

FIFTEEN CENTS

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine



JOHN DAVISON ROCKEFELLER JR.

May Mammon serve?
(See Page 19)

VOL. V. No. 3

JANUARY 19, 1925



ROLLS-ROYCE

A PERFECT BALANCE *of Excellence and Good Taste*

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TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine

Vol. V No. 3

January 19, 1925

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Mr. Coolidge's Week

¶ On behalf of the Trustees of Princeton University, Mr. E. D. Duffield, President of the Prudential (Gibraltar) Life Insurance Co., extended to Calvin Coolidge an invitation to receive an L.L.D. next June.

¶ The President's opposition—both on the grounds of economy and in the hope of preventing competitive armament races—succeeded in forestalling the movement to increase the elevation of guns on the capital ships of the U. S. Navy.

¶ Judge Elbert H. Gary, John D. Rockefeller Jr. and a sub-committee of the Citizens' Committee of 1,000 breakfasted off the White House table on buckwheat cakes and sausages, urged Mr. Coolidge that the Volstead Act must be enforced by precept and example.

¶ On a proposal that Congress give Cabinet officers the privilege of appearing before it, the President let it be known that his stand was neither here nor there—but that the matter must be decided entirely by Congress itself.

¶ A choice slice of a prize steer which Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge inspected recently at the International Live Stock Exposition in Chicago (TIME, Dec. 15) arrived at the White House as a gift.

¶ The annual diplomatic reception took place at the White House, with some 1,600 guests present. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes assisted Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge in the receiving line, usually a part of the receiving line, were excused. In attendance at the function appeared the Hon. Harry M. Daugherty, onetime Attorney General.

¶ C. Bascom Slemm, Secretary to the President, on Mr. Coolidge's behalf, addressed letters to prominent Republican members of Congress, urging them to secure and expedite the passage of a bill for reorganizing the Executive branch of the Government.

¶ The President met members of the National Council of Farmers' Cooperative Marketing Associations in the White House grounds, told them that he believed in cooperative marketing, but did not offer it as an "Aladdinlike project."

¶ The renting situation in Washington having reached the position of a heated controversy, the President instructed that a bill be prepared for presentation to Congress setting up a commission to regulate rentals in the interest of health and morals by means of the Government's police power. This brought the realtors of the Capital up in arms against him. An emergency measure for regulating rents (established during the War) is terminating; and tenants and landlords are at each other's throats and almost at the President's.

THE CABINET

Gentlemen Asleep

A train bound southward roared through the gathering dark over the state of Virginia. Aboard the train, Charles E. Hughes made his toilet preparatory to going to bed. Then he slipped into his waiting berth and turned over into sleep. At 9.10 P. M., the train snorted to a stop at Lynchburg, Va. Reporters climbed upon the platforms demanding to see Mr. Hughes. Mr. Hughes had given orders not to be disturbed; the diligent porter refused to violate these orders. The reporters turned to the conductor, who yielded to the importunities. He awakened Mr. Hughes. "Reporters are on the train and want to interview you," he said. Mr. Hughes, opening his eyes, did not look upon the request with favor. "Tell them," he replied, "that I am very tired and have gone to bed." "All right," said the conductor.

It was midnight in Paris. Through the dark streets rushed reporters in a taxicab. The cab stopped before the U. S. Embassy. The reporters rang the doorbell and pounded on the U. S. Embassy door. A sleepy concierge came to find out what was the matter. "We want to see Ambassador Kellogg; he is visiting with Ambassador Herrick," demanded the reporters.

"C'est impossible," declared the concierge. "*Les Excellences se sont déjà couchés.*"

"Go to!" retorted the reporters. "They have just got back from the dinner at the British Embassy."

"*Mais non, mais non! Je vous dit qu'ils dorment.*"

A hundred-franc note passed.

"*Nom de chien! Je vous-ch bien Je vais voir.*"

Minutes passed. At last Ambassador Herrick appeared. The reporters explained their mission and the news they brought.

"Impossible!" ejaculated Mr. Herrick. "There must be some mistake."

The reporters explained again. "I'll send word to Mr. Kellogg," said Mr. Herrick.

A servant was sent off. More time

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National Affairs—[Continued]

passed. The servant came back. Mrs. Kellogg refused to waken her husband. He was extremely tired from his day at the Conference.*

"Well, anyhow," smiled Mr. Herrick, "he would have said nothing until he had been officially advised. Good night."

The concierge closed the door on the unfortunate reporters. So thankless was the task of the omnipresent press when it bore the news to Mr. Hughes that his resignation as Secretary of State had been accepted; to Mr. Kellogg that he had been named to succeed to that post!

But the press was taken at a disadvantage by the suddenness of the event. Without warning, one afternoon, a statement and two letters had been given out at the White House. The statement had said simply that Secretary Hughes had tendered his resignation to take effect Mar. 4, and that Mr. Kellogg would take his place. One letter from Secretary Hughes to the President stated that, having served 20 years in public life, he wished to retire, in accordance with his long-cherished intention; and that since "foreign affairs are perennial," no more appropriate time could be found. The President's letter in reply expressed regret, and appreciation of Mr. Hughes' "exalted . . . disinterested . . . service."

No premonitory earth tremors preceded the shock; politicians, the press, the public were equally surprised. It was known that Mr. Hughes desired to retire to repair his private fortunes, which had suffered from long public service. A lucrative law practice in Manhattan has awaited him, even sought him out. He will be 63 when he leaves office, still young enough to enjoy a profitable career.

Even more surprising than Mr. Hughes' retirement was the naming of Frank B. Kellogg, as his successor. Like Mr. Hughes, who rose to prominence as an investigator of gas and insurance companies in Manhattan, Mr. Kellogg attained his reputation by prosecution for the Government of the Western Paper Trust (of which he secured the dissolution), by a far-reaching investigation of the Union Pacific Railroad under E. H. Harriman and by prosecution of the Standard Oil Company for President Roosevelt (dissolution also secured). While Mr. Hughes was becoming New York's Governor, Supreme Court member, presidential candidate, Mr. Kellogg continued his legal practice, became President of the American Bar Association. In 1916, Minnesota elected him to the Senate. He was not adept in politics and fell before the onslaught of Farmer-Laborite Henrik Shipstead when he stood for re-election in 1922.

It was as a member of the Senate that Mr. Kellogg became known to Vice President Coolidge. It was as a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that Mr. Kellogg was acquainted with Secretary Hughes. In December, 1923, after Ambassador Harvey retired, Mr. Kellogg became Ambassador to Great Britain. His was, of course, a "lame duck" appointment, and not looked upon with favor in some political quarters. To the same quarters his second elevation is equally un-



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SENATOR FRAZIER

*It hurt his feelings
(See opposite page)*

pleasing; political opponents doubted his capacity, referred to him as "too nervous, too worried a little man," and remarked that his Senatorial colleagues used to refer to him humorously as "Nervous Nellie."

* * *

The high points of Mr. Hughes' tenure as Secretary of State include: Conclusion of a separate peace with Germany.

Repeated refusals to recognize the Russian Soviet Government until it reforms itself.

Drawing of the agenda and presiding over the Limitation of Armaments Conference.

Resumption of diplomatic relations with Mexico and Greece.

Conclusion of anti-rum smuggling treaties with Great Britain and other countries.

Picked

The President sent to the Senate the nomination of Attorney General Harlan F. Stone to be a Justice of the Supreme Court, succeeding Mr. Asso-

ciate Justice McKenna, resigned (TIME, Jan. 12). When it was apparent that the Senate probably would confirm the appointment of Mr. Stone, the President followed it with the nomination of Charles Beecher Warren of Michigan to be Attorney General.

Mr. Warren was called to Washington in advance of the nomination and therefore a hint of it leaked out. The Michigan delegation in Congress, headed by Senator Couzens, began to make some objection, protesting that if a Michigan man was to be appointed they would prefer Governor Groesbeck to Mr. Warren. The President paid no heed, however, evidently feeling that a Cabinet appointment was not patronage and that accordingly he need consult only himself. Result: Mr. Warren's nomination was sent to the Senate next day.

Items from Mr. Warren's record in public life:

Served as counsel for U. S. before the High Tribunal at Halifax to settle a controversy over the rights of Great Britain and the U. S. in Behring Sea, 1896.

