

FIFTEEN CENTS

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine



ALBERT OF YORK

"—a perissodactyl monster lay dead!"
(See Page 8)

VOL. V. No. 2

JANUARY 12, 1925



BAY LEAF & LAUREL

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TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine

Vol. V. No. 2

January 12, 1925

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Mr. Coolidge's Week

Three thousand members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (see Page 15) appeared in the White House grounds. The President addressed them from the south portico, saying: "You are the wonder-workers of all the ages. . . . We trust ourselves to you, perhaps with some doubt as to what you may finally do with us and to us, but at least with firm convictions that your activities will save life from becoming very monotonous. And, besides, we realize that if we did not give you our confidence, you would go ahead without it."

The country was informed that the President was sound asleep when the New Year came in, and had been for some hours.

New Year's morning, at eleven, there was a fanfare of trumpets. Military and naval aides advanced down the stairway. The President and Mrs. Coolidge followed and after them trooped Cabinet members and their ladies. In the Blue Room, Mrs. William Howard Taft, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt Jr., Mrs. Edward W. Eberle (wife of the Admiral), Mrs. Frank W. Stearns, John Coolidge (the President's son) and others were waiting. Secretary and Mrs. Hughes joined Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge in receiving the diplomatic representatives of 52 nations headed by Jules Jusserand of France. Next in order came the Supreme Court, then Congress, then the Army and Navy, the bureau chiefs and executives of various boards and commissions.

At one o'clock, there was a half an hour's recess while the President and Mrs. Coolidge ate a hurried lunch. The diplomatic group withdrew to attend the usual breakfast given by the Secretary of State at the Pan-American Union.

At 1:30, the handshaking was resumed for an hour with the admission of patriotic societies and the public, who had been standing without in the snow and cold for two or three hours. One man, a member of the Oldest In-

habitants of the District of Columbia, dropped dead from a heart attack just as he was admitted to the grounds. Among those received was Lieutenant Colonel R. G. Scott of Linn Creek, Mo., who first attended a White House reception in 1862. When the gates shut, Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge retired with limp hands to rest.

Mrs. Coolidge's gown for the reception was described as "rust colored satin-faced crepe, made on a narrow tube foundation, with a single piece of drapery crossing the skirt at the hips in plain, close lines so as to give a jabot effect in front . . . an enamelled buckle of rust and jade . . . sleeves long and close-fitting, the neckline square in front with high shoulders . . . string of small jade beads . . . gown eight or possibly nine inches off the floor . . . satin pumps and hosiery of the same neutral tones, with pumps darker than the hosiery."

The total number of visitors at the New Year's reception was 4,000.

Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, hav-

ing received the peace award of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation (TIME, Jan. 5, FOREIGN NEWS), went to Washington. In company with Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador, he called at the White House and conversed in camera with the President. Their meeting was variously described: by Lord Cecil as "a pleasant visit," by a White House spokesman as "an exchange of amenities."

Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge appeared for a few minutes at the annual charity ball for the Children's Hospital of Washington. After watching the dancers for a time, they departed.

Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge, unannounced, went around the corner from the White House and entered the Corcoran Art Gallery. It was a "Public Day" and they mixed themselves with a crowd admiring the hanging art upon the walls.

The largest channel bass of 1925 will gain its captor a silver loving cup, mahogany based, 38 inches high, inscribed "Presented by Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, to the Palm Beach Anglers' Club." Since last year, the President has been an honorary member.

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A Coming Election

The next President of the United States has not yet been elected. He will not be elected until, on Feb. 11, the Senate and House in joint session count the votes of the Electoral College and proclaim the result.

By the mechanism prescribed by law, the electors chosen by the people at the November election meet, each group in its own state, and cast their ballots (on the second Monday in January). The ballots are sent by registered mail, the other by special messenger. A third copy of the ballots is deposited with the Federal Judge of the district. If no copy has been received by the Congress, the Secretary of State sends a special messenger to get the results.

The messenger chosen in each state to carry the ballots to Con-

National Affairs—[Continued]

gress is generally one of the Electors, although sometimes a prominent politician gets the job. He is paid 25 cents a mile traveling expenses by the Federal Government—a neat sum, especially for him who comes from the Pacific Coast.

Soon Congress will be asked to appropriate \$14,000 to pay the "expenses" of these messengers. Representative Cable has introduced a bill to do away with the messengers and, incidentally, to have the ballots counted by the Congress on the first Monday in December instead of the second Wednesday in February.

Since politicians are human, it is probable that the usual \$14,000 will be appropriated.

THE CABINET

Vice Stone?

The Senate received, and referred to the Judiciary Committee, the nomination of Attorney General Stone for Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, vice Joseph McKenna, resigned. Speculation as to whom the President would now draft into his Cabinet vice Stone, lingered longest on Attorney Silas Strawn, of Chicago; on James M. Beck, U. S. Solicitor-General.

THE CONGRESS

The Legislative Week

The Senate:

Discussed the disposal of Muscle Shoals, an occupation which has taken nearly all of its time since Dec. 1. For one day, however, it laid aside Muscle Shoals to consider unobjectionable measures and passed 136, most minor, including:

☛ A bill granting a pension of \$5,000 a year to Mrs. Edith Bolling Wilson. (Went to the House.)

☛ A bill appropriating \$14,750,000 for the construction of a McKinley memorial bridge across the Potomac at Washington from the Lincoln Memorial to Arlington. (Went to the House.)

☛ A bill requiring compulsory school attendance for all children in the District of Columbia between the ages of 7 and 16, excepting children of 14 or more who have completed the 8th grade. (Went to the House.)

☛ A bill authorizing the issuance of a special postage stamp commemorating the arrival of a ship bringing the first Norwegians to this country in 1825. (Went to the House.)

☛ A bill to convert the military reservation at Camp Benning, Ga., into a national forest. (Went to the House.)

The House:

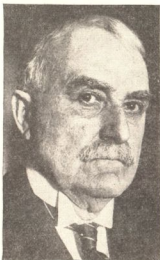
☛ Passed the Treasury-Post Office Appropriation Bill, carrying \$763,000,000. (Went to the Senate.)

☛ Received from Committee the Army Appropriation Bill carrying \$331,131,114 (\$6,552,000 less than the appropriation for the present year) and began consideration of it.

☛ Passed a bill to remunerate municipalities for property occupied by hangars of the air mail service. (Went to the Senate.)

Party Difference

The Senate, having become stranded on the Muscle Shoals Bill, has stuck



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SENATOR BRUCE
He defended a Marylander

there for many weeks unable to get off—but not without diversions from its enduring struggles. One of these brightened the Senate atmosphere last week. Two men produced the diversion.

One was Senator William Cabell Bruce, Maryland Democrat, iron-gray soldier of the old school, the man who stood out against his party's alignment with the Republican insurgents in the last session of Congress, the man who voted for the Mellon tax plan and other important measures with the regular Republicans.

The second was Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, also a Democrat, hard-hitting, fierce-tongued orator, he who made the keynote speech of the last Democratic Convention.

The usual topic, Muscle Shoals, was being discussed. Mr. Harrison, in his usual pugnant manner, made some reflections on a citizen of Maryland in connection with the "Fertilizer Trust." Mr. Bruce rose, defended the Marylander and then continued:

"I sometimes think that we should tear

down the Statue of Liberty from the summit of this Capitol and place a big black pap bottle in its place. The idea seems to be that the Government is something to which resort is to be incessantly had for the coddling and artificial stimulation of private interests.

"This thing has gone on until the South itself, which used to be the chosen seat of State sovereignty and of individual initiative, enterprise and self-reliance, seems to be slowly succumbing to the same paternalistic notions. . . .

"The Democratic Party has recently been identifying itself to such an extent with departures of one sort and another from all the old true American ideas and ideals that it has lost for the time being the confidence of the country, which it had enjoyed so long as it was true to its time-honored principles and the leadership of Thomas Jefferson and Grover Cleveland.

"No! We Democrats now, like Sisyphus in the classic fable, must roll our great, heavy stone uphill again, and we never will roll it uphill again unless there shall be a reversion on the part of the party to its former sound ideas of the proper relations between the states and the National Government and between governmental activity and private industrial activity. . . ."

Arose the steaming Senator from Mississippi:

"I say that there are some Senators over here who could tell me that we have lost the confidence of the country, and I would pass it by, but Senators who make the allegation must be pure of heart and true in record. . . . No politics has heretofore been brought into any discussion at this session. It is a pity that the first voice to be raised in this Chamber against the Democratic Party is by an alleged Democratic Senator proclaiming that the Democratic Party has lost the confidence of the country.

"When we did not and could not believe in the principles handed to us by Secretary of the Treasury Mellon to give a greater reduction in the higher surtaxes than upon the taxes of the less-favored many, what Senator was it on this side of the aisle who failed to keep step with his Democratic colleagues and voted with those on the other side of the aisle who were championing the Mellon policy? . . . The Senator who attempts to lecture me upon my democracy, upon my loyalty and allegiance to it and its principles and policies must come with clean hands and not be tainted with reactionism and Republican allegiance."

At this the mighty Bruce again uprose with winged words:

"All of us will reflect that a pain-

National Affairs—[Continued]

fully incorrect impression was entertained of the intellectual capacity of Benjamin Harrison before he became President, and even after he became President he was subject to no little unjust disparagement. Upon one occasion it is said that a citizen of Indiana went to the White House to have an interview with him, and that the messenger who took the request of this citizen to him reported: 'The President says that you can not see him.' 'Well,' said the citizen of Indiana, 'I know that he is damned small, but I did not know that he was so small that he could not be seen.' I knew that the Senator from Mississippi was a narrow, contracted, small-bore partisan, but I confess that I did not begin to take the real measure of his dimensions as a statesman until I became the subject of the coarse diatribe which he has just directed against me. . . . I was voting the Democratic ticket when the Senator from Mississippi was born. I made a speech in behalf of that gallant soldier, Winfield S. Hancock, when he was the Democratic candidate for the presidency of the United States, even before I was old enough to vote for him, and from that day to this my voice, my pen, my purse, my vote have been consistently employed in the maintenance of true Democratic principles and in securing the success of Democrat candidates, even when, as in this last presidential contest, it seemed to me that nothing could be clearer than the fact that the party was steering right on to a jagged and destructive rock.

"The Senator from Mississippi may think that he is a truer Democrat than I am, but he is not. In the language of the old English battle hymn, 'I love that broad red banner.' At times I have followed it exultantly to victory, and at times I have followed it sorrowfully to defeat, but I shall always continue to follow it. . . . We Maryland Democrats came up to the polls on election day exactly as the gallant Confederates led by Pickett came up to the heights at Gettysburg—with undaunted courage and loyalty, but with the certainty in the hearts of all of us that election day in November would not be our day, but the day of our old, immemorial antagonist."

Postal Pay

There was several days' warning that there was a scandal coming in regard to the effort to secure increased pay for postal employees. Last week the nature of the affair was revealed:

An assistant clerk of the Senate Post Office Committee was discharged. The Secretary of the House Postal Committee resigned. Six postal officials—the Acting Superintendent of Mails in New York City, the Acting Postmaster of

Detroit, the Assistant Superintendent of Delivery at Chicago, the Superintendent of Mails at Louisville, the Assistant Postmaster of Springfield, Ohio, the Postal Cashier at Boston—were suspended. A report of two Postal Inspectors who investigated the conduct of these men was made public.

The report declared that the Assistant Clerk of the Senate Committee secured the appointment of four of these men to assist in the preparation of the Postal Pay Increase Bill (passed by Congress and vetoed by the President last spring), that they came to Washington and were approached by the clerk who asked to be paid for securing the passage of the bill, that they refused to give him money outright but, as a blind, arranged to pay him \$125 a month as a contributor to the magazine of the National Association of Postal Supervisors (all six were members of the Executive Committee of this organization), that by this and subsequent arrangements the clerk expected to get \$10,000 and actually got \$2,585, that the same group made a "present" of \$1,000 to the Secretary of the House Committee. The accused men maintain the payments were perfectly proper, having been made to secure information and not to influence legislation. Bribery proceedings cannot be instituted since the clerk and the Secretary are technically employed by the committees and are not U. S. officers.

Senator Ashurst described the disclosures as a smoke screen to cover the defeat of the Postal Pay increase bill and pointed out that the suspended men represent only the higher postal officials, some 5,000 in number, not the main body of postal workers.

Meanwhile, the Senate Post Office Committee completed work on the bill which is to provide increased postal rates to balance the cost of higher pay for postal employees. This was to be offered as a substitute for the measure (vetoed by the President), which provided higher pay without corresponding rate increases.

SUPREME COURT

Retirement

One day last week, the nine members of the U. S. Supreme Court filed into their somber round room in the Capitol, took their places, came to order, began reading opinions. After 21 opinions had been read, Chief Justice Taft arose.

"Gentlemen of the bar," said he. "Mr. Justice McKenna has announced to us, his colleagues of the Court, his purpose to retire from the bench. He has presented his resignation to the President, who has accepted it. As his associates, we have expressed our feel-

ings toward him in a personal letter which I shall now read."

The letter marvelled, with affectionate respect, at the "extended and varied experience" of Joseph McKenna—born 1833, taken at 12 by gold-seeking parents to California; lawyer, Congressman, at the last Senior Justice of the Supreme Court these dozen years.

Justice McKenna replied in kind: "I thank you for your expressions of esteem. . . . They mitigate the regret—indeed, sorrow—that I feel. . . ."

As he finished, Frank Key Green, Marshal of the Court, laid a basket of red roses on the table in front of Justice McKenna. The Marshal tapped his gavel. The Court stood. Justice McKenna shook hands with Mr. Justice Taft, bowed right, bowed left, slowly descended from the bench, slowly left the room.

...

Critic

In a paper before the political section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (assembled at Philadelphia), Prof. Edward S. Corwin of Princeton did not pat the nine justices of the Supreme Court upon their robed backs. (See SCIENCE.)

SOLDIER BONUS

A Beginning

The post office of the District of Columbia must have been a bit rushed on the morning of Jan. 1, because on New Year's eve someone went to numerous postboxes and dumped in 600,000 letters.

The 600,000 letters contained 600,000 insurance policies dated Jan. 1, 1925, and addressed to 600,000 men who served in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps during the War. So was the payment of the second bonus begun. So far, about 2,000,000 applications have been filed. Of these, 400,000 were returned because not properly made out (lacking signatures, etc.). Only about 15,000 applications were disallowed on the grounds that there was no valid claim. It is estimated that there are some 1,000,000 veterans of the Army alone who have not applied for their bonuses. The applications are coming in in increasing numbers, at a present rate of about 12,000 a day.

Those entitled to \$50 or less bonus credit will not be paid until Mar. 1 or later, if their applications do not arrive in time. So far, about 30,000 checks have been prepared for mailing on that day.

The time for making applications does not expire until Jan. 1, 1928.

National Affairs—[Continued]

POLITICAL NOTES

Sic Transit

The Nebraska State Bar Association sat at Omaha. Before it rose Mr. Leslie M. Shaw and launched an argument.

He asserted in effect: A man can be President of the United States only if elected to that office. If a Vice President assumes the duties of President, he remains legally Vice President. He is President *de facto* but no President *de jure* except by election. Therefore, Theodore Roosevelt had one term in office as President, ran for a second and was defeated. Therefore Calvin Coolidge is about to enter his first term as President this March. If he runs for President again in 1928, he will be running for a second, not a third term.

This argument is likely to be heard more and more between now and 1928. But who is this Mr. Leslie M. Shaw and how did the argument happen to occur to him?

Mark Sullivan, famed Washington correspondent of *The World's Work*, recently listed him some men whose fame has waned:

- 1) LYMAN J. GAGE, LESLIE M. SHAW, FRANKLIN MACVEIGH.
- 2) CHARLES EMBRY SMITH, HENRY C. PAYNE, ROBERT J. WYNNE.
- 3) JOHN D. LONG, VICTOR HOWARD METCALF, GEORGE VON Lengerke MEYER.
- To these might be added:
- 4) LUKE E. WRIGHT, JACOB M. DICKINSON, HENRY L. STIMSON.
- 5) WILLIAM H. MOODY, CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, JAMES C. McREYNOLDS.
- 6) ETHAN A. HITCHCOCK, RICHARD A. BALLINGER, WALTER L. FISHER.

Mr. Sullivan asked of the first group, and it may well be asked of the second group: "How many of these men can you identify?"

All have been members of the Cabinet during the last 25 years. The first three were Secretaries of the Treasury; the second three, Postmasters General; the third three, Secretaries of the Navy; the fourth, Secretaries of War; the fifth, Attorneys General; the sixth, Secretaries of the Interior.

It will be seen that Mr. Shaw was a Secretary of the Treasury. He served from 1902 to 1907 under President Roosevelt. His connection with Roosevelt suggests why he happened to think of the question of third terms. Some day, not 25 years hence, may not Mr. Mellon be referred to as "one Andrew W. Mellon?"

"Dear Cabot"

"Secret History of Men and Events . . . Amazingly Revealed in Intimate Epistles"—so the Hearst press de-

scribed the correspondence of the late Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge, which it began last week to publish serially. Charles Scribner's Sons has the copyright and presumably will soon present the material in book form.

It is "amazingly" revealed that while the whole country was calling the late President "Teddy" and "T. R.," his friend from Massachusetts addressed him "intimately" as "Dear Theodore." The President responded with "Dear Cabot."

