister to Hawaii; in Manhattan, after a minor operation.

Died. James Berwick Forgan, 72, "dean of Chicago bankers," of heart disease; at Chicago.

(SEE BUSINESS.)

Died. Frances Hodgson Burnett, 75, authoress of many novels and creator of Little Lord Fauntleroy (1886), modeled after her own son; at Plandome, L. I., after three months' illness. She was married twice and resumed the name of Burnett acquired from her first husband (divorced) after the death of her second husband, Stephen Townsend. Her first literary success came when *Godey's Lady's Book* published a story which she wrote at the age of 16.

Died. Thomas Harbaugh, 75, one of the authors of the Nick Carter Detective Stories and other dime novels; penniless in the Miami County Home, Ohio. He wrote from 300 to 600 thrillers, at the rate of one a week, with pen; later, in the days of the typewriter, he sometimes bettered his speed.

Died. General William Birch Haldeman, 78, Commander-in-Chief of the United Confederate Veterans; of heart disease, in Louisville.

(SEE NATIONAL AFFAIRS.)

Died. Eugene T. Sawyer, 77, one of the authors of the Diamond Dick, the Nick Carter Detective Stories; in San Jose, Calif. (Three others of these authors, all dead within the last two years, were Thomas Harbaugh, John R. Coryell, Frederick Van Rensselaer Dey.)

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of
winter
is in

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RISE AND FALL OF THE GOATEE



Long before Percival Pangburn ever came down from Parnassus to read from his own works, chin whiskers had gained historic significance.

In Egypt, when Memphis and Thebes were still minor league towns, goatees were worn, ostensibly as an indication of rank, but in reality because the barbers were slaves. The masters deemed it advisable to have no shaving done in the vicinity of the jugular vein.

So it has been up through the ages. Thick whiskers and thin whiskers, side whiskers and chin whiskers have been tolerated by poets, parachute jumpers, and devotees of other lofty pursuits, owing to their dread of the razor. Now that dread is gone, never to return.

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POINT with PRIDE

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

A big, red apple. (Page 15, column 1.)

.....

A monkey's eyes. (P. 12, col. 2.)

.....

The protecting arms of the family boarder. (P. 15, col. 1.)

.....

A heavy-set, earnest young man. (P. 17, col. 3.)

.....

The great success this year of the Chrysler Car. (P. 25, col. 1.)

.....

A serene lady, an impeccable gentleman. (P. 13, col. 3.)

.....

A bulging shirt-front "full of chest." (P. 11, col. 2.)

VIEW with ALARM

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

An unhealthy protuberance in the publishing field. (Page 25, column 2.)

.....

The most arrogant advertisement in the world. (P. 16, col. 2.)

.....

The disease of a certain Mexican woman. (P. 26, col. 3.)

.....

A show that wound up "with dirt behind the ears." (P. 23, col. 1.)

.....

The sort of person that modern Chief Justices and aging college presidents were warned against in their salad days. (P. 16, col. 3.)

.....

Macfadden himself in various stages of undress. (P. 25, col. 2.)

.....

A woman, listless, tear-stained, slummy. (P. 17, col. 1.)

.....

The coldest, the shiniest audience in the land. (P. 16, col. 1.)

.....

Plain speaking between relatives. (P. 2, col. 1.)



They came from the same sort of homes



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UP TO a certain point the lives of these two men were almost identical—same sort of homes, same schools, same start in business. Then the difference began. One stopped growing.

The other surprised people. In conversation he showed a familiarity with all sorts of interesting subjects. He talked like a man who had traveled widely—though his travels had consisted largely in the daily trip between his home and his office.

Older men discovered that he thought clearly and expressed himself well. They began to rely on his judgment. As one of them said: "He seems to get a little bigger and sounder every month; you can almost see him grow."

What was the secret of his growth?

It is the secret that many other successful Americans have learned. All over this country more than 100,000 people—young and old, rich and poor—have formed the magic habit of giving 15 minutes a day to making their minds stronger, bigger and more interesting.

Does this sound hard? It would be, under ordinary circumstances, if

one had to do it alone; for there are millions of books in the world and the average man or woman is at a loss where to begin to read them or how to read them so as to make a few minutes a day count.

But this task has been made very easy by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, who was for forty years President of Harvard University. From his lifetime of reading and study he selected the few really great books that trace the progress of civilization; he edited them with notes and reading courses so that in even 15 minutes a day anyone can get the knowledge and the broad culture that are the tools of success in modern life.

You should know at least something about

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They attended the same high school



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