Represented the U. S. before The Hague Tribunal concerning conflicting claims of Great Britain and the U. S. in the waters of the North Atlantic, 1910.

Served on the Republican National Committee, 1912-1920.

Served on the staff of Major General Crowder administering the Draft Law, 1918.

Served as Ambassador to Japan, June, 1921—Mar., 1923.

Represented the U. S. in negotiations to resume diplomatic relations with Mexico, 1923.

Served as Ambassador to Mexico, Feb.-Aug., 1924.

THE CONGRESS

The Legislative Week

The Senate:

☐ Adopted a House resolution appropriating \$15,000 for the expense of a commission to participate in the 150th anniversary of the battles of Concord and Lexington. (Went to the President.)

☐ Passed with two hours' consideration the appropriation bill for the Department of the Interior, carrying \$238,981,403. (Went to conference.)

☐ Sustained the President's veto of the bill increasing postal salaries (see Page 5) by vote of 29 to 55.

☐ Passed with only 15 minutes' consideration the Treasury and Post Office Departments' appropriations bill carrying \$763,309,015. (Went to conference.)

☐ Passed with one hour and 25 min-

* Allied Financial Conference (see Page 7).

National Affairs—[Continued]

utes' consideration the appropriation bill for the Department of Agriculture, carrying about \$125,000,000. (Went to conference.)

☛ Voted 48 to 37 to substitute the Underwood Bill (providing for leasing the Muscle Shoals plant to private operators) for the Norris Bill (providing for Government operation of the Muscle Shoals plant). The effect of this vote was to eliminate the Norris Bill from consideration. It did not constitute passage of the Underwood Bill.

☛ Confirmed the nomination of James R. Sheffield to be Ambassador to Mexico.

The House:

☛ Passed a bill appropriating \$1,600,000 to pay an award made by the National War Labor Board to the employees of the Bethlehem Steel Co. (Went to Senate.)

☛ Passed an emergency deficiency bill carrying appropriations of \$157,000,000, of which \$150,000,000 was for refunds of illegally collected taxes. (Went to Senate.)

☛ Passed the War Department appropriation bill, carrying \$331,000,000, of which \$40,000,000 is for river and harbor improvements. (Went to Senate.)

Animadversion

It was more than a month ago (TIME, Dec. 8), that the Republican Senatorial Caucus read out of its ranks four insurgents who had opposed the Republican National ticket in the campaign preceding the November election. The four—Senators LaFollette, Brookhart, Ladd, Frazier—accepted their exclusion with comparative silence. It was not a great deprivation. Another Senator, Mr. Borah, makes a practice of absenting himself from caucus meetings, although his action is purely voluntary.

Since the ousting, however, the four have also been excluded by the President 1) from patronage; 2) from invitations to White House breakfasts.

Last week, there came retorts from two of the expelled men—Messrs. Frazier and Ladd. Mr. Frazier declared:

"It did hurt my feelings when I was barred from the broad breakfast table at the White House, where we were served buckwheat from Ohio, with maple syrup from Vermont and sausages from Maryland or the Chicago stockyards, I don't know which."

Mr. Ladd, however, made a frontal attack:

"If the election of a Republican as President, with a reliable working majority in Congress, means nothing more than an extension for four years of an unlimited license to plunder the American people, then I cannot be a Republican."

"If the transfer of billions of capital

values from the farms and producers of America, to the swollen fortunes of monopoly, within three weeks' time, is a triumph of the Republican Party, then indeed, is the party of Lincoln doomed.

"The Government by the people that



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SENATOR SMITH

"Thank God for the expression he has made!"

(See below)

was Lincoln's ideal," continued the North Dakota Senator, "was transformed into a Government of the masses by the classes forming less than five percent of all the people who have, under Republican legislation and administration acquired possession of practically three-fourths of all the wealth accumulated by the labor of five generations of Americans."

"The entire motive behind the 'cabal,' now the caucus, has been the frustration of every social interest—of truth itself, whenever it threatens to interfere with special interest. It has the motive of the Camorra, the Black Hand, the Fascismo, to prevent the expression of ideas that question the infallibility of special judgments, regardless of their conformity with the facts of life or the laws and principles embedded in the nature of things, social, economic and industrial."

Suppressed

It is a well-known maxim in the publishing world that to suppress a book is to make it popular. It is much the same with a political speech. A fortnight ago, Senator Bruce, Maryland Democrat, made a speech in the Senate attacking the prospect of Government operation of Muscle Shoals because it

would be an infringement of state rights, attacking the Democratic Party for coöperating with Republican insurgents in such a scheme (TIME, Jan. 12). Senator Bruce was in turn attacked by his Democratic colleagues. He held his ground and his speech is likely soon to be forgotten. Not so a speech by Senator Dial.

A few days after Senator Bruce's remarks, Nathaniel B. Dial, South Carolina Democrat, delivered another speech, much the same in tenor.* Now Mr. Dial took office as Senator in 1919, having served three terms in the office of Mayor of Laurens, S. C., his birthplace, and having won the esteem of his fellow-townsmen as a lawyer interested in a number of enterprises including banking, glass, cotton goods, cotton seed products and the development of water-power. But, last sum-

*Extracts from the speech as printed before suppression in the Congressional Record:

"It is time for us Democrats here to be facing the music. There is no seam or manhood or sportsmanship in trying to find excuses and explanations, in whimpering that the people have been deceived or bought; that the organization of the Republicans is invincible; that what wurn and stale stump-speech slang calls 'the interests' are too strong or our foes too cunning for us, or in raking about for stray scraps of comfort or loose fragments of rainbow hopes here and there—mostly there. We have been beaten in two successive general elections by huge and increasing majorities. Either the people are wrong or we Democrats here in Congress who have made the record for our party the last four years are wrong. From that direct issue there is no escape. For one, I confess myself deeply shamed and moved to searching of my own conscience and review of my own conduct here and diligent study of the course of the Democrats of the two Houses when I read in the newspapers constantly that customers are rushing to Wall Street to buy stocks, feeling assured of safety and prosperity by the fact that the Democratic Party has been beaten by 7,000,000 majority; that throughout the country business men are rejoicing in promise of a great year ahead following our overwhelming rebuff and rebuke. . . . If we do not admit and know it, we have less understanding and perception than the ostrich, the strategy of which bird is not considered to be sagacious."

"It is a mortifying, bitter truth that the quiet and close thinker in the White House, just elected President as the Republican nominee, is a better Democrat in many essentials, more in accord with the foundation principles of the Democratic Party, than many men who have obtained high and honorable places as ostensible Democrats."

"I, for one, believe the same ethics and rules of honor we observe in our personal conduct should govern us in politics. Some of us on this side of the Chamber have been existing and urging sabotage and apparently expecting the admiration and applause of the American people for the brilliancy of the performance. The people have neither applauded nor approved. We have incurred along with the sting of defeat the more bitter sting of contempt."

National Affairs—[Continued]

mer, when he went back to his state, he was defeated for renomination by Cole Bleas, onetime Governor (TIME, Sept. 8). So Mr. Dial is a "lame duck," must retire from the Senate in March.

Some of his opponents were not above hinting that he was motivated in his speech by hope of securing a Federal appointment from Mr. Coolidge.

At any rate, a few days later, Mr. Dial rose in the Senate to ask that some corrections be made in his speech.

"Yesterday," he explained, "I received a request for some copies of the speech I made in the Senate last Saturday, and last night I thought I would read the speech as printed, and, to my astonishment, found some words had been omitted and I was shown to have stated that the Democratic Party lost because it ought to have lost. I did not say that, nor did I intend to say it. What I said was that we lost because the people thought we ought to have lost."

"I am so antagonistic to paternalistic legislation that, perhaps, my remarks were a little severe."

Then fire sprang from the Democratic ranks. Senator Caraway began it; Senator Neely continued it; then Senator Robinson, the Democratic leader, exclaimed: "It is a manly thing, when one gives offense, whether intentionally or unintentionally, to make a frank and manly apology . . . If the Senator desires to apologize and to withdraw what appears to have been a deliberate affront and befouling of his own nest, a discrediting of his constituency, he will have to withdraw the vital parts of his address, in which he charged himself and his colleagues with deliberately committing crimes against the Government and violating moral as well as political principles."