The letters tell of T. R.'s struggle with the trusts, with Mark Hanna, with E. H. Harriman, with other interests—national and international.

In one of his replies, the erudite Senator from Massachusetts observed astutely: "You are blessed in your enemies."

Home, Sweet Providence

In the days of yore, the good citizens of Athens filed past the urns and as they passed each one dropped a white shell or a black. If the black shells were more numerous than the white, then woe be to the man concerning whom the shells were cast, for he was ostracized and for ten years under pain of death must remain an exile from his native city.

No urns were erected in Rhode Island, but nonetheless 21 of her citizens went forth, last June, into exile, saying they feared for their lives. Last week, the exiles returned, their Odyssey completed, though one had visited Erebus never to return, and another tarried with the Lotophagi—in Worcester, Mass.

The story of their going was this: The Senate of Rhode Island is composed of one man from each town in the state. Providence, with nearly 300,000 inhabitants, has one Senator. West Greenwich, with 367 inhabitants, has one Senator. The Republicans control most of the small towns. But the small towns are more numerous. At the election preceding the recent one, the Democrats gained a comparative victory. They gained 17 seats of the 39 in the Senate. They elected the Governor and the Lieutenant Governor.

With the aid of the Lieutenant Governor, Felix Toupin, a fiery little man of French descent who presided over the Senate, the Democrats began a filibuster a year ago to compel the Republicans to agree to a Constitutional Convention to do away with the "rotten borough" system. The filibuster lasted from January to June, with frequent clashes, several of which went to the point of physical violence. Finally in June, at the end of a heated session of

50 hours' duration, someone placed a bromine gas bomb behind the Lieutenant Governor's chair. The Democrats said it was a plot to kill Mr. Toupin. The Republicans said that their lives were not safe.

Of the 22 Republican Senators, 21 incontinently fled the state. They settled just across the border at Rutland, Mass. They remained there. The Bartlett House, where they were staying in the summer, found it worth while to put in steam heat to accommodate them when winter came on. One Senator died. Another, a former divine, became a lecturer at Worcester and is not expected ever to return. The others lived amicably in sun and shade at the expense of the Republican State Committee—an expense estimated at from \$25,000 to \$100,000.

Meanwhile the Rhode Island Senate met regularly four times a week and adjourned for lack of a quorum. No bills were passed, although it was the only legislature of Rhode Island which ever was continuously in session for an entire year. Funds failed the state. Many state employes got no salaries.

In November, an election was held. The Republicans carried the state. They defeated Mr. Toupin, who was running for Governor; they elected 67 of the 100 Representatives and 33 of the 39 Senators; 13 of the exiles stood for reelection. They did not return to their districts but were reelected nevertheless.

Last week, the legal life of the old Senate expired. It adjourned in the presence of three members—two Democrats, and the one Republican who had remained behind to make the point of no quorum. Home came the wandering Odysseus, back to their Penelopes. But they formed a club "The Exiles" to recall for later days the joys of their exile.

Utopia?

Senator James Couzens of Michigan made a proposal. He drafted it into a bill and presented it to the Senate. He did not say that he expected it to be passed.

His bill makes the use of political influence in the appointment and promotion of Federal employes a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of \$1,000 or imprisonment for six months, or both. This applies to Congressmen, Senators, Cabinet officers, chief clerks, etc. The selection of District Judges, District Attorneys, Collectors of Internal Revenue and Customs, Federal Marshals and their secretaries would not come under the bill. The shades of Plato, Sir Thomas More, Samuel Butler, sighed that none of them had conceived so Utopian an ordinance.

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

Debts

All the world's a stage. Last week the U. S., France and Britain occupied a prominent position before the footlights and sang lustily an opera called "Debts" from the great composer, the World War.

Taking the U. S., Britain, France, Italy, Russia as representing the principal debtor and creditor nations, the debt situation, complex at the best, resolves itself into the following:

The U. S. owes nothing.

Britain owes the U. S. about \$4,500,000,000.

France owes the U. S. about \$4,000,000,000, Britain about \$3,000,000,000.

Italy owes the U. S. about \$2,100,000,000, France about \$175,000,000, Britain about \$2,750,000,000.

Russia owes the U. S. about \$250,000,000, Britain about \$4,500,000,000, France about \$1,250,000,000, Italy about \$7,500,000.

Out of this list of debts (aggregating the colossal sum of \$22,532,500,000—or a little more than a quarter of the total cost of the War) only \$4,600,000,000 has been funded, namely, the debt owed the U. S. by Britain, which now stands at approximately \$4,500,000,000.

Following Finance Minister Clementel's presentation to the French Chamber of Deputies of a national balance sheet (TIME, Jan. 5) and his remark made at that time, there arose a great noise from the U. S. Congress. Senators and Representatives took the Finance Minister's declarations as plainly indicating a policy of repudiation, although M. Clementel had made clear in another part of his speech that "France does not intend to repudiate any contracts. . . . But the U. S. interpretation of the general trend of the French statesman's speech was comprehensible enough. M. Clementel expected a debt cut, suggested a pooling of resources, compensation—a circuitous way of putting forward repudiation.

In Paris, last week, efforts were made by Premier Herriot and Finance Minister Clementel to allay aroused suspicions. The Premier received U. S. Ambassador Myron T. Herrick and M. Clementel received inquisitive U. S. journalists. It became current that the Minister of Finance had merely "mirrored the opinion of the French" in making his now famous statement to the Chamber. Positively there was no intention on the part of France to repudiate her obligations. As M. Clementel remarked: "The French position is clear then—France thinks she is en-

titled to a reduction. If she cannot get it, she wishes a moratorium and recognition of 'the necessity of subordinating payments to collections from Germany.'" It was impossible, he continued, for France to include debt payments in her budget until she had some definite knowledge of the precise terms on which her debts must be funded.

Later, a note left the Quai d'Orsay for the U. S. Embassy and Ambassador Herrick cabled the essence of it to the U. S. State Department in Washington. This note was to have been kept secret; but a leakage occurred and it was bruited about that the French Government had made unofficial suggestions looking toward a debt settlement on the following lines:

1) Ten-year moratorium.

2) Repayment over 80 years; this period to be divided into four separate parts, with progressive increases from one period to another.

3) Interest at the rate of one-half of 1%.

Washington is understood to have received these unofficial suggestions—which are allegedly to pave the way for a full conference at a later date—sympathetically, but pending the deciphering of the full text of the French note, an attitude of reserve was maintained.

Acceptance of such a plan would seemingly incur the hostility of the British who have funded their debt over a period of 62 years with interest at 3½% and 4%. In equity, it would appear that the U. S. would have to modify the British terms; but there would seem to be a good chance that Britain, recognizing the exceptional position of France, would agree to raise no objection to France repaying her debt to the U. S. on more favorable terms, providing, as Chancellor of the Exchequer Winston Churchill has put it, such repayments were accompanied *pari passu* (with equal pace) by payments on account of the French debt to Britain.

As far as Britain is concerned, she is anxious only to recover ultimately from her debtors, including Germany, a sum of money equivalent to the amount of her debt to the U. S., originally, with accrued interest, \$4,661,000,000. If the Experts' Plan provides the 40,000,000,000 gold marks that is hoped for, Britain's share will be about 9,000,000,000 gold marks or \$2,250,000,000. This will leave a sum of about another 9,000,000,000 gold marks, to be met by France, Italy and the smaller debtor nations. France would thus in all probability have to pay to Britain only about \$1,000,000,000 of the \$3,000,000,000 she owes.

FRANCE

Dans le Parlement

A fight on two important points occupied the French Parliament:

1) Civil Service bonus
2) Disposition of the Morgan loan, made last spring (TIME, Mar. 24).

¶ The Chamber of Deputies proposed to give the lesser functionaries of the Civil Service a bonus of 500 francs (\$25.00) as compensation for a delay in revising their salaries. The Senate objected. The Chamber insisted. The Senate was adamant. The Chamber sat pat. The Senate weakened, finally passed the necessary bill by a majority of twelve votes.

¶ The \$100,000,000 Morgan loan was implicated in a convention between the Government and the Bank of France to repay the latter by regular annual installments. According to a convention signed in 1920, the amount was fixed at 2,000,000,000 francs (\$100,000,000), but repayment of this figure proved impossible. Finance Minister Clementel proposed to repay only 1,200,000,000 a year and this proposal was satisfactory to the Bank.

A bill was drafted to empower the Government to pay these installments as they came due. The Finance Minister proposed to subvert 800,000,000 francs from the budget for this purpose and add 400,000,000 francs from the proceeds of the Morgan loan, which is still intact. Chamber and Senate agreed, but the latter insisted upon adding a clause which prohibited the Government from using the Morgan money for any purpose except repaying the Bank of France, and which stipulated that any residue after the payment to the Bank was to be applied to repaying the banking house of Morgan. The Chamber refused the emendation in the original bill, sent it back to the Senate. The Senate declined to reconsider the matter and sent the bill back to the Chamber which eventually passed it.

GERMANY

The Cabinet

When a crisis is protracted for an indefinite time, it becomes an accepted event without critical moment. In Germany, there has existed a Cabinet crisis for many months (TIME, Oct. 13, et seq.); but the continuance of this state of affairs has caused the German people to regard it as a perfectly ordinary event. In point of fact, whether or no Chancellor Marx succeeds in forming a

Foreign News—[Continued]

Cabinet from the ranks of the present Reichstag is immaterial; the so-called crisis is bound to continue, for it will be dependent for its existence on the Right and then on the Left as occasion demands.

The position is that the Reichstag contains 493 members, 247 of whom would form a bare majority. The Right Block commands only 216 votes; the Left Block, including the Centre Party, but excluding the Communists, has only 232 votes. A majority Cabinet is therefore impossible unless the Centre Party (69 members) joins the Right, or the German People's Party (51 members) joins the Left; but this neither Party will do.

President Friedrich Ebert nevertheless requested Chancellor Marx to make a last effort to form a majority Government. The Chancellor tried, failed. The President then asked the Chancellor to form a so-called non-party Cabinet—a Cabinet of all the parties except the Communists. The Chancellor began to try. It was assumed that the present Cabinet with its four vacancies would be kept in power, but it was not known who would fill the vacancies.

ITALY

Flaming Oratory

The past week in Rome was, as in other parts of the world, seven days long, but to Italians it must have seemed like seven ages.

In the midst of a perfect pandemonium of insults, assaults, challenges, blows, accusations, threats and other manifestations of a risen anger, Benito Mussolini, Premier of Italy, held his ground.

To a group of Fascist editors he said:

"This is the first of a series of meetings which will show the indestructible power of Fascism. It is grotesque to judge a battle or a war by the first maneuver. After having won as regards the length of front, we must now win in depth. And we will win, that is final. My presentation of the electoral bill, meditated upon for a long time, is the beginning, not the end, and it offers the party an opportunity of winning a great political battle—a political, not only an electoral battle, I ask you to understand."

If Benito's optimism aroused the up-earrings cheers of his followers, it left the Opposition press, long since injured to his bombastic rhetoric, stone cold. Such remarks as the following were the order of the day: "Italy cannot continue to be governed by a man who is four centuries behind, as Mussolini can only

be compared to a lord of the 16th Century."

"Italy cannot be governed by a man who is implicated in a criminal trial."

Among the politicians of the Opposition, criticism was warped by anger. The Cesare Rossi memorandum—an indictment of Mussolini for having personally incited violence, by a Fascist under arrest in connection with the Matteotti murder—was frequently invoked and similar accusations were threatened.

It was clear that the Government was sick to death of the Opposition's attacks, that the Opposition was weary of the Government's talk without action, that the Italian people were fed to the teeth with both the Government and the Opposition. The Government decided on action. A rumor had reached it that its enemies were arming. On that pretext, eleven newspapers were seized in Rome, Milan, Turin; many homes of prominent Opposition leaders were searched.

There followed savage attacks by Communists upon Fascisti all over the country. In 48 hours, 17 people were hurt, 5 mortally wounded, 3 killed. Premier Mussolini appealed for order.

Opposition newspapers carried a fake story that a force of 60,000 Fascisti was marching on Rome to inaugurate a reign of terror. Eight newspapers in Rome, five in Milan, one in Turin, two in Genoa, five in Naples, two in Verona—23 in all—were seized, but were permitted to publish again after the offending story had been deleted.

The blazing fires of Mussolini's wrath were kindled. At the reopening of the Chamber of Deputies, the Premier appeared as a man possessed with the devil. The Government benches resounded with the thumps from his large, white hands. His heavy face was red with fury, his eyes flashed like a thousand daggers in the sunlight, his voice sounded like the bellow of a bull as he turned toward the Fascist Deputies and roared:

"The Opposition describes us as an army of bandits encamped in Italy. We have swallowed their insults and allowed them to call us brigands and assassins. Now before the Chamber, before the whole nation and before God I alone assume full personal, political, moral and historical responsibility for everything that has occurred in Italy. If Fascism is an association of malefactors then let it be known that I am head of this association of malefactors."

Across the Chamber floated "Bravo!" in a shrill treble from a woman in the gallery. Instantly *bravos* and *vivas* were engaged in mortal combat for supremacy. After fatigue had set in, the Premier resumed by referring to the

memorandum of Cesare Rossi. Opening a large red book, he read Article 47 of the Italian Constitution. Then he said:

"The Constitution of the Kingdom of Italy gives the Parliament the faculty to impeach the King's Ministers by bringing them before the High Court of Justice.

"I formally ask whether there is anyone in this Chamber or elsewhere who wishes to avail himself of that faculty."

An ensuing moment of dreadful silence was ended by loud shouts from the Fascisti: "Viva Mussolini! Viva Fascismo!"

Pointing to himself and speaking with passionate determination, he expostulated:

"I am accused of having organized a murder gang on the lines of the Russian Cheka, but nobody is able to say when, where or how. The truth is that the Italian Cheka has never existed. If I had founded such an organization I would have seen to it that its violence was always intelligent, timely and chivalrous, while the violence attributed to the Cheka which I am accused of founding always have been unintelligent, untimely and stupid."

The Premier then reminded the Chamber that the murder of Matteotti (TIME, June 23) had taken place after one of his (Mussolini's) greatest parliamentary victories in which he had invoked the goddess of national conciliation. "Even my enemies allow," he challenged, "that I am gifted with some small amount of intelligence, with much courage and with supreme disregard for filthy lucre. Please spare me the insult of believing me so stupid as to have ordered that crime to be committed."

As for the "filthy, ignoble and scandalous campaign" of the Opposition press against Fascism—"the moment has come to pass to the counter-offensive. The whole nation is asking what the Government is doing, the whole nation is asking whether it is governed by men or by puppets. The nation feels that its dignity is being wounded because the nation wants its own dignity to be reflected in the dignity of the Government."

"Now it is enough," he added, "when two parties fight each other from apparently impregnable positions; then force alone can be the arbiter, and the whole of history teaches us this. The Opposition believed that Fascism was dead, because on some occasions I have found it necessary to punish it. But let them remember that if I had employed in enflaming Fascism a hundredth part of the energy I have employed in restraining it, then indeed there would not be

Foreign News—[Continued]

one single enemy of Fascism from one end of Italy to the other."

With a magnificent gesture the Premier ended his speech:

"The Government, however, is sufficiently strong to destroy the Aventine opposition entirely. I solemnly bind myself within 48 hours of this speech to clear up the political situation."

Terrific roof-raising yells greeted Mussolini. Deputies rushed at him and bore him out of the Chamber shoulder high while salvo upon salvo of cheers boomed out from the overhead galleries. It was conceded to be Mussolini's greatest triumph.

COMMONWEALTH

(British Commonwealth of Nations)

Honors

At the end of every year, it is the custom of British Prime Ministers to recommend to the Sovereign those of his subjects worthy of special recognition.

At the birth of each year, it is customary for the Court Circular to record a list of those subjects whom the King has been "graciously pleased" to honor.

The list was made by Premier Baldwin and the Court Circular duly gazetted the King's pleasure:

¶ Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Jellicoe of Scapa, who recently relinquished the Governor-Generalship of New Zealand, was raised to an Earldom. Sir J. S. Bradbury, who gave his name during the War to the paper one-pound notes (braduries), and who is among the elite of the financial monde in Britain, was made a Baron, as was His Honor Sir Henry Duke, President of the Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice.

¶ Among the 70-odd knighthoods conferred and the number of decorations bestowed which do not carry the accolade, the arts, sciences and letters received noteworthy recognition. Sir James G. Frazier and Sir Ernest Rutherford, respectively fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and director of the Cavendish Laboratory in the same university, were made members of the Order of Merit. Francis Dicksee, new President of the Royal Academy, Edmund Gosse, critic and poet, were knighted. Such well-known scientists as Profs. John Adams, R. H. Biffen, Gowland Hopkins, Dr. John Campbell were also knighted.

¶ Lieutenant-General Sir Tom Bridges, Governor of South Australia, was among the few men in the



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DAME ELLEN

"It was a very jolly thing to happen!"

Dominion to be honored; he became a Knight Commander of the Bath.

¶ The Marquess of Londonderry alone was nominated a Privy Councillor.

¶ Women were well represented. Mrs. Grant Strait of the American Baptist Mission in Nellore, District of Madras, India, received the Kaiser-I-Hind medal. The best known of the British women to become Dame Grand Cross of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire was Miss Ellen Terry (Mrs. James Carew) famed actress, now in retirement at the age of 76. When approached by the press, Dame Ellen said: "It was a very jolly thing to happen and I hope everybody in London is as happy as I am."

