

FIFTEEN CENTS

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine



ALFONSO XIII

*Spain, too, has her monarchs and masters
(See Page 10)*

VOL. IV. NO. 25

DECEMBER 22, 1924



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TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine

Vol. IV. No. 25

December 22, 1924

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Mr. Coolidge's Week

One Howard Thurston played a trick on Calvin Coolidge. A stage was erected in the East Room of the White House; and the Coolidges (who are not attending public theatricals) assembled with a score of guests. Howard Thurston arrived with a moving van full of paraphernalia. With ducks, geese, pigeons, rabbits he presided. Then he took the President's watch, a gift from the Massachusetts Legislature, smashed it with a hammer, called for a loaf of bread from the kitchen. It was brought. Mrs. Coolidge cut it; and who would believe it?—the watch appeared within, quite whole.

With a stroke of his pen, the President created five new National Monuments, making 35 in all. The penstroke took place some time ago, but publicity was just achieved. The five new monuments are: 1) Fort Wood on Bechoe's Island in New York Harbor, the base on which stands the Statue of Liberty; 2) Castle Pinckney on Shutes Folly Island, a mile from Charleston, S. C., close to Fort Sumter and close to the spot where the first vessel was ever sunk by a submarine (in the Civil War); 3) Fort Pulaski, Ga., at the entrance of the Savannah River, taken during the Civil War by Union troops after being pounded to pieces by some of the first rifled cannon ever made. It is on the site of Fort Greene (of the Revolution); 4) Fort Marion at St. Augustine, Fla., "the only intact example of a medieval fort in America." Built by the Spanish, it withstood a French siege; and, under its walls, the first oranges, lemons, limes, citrons and African slaves were introduced to the U. S.; 5) Fort Matanzas, 15 miles south of Fort Marion, the scene of a massacre in 1565 when the Spanish Governor of Florida, Don Pedro Menéndez de Avilés, received the surrender of 200 Huguenots and then lined them up before a firing squad.

President Coolidge granted a second year's leave of absence to Brig-

dier General Smedley D. Butler, Public Safety Police Commissioner in Philadelphia. What with bootleggers and politicians General Butler has been having a "hot time," and Mr. Coolidge, after consideration, although not in general approving of such special leaves, decided to give Philadelphia the privilege of hiring the General for just one year more. He took occasion to point out that the Federal Government is not responsible for General Butler's acts as a city official while on leave.

President Coolidge attended a dinner of the Gridiron Club, an Association of Washington newspaper correspondents (see page 22). As usual at such affairs, the President spoke, but there is a rule that his remarks may not be published.

By a later executive order, the President also established as a national monument two tracts of land 30 miles

northeast of Flagstaff, Ariz. They contain ruins of buildings constructed by the Snake family of the Hopi Indians during prehistoric times. They are to be known as Wupatki (Great Rain Cloud House) National Monument.

Mr. Coolidge, with a company of executive and judicial notables, attended the funeral ceremonies for Mahlon Pitney, onetime Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court. (See MILESTONES).

Mrs. Coolidge traveled to Boston accompanied by Mrs. Frank W. Stearns and guarded by Captain Adolphus Andrews, presidential naval aid. She attended a luncheon given by Lemuel H. Murlin, President of Boston University, and later, in the new Old South Church*, was invested with the purple hood with red and white facings of a Doctor of Laws and "all the rights and privileges thereto appertaining."

A letter was received at the White House with a dime inclosed:

Dear Cal:

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. You do not know me; but, one day before you was elected, I was walking in back of you. You dropped a dime, but you did not notice it. I picked it up and kept it because I was hungry. It got me a hot cup of coffee and two rolls. Well, I have plenty of dimes now, so I am returning one in the place of yours.

Yours truly,

(Signed) A FRIEND.

Mr. Coolidge wrote to Mrs. Samuel Gompers, saying:

My Dear Mrs. Gompers:

It is with great regret that I have heard of your bereavement; and I want to express to you my deep sympathy in your sorrow. Mr. Gompers' whole life was devoted to the interests of organized labor, until his name had become almost synonymous with the cause which he represented. . . .

Very truly yours,

(Signed) CALVIN COOLIDGE.

A delegation from the U. S. Chamber of Commerce called upon the

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Published weekly by TIME, Incorporated, at 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription, \$5 per year. Entered as second-class matter February 28, 1922, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

*The Old South Church of historical associations, built in 1730, meeting place of Boston patriots during Revolutionary times, is in the old market district, near Faneuil Hall. New Old South, built in 1877, at a cost of \$800,000, is in Copley Square.

National Affairs—[Continued]

President, urged him to call a conference of representatives of states to devise means of securing more local economy and reducing taxation of farm lands.

☞ Charalambous Simopoulos, first Greek Minister to the U. S. since 1920, presented his credentials at the White House.

☞ A woman forester of Amawalk, N. Y., dug up a 35-ft. spruce from her nurseries and shipped it by special car to the White House—thereby furnishing the President with a living Christmas tree “as an example to the country that it is better to keep potted living trees than slaughter 5,000,000 young pines every year for Christmas.”

THE CABINET

Lonesome Pines

Secretary of the Interior Work announced that the Committee appointed to select the site for a National Park in the Southern Appalachians had selected one in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. The Committee found that the Great Smoky Mountains would have been slightly superior in altitude and other respects, but chose the Blue Ridge because of their greater accessibility. “More than 40,000,000 people can go to the spot in less than a day,” Mr. Work proposes that the new park be called “Shenandoah.”

THE CONGRESS

The Legislative Week

The Senate:

☞ Discussed at great length and amended the Underwood Bill for the leasing of Muscle Shoals as a nitrate fertilizer plant (see Page 5).

☞ Decided that no important measure should be taken up until the Muscle Shoals Bill was disposed of.

☞ Adopted a resolution appointing a joint committee of Congress to arrange for the inaugural ceremonies of President Coolidge on Mar. 4.

☞ Appointed a joint committee to arrange for the celebration of the 200th birthday of George Washington (Feb. 22, 1932).

☞ Passed *in vacuo* a bill authorizing \$110,000,000 expenditures for alterations on six older battleships, construction of eight light cruisers and of six river gunboats (see Page 5). (Previously passed by the House.)

☞ Ratified treaties with Canada, Panama, the Netherlands and France to aid

in preventing the activities of liquor-smuggling vessels.

The House:

☞ Defeated a bill to make Lincoln's birthday a legal holiday in the District of Columbia.

☞ Passed a bill to license and regulate “the practice of architecture” in



PROF. THURSTON

*He smashed the President's watch
(See preceding page)*

the District of Columbia. (Passed by the Senate last May.)

☞ Passed the appropriation bill for the Department of the Interior, carrying \$238,000,000. (Goes to the Senate.)

☞ Passed, with little debate, the supply bill for the Department of Agriculture, carrying appropriations of \$124,000,000, of which \$80,000,000 is for highway construction. (Goes to the Senate.)

☞ Received the Naval Appropriations Bill from committee, carrying \$290,000,000 for the support of the Navy. The report that went with the bill stated that the committee had learned from Secretary Wilbur that to keep our Navy at 5-5-3 strength, an annual appropriation, for the next 20 years, of \$92,000,000 for ships and \$18,000,000 for aircraft, or a total of \$110,000,000 would be necessary.

...

Senate Program

The Steering Committee of the Senate is an unofficial body of the majority party which decides what bills out of the mass presented shall occupy the time of that august body. Last week, the Republican Steering Committee met and decided tentatively.

First will come, of course, the ap-

propriation or supply bills, originating in the House, to furnish the money for running the Government in 1925-26. Such treaties as the Foreign Relations Committee may report will also come up for ratification. All agricultural bills were left off the tentative program until the President's Agricultural Commission shall report in January or February. Aside from these measures, eleven bills, all favorably reported by committees in the last session of Congress, are listed to occupy the vacancies in the Senate's time. The eleven:

1) A bill to provide foreign trade zones in ports (a device similar to the creation of “free ports”). In these zones, goods from abroad can be landed, stored and re-exported without payment of customs duties.

2) A bill to revise the laws relating to the jurisdiction of the Circuit courts of Appeal.

*3) A bill to permit the Supreme Court to establish rules for common law actions in district courts.

4) A bill to allow the establishment under certain restrictions of branches by National Banks.

5) A joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution whereby future amendments must be ratified by direct vote of the people of the several states or by conventions elected for that purpose.

6) A bill to provide for building a bridge (TIME, Aug. 25, ART) to be called the McKinley Memorial Bridge, across the Potomac from the Lincoln Memorial in the Capital to the Virginia side.

*7) A bill to establish a federal industrial reformatory for youthful first offenders.

*8) A bill for the settlement of the “French Spoilation Claims.”

*9) A bill to reorganize the executive branch of the Government, creating a new Cabinet post for a Department of Education and Relief.

10) A bill to liberalize civil service retirement laws.

11) A bill to make valid and enforceable agreements for arbitration of maritime and commercial disputes in interstate and foreign commerce.

At once a great outcry went up at the important measures omitted from the list. It includes nothing in relation to taxation, to railroads, to the World Court. Yet, 'tis said that probably not more than half of the eleven named can be crowded into the short session and it is dubious whether all of these

*Approved and recommended by the President in his message to Congress.

National Affairs—[Continued]

can be passed by both Senate and House.

Postal Pay

Like the Deficiency, the Naval Appropriation, and the Muscle Shoals Bills, the bill to increase the salaries of postal employees is left over from the last session of Congress. Whereas the first three remained over owing to the failure of Congress to function, the Postal Pay Bill remained as the result of a late Presidential veto (TIME, June 16).

The President vetoed the bill, saying that it would entail extra expenditures of \$68,000,000 for the Post Office. One of his chief objections to it was that it provided no means of recovering this expense by additional postal revenues. Now the bill lies on the desks of the Speaker of the House and the President pro tem. of the Senate waiting to be called up. In the Senate, it is delayed only until the Muscle Shoals question can be disposed of.

All groups admitted that, if the bill were called up soon, it would be likely to secure in both Houses the necessary two thirds vote to pass it over the veto. In the House, it is expected to pass anyhow. In the Senate, only three members voted against it last session; 32 must oppose it now if the veto is to be sustained. Under certain conditions, it is possible that this number can be obtained.

The President's strength in the election has won over a few members to his side. A few, for example Senator Curtis, the new floor leader, who voted for the bill originally, will reverse their vote because of better relations with the White House. Most of the Senators are pledged, however; and the only way they can be prevented from overriding the veto is by offering a substitute acceptable both to the President and to themselves—in other words, a measure providing for both the pay raise and an increase of postal revenue. Senator Sterling, Chairman of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, is now preparing a bill of this sort.

The introduction of the revenue element presents a new problem—the question of which postal rates shall be raised. As an aid in answering this question, Postmaster General New submitted a report on the costs and revenues of the several divisions of the postal service. The report, prepared on the authorization of Congress, cost \$500,000 to assemble.

The following table shows the gains or losses per year for each branch of the service (based on 1923):

CLASSES	GAIN
Paid First Class Mail.....	\$80,418,000
Postal Savings.....	4,701,000
Total Gain.....	\$85,119,000



SENATOR STERLING

Already, the press is crying aloud that it is abused

CLASSES	LOSS
Second Class	\$74,711,000
Third Class	16,291,000
Fourth Class	6,917,000
Franked Matter	358,000
Penalty Matter	6,214,000
Free for Blind	27,000
Foreign	4,604,000
Money Order	9,541,000
Registry	10,374,000
Special Delivery	122,000
Insurance	1,146,000
C. O. D.	1,825,000
Treasury Savings	222,000
Total Loss	\$132,354,000
Net Loss	\$47,235,000

Deducting from this loss some items of unassignable revenue, the actual loss is about \$40,000,000 a year, according to this calculation. The obvious thing to do, under such circumstances, is to boost the rates on services which show large losses—wipe out the deficits on second and third class mail and on registered matter. Then not only would the deficit be made up, but also nearly enough revenue would be provided to make possible the proposed pay increase of \$68,000,000.

Second class mail, which is the big loser (\$74,000,000), consists of newspapers and magazines. On the face of it, this mail is paid for at ridiculously low rates. It constitutes by weight nearly 25% of the matter handled and furnishes only a little more than 5% of the revenue received. It is a part of public policy, however, to grant specially low rates as a subsidy to the press to aid in the dissemination of truth and journalism and all the other benefits of the printed word.

Perhaps this consideration would not prevent Congress from increasing rates so as to wipe out, at least partially, the

second class deficit, were it not for the fact that the newspapers and magazines are run by human beings who very urgently resent any curtailment of their profits. The suggestions for raising second class postal rates have been generally confined to increases on the rates for advertising matter* on which publishers receive revenue; but the publishers are no whit appeased. Already, the press is crying aloud that it is abused, saying "the estimate of the second class deficit is too large" and "all other postal rates have been decreased since the War, but we still pay War rates." If the movement to increase second class rates becomes definite, the howl will rise in crescendo.

The Republicans in Congress are faced by a quandary: "We have promised the post office employees to increase their pay. If we don't, they will do for us certainly. We have promised to stand by Coolidge and economy—that means raising rates, second class in particular. If we do that, the press will jump on our necks. Oh, woe is us! Ah, woe is us!"

At Senator Sterling's request, Postmaster General New submitted a proposal for increasing postal rates. His proposal was designed to take only about \$10,000,000 from the grumbling publishers, collecting about \$66,000,000 additional from the mail-using public as a whole. Publishers at once cried out that even the increase proposed would be ruinous to many a publication. He suggested increase of rates:

FIRST CLASS
Letters (now 2c. an ounce)—no change.
Post cards—from 1c. each to 1½c.

SECOND CLASS—READING MATTER
Newspapers (now 1½c. a lb.)—no change.
Non-profit papers (now 1½c. a lb.)—no change.
Other publications—from 1½c. a lb. to 2c.

THIRD CLASS—ADVERTISING MATTER
Increase of 2c. per lb. for first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth zones. No change for tenth and eleventh zones.

FOURTH CLASS
Increase from 1c. for two ounces to 1½c.
(Books, catalogs, seeds, etc.—no change.)

FIFTH CLASS
Increase of about 2c. per package for each zone, greatest increases in the heaviest zones.

INSURANCE
Increase of minimum fee from 3c. to 5c.

C. O. D.
Increase of fees from 10 to 25c. to

*Second class postal rates are composed of two parts: A low flat rate on editorial matter; a higher rate, increasing by zones, on advertising matter. An issue of a publication is brought to a post office and weighed in bulk. The percentage of editorial and advertising matter is then calculated from a single copy. The rates are assessed in proportion and charged to the publisher.

National Affairs—[Continued]

12, 15 and 25c.
MONEY ORDERS
 Increase of minimum fee from 3c. to 5c.
REGISTERED MAIL
 Increase from 10c. to 15c. with 3c. fee for return receipt.
SPECIAL DELIVERY
 Packages up to 2 lbs.—no charge.
 Packages 2 to 10 lbs.—from 10 to 15c.
 Packages more than 10 lbs.—from 10 to 20c.

Clearing Title

When the *Maine* sank and the last of Spanish dominion in the so-called Western World had foundered after it, new title deeds had to be made out for several parcels of real estate. The U. S. took title to Porto Rico and several holdings in the Pacific.

The Cuban people were given title to their pickle-shaped island. With that done, the diplomatic title and trust company thought it had cleared up the contested properties. But one parcel had been forgotten.

It was a little island, about 15 sq. mi. in area, lying about 40 mi. south of Cuba, commonly known as The Isle of Pines.

Even so small a parcel of land was rediscovered in the course of a few years. In 1903, Secretary of State Hay negotiated a treaty confirming sovereignty of the island upon Cuba, a treaty which declared "this relinquishment on the part of the United States of claim of title to the said Island of Pines is in consideration of grants of naval and coaling stations in the Island of Cuba heretofore made to the United States of America by the Republic of Cuba."

Thereupon, Cuba assumed a *de facto* sovereignty over the island which was contiguous to the present day. President Roosevelt referred the treaty to the Senate for ratification, and there the treaty has remained to the present day. Every President and nearly every Secretary of State since then has recommended its ratification. But the treaty has stagnated. Senator Lodge before his death arranged a place on the Senate calendar for its consideration. At last it is to be acted upon.

But now an interesting report comes from Washington. Senator Borah, now chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, will oppose ratification. It happens that a large part of the landowners of the island are U. S. citizens. They have complained bitterly and often of the Cuban administration. Mr. Borah expressed his objections:

"I cannot support the treaty for the reason I think it is insufficient to protect the interests of American citizens there. I think they had ample justification for going there and did go in good faith, believing that it belonged to the United States. I do not think that the treaty protects their rights."

If the treaty should be rejected and

the Senate should instruct the President to take steps to raise the U. S. flag over the Isle of Pines, an acute situation would result. Cuba's Latin emotions would flare up. She would cry: "Outrage!" Our relations with



MOHAMMED

No one could take exception to his procedure

(Look below)

her would be strained. The effect of such action would spread throughout Latin America, where it would be seized upon as another example of U. S. "imperialism."

A Mountain

There is an ancient fable concerning a certain prophet, one who had married a wealthy widow, that he stood upon a plain and beckoned to an eminence before him, saying "Come to me, mountain." The mountain moved not. A second time he bade it: "Straightway come hither to me, sir mountain." And still the mountain came not. Thereupon, his patience unexhausted, he gathered up his burin, and with appropriate words, since the mountain would not come to him, he went to the mountain. All this happened many years ago, before there was a Congress of the U. S.

Now matters are in a different state; for if one person or a group of persons desires to appropriate a mountain, there is always recourse to the Congress. It is this method which has been adopted by the City of Tacoma. But there is this difficulty with the modern method: that, whereas no one could take exception to the prophet's procedure in his difficult case, recourse to Congress is likely to be attended by dissension.

In the last session of Congress, Senator Clarence C. Dill, a Democrat from Washington, introduced a reso-

lution to change the name of Mount Rainier to Mount Tacoma. The Senate approved the resolution and it went to the House where it now rests in the Committee of Public Lands, which has asked the U. S. Geographic Board for a report on the question.

The matter of naming this particular Mountain goes back to May 8, 1792, when the British Captain, George Vancouver, on a voyage of discovery through the northern Pacific and around the world, set down in his journal that "the weather was serene and pleasant, and the country continued to exhibit between us and the eastern snowy range the same luxuriant appearance. . . . The round, snowy mountain, now forming its southern extremity. . . . after my friend Rear Admiral Rainier, I distinguished by the name Mount Rainier." So it was known afterwards.

In 1853, one Theodore Winthrop made a journey over the Cascades; nine years later, he described his journey in a book, *The Canoe and the Saddle*. Therein he said: "Mount Rainier, Christians have dubbed it. . . . More melodiously, the Siwash call it Tacoma—a generic term also applied to all snow peaks." Therewith was engendered a controversy.

In 1868, a saw-milling town on Commencement Bay was named Tacoma. In 1873, the Northern Pacific Railway located its western terminus on Puget Sound and called the place New Tacoma. In 1883, the Northern Pacific Railway announced that on its maps and guide books "the Indian name" Tacoma would supplant Mount Rainier. A powerful director of the railroad, who was President of the Tacoma Land Company, booming the new town, saw to the changing of the name.

In 1890, the U. S. Board of Geographic Names composed of ten representatives—two from the Coast and Geodetic Survey, one each from the State Department, Lighthouse Board (Treasury), Engineer Corps (Army), Hydrographic Office (Navy), Post Office Department, Smithsonian Institution, two from the Geological Survey—considered and unanimously decided that the proper name of the mountain was Rainier. In 1917, on a rehearing, the same Board reaffirmed its position, saying:

"No geographic feature in any part of the world can claim a name more firmly fixed by right of discovery, by priority and by universal usage for more than a century. . . . For a hundred years, the name of Mount Rainier has been used whenever the mountain has been mentioned in histories, geographies, books on travel and exploration, scientific publications, encyclopedias, dictionaries and atlases of many nations—by the United States,

National Affairs—[Continued]

Canada, England, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Russia, Spain and even Arabia."