"It is a pitiable sight and is beyond the power of the human mind to conceive or the tongue to characterize that a man should be worthy of a seat in this body and should, after several days' deliberation, take the halfway course of volunteering a half-hearted apology for an offense which he has neither the courage nor the intelligence to justify or withdraw."

Finally, Senator Ellison D. Smith, colleague of Mr. Dial, eloquently declared: "I could not believe, when I read the speech, that Nat Dial was the author. He and I come from that little storm-centre of the United States which has given to the nation some of its brightest and purest lights in the political arena, and during the turmoil and strife of war we maintained and kept the faith of pure and unadulterated democracy. The old party was our pillar of fire by night and cloud by day. When the hosts of rapine were threatening to engulf us, the Democratic

Party was the point around which the beleaguered white people of the South rallied and looked for aid, and it is to the everlasting credit of the Republican Party that one of its Presidents saw



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MISS ALICE PAUL

Her associates were surprised

the evil and came to our assistance. . . . I ask my colleague to withdraw the entire speech."

Mr. Dial bowed to the force of Senatorial opinion: "Not having made the speech with any intent to offend anybody, I withdraw it from the record."

"Thank God for the expression he has made," cried Mr. Smith.

Then matters calmed down on the floor. The speech no longer "existed." To be sure, many copies of the *Congressional Record* had been printed carrying it. Many press accounts had gone out.

But demands for copies of the speech began to come to Senators, many from the South. They were obliged in most cases to say that copies could not be had, which was true. But such answers were not likely to appease their constituents who may have suspected that the Senators wished to suppress the document. The *National Republican*, organ of the Republican Party, printed the speech almost in full. It was reported that the Republicans were planning to print and distribute a million copies of the document. The result is likely to be a much greater hearing for Mr. Dial's withdrawn remarks than ever they would have received in the ordinary course of events.

"By this request, the speech was withdrawn from the official minutes. To be sure, these minutes (i.e., the *Congressional Record*) had already been printed. In the official copy kept by the Senate the speech will be deleted, and in all reprints of the *Record* the speech will not appear."

LABOR

The Amendment

The Child Labor Amendment (TIME, Jan. 5), after successive rejections by three states, at last received another ratification. California was the donor. The State Senate voted 36 to 3 in favor of the amendment; the Assembly voted 69 to 9. So California and Arkansas now stand together, two champions of the amendment against three rejectors. If the amendment is to be added to the constitution, 34 other states must ratify. If the amendment is to be defeated, ten other states must reject it.

WOMEN

Barbered

The National Woman's Party is one of the farthest-going of all women's movements. It wants more than woman suffrage. It wants absolutely equal rights for women in all fields—and that phrase precludes such measures as restrictions of hours of labor for women, etc.

Yet Alice Paul, a leader of the Party, contrary to everything which one might expect of a woman engaged in such a movement, has always worn her locks luxuriant and long. Last week, she had them cut. Her associates were surprised.

...

Resumption

The first woman to become the governor of a state was not the far-famed Mrs. "Ma" Ferguson of Texas, but Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross of Wyoming. Appearing in weeds, wearing a hat (perhaps the first time that a hat was ever worn on such an occasion), she delivered her short inaugural in a low voice before a gathering in the Senate Chamber at Cheyenne. "My friends," was her form of salutation. She continued: "Owing to the tragic and unprecedented circumstances* which surround my induction into office, I have felt it not only unnecessary but inappropriate for me to now enter into such discussion of policies as usually constitutes an inaugural address."

"This occasion does not mark the beginning of a new administration, but rather the resumption* of that which was inaugurated in this chamber two years ago. It is well understood, I am

*The death of her husband, the late Governor, on Oct. 7, 1924 (TIME, Oct. 13, 1924, p. 17).

*"Resumption" refers to a brief interregnum during which the state was under the guidance of Acting Governor Lucas.

National Affairs—[Continued]

sure, that it is my purpose to continue, as I am convinced it is the desire of my state that I should, insofar as changing conditions will permit, the program and policies then launched. . . .

The whole ceremony took only 16 minutes.

Astounding Benefactress

From England came recently the report of a considerable benefaction. Funds were raised to purchase Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washington family. When the manor was purchased, it was found that there was little accommodation in the vicinity for American visitors. Then an ancient lady came forward. She had been a contributor to the Sulgrave Manor fund. Now she presented another ancient manor house near by to serve as an hostelry for visiting Americans. This manor house will accommodate some 30 guests at a time. It is about 300 years old.

Who is this benefactress? She is no less than a onetime candidate for President of the United States. Yet history books make little or no mention of her. By name she is Victoria Clafin Woodhull Martin, now in her 87th year. Complete and reliable accounts of her life are rare, but the following outline is gleaned from a pamphlet published by one of her supporters several decades ago:

She was born Sept. 23, 1838, in Homer, Ohio, seventh child of Reuben and Roxanna Clafin. They were very poor. She had less than three years' schooling. Her father was cruel.

At 14 she married. Her husband, just twice her age, was Dr. Canning Woodhull, by name. He came of an eminent family. He was a gay rake. He was cruel. To them was born a child. It was subnormal.

At last she left her husband and went to California. For six weeks she was an actress. Then she had a vision. She had an intimate view of God and angels summoning her to go home.

She went to Indianapolis and set up as a clairvoyant. Later she moved to Terre Haute. She wrought apparently miraculous cures, unveiled secrets, prophesied events by faith in her simple theology. "Every characteristic utterance" which she gave to the world was "dictated while under spirit influence, and most often in a totally unconscious state."

In 1869, she abandoned clairvoyancy, at the call of the spirits, having amassed a fortune of \$700,000. Thereupon she founded a bank and began publishing a journal.

Meanwhile she had secured a divorce, and was married by the spirits to Colonel James H. Blood, Commander of the 6th Missouri Regiment, and President of



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HORACE GREELEY

The campaign was viciously personal

the St. Louis Society of Spiritualists. Her ex-husband, Woodhull, then completely ruined, lived with them. This hurt her reputation.

But a few years later, "following the English plan of self-nomination," she announced herself a candidate for President (the British *Who's Who* says that she was nominated by the Equal Rights Party). She went before Congress urging that women be given the vote in accordance with requests which came to her in a clairvoyant state.

So much her loyal supporter affirmed. The British *Who's Who* further records that she "lectured throughout U. S. on Finance, Women's Suffrage, Religious and Scientific Improvement of the Human Race."

Yet it is perhaps not surprising that she left little mark in the campaign of 1872, for that was a very hot contest. Grant was running for a second term. At a convention of Liberal Republicans in Cincinnati, Horace Greeley, editor of *The New York Tribune*, was nominated over Charles Francis Adams. Greeley was for high tariff; he had often flayed the Democrats. Yet the Democratic convention chose "to eat crow" and nominated Greeley. For a time Greeley scared the Grant men. He drew huge audiences when he spoke. The campaign became viciously personal. Thomas Nast, having just helped to upset the Tweed Ring in New York City by his cartoons, turned his devastating pen upon Greeley. Gratz Brown, a Missourian, who was Greeley's running-mate, was not known (by sight) in Manhattan, so Cartoonist Nast pictured him as a tag on Greeley's white coat.

But Greeley fared even worse. A few days before the election Greeley's wife died. Greeley himself wrote a few days later: "I was the worst beaten man who ever ran for high office. And I have been assailed so bitterly that I hardly knew whether I was running for President or for the Penitentiary. . . . Well, I am used up." Indeed, he died in a few days more.

For although Greeley had drawn the audiences, Grant drew the votes. In the electoral college Grant had 272 electoral votes, Greeley 66, and Mrs. Woodhull none.

Perhaps it was as well that Mrs. Woodhull was not elected; for there would have been grave complications: she was only 34 years old on March 4, 1873, and the Constitution requires that a President must be 35 years of age.