Then, to give reasons for her elevation, she added:

"I am delighted first because the recognition the King has given to me is a recognition of my profession. Then it is a recognition of my sex. But my third reason is not quite so altruistic. I am quite pleased myself."

Remembering Sir Henry Irving, her old associate, the first actor ever to be knighted in Britain, she continued: "He regarded the high honor as an added dignity to the great profession of the Theatre. He was a great artist."

Asked if she would like to go back on the stage, she sighed:

"Why, of course. I have a han-

kering after old haunts. The best I can do now, however, is to go to the theatre. I am very deaf and my sight is failing, but when I go to the theatre I suddenly get better. I can hear. I can see. I can enjoy the play. And then there is always the consolation of going over parts. In my quiet hours, I enact Shakespeare. He is the poet most easy to remember. I can recite Hamlet from beginning to end even now.

"Shaw, too, I always found easy, but Barrie was ever a teaser. I remember I learned my part in *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* in a few days, but how I had to struggle over *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire*. Alice is becoming more wonderful every day. I have my own listening-in set, and with head phones I can hear everything."

A Choice

Addressing the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Washington, Sir Esmé Howard, British Ambassador to Washington, explained the fundamental choice on which rests Britain's foreign policy. (See SCIENCE.)

Havoc

For two weeks on end, proverbial little drops of water descended from the clouds on to the face of Merrie England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland.

On the third week, the elements grew angry at the indifference to their efforts displayed by the people of those countries. To give effect to their fury, they blew rain and hail at 75 miles an hour, incited the seas to insurrection, and in general created the worst storm in 30 years.

On the land, stories began to trickle into the newspapers telling of the havoc wrought by the cyclone. At Folkestone, a motor truck was blown into the sea and the driver killed. At Portsmouth, a trancar was blown into a house. In Wales, the coal mines were flooded. Along the Thames, people were "drowned out of their houses." From every coastal point, news came to London telling of angry waves battering the piers and swamping the promenades. Damage to telegraph and telephone wires greatly interfered with communication, while Channel boats suspended service between England and France.

From the "Old Lady"

Undetected, like a shadow in the dead of night, Governor Montagu Norman of the Bank of England made his way to the U. S. Why had he

Foreign News—[Continued]

come? What was he doing? Governor Norman was silent. Wall Street magnates blew smoke rings from their fat cigars and looked wise.

Many rumors went on circuit. Sterling—ten cents off par—was to be brought to parity; new methods of paying the British War debt were to be formed; a modification of the debt agreement was sought; the Governor was on a secret mission for the British Government.

Then up spoke Governor Benjamin Strong of the New York Federal Reserve Bank:

"Governor Norman has authorized me to say in his behalf that his visit to New York is his customary trip, which he has made every year or two in the past in a similar way, for the purpose of conferring with the officers of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, which is the New York representative of the Bank of England. I made a similar trip to London last spring."

It seemed also that, as the Bank of England, affectionately called by Londoners the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," is preparing to enlarge its quarters in "the City," Governor Norman had come to the U. S. with his eyes and ears open for new ideas for improving the Old Lady's efficiency.

Pensions

Expenses of the Ministry of Pensions have been cut since the War by 36% of the War widows re-marrying. The Ministry estimated that in another 46 years the War pension list will practically be wiped out.

Tact

In the House of Commons, as Conservative member of North St. Pancras, London, is blind Captain Ian Frazer. His wife is his pilot and "parliamentary secretary"; but, according to the rules of the House, she cannot accompany him to those parts specifically reserved for members. Mr. Speaker Whitley came to the rescue. With great tact and courtesy, he issued last week to Mrs. Frazer a special permit enabling her to go anywhere, except on "the Floor of the House."

Gossip

Tired of making prophecies about the Prince of Wales, the drawing-room dowagers of London have turned to Prince Henry and Prince George, younger sons of the King and Queen. Prince Henry, according to report, is to marry Lady Mary



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MISS POPPY BARING

Lively

Scott, fifth daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. Prince George is not to marry pretty and lively Poppy Baring, daughter of Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring, but is to be sent to join the Fleet in China.

Albert A-Hunting

On the high plains to the south of Nairobi in British East Africa the monkeys jabbered noisily as they swung themselves from the mangrove to the coconut palm and clambered about the juniper and olive trees. The chattering stopped; curious faces peered through the leaves toward the ground where a disconsolate lion roamed through the tall grass.

Far away a giraffe stretched its neck, yawning. A rhinoceros began rooting among the herbs and a hippopotamus wallowed in a near-by river with its colts in view of crocodiles, flamingoes, pelicans, cranes.

In another place, an antelope grazed, a zebra pranced. These quadrupeds were hardly disturbed by the diverse noises put up in various directions by the bustard, the secretary-bird, the ostrich, the stork. In the distance, the crashing and the rumbling of a passing elephant could faintly be heard. At the edge of a lake, a giant buffalo bellowed loudly for its mate; a frightened puff adder shot through the grass with incredible speed.

Upon such scenes, walked H. R. H. Albert Frederick Arthur George, Duke of York, at present visiting in the name of his father, King George, the British

possessions in East Africa. On this occasion, accompanied by one attendant, the Prince was a-hunting. The two had not proceeded far when they came across large indentations in the crust of the rain-sodden earth, plainly the footprints of an odd-toed ungulate mammal. Carefully, cautiously, noiselessly the tracks were followed. Several miles they went before the object of their sleuthing was sighted. Crack! spoke the Duke's rifle. With a howl of rage and pain, a rhinoceros turned and charged at the second son of King George. York reserved his fire. Nearer and nearer the enraged animal came, its head lowered, its two white horns gleaming their deadly significance. Nearer and nearer, 50 yards, 40 yards, 30 yards—crack! a bullet sped from York's rifle... a perissodactyl monster lay dead!

A good "bag" was expected, as the camp was surrounded by lions and many other carnivora. The Duke had previously shot a zebra and a pallah (antelope). The Duchess "bagged" a great collection of small game.

York is aged 29—18 months younger than his eldest brother, Edward of Wales. In the affections of the British people he occupies a high place, but has nothing like the popularity of Wales. The Heir to the throne has to some extent forfeited the favor of the so-called upper classes by failing to take unto himself a wife and by endangering his life recklessly on the hunting field. To the people at large, however, he is as popular as ever, mainly owing to his democratic simplicity, his engaging manner.

York is able to escape much of the publicity that Wales is obliged to bear. By nature he is not so shy, but just as retiring as is his brother. But he is more serious-minded, lacks a keen sense of humor. The Prince takes after his grandfather, Edward VII; the Duke takes after his great-grandfather, Albert, the Prince Consort. Like the latter and like Francis Bacon, he takes all learning to be his province. As a Group Captain in the Royal Air Force his duties are purely nominal. As personal A. D. C. to the King he takes over many of the duties which fall to the lot of modern royalty; he opens museums, unveils statues, attends dinners, makes speeches, reviews troops, visits slums, heads charities, visits the Dominions, et cetera, et cetera.

Apart from these exacting duties, he has found time to become a fully certified civil and marine engineer, a navigator, an aviator. In this last capacity, owing to his great importance, his activities have been rigorously limited; but the fact remains that he is a fully quali-

Foreign News—[Continued]

fied birdman. His hobby, as he calls it, is an absorbing interest in the boyhood of the nation. His summer camps for boys of the poor and rich have been a tremendous success. His interest in the boy scouts has been unflagging. As President of the Homes for Little Boys he has rendered invaluable services.

His efforts on behalf of boys, coupled with his marriage to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, have made him an outstanding and popular figure. His usually serious face and his thick lips have combined to offset this popularity to an unwarranted degree by giving an impression of stolidity. In actual fact, he is (in a different way) as jovial as his elder brother and, on those rare occasions on which he smiles, that smile is every bit as charming as that which has won Wales world-wide renown. But, unlike the latter, he is not surrounded by the romanticism that is inseparable from a Prince who may one day be England's king.

RUSSIA

Trotsky's Week

War Lord Leon Trotsky passed an exciting week—according to the press.

The *Daily Telegraph* of London gave the lie to a report (*TIME*, Dec. 22) that the War Lord had left Moscow for the Caucasus. According to this newspaper, his enemies had jailed him.

Comrade Semashko, Commissar of Public Health, averred that the War Lord was in Moscow, that his health had forced him at the last moment to cancel his trip to the Caucasus, that he was busy on some literary work, his health meantime much improved. The Commissar said that the War Lord was not in prison, but living quietly in a modest apartment in Moscow and would go south in a few days.

The *Tageblatt* of Berlin had it that the War Lord was living at Archangelskoye, a suburb of Moscow, in the palace of Prince Yusupov. This newspaper claimed that he was sickened with consumption and stomach trouble, whereas he has usually been reported as suffering from some bronchial affliction. The same paper declared that the Bolshevik Triumvirate—Stalin, Kamenev, Zinoviev, all enemies of the War Lord—was conducting a campaign of hate against him by means of flaming illuminated signs.

The Moscow press was full of acrimonious assaults upon the War Lord's alleged criticisms of the Bolshevik régime.

From Copenhagen came the news

that the War Lord had offered to leave Moscow, provided that the Triumvirate would reinstate his dismissed adherents, oust General Frunze, the acting War Lord.

A Bucharest despatch, unconfirmed, stated laconically: "Trotsky was assassinated at Kishinev while on his way to the Crimea."

Big Bill

Who should stagger across the threshold of the Near East Orphanage at Alexandropol in the Soviet Republic of Armenia but Big Bill Haywood, Communist exile, wanted by the U. S. as an inmate of Leavenworth. He begged food, clothes, overnight shelter.

Said he (according to the intensely anti-Bolshevik *Chicago Tribune*): "I am Bill Haywood, but I ain't a Bolshevik any more. I wish I had never run away from Leavenworth. I am hungry and homesick, and if I cannot find work in Constantinople I am going back to the United States. I had rather live in Leavenworth any time than Bolshevik Russia. It ain't a white man's country."

Next morning, he and his companion, one "Williams," another U. S. Communist in exile, resumed their trip to Constantinople. Hours later, peasants saw them near the Turkish frontier as they plodded wearily through a blinding snowstorm. Then the impenetrable blanket of the storm enveloped them. They have not since been heard of.

Bolshevik Simplicity

Whenever a great social function takes place, such as a brilliant feast, or some other prandial entertainment, the French are involuntarily reminded of the State banquet given by President Faure to the Tsar of All the Russias in 1896—a costly repast reminiscent of the Roi Soleil at the height of his glory.

Russian Ambassadors, too, have been noted in the past for the splendor of their ambassadorial receptions; but all that belongs to another age. Today, working clothes, red ties and other hallmarks of the proletariat are in fashion at the Bolshevik Embassies.

It happened last week that the Bolshevik Ambassador Leonid Krassin gave a dinner at the Russian Embassy for his colleague, M. Herbet, French Ambassador-designate to Russia. M. Herbet pondered long over his dress. Should it be corduroy pants, a flannel shirt and a shoddy coat? Or the capitalistic regalia of full evening dress? Inquiries, discreetly made, revealed that the sombre black and white of evening dress would be worn. But still, the

reception and dinner would be a simple affair, for the Bolsheviks are noted for their Spartan simplicity.

So, at an early hour of the evening, M. Herbet ascended the steps which led to the Russian Embassy. The doors were opened by powdered and uniformed valets. A moment later the Bolshevik Ambassador dressed in correct capitalistic attire greeted his guest, who was then introduced to Mme. Krassin and the Milles. Krassin, all wearing the latest and most expensive of Paris "creations." M. Herbet was glad that he was wearing a white and not a red tie.

In the banquet hall, Bolshevik waiters, equipped with scarlet plush breeches and braided blue plush coats, dispensed their master's choice board with the grace of obsequious respect. To eat were:

Zakouska
Potage aux Pojatski
Vénaison à la marron
Poulet rôti aux truffes Pâté de foie gras
Lapin nourri en lait
Chateaubriand garni
Pommes de terre frîtes
Haricots verts.

Boniki glacée *Crème caramel*
Pudding à l'Anglais
Fruits *Café*

Many another delicacy, too numerous to mention, was printed on the gilt menus, while the *Zakouska*, Russian equivalent for *hors d'oeuvres*, consisted of everything from an olive to caviar, not excepting *sterletis sigi*—a rare and costly fish.

With the exception of gold plate, the feast was a perfect model of those which used to be given by the Tsar's representatives, worthy of comparison with the best efforts of kings and princes and financiers.

JAPAN

Amity

Following hot-footed upon the recent exchanges between Japan and the U. S. (*TIME*, Dec. 29, Jan. 5) of official declarations of friendship, Lieutenant General Issei Ugaki, Japanese Minister of War, expressed his pleasure at an arrangement, recently announced from Washington, whereby Japanese and U. S. language officers will be exchanged for six months.

In the most amicable of terms and tones, the General said:

"I wish to endorse fully the statement of Secretary of War Weeks regarding the friendly exchange of language officers between the armies of Japan and the United States. This exchange indicates a friendly feeling between the two armies.

"Relations between Japan and the

Foreign News—[Continued]

United States are bound to be friendly by virtue of the geographical positions of the two countries. Likewise, the political and economic ties of the two countries assure continued friendly relations. War talk is powerless in the presence of the solid facts.

"Aside from the foregoing considerations, the deep-rooted sentiment of sympathy, gratitude and friendship consistently maintained by America for 70 years cannot permit Japan's feeling of good-will to be fundamentally affected.

"Problems of a transient nature between the two countries can be solved successfully by wise statesmanship. We need fear nothing from these situations. However violent the propaganda which may arise, the policy of my Government will be consistently for permanent peace and lasting friendship with no idea, no dream, of war with America.

"How is war conceivable between two armies that exist to all intents and purposes only for the defense of the national honor and the liberty of their peoples?"

NEW BOOKS

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

TWELVE YEARS AT THE IMPERIAL GERMAN COURT—Count Robert Zedlitz-Trützschler—*Doran* (\$5.00). For seven years, Count Zedlitz-Trützschler was Controller of the Imperial Household of Kaiser Wilhelm II, now Kaiser of a small estate at Doorn, Holland. For seven years, he lived almost cheek by jowl with his Imperial master; he knew him as few men did; he left him in 1910, thoroughly disgusted and, as Bismarck did 20 years earlier, with a profound sense that the Kaiser's absolutism would lead Germany to catastrophe. His view of the Kaiser, prejudices duly discounted, is favorable rather than otherwise; certainly more flattering than the author intends or the Kaiser deserves.

THE FARINGTON DIARY, VOL. III*—Joseph Farington. Edited by James Greig—*Doran* (\$7.50). If Joseph Farington was a mediocre artist, he at least excelled as a diarist. He seems to have known everybody worth knowing and his books teem with piquant anecdotes about Nelson, George III and IV, Pitt, Napoleon, Fox, Dr.

Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds and a hundred others whose names have made history. Students of history will find the Diary a mine of information; the ordinary reader cannot fail to be engrossed by the absorbing account of life as it was during the late Georgian period.

LADY SUFFOLK AND HER CIRCLE—Lewis Melville—*Houghton Mifflin* (\$5.00). The light which this book diffuses on the dark ages of the early Georges shines like a beacon upon a dismal barren island. Lady Suffolk, Mistress of George II, is the lady of the lamp. In 40 letters upon which the author has based his story, she gives some choice sidelights on the social life of the time; and the author in his turn has been able to embellish them with many an observation drawn from his immense knowledge of the period. The reader learns that George I was depressed at becoming King of England, that Lady Suffolk upbraided her royal lover for neglect, that life with the German Georges was not quite as dull from the inside as it appears from the outside.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION IN ENGLISH HISTORY—Philip Anthony Brown—*Dutton* (\$3.00). Philip Brown was a young Oxford graduate who died a soldier's death on the fields of Flanders in 1915 in his 36th year. Prof. Gilbert Murray, famed Greek scholar, pays ample tribute to his great intellectual gifts in a short introduction.

The book deals with the influence of the French Revolution on British society—using that word in its broad sense—and parallels to some extent the present day influence of the Bolsheviks on nations outside of Russia. Readers of Carlyle, of Burke, of biographers such as John Morley, of other historians, will have a clear idea of the magnitude of the diversified reactions which the bloody fall of the French monarchy had in England. But in this book these influences are specifically set forth in relation to the then radicals and with an intensely penetrating analysis of an aspect of the Revolution which has hitherto not been directly treated.

MODERN TURKEY—Eliot Grinnell Mears—*Macmillan* (\$6.00). A politico-economic survey of modern Turkey from the days of the Young Turks to the declaration of the Turkish Republic in 1923. Taken by and large, the book is, aside from being extremely well-written, a masterpiece of impartial history. There are some excellent chapters by leading Turkish authorities.

C I N E M A

The New Pictures

So Big. The cinemedition of Novelist Edna Ferber's recent opus suggests four things: that no amount of grease paint will make Colleen Moore look very much older than, say, 30; that Ben Lyon and Phyllis Haver are both of the genus stuffed shirt and may as well resign themselves to that fate; that Wallace Beery can play a stolid soil-tiller to the last grunt; that Director Charles Brabin bent carefully over his knitting of deft acting into homely, raw atmosphere, until the final quarter of this film; then Director Brabin dropped the needles and cried: "Paste up the rest!"