But the citizens of the city of Tacoma were unsatisfied. They refused to call the mountain anything but Mt. Tacoma. Their representatives in Congress set out to fulfill their wishes over the heads of the Geographic Board. Not only was the matter taken to Congress, but an old-fashioned war of pamphlets began. First the Tacornites got out *The Name*. Then the Rainerians retorted with *The Great Myth—"Mount Tacoma."*

Said *The Name*:

"Admiral Rainer was an obscure Britisher who ravaged our coasts in the time of the Revolutionary War, robbed our citizens, killed and destroyed our people, carried away men, women and children, consigned them to the hold of his ship, maltreated and starved them to death and heaved their bodies overboard as so much common garbage."

"A whole carload of beer and finer intoxicants rolled in, in connection with the scandalous midnight proceedings by authorities in Washington 30 years ago, fastening the name Rainer upon the mountain, thereby prostituting this noble mountain to be an advertising agency for a brand of intoxicating liquor; such are the two things whose memory is perpetuated in this insulting name upon America's grandest mountain—the British marauder's atrocities and a brand of lager beer."

"A shame, a burning shame is this to the lofty towered America of 1917 and 1918, a lasting insult to the men of 1776 who fought our battles and won our freedom for us. The writer is not a swearing man; if he were he would lift aloft the Henry Waterson war-cry in the late Hohennellern strife and paraphrasing it devoutly cry: 'To hell with the name Rainer from Mount Tacoma.'"

Said *The Great Myth*:

"Aside from Dr. Cook's fanciful voyage to the North Pole, no fiction of modern times approaches that involved in the movement to change the historic name of Mount Rainer bestowed by its discoverer, Captain George Vancouver, in 1792, in accordance with time honored custom, to Mount Tacoma, on the plea that the latter was the aboriginal name. The rank and file of the people of Tacoma are sincere and honorable—typical cross section of the genus Americanus. They have been told—and are told daily—that the Indian name was Mount Tacoma and they are ready to fight for it."

"The bitter and vindictive spirit in which the campaign for Mount Tacoma has been conducted has resulted in the alignment of practically the whole State of Washington against Tacoma, not only in the matter of the Mountain, but in the way of sympathy and fellowship."

"Any person or any organization that opposes Tacoma's pet ambition is subjected to vilification and misrepresentation."

It would seem that only a hysterical craving for notoriety is responsible for a monumental selfishness as huge as Mount Rainer itself. It looks like the biggest land grab since Noah homesteaded Mount Ararat."

Further, *The Great Myth* contends:

1) That Admiral Rainer was not an obscure villain. In 1778, as a lieutenant in command of a sloop, he captured a large American privateer after a hard action in which he was severely wounded; soon after he was sent to the East Indies, rose steadily in rank to Admiral, retired, became a Member of Parliament and died leaving one tenth of his large estate to reduce

the national debt of Great Britain.

2) That the name Tacoma was never heard or printed until Winthrop brought out his book in 1862; and that he either invented it or corrupted



PETER RAINER

Ravager? Robber? Marauder?

from some Indian word which he did not understand, such as "ikohph" (white), which his guide might have used in pointing to the snowy mountains.

3) That there was no brewery or beer in existence to bribe the Geographic Board in 1890; the brewery and the beer did not appear until some three or four years later.

The State of Washington watches the action of Congress with anxiety, divided against itself. If Tacoma loses, she has still the option of following the example of the ancient prophet; she may change her own name to Rainer.

...

Muscle Shoals Progress

For an entire week, the Senate struggled with Muscle Shoals and all most nothing else. And it was on this wise:

The bill before the Senate was the Norris Bill for Government ownership of Muscle Shoals—a bill drawn and supported by Senator Norris, Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture. But the bill discussed was the Underwood Bill for leasing the Shoals to private operators (TIME, Dec. 15)—a bill proposed and supported by Senator Underwood in whose domain (Alabama) the disputed project lies.

The Underwood Bill had the floor as an amendment by substitution for the Norris Bill. While things were so disposed, no less than 35 amendments were proposed to the Underwood Bill which was itself an amendment. All

these had to be disposed of before a vote could be taken on the Underwood Bill to determine whether it would supplant the Norris Bill. If the Underwood Bill should be voted in as an entire substitute for the Norris Bill, then Senator Norris threatened he would offer another bill as an entire substitute for the Underwood Bill. All this had to be settled before the Underwood Bill could come to a final vote.

Meanwhile, the debate raged as one after another, the 35 amendments to the Underwood Bill were acted upon. Mr. Underwood intimated that he believed a mild sort of filibuster was going on in order that the opponents of his bill might gain time to rally their forces and, perhaps, in order to keep the Postal Pay Bill (see Page 3) off the floor for a similar reason.

Sooner or later, the Senate will have to settle the Muscle Shoals question if only in order to dispose of the appropriation bills which are beginning to come through from the House and clog up the calendar.

ARMY & NAVY

Naval Improvement

Senator Underwood, who had been giving the Muscle Shoals question a personally conducted tour through the Capitol, paused a moment to give place to Senator Hale, of Maine, Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee. Mr. Hale promptly brought up a naval authorization bill passed by the House and left in the Senate last session. Senator King, of Utah, who blocked the passage of the bill last June, tried again to block it and asked for an investigation by the Navy Department. The Senate overruled him. The bill was passed *triumphantly*.

So passed a bill which the Navy Department has long craved. It authorizes expenditures of \$111,000,000 and provides for:

1) Alterations on the six older capital ships *New York, Texas, Florida, Wyoming, Utah, Arkansas* to blister them as protection against submarine attack, to strengthen their deck armor against aircraft bombs and plunging fire, to replace their worn-out boilers with modern oil-burning equipment. Total cost, \$18,000,000.

2) Construction of eight new scout cruisers of 10,000 tons displacement, carrying 8-inch guns, to be laid down not later than July 1, 1927. Cost each (exclusive of armor and armament), \$11,000,000.

3) Construction of six river gunboats (for use in China) prior to July 1, 1927. Cost each (exclusive of armor and armament), \$700,000.

The President is to have the right

"Blister" or "Bulge" is a device resorted to in remodeling older ships to protect them from torpedo, mine or bomb explosions alongside. In new ships many watertight bulkheads keep the ship afloat in such a case. In older ships, by building a sort of outer hull (the "blister" or "bulge") outside the regular hull, a similar protection is achieved.

National Affairs—[Continued]

to suspend building or alterations in the event of a new disarmament conference. The improvements on the six battleships are allowable under the present Limitation of Armaments Treaty. As for the scout cruisers and gunboats, they are also within treaty rights as no limitation is placed on ships of not more than 10,000 tons.

How badly the Navy wanted the passage of this bill was evident from a report made only two days earlier to the House Subcommittee on Naval Appropriations by Secretary Wilbur. This report was a veritable primer, explaining fully for the lay mind the fundamentals of sea power. Mr. Wilbur explained the nature and uses of the several kinds of naval vessels, showing how the power of a fleet is dependent on a proper number of all types, and then explained what the 5-5-3 naval ratio really means: that by the allotment of tonnage the American fleet would be stronger than either British or Japanese fleets in an action near our coasts (because of the distance of the latter from their bases) but this, in an action in European or Asiatic waters, our fleet would be inferior to either of the two because of the distance from U. S. bases.

He concluded:

"The great accomplishment of the Limitation of Naval Armament Agreement was not in the fixing of a definite ratio of ships, with its attendant economies, but in effecting an agreement making aggressive warfare across the ocean more difficult. That agreement made it impossible for any one of the great powers of the world to make a successful invasion across the Atlantic or Pacific."

FARMERS

A. F. B. F.

In Chicago, the A. F. B. F., which means the American Farm Bureau Federation, one of the most influential farmer organizations, held its sixth annual convention in Chicago. One of the resolutions adopted commended President Coolidge because he "has been very considerate of farmer-minded men in his appointments of members of commissions and boards."

"Farmer-minded" is a good adjective, but it needs specific definition for the public. There is perhaps no better exposition of what that compound word means than the program laid down by the convention which used the word:

Muscle Shoals. Use of the largest part of the hydro-electric power developed for the manufacture of fertilizer, containing not less than 40,000

tons a year of pure nitrogen, to be sold at a profit of not over 8%, with farmer control to keep down the cost of distribution. This is coupled with opposition, on account of the delay involved, to the appointment of a commission to solve the Shoals problem.

Post Office. No increase of parcel post rates to provide higher pay for postal employes (see page 3).

Child Labor. Opposition to the ratification of the proposed Amendment to the Constitution, which would give Congress the power to regulate or prohibit child labor, because the amendment does not exempt child labor on farms from the activities which Congress would have power of regulating.

Truth-in-Fabric. Passage of the proposed bill which would require the labeling of wool fabrics with a statement of the percentage of virgin wool, shoddy, cotton, linen, silk which each contains.

Export Corporation. Creation of a farmers' export corporation, under Federal charter, with broad powers "to preserve the domestic market for the American agricultural producer at an American price."

LABOR

Mortus Est

When Samuel Gompers set out for Mexico City (TIME, Dec. 1), he went to his death. But his way thither was a path of triumph. He, with honor, love, obedience, troops of friends, entrained for the 50-hour journey from El Paso, Tex., under military escort. At Mexico City, he and his fellows from the A. F. L. attended the Convention of the Pan-American Federation of Labor. In his capacity as President, he presided. He also attended the inauguration of President Calles, who piled honors upon him. Yet his honors came at a price.

It was hardship at his age of almost 75 years to sit in the sun at an inauguration, hardship to sit in the heated convention hall. The altitude made him short of breath; and the honors that were heaped upon him were arduous. He had to attend receptions, luncheons, banquets without end. One evening, having retired early, he was aroused from his bed at 10 p. m. by two generals sent by the President to invite him to a banquet; and he rose and went. On another evening, though not feeling well, he refused to cancel an engagement to attend the opera. And afterwards he fell ill.

The Pan-American Federation was

obliged to close its convention without his presence, but, nevertheless, reelected him President. Señor Calles sent to inquire after his health at frequent intervals. Meanwhile, his illness grew. At last, he said: "Take me home." A train was procured and he was hastened to San Antonio, Tex. When he arrived, his condition was critical, although he was helped by coming down to the coast from the high altitudes of the interior. Telegrams were dispatched summoning doctors from Manhattan; his heart was very weak.

Yet, as he rested in a San Antonio Hotel, there was still good hope for him. Then, in the early hours of a morning, his heart refused any longer to respond to drugs. The doctor in attendance told him that the end was near. He slipped into coma and an hour later he died.

For the first time since the founding in 1886 (save only one year, 1895), the American Federation of Labor was without Samuel Gompers as its President. He had been a worker and leader of workers from youth. Born in 1850, the eldest son of Dutch Jews, he came to the U. S. when only 15, already a cigarmaker by trade. A year later, he helped to organize the Cigarmakers' International Union and became its first Secretary. He took part in the formation of both the New York State Federation and the American Federation of Labor.

At first, the latter was the rival of the Knights of Labor; but Gompers' policy of "one step at a time," of "federation, not unification" of trades unions, carried the field. Only once was he defeated for President of the A. F. L.—in 1895, by John McBride, then President of the United Mine Workers; but the next year the organization returned to his guidance.

Once he was sentenced to jail for conducting a labor boycott; but, after a series of appeals, the Supreme Court held that his was not a jail offense.

In 1914, during the War, he stopped a strike of munitions workers that had been financed by Germany. He brought labor solidly to the support of the Government—which was no light task because of pro-German and anti-English sentiment. At the Peace Conference, he headed the Labor mission.

In private life, his manner of living was simple, almost Spartan. He married when only 17, had three sons and a daughter. His daughter died in France as a nurse during the War. His wife died in 1920. Two years later, at 71, he married a second time; and this wife survives him.

National Affairs—[Continued]

SOLDIER BONUS

Tardy

The War Department has been much concerned by the slow rate at which veterans have been applying for their bonuses. To be sure, claims may be filed until Jan. 1, 1928, but the veterans might be expected to demand at once whatever is coming to them. Of the 4,051,606 Army veterans, about 1,785,000 have applied. Only 64 have announced they will accept no bonus.

POLITICAL NOTES

Season's Greetings

Cards received by members of Congress (handsomely engraved in Old English characters):

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, from the people of Porto Rico.

The Puerto Rican elections held Nov. 4, 1924, are the greatest outpouring upon American citizenship ever committed.

Fraud, violence, corruption, wholesale robbery.

When the time comes, please help to right the wrong.

PORTO RICAN ELECTIONS PROTEST COMMITTEE.

Kind

Senator Ball of Delaware, who is a physician by profession, will retire from the Senate next March, because another Republican beat him in the primaries. Nevertheless, he has a kind thought for the friends he leaves behind—a thought which he has translated into a bill to increase their salaries. His proposed salaries:

Vice President, \$25,000 (now \$12,000)	
Speaker of the House, 15,000 (now \$12,000)	
Cabinet Members, 18,000 (now \$12,000)	
Chief Justice, 21,000 (now \$15,000)	
Associate Justices, 20,000 (now \$14,500)	
Senators, 12,000 (now \$ 7,500)	
Representatives, 12,000 (now \$ 7,500)	

Ten Days

When a dog's nose isn't cold, when a child doesn't like jam, one knows that something has gone wrong in the constituted arrangements of nature. Now and then, however, one observes a dog or a child without detecting anything peculiar in his behavior, yet one feels sure that, if he is not ill, there is at least something strange the matter with him.

So it was with the Senate. For the first ten days of its session, observers watched it and wondered. What was the matter? What was lacking? What made it seem so strange? Then a close observer discovered the cause. For ten days on end Senator Heflin had been silent. Not a speech had he made. In the last session, it was a rare day, barring Sundays, when the Alabamian did not make at least a 20-minute oration, or perhaps two such or maybe one of an hour and a half's duration.



SENATOR HEFLIN

For ten days he contained himself

His subject—whatever bill was on the floor—was almost invariably Republican corruption. Sometimes his colleagues left the floor, sometimes the press gallery was vacant, and sometimes, too, the other galleries emptied; but he always had for his audience the presiding officer and the clerks who scribbled the minutes. On them he turned the scorching eloquence of his denunciation of Republican weakness, wickedness and sin, preaching in the desert, of the Sodom which was Teapot Dome, and the Gomorrah which was the Department of Justice.

Able correspondent Frank R. Kent penned of him:

"A big man, tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, leather-lunged, he is one of the best rough-and-tumble stump speakers in the country and an unrivaled story-teller. Not a profound man, not a polished man, not a studious man, he is shrewd, vigorous, alert and likable, with his humbuggery and sincerity mixed in about equal proportions. He believes in at least half of the things he says, which is a pretty good proportion for a Senator."

Now for ten whole days he had contained himself. The press gallery began to chuckle. His colleagues made sly remarks. But they were premature.

On the eleventh day, the debate concerning Muscle Shoals continued with acrimony. An elephantine figure rose from the back row of desks on the Democratic side. The Chair recognized him. Standing like a colossus above his fellows, he first declared that he supported the bill of his colleague,

Mr. Underwood. Then, with a gesture of his great arm, he opened the floodgates of his eloquence. All the dammed up speech of ten silent days burst forth, inundated the chamber. For two hours it flowed over the spillway of his golden tongue; when it ceased, his hearers shook their heads: "Ah, yes, there's nothing the matter with the Senate after all."

...

Memorial

The President of the United States, the entire Cabinet, the entire Supreme Court (in robes), the Diplomatic Corps, the Senate, the House of Representatives, ceased their activities for a day in honor of a dead President. William Jennings Bryan (ex-Sec. of State), Robert Lansing (the same), David Houston (ex-Sec. of Agriculture and of Treasury), A. Mitchell Palmer (ex-Attorney General), Josephus Daniels (ex-Sec. of Navy), William C. Redfield (ex-Sec. of Labor), John Barton Payne (ex-Sec. of Interior), Joseph P. Tumulty, Bernard M. Baruch, Vance McCormick, Frank L. Polk, Admiral Cary T. Grayson, Colonel E. M. House, Breckinridge Long came to pay homage to a dead friend and admired leader. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and Miss Margaret Wilson came in memory of one close to them.

Such was the attendance at memorial services for Woodrow Wilson, held at a joint session of Congress. Edwin Anderson Alderman, President of the University of Virginia, and friend of Woodrow Wilson, delivered a eulogy of the dead that was perhaps a bitter draught for some of his hearers.

...

Political Anaconda?

Senator Underwood of Alabama, sponsor of the Muscle Shoals Bill before the Senate, rose in that august chamber to read an editorial from *The Washington Herald* (Hearst paper) which referred to the Underwood Bill as "Another Teapot Dome Thrust upon Mr. Coolidge."

Quoth the angered Alabamian, in language that he might have taken out of the mouth of his colleague, Senator Heflin:

"This slimy snake that crawls through an editorial column, bearing misrepresentation and slime, is too cowardly to attack the President of the United States and seeks by innuendo and charge to attack other people who are only carrying out exactly what the President of the United States has recommended."

Mr. Underwood demanded an investigation of the author of the editorial; and the Senate granted it to him by unanimous consent.

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

Debts

Almost fevered perturbation was evinced in London over the possibility of France's making an agreement with the U. S. without bothering her head about a mere matter of \$3,000,000,000 that she owes to Britain.

Hardly had the "faithful Commons" flocked back last week to the House from listening to the King's speech in the Lords, when up bobbed ex-Premier George to reiterate the title of his last book, *Where are we going?* He wanted to know if Britain was represented in the negotiating between France and the U. S. for the funding of the former's \$4,000,000,000 War debt (TIME, Dec. 15). "I should like to know from the Government," he said, "what they propose to do. It is a very practical question for this reason at this moment. There are negotiations going on at this hour between France, and, I am not sure, Italy, and the United States at Washington with regard to the French debt. Where are we? Are we represented there? Are we taking any part in the negotiations?"

The following day the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Winston S. Churchill, treated the new Parliament to its first dose of Churchillian oratory. Mr. Churchill knew perfectly well where he was going. "I have," he said, "to attend a meeting of allied Finance Ministers in Paris in January next, and it will be the wish of everyone that that meeting should be animated by a spirit of comradeship, that it should not be marked by haggling, bargainings, recriminations or reproaches."

As was natural, before descending upon the French debt to the U. S., Mr. Churchill ventured a few words about the Anglo-American debt settlement. In his opinion, it was settled once and for all. There was positively no inference that Britain would at any time demand a modification of its terms. Indeed, if the contrary obtained, then the Chancellor's conclusions were rendered wholly nugatory. As he saw it, the debt settlement "has placed us in an extraordinarily strong position. We take our seat at the council board of the allied and associated Powers under obligations to no one. We have no need to seek indulgence in any quarter." (Cheers.)

Concerning the settlement of the French War debt, Mr. Churchill stated in plain terms the attitude of His Majesty's Government. "We consider it essential," he stated, "that any payments made by our debtors in Europe to their creditors in the United States should be accompanied simultaneously and *pari*

passu [with equal pace] by proportionate payments to Britain." (Cheers.)

In France and the U. S., the British attitude was misunderstood. It was not a question of objection to the terms of any future debt agreement between France and America, but a simple dec-



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MR. GEORGE

"Where are we? Are we represented there?"

laration that Britain's debts on the Continent must be repaid on the same terms and at the same time.

The reason for this is quite clear. Britain intends to collect from Germany and the debtor Allies a sum sufficient to liquidate her debt to the U. S. which she has steadfastly declared she contracted for her Allies. Beyond this she is not interested in reparations.