In after years Mrs. Woodhull went to England with her sister Tennessee, who followed her in the Woman Suffrage movement. While lecturing there she was heard one night by John Bidolph Martin, a wealthy English banker and philanthropist. Anon they were married. Tennessee also made an advantageous marriage to Lord Cook. She died abroad recently. Mrs. Martin, erstwhile Woodhull, nee Clafin, lives on, known as a "financier and reformer." She has written a number of works, including *The Origins, Tendencies and Principles of Government and Garden of Eden Stipiculture*. Her recreations are scientific agriculture, psychical research, motorizing (she is a member of the Ladies' Automobile Club), collecting works of art. Now she enjoys old age in Wootton Bassett, at her beautiful home, Norton Park, Bredon's Norton, near Tewkesbury.

POSTAL PAY

Last spring, Congress passed a bill to increase the pay of postal employees. It was to have cost in the neighborhood of \$68,000,000 a year. Last June, just before Congress adjourned, President Coolidge vetoed the bill on the grounds that no provision was made therein for raising the revenue to pay the increased cost. All summer the veto lay on the desks of the President pro tem of the Senate and the Speaker of the House.

Last week the bill was taken up again by the Senate. In order to pass it over the veto, a two-thirds vote was necessary. The original vote last spring was 73 to 3 for the bill. But meanwhile Calvin Coolidge, the vetoer, had received an endorsement from 15,000,000 U. S. voters; meanwhile another bill designed to meet Mr. Coolidge's approval by pro-

National Affairs—[Continued]

viding increased revenue to offset increased pay had been proposed. The vote was a great deal different from last Spring's. The vote by parties, including those paired, was:

	FOR VETO	AGAINST VETO
Republicans	29	21
Democrats	3	38
Farmer Labor	—	2
	32	61

So was the veto upheld, so was the bill defeated. Although some politicians said otherwise, it was generally the opinion of observers that the defeat of this bill marks the end of postal pay legislation for this session of Congress.

POLITICAL NOTES

Saved

Thomas L. Chadbourne, who last year was Chairman of the Entertainment Committee which was obliged to amuse the delegates to the Democratic Convention for more than two weeks, plunged into the surf in front of his villa at Palm Beach. He emerged some minutes later firmly grasping the half-drowned Maxine Elliott—his guest who had been overcome by an undertow.

...

In Kansas

Governor Jonathan M. Davis of Kansas, a Democrat, had only a day or two more of his term to serve when suddenly a warrant was sworn out for him and his son.

They were accused of taking a bribe. It was charged that one Fred W. Pollman, a banker convicted of forgery and sentenced to prison had, with the knowledge of state attorneys, entered into negotiations with Russell Davis, the Governor's son; that he promised to pay \$1250 in exchange for a pardon; that Russell Davis visited a room in a Topeka hotel and received \$1,000 from Pollman, while reporters and a stenographer listened to the conversation by a telephone device in a room near by; that Russell Davis went away and returned with the pardon; that Pollman then delivered \$250 more to Russell Davis and then confronted him with the reporters; that Governor Davis had suggested that his son be employed in the matter.

The Governor insisted that the whole thing was a "frame-up" and that advantage had been taken of the "unsophisticated nature" of his son, whom he had asked to deliver the pardon.

Both Governor and son furnished \$1,000 bail and the Governor retired from office two hours later. Turning from the manuscript of his farewell ad-

dress, Mr. Davis, "without wavering," defended himself thus:

"I have committed no offense. I have violated no law. I have committed no crime. I have neither solicited, nor accepted any bribe. In my official acts I have an ear for the poor and the down-trodden of the State. I have made the best fight I could.

"A great newspaper in search of prestige and influence has sought to besmirch me. They have invaded the sanctity and privacy of my home and sought to enlist the efforts of criminals and those of low character. The people of Kansas will resent such attempts."

There was talk of an investigation by the legislature of the Governor's pardoning activities during the two stormy years he has held office. All that time he has been faced by a hostile (Republican) legislature. He is succeeded as Governor by Ben S. Paulen, a Republican. Paulen, Davis and Editor William Allen White conducted a triangular fight for the governorship last fall. (For further news of Kansas see EDUCATION.)

...

Contest

Senator Brookhart, Republican insurgent of Iowa, was certified reelected at the November election by 775 votes. His Democratic opponent, Daniel F. Steck, last week filed in the Senate a notice of contest, alleging irregularity in the count. The next Congress will decide the issue.

...

Proteus

A Lieutenant Governor rode in a carriage beside a Governor. Red-coated foot guards made a guard of honor. Cavalry, an additional protection, pranced in the parade. A State Capitol was reached. The Lieutenant Governor entered. The Legislature had just declared him elected for two years as Governor of the State. He took the oath of office. He delivered a very long inaugural address—9,000 words. That evening, a great ball was given for him in the armory of the foot guards. He stayed up late. Next morning early, he rose, went to Capitol, tendered to the Secretary of State his resignation as Governor. A few minutes later, he took an oath as U. S. Senator. Not much more than an hour later he took train for the Nation's capital. All this within less than 24 hours.

Such was a day from the life of Hiram Bingham, onetime South American explorer, onetime Yale professor, a Republican, for two years a Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut, for

one day Connecticut's Governor, now U. S. Senator.

Elected Lieutenant Governor two years and more ago, elected Governor while Lieutenant Governor and Senator while Governor-elect, his course resembles that of Proteus, lightning-change artist of mythology.

In his gubernatorial inaugural address, he called attention to the fact that there was a precedent (that of David B. Hill, who served both as Governor of New York and as Senator) according to which he might hold both offices, but declared that he did not believe it was good policy to do so, and repeated this opinion in resigning next morning.

John H. Trumbull, having meanwhile served a few hours as Lieutenant Governor, then became Governor of Connecticut; and now Mr. Bingham sits in the Senate in the place of the late Senator Brandegee.

...

Mallet

A loud-tongued auctioneer addressed a vast crowd of official diplomatic and social Washingtonians. The furnishings of the home of the late Senator Frank D. Brandegee, who committed suicide last fall, had been put up at public sale. The hammer fell repeatedly as the public bought valuable furniture, Oriental rugs, beautiful books and a rare collection of paintings, etchings, prints, including many portraits of men of the Revolutionary period.

...

Sold

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy under President Wilson, pre-Convention Campaign Manager for Governor Smith of New York, last week sold his collection of naval and marine prints and paintings. His receipts totalled \$4,537.

...

Power to Plymouth

The village of Plymouth, Vt., county seat of the Coolidges, is to be invaded by electricity. The Vermont Hydro-Electric Power Co. decided to carry a power line eleven miles from the town of Ludlow to light Plymouth, the birthplace of Vermont's most illustrious citizen.

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

War Costs

The following excellent analysis of the War cost in men, money and shipping to the principal Allied and Associated Powers recently appeared in *The Morning Post*, London Conservative journal:

MEN

COMMONWEALTH

Dead	807,451
Wounded	2,059,134
Missing	64,907
Total	2,931,492

FRANCE

Dead	1,427,000
Wounded	5,044,000
Missing	453,500
Total	4,924,500

UNITED STATES

Dead	107,284
Wounded*	191,000
Missing	4,912
Total	303,196

ITALY

Dead	507,160
Wounded	962,196
Missing	1,359,000
Total	2,828,356

RUSSIA

Dead	2,762,064
Wounded	4,950,000
Missing	2,500,000
Total	10,212,064

OTHER ALLIES*

Dead	1,332,760
Wounded	747,907
Missing	271,203
Total	2,351,870

GRAND TOTAL

Dead	6,943,719
Wounded	11,954,237
Missing	4,653,522
Total	23,551,478

MONEY* (Net Cost)

COMMONWEALTH	\$38,232,900,000
FRANCE	\$23,297,088,000
UNITED STATES	\$21,720,000,000
ITALY	\$11,918,400,000
RUSSIA	Not determined
OTHER ALLIES	\$ 3,806,400,000
GRAND TOTAL	\$98,973,888,000

SHIPPING

COMMONWEALTH	7,757,000 Tons
FRANCE	889,000 "
UNITED STATES	395,000 "
ITALY	846,000 "
RUSSIA	183,000 "
OTHER ALLIES	550,000 "
GRAND TOTAL	10,620,000 "

PROPERTY

COMMONWEALTH	\$1,680,000,000
FRANCE	\$9,600,000,000
UNITED STATES	Nil
ITALY	\$2,601,000,000
RUSSIA	\$1,200,000,000
OTHER ALLIES†	\$9,600,000,000
GRAND TOTAL	\$24,681,600,000

REPARATIONS

Accord

At the *Quai d'Orsay* (French Foreign Office) met the Finance Ministers and representatives of the Allied and Associated Powers.** Their task was to decide how the proceeds from the Experts' Plan are to be paid.