The story goes: Selina Peake, sprite of poverty, married Pervus De Jong, Illinois potato man. No amount of grubbing could deaden Selina. After years of it, she could still stick radishes behind her ear and dance for Dirk, her boy, only "so big." Dirk grew up and trailed off into a dull love-jam involving a nice girl and a naughtyish one. Also, Selina, old and bent, peddled her potatoes on Prairie Avenue, Chicago.

The Wife of the Centaur. A centaur was half a man, half a beast. Author Cyril Hume knew that when he named his book. The producers forgot it when they cast sleek John Gilbert for exuberant Jeffrey Dwyer, poet, who loved one girl (Aileen Pringle) and married another (Eleanor Boardman). The producers also overlooked the fact that the one girl, who had later to cope with an idiot husband, furnished well over a third of the tale's power. Cheers for this film, if any, should be dedicated to Miss Boardman, the one able performer.

East of Suez. Pola Negri has a new coif, and no becoming one at that. Much less inflaming than usual, she writhes her way through W. Somerset Maugham's play about a Eurasienne, who was shanghaied, in the city of that name, by a yellow gentleman with enormous talons and discomfiting eyes. Before that she had planned to marry a young Britisher (Edmund Lowe). Afterwards she married her rescuer (Rockcliffe Fellows). There are sentiment, sob, horror, passion, close-ups—far east of Suez; too far.

The Narrow Street. Quiet, light comedy. Matt Moore, as a muddler, is unimpaired by Dorothy Devore, waif. Conventional but commendable.

*The first two volumes were reviewed in *TIME*, Dec. 31, 1923.

THE THEATRE

New Plays

Carnival. Meet Mr. Molnar; meet the Charles Frohman Company; meet Miss Elsie Ferguson. Almost any evening you may meet them coming in a body out of the Cort Theatre with their baggage in hand. For these three, famed for consistent and successful ability, have collaborated in one of the foremost failures of the season.

Miss Ferguson seems least at fault. A trifle less lissome, perhaps, than in her earlier days, she is still the corporeal substance of a vision; still plays with the grace and subtlety that made her famous. Mr. Molnar wrote an intricately interesting study of a woman wild to jump the hedge of life's convention. He failed to set his study in a sufficiently decisive dramatic narrative. The woman's character is there in all its broad sweep and tiny detail. Who cares? The tale is tiresome. The Frohman production was surprisingly uneven for such an astute organization. They supplied actors and scenery instead of blending them.

The story tells of a lovely lady at a great ball in Budapest. For two years she has loved a youth, feared to go to him because of the watch of her veteran and nagging husband. The great Crown diamond is lost—a Buddah's eye with a history. Finding it behind a hanging, she catches fire from its influence. She tells her lover she will run away. In the crisis, he falters. Disillusioned, she gives up the diamond and goes back to her husband.

Patience. It has long been the experience of diligent navigators that it is difficult to look through a folded-up telescope. Some similar difficulty was encountered in watching this capsule review of one of the best of Gilbert and Sullivan. It was produced at the tiny Provincetown Playhouse where there's a crowd on the stage and where the auditorium has all the lofty spaciousness of a doll's house. Necessarily, therefore, the "20 lovesick maidens we'd" of the opening chorus were reduced to ten, the dragons enlistment was meagre, the orchestra minute and the vocal acrobatics tempered and discreet. Adding these effects together, it was the impression of the auditors that the Provincetown *Patience* was too little of a good thing.

Rosalind Fuller sang the title rôle. Her past is chiefly conspicuous in its relation to Shakespeare. She sang *By Gis and By Saint Charity, Alack, and fie for shame*, . . . and others of the warped lyrics of

Ophelia—the Ophelia whom the Hamlet of John Barrymore demeaned. Her present performance gives pledge of a considerable ability in light opera if presented without so many physical restrictions. Her



MISS FULLER

"—*alack and fie for shame*"

colleagues were moderately well equipped for other assignments. Particularly pleasant was Edgar Stehli's interpretation of the rotund Bunthorne.

To the considerable clique of Manhattan sages to whom Gilbert and Sullivan are the dual Messiahs of light musical entertainment, the values of the script and score were all-sufficient. To the casual wanderer seeking just a real good show, the miniature may seem in spots a trifle indistinct.

Seeniaya Pütza. French entertainment may come and French entertainment may go, but the Russians go on forever. And for all that Manhattan cares, this particular Russian troupe can go on back to Leningrad and stay there. They delivered pale entertainment fashioned precisely on the lines of the *Chanson Souris*. A certain element of soothing saturnine melody they delivered, very little humor and no novelty.

The Best Plays

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

Drama

WHAT PRICE GLORY?—The muddled history of two marines and a French

girl at the front, written and played with a brilliance surpassing anything in town.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Pauline Lund painting the portrait of a penniless Frisco waitress summoned by mail to marry an aged Italian peasant. Great acting in a good play.

WHITE CARGO—Look up miscegenation in the dictionary, imagine yourself marooned in a lonely African trading post and go to *White Cargo* to see what would happen to you.

S. S. GLENCAIRN—Four of the early sea stories of Eugene O'Neill, displaying the beginnings of a talent that was to give our stage *The Hairy Ape* and *Anna Christie*.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS—Also Eugene O'Neill. A bitter tale of headless passion bumping into the stone walls of New England environment and character.

SILENCE—A murder and a marriage upon which hang many consequences. The old crook type, but astute and valid entertainment.

Comedy

FOUNDATIONS FOR DIVORCE—Ina Claire agreeably occupied in demonstrating that, no matter how thin a comedy of divorce may be, she can make it generously amusing.

QUARANTINE—What happens when a young lady runs away with a young man who is not her husband and who does not even know she is on the trip. Chiefly Helen Hayes.

MINICK—How old can a man get before he gets on his children's nerves? An accurate photograph of middle-class domestic difficulties.

THE FARMER'S WIFE—Mr. and Mrs. Coburn genially setting forth the tribulations of a hearty widower who sets out to win a wife at 52.

THE GUARDSMAN—Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt and the Theatre Guild in a supremely smart discussion of the domestic disturbances of a great actor and his wife.

THE FIREBRAND—When Benvenuto Cellini, his time and his talk are irreverently held up for ridicule in a bedroom farce of the Middle Ages.

THE SHOW-OFF—The high wind of boasting, which blows so many business careers on the rocks, waits this one finally into harbor.

CANDIDA—Katherine Cornell and a distinguished cast giving some of the best of Shaw.

Musical

The glorification of the American girl, joke and melody is most intensively delivered in the following: *Kid Boots, The Music Box Revue, Rose-Marie, Ziegfeld Follies, Dixie to Broadway, I'll Say She Is, The Grab Bag, Lady, Be Good.*

BOOKS

Benevolent Realist*

W. D. Howells Secreted Literature, Like Ivory or Pearl

The Man. Some 88 years ago, in Martin's Ferry, Ohio, there arrived a boy whose Welsh father and Irish-German mother caused him to be called William Dean Howells. The boy played a little, went to school a bit, then learned to sit long hours on a high stool in a printer's shop setting type. When he could, he went home and sat alone "in a windowed nook under the stairs," tirelessly schooling himself in literature, languages, composition. He loved his family with a deep reserve; he guarded his thoughts; he pursued youth's ideal of beauty.

He became a reporter in Columbus and a realist. His later reading and travels embraced Europe widely. He edited *The Atlantic Monthly*. He was an intimate of Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, Emerson, Holmes. He became an editor of *Harper's*, an honorary Doctor of Literature four times over (including a degree from Oxford); he was finally called "dean of American letters." In 1920, full of years and honor, William Dean Howells died at his Manhattan home.

While still in his thirties, this man began a "quiet outpour, or rather efflux" of novels and tales that was scarcely slackened by the masses of miscellaneous writing that he did. "The deposition of literature in his case was unceasing because it was organic; he secreted it like ivory or pearl."

This Book What of Howells' cast of mind, the nature of his work? Others having collated the external revelations of Howells; a patient, discriminating scholar has now set to work upon the vast cumulus of Howells' literary secretions, as would a paleontologist upon the ponderous remains of a dinosaur. He spreads them out, classifies them; then pores, probes, weighs, analyzes, to educe both a composite picture of the author and a meticulous evaluation of the cumulus itself.

Nature: In appearance, Mr. Howells was chubbily Lloyd Georgian; carefully barbered, however, smooth-browed and with an honest mouth. In the autobiographical works, Mr. Firkins finds that he was athletic only in boyhood, a non-smoker, fearful of dogs yet fond of them, as fond of birds as Spencer and Stevenson, partial to public spectacles, keen of nose, "respectful" toward dress; that "he observed the habit while



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS
Dullness was dear to him

he deplored the custom" of giving tips; that his visits to churches "commonly involved the Baedeker rather than the Prayer-book. . . . He distrusted Eddyism [Christian Science] . . . recoiled from what seemed to him tasteless and tawdry in the external fashions of the Salvation Army [in England] . . . Philosophically, Mr. Howells was a benevolent realist; economically, a Utopian. His humor was courtly; and though others have thought that it sometimes trailed off into tenuous banality, Mr. Firkins will not admit a fault here. He calls it "irony of the salon." The Howells whimsy was multiform and pervasive, given to grotesque impersonations and rollicking image-jugglery.

Literature: Amid the serene literary chorus of his day, Howells' steady and somewhat dismal drone occasioned much neck-cranning in the audience. His was the first—and persists the truest—note of realism that the U. S. has heard. "Dullness," he said, "is dear to me." Beside realism as we have it today, that of Howells pales, of course, is called drabness; but at the time, his refusal to succumb to the chivalrous romanticism his contemporaries had inherited from England made him, roughly, the Sinclair Lewis of 1880.

An abstract of Howells' 40 works of fiction shows that he never wrote of adultery or seduction and only once each of divorce and crime. Politics, religion, science, mechanics, bodily exploits or collisions were also eschewed. The themes were love, "treated with that vividness in inno-

cence and ardor in purity which seem, in literature and life, to be the reward for abstinence from its distempers": travel, literature and art, ethics, metaphysics (shyly), "the mysticism of psychology" and social problems.

"Literature and life in his case went hand in hand. . . . The extent of his reservations is inscrutable, but I doubt if there be any man of our time except Tolstoi in whom life is so prevalently articulate, in whom utterance has so nearly kept pace with sensibility. . . . A sense of worth, of fineness, of service has penetrated the minds of those who know *The Rise of Silas Lapham* only by title."

The Significance. Mr. Firkins hesitates to suggest Howells as elementary schooling in American life for foreigners or students in the 21st Century. He recommends that they begin on "some inferior writer." Similarly, for persons unacquainted with Howells, Mr. Firkins' finely wrought literary study can be read with profit only after preliminary investigation of Howells' own work and of his other commentators. This book is a last critical word.

The Author. Oscar W. Firkins, Minneapolis born, teaches Comparative Literature at the University of Minnesota, whence he was graduated in 1884. He has long been familiar to readers of drama and poetry criticism in *The Nation*, *The Yale Review* and other periodicals. His other two large efforts are studies of Emerson and of Jane Austen.

Clothes

NARCISSEUS, AN ANATOMY OF CLOTHES—Gerald Heard—*Dutton* (\$1). Evolution raised man from the red earth naked. He looked at himself and knew shame; he felt the wind, was cold. Therefore he stole from the beasts their striped or tawny elegance, he scooped the rock and lived within it. Clothing and architecture developed together like concentric cortices of a springing rod. Architecture is the outer whorl; its fashions make their impress on clothes, the inner. Tailors snip and snip, masons slap on their lime; steeples and toppers affront the sky, eaves overhang, tails droop decorously down. Ingeniously, out of a wide scholarship, Author Heard traces the homologous development of caps and cathedrals, mitres and mosques—15,000 years in a book of 150 pages that scholars will find an interesting tour-de-force, men of letters a most scholarly little tract. And the end? Clothes, like the appendix, are a useless relic of evolution. For modesty, for protection, for display, we dress. These purposes are outworn. The new man will be naked as Heaven's cherubim; he will build towers to which the Spire of Salisbury were but a wand!

*WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS—OSCAR W. FIRKINS—*Harvard University Press* (\$4.00).

Arthur Train

The Great Business Man Fictionized?

One of the most difficult of tasks for a writer is that of changing the public's opinion of him. It is true not only of writers. The clown is forever wanting to play poet. The great decision that many writers, young and old, must make, do make, is to throw over everything in favor of a career of purely creative writing. The metamorphosis of writing from avocation to vocation is apt to involve many pains, bodily as well as mental. I know one boy who has given up the life of a sailor to write poetry. He goes without meals to carry out his ambition. Another, unwilling to let his wife go hungry, works by the hour in a shirt-waist factory, reserving enough hours to finish his plays. Success may crown their efforts; it may not.

Arthur Train's double decision, to give up law and to change his style of writing, was a difficult one to make. That he has been successful is simply a proof of a determination to succeed which has followed him through life. Having written many books in spare hours, having become known as a writer of stories of law, lawyers, crime, its detection and of humor, he found himself at middle age determined to break with his habits of life and to become a sort of American Galsworthy. He wrote, therefore, *His Children's Children*,* which caught critical and public fancy. He has followed it with several other books, among them, *The Needle's Eye*† and *Marriage à la Mode*, about to appear serially.

I like Mr. Train's attitude toward his writing. He knows life as only a good lawyer can. His books are in the nature of problems. He plans them, attacks them, carries them to completion, as he would brief and carry through a case. His books are now popular.

When you meet him in the comfortable study of his New York home, you meet the successful lawyer, son of a former Attorney-General of Massachusetts, quiet, reserved, positive, the man you can easily visualize as he must have looked when he took his position as prosecuting attorney. This personality he now gives to letters with the same quiet determination. He is still young; and the shelf of his own books is already large. He has written wisely of American society and business. There is no reason why he should not some day write that penetrating study of the great American business man which has yet to be put within pages. In "Uncle Shiras" of *The Needle's Eye* he foreshadowed this. Such a novel burns to be written!

J. F.

**HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN*—Scribner (\$2.00). (TIME, Mar. 24, 1923.)
†*THE NEEDLE'S EYE*—Scribner (\$2.00). (TIME, Oct. 6.)

Hung

Met a group of solemn judges, their faces reflective of the well-nigh sinister gravity of their office. They were the Hanging Committee. All week they labored, considering case after case, ever and again despatching small dockets which prescribed the action of certain hirelings who, with hammer, rope, wire, went about their business in the Anderson Galleries, Manhattan. They were preparing for the exhibition of the New Society of Artists. The doors of the gallery opened, the judgments of the committee and the consequent hangings stood patent to ogles.

Hung, elegant among the rabble, were two women. They did not twist in grisly contortion from any gibbet's arm, not they, but sat side by side upon a sofa which George Bellows had painted. Now, for all the intimacy of their attitudes, there was a difference in the semblance, perhaps in the very characters of these two women, apparent at once to the least curious eye, for whereas the one was garbed in all the nicety which the prevailing mode dictates, the other was naked. Mr. Bellows was more successful in drawing attention to his painting than he had been in drawing the left arm of his clothed lady, which was signally elongated.

Guy Pene Du Bois was represented with a full length portrait of a woman standing against a vast expanse of light blue background—a most interesting portrait. Robert Henri exhibited a number of quick, nervous impressions of Irish lads and colleens; John Sloan was twice hung—once in a merry-go-round, again in a group at a country fair; Boardman Robinson, returning to painting after many successful years of black and white, also sent two canvases.

Adam and Eve on L. I.

Dreaming forest, flowery bush, red cliff, turquoise sea; that is Montauk Point, Long Island, N. Y. In Montauk, Child Hassam, famed artist, paints pictures of the countryside. Last week, he exhibited a group of them in Manhattan. It is always afternoon in Montauk; there whisper trees more shadowy than any that ever stooped their boughs in Eden; gods live there and fairies, so says the brush of Mr. Hassam. *Diana as Spring* bursts arrowy-footed through the wood, paling with her whiteness the white dogwood blossom; in *The Grove of Aphrodite*

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nymphs move to pipes unseen, sentinelled by poplars; *Dryads* dance upon a blowy hill against a far horizon. It is not strange, then, that one of Mr. Hassam's canvasses should depict no less a scene than *Adam and Eve Walking out in Montauk in the Early Spring*. Hand in hand they go, down a long forest corridor, shades of red and russet deepening round them (red for Adam, whose name means "Red Earth"), naked little figures wandering among blossoms and friendly beasts in Montauk, L. I.

...

A Penny Plain

When, in 1806, the Holy Roman Empire, after more than 800 reeling years, was jostled into its last bloody gutter by a Corsican elbow, when Virtue raged unchecked in England and that shrewd but disappointed politician, George III, was declared hopelessly insane, certain print shops in London began to sell miniature theatres. With them they sold engraved cards of scenes and characters; the price—a penny plain and tuppence colored. The game of playing with these toys became a fad more prevalent even than Virtue, and as fevers as the undone George. Recently, in the bookshop of S. Nott, in Manhattan, some of these tiny theatres appeared in an exhibition.