The attitude of France is that, until Britain is enabled to state definitely the sum she expects France to repay, nothing can be done concerning the British debt. With regard to both the U. S. and Britain, France is 'twixt the devil and the deep sea. In order to pay anybody, she must first collect from Germany and her debtor Allies. Thus, if she makes an agreement to repay her War debts, and then Germany pays nothing, France will be left with a huge bill to pay and nothing with which to meet it. To avoid this situation is a cardinal point of her policy.

The U. S. preserves the attitude that a debt once contracted must be repaid by the contracting party. Nobody now contradicts that contention; many doubt its wisdom. *The New York World* said editorially: "... Granting our legal right to do what we choose, the unequal treatment of great Powers in the collection of debts incurred in a common cause is objectionable. It establishes invidious distinctions between the credit of great nations, ... A great

international debt of this kind must rest finally on moral consent. Every attempt should be made to base it on willing moral consent. That can be done only if it is based on a simple rule of justice which all the world accepts. That rule in this case is the principle of equality."

In January, the Finance Ministers of the Allied Powers are to decide how the proceeds from the Experts' Plan are to be divided. When the money starts to trickle in, as it should and doubtless will, the world will be in a better position to conclude debt-paying agreements.

REPARATIONS

U. S. Share

A firm note was despatched from the British Foreign Office to the U. S. Government. The note was not published, but was said to contain objections to letting the U. S. share in the proceeds from the Experts' Plan.

The British contention seemingly was that, as the U. S. was not a signatory of the Versailles Treaty, she has no legal right to share in reparations paid by Germany. Even the fact that the Treaty of Berlin (the separate treaty of peace concluded by the U. S. and Germany) expressly reserves to the U. S. those rights which would have been hers had she signed the Versailles instrument in no way altered the circumstances, as it was pointed out that Washington had never secured the consent of the Allies to the Berlin Treaty.

The opinions of France, Belgium and Italy were that the U. S. had no legal claim but had a claim in equity. But Britain could not concede even that point.

In Washington, Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes tugged his beard, sat down and wrote a firm rejoinder to the British objections. This note was not published either, but the Secretary of State was understood to have maintained the claim of the U. S. to share in the Experts' Plan payments. According to *The Times* of London, however, a compromise was offered. The U. S. Government was understood to be willing to place ex-enemy sequestered property in "the common reparations pool."

In British semi-official quarters, it was observed that the U. S., unlike the

*The claim of the U. S. against Germany for the cost of maintaining the Army of Occupation was exempted from the British objection.

Foreign News—[Continued]

Allies, had never had its claims reviewed by the Reparations Commissions. The U. S. not having been a party to the Treaty of Versailles, it was naturally not possible to submit the claims of her citizens to that body. It was hoped, however, that the U. S. would consent to submit them.

From Austen Chamberlain, Britain's Foreign Secretary, the next step was awaited.

THE LEAGUE

Council Meeting

After a full week of arduous labor in the famed Doria Palace at Rome, the Council of the League of Nations wound up its session; and its members scattered to the four winds.

The work effected:

Arms Parley. A decision by the U. S. Government to attend the League's conference on the control of arms and munitions of war* was read to the Council and received with outspoken satisfaction. It was then decided to call the conference for May 4, 1925.

Protocol Delay. Foreign Secretary Austen Chamberlain, chief British delegate, stated that his Government, which has just come into office, had not yet had time to consider the protocol or to confer with the Dominions over what was to be their common attitude toward it. He accordingly asked for an adjournment, which was to be an adjournment and nothing more was to be an adjournment—the Geneva protocol was not to be considered dead. The delay requested was unanimously voted by the Council. The whole protocol question (TIME, Oct. 13) was thereby shelved until the March meeting of the Council.

Palestine. Discussion of the Mandates Commission's report revealed the fact that Sir Herbert Samuel, British High Commissioner for Palestine, while attempting to establish a Jewish National home, had neglected his paramount duty of developing the territory in the interests of the inhabitants. Cognizance of the fact was taken that Sir Herbert's duties as home-builder and Arab-protector were contradictory. Mr. Chamberlain warmly defended the High Commissioner; and, at the end, the report was referred to the Governments concerned. No League action was to be taken in connection with an

Arab appeal against the civil administration of Palestine.

Saar Basin. A protest by Germany charging that France compelled German children to attend French schools in the Saar area in an effort to bias them politically was discussed by the Council. Eventually, a plebiscite is to decide whether the Saar Basin (rich coal area) is to belong permanently to France or Germany; hence the German fears.

Charity. On an Italian motion, the appointment of a committee to study the question of founding a fund, to which Governments would be obliged to contribute, to be used for relief in cases of national disasters, such as earthquakes, etc., was authorized. The British delegate demurred, said that the British found it more practical to appeal to individual generosity in such cases.

Law. The Council appointed George W. Wickersham, onetime Attorney General of the U. S. and present member of the Manhattan law firm of Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft, to be a member of the international committee for the codification of international law. Other members were appointed from Sweden, Italy, Japan, Britain, France, the Netherlands, Belgium, China, Germany, Portugal, Poland, Czechoslovakia, San Salvador and Argentina. Dr. K. H. L. Hammarström, onetime Swedish Premier, was named as Chairman.

Education. Acceptance was voted of the French Government's offer to found at Paris an International Institute for Intellectual Cooperation.

Egypt. Contrary to expectations (TIME, Dec. 1 et seq.), the recent Egyptian imbroglio was not discussed. Egyptians in Rome, however, tried successfully to get their case before the Council.

The Council then disbanded to meet again in March in the "Capital of the League of Nations"—Geneva, where henceforth all Council meetings are to be held.

...

Opium Impasse

While the Council of the League discussed matters at Rome, the Opium Conference tried to discuss opium at Geneva.

Discussion, wearying and pointless, centered about the U. S. proposal for a central body to control production of the drug and a plan to decrease importations by 10% annually. Mrs. Hamilton Wright of the U. S. delegation brought up a new proposal to send expert committees into opium-producing

countries to determine what crops could be profitably grown instead of opium. Nobody could agree with anybody; all presented compromise plans; none accepted them, and there the matter rested.

After U. S. Bishop Charles H. Brent had withdrawn from the Conference, disgusted, and one of the Indian delegates had been withdrawn, Japanese Delegate M. Sugimura declared he could stand no more of it, withdrew from the subcommittee. The Conference went on bravely, agreed to take up the American proposal first of all at a meeting in January, adjourned.

COMMONWEALTH

(British Commonwealth of Nations)

Parliament Opened

In the inner courtyard of Buckingham Palace eight beautiful horses clamped impatiently at their bits. The royal state coach—the magnificent gilded vehicle, built in 1761, with its red plush lining and its three genii of England, Scotland and Ireland supporting the imperial crown and holding the sword of state, the sceptre and the emblems of knighthood—stood under the portecochère. Postillions were mounted, and the twelve powdered footmen, dressed in the royal livery, were at their posts.

A sudden bustle, the opening of doors, the tramping of many feet, and down the red-carpeted stairs came King George and Queen Mary. After they had entered the coach and the door had been ceremoniously closed, order was quietly passed along to the postillions and "the most superb carriage ever built" rolled on to the Houses of Parliament in Westminster.

In the outer courtyard of the Palace a detachment of the Royal Household Cavalry (the Blues) were sitting at attention in their saddles and as the first pair of horses appeared through the entrance which connects the outer with the inner courtyard, a rasping order brought flashing swords to a royal salute. Somewhere in the background the drums of the Grenadier Guards rolled and the band broke into the national anthem. The massive main iron gates were thrown open and through them slowly passed the state coach, six footmen walking on either side. In the rear the Captain of the Household Cavalry led his troop and the small procession passed out into the Mall beyond the Victoria Monument amid deafening cheers from a million uncovered heads and the flutterings of handkerchiefs from the hands of the heads that were covered. On either side soldiers of the five Guards Regiments (Coldstream, Grenadier, Irish, Scots, Welsh), standing rigidly with presented arms, lined the streets from the Palace, along the

*This Conference is in no wise connected with the International Disarmament Conference that is to spring either from acceptance of the League's protocol or from an invitation of the President of the U. S.

Foreign News—[Continued]

Mail to the Admiralty Arch, down Whitehall, to Westminster.

Opposite York House, his London mansion, waited the Prince of Wales in his carriage, which fell in behind the Blues. Slowly, laboriously and with great dignity, the procession moved on.

Arriving at the House of Lords, the King and Queen alighted from the coach and entered the ancient edifice wherein the lords hold sway. Their Majesties retired to don the royal robes of state, after which they were conducted to the throne in dignified silence, surrounded on every side by berobed and be-bermed dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts, and barons and their bejeweled consorts.* Meantime, Black Rod had been sent to fetch His Majesty's faithful Commons and in due time they appeared to hear the King say why he had summoned his sixth Parliament.

King's Speech

The King's Speech was long, very long, and, allegedly, very dull. Written, as usual, by the Cabinet, it was a simple declaration of the Conservative Government's policy. Only the shortest reference to the Egyptian crisis (*TIME*, Dec. 1 et seq.) was made. Opposition was voiced to the Anglo-Russian Treaty (*TIME*, Aug. 18); but favor was shown to a continuance of diplomatic relations. The League of Nations came in for a fair show of praise. Intention was announced of resuming work on the Singapore Naval Base (*TIME*, Nov. 10).

The only surprise was the announce-

*Among the American peeresses present: Countess Beatty, Duchess of Marlborough, Viscountess Astor, Countess of Galloway, Countess of Carnarvon.

The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, recalled because he carries a rod of office which is of ebony surmounted by a gold lion, is an official of the House of Lords. His principal function is to act as personal attendant on the Sovereign and in this capacity he always is sent to summon the Speaker and the Commons to the Lords. If the King is present in the Upper House, Black Rod then "commands," if not, Black Rod merely "desires" their presence—usually, in the last case, to hear Royal Assent given to a bill by a commission of the Lords.

The ceremony of summoning the Commons is of deep historic significance. As soon as the attendants of the House of Commons are aware that Black Rod is approaching, they shut the door in his face. Black Rod then strikes three times on the door. "Who is there?" demands a voice from within the Commons. "Black Rod." Is the reply. He is then permitted to enter the House, when he advances to the Speaker and says: "Mr. Speaker, the King commands this honorable House to attend His Majesty in the House of Lords." The Commons then scramble off in the wake of Black Rod, who is immediately followed by the Speaker and Cabinet Ministers.

The significance of this ridiculous formality: in 1642 when Charles I. tried to arrest Hampden, Pym, Holles, Heslrig and Strode for treasonable correspondence with the Scots, Charles in person with 500 troops behind him marched to the Commons, but the five members were not present, and Charles had to retire. Indignant at the breach of privilege the House has ever since entered its doors to the King's representative in affirmation of its right of free speech.

ment that the Prince of Wales would visit Argentina in 1925, after having visited South Africa. Even this was only half a surprise for it was known beforehand that the Prince was sometime to visit South America. British businessmen exulted over the visit which, said they, would surely act as a stimulus to trade. Mention of raising the British Legation at Buenos Aires to the rank of an Embassy was also made.

Retired

Arriving at the age of 65, too old to be an active admiral, Viscount Jellicoe of Scapa, onetime Admiral of the Fleet, has retired, as was announced by the Admiralty last week.

Admiral Jellicoe commanded the War until after the Battle of Jutland in 1916, when he was succeeded by Admiral Beatty. He then became First Sea Lord at the Admiralty and Chief of the Naval Staff. In 1920, he was appointed Governor General and Commander-in-Chief of New Zealand, a position which he relinquished last August.

Fog

Over London dropped with the suddenness of a theatre curtain a dense, dirty, yellow, cold, clammy, blanket of fog. For 24 hours the street lamps shed their ineffectual light, people walked cautiously, busses crashed into one another, policemen controlled traffic with rockets, etc.

The density varied, as it always does in London, depending upon the locality. In places people could see 15 feet ahead; in others, men and women moved forward using their hands as antennae, like insects. Comparatively few accidents were reported; the major inconvenience, it seemed, was postponement of the annual Oxford and Cambridge soccer match.

SPAIN

El Rey Alfonso

Over various cities in Spain appeared airplanes—not an unusual event, that. Some of the machines, however, had painted on their lower wings the word "Liberty"; others were labeled, with big letters, "Republic of Spain." These planes had been sent from "somewhere in France" by Vicente Blasco Ibañez, author, auto-advertiser, professed enemy of the King of Spain. They had come to Spain to drop their cargoes of Ibañez manifestos, the original of which was published a few weeks ago in Paris (*TIME*, Oct. 20, Dec. 4).

As far as could be ascertained, the

pamphlets were seized before they were distributed. From the Directorate went forth a protest to France against Ibañez's activities in that land. Preparations were taken to prevent repetition.

At Madrid, two days later, a cinema proprietor was imprudent enough to show a film based on one of Ibañez's novels. As the title flashed onto the screen, the audience hissed and booed, shouted long and hoarsely *Viva el Rey*; then, they insisted upon the national anthem being played; and, as the martial chords were let loose from the orchestra, the people sang almost passionately the *Marcha Real*:

Viva, viva, magnanimo el Rey Alfonso!
Alfonso trece, el Rey Alfonso trece!
Ciña a sus sienes oliva y laurel
La mano fervida del pueblo fiel.

After that spontaneous outburst the management was left with no alternative but to substitute another film.

The demonstration was decidedly a protest against the campaign which Author Ibañez has been waging against the King on foreign soil. But it was something more. It was tacitly a popular manifestation, evinced by a small and, presumably, representative section of the people, in favor of the Monarchy as an institution; for, in Spain, the real master is the Monarchy, quite irrespective of the King's personality. In Egypt, King Fuad is the monarch; and Great Britain is the master. In Russia, the proletariat is sovereign; but the Moscow oligarchy is the keeper of the sovereignty. In Italy, Vittorio Emanuele is King; and Benito Mussolini is master. So Spain, too, has her monarchs and masters. King Alfonso is the real master; Primo Rivera is an accident which was the result of a revolt (*TIME*, Sept. 24, 1923). He was not strong enough to fight the Monarchy, even had he wished to. For the moment, he had obtained the master hand. Alfonso was forced to recognize him or start a civil war. Of the two alternatives, the King chose the former. He took a leaf of the book of the King of Italy and recognized the new régime as an opportunity to end the Moroccan campaign and to purge the country's politics of corruption without the hindrance of parliamentary incompetence. That the experiment has not been entirely successful it is safe to say. The hostility toward the Directorate is unmistakable; and its lease of power is certainly expiring. But that the King's prestige has in any way suffered is an illusion which has been created by revolutionary propagandists on foreign soil. It is significant enough that Alfonso has told Primo that the Dictatorship must go and that Primo is preparing all too slowly for his exit. The monarch says "Go!" The master goes; he is not

Foreign Affairs—[Continued]

strong enough to fight the Monarchy. Who is the real master? Evidently, Alfonso.

On a cold November day in 1885, King Alfonso XII breathed his last as the oppressive gloom of winter settled over Madrid. His royal spouse, the Habsburg Maria Christina, became Regent for her five-year-old daughter Maria-de-las Mercedes. In Spain, the season of the people's discontent was upon them. Progressive ideas were seething in reactionary cauldrons. Under a Queen such as little Maria, who was sure to be dominated all her life by her mother's ideas, Spain could only expect to see the new wine of her progressive aspirations poured down the neck of the grande's old bottles—with the disastrous results depicted in the Bible.

But on the 17th day of May in the year 1886, the sun rose to kiss the orange trees; and men rose with the joyous feelings born of spring. Not much later in the day, an event which put the sun in an unnatural eclipse was announced: The Dowager Queen Maria had given birth to a son, six months after the death of her husband. No longer was little Maria Queen; Alfonso XIII, a baby not yet in swaddling clothes, had in theory become King from the minute of his birth. Madrid was burned to a cinder in a great fire of enthusiasm; and the conflagration spread rapidly to the provinces.

At first, it was thought that the little King would not live—such a pale-faced child was he, suffering from the effects of generations of inbreeding. On the perfectly plausible plea of sparing him undue fatigue, the royal child was relegated to the beautiful seclusion of luxurious palace gardens. Rarely did he appear on the streets, never was he taught anything that might help him later on to understand his people. Under these circumstances, ominous reverberations of public discontent again began to shake the kingdom.

Sixteen years of titular kingships under a domineering regency was necessary before the boy-King was to assume control. Whatever hopes the people had placed in Alfonso XIII were instantly blighted. To the man-in-the-street he appeared to be the paragon of haughty despotism—a king caring only for the external magnificence of his court, depending only on the conservative grandes and the bigoted prelates for advice. His former popularity had vanished like snow upon the desert.

Moreover, sports were little understood in Spain, especially at this period of her history; and the fact that her monarch was devoted to polo, fond of riding, shooting, yachting, motoring—because, in fact, he was an all-round sportsman—the people suspected that all

was not well with him. *El juego sportivo*—that was not for Spaniards. Indeed, the king's star was not in the ascendant.

About this time, talk of marriage was heard; and, not long after, Alfonso set out for a tour of the Courts. Although there was not a court at Paris, that Capital had always appealed to him as being filled to overflowing with the most voluptuous of damsels. So at Paris, on his return from visiting Uncle Fred (Archduke Friedrich) in Austria, President Loubet and his Ministers welcomed the King of Spain; and all he got out of the visit, besides a rousing reception, was, a night at the Opéra when he narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of a Spaniard. Of all the Courts he had visited and all the princesses he had seen, none appealed to him as much as Victoria Eugénie, the blue-eyed, fair-haired Princess Ena of Battenberg, granddaughter of Queen Victoria. And so, at Biarritz, he became formally engaged to her; and, the next year (1906), the couple were married in Madrid. The ceremony was marred only by the dastardly attempt of an anarchist on the lives of the royal pair. Fortunately, they escaped all injury; unfortunately, several spectators and members of the wedding procession were killed or injured.

About this time it was noticed that the King listened patiently to his Ministers, but did not always act upon their advice. He developed a most curious thirst for knowing all the facts of a case and, more extraordinary, he even insisted upon knowing both sides of a question. Never before had a King of Spain been so unreasonable. Matters went from bad to worse, in the opinion of certain politicians. The King actually insisted on visiting the remotest parts of his kingdom in order to understand specific problems at first hand. He let it be known that he had the people's interests at heart and with great courage he carried out his policy. His indifference to convention aroused the affection of all; for example, when Señor Canalejas was assassinated, he dashed from the Palace in a cab to the Home Office where the body had been taken; and on the day of the funeral he walked at the head of the mourners.

From the first day of the War, the King showed that he was wholeheartedly on the side of the Allies. Although he vigorously maintained, as Monarch, a proper attitude of neutrality, he personally went farther in assisting the Allies than did any other neutral sovereign. His first act was to assure France through his Government that there was no need to maintain a large Army on the Franco-Spanish frontier. The French relied upon his assurances and transferred no less than three army

corps from the Pyrenees to the battlefields of northern France. More signal proof of his attachment to the Allied cause were his efforts on the behalf of prisoners-of-war and his great services in ascertaining the fate of soldiers and civilians reported missing. He was, through his personal organization, enabled to help stricken relatives in every way possible by forwarding parcels and organizing charities. Another thing, not at all well known, was that the King offered to lead an Army himself in the Allied cause. The offer was refused as clearly impossible if Spain were to maintain a neutral attitude. And, in last proof of his devotion to the Allies, at a time when the fortunes of the Central Powers were at their highest and pro-German feeling in Madrid was openly evinced, Alfonso was quoted as saying: "In Madrid, only the *canaille* and myself are pro-Ally."

In the present year, the 39th of Alfonso's reign and age, this tall, slight man with the ready smile—gay, brave to the point of recklessness, with features in no wise handsome, but none the less attractive—is in reality a monarch beloved by his people. Much more than his embittered enemies may be called a democrat of Spain. Hard-worker, severely earnest in fulfilling his responsibilities, unusually tactful and liberal-minded, rapid and accurate in his decisions, he combines to a high degree of perfection those qualities of intellect for which he has earned recognition. If he has had his *affaires*—and he has—they have in no way diminished his ability to rule.