According to the Spa Agreement (June, 1920), division of moneys extracted from Germany was to have been made as follows:

France	52%
Britain	22%
Italy	10%
Belgium	8%
Others (excluding the U. S.)....	8%

Along came the U. S., however, to demand payment of \$250,000,000 for the

*Money figures represent present-day values based on conversion from sterling at \$4.80 per pound.

†Figures for Belgium alone: \$6,720,000,000.

**Representing the U. S.: Ambassador Herrick, Ambassador Kellogg, Colonel James A. Logan (unofficial observer with the Reparations Commission); representing Britain: Chancellor of the Exchequer Winston S. Churchill; France: Finance Minister Etienne Clementel; Belgium: Premier Theunis; Italy: Finance Minister De Stefani. Representatives of Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Portugal, Greece.

cost of maintaining a Rhine Army and \$350,000,000 for War damages.

Britain claimed that the U. S. had no legal claim to share in the proceeds of the Experts' Plan, because it had signed a separate peace with Germany. Britain also claimed that the U. S. had not even a claim in equity, because it was not charging property sequestered from Germany against its War claims. The other Allies agreed with the first contention, disagreed with the second.

The U. S. based its strong attitude toward both these charges upon the fact that the Experts' Plan was designed to collect all that is collectable from Germany and that it had specifically reserved in the Treaty of Berlin (separate treaty of peace between the U. S. and Germany) those rights which it would have had had it signed the Treaty of Versailles.

The next most important agenda was the division of reparations so far received, a matter complicated by profits derived from the Ruhr occupation, seizures made, deliveries in kind received, etc.

The net results of a series of private conferences and the preliminary sessions of the main Conference was that an agreement was reached between the U. S. and Britain, whereby the former will receive as payment for the Rhine Army costs about \$13,750,000 annually for about 17 years, instead of \$20,000,000 for twelve years as settled in the so-called Wadsworth Agreement (Time, June 18, 1923). On the War damages claim the U. S. was awarded a 2 1/4% share of the total payments which are to stretch over a period of 42 years. As Germany is to pay through the Experts' Plan to the Allies at least \$625,000,000 annually, with subsequent increases according to an index of prosperity, the minimum share of the U. S. will amount to \$14,062,500 per annum for about 25 years.

Much satisfaction was evinced in Europe over the settlement of the U. S. claims. The U. S., thought Europeans, had become "one of the contracting parties to the Experts' Plan and the general reparations questions."

The Conference continued.

*Other Allies include Belgium, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Greece, Japan, Portugal.

Foreign News—[Continued]

COMMONWEALTH

(British Commonwealth of Nations)

Gold

From day to day the pound sterling has bounded up and up. Its par level in terms of U. S. dollars is \$4.869%. After 1919, it fell by degrees to a figure far under \$4.00, the chief reason being that a major part of the world's gold supply was in the U. S. In the early months of 1923, it had climbed up to \$4.71—the highest figure since the War control over Allied exchanges was abandoned in March, 1919. The advance was short-lived and the pound sank back to \$4.34 in December of the same year. This decline was due in part to the exportation of capital to the U. S. on account of the Ruhr occupation by France, and in part to the expatriation of capital caused by the advent of the Labor Ministry early last year.

Last November, a Conservative Ministry was elected in Britain. The Experts' Plan began to function. The whole Continental situation started to improve. European countries floated loans in the U. S., began to draw on the proceeds. British capital in the U. S. began to flow home. The pound sterling pricked up its ears, shook itself and began a sensational climb from about \$4.40 to its newest high point last week of \$4.79½—7½ points off par.

The tremendous advance of nearly 40c in less than three months started predictions of an early British return to a resumption of gold payments—use of gold currency*. Controversy began of the pros and cons, and the discussion was given much point by the fact that on Dec. 31, 1925, the prohibition placed in 1919 on trading in gold expires. The British Government must make up its mind to resume gold payments or extend the legislation prohibiting it. Which is it to be? That is the argument.

It seems fairly certain that, if the pound continues to rise and maintains its advance, the British Government will permit the shackles about gold currency to be unlocked at the end of the year, but nothing is likely to happen before then. This view is backed by the fact that Germany, Poland, Sweden, Holland have all—to a greater or lesser extent—reverted to gold payments. Britain can hardly afford to drop behind these countries if she is to retain financial supremacy in Europe.

*The legal tender in Britain is paper pound and ten-shilling notes. Reversion to a gold standard would not necessarily mean the abolition of paper currency, but would mean that gold could be bought and sold by private persons, which cannot be done at present.

FRANCE

Jolted

M. André Citroën, "French Henry Ford," received last week a nasty, grating, jerky jolt. His Trans-African Citroën Co., formed to finance a trans-Sahara route from Colomb-Bechar, southern terminus of the Algerian rail-



M. ANDRÉ CITROËN

Sadly he abandoned his scheme

ways, to Timbuktu (distance of nearly 1,700 miles) was suddenly brought to an untimely end.

The route was to have been traversed in nine days by special Citroën automobiles, equipped with caterpillar tractors. Along the route M. Citroën had erected many cheap hotels where native jazz bands were to have amused the transient guests. M. Citroën, highly optimistic, had once said: "A new country is thrown open to auto tourists. Tourists, eager for new sights and new experiences, soon will be able to make this once hazardous trip with ease and dispatch. They will be deeply stirred by the magic of this unexplored land."

At the outset, it seemed as if the plan would work as smoothly as a piston in a well-oiled cylinder. But M. Citroën had not counted upon native bullets or, if he had, he had counted upon the sky-blue soldiers of France to stop them. Turbulent Moors disliked the headless, legless camels that were to scoot across the desert at 45 miles an hour, declared an unholy war upon them. French officers warned M. Citroën that they could not guarantee security to tourists in the desert—finis. Sadly, painfully, reluctantly, M. Citroën announced the abandonment of his scheme and presumably the greater part of the

15,000,000 francs that it has cost him. The King of the Belgians and General Pétain, who were to have assisted at the opening ceremonies, were notified that there would be no such ceremonies.

Far away in the wide open spaces of the sandy Sahara, lights went out, hotels were closed. The night descended, the watch-fires of the tribes grew bright and there was great joy in Moorish camps at the ignominious retreat of the infidel.

Warned

Doctors warned Premier Edouard Herriot, still a-bed sick with a swollen leg, that his condition did not warrant him taking an active part in politics. Rumors ran around that the Premier would soon resign and the Ministry with him. Whether or no the Premier is going to take his doctors' advice is another matter; but it was generally believed that his health could not long stand the strain of Chamber debate.

Ex-Premier Paul Painlevé, President of the Chamber of Deputies, was mentioned as next Premier. His chances would not appear so good as those of ex-Premier Aristide Briand, who is reputed to have a larger following among the discordant elements from which any new Government must be formed. The Nationalists—Millerand, Poincaré & Co.—can be expected to force matters as far toward a general election as is possible.

Under the present disposition of parties in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Herriot has probably the best chance of any Minister of keeping a Government in power—and his chances are not too good. But, as he retains the confidence of foreign Powers, particularly Britain with whom relations grow more cordial day by day, his weakness in domestic matters is to a large extent offset; and he might well, despite contrary statements, be expected to survive in office a while longer, were it not for his illness.

Au Pays Rouge

M. Jean Herbet, accompanied by Mme. Herbet and an embassy staff left Paris for Moscow to take up duties as first French Ambassador to Bolshevik Russia, successor to the late French Ambassador to Imperial Russia, M. Maurice Paléologue.

At the Gare de l'Est, the Bolshevik Ambassador and his wife, M. & Mme. Leonid Krassin, bade the pair bon voyage and bon chance.