"A pair of boots for Jack Sheppard," "A sword for the Red Knight," "A suit of armor for Sir Florian." Thus spoke honest burghers in London print-shops on Saturday nights. They laid down their pennies, took home boots, sword, armor, cut them from their cards, pasted them on the effigies of contemporary actors. They took pains. Often the scenes constructed in the three-sided rooms of the toy theatres were works of subtle art. Artists afterwards famed sometimes got bread by engraving the penny cards, the tuppenny cards—Blake, Flaxman, Cruikshank. Thousands worked at the making of the theatres; now only one man is left who gets his living so—one B. Pollock of London; he is the last. Yet there still remain here and there a few people who cherish the toys. Ellen Terry, actress, possesses a little theatre and a collection of the plays from which its scenes derive; Charles Spencer Chaplin, cinema comedian, lightens with one his melancholy hours; G. K. Chesterton, paradoxhound, is said to play with one while thinking out his articles. Many are preserved in Jacobean farm-houses, in Tudor mansions, in four Scotch castles, in London palaces.

MUSIC

"Tibbett! Tibbett!"

On cold winter nights, outside the Metropolitan Opera House, Manhattan, cab-drivers shuffle and swing their arms. It is dull for them. The people they have brought thither, wait to remove, are not even sports; they are music-lovers who give small tips, cold-eyed elegants in evening dress, or critics that ponder, as they read the meter, such terms as "a good performance, well sung," "gala night," "once more with a brilliant cast . . ." wishing to Heaven they could find a new phrase or change for a quarter. At regular intervals, the cab-drivers hear, from within, a prolonged rattling murmur which means that an act has ended and the non-sports are giving an imitation of enthusiasm. On a certain cold night last week, they heard that familiar sound; it seemed curiously louder, nor did it die away. While they swapped butts, it grew, swelled into a steady, insistent, thunderous, stubborn volley, lasted for 13 minutes. The shuffling ones stared at one another in silent amazement. "Cheest!" they said.

Inside, in the great warm hall, a shivering conductor shuffled his feet, besought silence; the lights of the orchestra dimmed; still the great sound continued. In his dressing-room, a 28-year old U. S. baritone powdered his nose. Cast with the revered Scotti in the season's revival of Verdi's *Falstaff*, he had just ended the second act with the aria *E sogno*, in which he sets forth his suspicions that his spouse, Mistress Ford, is plotting infidelity with "that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years," Falstaff (Scotti). The heat of his singing had melted his make-up. He had taken numerous curtain calls with Scotti. People were still applauding; doubtless they wanted the bronze-voiced Italian. He did not know that music lovers, cold-eyed elegants, smug critics alike were shouting through the applause, in the darkness of the house, "Tibbett! Tibbett!"

There was a scuffle of feet outside the dressing-room door. A call boy—"Mr. Gatti wants you. Immediately." Young Tibbett grabbed his robe. Gatti-Casazza, famed director of the Metropolitan, smilingly pushed him toward the stage. There, alone, he took his curtain call, bowed again and again. Then the opera was permitted to proceed.

It is 15 years since *Falstaff* was played at the Metropolitan. Verdi wrote it when he was 80 and full of frolic. He had composed so much that writing music was no longer an effort, and frequently as he wrote, he said, he was convulsed with laughter. The score is easy, melodious, light-hearted,

reminiscent of Wagner in mannerism rather than in poetry. Miss Bori was Mistress Ford; Tenor Gigli, Master Fenton; Mme. Alda, Nannette. All did



BARITONE TIBBETT
He made music history

well. But the critics, as they lauded their frost-bitten taxi-men and drove home, were replacing their familiar bromides with other phrases: "A scene quite without precedent" (*The New York Times*); "A relatively obscure singer who walked away with the chief honors" (*The New York Herald-Tribune*); "An eager young man, who made music history when the brilliant audience lost control" (*The New York World*).

At last a U. S. singer had brought down the Metropolitan.

Radio Concert

In a formal drawing-room, softly rugged—the studio of Station WEAF, Manhattan—sat a score of notables in evening garb. In the broadcasting room stood John McCormack. In front of him was a microphone. He sang *Adele Fideles* with quartet and orchestra, the *Beceuse* from *Jocelyn*. Then Miss Lucrezia Dori rendered *La Paloma*, airs from *La Traviata*; then the two sang a duet from the same opera. Both were nervous at first, lacking the stimulant of a physical audience; they warmed to their work, their voices were perfectly reproduced, even to the finest nuances of shading. Between numbers, the announcer's metallic voice jargoned, reminded the throng of ghostly listeners that the two artists made records for the Victor Co., that these records were

on sale. Before Mr. McCormack sang his crowning ballad, *Another Madree*, telegrams began to arrive from far states congratulating the singers. At the concert's end, the selected notables in the reception room rose and beat their palms together.

Results. Mr. McCormack was advertised; Miss Bori was advertised; the Victor Talking Machine Co. was advertised; millions of radio fans heard two great singers pipe their sweetest; tremors shook the frames of Broadway producers, managers. During that evening, many plush playhouse seats had been left gaping by folk who had stayed home to hear Miss Bori, Mr. McCormack.

Said Arthur Hammerstein, producer: "Broadway lost over \$100,000 because of that concert."

Said William A. Brady, producer: "I sat with a group of people and enjoyed over the radio free of charge a program which I can only describe as gorgeous. . . . The plain truth is that we of the theatre are headed straight for ruin."

Said D. F. McSweeney, Mr. McCormack's manager: "Millions of people cannot expect to get something for nothing. . . . Arrangements will not continue as they are now."

Said Mr. McCormack: "I liked it."

Said Miss Bori: "I was scared to death."

Pianos

Small things huddle together in bundles, herds, packages; the great walk lonely. It is strange to see a school of whales, a troop of tigers; stranger still to see a congress of pianos. Yet, on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, Manhattan, were marshaled 18 of these great, suave, sable instruments, in neat rows. Most remarkable of all—before each sat a famed player, before each a face which alone might have been enough to bring to the hall the notable company that filled it on that evening. The company had assembled, the pianos trundled into line, all to get money for the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. Walter Damrosch*, famed conductor, waved his baton; the

*Walter Damrosch was born in Breslau, Silesia, came to the U. S. when he was nine. His father, also a conductor, was a friend of Liszt, Wagner, von Bülow, Auer, Rubinstein; he led an orchestra in which Walter made his first public appearance—as a cymbal player. The youth was so nervous that he could not fit the cymbals. Later he played in his father's orchestra with the second violins to learn how instrument players follow the conductor's beat. Recently he owned the largest private music library in the world, presented it to the New York Symphony Society. Called "Dean of American Conductors," he, now 63, has directed the New York Symphony for 39 years.

thunderous regiment as one voice responded.

Thus were the 18 famed players ranked with their 18 pianos:

Left row—Guy Maier, Ernest Schelling, Lee Pattison, Sigismund Stojowski and Guilmar Novas.

Left center—Josef Lhévinne, Alexander Brailowsky, Ethel Leginska and Myra Hess.

Right center—Ossip Gabrilowitch, Harold Bauer, Germaine Schnitzer and Yolanda Mero.

Right—Mischa Levitzki, Karl Friedberg, Ernest Hutcheson, Alexander Siloti and Ely Ney.

Eying the hand of Conductor Damrosch, the entire congress began to play, with sonorous tutti, Saint-Saens' *Variations on a Theme by Beethoven*. Then Mmes. Hess, Leginska and Mero sat jowl to jowl at one piano, played Boieldieu's overture to *La Dame Blanche*. Laughter and applause. Mr. Brailowsky opened the prelude of Schumann's *Carnaval*, passed it on to Mr. Gabrilowitch, and so the music leaped from instrument to instrument "till all marched against the Philistines."

This mountebankery over, Dwight W. Morrow, Chairman of the Association and famed J. P. Morgan partner, rose. There was something to be done, he said. The Knabe-Ampico Piano Co. had given a piano to be auctioned off. Who would beat the gavel? "Oh, there you are!" said Mr. Morrow, spying Joseph P. Day, famed amateur auctioneer. Up got Mr. Day.

"Two thousand," said he. "Who'll give me two thousand?"

"Two thousand," yelled a voice.

"Piker!" said Mr. Day. "Come higher!"

"Three thousand," yelled a voice.

"Who's going to bid for this piano?" asked Mr. Day.

Doctors, lawyers, merchant chiefs—they were going to bid for the piano. Cunningly, Mr. Day conducted an orchestra of instruments subtler than those of Mr. Damrosch's. Up and up went the bidders. At last only three were left: William C. Potter, President of the Guaranty Trust Co.; Charles E. Mitchell, President of the National City Bank; Thomas Cochran, of J. P. Morgan & Co.

"Twenty-one thousand nine hundred dollars," said Mr. Mitchell.

"Who'll give me twenty-two?" asked Mr. Day.

"I," said Mr. Cochran.

"Sold!" said Mr. Day.

Thus hearty Mr. Cochran, generous with dollars, jokes, and rich in both, came to own the piano. Immediately he presented it to the Association. Then the 18 artists played *We Won't Go Home Till Morning*. They improvised chopsticks; the tune was recorded on a player-piano rôle, auctioned by Mr. Damrosch to Cornelius N. Bliss for \$2,000.

Grand Conclave

There is probably no event of greater general scientific importance and interest than the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. It is held every year between Christmas and New Year's Day, so that scientists may be able to attend in full force. At other times, university duties might detain some or activities in far lands might keep them away.

Mathematicians, physicists, opticians, chemists, electro-chemists, astronomers, geologists, geographers, seismologists, zoologists, eugenicists, mammalogists, botanists, phytopathologists, plant physiologists, ecologists, geneticists, pharmacologists, historians, philologists, paleontologists, microscopists, anthropologists, physiologists, psychologists, mechanical engineers, electrical engineers, mining and metallurgical engineers, civil engineers, illuminating engineers, ceramicists, medics, anatomists, bacteriologists, agronomists, foresters, horticulturalists, educators, political scientists and simple naturalists—all assembled last week in Washington to hear and to tell (in accordance with their discoveries, observations, deductions) the truth.

Secretary of State Hughes opened the meeting with an address on *International Cooperation*. Later, the members went to the White House to be addressed by the President. But the main business was the meeting of the several sections, devoted to their respective subjects, before which papers were read. The succeeding paragraphs give a brief résumé of the substance of some of the more important subjects treated—followed by the name of the man who contributed the paper:

Anemia. Preparations of spleen and bone marrow combined have been used to increase the number of red blood corpuscles in rabbits, dogs, human beings. The treatment was used successfully in cases of secondary anemia, but had no value against pernicious anemia.—*Dr. Chauncey D. Leake*, University of Wisconsin.

Sir Esmé. The U. S. has the "geographical merit" of being 3,000 miles away from Europe's troubles; but England, close at hand, must return to the balance of power doctrine or adhere to a league for peace.—*Sir Esmé Howard*, British Ambassador to the U. S.

Left-Handers. There is a larger proportion of left-handed men than women. Investigations seemed to indicate that high intelligence is associated with a high degree of laterality or at least with stability (that

is, not with ambidexterity).—*June E. Hoagney*, American Psychological Association.

Potato Sap. By extracting a small amount of sap from a healthy potato plant and injecting it into a tobacco plant, the latter was found to become diseased. This disease from this plant could be transmitted to an unlimited number of other plants, showing that it was not merely a case of poisoning.—*Dr. James Johnson*, University of Wisconsin.

Improved Copper. Copper bars, seven-eighths of an inch thick, and six inches long, so soft that they can be bent double like a stick of molasses candy, but so strong that they can hardly be straightened with the strength of one's hands, were exhibited. Each is a single crystal of copper, produced by an improved process.—*Dr. Wheeler P. Davey*, General Electric Co.

New Vitamin. Experiments with the diet of white rats disclosed that on a certain diet they will thrive but will not produce young or, if they have young, will not have sufficient milk to feed them, will become nervous, irritable, cross with the young and even eat them. Olive, peanut, soy bean and peach kernel-oil were found to restore and promote fertility but failed to produce lactation (that is, milk for the young). The seeds of wheat, corn, hemp produced fertility and lactation. From these facts are inferred the existence of a new vitamin, called Vitamin E or Vitamin X.—*Dr. Barnett Sure*, University of Arkansas.

Radical Students. Psychological tests applied to students at Columbia, Dartmouth and Yale showed that the former were the most radical, the last the most conservative; also that radicals, compared with conservatives of equal intelligence and family environment, were quicker in reasoning powers and better able to shake off habits.—*Dr. H. T. Moore*, Dartmouth College.

Deaf. A device to be held in a speaker's hand and attached to the hand of a totally deaf person, which transmits the vital vibrations in the speaker's body to the deaf person, was described. A limited success with the instrument has been achieved.—*Dr. Robert H. Gault*, Northwestern University.

Mars. Studies of the surface temperatures of Mars as indicated by its radiation showed that, in winter, its North Pole has a temperature of -94° Fahrenheit; in summer, its South Pole has -76° . In equatorial regions, the temperature varies from 40° to 60° , but the range of temperature between day and night may be as great as 180° . The conclusion is that, if life exists,

it is confined to mosses and lichens among the plants and troglodytic animals.—*Dr. William W. Coblenz, U. S. Bureau of Standards.*

Chlorine. No evidence has been produced from clinical researches that the chlorine-gas treatment for diseases of the respiratory system has any curative effect. The doses which can be taken without danger are exceedingly weak. Scientists hope to find a better gas for the purpose.—*Major H. J. Nichols, Army Medical School.*

Bryan. "I am not simply a scientist and a teacher but also a Christian. . . . It is precisely because I am a follower of Christ that I most resent the attitude of Mr. Bryan. . . . Evolution is the universal belief of science today. . . . Many omissions of relevant evidence and some apparent misrepresentations of the evolution theory and its supporters may well be due to Mr. Bryan's unfamiliarity with the facts in the case. A lawyer who does not know law or a doctor who has not studied medicine is a quack and subject to legal control; even a high school teacher must be duly certificated. Is there not at least a moral obligation that a man professing authoritative leadership on evolution should first familiarize himself with the subject?"—*Dr. Edward L. Rice, Ohio Wesleyan University (Methodist).*

Intarvin, an artificial fat, has been fed to diabetic patients without the ill results attendant upon eating ordinary fats, allowing them to gain in weight and strength. It supplements and sometimes hastens the curative action of insulin. It is harmless even if taken continuously in quantity.—*Dr. Max Kahn (the inventor), Dr. William J. Gies, Columbia University; Dr. Hattie L. Heft.*

Heart disease affects 2% of the population, including many of children less than six years old. It causes 127% of the deaths recorded by one life insurance company. The public should be better informed of the effect on the heart of rheumatism, tonsillitis, syphilis and other contagious diseases.—*Robert H. Halsey, M.D., Manhattan.*

Sol. After two years in which the sun gave off less heat than usual, it has now returned to normal. It is hoped to be able to learn the periods of fluctuations in the sun's heat in order to make "long distance" weather predictions. Attempts of that nature are already going forward in Chile.—*Dr. Charles Greeley Abbot, Smithsonian Institution.*

Hiccoughing epidemics are traceable to streptococci. These germs are found in the throats of affected patients. In a recent epidemic, several cases were studied in which the subjects hiccoughed from two to eight days.—*Dr. Edward C. Rosenow, The Mayo Foundation.*

Blood Pressure. Exposure of dogs to bright sunlight results in lowering their blood pressure. The same

result is sometimes observed in men.—*Dr. C. I. Reed, University of Chicago.*

Chimpanzees are intellectually closer to man than has been believed. Two young specimens confronted by problems apparently stopped to reflect, and a solution apparently came to them.—*Dr. Robert M. Yerkes, Yale University.*

Total blindness is decreasing in the U. S.; 5% is inheritable and can be lessened by satisfactory marriage laws; 13½% is due to industrial accidents and is being reduced. Of defects for which glasses are worn, myopia (nearsightedness) constitutes 16%.—*Michael P. Ball, M. D., Warren, Pa.*

Earthworms, although proverbially blind, are sensitive to light all over their bodies, according to experiments made with a small beam of intense light.—*Dr. Walter N. Hess, Johns Hopkins University.*

Plant Sprays. Copper hydroxide used as a spray is 15 times more effective as a fungicide than Bordeaux mixture commonly used on plants, and moreover leaves no stain. It may be the active ingredient of Bordeaux mixture.—*Dr. Henry D. Hooker, University of Missouri.*

Spanish moss, which grows in long gray festoons on Southern trees, has no roots and subsists entirely on what it gets from the air. Yet its ashes contain large amounts of sodium, iron, silicon, sulphur, chlorine. Whence these elements? Chlorine, sodium, sulphur may be carried high in the air by ocean spray, and come down in rain. The presence of the iron and silicon is a puzzle.—*Dr. Edgar T. Wherry, Dr. Ruth Buchanan, U. S. Department of Agriculture.*

Hookworm disease in China among silk workers and rice farmers comes from going barefooted under mulberry trees in the fields where the ground is infected. When the coolies learn to wear shoes, it will be eliminated.—*Dr. W. W. Cort, Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene.*

Rats in Maze. If hungry rats and well-fed rats are put into a maze with food at the farther side, the hungry rats get through first, proving again that necessity is the mother of invention.—*Dr. Arthur H. Smith; Dr. John F. Anderson, Rutgers College.*

Intelligence Metre. A machine to give intelligence tests, which holds up a printed question until a key is pressed giving an answer, was described. It records the number of correct answers or, in cases where there are several possible answers, the number of answers made before the right one is given.—*Dr. S. L. Pressey, Ohio State University.*

Artificial ulcers in the intestinal tracts of dogs were produced when the secretions of the stomach were allowed to flow without first being mixed with the juices of the liver, pancreas and duodenum. The ulcers can be cured if

the gastric juice is prevented from passing over them. The experiments proved that, if gastric juice is not neutralized, it attacks the tissues at the base of the stomach.—*Dr. F. C. Mann, Mayo Foundation.*

X-rays, which pass through most solids, can be refracted. Photographs were taken of the rays spread out in fans passing through crystals.—*Prof. Manne Siegbom, Upsala, Sweden.*

Blood Thickness. On the principle that a stone falls more rapidly than a feather (through a medium) because of its greater density, a quick means of testing the thickness of blood was devised by timing its rate of descent through water. In this way, it was found that the blood may be diluted 10% in five minutes (by secretions of salt water from glands) if a person passes from a cold to a warm room. The additional liquid is provided by nature so that the blood may not become too thick through the loss of water by perspiration.—*H. G. Barbour, W. F. Hamilton, M. H. Dawson, I. Newirth, University of Louisville.*

Supreme Court. A paper on *Constitution vs. Constitutional Theory* contained the following remarks: "In interpreting the commerce clause (of the Constitution) the Supreme Court has shown itself ready to permit the National Government to make vast inroads upon what have been thought to have been the reserved powers of the states, so long as its object is the promotion of prosperity.