FRANCE

Premier III

For ten days Premier Edouard Herriot struggled against physical odds which in the end were too much for him.

Bright and early one morning *la grippe* took a firm hold on him, kept him in bed for several days. The malady was accompanied by a swelling of his right leg, which he was forbidden to move; but his general condition improved rapidly, mainly owing to his Herculean constitution.

The Premiership

The heads of political wiseacres were wagging over the approaching doom of Premier Herriot and the probable accession to the premiership of ex-Premier Aristide Briand, or the possible advent to that dignity of industrialist Louis Loucheur.

This speculation was based in theory upon the fact that French Premiers rarely remain long in office. In fact,

Foreign News—[Continued]

three problems were stated as likely to cause the "chute":

- 1) Red agitation.
- 2) Alsace and Lorraine.
- 3) Anti-clericalism.

The first is a question of failing to deal drastically enough with the Communists. The Premier is criticized for organizing vast forces of police to curb the turbulent Bolsheviks and failing to achieve anything thereby. M. Briand, hoped the critics, would be more firm.

The other two questions are of a religious nature. A Chamber of Deputies Commission, formed to study means of transferring the administration of Alsace and Lorraine (TIME, Sept. 8) from Strasbourg to Paris and thereby ending the power of the clergy in matters of education, was rudely deserted by Alsace-Lorraine members because, as a spokesman put it, the other Deputies were so ignorant of conditions in those provinces and because they would listen neither to advice nor to reasoning. The action of the Alsace-Lorraine Deputies caused lively comment in the corridors of the Chamber; it was evident that they had many friends.

Concerning anti-clericalism in general, a question over which the whole of France is split, matters became graver when the Commission on Foreign Affairs protested because it had not been consulted by the Chamber's Finance Commission about the suppression of credits for the Embassy at the Vatican. On the advice of M. Louis Loucheur, who favors France maintaining diplomatic relations with the Pope, the commission decided to close discussion, preferring to wait until the question should come before the Chamber when everybody would express himself publicly on his own responsibility.

GERMANY

Ambassador to U. S.

From the Wilhelmstrasse (German Foreign Office) came the news that Baron Ago von Maltzan was appointed German Ambassador to the U. S. in place of Dr. Otto Wiedfeldt who is retiring to resume important duties in the firm of Krupp.

Owing to the Cabinet crisis (see above), the new Ambassador is not expected to take up his duties until next February. After the announcement of his appointment, the Baron stated to U. S. journalists:

"When I arrive in your beautiful country, I shall not fail to tell your countrymen that, owing to America's cooperation, Germany, on the basis of the Dawes Plan, has started on the road to economic recovery and healthier conditions.

"I shall take up the task awaiting



Keystone

AGO VON MALTZAN

The "ablest diplomat which Germany has at her disposal"

me in the spirit of having for my aim the carrying out of the Dawes Plan."

Baron von Maltzan, an Under Secretary at the Foreign Ministry, is aged 47. Born at Mecklenburg, educated at the Universities of Bonn and Breslau, the Baron first thought of carving out a career for himself as a soldier of the Kaiser. On second thought, he decided to become a diplomat; and, after having risen to the heights of a first lieutenant, he left the Army shortly before breaking into the third decade of his life.

As a diplomat, he saw service at Rio de Janeiro, Christiania, St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), Peking. At the latter place, he met Edith Gruson, daughter of a wealthy Magdeburg steel manufacturer, married her. They have one daughter. The Baroness is reputed to be one of Berlin's most popular hostesses and to be well known by the U. S. colony.

At Peking, the Baron stayed until the War broke out, when he returned to his Fatherland and "served faithfully." After the War, he was chosen by Chancellor Wirth and Foreign Minister Rathenau to accompany them to Genoa where, largely owing to his knowledge of Russia, he was most influential in negotiating the famous Russo-German Treaty of Rapallo in 1922.

Commenting upon his appointment, the *Liberal Vossische Zeitung* called him "the ablest diplomat which Germany has at her disposal." Said the *Catholic Germania*: "His familiarity with Germany's foreign policy renders

him eminently suited to the Washington post."

Cabinet Crisis

The Cabinet crisis (TIME, Oct. 13 et seq.) which precipitated the recent election (TIME, Dec. 15) again became acute.

Chancellor Wilhelm Marx resigned. President Friedrich Ebert accepted the resignation; but it was not known whom he would ask to form a new government. It was generally assumed that his choice would be Foreign Minister Gustav Stresemann.

The situation was that the combined Centrists and Socialists were not strong enough to form a government without the aid of the German People's Party, led by Herr Stresemann. The latter supported the Monarchists; but their combined strength made them clearly dependent upon the Centrists of Dr. Marx for a majority. The Chancellor, however, declined to support any Monarchist combination. The deadlock was complete.

A most extraordinary comment on the situation came from Maximilian Harden, ardent Republican and fervent hater of the ex-Kaiser. Said he: "The writer is not Monarchist; but as a believer in democracy he must say that it is poor sportsmanship for a supposedly democratic nation to attempt to suppress the successful Party, however distasteful it may be. The Nationalists triumphed in May and again this month, despite all the organized powers of officials; and they are entitled to their share in the responsibilities of the new Government."

ALBANIA

Joust

There is nothing more natural, especially in a backward country, than a desire of an ousted Premier to turn around and oust the fellow who ousted him.

In June, Bishop Fan Stylian Noli, Harvard graduate, ousted Premier Ahmed Zogu from the government of Albania. Ahmed, it was feared, was getting too efficient. Peace reigned until the other day, when Ahmed began to joust with the Premier-Bishop to see if he was to remain ousted or could oust the man who ousted him.

Meantime, the Albanian Legation at Rome said tersely: "Such news is groundless. Perfect tranquillity prevails throughout Albania."

But report continued to have it that the joust over the oust was a fact.

Foreign News—[Continued]

SWEDEN

Branting Ill

Premier Hjalmar Branting, Socialist and foremost Swedish advocate of the League of Nations, was reported seriously ill from inflammation of the lungs. Grave fears were expressed at his critical condition.

RUSSIA

Anti-Krassin

A Russian lady with her un-Russian name of Dickson (widow of an American) was interested to catch a glimpse of M. Leonid Krassin, Bolshevik Ambassador to France, as he left the Embassy.

What better place to see the Ambassador than directly in front of the Embassy? None. So she "hung around," her hands hidden in her sleeves, for it was very cold.

But an alert special policeman, depicted to guard the Embassy, became suspicious. He asked her several questions in Italian, in which language the woman answered. She was waiting, she said, to see the Ambassador leave the Embassy and inquired when he was likely to come out. But this naive bantering did not disarm the bobby; he seized her arms and made the discovery that up her sleeve, tight in her right hand, was a loaded revolver.

At the Prefecture she was examined and readily admitted that she intended to kill M. Krassin. "It is shameful," she remonstrated, "to see him here in Paris. If some one doesn't kill him he will kill others. He will cause a revolution in France, as in Russia. I want to kill him to spare this country the horrors I have seen. In Russia I saw my own brother killed. The famine was terrible. Mothers ate their children, and I want to spare France these horrors."

III

Criticism to the left of him, enmity to the right of him, jealousy in front of him, the Red Army behind him, a high fever within him, all tried to blight him. He resolved to take a trip to the Caucasus, to regain his health.

In Moscow, War Lord Trotsky's colleagues continued to criticize him; the press showed much enmity; talk of ousting him, attributed to jealousy, was heard in Government circles; the Red Army vowed that they would not part with him; but Trotsky was a sick man sick with bronchial troubles aggravated by a gripe. Doctors ordered him to the sunny Caucasus, Russia's Riviera.

When Trotsky left the capital to travel south, he created a riot. His



WAR LORD TROTSKY

"—a high fever within him"

friends and admirers poured into the streets to give him a rousing send-off. Unfortunately, his enemies arrived also, to prevent the popular demonstration. A pitched battle lasting far into the night was the result.

LATIN AMERICA
Memorial

More than a quarter of a century has rolled by since Cuba was freed from Spanish rule by the successful conclusion of the Spanish-American War. Those were days when Colonel "Teddy" Roosevelt's Rough Riders rendered inestimable service to the cause of Cuba.

With this in mind, the Cubans not long ago erected a memorial to the late ex-President of the U. S., as Colonel of the Rough Riders, on the outskirts of Santiago de Cuba on the Avenida de Roosevelt and the Avenida de la Republica.

Last week, there arrived for the unveiling ceremony Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, widow of the ex-President. Such was the enthusiastic welcome given her that she could not for a moment restrain the tears that coursed naturally down her cheeks. Mrs. Roosevelt and her party were met at Havana, the capital, by President Zayas, his ministers, and General Enoch H. Crowder, U. S. Ambassador to Cuba.

A round of luncheons and dinners over, the party moved on to Santiago de Cuba by train. A scare was provided by the discovery of a bomb under a railway bridge. Guards were called out to examine and guard all other bridges over which the train was to

pass and eventually the party arrived safely.

In the presence of Major General James G. Harbord, U. S. A., retired, who represented President Coolidge, and many distinguished Cubans and Americans, Mrs. Roosevelt pulled down the flag which shrouded the monument. Military and naval officers stood at the salute, civilians bared their heads.

President Zayas of Cuba:

"The love and devotion of the Cuban people for Theodore Roosevelt will live in their hearts longer than the bronze bust and the granite base unveiled in his honor here today can possibly last."

General Harbord in a long speech recalled the Spanish-American War, the reasons for which it was fought, and the great part Theodore Roosevelt, "for years beloved in a free Cuba," had therein played.

NEW BOOKS

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

THE COLLAPSE OF CENTRAL EUROPE—Karl Friedrich Nowak—Dutton (\$8.00). A searching analysis of the main events which led to the dissolution of the German and Austrian Empires—lucid, authoritative and of compelling interest.

CHRONICLES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—Maud Wyndham—Houghton Mifflin—(2 vols., \$10.00). These books, based upon the correspondence of the Lyttelton family, cover one of the most placid periods of English history—the early Hanoverian period. Apart from their value to history, which is not inconsiderable, they show what a wide chasm the England of today has jumped.

AN AMBASSADOR'S MEMOIRS—Maurice Paléologue—Doran (3 vols., \$7.50 each). The last French Ambassador to Imperial Russia tells in diary form of his experiences and of his impressions during the last fateful years of the Tsar's autocracy. The Ambassador's eyes have beheld many strange sights and his ears have heard many strange things, all of which have combined to make these books a foremost social and political history of late Imperial Russia.

MY BROTHER'S FACE—Dhan Gopal Mukerji—Dutton (\$3.00). With a supreme touch of mystic philosophy which transports the reader to the domes of India, Mukerji relates his home-coming after "many years of wandering." His brother's face is indeed his brother's; but something more. It is India and Gandhi. A most absorbing book.

BOOKS

Elsie*

*Mr. Bennett Collaborates
with Curiosity in a Book
of Short Stories*

Elsie and the Child were friends. Elsie was Mrs. Raste's cook. The Child, Eva, was Mrs. Raste's daughter. Mrs. Raste wanted to send Eva away to boarding school. She wouldn't go. She and Elsie were friends. She loved Elsie better than her mother. That was the way of it; no explanation. Upstairs there were scenes; downstairs there were bubblings; in my lady's chamber there was bitterness of heart, all because a spoiled and lonely child was untowardly fond of a human being who made the bread. Little Eva went to bed with a temperature. Elsie, ashamed somehow, offered to give notice. Then said Mrs. Raste, that admirable woman, knowing herself beaten, conceding that love is power: "Then you want to make it still more difficult for me. Do you want to kill my Eva?"

The Paper Cap was stuck on the head of a fastidious Matthew Park by a singularly beautiful woman whom, until the moment when she so clownishly crowned him, he had taken for a civilized person. It was a cap of disenchantment. It symbolized for him all the crassness, the barbarity of a planet which he had long despised, which he thenceforward renounced. Months later, the beautiful woman forced herself upon him where he, scornful recluse, sojourned on his yacht, spied the symbol pinned to his cabin wall, called him "baffling—but a dear" for keeping it, kissed him. He thereupon ceased to despise the planet.

Outside and Inside were two sides of that startling event—the collapse of Miss Aida Jenkinson, actress, on the night on which she was to have realized her life's ambition by appearing as Viola in *Twelfth Night*. Instead of being paid to Duke Orsino, she put on an air signifying that Duke Orsino was paged to her; she cut all other parts with mighty shears; she threw out her lips like strings of sausage out of a sausage machine. But on the great night itself, after splitting her green jacket up the back, Actress Jenkinson collapsed in a heap. The heap was a forlorn old woman.

Last Love was also first love for Miss Oxyth, music teacher. She was regarded as an angel by her pupil, Minnie (Minnie's universe was peopled with angels and fiends); but when one night, a handsome, dark apostate came wounded to her door, she hailed her lord, she washed his wound, fell from her starched Paradise into heavenly

purgatory. In short, she let him kiss her. Called away by the death of one of her uncles, she came back to find him kissing Minnie.

Nine O'Clock Tomorrow was the



ENOCH ARNOLD BENNETT
*He knows how music teachers meet
their fate*

time she said. Mysteriously she came, to Raphael Field, famed artist, when he was a young man. Now Raphael Field is old. His unfinished portrait of her will bring a couple of thousand pounds at Christie's. He lives alone; each night he dines forlornly at his club. She said she'd come back, at "nine o'clock tomorrow" for her second and last sitting. She never came.

The Yacht is the scene of certain things that occur for the reason that, on a small yacht, everybody can hear everything.

The Perfect Creature loved by great artists, famed composers, married a young and stupid chemical engineer.

The Fish was an actor who, despite the enthusiasm of thousands who paid to see him disport himself in a drawing room with only three sides to it, could not make much of a figure in one with the usual number of walls.

The Significance. Mr. Bennett once wrote a book called *Things That Have Interested Me*. That title was a quip, for everything interests Mr. Bennett. He sees a shining sauceman, a sleek yacht, a sorry little woman; he thinks: "Who scrubbed it? Where is it going? Has anyone ever loved her?" So, doubtless, think others, but Mr. Bennett goes to the trouble of finding out. He knows how servants think, how yachts run, how music teachers meet their fate. He wears a duster on his helmet; he is the knight of Curiosity. More than that, he is one of those

simple ones who remember that we are all Heaven's creatures.

The Author. Enoch Arnold Bennett grew up among the potteries of Staffordshire. He has a most amiable disposition, a French wife, a steam yacht.

Pocket Amenities

THE WEEK END BOOK—Edited by Vera Mendel, Francis Meynell, David Garnett and John Goss—*Dial Press* (\$2.00). An affable little hydra of the amenities lifts nine heads among common books of the day. Of "pocketable" bulk, it is a creature to fond for its week-ending master or mistress against all skulking shapes of boredom, unsociability, indisposedness and even of palatal lassitude and the "thin rheum." Or it is a nine-bladed instrument for amiability, with the stabling blade—a section of *Great Poems*—whetted to impale dark toads of the spirit; and the accessories—*Hate Poems*, *State Poems*, *The Zoo*, *Songs*, *Playt*, *Food*, *First Aid in Divers Crises*—for whitening and tinkering the disposition under circumstances various. Of the *Great Poems*, that old and untinkered friend of man, Anonymous, wrote many. Ben Jonson, Marvell, Donne, Leigh Hunt, Coventry Patmore, Suckling, Herrick, Vaughan and some men and women of our time are given the merited prominence denied them in more portentous anthologies. Likewise in calling *Hate Poems* did the editors exhibit a sharp and free taste, with this same predilection for the 17th and 20th Centuries. Rare justice is exhibited in the juxtaposition of Deborah's song from *Judges 1*, with Mr. W. N. Ewer's octosyllabic insolence:

*How odd
Of God
To choose*

The Jews.

The Zoo might well be enlarged in another edition—Lindsay's *Little Turle* and much else are missing—but the *Songs* are all those chantels whereof someone on a houseparty is sure to know a second. There are blank pages inside the back cover for one's own additions to this or any other section. One good British page is left for Train Times.

The games in *Playt*, though many are new, sound a mite dull, like a governess, as do most games before you begin them. Under *Food* are some amazing confections, and a note on mice-in-honey. For their homicidal notes on mushrooms and kindred fungi, the editors should at once be prosecuted.

First Aid in Divers Crises gives best this small book's delicate flavor. Here are "cachets," "minims," "pessets," "epithems;" here advice against "the popular indulgence of biting off blood blisters" and a course of action "on becoming indifferent to the fate of your ship."

*ELsie AND THE CHILD—Arnold Bennett—Doran (\$2.50).

Sherwood Anderson

He is the American Balzac

Sherwood Anderson is not an old man, but he has found life full enough to spill into an autobiography and he has recently written a great book—*A Story Teller's Story*.^{*} He was born in Ohio, was Sherwood Anderson, of simple people, part Italian. He had a father who delighted in romantic lies and a mother who cared in a detached but positive way for her three sons. Of these early days Sherwood Anderson tells with simplicity and understanding. He draws great characters in his slow, involved, rhythmical way. Yet the greatest character is himself, the artist struggling against the philosopher, the doer struggling with the dreamer. This is a book everyone should read. It is, in my humble opinion, a great piece of autobiographical writing. This was his conflict; this was his problem from the earliest days. He essayed heroism in the Spanish War, being of the stuff of his father, who dreamed dreams of heroism in the Civil War and spun tales of visualized if not actual valor. Then Anderson became a manufacturer. He owned a factory. In a factory, the soul is destroyed, but before destruction sets in, the soul is puzzled. Mr. Anderson asked his soul a few questions and received clear answers. He put on his hat and coat one morning and left office, town, personality, responsibilities. His soul, artistic, forced him to forego the more bitter obligations of life. Fetters fell from him and he strode out to be the great story teller he is.

It has often been said that Mr. Anderson has no sense of humor. This is only partially true. Wit is present in his autobiography, though seldom in his novels. *Many Marriages* (TIME, Mar. 10, 1923) with its fun unintended, becomes understandable in the light of the autobiography. One can almost forgive him for that odd book after reading this fine one.

What an amazing man he is. Simple, stalwart, with his waving hair, his clinging eyes, his dreamy voice—yet for all this shyness, this modesty, both in personality and in print, a furious and insistent egotist. His future, it seems to me, depends largely on his ability or inability to come to some conclusion about himself. He should go a step farther in his egocentric career. He should come out boldly to himself with the statement that he undoubtedly believes what many of his critics announce. Why not say it out loud, Mr. Anderson: "I am the American Balzac!"

J. F.

^{*}A STORY TELLER'S STORY—Sherwood Anderson—Huebsch (\$3.00).

THE THEATRE

The Best Plays

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

Drama

WHAT PRICE GLORY?—The stern saga of wartime told at the French front with the 5th Marines. Perfectly played mockery of man, mud and guns.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMs—The rocky strata of Eugene O'Neill's imagination, this time on a harsh New England farm. The triangle of an old man, his young bride and his grown son.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—The vineyards of California, some of the sunshine and some of the bitterness, told by an old Italian peasant, the Frisco waitress he married by mail and a shiftless, handsome farm hand.

SILENCE—H. B. Warner, some detectives and a girl unravel a murder mystery in breathless, if not particularly important, fashion.

WHITE CARGO—This grim little drama of a man's decay among the black brothers of Africa has been running longer than almost anything else in town.

CONSCIENCE—A startling performance by Lillian Foster in the patchy parable of a girl who gave up trying when her husband went to jail.

Comedy

THE GUARDSMAN—Luxurious nonsense about a great actor sheep who arrayed himself in seducer wolf's disguise to test his wife's fidelity. Molnar's play, Theatre Guild production, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in the brilliant leads.

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE—Chiefly Ina Claire. Her personal pyrotechnics more than suffice to disguise the fact that to divorce and remarry a husband in three acts is an imaginative wrench.