It was reported that the French Ambassador had been instructed by Premier Herriot to impress upon the

Foreign News—[Continued]

shev Government the necessity of paying its Imperial debt to France. Hostile wags in Paris thought, if he persisted, *il en reviendrait de suite du pays rouge.*

For three days a train chugged Ambassador Jean Herbet to Moscow, where he was met by Chief Protocol Floninsky, the French Charge d'Affaires and a guard of honor and was conducted to the French Embassy to the strains of a military band playing the *Torador's March from Carmen*. M. Herbet was amazed, expected the band to play the *Marseillaise*, but was told that foreign national anthems are forbidden in Russia. Bolshevik reporters called a few minutes later at the Embassy; to them the Ambassador said:

"The French people recognize the mutual sacrifices of both nations upon the altar of general peace. We are anxious to reestablish our mutual relationship. We are confronted with great difficulties, but I consider that there are no questions before us which will be hard to solve, should there be shown good will by both sides."

He told them that before leaving France, he had been almost mobbed by hundreds of poor men and women who had invested money in Russian bonds, and who would never consent to forfeit them. The Ambassador continued:

"The recognition of her debts by Russia would return the sympathies of these poor people to the Soviet Union."

A journalist was emboldened to remark that Russia could not pay her debts without first obtaining a loan. M. Herbet rejoined: "The recognition of her debts would help Russia to reestablish her credit."

RUSSIA

A Warning

Adolf A. Joffe, one of the greatest exponents of Bolshevik diplomacy, now Russian Minister to Austria, waxed contemptuous of a reported anti-Bolshevik league in the Balkans, hinted at war, warned against verbal sabre-rattlings:

"Naturally, this Balkan shouting about the Bolshevik danger arouses great bitterness among the people of the Soviet Union and enhances the difficulties of reaching an understanding between the Soviet Government and the Balkan States.

"Moreover, history teaches us that it is dangerous to rattle your weapons even verbally. We have known instances where in a similar atmosphere, and quite unexpected by all parties, rifles and cannon have gone off somehow of their own accord."

Kolchak's End

In a book of memoirs published in Russia by Sergius Tschoudnovsky was described the last moments of Admiral Kolchak, the two leaders of the Siberian White Army that tried to smash the might of Bolshevism. Tschoudnovsky, as Chairman of the



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THE LATE KOLCHAK
He refused to be bandaged

Investigation Committee, was commissioned, in 1920, their executioner.

It was on the night of Feb. 7 that Tschoudnovsky, accompanied by Red soldiers, went to the prison to inform the captives of their immediate execution. Admiral Kolchak was in his cell, fully dressed under a fur coat, and wearing a Cossack hat. He was expecting rescue at the hands of White forces under General Kappel, who was not far distant.

Wrote Tschoudnovsky:

I read to him the death sentence. He remained silent for a minute and then firmly replied, "Why without a trial? Will there be no trial at all?"

I responded with a counter query, asking since when had he become a convict to shooting only by order of a court; but this was left unanswered.

Kolchak silently obeyed orders and followed me to the prison office.

Then I went for Pepeliayev. He, too, was dressed and sitting on his iron bed. He broke into convulsive sobs while listening to the death sentence. Having recovered his composure, he expressed surprise, declaring he had made peace with the Soviet régime and addressed a petition to the Central Executive Committee, asking for a reprieve. He begged

us not to shoot him until the executive's reply came. I informed him this was impossible, and took him to join Kolchak.

While the latter conducted himself with the utmost indifference, Pepeliayev remained in a state of collapse, sobbing loudly, till the last minute.

While in the prison office Kolchak asked permission to see the Princess Timireva, first stating that she was his wife, but immediately afterward explaining "She's not wife, but she is a good woman who was in charge of the lingerie department of my armies."

This request was not granted. Despite the gravity of the moment, the soldiers could not help meeting such a request with a hearty laugh.

We arrived at the spot, carrying out the sentence near the river in the small morning hours. I addressed my soldiers, pointing out to them the significance of the situation, and gave the command. The volley was fired and both leaders fell dead.

Kolchak refused to have his eyes bandaged.

The question then arose what to do with the bodies. The soldiers suggested that they deserved the same fate as thousands of workmen and peasants whom Kolchak had assassinated during his punitive expeditions.

We towed the bodies to the river, cut the ice and threw them into the water.

Leninolatry

Throughout all the Russia that is really Bolshevik, arrangements proceeded to hold a grave mourning week for departed Comrade Nikolai Lenin who died a year ago (TIME, Jan. 28).

The week was to be spent mainly in securing recruits to the Bolshevik ranks. Lenin's jet-black tomb in Red Square, Moscow, was to be visited by all true Bolsheviks, and everywhere was to be proclaimed the principles for which the dead Red leader lived and died.

Revenge

How it happened was not known, but happen it did, apparently some time ago. Into Pecherskaya Monastery at Kiev went agents of the drab Cheka (Russian euphemism for High Court of Justice); right up into the belfry went they and discovered \$400,000 worth of treasures. Then they came down, arrested 15 high ecclesiastics.

Last week, peasants passing along a certain road beheld 15 casked figures doing manual labor under an armed guard supplied by the thoughtful Cheka. The peasants were ashamed, went to their village, killed all the Bolsheviks they could lay hands upon.

Foreign News—[Continued]

DANZIG

Paint War

In the Free City of Danzig, which is joined to Poland by a corridor through East Prussia, and which is shepherded by the League of Nations, a postal war was fought last week in novel hues.

Germans awoke one fine morning to find that all the mail boxes had been painted white and red—the Polish national colors. The Danzig authorities protested, stating that Poland was permitted postal sovereignty only within the Polish postoffice. The protest fell upon deaf ears. The next night, Germans repainted the mail boxes black, white and red—the old colors of Imperial Germany. Poles, angered, demanded an apology. No apology was given; the authorities instead asked the League for a ruling.

At Warsaw, Polish capital, national ire scaled great heights. The press fumed, warned Danzig that, unless it were more careful, it might become heir to a military occupation. It also reminded the unhappy Germans in Danzig that Poland "has powerful friends" — France, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Yugo-Slavia — and could carry out her threats.

NETHERLANDS

Amenities

The occasion was the fourth annual dinner of the U. S. branch of the International Law Association, held in Manhattan.

Before a vast expanse of taut white shirts, Dr. A. de Graeff, Dutch Minister to the U. S., rose from his seat. Said he: "In Washington society I am frequently greeted, chiefly by ladies, as follows: 'And how is dear little Holland?' While I appreciate the sympathy, I take exception to the diminutive, and most strongly object to the 'dear.' At least as far as international law is concerned, I think that my country deserves a better name than 'dear little Holland.'"

Another of the speakers had occasion to refer to the Netherlands. She was Mrs. Helena Normanton (Mrs. Gavin Clark), first married woman to be admitted to the English Bar under her own name, a woman who, in addition to prefixing "Mrs." to her maiden name, is "plump and very pretty, with a gen-

*The area of the Netherlands is 12,761 square miles (about three times the size of Connecticut), its population 7,029,881. The Dutch Empire in the East Indies is 512,473 square miles (one-third the size of the U. S.) in extent and has a population of 49,314,038.



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DR. A. DE GRAEFF

"And how is dear little Holland?"

uine blond complexion that would make even a show girl respect nature." Said she to her fellow diners: "America, England and Holland are the great custodian nations, guarding the liberties of the world.* And how few are the nations guarding liberty, and how many are doubting liberty and democracy today. We in England look to you and to Holland and believe that we three should hold together."

ITALY

Aventine Opposition

The week in Italy was quiet. There were attacks by the Communists on Fascisti, by Fascisti on Communists, in which the Socialists were also implicated either as aggressors or defenders. Bombs, bottles and knives were thrown, bullets were fired, whips cracked as did bludgeons over heads, blood flowed and angry cries rent the air. Yet all was comparatively quiet. It was that the Opposition press had been effectually gagged; that a hundred questionable politico-social clubs had been closed; that the urban and rural branches of the Italia Liberà Association, of which General Peppino Garibaldi is head, were shut down; that a number of subversive organizations had been rooted out; that people had been terrified by many hundreds of domiciliary searches made by rowdy and violent Fascisti; that scores of cafés had been forced to close their doors; that hundreds of agitators, revolu-

tionaries and other suspects had been hurled into jail. Benito Mussolini, Premier of Italy, had, as promised, pacified all Italy in 48 hours (TIME, Jan. 12). The Premier had kept his word. The strange noises which were heard were only the dull thuds and thumps of a political Opposition that had temporarily been put out of harm's way.