"On the other hand, as the recent child labor cases show, once the National Government, operating on the same clause, undertakes a program of humanitarian legislation, then the reserved rights of the states become a very grave consideration indeed.

"Indeed, the objector may speak more bluntly and declare that the judges are simply partisans of certain economic interests and that their use of the jargon of precedent and theory is so much camouflage in the shadow of which matters of choice take on the delusive appearance of inevitability. No student would care to deny the force of these views."

Thus, with bold words, Professor Edward S. Corwin spoke his mind impugning the highest court of the country. He sits where Woodrow Wilson sat, in the chair of Government and Politics at Princeton.

Insulin. A new means of administering insulin (diabetes cure), through the mouth instead of hypodermically has been evolved. Tablets with a coating that does not dissolve until it enters the intestines preserve the insulin from destruction by the juices of the stomach.—*Dr. John R. Murlin, University of Rochester.*

New Antiseptic. Research in the Brady Urological Institute of Johns Hopkins University conducted since 1917 has resulted in the development



IN this new Cadillac Coach (priced the same as open cars) literally thousands of buyers will recognize the opportunity they have been awaiting and anticipating.

Here is a wonderfully balanced, five passenger Coach with Body by Fisher, finished in Cadillac-Duco in a new and attractive color, upholstered in taupe mohair plush, and fitted with dome light, window curtains, and foot rest—a beautiful, roomy, comfortable car.

Mounted on the standard V-63 Cadillac chassis, it assures to its owners standards of quiet, vibrationless performance, dependability and long economical service which they know are exclusively Cadillac.

At its appealing price this Coach, in addition to the Custom-Built and Standard V-63 lines, establishes more clearly than ever Cadillac's ability to combine highest quality with highest value in eight-cylinder manufacture.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH., *Division of General Motors Corporation*

CADILLAC COACH



of a new antiseptic, "mercurochrome." Administered intravenously or otherwise, it was found to produce no ill effects on the body, but has an antiseptic effect against the germs of a great many diseases. It has been tested against 255 diseases. In many of them, the number of cases treated was so small that it has been impossible to draw conclusions. In cases of infection due to streptococcus viridans, and in cases of pyelonephritis failures have been recorded. There have been marked successes, however, in the use of mercurochrome against pneumonia in children, against septicemia, streptococcus hemolyticus and pyogenes, staphylococcus and against many other general and local infections. When the uses of mercurochrome are thoroughly determined, the result may be the "greatest conquest of disease in the history of medicine." — *Dr. Hugh H. Young, Johns Hopkins University.*

Uniform Months. The section of the Association devoted to economic and political science unanimously adopted a resolution urging that months of uniform length would be advantageous from the point of view of salaries, rent, statistics, interest and other matters.

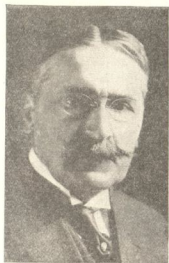
Easter. The Roman Catholic, Greek, English and some other churches have joined in the movement to reform the calendar insofar as fixing a specific date for Easter is concerned. (Easter is now fixed in relation to the phases of the moon. This arrangement was made at the Council of Nicea in 325 A. D. in order to give persons making Easter pilgrimages a waxing moon on their journey and a waning moon on their trip back home). — *M. B. Cotsworth, Director of the International Fixed Calendar League.*

Sex of Plants. Certain plants can be made to change from male to female or the reverse by altering conditions of soil, moisture, light. The inference is that sex is dependent on environment. — *Prof. John H. Shaffner, Ohio State University.*

More Sex. Experiments on fruit, flies and bees show that sex is determined by the arrangement of chromosomes in the cells derived from parents. The inference is that sex is hereditary. — *Dr. Calvin B. Bridges, Columbia University.*

More. Experiments conducted on plant lice and similar animals tend to show that sex is neither entirely hereditary nor environmental, but is determined by the effect of bodily activity. — *Dr. A. Franklin Skull, University of Michigan.*

Prof. Pupin. Professor Michael Idvorsky Pupin, of Columbia University, was elected President of the As-



PRESIDENT PUPIN
He worked his way

sociation for 1925. He was born at Idvor, in Banat, Hungary, in 1858. He came to the U. S. 50 years ago, worked his way through Columbia and joined the electrical engineering faculty there. He became an inventor and devised many useful and highly technical electrical inventions. He is now Professor of Electro-Mechanics.

Plastic surgery (restoration of mutilated features) was practiced in Italy as early as 1456. Noses, lips, ears were repaired. Hospitals of the 14th and 15th Centuries were scrupulously clean; bed linen was changed often; stoves were wheeled to the bedsides of patients in winter. Anatomy was studied by dissection, leprosy almost disappeared, other diseases were isolated. — *Prof. Lynn Thorndike, Columbia University.*

Skull surgery (trepanning) was successfully practiced by prehistoric people in Michigan according to the evidence of skulls found there. — *Prof. E. F. Greenman, University of Michigan.*

Crickets. Study of crickets and grasshoppers indicates that their chirping is not used as a means of attracting mates; the females do not respond. If insects use sound as a means of communication, such sounds are probably above the range which can be detected by the human ear. — *Dr. Frank E. Lutz, American Museum of Natural History.*

Rickets, a deficiency disease, is supposed to be produced by the lack of a certain vitamin. Milk and cod-liver oil are cures for this disease. But it can also be cured by exposing patients to

ultra-violet rays. Now it has been found that, by exposing various vegetable oils, ordinarily not curative of rickets, to ultra-violet rays, they become just as potent against the disease as cod-liver oil and milk. — *Alfred F. Hess, M.D., and Mildred Weinstock, Manhattan.*

Quetzalcoate, the Plumed Serpent, god of the Mexican Indians, was not a god at all, but a real emperor who lived and ruled in A. D. 1191. He was famed as a great conqueror, as the inventor of pulque (an intoxicating drink), for his justice, for his sanity. In later times, legend turned him into a god. This was discovered from the reading of 12th Century Maya hieroglyphics in Yucatan. — *Dr. Herbert J. Spinden, Peabody Museum, Harvard.*

Mount Diablo in California, about 1,000,000 years ago, moved 20 miles. It is composed of rock which is much older than the rock on which it rests. During a crustal disturbance in that region, a body of this older rock was shoved across the newer rock. — *Dr. Bruce Clark, University of California.*

Tornadoes. During eight years ending with 1923, there were 752 tornadoes in the U. S., causing the loss of 1,929 lives. The greatest number of tornadoes in one state (26) occurred in Arkansas. — *D. H. C. Hunter.*

Imbecile dwarfs are occasionally born to Caucasian parents. These dwarfs have strong resemblances to the Mongolian racial type—broad flat face, small, involuted ear, small nose, big toe resembling a thumb. All white babies go through this stage before birth but few retain these prenatal characteristics. — *Dr. Charles B. Davenport, Director Experimental Evolution Station, Carnegie Institution.*

Freak Fish. By turning ultra-violet rays upon the eggs of minnows in various stages of development, it is possible to produce fish with one to four eyes, two heads, two tails. — *Dr. Marie Heinrichs, Chicago.*

Work-Study-Play. There are 24,000,000 school children in the U. S. and about 400,000 more appear every year. In order to cope with congestion problems, the "work-study-play" plan has been tried in 67 cities. It increases the capacity of existing buildings from 33% to 40%. — *Frank M. Phillips, U. S. Bureau of Education.*

Boll Weevils. Tests have been conducted with boll weevils and other insects to determine what smells they like best. An experiment is now under way using an extract from unripe cotton bolls to lure boll weevils to poison. — *Dr. N. E. McCluskey, U. S. Department of Agriculture.*

The human heart continues to increase in size up to the age of 80. The kidneys become smaller after 50. — *Dr. R. Bennett Bean, University of Virginia.*



What does your banker think of the motor car?

THESE are extracts from the letters of three bankers writing from different parts of the country:

1. "***During the past few years there have been opened many suburban extensions, beyond reach of the existing car lines. The purchase and improvement of these sections would not have been possible without the automobile. And the saving in the cost of a lot is, in a great many instances, sufficient to pay for an automobile.****"

2. "****Our city, which has always

grown in advance of street railway facilities, is now about half covered by electric lines. The rest depends entirely upon motor transportation.****"

3. "****The advent of better roads will mean that the motor truck will be as necessary to a farm as a plow, as indeed is already the case on the well-conducted farm. Our observation is that good roads mean more automobiles, which bring about more prosperity and insure a happier and healthier life to residents of farm and town alike.****"

*A booklet will be mailed you, if a request is directed to the
Department of Publicity, General Motors Corporation, New York.*

GENERAL MOTORS

BUICK • CADILLAC • CHEVROLET • OAKLAND • OLDSMOBILE • GMC TRUCKS

Delco and Remy Electrical Equipment • Harrison Radiators • New Departure Ball Bearings
Hyatt Roller Bearings • Jaxon Rims • Fisher Bodies • AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers
Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differentials and Bevel Drive Gears • Lancaster Steel Products
Inland Steering Wheels • Klaxon Horns • Jaxon Steering Gears
Delco-Light Electric Plants • Frigidaire Electric Refrigerators

- United Motors Service provides authorized national service for General Motors accessories •
- General Motors Acceptance Corporation finances distribution of General Motors products •
- General Exchange Corporation furnishes insurance service for General Motors dealers and purchasers •

EDUCATION

Chenophobes

It is a comparatively simple affair to bring a child into the world. It is another matter to bring up a child once you have him. Civilized society is more or less agreed that here Nature needs much assistance, much understanding. Child-education is as prolific a subject as any other dear to the heart of man for public theorizing, wise and otherwise.

Last week, one Mrs. Winifred Sackville Stoner, Jr.* permitted herself to be interviewed by newspaper reporters about a book she was just completing to set forth the "unquestionably" evil influence exerted by popular nursery jingles upon infant minds. Mother Goose† herself was the object of Mrs. Stoner's determined attack and the reporters were told, in no uncertain tones, that:

Simple Simon, meeting a pisan and making a request the economic premise of which was visibly fallacious, "glorifies stupidity."

Little Jack Horner, sitting in his corner and eating with his fingers, inculcates bad table-manners.

The spider in *Little Miss Muffitt* and the lupine ancestress in *Little Red Riding Hood* breed fear-complexes.

The exciting verse—

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,

Jack jump over the candlestick—

"puts ideas into children's heads . . . they might kill themselves, or at least do themselves bodily injury."

The tragic verse—

Tom, Tom, the Piper's son

Stole a pig and away he run.

The pig was eat and Tom was beat

And Tom went howling down the street—

is obviously "bad grammar, bad morals."

"I chiefly object," said earnest Mrs. Stoner, "to teaching children such non-

sense because it misrepresents life. . . . It is not only criminal to do so but it helps to make criminals of children." Then, to show that she was not merely a destructive critic, Mrs. Stoner recited one of the numerous "jingle facts" that



MOTHER GOOSE
"She was indeed a goose"

she has written in the hope of ousting Mother Goose:

Every perfect person owns

Just two hundred and six bones.

Also:

In 1732

George Washington first said boo-hoo!

A day or two after the Stoner interview appeared, one Kitty Cheatham* purchased four full columns of advertising space in another newspaper. Kitty Cheatham was bound that Mrs. Stoner should not enjoy exclusive credit for the great Mother Goose exposé. Kitty Cheatham wrote in her large advertisement:

"Perhaps Mrs. Stoner does not know that this idea . . . is not new, but has been radically advanced, logically analyzed and fearlessly uprooted in an illuminating children's book entitled *Greetings and a Message to the Dear Children*, by Augusta E. Stetson, C.S.D. (Doctor of Christian Science). . . . In this lovely book, the author . . . enables a child to think intelligently, in response to the law of God, or Spirit.

"During her 22 years of close association with children in the Sunday School of her church, First Church of

*Catharine Smiley Cheatham, of Manhattan, is an interpretative singer a Christian Scientist.

Christ Scientist, New York City, Mrs. Stetson devoted her tireless efforts. . . . But to return to Mother Goose . . . let me quote the following from Mrs. Stetson's book:

"When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall"—no wonder that it [a baby] awoke in the night and cried. . . . Nursery mother might have thought baby had a stomach ache and given it peppermint tea, but we know that it was fear that awakened baby, and only love destroys fear. . . . What a stretch of the imagination—asking a child to believe that a heavy mooley cow could jump over the moon! Think of a kitty playing a fiddle and then try to convince the child that a dish could run away with a spoon. . . . Thus the children's sweet faith was lessened and they were made to doubt and distrust. . . . Mother Goose was indeed a goose. . . .

. . . Did you ever awake early some morning, while it was yet dark, and hear the milkman rattle the bottles as he left the nice milk for your breakfast,—and as you snuggled in your warm little bed did you send out to the milkman a loving thought, a grateful thought, and ask God to keep him happy and warm?

Kitty Cheatham went on quoting from Mrs. Stetson's "tender and logical" book, showed how Mrs. Stoner had illustrated her points with parables from the Old Testament, and urged in place of

Now I lay me down to sleep;

I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

If I should die before I wake

I pray the Lord my soul to take

Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy's fearless Christian Science prayer:

Father—Mother God, loving me—

Guard me when I sleep;

Guide my little feet up to Thee.

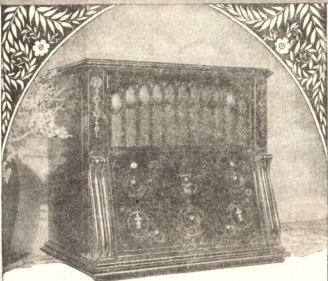
Then Kitty Cheatham confided that she, herself, had a revised Mother Goose, "whose happy secrets I will tell later."

Before her as she wrote her advertisement came "the earnest faces of the 14,000 students of the University of Berlin, representing 17 nationalities, before whom I was invited to sing and speak by the official heads of the University (I being the only American artist who had been thus invited)." And she wound up: "Never have I been so imbued with the desire to bring joy, to elevate the children through my art, my pen and my deep religious convictions; and I am more earnest, interested and active than ever since I know that thought is force and governs all and I shall inculcate this in my recitals (which I am about to resume). . . ."

Misfits

"Many a promising teacher is given a permanent appointment on what seem adequate grounds of promise, and yet ceases by the time he reaches middle life to row his weight in the boat. Is the institution to waste its funds and are the students to be defrauded of their due for 20 years to ensure a livelihood to a man or woman

RADIOLA X



THE "distance fan" is now a listener! The thrill of radio is no longer in getting fifty stations in a night, for radio has conquered distance, and turns now to music.

Music from far stations—music from near stations—*clear and true!* No longer will horn sounds, noises, thinned and flattened tones pass for music because they come from far away. In the Radiola X, each thread of sound reaches your room as it was played or sung—in full richness. Speech is clear, voices are *real*.

The engineers have kept pace with the broadcasters—have improved reception to meet an ever-widening world of fun. With the simplicity, the beauty, and the *tone quality* of Radiola X, the home becomes a fascinating corner in a world of new interests and new pleasures—for everybody.

"There's a Radiola for every purse"

Radio Corporation of America

Sales Offices: Suite No. 691

233 Broadway, New York

10 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

28 Geary St., San Francisco, Cal.

Radiola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

RADIOLA X

—the famous Regenoflex circuit, in a rich mahogany finished cabinet, with a built-in loudspeaker, and space for the batteries. With 4 Radiotrons WD-11. Complete except batteries and antenna \$245



RADIOLA REGENOFLEX

—sensitive, clear-toned, non-radiating. With 4 Radiotrons WD-11 and Radiola Loudspeaker. Space inside for the batteries. Entirely complete except batteries and antenna \$191

Uses only dry batteries.



This symbol of quality is your protection

4 out of 5

Dental statistics show that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are victims of dreaded Pyorrhea. Will you escape?



Protect your gums and save your teeth

Just as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do the teeth under the gum-line. If the gums shrink, serious dangers result.

The teeth are loosened. They are exposed to tooth-base decay. The gums themselves become tender and bleed easily. They form sacs which become the doorways of organic disease for the whole system. They often disfigure the mouth as they recede.