THE FARMER'S WIFE—Mr. and Mrs. Coburn in a robustly amusing comedy of rural England by Eden Phillpotts. Whom should a widower marry at the age of 52?

CLOSE HARMONY—Mediocrity in the suburbs brought poignantly to life by Dorothy Parker and Elmer Rice. Proving that a retired chorus girl is better than a nagging wife.

MINICK—Another tale of mediocrity, told this time of an old man who came to live in his daughter's household and found it would not work.

THE SHOW-OFF—Glorifying the great American loud speaker. You all know him—the man who talks so loudly and so long he has no time for toil.

THE FIREBRAND—Benvenuto Cellini turned into modern bedroom farce, the infidelities of a duchess and general ir-

reverence toward the times of wigs, tights and swordplay.

Musical

Specially designed to soothe the ear and tickle the rib are these items on the song and dance schedule: *Lady, Be Good*; *Kid Boots*, *Music Box Revue*, *I'll Say She Is*, *Dixie to Broadway*, *The Grab Bag*, *Rose-Marie*, *Ziegfeld Follies*.

New Plays

Candida. Some critics felt a strange uncertainty in setting out to inspect the early craftsmanship of Shaw. Had he become old fashioned, his early ideas antiquated in the burst of bright new brainstorms which his very ideas had incited? The curtain went up on the first special matinee of *Candida*, disclosed Katherine Cornell in the title rôle, Pedro de Cordoba, Clare Eames, Richard Bird and Ernest Cossart in her support; went down on one of the few notable productions of the season. Shaw's ideas in the play were familiar. But Shaw knew his people must not be simply puppets of protest against a world's uncertainty. He made them flesh and blood; under the spell of a virtually flawless performance, they came poignantly to life. Ideas chip and disappear; emotion is a constant quantity.

A windy clergyman, Babbitt orator and honest man, is married to the wistfully wise, perilously attractive *Candida*. The poet Marchbanks, weakling in body but with a warrior mind, persuades the windy one he is not worthy of his wife. He speaks of love. The windy one bids the wife choose. She takes the honest Babbitt, the man strong before the world; the man least able to bear loneliness. The pliant poet is the hero of the whole.

So, too, was the poet the hero of the performance. As played by Richard Bird, a young Englishman who came with *Havoc* (TIME, Sept. 15), even the customarily brilliant performance of Katherine Cornell was slightly shaded in comparison. Miss Eames, Mr. de Cordoba and Mr. Cossart completed one of the soundest and most dextrous casts it is the playgoer's fair fortune to contemplate.

Artistic Temperament. Though padded with a pair of proven actresses (Gail Kane and Elisabeth Risdon), though written by a graduate of Harvard's famed 47 Workshop (Thomas Robinson), one week sufficed to knock this play quite out of competition. It was an aimless story of a writer, his wife, another woman.

MUSIC

In Chicago

Satan loomed tall as a tower; his eye was a jewel, his voice was thunder. On the stage of the Chicago Auditorium he stood, for the first time this year. He was Feodor Chaliapin, giant Russian basso, appearing in Boito's *Mefistofele*. Louder than ever boomed the great voice; the mountainous man, lithe for all his bulk, stalked, the incarnation of sinister and engaging evilness upon the boards. In one of his greatest rôles he outdid himself. He suited his bones to the music of his throat, executed a physical fugue; in the Brocken scene, he boiled, surged like Hell's lava; in the kermesse scene, he spun circles about the stage, silently, slowly, like Eden's snake risen from its belly. The cast supporting him had undergone changes for the better since last season: Antonia Cortis was a new, competent Faust; Claudia Muzio a tender Marguerite than the sprightly Edith Mason.

Thumbnail Operas

Long have composers wagged reproving fingers at the cinema, regarding it as a disorderly small boy whose grubby touch has too often smudged the dress of their lady, Music. Last week, one Josiah Zuro, Presentation Director in a Manhattan cinema theatre, pointed to a way by which composers, by casting an eye to the education of that same grimy juvenile, might better themselves, serve their mistress to boot. "The cinema," said he, "needs opera—thumbnail opera. It needs opera to take the place of 'presentations'."

Who does not know these presentations? In that uneasy ten minutes which intervenes between the showings of pictures at big cinema theatres in Manhattan, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco and countless other U. S. cities, grandiose compounds of scenery, soft lights, dancing, singing, are presented. These purpose to drive home the atmosphere of the feature picture. Hero and heroine, in the film, come together at last in a canoe; in the "presentation," a baritone sings *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep* with a light-house for backdrop. The film shows how a young society miss sings her wings; in the presentation, gauzy dancers flutter about an individual accoutred as Hell Fire. A reformed runaway finds happiness once more by his wife's side; a mixed chorus softly hums *Make Me a Child Again, Just For Tonight*. On the regular staff of each big cinema house is a Presentation Director whose duty it is to devise one such novelty each week. Such houses would gladly buy miniature operas with original scores, give them presentations with good orchestras,

good voices, thus improving cinema programs, thus encouraging young composers. So said Josiah Zuro of Manhattan.

La Juive

At the Metropolitan Opera House, Manhattan, was revived *La Juive*, Halévy's opera of mediévalism, for the first time since Caruso sang in it his last rôle as Eleazar, the Jew.* Gallant



© Miskin

MR. MARTINELLI

Plumpt goes Recha into the sputtering cauldron

Giovanni Martinelli took over the part. He lifted up his manly voice, engagingly he cringed, shuddered, gnashed his teeth, implored. An accomplished actor is this Mr. Martinelli, a splendid singer; great and deserved his popularity. Whenever he sings, many good friends of his attempt to remove the roof from Mr. Gatti-Casazzi's auditorium, in which performance they are greatly assisted by the position of their seats. At the end of the opera, these friends gave Mr. Martinelli an ovation. If there were any who remembered, behind the tragic mask of Eleazar, an uglier and more famous countenance than Mr. Martinelli's, any who heard, over the notes he so excellently sang, the frail immortal singing of another throat, stopped these three years, they said nothing.

*Eleazar has a daughter, Recha, who is really the daughter of the Cardinal of Constance. The Cardinal has burned Eleazar's children to death for being Jews, an act deeply resented by Eleazar. Despite the fact that, by the law of Constance, it is death for a Christian to have anything sentimental to do with a Jewess, a loose young prince has an affair with Recha. When the prince is about to celebrate his wedding to a Christian lady, Recha, slighted, becomes vindictive. "He loves me! I am a Jewess; kill him!" she shouts. The Cardinal puts her and Eleazar in jail. They can become Christians and live, or die as Jews by boiling. Recha chooses death with Eleazar. They are led off. "Behold your daughter!" shouts Eleazar to the Cardinal. Plumpt goes Recha into the sputtering cauldron.

ART

Restored

Beauty vanishes, beauty passes. Marble blackens in the earth; songs fade out of the minds of men; wind and damp loosen paint from canvases. Were this not so, there would be no poets, nor would there have been a panic in Milan 16 years ago. Cause of that panic was the fact that a certain Prof. Cavenaghi had discovered that Leonardo Da Vinci's famed *Last Supper* was crumbling away. The immortal paint was drying from the canvas. Cavenaghi restored it. Recently another Professor, one Silvestri, noticed while dusting the picture that many parts untouched by Cavenaghi were in like danger of drying, of crumbling. He set himself to perform what Cavenaghi had overlooked. For many weeks, while visitors came, stared, departed, he delicately dabbed and rubbed, last week successfully completed his restoration.

Faces

On Fifth Avenue, Manhattan, horns honked, crowds jostled. Walled from the trespass of honkings, jostlings, in a very still room on that thoroughfare, a courtly company gathered last week. Financiers, famed beauties, serene old ladies. Day faded; lights pricked out along the Avenue. There was no stir, no chatter of departing guests in the still room—the gallery of M. Jacques Seligmann. Women of fashion, men of affairs, all strangely stayed when they should have gone home to dress for dinner. They did not go because they had lent their faces to the Loan Exhibition of the Society of the Art Patrons of America.

In one corner stood Otto H. Kahn, international banker—a suave, stocky, domineering head by Sculptor Jo Davidson; near him, in the twilight, H. P. Davison, a banker no less famed, gazed with measured glance out of the paint of Sir William Orpen. For its economy of drawing, its matchlessly skillful blend of rich sombre hues, this portrait was undoubtedly the masterpiece of the exhibition. Sir William was also represented by his portrait of Mr. Goadby Loew, a lean, commanding gentleman folding wiry arms over a double-breasted blue waistcoat. There too was Anna Pavlova by Malvina Hoffman, almost too slinky, too shiny-eyed a lady for that decorous dusk; Schattenstein's picture of Miss Cathleen Vanderbilt (Mrs. Harry C. Cushing III), oval face, narrow eyes, pursed sleepy mouth; Halimi's portrait of Miss Constance McCann, a slim girl with red hair; Alfred Munnings' restrained, academic paintings of Mrs. George F. Baker Jr., Mr. Sidney Fish. There was an early Sargent, an early Augustus John.

CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Snob. *The Snob* tries something new, fails, and is a little dull. Honor to it for the trying. Some day, perhaps, motion pictures will have progressed to the point of psychological character study. *The Snob* is a stride, a short one to be sure, in that direction. It presents a shallow man with a shiny surface; a professor in a small school "making an impression." He marries the sweet and simple maiden, intrigues with another for his material advancement; loses the sweet and simple. An unfortunately prosaic performance by John Gilbert blurs the effort badly.

The Tornado. More thunder and lightning were hired for this picture than went toward producing the original flood. Rains fall and logs jam. The bridge is swept away. On the bridge are the drenched heroine and the terribly wet villain. Into the troubled torrent of logs, bridge, water, villain, railroad cars and heroine dives hero. Out come heroine and hero. Down sinks villain.

Drawn from the robust old type of early motion picture, where the plot works with the precision of a salt-water-taffy machine, where a convulsion of the elements underscores the climax and where honor and the great outdoors are glorified, the film is honestly old-fashioned and not unexciting. House Peters plays the lead.

The Last Man on Earth. A perfectly preposterous and exceedingly amusing trick has been perpetrated on the patient public. William Fox has dared to produce a nonsense film. The date is years and years ahead. The world is ruled by women. One man is left alone. You may wonder afterward why you laughed so steadily at his adventures and the fate of the women-world. Anyway, you'll laugh.

Tongues of Flame. Just because Thomas Meighan is about the most valuable male performer now before the camera is no reason why his films should be so flimsy. People will keep coming for just about three times to see a favorite in unworthy pictures. *Tongues of Flame* is Meighan's second in succession. It is a yarn about a band of Indians (real red ones) who went to war. The star leads them in France and returns to America to save their reservation from the clutches of the rich. Add a girl to this and you have one of our less important pictures.

Inez from Hollywood. Lewis Stone is one of the few handsome actors who

does as is. He is surrounded by Anna Q. Nilsson and Mary Astor; the pictorial effect of the principals is undeniably desirable. The story takes him out to Hollywood on a hunt for the worst woman in the film fields; takes him back to the East where he meets her sister. Included are many interesting glances at the inside of the Hollywood cinema factories.

LAW

Uniformity

Uniformity of the law is the aim and hope of the legal student. A step in that direction is the gradual centralization of the law-making power in the Federal Government. This development, however, conflicts with deep-rooted conviction as to states' rights; and most lawyers look with more satisfaction to the growth of uniformity by the adoption of uniform laws by the different states. Today, every state has adopted one or more of the uniform laws drafted and recommended by the Commission on Uniform State Laws—a body of distinguished jurists, lawyers and law teachers closely affiliated with the American Bar Association. The Uniform Negotiable Instruments Act has been adopted by 51 states and territories; and the Uniform Sales Act by 27 states and territories. Other uniform acts which are meeting with legislative favor are: the Uniform Conditional Sales Act, the Uniform Stock Transfer Act, the Uniform Partnership Act, the Uniform Marriage and Marriage License Act and the Uniform Marriage Evasion Act. In this connection, it is interesting to note that no Uniform Divorce Act has as yet even been drafted by the Commission on Uniform State Laws.

Illegitimacy

The recent adoption by four states—Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, South Dakota—of the Uniform Illegitimacy Act represents an important advance in the movement to secure uniformity in U. S. law. This Act, however, does not go farther than to provide the machinery by which both parents (or one of them) of a child born out of wedlock, are (or is) compelled to support that child.

The current *Columbia Law Review* points out that, in the main, the rights of the child, the duties of the parents and the relations of both to the community are determined in a rather widely varying fashion by the legislative enactments of the several states. The laws of many of the states, such as Louisiana, still show the effect of the once general belief that illicit in-

tercourse is discouraged by casting a stigma on its offspring. Arizona, on the other hand, is a world pioneer in abolishing distinctions between children born in and out of wedlock. One of its statutes (*Ariz. Laws* 1921, c. 114) provides that every child is a legitimate child of its natural parents, is entitled to support and education, may inherit and transmit property to the same extent as if it had been born in lawful wedlock. This statute, however, goes on to declare that "this law shall not be so construed as to give to said child the right to dwelling or residence with the family of its father, if such father be married."

The problem of the illegitimate child is as old as the institution of marriage. The first policy of the law was to refuse such offspring any legal recognition. As early, however, as 1575, one finds an English statute providing that, when a bastard was born in any parish, the local justices of the peace might order the child to be kept by the public authorities and compel either the mother or the reputed father to contribute to its support. The Norwegian law is today considered the most enlightened legislation on the subject. It gives the child the right to be supported according to the economic situation of the more favorably placed parent.

Illegitimacy is less common in the U. S. than in most parts of Europe and the remainder of the civilized world. U. S. records, however, are unsatisfactory; such statistics as we have show that the only states with an illegitimate rate higher than 2% of the total births are those having a considerable Negro population. In Europe, where statistics on this subject are also unsatisfactory, Austria, Germany and France have a high rate of illegitimacy.

"Debts"

A recent English will case raises what seems to be a novel point.

The Testator, one Ralph Neville, was the son of a distinguished judge. In a codicil to his will, he said: "I forgive all debts owing to me." Certain companies in which he owned bonds contended that this constituted a cancellation of his investment and a bequest to these companies.

The Court, basing its decision on the spirit and intent of the codicil, decided against the contention of the companies and ruled that not every debt in a strict legal sense was meant. The word "forgive," declared the judge, introduced a personal note.

Said *Barrow's Weekly*: "It is curious, but strictly true, that investors seldom clearly differentiate between stocks and bonds. The difference is vital. The bondholder is a creditor and the bond is, therefore, a debt to him. Stock is an evidence of partnership, with no debtor or creditor relations whatever."

SCIENCE

Speaking Terms

Last week, the U. S. enlarged its speaking acquaintance. An amateur radio telegraph operator at Hartford, Conn., picked up a message from an amateur in Denmark, and replied. Denmark is the eleventh foreign country thus to be spoken with by amateurs. Others: England, France, Italy, Holland, Scotland, Australia, New Zealand, Mexico, Argentina, Chile.

At Haverford College (Pa.), only two days earlier, amateur radio telegraphers conducted for five and a half hours through heavy static a chess match with Oxford University.

A Parlor Game

Everyone is familiar with the ancestral guessing games wherein somebody leaves the room, etc. But it is seldom that the world is favored by an account of such a game played by so illustrious persons as Arthur James Balfour and Professor Gilbert Murray, famed Greek scholar.

Yet such a game took place last week in London. After dinner, Professor Murray was invited to leave the drawing room. The other guests saw to it that he went completely through the next room, 36 ft. long, and into the empty dining room beyond, where the servants were clearing off the table.

Lord Balfour, who remained in the drawing room, then whispered to the other guests: "I am thinking of Robert Walpole talking Latin to George III."

Someone let out an halloo for Professor Murray. He came in and guessed: "I don't think I shall get it exactly. Dr. Johnson met George III in the King's library, but I am sure he is talking Latin to him, which he would not do. I don't think I shall get it right. Wait, I have nearly got it. Eighteenth century, somebody talking Latin to a King."

He had to try it again. The idea was "Queen Victoria's remark 'I'll be good' when she learned of her succession to the throne."

Mr. Murray "guessed": "It was something in a book. No, it is in a picture. It is news coming to Queen Victoria. She is to be Queen."

Another attempt. The subject was "the murder of Thomas Becket." Mr. Murray was recalled for a third time: "It is somebody being murdered in a church. My first thought is that it has something to do with Bolsheviks, but it isn't Russian. I should think it is Thomas Becket."

Thereupon the learned Earl of Balfour leaned back in his chair and declared: "No extension of our knowledge of sight and hearing is going to



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ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

He whispered to the other guests

throw the smallest light on these strange phenomena."

All this might have been an ordinary parlor game with two star performers. But no indeed, it was not. It took place at a meeting of the Psychological Research Society in a private residence. The "strange phenomena" to which Lord Balfour referred purported to be no mere trick, but thought transference or telepathy.

RELIGION

"Chief Grand Rabbi"

Manhattan's East Side ghetto lay dark and dismal beneath a late autumn drizzle. In one narrow street, before a certain house, thousands of Jews milled about on the wet flagging and cobblestones, packing the whole block with their numbers. Grief was on their faces and in the low wailing that some set up as they waited. In the middle of the block stood a hearse.

Out of the house so intently watched by the throng came some rabbis, slowly bearing a coffin. The thousands in the

street set up a louder cry and surged toward the hearse for a last look at the remains of their holy man, their "Chief Grand Rabbi." Called Isaac Friedman, he had come to them in the spring, from Sadagora, Austria, he saying, they believing, that he was of the seed of David in the legendary Messianic line that is to fulfill the Old Testament prophecy of the second coming of the Son of God. In their midst he had died. They carried him over the long river bridge in sombre procession to a hill without the city, and buried him at sunset, simply, in white shroud and plainest wooden coffin.

These mourners of Isaac Friedman were of the Hasidim, a cult of Judaism that had its origin among the Polish Jews in the 18th Century, as a movement of popular protest against the strict ritualism and insistence upon the immutability of the law as propounded by the Talmudists, or orthodox rabbis, whom the Hasidim call the Mitnaggedim, or "opposition." The belief in the miraculous powers of their rabbis, and in the blood-kinship with David of a line of rabbis now represented by Isaac Friedman's 17-year-old son, is essentially mystical and emotional in character. Orthodox Jews regard the cult as moribund, but admit its value and influence in the past. "Chief Grand Rabbi," say the orthodox, is meaningless; as well say "King Klegale Rabbi."

Veregin Jr.

At Nelson, B. C., members of the Russian religious colony of Doukhobors kept nightly vigils at the grave of their late leader, Peter Veregin, murdered by a bomb while riding in a railroad train last month (TIME, Nov. 17). So great was the Doukhobors' faith in Veregin (many passionately believe him to have been a reincarnation of Jesus of Nazareth), that they expected a sign from his spirit to guide them in their choice of a new leader.

Long and cold were the vigils. None could be sure of the dead man's wish. Through long nights the Doukhobors waited. Finally, they held an election at the graveside, chose Peter Veregin Jr., 41, who was supposed to be en route for Canada from Russia. The anxious Doukhobors, 10,000 strong, awaited the advent of their prophet-elect.

Anno Jubilae

A hammer of solid gold, its haft of carved ivory, studded with rubies, emeralds, aquamarines, lapis lazuli and engraved with solemn mottoes; a trowel, also of gold, also studded and graven; in a leather case, embossed and inlaid with gold and gems—these gifts of the episcopacy of the world were placed in the hands of Pope Pius XI. Pope Pius was pleased, elated.

Among the inscriptions on the presents was "Anno Jubilae MCMXXV",

which is to say that 1925 is a Holy Year of Jubilee. On Christmas Eve, hearing his hammer and trowel according to the custom, Pope Pius will take his way to the Holy Door of St. Peter's. There he will strike upon the door with the hammer, crying out: "Open unto me the Gates of Justice." At the third stroke, masonry which has walled up the door since the last holy year (1825) will be made to crumble, the holy portal will gape. Assisted by Jubilee penitents, the Pope will then use his trowel to clear away the wreckage and forthwith enter, the first of any.