The Aventine* Opposition—group of about 150 Deputies of the Opposition which has boycotted the Chamber of Deputies since the Matteotti murder (TIME, June 23 et seq.)—seized a chance during this quietus to steal some of Benito's thunder.

The leaders of this group made strenuous efforts to induce ex-Premiers Orlando and Giolitti to join them in their boycott, but they were rebuffed; Signori Orlando and Giolitti declined to associate themselves with an illegal organization. The leaders went sorrowfully back to their Hill. Rumors were that the boycott was to be discontinued.

The Government thought to aid the Opposition in making up its mind about its next move. Accordingly, it was proposed in the Consulta to pay Deputies according to the number of sittings of the Chamber which they attended. (Incidentally the cost to the country of paying Deputies would be cut some 6,000,000 lire.) The object was, of course, to deprive the Aventine Deputies of the salaries which they are still drawing.

Next day, a grand session of the Opposition was held. They reaffirmed their position and, in a long and violent manifesto to the Italian people attacking the Government, made it clear that they had no intention of resuming their seats. The Italians, or the greater part of them, were not interested one way or the other in what the Opposition Deputies did or intended to do. They have, so to speak, lost caste.

YUGO-SLAVIA

Balkanized Election

In the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes (Yugo-Slavia), there is a violent election in progress.

Elections in the Balkans, particularly in Yugo-Slavia, work on an entirely different principle than do those in other lands. In the first place, much depends upon whether the Government in power wants to remain in power. Usually it does and, to achieve its de-

*Classical name given to opposition factions. *Vide* political clubs on the Aventine Hill during time of Cicero.

*Mrs. Normanton undoubtedly referred to the Hague Tribunal and the Permanent Court of International Justice.

Foreign News—[Continued]

sired end, it uses many means. Sometimes it is bribery, often ballot changing, occasionally death, imprisonment or illegal disenfranchisement—all of which efforts are destined to increase the Government's plurality.

Last week, Stefan Raditch, leader of the Croatian autonomists (i.e., those advocating total separation from the Serb Kingdom and self-rule as an independent republic) was found under a bed in a house in Zagreb, the address of which had been supplied by a Radical turned traitor. Police dragged Raditch, who is under a ban for being in league with the Bolsheviks, from under the bed by the heels, cast him into prison.

But this was not all. Raditch's party (Croatian Peasant's Party), which formed the mainstay of the Opposition with 70 seats in the Skupstina (National Assembly), was disbanded by order of white-whiskered Nikolaï Pashitch, iron-handed Premier of Yugo-Slavia. All leaders and some 600 supporters were arrested. Angry faces emitted angry noises, but the inexorable soldiers stood by to see that the bubbling revolutionary spirit did not boil over.

In Belgrade, Yugo-Slavian capital, Nikolaï Pashitch pays no attention to the protests and growls of his angry opponents. Sitting back in his easy chair, the octogenarian Premier runs his desiccated fingers through his long beard and confidently hopes for an overwhelming "electoral" victory.

LATIN AMERICA

"Don't Leave!"

Orders went forth to the detachment of the U. S. Marine Corps stationed in Nicaragua to return to the U. S.

Nicaraguans became alarmed. Who would protect the Government if the Marines were to leave? "Don't go," implored President Solorzano in effect, as he requested the U. S. Government to leave the "devil dogs" in the country until the formation of a U. S.-officered constabulary.

Rich

The good ship *Teno* churned its way through many a mile of water until it finally glided silently alongside a dock that was in Manhattan.

Down the gangplank walked Simon Y. Patino, Bolivian Minister to Spain, a man worth ten times ten million good U. S. dollars. This short, broad man with a pug-dog face was accompanied by two sons, Rene and Onilno, two secretaries, two valets, one manager, one physician and 50 pieces of luggage. To



© Keystone

SIMON PATINO
He dislikes discomfort

the immigration men he handed a diplomatic passport.

From the docks, he drove straightway to a large hotel. At this point, enthusiastic journalists, bereft of all reason, had multiplied his fortune, exaggerated his power, invented "many things. They could not decide whether the mining magnate of South America had taken seven or nine rooms at his hotel, half a floor or a whole floor—at any rate he stayed at a hotel.

It was definitely known that Bolivia's richest man was in the U. S. on a business mission. But what that business was nobody knew; though it was darkly hinted that the mission was concerned with the organization of a \$50,000,000 corporation "which is to administer part of his property in Brazil."

Simon Patino started life 59 years ago. Aged 28 (when he was an insignificant storekeeper), he raised the enormous fortune of \$18,000 to buy a tin mine. Since then, he has become richer and richer and still richer. He dislikes discomfort, and—as he has money with which to buy comfort—he keeps no fewer than 13 châteaux in various parts of the world—Nice, Biarritz, London, Paris, et cetera.

Number Three

One Francisco Perez, alleged to be the third assassin of the murdered Englishwoman, Mrs. Rosalie Evans (TIME, Aug. 11), was captured last week in the State of Puebla. He was taken to Puebla City for trial.

His two accomplices, Alejo Garcia and Francisco Ruiz, condemned to death for the murder, had not yet been executed.

CINEMA

The New Pictures

Her Night of Romance. Constance Talmadge does not perform very often. It is just and eminently fitting that when she does she selects a good sustaining menu of amusement. Such a menu is the present film. It is all light food, thin and made for laughter. Arriving in England is an American heiress to \$10,000,000. Starving in England at the same time is Lord Menford. To frighten off the wolf, Lord Menford sells to this heiress his estate, "catches a bun" the next night and is delivered to his ancient gates. Thereupon they are marooned together for two nights and a day. Woven through this inconsequential thesis is a variety of vigorous by-play and device. Miss Talmadge is excellent as usual and is aided immensely in her pantomime by the brilliant support supplied by Ronald Colman. Director Sidney Franklin has done a neatly knit and thoroughly ingenious job.

• • •
If I marry Again sounds like one of those pulpy domestic morals with which the jaded directors are so fond of fabling. That is just what it is. The message is a domestic warning to males. Confide in your wife, it counsels. Tell her all your troubles and your problems. Tell her a joke now and then. All this is demonstrated through the medium of a cabaret girl who married an earnest youth and got on amiably with him despite her inconspicuous beginnings. Another, more propitious, marriage in the picture crumbled because the principals were partners but not companions. Doris Kenyon helps matters along with a serviceable emotional performance.

• • •
Locked Doors. Youth (Betty Compson) married to simple senility (Theodore Roberts) falls in love with a young and handsome hero (Theodor von Eltitz). This happens by the side of a trout stream in romantic circumstances that just escape being obvious. From the viewpoint of technique the story gets worse and worse. A red-hot flat-iron sets fire to the house at midnight, and, as if this were not ridiculous enough, the young lovers, saying protracted good-byes in the lady's bedroom, persist in arguing as the flames sweep around them. There is the usual insipid ending—divorce and the marriage of the perfectly mated.

THE THEATRE

New Plays

Mrs. Partridge Presents. The managing mother who manages to misfire completely in the last act is the portrait around which a number of smaller portraits are tastefully distributed. The smaller portraits are mostly her children and their friends. The misfire is the pardonable reluctance of her children to tread the pathways of artistic life which she has broken for them.

An artist and an actress her boy and girl shall be. Years of toil go into the proper nourishing of their temperaments. The boy prefers engineering; the girl, matrimony. Mother loses.

Blanche Bates offered her usual determined and consciously complete performance. Elliott Cabot who, with Robert Benchley, is the most promising of the younger Harvard actors, made a keen impression on the critics. Quite the best of the troupe was Ruth Gordon (Lola Pratt in *Seventeen*). She wandered in occasionally as the little girl from up the street and quite pulled the play from the grasp of the Partridge family.

Jack in the Pulpit. Robert Ames, who has given two excellent performances in *The Hero and Icarus*, is now the defendant on two serious charges. Item: He has become a manager. Item: He has produced a fearful play. In fact, he has produced one of the season's worst. Which, in this scrambled season, is almost a distinction.