If used in time and used consistently, Forhan's will prevent or check Pyorrhea's progress. Forhan's is safe, efficient and pleasant-tasting. It preserves gum health and corrects tender gum spots, hardens gum tissues so they will offer proper support to the teeth, and keeps your mouth fresh and healthy.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea



who has proved incompetent or becomes intellectually stagnant?"

It was not an undergraduate journalist fulminating on a newly-discovered injustice. It was not even a self-righteous young instructor writing to a pinko-political weekly about his just deserts. It was Dr. William Allan Neilson, President of Smith College. Dr. Neilson is also President of the Modern Language Association of America; he was addressing his fellow-scholars in that body where they sat convened in Manhattan. He was discussing a feature of a report lately published by the American Association of University Professors, against whom he said he "bore a grudge" for their unwillingness to share the burden of faculty dismissals.

"Everyone knows," said President Neilson, "that the level of accomplishment of our institutions is kept down more by the number of misfits than by any other one cause, with the possible exception of the scarcity of good teachers. . . . I realize the force of the plea that a board of trustees should pay for their own mistakes, but is it they who pay? . . . I am inclined to think that early retirement on a pension would in many cases be better economy. . . . But this is a rare practice and needs nerve on the part of an administrator."

Trustees, undergraduates applauded, thinking the while: "But what if we had said that?"

Duke and Deity

The trustees of Trinity College were not, as it seemed to many, faced with the question of whether or not to "substitute the name of Duke" for that of Deity." On the contrary, the terms of the proposed agreement left them free to put Duke above Deity and retain the two.

This they did, at a meeting held last week. They resolved that to the list of Trinity Colleges—Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, London, Dublin, Toronto Universities—there now be added Trinity College, Duke University. Mr. Duke, who is on the Trinity board, did not vote for the resolution, but all the rest did, including six absentees, who sent proxies.

At a meeting held in October, the Trinity trustees had approved a plan for "the expansion of this historic college," as outlined by President Few, on condition that funds be found. Last week, with undreamed of funds already in their midst, they found their condition met. For months Durham real estate agencies have been active buying up lands adjacent to the present campus. There will arise a medical

*Last month, James Buchanan Duke, North Carolina tobacco man, established a 40-million-dollar trust fund (TIME, Dec. 15). He told Trinity College (Durham, N. C.) that if it would become Duke University, it might have the money. Otherwise, there would be a new university in the land.

school, a large college for women, a law college, a school of engineering, a school for teachers, and the customary football stadium "with a seating capacity of approximately 30,000."

In Russia

Illiteracy, like all evils, is sometimes blessing. So thinks the Russian Ministry of Education, at all events. Of late, the Ministry took the Russian alphabet in hand, examined it for superfluous members, pruned here, excised there, threw five letters out bodily, polished a new, curtailed alphabet which shortens the written Russian language by one-twelfth and makes its spelling "twice as logical." It was pointed out that had not illiteracy flourished in Russia, the Ministry would have encountered the same difficulty faced by the late Theodore Roosevelt and other advocates of simplified spelling in the U. S.—namely, that of making a whole people unlearn the teachings of its childhood.

Last week's issue of *Science* (news pamphlet for scientists) contained comment by Dr. John P. Harrington, ethnologist of the Smithsonian Institution (Washington, D. C.). Said he: "The changes should effect a saving of about four years out of the education of every Russian child and they reduce the cost of printing in Russia by something like 15 million dollars a year."

For instance, the Russians were using two kinds of 'e.' One word might require the variety of 'e' known as 'ye,' and another would call for the 'e' known as 'yat.' . . .

"The question was raised in the Ministry of Education of introducing the Roman alphabet, which is the one we use in writing English, instead of the modified Greek character in which Russian has always been written. Psychologists claim that the Roman small letters, with their projections above and below the line, present a contour more readily grasped by the eye than the solid blocks of Russian lower case characters. Thus МАТЬ which

in the Russian word for 'boy,' in Russian type is a rectangle, while 'boy' in Roman type has projecting signals. The advocates of retaining and 'civilizing' the Russian alphabet prevailed."

RELIGION

Two Contrasts

Religion and Science, often at war, are brought together at two points in the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. William J. Bryan was accused of being a poor Christian because he is no scientist. The agreement of several churches to join a movement for calendar reform by fixing a uniform date for Easter was announced. (See SCIENCE.)



Why not a Trip to France instead of a summer cottage?

Aren't you a bit tired of your cottage at the beach—the chatter from the same old crowd? Your camp in the mountains?

Why not rent both places and go to France this summer? Spend a week or so in Paris, international capital of all gaiety. Shop in the Rue de la Paix. Dine outdoors at the chic restaurants in the Bois. Enjoy the plays, the races, the opera.

Take a motor trip through the high and lovely mountains of Dauphiny, where the little villages cling to the roof of the world, and the bells of the monasteries chime down the slopes, and the peasant children greet you with shy smiles and bunches of sweet lavender . . .

Go to Mont St. Michel for the thrill superb, and see that shining wonder above the long pale sands. Take tea at Falicon, high over the green valley behind Nice. Think of Duguesclin stalking the midnight streets of Rennes—and little Jeanne D'Arc meeting her king at Chinon.

Add this experience to the pleasure of your Atlantic crossing. Walk into France at the French Line gangplank in New York . . . at Havre, the port of Paris, just another gangplank . . . then the boat train—and in three hours you're in Paris. Easiest and by far the most enjoyable way to make such a trip . . .

French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique
19 State Street, New York



Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities
of Europe and the United States

THE PRESS

What Difference?

Mr. Bruce Barton used to edit magazines—*The Home Herald*, *The Housekeeper*, *Every Week*; he was at one time sales manager of a magazine—*Collier's*. He constantly writes articles



© Keystone

BRUCE BARTON

He reads few newspapers.

for magazines—*The American*, *Collier's*, *The Woman's Home Companion* (*TIME*, Dec. 1); constantly writes advertising copy for magazines—the magazines patronized by Barton, Durrstine & Osborn, a distinguished Manhattan advertising agency of which Mr. Barton is President.

Despite the fact that Mr. Barton is so friendly disposed toward magazines, he has no very high opinion of newspapers.

Last week, *Collier's* published an article at the hand of Mr. Barton: *What Difference Does It Make?* Mr. Barton declared that he had "almost quit reading newspapers" and in so doing had added 30 minutes a day to a life which he appears to relish keenly. At one time, he had felt it incumbent upon him, as a well-informed man, to consume one entire newspaper both morning and evening—glutting up all the stories about box victims, drink-mad stabbers, love-cult brides, modern Bluebeards, poisoned toadstools and incendiary spinsters together with more important social and political items. Then a flurry of circumstances had caused him to cease buying newspapers; he had found he got on comfortably without them and his answer to his own question was implied: Not a particle of difference. "Isn't it possible that most of us overdo the newspaper habit?" And Agent Barton adduced the example of President Roosevelt,

who freed his mind of "all the pull and tug of the non-essential" by having his secretaries clip and paste up the essence of each day's news.

Herbert Bayard Swope, dynamic Executive Editor of *The New York World*, is obviously a man to take exception to such talk. When the editors of *Collier's* showed him *What Difference Does It Make?*, Editor Swope shouted for a stenographer and dictated *It Makes a Lot of Difference*. "Perhaps if my friend Bruce Barton were a more consistent reader of newspapers, he would not have committed himself to so many fallacies as he does in this article. Because one item in his paper was unimportant, he argues that all items are unimportant . . . Not so long ago some shots were fired at royalty in an insignificant village near the Serbian border. The Bartonized man would have asked 'What difference does it make?' He had—and has—his answer . . . Make a mistake some day [in a newspaper] and see what happens . . . Knowledge is fed from four main springs:

- (1) What we are told—the traditional.
- (2) What we are taught in school and what we read in books—the academic.
- (3) What we do—the empiric.
- (4) What we read in the press—the journalistic."

Finally to annihilate Mr. Barton in this friendly argument, Editor Swope closed with the adduction of Thomas Jefferson's remark that, if it were left to him to decide "whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I would not hesitate for a moment to prefer the latter."

"Your Publisher"

Youthful Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr., able, active scion of an able, active line, whilom Hearstling, who in 1923 branched out from running the national news service that bears his name to endeavoring to establish a chain of newspapers in the U. S. (beginning with two gum-chewers' sheetlets in California [*TIME*, Aug. 20, 1923]), last week made a loud announcement.

Said he: "*The Illustrated Daily News* of Los Angeles and *The Illustrated Daily Herald* of San Francisco lead in daily circulations in the Far West."

"On Jan. 12, 1925, another Vanderbilt tabloid will make its appearance, this time in Miami, Florida. . ."

The pursuant description made it clear that the new paper, the name of which was not vouchsafed, would be much like its Vanderbiltian predecessors. These, in their day, were modeled after the famed gum-chewers'

sheetlets* of Manhattan. Compactly laid out, swathed in photographs, crowded with headlines, cluttered with "features", tabloid newspapers compress the national and international news of the day with the local and incidental, expanding the latter into longer stories whenever it possesses sufficiently sensational details. The Vanderbilt papers, however, do not exploit crime and scandal as do their Manhattan prototypes. Their two most visible bents are educational (stories of science and invention, popularly told, and local school notes) and domestic stories (of family life, "happy reunion" pictures, brides and grooms, etc.).

Miami readers will also have spread before them "signed editorials," of which the following (from the *Illustrated Daily News*) is a fair example:

"Providence, R. I., Dec. 29.—(C-V) Service, Inc.)—Winter, cold, cold winter in New England. What could be more unpleasant? We scarcely know. . ."

"Long Island, its bleak, brown countryside frozen stiff and hard by the hoary winds of December, never looked more woebegone and distant that it did today. . . An old manor house, the property of one of the first governor



EDITOR SWOPE

He shouted for a stenographer

of New York state, situated on the top of a little knoll at Plandome, is the residence of a half-brother of our wife Martin Littleton, the well-known criminal attorney. . ."

"The East, the younger East, enjoy winter. . . The older East detests it. It longs for Florida and California. And no wonder! What have they here to live for? . . ."

(Signed) "CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.,
"Editor and Publisher."

Or this (from *The Illustrated Daily Herald*):

**The Daily News* (Chicago Tribune owned) and *The Daily Mirror* (popularly supposed to be "backed by Hearst").



May we send you this famous Book for Bird-Lovers?

Written by a world foremost authority, Neltje Blanchan. Profusely illustrated with beautiful full-page plates in natural colors. A book that adds new enjoyment to the out-of-doors.

BE you on intimate terms of friendship with the feathered folk whose cheery songs and flashing colors lend one of the charms to the out-of-doors? Do you have the absorbing interest of bird-study? Have you ever spent happy days rambling through forest and field exploring the wonders of bird life and alert for the discovery of new rare species?

The countryside becomes a new world to you when you know the birds and their ways. You will join the army of nature-lovers, to whom bird study is at once an enjoyable recreation and a fascinating hobby. You will understand why such famous people as Theodore Roosevelt, John Burroughs, Henry Ford, Gene Stratton Porter, and others, with great wealth at their command, have found their happiest hours in the simple pleasures of nature-study. There is no more wholesome interest for children, or a more companionable tie between parent and child.

How to Know the Birds

the whole fascinating world of bird life is brought to you in Neltje Blanchan's famous "Bird Book." In simple, non-technical language

the different varieties of birds are described so that you may readily identify them, and a wonderfully interesting account is given of the peculiar characteristics and habits of each. It is a book that will hold you fascinated, for, as you read, you will find that each feathered friend has its own interesting personality and you will learn of marvels of bird life that you perhaps never suspected. You will be amazed at the wonderful way in which the world of the birds is organized—how each species has its own particular duties to perform in Nature's housekeeping, duties as distinct as a cook's from a chambermaid's.

A Fascinating World by Itself

Some birds have the task of keeping the air free from destructive insects—others take care of the foliage—others of the bark of trees—still others are assigned to housekeeping on the ground. Then there are birds that work in partnership with certain plants in the distribution of seed.

These and a thousand and one other curious phenomena of bird life are explained in this enthralling book—257 pages of fascinating information, illustrated with superb color plates

that show you the birds in their natural colors and their natural environment. There is also a color key for the ready identification of any bird you may see.

Sent to You for a Week's Examination

Thousands of men, women and children have been introduced to a new understanding of bird-life by this famous book. Now a special offer is made so that you, too, may see how much it will add to your enjoyment of the out-of-doors. If you are already a bird-lover, you will find it the authoritative, conveniently arranged book of reference you have always wanted. Or if you have as yet only a casual acquaintance with the birds, you will find it the key to a new world of absorbing interest. This special offer brings you the "Bird Book" to keep and examine for a full week before you decide whether you want to keep it. You need mail only the coupon now. When the book arrives, deposit the special low price of only \$1.95 plus the few cents postage, with the postman, with the understanding that your money will be refunded in full, without question, if you choose to return the book. You take absolutely no risk if accepting this liberal invitation, so mail the coupon now. Address—

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Stocks in 1925

THE stock market action since election has been almost unprecedented. Has the foot finally been reached? Will 1925 begin with a bear market or are still higher levels ahead? The correct answer means profits—a faulty judgment may be disastrous.

Brookmire's recommended stocks last June, at almost the precise bottom of the decline. Our clients obviously have prospered. Our latest Bulletin states the Brookmire position now. It can be obtained free and should prove valuable to you in forming the right policy. Simply send the coupon.

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Please send me full particulars.

Name.....

Date of Birth.....

Address.....

"En Route to Washington, Dec. 29 (C-V Service, Inc.)—Have you, who read this column, done very much traveling? If not, and you care for it, you should hitch yourself to our self-conducted tour of the continent and we can assure you the time of your life; that is, if you have energy enough to keep up with us. For instance, since leaving California some five or six weeks ago, we have covered approximately 7,350 miles, have passed through 23 states and have stopped over in 11 major cities. We have spent 14 nights and 9 days aboard trains, 21 days in hotels, and 7 in private homes. . . . have made 26 public addresses to a total of more than 40,000 people and have been to 2 private dances. We have worked every night except while on the train until 3 a. m. and this latter was in the interest of those who have faith and trust in us and who believe in the future success of Vanderbilt Newspapers, Inc. Your publisher. . . . has consecrated his life to service. . . . He does not claim to be above the average nor perfect in any way, but he tries to serve. . . . In the past few weeks, your publisher has done some things which, it is hoped, will reflect great glory upon those who are about to be interested in this newspaper corporation—things that will be of momentous importance shortly. . . ."

(Signed) "Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.,
"Editor and Publisher."

LETTERS

Insulted

TIME,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Deliberately, with exactness, the editors of TIME make choice of their words, their phrases. Startled, therefore, was I to find in one and the same category these: "Trash readers, comic-strip fanatics, crossword puzzles, gum-chewers." (Dec. 29, "The Press," TIME, Dec. 29). I do not read trash. Comic-strips to me are senseless. I do not chew gum. But of crosswords—I do spend considerable time fitting in the interlocking words on occasion. Others, I think, may feel as I do about your classification. Crossword puzzles and indulgence therein have met no end of favor in a variety of circles. They are worthy of better bed-fellows than literary trash, comic-strips, chewing gum.

JOHN E. MAZIAN.

Newfield, Vt.,
Jan. 3, 1925.

Misled

TIME,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: On page 5 of the Dec. 29 issue of TIME, under the head of Prohibition, you tell how much the enforcement of prohibition costs the Government annually. You say nothing, however, about the moneys received as fines and from sale of seized cars which, I believe, are more than the amount expended.

I feel, that in fairness to the friends of prohibition, you should publish also the amount received in fines and from sale of seized cars as the mere statement as to expenditure without anything being said about returns is misleading, to say the least.

CARLTON J. FRAZIER.

TIME in its issue of Nov. 3 pointed out that the moneys received in fines

totalled \$12,800,000 in four years. The amount expended in this period was \$50,130,000.—Ed.

Shocked

TIME,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

At Christmas my son and two daughters received subscriptions to TIME, with the paternal admonition to study well your style and diction. In their very first copy (Dec. 29, P. 4, col. 4) you tell them, "this data was."

O TEMPEST! O grammatics!

CHAS. W. SCOWEL.

Pittsburgh, Pa.
Jan. 3, 1925.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

Current Situation

This is the time when leaders in business are called upon to prophesy in the public prints, and do so. This year they have done so in great numbers, with great unanimity. Banker, lawyer, merchant-chief—all have rehearsed the Experts' Plan, agricultural revival, easy money, et cetera, et cetera—and have declared their optimism.

This favorable sanction under which business enters the year 1925 has been accompanied by an old-fashioned bull swing in the stock market, of great persistence and power. People not only are told that they are likely to make money during the next twelve months—they are already doing it in stocks.

Annual inventories have for the time being been the main product of industry. Presently these figures will be published, along with other items on the balance-sheet; and speculators will have a chance to see if their present attitude is right or wrong.

Money is easing, after a record year-end clearance. Temporarily, easy money is anticipated, followed by rising rates, when reviving business creates a larger demand on the banks for commercial funds.

The chief international topics of interest have been: 1) how to restore sterling to its par of \$4.8665, and 2) how to keep it there. The second is much more difficult than the first.