At three other basilicas in Rome—St. John Lateran, Sts. Peter and Paul, St. Mary Major—specially deputed cardinals will "batter down" other holy portals. The symbolism of the rite is variously interpreted—by some as representing the return of Adam and Eve (i. e., humanity) to Paradise through the intercession of Christ; by others, as having sprung from the fact that the medieval church was sanctuary for fugitives.

The Jubilee itself is 625 years old, although it is connected with the more ancient (and heretical) custom of celebrating the cycle of seven sabbatical years as a period when debts were remitted and property went back to its original owners. The first formal Jubilee was proclaimed by the bull of Boniface VIII, in 1300, granting afresh "great remission and indulgence for sins" to all who made pilgrimages that year to Rome and the basilica of the Prince of Apostles. The interim between Jubilees varied from 25 to 100 years; but was finally fixed at 25 years by Paul II, in the 15th Century. In the 19th, the Jubilee of 1825 was the only one held, political disturbances preventing in 1800, 1850 and 1875.

Hosts of Roman Catholics flock to Rome in a Jubilee year. In 1450, so great was the crowd that passed over the bridge of St. Angelo, that the bridge collapsed with great crash and carnage. This year, streams of the faithful from all parts of the world are already starting on their pilgrimage. In Manhattan, a prelate gave them warning: "For a great many, I fear, the pilgrimage will resolve itself into a de luxe sightseeing tour of Europe. To many it will be an opportunity of visiting the Europe which, to them, is bounded by the boulevards of Paris, Monte Carlo and its gambling hells, Deauville and San Remo; and if they can see a one-piece bathing suit, they will have achieved the summit of European travel. . . . Every mail brings me seductive circulars."

Presbyterians

In Chicago, 1,500 Presbyterians held a National Conference.

Will H. Hays, cinema tsar, pleaded for \$15,000,000 that preachers might be adequately pensioned. Representing a

hymens' committee on the fund, he said that U. S. Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon had accepted fiscal stewardship of the fund of the Presbyteries.

Dr. Edgar P. Hill of Philadelphia lamented modern modes in U. S. education. Said he: "We are missing the mark. We are on a sort of merry-go-round. We are in motion and there is plenty of excitement and jazz music, but we are getting nowhere."

Dr. William C. Covert, General Secretary of the Board of Education, lamented that a rank, reckless individualism was playing havoc with "our younger generation."

Dr. Alfred E. Stearns, Headmaster of Phillips Andover Academy (Andover, Mass.): "If the church is not getting an adequate response to its appeal to youth, something must be wrong with the appeal."

Dr. William Jennings Bryan of Miami, a vice-moderator of the General Assembly, urged public attention to a safety campaign.

Dr. J. I. Vance of Detroit, President of the Executive Committee of the Board of Foreign Missions, rose up and declared that only five of a group of 150 Bolsheviks deported by the U. S. had received in this country "anything but kicks and cuffs. . . . That is what some of our workers found. These needy lives press us in the crowds, but no virtue goes out from us to them, as it did from Jesus to a timid, suffering woman years ago. . . . How many we have sent away, as we did Trotzky, raging against established government and distrustful of everything Christian, God only knows. But let us end this worse than misuse of the greatest opportunity that comes to you as a Christian citizen—the chance to introduce men and women to Jesus Christ on American soil."

Bulletin

Last winter, unable to sit through "schismatic and irritating" Fundamentalist sermons, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, patriarchal poet-diplomat of Princeton, N. J., gave up his family pew, transferred his worshipping from Princeton's First Presbyterian Church to its Second (TIME, Jan. 14).

Last summer, the cause of Dr. Van Dyke's irritation, Dr. J. Gresham Machen, "stated supply" at the First Presbyterian, was removed to duties elsewhere (TIME, July 28).

Last week, Dr. Charles R. Erdman of the Princeton Theological Seminary was appointed pastor of the First Presbyterian.

Last week, the whilom Van Dyke pew in the First Presbyterian was promptly reengaged by its former snowy-haired occupant.

EDUCATION

Torpid, Dismal

An undergraduate of Colby College wrote an editorial in the *Colby Echo* that bore reprinting in more than one other undergraduate daily. The title was: *Our Most Prevalent Immorality*. The thesis was: "If it is immoral to needlessly impair the body's vitality, then lack of sleep is Colby's most prevalent immorality. Students who ought to be firm-nerved, straight-thinking and clear-eyed go through their college course with a perpetual tired feeling, irritable, sluggish-eyed and languid-brained. They sit torpidly through classes and wonder why the professors are so boring. They slump dismally into a chair and feed their minds on what takes the least mental effort. They wish that something would happen. . . . A few men seem to be able to operate indefinitely on a very little sleep. . . . But the chances are a hundred to one that you are not [able] . . . Nature always collects her bills."

At Boston

The powers of Boston University assembled in Old South Church to induct as their first dean of women Mrs. Lucy Jenkins Franklin, lately Dean of Women at Evansville College (Ind.). The dean-to-be made a short address: ". . . every educator hopes to see, both in industry and education, the restoration of the joy and holiness of hard labor. . . ."

President Lemuel H. Murlin then instructed Mrs. Franklin in her new duties. Bishop Slattery offered a prayer. The University glee club intoned a response.

Many gala caps and gowns rustled in the church. One so garbed rose from her seat by the old walnut-paneled wall as President Murlin read: "Grace Goodhue Coolidge; Student, university graduate, teacher; daughter, wife, mother; in every station exemplifying the finer qualities of mind and heart we most admire in women; your own works praise you; you have gained the confidence, admiration and love of the American people. . . ." Going forward, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge received in her hands a script, and upon her shoulders a purple hood faced with red and white, that proclaimed her an honorary Doctor of Laws. Dr. Coolidge smiled her thanks and returned to her chair.

A similar ceremony honored Dr. Marion Talbot, Dean of Women at the University of Chicago. Dean Talbot spoke: ". . . As the Little Lord Fauntleroy type of boy has been superseded by the vigorous, athletic boy scout, so the girl, freed from cor-

set and hoop-skirt and chignon, in blouse and knickers or swimming tights, performs feats of physical agility and endurance which in the days of her great-grandmother would have condemned her to a social limbus, if not to something worse." She recalled the day when a college woman was considered "a freak and an out-cast."

It was fitting that Dr. Murlin should have the opportunity to confer a degree upon the first lady of the land just at this time. After Christmas, Dr. Murlin, honorably released (TIME, Oct. 6), leaves Boston University to assume the presidency of his alma mater, De Pauw University (Greencastle, Ind.). Last week, the Boston trustees voted Dr. Murlin an honorarium of \$5,000 in appreciation of a 13-year administration during which the University grew from a body of 1,347 students to one of over 12,000. At the same time, the trustees appointed as Dr. Murlin's temporary successor Bishop William F. Anderson, prelate of the Boston area of the Methodist Episcopal church.

At New Haven

At New Haven, Conn., earlier in the fall, when the walls of a new dormitory authorized by the Yale Corporation started unexpectedly to rise, hard by sacrosanct old Connecticut Hall on the Yale campus, great was the shout that went up (TIME, Nov. 3, Nov. 17). Faculty, alumni, undergraduates blended their voices in the outcry: "Stop it! Tear it down! Hush hall!" Moved, the Corporation ordered that the walls cease to rise. Committees met and met, discussing what was wise and proper to be done. Dr. James R. Angell, Yale's diplomatic chief executive, went hither and thither, explaining, dissuading.

Last week, the Yale faculty voted to support the Corporation in whatever it saw fit to do with the mooted building. The Yale alumni voted likewise. The way was clear. The Corporation sent its masons back to work.

Rhodes and Scholars

Some 55 years ago, a sickly English boy was shipped by his family out to Natal, South Africa, to live with his older brother there and build up his constitution. That was the beginning of a longish story that empire-building Britons now teach their children very early in life. The sickly young man dug diamonds, lags of them, at Kimberley. As he dug, his health returned. At 19, he was a 19th Century Cressus with his life before him.

He trekked across Africa afoot, thinking what he would do with himself when the expansive, fertile beauty of the unexplored country he was passing through gave him an answer. He

would, after studying at Oxford University, strive to make the English race governors of all Africa, of all the world.

He wrote his name on Oxford's roster—Cecil John Rhodes—but never studied overhard. Aristotle and Marcus Aurelius, two boyhood friends, were about all he took back to Africa with



© Paul Thompson

A SICKLY ENGLISH BOY
Aristotle was his friend

him. Few men have as much; besides, the spirit of Cecil John Rhodes, essentially practical, essentially forthright and upright, needed little bolstering.

There was gold near Rhodes' diamonds, over in the Transvaal. The Dutch were there first, but Rhodes went in with them. Soon he controlled a huge combination—De Beers Mining Co., British South Africa Co. and Gold Fields of South Africa Co. He became Prime Minister of the Cape Town Colony, which he governed as a benevolent despot, even strengthening the British grip on lower Africa with a vision in his head of "Africa British, from Cape Town to Cairo."

Then there was a raid on the Transvaal properties by foreign gold interests out to beat the Dutch control, led by Sir Leander S. Jameson, the administrator of Rhodesia, associate of Rhodes in this and other enterprises. As the biggest foreign mine-owner in the Transvaal, Rhodes was implicated. As Premier of the neighboring colony, he was deeply embarrassed, some said disgraced. With fine candor he accepted his responsibility for what had happened, resigned his office, set off for Rhodesia, an undeveloped portion of Africa up country, where he labored before his health broke and he went back to Cape Town to die, to build into the empire the colony that bears his name.

Rhodes wrote his will when he was 22. All that he had, he left to forward

his "highest purpose," empire-building. One bequest designated that 176 selected scholars from the colonies and the U. S., and 5 from Germany should attend Oxford for three years each. Colonial and Americans were to receive £300 apiece per annum; the Germans, being nearer England, would get £250 each. Rhodes included the Americans because he believed there was an advantage to mankind in the union of English speaking peoples, to be gained "without . . . withdrawing them or their sympathies from the land of their adoption or birth."

Of the Germans he said: "I note the German Emperor has made instruction in English compulsory in German schools. I leave five yearly scholarships at Oxford . . . for scholars of German birth, the scholars to be nominated by the German Emperor for the time being." The object was to "render war impossible."

The U. S. Rhodes scholars in residence at Oxford each year number 96, two per state. They are elected from their states by old Rhodes scholars living therein, two elections coming in each state every three years. Last week, Dr. Frank Aydelotte, President of Swarthmore College and American secretary to the Rhodes trustees, announced the names of 32 appointees chosen from 507 candidates on the customary three-fold basis of "character, intellectual ability and physical vigor."

Alabama—Robert J. Van de Graf of Paris, University of Alabama.

Arkansas—J. W. Fulbright of Fayetteville, Ark., University of Arkansas.

California—John Whipple Olmstead of Berkeley, Cal., University of California.

Colorado—John L. J. Hart of Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University.

Connecticut—John C. R. Whiteley of Middletown, Conn., Wesleyan University.

Georgia—Robert Shields Sims of Princeton, N. J., Princeton University.

Illinois—Krushen A. Borsch of Collinsville, Ill., Illinois Wesleyan University.

Indiana—Philip Blair Rice of Bloomington, Ind., Indiana University.

Iowa—Neil Louis Crome of Grinnell, Iowa, Grinnell College.

Kansas—Ralph M. Howser of Lawrence, Kan., University of Kansas.

Kentucky—Robert L. Baker Jr. of Columbia University, New York City, Brown University.

Maine—Lawrence Brock Leighton of Brunswick, Me., Bowdoin College.

Maryland—Charles C. Saltzman Jr. of West Point, N. Y., United States Military Academy.

Massachusetts—Mason Hammond of Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University.

Michigan—Douglas V. Steele of Cambridge, Mass., Michigan Agricultural College.

Minnesota—Franklin D. Gray of Minneapolis, Minn., University of Minnesota.

Mississippi—Elijah Wilson Lyon of University, Miss., University of Mississippi.

Missouri—Arthur D. Bond of Columbia, Mo., University of Missouri.

Nebraska—John D. Westerman of Princeton, N. J., University of Nebraska.

New Hampshire—Standish Weston of West Point, N. Y., United States Military Academy.

New Jersey—Paul Swain Havens of Princeton, N. J., Princeton University.

New York—Frank D. Ashburn of New Haven, Conn., Yale University.

Ohio—Joseph Sagmaster of Cincinnati, University of Cincinnati.

Oregon—Clinton M. Howard of Eugene, Ore., University of Oregon.

Pennsylvania—Owen B. Rhoades of Haverford, Pa., Haverford College.

Rhode Island—Arthur W. Packard of Providence, R. I., Brown University.

Tennessee—Wm. S. Vaughan of Rice Institute, Vanderbilt University.

Texas—W. Terrell Sledge of Austin, Texas, University of Texas.

Vermont—James H. Macomber Jr. of Brooklyn, N. Y., University of Vermont.

Virginia—Coleman Carter Walker of Lawrenceville, N. J., University of Virginia.

Washington—Francis R. Johnson of Tacoma, Wash., United States Military Academy.

Wisconsin—Edward Francis D'Arms of Princeton, N. J., Princeton University.

Poet Pierre

Pierre de Ronsard, "Prince of Poets," bright, particular star of the Pléiade,* who that is not French remembers him? How he hymned the Bourbon monarchs in the voluptuous vernacular of the French Renaissance; how he invented gorgeous adjectives and ingenious flowers of imagery to describe the monarchs' wives and female friends; how he (mythically) quarreled with Rabelais over a point of style; how Queen Bess of England sent him presents where he dwelt in his fine chateau, fattening on the income from rich abbays and priories; how Mary, the little prisoner queen of Scotland, addressed him from her dungeon; how Tasso, poet of Italy, consulted him on this and that matter of technique? With most of the other frills and furbelows of his day, priceless and brilliant though they were, Poet Pierre is all but forgotten save by those French folk who make it their business to keep alive the glory that was Gaul and the grandeur of early French letters.

But Smith College bethought herself, or was reminded, of Poet Pierre's 400th birthday last week. It was the first time an American college had so honored him and Poet Pierre would have swelled with pride to hear those professors and young women of Smith singing the airs of his period and applauding a sonnet written for the occasion in his honor.

From Washington, D. C., came a letter from ex-Ambassador Jusserand of France, telling Smith of Pierre the Citizen rather than of Poet Pierre, favorite of the Muse. Wrote M. Jusserand: "His relations were of a dual sort, strangely contrasted. Being a court poet . . . he was in duty bound to praise the monarchs. . . . But what is out of the common is that, when he had performed this duty . . . he resumed his right of free speech as a citizen to say to those men, who 'were men like ourselves,' he thought, and 'who happen to have been born kings,' what were their obligations, their responsibilities, the faults of theirs that should be amended, for the good, not only of their own soul, but of their people and country."

*The Pléiade, or Brigade as it was first called: a literary constellation including also Poets Du Bellay, Boileau, Malherbe, Pontus de Tyard, Dorat, and Dramatist Jodelle. Ronsard "launched" the group in 1549 with a literary critique urging a return to the classics.

THE PRESS

Sequelae

Echoes of the income tax publicity uproar (TIME, Nov. 3), though scarce heard by the public ear, continued audible in courts of law and in lobbies of the Congress.

In Kansas City, a fortnight ago, in *U. S. v. the Kansas City Journal-Post*, the Missouri Supreme Court upheld the newspaper's right to publish amounts paid by income taxpayers.

In Washington, a fortnight ago, the District of Columbia Supreme Court granted the petition of David H. Blair, internal revenue collector, to dismiss a suit for injunction against him brought by one Gorham Hubbard, Boston taxpayer, to prevent the publication of the figure of his (Hubbard's) income tax.

In Baltimore, last week, *The Baltimore Post*, demurred to its indictment for illegal practice in publishing tax figures. Whilom Secretary of War Newton D. Baker went from his Cleveland law offices to join with W. Calvin Chestnut, Baltimore Attorney, in arguing that "to publish" (language of the Revenue Act of 1924) means "freely to print and widely to circulate," that to deny this freedom is to violate Amendment I of the Constitution.

In Manhattan, last week, counsel for the *New York Herald-Tribune* employed much the same arguments used by Mr. Baker and his colleague, to win acquittal for their clients before Judge John C. Knox and a Federal Grand Jury. Whereupon the prosecution (i. e., the Government), in order finally to test the law, had the *Herald-Tribune* re-indicted, using as grounds the tax figures of individuals other than those named in the first indictment. The re-indictment was quashed perfunctorily by Judge Knox, as the prosecution intended it should be; and the Government was free to appeal the second case to the U. S. Supreme Court.

The net result of so much judicial procedure, all carried on in most amicable and coöperative spirit between the Government and the newspapers, was that, so far as the courts could determine, the equivocally worded Revenue Act of 1924 provided for the public printing of income tax payments.

The ultimate determination by the Supreme Court will be expedited and will probably coincide with the result thus far arrived at.

At Claridge's

In London, last week, a certain acidity was apparent in *The Morning Post* when a luncheon was given at Claridge's by Mrs. William Randolph Hearst. Said the *Post*: "What won-

derful things luncheons at fashionable restaurants are!" Mrs. Hearst was referred to as the wife of "the great American newspaper magnate who attacked England so bitterly at the time of England's danger. . . . It might be thought that no Englishman would ever desire to have anything to do with him again."

But, "so unchristian a spirit could never survive such a luncheon; and besides, now that the danger is over, Hearst is almost friendly once more. We may be certain that no thought of the injuries and insults poured upon their country by the Hearst press interfered with the refined enjoyments of that exquisite meal."

The *Post* failed to mention that Ambassador and Mrs. Kellogg were among the guests. Of the Earl of Balfour's presence it took cognizance thus: "The veteran apostle of philosophic doubt was there—doubting, we feel sure, no longer." Lloyd George's presence seemed to the *Post* appropriate, in that Mr. Lloyd George was "an honored employee of the Hearst press."

At Sherry's

In Manhattan, Louis Sherry's restaurant is—well, Sherry's, something the same as Claridge's in London. Sables and silks go in to Sherry's; plenty of blue blood, too, and real diamonds. The carpets are lush and silent underfoot, the waiters obsequious, the linen snowy, the crystal sparkling.

There is nothing crude about Sherry's. One could never conceive of anything crude ever happening there.

Last week, as sables and silks departed from Sherry's, sables and silks were invited, ever so politely by a young person near the door, to "dress a doll for a poor child." Sweet little dolls were exhibited, nude in their pasteboard boxes. "For a poor child," thought kind sables and silks, just recently so well fed. What a nice idea! Yes, yes, of course.

So it came about that some good dames who "will never let a Hearst paper come into the house," found themselves, upon reaching home and examining their doll boxes, about to work for the *New York American's* Christmas and Relief Fund, Inc. So also it was that the poor of Manhattan thanked the *American* for more, much more, than the *American* was giving.

"Larger, Better"

The *New York Evening Post*, ancient landmark of the U. S., publishing panorama, approached the end of its first year under the mastery of Cyrus Hermann Kotschmar Curtis. It had been a year such as the *Post* never knew before—a year of the grand manner.

In olden times—when Alexander Hamilton penned its editorials, when William Cullen Bryant purified its diction, and later, when E. L. Godkin and Carl Schurz were its brilliant "fight-

ing" editors—the *Post* had a grand manner more than once.

But of a different order is the grand manner of Mr. Curtis. He has ransacked the ends of the world to fill the *Post* with daily tidings from afar. He has fattened and sleekened every page, stinting nothing to give his creature an air of brisk, full-blooded opulence and suavity. Where the *Times* drones and expatiates with the pensiveness of a scholarly, grey-bearded statistician; where the *Herald-Tribune* stands brightly but carefully past like a promising young member of the Stock Exchange; where the *World*, like a self-made man with brains, ideals and a deep vein of cynicism, cloaks terse and forceful thought beneath a lively flow of front-page vulgarity; where the *Sun*, heavy but active, moves with a great gloom upon its brow—among these the *Post* seeks to stand as the incarnation of corporeal perfection and easy omniscience, relying upon its presence and a certain lofty but ingratiating manner of address to win public plaudits.

And does the public applaud the *Post*? In its ascetic pre-Curtis days, its daily circulation was a meagre 32,506. This, while the fattening process began and the price went up to five cents, fell off to an average of 31,291 for six months ending Oct. 1. Of late, they say, Mr. Curtis' motto that "nothing succeeds like success" has begun to justify itself. Since October, the figure has jumped to 38,000 and the *Post* "has utterly outgrown its present quarters." It has bought a city lot. It will build a spacious new mansion. It "will not keep its readers and its advertisers waiting a single moment longer than it must for the larger and better product it will be able to create in its own specially planned building."

...

Conjugation

Publisher Hearst had the honor last week to announce the marriage of his *Hearst's International* and his *Cosmopolitan* magazines. Consummation of the union was set for early in the new year. The *International*, a feminist bride, will insist for a time on *International-Cosmopolitan* as the family name, but will later succumb to custom and be of one name as well as one flesh with the *Cosmopolitan*.

Many wondered at the conjugation of this flashy couple who are so close of kin. Persons who buy both the *International* and the *Cosmopolitan* do so primarily for the fiction and illustrations and these are almost identical in the two magazines. Asked to distinguish a difference, few readers point out that the *Cosmopolitan's* are of slightly greater fame and salary than the *International's*—Phillip Gibbs, H. C. Witwer, A. S. M. Hutchinson, Meredith Nicholson, for example, as compared

with Tom Gill, Walter De Leon, Edwin Balmer and George Weston. Even this faint distinction is confused by the fact that many of these authors write for both magazines, and that what they write is invariably the same—"high-life" escapades, "low-life" escapades, apartment-house romances, love at first sight—all manner of Tillie-the-Toiler skits in the popular, fiction-factory formulae, excellent literary trash and "what the public wants."

The artists of the two staffs are not all the same men but they are the same sort of men. An endless parade of enchanting creatures appears on the covers—Harrison Fisher girls, W. T. Benda girls; an endless company of interestingly dressed and undressed lovers and haters pant, clutch, embrace, struggle, strike, stare, pose or sit pensively and forlorn.

But there is a difference, just the same. The *International*, which was started in 1901 by a bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church and entitled *Current Encyclopedia*, later *The World Today*, was acquired by Publisher Hearst in 1911. In 1912, it became *Hearst's International*, still devoted to current events but with an admixture of fiction. The current events element was gradually replaced by ax-grinding articles—now for Matrimony, now for Health, now for the White Collar Ideal, now for Judaism. In this it took over the crusading functions of the *Cosmopolitan* (founded in 1886 and bought by Mr. Hearst in 1905), which in 1912 became purely a fiction magazine. Evidently the crusading was felt to be not the strongest selling feature of *Hearst's International*, for, though ax-grinding continued, bolstered by "human interest" features ranging in tenor from the earnest optimism of the *American Magazine* to the flatulent body-worship of the Macfadden publications, the emphasis was more than ever on fiction. Last year, Norman Hapgood, widely known through his associations with *Collier's* and *Harper's*, was put in charge as editor; but, in spite of this, the *International* has not had the steady growth of its pure-fiction relative, the *Cosmopolitan*. At the coming union, it appears as though ax-grinding would be bred out completely.

Like all Hearst pulps, these two have vast circulations. In June, 1924, they were: *Cosmopolitan*, 1,126,767; *Hearst's International*, 439,655. Publisher Hearst's reasons for lumping these can only be guessed at. Perhaps he thinks the *Cosmopolitan* can swell, bigger and brighter, to another million or so. Perhaps he is disgusted with the *International* and its paltry 439,655 paid subscribers. Perhaps he himself is weary of cheap "human interest" articles in this particular portion of his vast press and feels he can best serve the Nation by concentrating on pure, unabashed fiction.

Gridiron

It was a distinguished company, just the right number for distinction, 400, that sat down to dinner at the Gridiron Club (Washington, D. C.) for the annual disrespectfulnesses of the Washington newspaper correspondents. President Coolidge was led to a seat next the Club's president, William E. Brigham. Most of the President's Cabinet was scattered through the throng, all regardless of rank. Ambassadors passed the salt to Senators. Senators hobnobbed over their soup with the men who write, and who sometimes rip, them up from day to day. Bankers and ball-players, Bandmaster Sousa, Governors Smith of New York and Cox of Massachusetts, publishers aplenty—all in the flesh, eating and laughing and talking.

All in the flesh—guests who had been to other Gridiron dinners looked about to make note of who was really there. There would be other dignitaries, not in the flesh, coming later. The newspaper "boys" cut up no end.

Came a great crashing in the wings of a stage just in front of the head table. President Brigham shot the cue: "Mr. Brown, what is that awful noise?"

Chairman Brown of the entertainment committee brightened: "Don't be alarmed, that is merely the silent vote for Silent Cal."

It was the first line of the show, so all who heard laughed heartily and the "gags" came fast and furious.

There was a political auction, as advertised by sandwich men before dinner in the reception room. "The greatest collection of electoral remnants in history" was offered by a hoarse man in swallow-tailed grandeur and a sagging red waistcoat. "The proceeds . . . will be used for charity. They will be donated to the Democratic National Committee."

Chairman Clem Shaver (a fake one) brought a map of the Confederate States "to figure the electoral votes of John W. Davis. . . . But this map doesn't show Kentucky!" cried the mummer.

"It's a new map. Kentucky was Democratic, B. C."

"Whaddyemcan, B. C.?"

"Before Coolidge" (Roars).

"So this map is A. D.?"

"Yes. After Davis" (Roars).

When the "Electoral College Glee Club" had lined up and cleared its throats, it sang of John W. Davis' trip to Europe (now under weigh), to the tune of *Bring Back My Bonnie*.

"Tis too late, now the campaign is over,

To sail to a far distant shore;

So far as concerns the election,

He'd better have gone there before.

To Boola Boola they sang:

Mr. Coolidge went up to Vermont

upon one sunny day;

The movies took his picture as he

*Gag—slang for "witticism" or "quip."
Slang synonyms: "wisecrack," "nifty."

Borah, Galsworthy, Millikan.

Politics, Literature, Science.

Worthy representatives, these three men.

* * *

Scribner's Magazine inaugurates 1925 with contributions from these and fifteen other interesting people.

* * *

Galsworthy's story of his friendship with Joseph Conrad is one of the finest and most authoritative of Conradiana.

We see the two, who were later to become famous authors, standing together on the deck of a sailing vessel in an Australian harbor back in 1893.

And we see a picture of Conrad's early struggles and his battle against ill-health as presented in letter and comment. Galsworthy's appreciation of his work is one that all who understand Conrad will enjoy.

* * *

Dr. Robert A. Millikan's Nobel Prize Address, "The Electron and the Light-Quant—What Are They?" here published for the first time anywhere, describes an experimental fact that this generation has for the first time seen.

BORAH ON HORSEBACK

IN THE JANUARY SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE THE VIGOROUS SENATOR FROM IDAHO RIDES TO THE COUNTRY WITH NEWS OF A DRASTIC PROGRAMME OF HOUSECLEANING WHICH THE REPUBLICANS MUST ADOPT



Wide World Photos

"THE REPUBLICAN VICTORY

—What Shall We Do With It?"

By

WILLIAM E. BORAH

In The
JANUARY SCRIBNER'S
MAGAZINE

Edward Bok contributes to this January Scribner's Magazine "The President" which is peculiarly interesting because of its "guess who" quality.

* * *

Albert Guérard in a brilliant essay gets in some keen observations on democracy in America along with those on "Mecocracy in France."

* * *

Paul van Dyke, who comes from Princeton where the students sing of "The van Dyke boys—Henry and Paul," has much to say about the attitude of American students as compared to those in "The Provincial Universities of France".

* * *

Frederick E. Bolton adds his voice to express a decided opinion on "training for efficiency" and what is being done in its name.

* * *

And Lawrence Perry, one of the Olympians of the sports writing world, tells of "The Gladiators" whose armor is boxing gloves.

* * *

Harrison Rhodes, Thomas Boyd, Sidney Howard, John V. A. Weaver, William Lyon Phelps, and Royal Cortissoz are among the other contributors.

* * *

A Happy New Year!



For the cool of the evening and the chill of the Autumn days, for smart style and genial comfort,

DOBBS COATS

of exclusive London make as well as of Dobbs own tailoring are commended to the well-dressed New Yorker



THE PRESS

(Continued from page 22)

pitched the new-mown hay;
He passed the sap to Henry Ford and
called him his old pal,
He made a speech by radio, yet they
called him Silent Cal.

The duet went:

(Slouch hat—W. J.)

Oh, we are the Bryan brothers
We've been in ev'ry race.

(Skull cap—C. W.)

We ran three times for President,
Then we ran for second place.

(Slouch)

But we ain't gonna run no mo',
no mo'.

We ain't gonna run no mo'.

(Skull)

When the votes are cast, we're
always last—

(Slouch and Skull)

So we ain't gonna run no mo'.

The third verse went:

You've had your chance to elect
us:

But this is our last fight;

For thirty years you've turned
us down

And Darwin may be right.

It's no use tryin' to elect a
Bryan;

So we ain't gonna to run no mo'.

20,000 Lives

England long ago called upon the full strength of her scholarship to make and continue the *British Dictionary of National Biography*. Germany has her *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*. These and similar gigantic works in other countries, though they treat of their subjects, however distinguished, only in factual outline and leave the delineation of men in their entirety to their Boswells, are complete and authoritative basis upon which studies of mankind will be made in the far future.

The U. S. has no such catalog. The nearest approach is Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*, six volumes, now 35 years of age. But, last week, the Nation was told it would receive a present. Perceiving that it was most improbable that any publisher of books would ever underwrite so vast an undertaking, Publisher Adolph S. Ochs of *The New York Times* declared his paper would advance \$500,000 to the American Council of Learned Societies Devoted to Humanistic Studies, for the creation of 20 volumes containing the lives of some 20,000 illustrious Americans, including none of the living. *The Times* sought to assume no control over the project, "the function of the *Times* being simply that of making possible, by this large subvention, the preparation of a book of reference which has long been . . . the one great desideratum among American works of reference."

The plan for the Dictionary originated two years ago in the Council of Learned Societies. A committee under Dr. John F. Jameson of the Carnegie Institution (Washington, D. C.) laid out the work, suggesting the *British Dictionary* as a model and recommending that all articles be the fruit of fresh work by specially qualified writers. It was "hoped and believed" that the work would "stand upon a unique level of authority, scholarship and literary quality."

A permanent committee of management was appointed after the *Times* announcement: Dr. Jameson, Chairman; Dr. John H. Finley, Editor of the *Times*; Prof. Frederic L. Paxson, of the University of Wisconsin; Iphigene Ochs Sulzberger, daughter of Adolf S. Ochs, member of the Board of Directors of the *Times*; Carl Van Doren, literary editor of the *Century*; the Hon. Charles Warren, lawyer. These six were to choose a seventh to serve as Editor-in-Chief. The Library of Congress will be the scene of labor. Vol. 1 is expected within four years, the rest at three volumes per annum thereafter.

Newspapers, magazines, rejoiced at what the *Times* had done. Most public prints keep "morgues" wherein are laid away the facts concerning notables, for exhumation when the notables figure in news. No morgue can be too complete.

MEDICINE

Koppanyi's Progress

From the University of Chicago, came tidings of additional experiments in transplantation by Doctor Theodore Koppanyi, already mentioned in these columns for his work on transplanting the eye and the spleen.

Dr. Koppanyi has tunneled a passage in the skull of a fish, and removed one eye with its nerve into this passage, so that the eye, instead of projecting to the side, looks directly upward, the remaining eye being blinded. When the eye is thus transplanted, the fish turns and swims on his side instead of in the usual upright posture. These experiments indicate that the eye has a definite function in maintaining the equilibrium of the body. It has heretofore been generally believed that the function of balance was maintained primarily by the semi-circular canals which form a part of the interior mechanism of the ear.

During the War, aviators were tested primarily as to the integrity of these organs and their function. It was learned, however, that when the aviators flew above the clouds and finally came out, they might find themselves flying partially on one side so that they slipped readily into what was known as a "wing slip," and fatal accidents resulted from such causes. In other words, when the aviator was unable to orient himself in relation to the horizon by use of the visual sense, he could not depend for maintaining his balance on the knowledge coming to his brain from the semi-circular canals alone.

"Gold Cure"

During the past month, newspapers have devoted much space to recent experiments performed by Prof. Molgaard of Denmark in attempting to treat tuberculosis with a chemical substance containing a certain amount of gold. The idea of gold as a therapeutic agent has always had a peculiar fascination for both the public and the physician, so that "gold cures" have been available for practically every type of ill from which mankind may suffer. Unfortunately, none of these "cures" has thus far stood the test of scientific observation. The method devised by Prof. Molgaard has been tested on animals in his laboratories to a rather limited extent. His work has been conducted in a scientific manner, but it is impossible to state from the evidence thus far available whether or not it will have any real virtue in the treatment of tuberculosis. Fortunately, Prof. Molgaard is a thorough scientist, and not inclined to commercialize or to propagate unduly an incomplete investigation. His method has been turned over for further study to other laboratories than his own, including that of the Medical Research Council of Great Britain. Until such independent investigations have been completed, the chemical will not be available for general use.

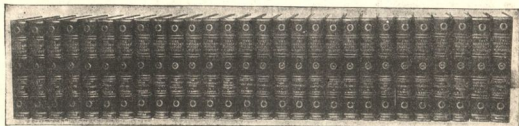
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BUSINESS & FINANCE

Current Situation

With the Christmas shopping season at hand, other business phenomena for the time being are of secondary interest and importance. Indications are for a very good retail trade, although in some quarters it is apparent that merchants have not stocked their shelves heavily.

The Manhattan stock market, last week, encountered its first important reaction, so long expected. The slump in prices proved only temporary, however, particularly in the good rails, and failed to indicate any real halt to the rising market.

It is to industrial conditions, therefore, rather than to stock prices, that business is looking for guidance; and the outlook is more than usually confused. In most lines, the trend is undoubtedly toward improvement, particularly in the very barometric steel industry. Nevertheless, the lesson of the first quarters of 1923 and 1924 are still fresh in mind. In both cases, prices rose with increased demand and prospects grew rosy. Manufacturers, however, opened up and speedily unloaded goods on the market in such quantity that prices fell again and production languished.

In most industries, our productive facilities still outrun our normal demand. We have apparently entered a cycle of small industrial profits and intense industrial competition. Manufacturers are now wondering whether the first three months of 1925 will witness a repetition of the preceding two years or whether a more moderate industrial program will prevent overproduction next spring.

Toys

Over 400 business establishments in the U. S. have manufactured toys for this Christmas. The industry has consumed this year about 30,000,000 board feet of lumber; and its products are estimated as being worth about \$56,000,000.

Nevertheless, one deep shadow still lies across the U. S. toy industry—the fear of German competition. Last sum-

mer, many other industries were worried for the same cause; but, one by one, they have recovered from their fears. The steel industry now has little concern about an invasion of U. S. markets by German products. But the toy industry is in a quite different position. Before the War, when our markets were wide open to the products of German toymakers, the U. S. toy industry was small. During the War years, with German competition cut off, it grew heavily.

Now, however, the wheel has turned again. U. S. capital is becoming interested in the Sonneberg district of Germany with the view to rehabilitating its famous toy industries. The move will not affect this Christmas buying; but, by another Christmas, as Government trade experts point out, our toy markets may be flooded with cheaper toys from abroad.

About \$100,000,000 is spent on toys annually in this country.

Sterling's Rise

A financial sensation this fall has been the long rise of sterling exchange in terms of U. S. dollars. In February, 1923, sterling reached \$4.71—the highest level since the loosening of War control over the Allied exchanges in March, 1919. The advance was not maintained, however, and by December, 1923, sterling sold at \$4.34 and thereabouts. This fall, British currency has climbed steadily until it has almost touched its 1923 high point.

Oil Production

President Walter C. Teagle of the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey is an unusually able business executive and a deep student of the petroleum industry, as well. In a recent speech, he reiterated his belief as to the increasing importance of fuel oil to the whole petroleum business.

When petroleum was first discovered, its principal product was kerosene, which competed so successfully with the whale oil previously used in lamps as to destroy the whaling industry. With the advent of electric light, the oil business was in turn threatened. But the rise of the automobile created an enormous demand for gasoline.

Oil production depends directly on the price at which crude oil can be sold; this in turn has depended on the gasoline demand. Now, according to Mr. Teagle, the price of crude oil is coming to be measured by the demand for fuel oil instead of gasoline. As far as gasoline requirements are concerned, crude oil has been overproduced, and for the following reasons:

- 1) Improvements in efficient extrac-

tion of gasoline were not correctly foreseen.

- 2) These improvements now make it possible to obtain twice as much gasoline from a barrel of crude oil as formerly.

- 3) Stocks of crude oil were acquired at high prices, and prices were later bid up too high.

- 4) The after-war oil shortage led to large new investments in oil production and consequently higher output.

- 5) Flush production in California recently showed that crude oil prices tend to seek the same level everywhere, except only for the item of transportation.

Efficient

The first two weeks of December this year have seen an unusual number of large financial settlements in the Manhattan money market. Subscribers to the recent French loan have paid the remaining and greatest part of its cash amount of \$94,000,000. On Dec. 15, the British Government paid \$8,500,000 in interest and \$23,000,000 in amortization on its War debt to the U. S. In both transactions, J. P. Morgan & Co., as fiscal agents for Great Britain and France in this country, were immediately concerned.

In addition, on Dec. 15, two domestic financial settlements occurred—the final payment by U. S. citizens on their 1923 income tax, and payment of \$200,000,000 cash by subscribers to the recently offered 4% U. S. Government loan.

In the days before the Federal Reserve system, the simultaneous occurrence of such a series of large-scale payments would probably have disrupted the money market for the time being, and caused large rate fluctuations. Except for the rise of call money to 4%, the money market showed no ripple from the tremendous transactions being effected through it. Bankers declare that such instances as this prove the efficiency of the Federal Reserve system in peace times.

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EXPECTED GIFT BOOKS

Boni & Liveright feel that book advertising is properly news. For this reason Boni & Liveright are following the method of Time in advertising these books to its readers.

People who have a loving regard for their library look forward almost with dread to the "gift" books that Christmas brings. They crave but do not always receive what fine discrimination should provide. Their hoped for books probably include a number of these.

George Moore, Host

George Moore plays host at a gathering in Ebury Street at which noted figures in letters and the arts attend. "The most subtly fascinating refraction that English palates have been invited to taste in years."—Stuart P. Sherman, N. Y. Tribune. "The most important volume of literary criticism and reminiscence of the year."—Herschel Brickell, N. Y. Evening Post. **CONVERSATIONS IN EBURY STREET**, by George Moore. \$2.50.

"The Fate of Savaron"

Polite conversation of the future is likely to have as a stock phrase "the fate of Savaron." Savaron is the hero in Ben Hecht's new novel, a gay and turbulent iconoclast who through his marriage into the Winklerburg family begins a losing but heroic struggle against the established commonplace. It is a powerful and direct book, and written with pyrotechnical brilliance. **HUMPTY DUMPTY**, by Ben Hecht. \$2.00.