Stockmarket

Wall Street professionals are learning the difficulty of being unable to see the forest for the trees. Hard-bitten by many years of experience in stock speculation, they believe that what goes up must come down, and have therefore been led to sell short many of the leading speculative stocks. But the market keeps on upward, steadily and remorselessly. The paradoxical result has been that many an amateur speculator west of the Alleghenies has, by continuing to buy stocks, serenely drubbed the professionals of the financial arena.

After the Bori-McCormack concert (see Page 14) there was a startling move in Radio Corporation of America, under which the issue shot up swiftly. In fact, the companies which are particularly connected with the radio business have almost all enjoyed a sharp rise.

It has been made very clear that the present stock market is no ordinary affair, nor can the bulls be discouraged by any trifling opposition. The public, long indifferent to stock-trading, has come into the market with both fists.

On Saturday, Jan. 4, the two-hour session on the New York Stock Exchange saw 1,474,750 shares sold—a record for the short Saturday session since Aug. 18, 1906, when 1,545,000

shares changed hands. The latter day is the most active of any Saturday in history.

Automobiles

The anticipations for this year's National Automobile Show (in Manhattan) were, a week or so ago, for a very usual exhibit. Barring minor gossip concerning changes in models and the likelihood of future prices, there was no news. Then suddenly a leading make of quality cars announced price reductions on closed cars ranging from \$640 to \$840 which would bring the prices of these models down to a level with those for open vehicles. Another make of quality cars adopted a similar policy.

The result has been to put car exhibitors in an unhappy frame of mind. They have for years had only to demonstrate the superior quality of their product to sell it. Now they are expected to have a quality product and to sell it cheap. The business, after being a runaway affair, has now become grimly competitive. Big sales mean quantity output, lower costs and a chance for a profit. Small sales mean high unit costs and either no profit or a loss in operation. For small craft, the water is getting rather rough.

A second lesson derived from this latest explosion in the automobile world is the growing demand for closed cars and the effort of manufacturers to get them into quantity production. If this can be done, unit costs in a closed car can be kept even with an open model, despite the greater material and workmanship called for by the former. Enthusiasts now prophesy that in a few years open cars will be built only on special order—as closed cars were when the motor industry first started.

General Electric

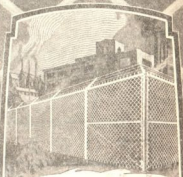
When the electric industry of the U. S. first got under way, the problem of financing its customers at once arose. The General Electric Co. consequently organized the Electric Bond & Share Co. as a subsidiary, to supervise electrical engineering construction projects and to obtain capital for them. In enterprises so financed, purchases of electrical equipment were confined to the General Electric as a seller. The Electric Bond & Share Co. came to control directly or indirectly over 100 electric power, street railway and gas companies, with a combined capital of about \$650,000,000 and serving a population of over 7,000,000 people.

This union between General Electric as a seller and so many operating service companies as buyers, effected through the Electric Bond & Share Co., has long been criticized on the grounds of monopoly. While jealousy of rival pro-

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PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

The Weekly News-Magazine
236 East 39th Street,
New York, N. Y.

light at the heels of a battered little man with a streaming gash over his right eye. The little man was rocking and fro under showers of blows from a furious, compact human whirlwind that flew now at his head, now at his ribs, now at his jaw, now at his beating heart.

He referred, sorry for the battered man, had been watching for the fight. As it struck, he stepped between the fighters. Friends rushed to the little man—he was Featherweight champion Kramer of Philadelphia—and helped him to his corner, beaten. The man whirlwind—he was Featherweight Louis ("Kid") Kaplan of New Haven, Conn.—stood panting but silent while they raised his right hand and declared that, by a technical knockout, he was winner. He was the world's featherweight champion.

The bout was the final in an elimination tournament begun some months ago by the New York State Athletic Commission to determine a successor to Johnny Dundee,* former titleholder, who had been forced (TIME, Sept. 1) to admit he could no longer scale his weight down to the 126-lb. maximum for featherweights. Kaplan hit his way to victory in the ninth of 15 scheduled rounds, winning every round.

Football

There were flowery floats and cars and trucks, old-fashioned wagons banked and festooned with a multitude of flags. All through the streets of Pasadena they went, and the populace made a carnival, rioting, waving, singing, skipping; wearing roses, smelling roses, carrying roses, wading through roses. For months, a committee had planned it, the parade and pageant of the Tournament of Roses.

Gradually the streets of Pasadena emptied as the rout and revel wound toward the Rose Bowl for the annual West football game.

On a bench in the stadium, Coach Notre Rockne of Notre Dame stroked his jaw as he watched Leland Stanford, in the first few minutes of play, ineffectively shoving his team toward its goal line. The Bowl was bedlam, for one of the 55,000 persons present came to see Coach Rockne's team come right off the field.

Rockne was not worried, merely pensive. He relinquished his jaw, called to his four young men and said something like this: "Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley

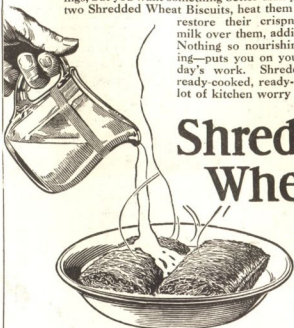
and Layden, you may now proceed with the matter in hand."

Off came their sweaters, out they trotted, back to the bench came Notre Dame's second string backfield. Halfback Cuddeback of Stanford had scored a field goal. Fullback Nevers of Stanford had been shooting passes that gained and gained. Now the Four Horsemen* started their galloping. Now one, now the other, now the third and fourth, they ran, plunged, dodged, wriggled, twisted. Stuhldreher wrenched his ankle. Layden bored through for a touchdown. A few Stanford plays, a bullet-like pass by Nevers, and it was Layden again who leaped to the interception. The field streamed after him for 70 yards to another score. In the third period, Quarterback Solomon of Stanford stooped to recover a punt he had fumbled on his 20-yard line. In swooped Huntsinger, upset Solomon, cantered to a third Notre Dame touchdown. Crowley kicked his third extra point.

Eat It With Hot Milk

Of course you like a hot meal these cold Winter mornings, but you want something better than porridge. Take two Shredded Wheat Biscuits, heat them in the oven to

restore their crispness, pour hot milk over them, adding a little salt. Nothing so nourishing and satisfying—puts you on your feet for the day's work. Shredded Wheat is ready-cooked, ready-to-eat—saves a lot of kitchen worry and bother.



Shredded Wheat

"It's All in the Shreds"

and Layden, you may now proceed with the matter in hand."

Off came their sweaters, out they trotted, back to the bench came Notre Dame's second string backfield. Halfback Cuddeback of Stanford had scored a field goal. Fullback Nevers of Stanford had been shooting passes that gained and gained. Now the Four Horsemen* started their galloping. Now one, now the other, now the third and fourth, they ran, plunged, dodged, wriggled, twisted. Stuhldreher wrenched his ankle. Layden bored through for a touchdown. A few Stanford plays, a bullet-like pass by Nevers, and it was Layden again who leaped to the interception. The field streamed after him for 70 yards to another score. In the third period, Quarterback Solomon of Stanford stooped to recover a punt he had fumbled on his 20-yard line. In swooped Huntsinger, upset Solomon, cantered to a third Notre Dame touchdown. Crowley kicked his third extra point.

Then Notre Dame flaunted her power. Back by her own goal she unbottled a pass. Nevers of Stanford pulled it down and proceeded furiously to hurl his 200 pounds into the Notre Dame

*The Four Horsemen of Notre Dame's Football Apocalypse: the four backs above mentioned, so named by sport writers inspired by the title of a novel by Author Vicente Blasco Ibanez, who in turn drew upon the visionary mysticism of St. John the Divine (Revelation 17).

(Continued on P. 31)



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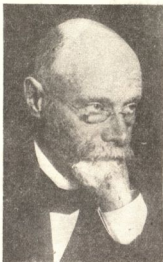
Use Adding Machine Paper

A fact in the head is worth two in print. TIME is interested not in how much it can include between its covers but in how much it can leave in the minds of its readers.

MEDICINE

Nobel Prize

To Dr. Willem Einthoven, physiological researcher of Leyden University, Holland, went the Nobel Prize for outstanding achievement in Medicine and Physics during 1924. He has invented a device by which the beat of



By Apollon

DR. WILLEM EINTHOVEN

He explained his device.

the human heart may be seen, measured, photographed, diseases of the heart detected, its action studied. It was in recognition of this device that the prize was awarded. Dr. Einthoven, genial 64-year-old Dutchman, is now visiting the U. S. He is sprightly, small, with a small grey beard, small grey mustache, wears in his countenance the alert and boyish shyness peculiar to men who have spent their lives peering into the physical mysteries of humanity. To a select company of surgeons in Manhattan he explained his invention:

Whenever the heart beats, electricity flows over the body's circuit. Dr. Einthoven's device records the fluctuations of this current by means of two wires of quartz, so fine that they are invisible even under a microscope, unless thrown into relief by light against a dark background. These wires are threaded across the magnetic field formed between the polar ends of an electro-magnet. In each pole of the magnet is screwed a microscope, one lending light, the other enlargement. Rubber meniscus are placed over the wrists of the patient. Under each manacle is a salt pad (electric conductor) from which a wire runs, bearing the current of the body to the quartz threads where they are stretched, shining in shadow, watched by the microscope and the lens of a special camera. The pulse moves in and out, currents move over the body and shake the threads, by whose photographed waverings the heart is studied. If the beat is regular and stout, the quartz

will fluctuate in an even pattern on the photographic plate; if the heart limps the pattern, too, will vary; and its variations may be accurately measured.

Ample Attention

Medicine as a science received attention at the annual meeting of American Association for the Advancement of Science held in Washington last week. More than a score of papers on recent contributions to medicine described under SCIENCE.

LAW

Grand Juries

In about half of the states, it is possible to bring a person accused of felony to trial without an indictment by a grand jury. In the other half of the states, this procedure is rarely ever employed; and those accused felonies can be brought to trial on information by a prosecuting attorney (as in Minnesota) or (as in Michigan) by an indictment returned by a judge who, by a recent Michigan law, is empowered to investigate an alleged crime with the authority of a grand jury.

The latest issue of the *Journal of American Jurisprudence*, under the leading *The Grand Jury—a Venerable Nuisance*, contains a severe editorial criticism of the grand jury system. Quoting from an article by one Eugene Stevenson (8 *Journal of Criminal Law* 715), it says: "The grand jury works in secret and therefore very few intelligent critics can see enough of the creation to appreciate how rude, clumsy and inefficient it is. It is the largest most ignorant, most irresponsible a creature most partisan tribunal known to our law, and it sits and adjudicates with closed doors."

History. The grand jury is one of the most ancient English legal institutions. It is probable that at first not only accused but also tried offenders. When America was settled, however, it had become an informal and accusing body without previous action no person charged with a felony, except in certain very special cases, could be put on trial. It has always been considered a means of protecting the citizen against unfounded accusations whether "directed by the Government or prompted by partisan passion or private enmity." The effect in many communities is to have a grand jury panel made up of local citizens and to have inclusion in rolls a mark of honor. In most states the substitution of an information for a public official for an indictment a grand jury requires an amendment to the state constitution.

"An indictment is a declaration by a grand jury that a certain person has committed a certain crime."

"An information is a declaration by a district attorney (e.g., an attorney general or district attorney) that a certain person has committed a certain crime."

SPORT

(Continued from Page 29)

line. It crumbled at guard, it crumbled at tackle, it might have crumbled again, but Halfback Walker whipped a pass over the line to Left End Shipley and the huge Nevers' pounding was no longer necessary. Cuddeback kicked goal.

In the fourth period, Baker intercepted a pass and Nevers again pulverized a path for Stanford. That time Notre Dame stayed him at the 8-inch line, however; and before the whistle blew, Horseman Layden frisked away for six points of good measure. Score: Notre Dame 27, Leland Stanford 10.

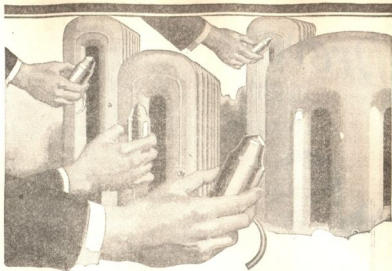
At Berkeley, the Golden Bears of the University of California basked in balmy sunshine, padded out upon their velvety gridiron, watched eleven red-and-blue-bellied men of Pennsylvania assume positions opposite. The Bears gave greeting, sprawled and stretched genially, ambled to the encounter. Their breed had not been beaten since 1919. Here was a foe come 3,000 miles to try its hand. Excellent.

After a bit of sparring, Captain McGraw of the Pennmen punted out to Imlay, "the Red Grange of the Coast." Imlay fumbled. Instead of a Pennman, it was Golden Bear Dixon who covered, who swept up the ball and lunged along for 20 yards before they pulled him to earth. Golden Bear Young, mighty of haunch and barrel, then barged through to a score. All through that half they kept it up—Young, Imlay and Dixon, big men with whirlwind speed, bursting the Penn line, shaking off tacklers as bears shake terriers. Penn held at her goal, but attacked only once. That was early in the second quarter, when off-tackle prods and jabs by Backs Douglass and Laird and a hurtling pass by McGraw put Kruezer in position for a field goal from the 28-yard line. Kruezer had a swollen foot. He sighted, kicked, missed.

Penn tore at her foes in the second half. Fields, Leth and Thomas, new blood in the backfield, ripped in with McGraw until the 7-yard line was reached. There Bruin dug his claws in the ground. Fields smashed on a yard. Leth squirmed ahead two more. McGraw called up all his strength, ground into the scrimmage. Still a yard short. One more pile-up, Thomas at the heart of it. Was it over? Not quite, 12 inches shy. Out soared the California punt.

After an exchange of fumbles, Penn tried again, little Andy Thompson trotting in to toss passes. But little Andy was wild. In the fourth period, the Bears took the ball on downs, and with another brawny fullback, Griffin, shouldered through, 58 yards in seven plays, to make the final score: California 14, Penn 0.

At Dallas: West Virginia Wesleyan 9, Southern Methodist 7.



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MILESTONES

Born. To Major and Mrs. Frederic McLaughlin (Irene Castle, famed dancer) a baby girl (seven pounds); in Chicago.

Engaged. Miss Eleanor Sparks, daughter of Sir Ashley Sparks, Resident Director and General Agent of the Cunard Steamship Line in the U. S., to Jordan L. Mott III, great-grandson of the late J. L. Mott, famed plumbing manufacturer; in Manhattan.

Married. William F. Schlemmer, President of Hammacher, Schlemmer & Co., famed hardware manufacturers, to Mrs. William J. Wilkinson; in Mexico City. He was recently divorced there, Mrs. Wilkinson being named as co-respondent by the first Mrs. Schlemmer.

Married. Rupert Hughes, 52, famed novelist, to Miss Elizabeth Patterson Dial, cinema actress; in Los Angeles.

Married. Vance McCormick, 52, onetime (1916) Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, to Mrs. Gertrude Howard Olmstead, widow of Representative Marlin E. Olmstead of Pennsylvania; in Harrisburg.

Divorced. Allan A. Ryan, Manhattan stocktrader, famed for having "cornered" the stock of the Stutz Motor Car Co. in 1919-20, by Mrs. Sarah Tuck Ryan; last October.

Died. Elisa Fernandez de Robles, sister of President Ricardo Jimenez of Costa Rica; in Mexico City (where she visited her married daughters); struck by an automobile.

Died. Mrs. Ray Frank, mother of Leo Frank, who (in 1915) was lynched by a Georgia mob; in Brooklyn.

Died. Mrs. Katharine McMahon Johnson, wife of Robert Underwood Johnson, author and onetime (Feb., 1920-July, 1921) U. S. Ambassador to Italy, mother of Owen Johnson, novelist; in Manhattan.

Died. James Hoge Tyler, 78, onetime (1898-1902) Democratic Governor of Virginia, descendant of President John Tyler; at Roanoke.

Died. Carl Friedrich Georg Spitteler, 79, Swiss epic poet and essayist, winner of the 1919 Nobel Prize for Literature; at Lucerne. He wrote in German.

Died. Mrs. Mary Lyman Eliot Guild, 96, elder sister of Charles W. Eliot, famed President Emeritus of Harvard University; in Brookline, Mass.

POINT with PRIDE

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

Miss Poppy Baring. (Page 8, column 2.)

Lapin nourri en lait. (P. 9, col. 3.)

"A suit of armor for Sir Florian." (P. 13, col. 3.)

An eager young man who made history when an audience lost control. (P. 14, col. 2.)

Two women, elegant among the rabble. (P. 13, col. 2.)

An author who never wrote of adultery or seduction. (P. 12, col. 2.)

Phytopathologists, ecologists, ceramists, agronomists. (P. 15, col. 2.)

Two slim high-school lads. (P. 28, col. 1.)

VIEW with ALARM

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

"The largest, most ignorant, most irresponsible tribunal." (P. 30, col. 3.)

One of the foremost failures of the season. (P. 11, col. 1.)

The steaming Senator from Mississippi. (P. 2, col. 3.)

Imbecile dwarfs. (P. 18, col. 3.)

An idiot husband. (P. 10, col. 3.)

"One Andrew W. Mellon." (P. 4, col. 1.)

Eight hundred reeling years. (P. 13, col. 3.)

"That reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years." (P. 14, col. 1.)

The announcer's metallic voice. (P. 14, col. 2.)



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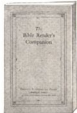
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