Humanizing a King

The royal lover of Pompadour and Du Barry and the master of that Occidental harem, the Parc aux Cerfs, is the classic bad example. A fascinating contemporary biography by the author of which was executed by the Jacobins—adds some contrasting high lights to the picture. It shows Louis XV at the beginning of his career as a devoted husband and a brave soldier and how insidiously the forces of a corrupt court worked upon a pliant nature to produce, out of an average man, a monster of iniquity. **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF LOUIS XV**, by Mouton d'Angerville. \$4.00.

Voluptuary

Nero, Caligula, Elagabalus, royal Roman roustabouts, afford no purpler scandals than Messalina, Empress and supreme voluptuary. She is the true representative of Imperial Rome. With consummate art Vivian Crockett tells her story, from the orphic mysteries which initiated her in girlhood, in Eros, to the scandal

which brought about her death. The background is a wonderfully etched picture of the bursting grandeur of Rome. A supplement contains translations from contemporary sources. **MESSALINA**, by Vivian Crockett. \$3.50.

Romantic Death

Has death ever seemed beautiful to you? The noted founder of Psychoanalysis, Dr. Sigmund Freud, tells us why in a new book, **BEYOND THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE**, \$1.50, in which an important new discovery, the repetitive complex, is contained.



DR. SIGMUND FREUD
He has made new discoveries

In another new book, **GROUP PSYCHOLOGY AND THE ANALYSIS OF THE EGO**, \$2.00, he has applied Psychoanalysis to the study of crowd behavior which throws some vivid new lights on the subject. His own, **A GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO PSYCHOANALYSIS**, remains the best book in its field. The 14th edition has just been issued. \$4.50.

Miracle

"It would be a miracle," writes May Sinclair, "if Edgar Lee Masters could give a second Spoon River. Well, the miracle has happened. No other book since Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* has revealed so significantly the essential genius of American poetry. As long as the English-speaking races live these poems must endure." **THE NEW SPOON RIVER**, by Edgar Lee Masters. \$2.50.

Twice As Easy

With an eye to alleviating gift book problems, the price of **THE STORY OF MANKIND** has been cut in half in the new Newbery Medal Edition. In this way the publishers share with their public the profits which the enormous sale of this great book has brought them. Printed from the plates of the \$5.00 edition; with special new binding. **THE STORY OF MANKIND** (Newbery Medal Edition), by Hendrik W. Van Loon. \$2.50.

Van Loon has done a similar thing for the cycles of Biblical History in **THE STORY OF THE BIBLE**. \$5.00.

Travelers Two

The ancient Greek colonies in Italy have left imperishable memorials of beauty and tradition to which in later ages Carthaginian, Moor, and Crusader gave their share. The novelist, Henry James Forman (author of "Sudden Wealth," "The Man Who Lived in a Shoe," "Guilt," etc.) and the artist Frederick R. Gruger travelled through it together. The result is a very unique, spirited, fascinating book. Word and picture are in eloquent union in evoking the glory that is past, and the color and movement of its exotic life today. **GRECIAN ITALY**, by Henry James Forman. \$3.00.

108th

The one hundred and eighth title in **THE MODERN LIBRARY** is **An Outline of Psychoanalysis**, edited by Dr. J. S. Van Teslaar, consisting of the latest expressions on the subject by such authorities as Freud, Jung, Adler, Stekel, etc. Other new titles are: **The Best Tales of Poe**, edited by Sherwin Cody; **Thais**, by Anatole France, introduction by Hendrik W. Van Loon; **The Plays of Moliere**, introduction by Waldo Frank. **MODERN LIBRARY** titles (there are 108 of them and all Good Books) are hand bound in limp flexible style, stained top, stamped and decorated in genuine gold, 95c. For gift giving, buy groups of titles. Write in at once for catalog.

Sahib

In London, the authorities on India are enthusiastically over a book about life in India written by a German, Herr J. S. Sauter. Unlike the other Europeans who are adding a new caste to those in existence, Herr Sauter for many years lived as a Hindu. The recital of his adventures is dramatic and colorful. Herr Sauter is a writer of great power. His art shows through perfectly in Mr. Miall's fine translation. **AMONG THE BRAHMINS AND PARIAHS**, by J. H. Sauter. \$3.00.

Shaping Destiny

Recently a Viennese biologist startled the world by offering proofs that acquired characteristics are inherited as the result of years of experiment at the famous Vivarium laboratories in Vienna and later at Cambridge. The story of his experiments, a truly thrilling scientific adventure, he has just told in a book.

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S P O R T

Gibbons-Norfolk

Faces black, faces white, 1,300 of them, like a giant's assorted bon-bons, lined in neat layers Madison Square Garden, Manhattan. Piled tissues of blue smoke hung over them. In the middle of the smoke, lights glared on a little square wherein a white man, a black man, opposed each other. Tom Gibbons, famed for lasting 15 rounds against Jack Dempsey at Shelby, was fighting Kid Norfolk. Four rounds went by. Black Norfolk bounded, attacked; White Gibbons stepped lightly out, stepped briskly in, drove his fists against the sleek black ribs, the shiny black face. The fifth round came. No longer did the black man attack. Just before the bell rang he fell down on his knees like a bullock. In the sixth round a right to the jaw sent him down again; he lugged himself up, wobbled for a moment, sank to the boards. Referee Tommy Sheridan stopped the bout, lifted high the hand of Thomas Gibbons.

Numbered

Last week, the American Association* passed a rule, instituted an innovation. Ball players will be numbered. Club owners who are members of the association were told to affix to the arms of their players five-inch figures which will appear against the names on the score card. Long has this method of identification been used in football; long has it been awaited in baseball.

August Belmont

As it must to all men, Death came to August Belmont, famed sportsman, financier, recognized as the leading turf man in the U. S. An inflammation in his right arm bred blood-poisoning. He died in his Manhattan home after an illness of 36 hours, was buried in the family plot at Newport, R. I.

August Belmont was born in 1853. His father, August Belmont, a Prussian Jew, came to the U. S. in the diplomatic service, became a representative of the Rothschilds (European bankers), founded the banking house, August Belmont & Co., made a vast fortune, kept a racing stable. The second August Belmont was known rather as a turfman than as a financier or railroad director. He put the horse before the locomotive. He is credited with having saved thoroughbred racing when it was at its lowest ebb in the East, after the repeal of the racing law in New York State. He was Chairman of

*The American Association (one of the two largest of "minor" baseball leagues) is composed of nine from the following eight cities: Minneapolis, St. Paul, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Louisville, Toledo, Columbus, Kansas City. This year (as in 1901, 1904, 1919, 1920, 1922) St. Paul won the pennant.

the Jockey Club, founder of Belmont Park (famed Long Island track), owner of many celebrated horses—Rock Sand, Norman III, Tracery, Man o' War, Ladkin. These swift beasts wore his famed colors—scarlet, maroon sleeves, black cap—to victory. His greatest regret was that he sold Man o' War to S. D. Riddle, under whose ownership he developed into the "fastest horse since Pegasus." Last fall (TIME, Oct. 6) his fleet Ladkin defeated Epinard, the touted French colt, at the Aqueduct race course.

In English county meets Mr. Belmont was praised by grooms and squires alike for his skill at point-to-point riding. He played polo until injured in 1911, when his pony stepped in a mole-hole, and severely threw him. As a Harvard sprinter in the early 70's, he introduced the wearing of steel spikes in cinder track meets.

In business he gave attention to the minutest details of every enterprise. His adroitness in picking up stray pins was so startling that his office boys were instructed to see that there were none about when important conferences pended, since his zeal for pin-picking distracted his mind from other topics. Twelve years after the death of his first wife (née Elizabeth Hamilton Morgan), he married Eleanor Robson, actress. Her wedding cut short the engagement of her theatrical company. With characteristic generosity, Mr. Belmont paid every member of the troupe a year's salary.

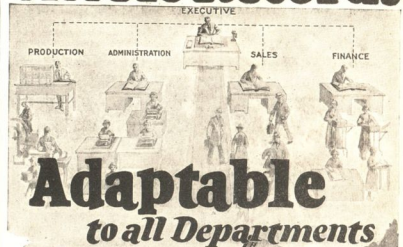
In the War, he took a commission as major in the U. S. flying corps. He befriended many charitable organizations and churches, presented the Chapel of St. Saviour to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. In all that he did there was a quality of canny vision, of testy self-will. His astuteness was reflected in his arrogant, slightly clouded, Mongolian eyes; his hunger for life in his red and heavy lips which, in later life, he concealed with a mustache.

Said *The New York Times*: "His was a life richly colored and abundantly lived. Never again, in all likelihood, can a single mortal span cover so much that is vital and picturesque. . . ."

Wales

A little figure, spry as a stoat, in grey flannel trousers, white sleeveless sweater, bobbed this way and that, swung his right arm flail-fashion, tried to make his legs into springs. It was the Prince of Wales. He was trying for the amateur squash racquets championship of England. His opponent was one T. Bevan of the Guards. The scene was the Bath Club, London. How was he doing, this agile prince? His service was clever, his backhand singularly strong. Now and then he said something aloud in a voice at once fierce and hearty. "Well played." He said that over and over. Once he said something in a different voice. That was to himself, when he had won the second game. But T. Bevan, he kept

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the spry figure scampering, won the match 15-7, 12-15, 15-8.

Flapdragon

What with house-to-housing for cocktails, dialing in on the Bishop's sermon, jamming into a box for the Christmas matinee, going to another dance; and what with municipal Christmas trees, stuffed store windows, red Santas on the street corners and grimy urchins in the alleys, the metropolis has Yuletide sports aplenty. In the country there are house-to-housing, dialing, village Christmas trees, bob-hitching behind autos, fashionable coasting at the country

club, taking of pictures of the house, going to another dance, telephoning the neighbors. . . . Here and there the yule-log is still drawn and the waits sing. Here and there the bowl flows and there is good talk instead of bad bridge. But where is Flapdragon, ancient of games?

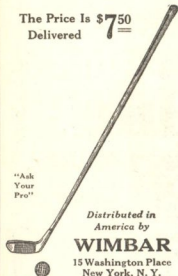
Musing about books for the *North American Review*, a reviewer brought her of Flapdragon. Said she: "... has the game gone out of fashion with seasonal snow, brown bowls of ale with roasted crabs in 'em, and night-watchmen, and the life of the great country houses. . . ? We used to play Flapdragon, I remember, as it drew to midnight, while we

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waited for the bells of the New Year. On the polished table in the dining-room was placed the biggest dish in the house, a crackled, oven-browned, blue-and-white Victorian with a channel and a gravy puddle at one end. On it were laid three pennies and six-pennies and bright, new shillings, and upon them were piled up the fat Christmas raisins, prunes and French plums. Over all was poured a bottle or so of brandy and the lamps were turned out while a responsible uncle put a match to it—and the fun, the rather terrifying fun, began! The leaping thin flames, blue and yellow like wild pansies, turned the laughing players into a shifting, shrieking, witch's circle . . . a whirl of darting hands and skirls of laughter and pain. . . . Where's the dictionary?

"Flapdragon—Snapdragon—A sport in which raisins or grapes are snapped from burning brandy and eaten. See example!"

"The wantonness of the thing was to see each other look like a demon as we hurt ourselves and snatched at the fruit. This fantastical mirth was called Snapdragon."

"STEEL, Tatler, No. 85."

Queen

Last week Suzanne Lenglen, French tennis champion, acquired a new title. The "Queen of Sport," that is what she is. So was she crowned in a Paris newspaper ballot, with 2,417 votes. No one approached her in popularity. Pearl White, U. S. cinema actress, received 136 votes.

Firpo Dethroned

In bars, lunchrooms, paddocks, wherever sportsmen gather, you see them—frayed bravos with cauliflower ears, rakish noses, thick necks, entreating eyes. They catch your glance, they wink, edge over. It is no drink that they want, no sandwich, no news about a pretty thing in the second race. They want to impart something. For these are the fallen kings of boxing, they who have knocked out champions and never gotten credit for it, who have been champions and are forgotten. Will one of these sidling, loquacious ones ever be a huge brown Argentine with a mane like a privet hedge? Luis Angel Firpo, will he ever tell unbelievers how he was "cheated" out of the boxing crown of South America? Last week, he lost that crown. One Quintin Romero, Chilean, has long thumped his tom-tom, shouted that he would have Luis' blood. The South American Boxing Commission heeded his beatings, his shoutings. Holding that the Wild Bull of the Pampas had not answered within a reasonable time this Chile-bean's challenge, they took away his title, proclaimed Quintin Romero to be champion heavyweight boxer of South America.

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The latest demonstration—and expansion—of this ratio was given last week. Adjutant Bonnet of the French Army, after months of preparation, climbed into a machine motored with a 450-h. p. Hispano Suiza, soared aloft, cometed down at 448 kilos, an hour (280 mi.) to a three-kilometer track near Paris, and won back to France the world's air-speed record, held by the U. S. since 1922. Like Lieut. Williams, U. S. N., who set the last world's record in 1923 at Dayton, Ohio, Adjutant Bonnet flew his course twice each way to establish an average.

LETTERS

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

Joke?

TIME, Mason City, Iowa
New York, N. Y. Dec. 13, 1924
Gentlemen:

By to call your attention to what seems to be an error in your periodical for the last issue received by me in the week of Dec. 8. In the first column on the 29th page of that edition, you gave the name of Judge Allan of the Supreme Court of Ohio as Mrs. Florence E. Allan. I think you will find upon investigation that Judge Allan is single. I make this suggested correction because your magazine seems to enjoy a joke on itself as well as any one else.

I wish at the same time to express my appreciation of the magazine. It fills a very necessary place in the busy man's reading. I know I pick it up when it arrives and read it from cover to cover in one or two sittings.

REMELY J. GLASS.

Investigation was made; the Judge is single. Incidentally, she spells her name as TIME spelled it—A-I-I-e-n.—Ed.

Intelligent

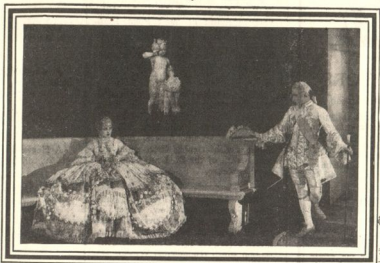
TIME, Chicago, Ill.
New York, N. Y. Dec. 13, 1924
Gentlemen:

An one who has found your publication both useful and entertaining, I have more than once admired the ability of your writers and their unusually high average of intelligence. However, your writers don't deserve all the credit. Judging by the sentiments of myself and friends, your readers are quite as high an average. Their letters are some of the best things you publish.

JOSEPH STOLPE.

TIME could not be published were it not for the existence of intelligent readers.—Ed.

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DAUDET
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SAND
STENDHAL
MAUPASSANT



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Or would you have a story of a carefree rich young lover like Corneille? Alexandre Dumas has instilled his genius into such a tale for you.

Or would you have a story in the environment of some majestic estate? Turn then to George Sand and Octave Feuillet. Or would you for the sake of some unforgettable scene of human culture, read the story of philanthropic Deana Bovey? Say what you will—this is an epic of human nature. It is generally considered the most perfect piece of writing in the whole annals of the world's fiction. Flaubert is the creator. The rich stirring material culled forth from these writers such a genius for writing that is unsurpassed. The really wit and nimble finger of Dumas were touched off by the spectacle of Paris at the height of its cultural and social life. Who else but Dumas the Younger could take the life of a courtesan, and the quaint incidents of her surroundings, and weave out of it such masterly pathos as the story of Marguerite? The great moving power of these immortal stories is unique. There are other books, indeed, with alluring potencies. But there is no other group where the dynamic quality is so sure and undiminished throughout every page. This is an important fact. It means that every book of the set will contribute its full share to your enjoyment.

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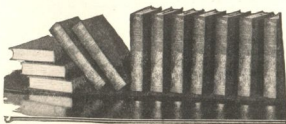
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MILESTONES

Engaged. Miss Leslie Bancroft, of Brookline, Mass., famed lawn tennis player, to one Charles F. Aschliman of Cannes, France.

Engaged. Mrs. Alada Mills, widow of Brigadier General Albert L. Mills (Superintendent of West Point from 1898 to 1906), to Brigadier General Samuel W. Miller, retired. General Miller, 67, was a classmate of General Mills at the Military Academy.

Died. Robert Allen ("Jack") Wakefield, member of the St. Louis National League Baseball club; in Memphis, suicide by shooting. He had quarreled with his fiancée, had received a disheartening letter from the management of the St. Louis Club, had become morose.

Died. Martin H. Glynn, 53, one-time Governor of New York; in Albany, after a long illness. Famed for his eloquence, he made his greatest speech before the 1916 Democratic Convention which renominated Wilson.

Died. U. S. Supreme Court Justice Mahlon Pitney, retired, 66, in Washington, after a long illness. Two strokes of paralysis forced him to resign from the Supreme Court bench two years ago. He was appointed in 1912 by President Taft, whom he met at a dinner given by the Governor of New Jersey. At that dinner he charmed Mr. Taft with pungent anecdotes; they ate, reminisced, chortled together. Soon after, Justice Pitney was notified of his appointment. He had previously sat on the Supreme Bench of New Jersey.

Died. William Van Arden Hester, 66, President and General Manager of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*; at Glen Cove, L. I., of heart disease. His father, the late Colonel William H. Hester, was head of the *Eagle* before him. Under the Colonel's guidance, Mr. Hester worked his way up "from selling extras to general manager's desk."

Died. August Belmont, 71, famed sportsman-financier; in Manhattan, of blood poisoning (see Page 28).

Died. Samuel Gompers, 74, President of the American Federation of Labor; in San Antonio, Tex., of Bright's disease and heart failure (see Page 6).

Died. George St. John Sheffield, 83, "grandfather of Yale rowing," son of Joseph E. Sheffield (founder of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University); at Providence, R. I., after a three weeks' illness.

POINT with PRIDE

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

The sentiments of Joseph Stolpe and friends. (Page 30, column 3.)

The fastest horse since Pegasus. (P. 29, col. 1.)

A mountainous man, lithe for all his bulk. (P. 16, col. 1.)

A responsible uncle. (P. 30, col. 2.)

A Harvard sprinter in the early 70's. (P. 29, col. 1.)

A passage in the skull of a fish. (P. 24, col. 2.)

Generous Senator Ball. (P. 7, col. 1.)

Good dames "who will never let a Hearst paper come into the House." (P. 21, col. 3.)

VIEW with ALARM

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

Seductive circulars that come by every mail. (Page 19, column 1.)

A deep shadow that lies across the U. S. toy industry. (P. 26, col. 2.)

A disorderly small boy with grubby touch. P. 16, col. 1.)

Grumbling publishers. (P. 3, col. 3.)

Two generals sent by a President at 10 p. m. (P. 6, col. 3.)

The problem of the illegitimate child. (P. 17, col. 3.)

An obscure Britisher who ravaged our coasts. (P. 5, col. 1.)

Christmas cards from Porto Rico. (P. 7, col. 1.)



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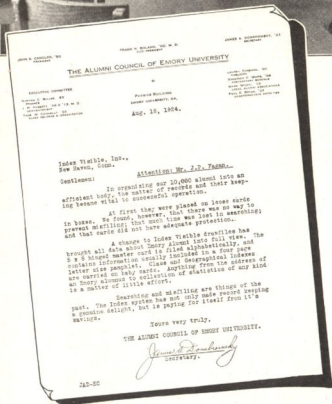
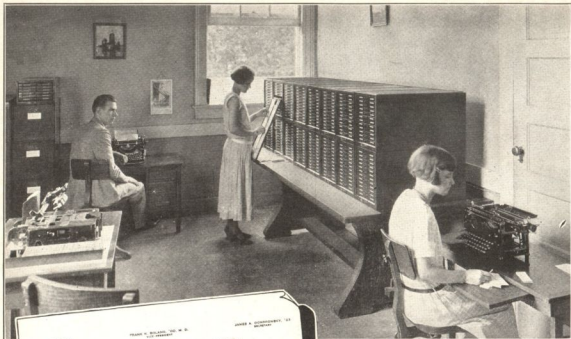
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