Mr. Ames interprets the rôle of a crook who will inherit an immoderate amount of millions if he becomes for one year the pastor of a village church. After introducing to his astonished golf, jazz and auction bridge, after falling in love with the inevitable sweet and simple maiden, he reforms.

Marion Coakley, lured somehow into this dramatic litter, plays well ahead of her materials. Mr. Ames adds little to his established reputation. Most of the subordinates were valueless.

Othello. Walter Hampden is one of the most serious laborers for the better things of the Theatre. He is one of the few curators of the old things that are best. Therefore, when he brings back *Othello*, the honesty of his effort, the stimulation that such a play must give our stage is to be commended without stint. Granting, however, the sincerity and ambition of the effort, it must be said that *Othello* is in many places dull.

In the first place, Mr. Hampden's version stretches across three hours and 30 minutes of the watcher's time. The play is simply not sufficiently invigorat-

ing to sustain the stubborn interest of the casual attendant. In the second place, the interpretation of Mr. Hampden, scholarly and earnest as it is, seems somehow to fail the Moor. He



MR. HAMPDEN

Scholarly, earnest, determined

plays Othello resolutely and with determination. Always he plays it; never does he bring the suffering soldier to life. Furthermore, the Desdemona of Jeannette Sherwin is distinctly under standard. Iago (Baliol Holloway, Englishman) gives a curiously individual, irritating and yet undeniably admirable performance.

For people to whom any Shakespeare presentation is an educational essential, the production will be enormously worth while. To the rank and file who crowded so enthusiastically to Mr. Hampden's *Cyrano de Bergerac*, it is doubtful if *Othello* will abundantly appeal.

Stark Young—"Admirable part of this *Othello* was the spirit . . . everywhere evident a long study and a great ideal for the Theatre."

Is Zat So. Quite without warning a group of previously undistinguished actors chipped the shell off a hard boiled comedy and threw it in most amusing pieces to a greedy and appreciative audience. It was not the type of appreciation that Mr. Hampden or Mrs. Fiske would prize; it was the type of laughter whose artistic values are confined solely to the green and yellow curlicues which decorate U. S. Government currency.

The acrid commentary and allusion which flows from the narrow lips of a

prize fighter's manager reflects most of the merriment. This manager and his deplorably dense lightweight are abruptly added to the menial quota of a hangout home on Fifth Avenue. They fall in love with others of the servants; they stir up a resounding second-act fight that would do credit to any picture play; they win the love match and the lightweight championship of the world.

James Gleason, co-author, gave a performance of vigorous vulgarity as the prize fight manager. Some of the Fifth Avenue accessories were rather startling, but the tough parts were swell.

Big Boy. It is established now that Al Jolson is the most valuable entertainer in the world. It is established that he, more than any living man or woman, can summon the audience to the palm of his white-gloved hand and hold it there. To his enemies—and he has a few—these statements will seem absurd. Survey of the reception he received in *Big Boy* guarantees them none the less.

The piece is a departure from the Jolson custom in that it has a plot. The comedian portrays the character of a darkie jockey who rides a colt named Big Boy and wins the last-act race. This framework displays no sensational originality. It is shrewdly made to carry the star's efforts, always feeding them and taking little for itself. The company is large and generally competent. Yet, it is upon the magnificent vitality, the bright and sometimes bawdy wit, the shift to a swift flash of pathos, the surpassing magnetism of Mr. Jolson that the show depends.

Percy Hammond—"The People's Voice."

Alexander Woolcott—"Refreshed, magnificent, capable of rocking the Winter Garden with an ancient laughter and flooding it with the rue and the tenderness of an ancient art."

Lass O' Laughter. Flora Le Breton, London actress, has arrived in a comedy that is a mixture of Bertha M. Clay* and lemon meringue pie. She starts as a slavey, advances via an inheritance to the lordly Maxwell Towers, marries the glistening young Earl. So old-fashioned, obvious and generally fallible is the piece that there remain only the efforts of Miss Le Breton for discourse. She is called "the Mary Pickford of England." Many cinema potentates were in the initial audience to judge her values. She turned out to be a small and somewhat fluffy blonde, abounding in energy and a somewhat aggressive winsomeness. With careful direction and the selection of a play in which she will not be called upon for such consistent quaintness, her name should multiply moderately upon people's lips.

*British Laura Jean Libbey.

The Best Plays

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

Drama

S. S. GLENCAIN—Four early sea stories of Eugene O'Neill done with all the salt and tar and rum that can be collected on a stage.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS—Eugene O'Neill's gruff chronicle of a girl who felt the call of youth stronger than her duty to her ancient husband. Rigid and stony tragedy.

WHITE CARGO—Mulatto woman, white man, all alone in Africa. A sombre study in loneliness that has played in Manhattan for more than a year.

SILENCE—A heedless melodrama with many flaws and an enormous amount of excitement. H. B. Warner is the hero crook who did not commit the murder.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—Italian peasants of California involved in a triangle of the old husband, the young bride, the worthless lover. Pauline Lord gives what is probably the best performance of the season.

WHAT PRICE GLORY?—The bitterness of the French front brought back again by a tale of the marines and how they managed the mud and cognac.

OLD ENGLISH—In a secondary play by Galsworthy, George Arliss presents a flawless performance as an aged and relentlessly English gentleman.

Comedy

THE GUARDSMAN—Some of the smartest playing and discussion of the season, depending on the ability of a great actor to act so well as to seduce his own wife.

CANDIDA—George Bernard Shaw receives a brilliant interpretation by Katherine Cornell, Richard Bird and Pedro de Cordoba in what is one of the few plays that must not be missed.

MRS. PARTRIDGE PRESENTS—Reviewed in this issue.

QUARANTINE—Solely for admirers of Helen Hayes. A light comedy in which she elopes with an entirely unsuspecting male.

THE SHOW-OFF—Large talk and loud laughter over the young man who talks all the time and succeeds in saying nothing.

THE FIREBRAND—The strange old sinners of the Middle Ages chase one another through the complications of a modern bedroom farce.

MINICK—A penetrating, if somewhat placid, investigation of what happens when an old and idle father meddles too long with his daughter's domestic strategies.

When We Were Very Young*

A. A. Milne Makes Believe

The worst thing that can happen to anybody is to grow up. Growing old is only part of it; if you don't grow up, how can you grow old? People start by making believe they are grown up and then, the first thing they know, they are. The look at their faces, which have gotten lined or baggy or twisted with pretending to be grown up, and they say "That is I." Sometimes they say "That is me"; then there is still hope for them. A. A. Milne, who wrote this book, is not like these people. He is good at making believe, as is shown by the fact that he has written some very good plays, which is only making believe according to the rules made by grown-ups, who make rules about everything. Now he has written some verses for his friend, Christopher Robin, by name. It is sometimes hard to decide who is supposed to be saying the verses—the Author, or Christopher, or Nurse, or Hoo. It is probably Hoo, a mysterious person much like a brownie.

In a corner of the bedroom is a great big curtain

Someone lives behind it but I don't know who;

I think it's a Brotanie, but I'm not quite certain.

(Nanny isn't certain, too.)

I looked behind the curtain, but he went so quickly,

Brownies never wait to say "How do you do?"

They wriggle off at once because they're all so tickly.

(Nanny says they're tickly, too.)

Not all unusual animals are so hard to see, though most of them hate to have to be polite. For instance, at the Zoo

There are badgers, and badgers and badgers, and a Super-in-tend-ant's House,

There are masses of goats, and a polar, and different kinds of mouse

And I think there's a sort of something that's called a wall-aboo—

But I gave buns to the elephant when I went down to the Zoo.

If you try to talk to the bison, he never quite understands,

You can't shake hands with a mingo—he doesn't like shaking hands.

And lions and roaring tigers hate saying "How do you do?"

But I give buns to the elephant when I go down to the Zoo.

*WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG—A. A. Milne—Dutton (\$2.00).

BOOKS

Elephants, those kingly beasts, get their buns. But there is a rhyme in this book about a King who had a hard time getting so much as a piece of butter for the royal slice of bread. He asked the Queen to tell the Dairymaid to tell the Alderney to be sure to make some butter, but

*The Alderney
Said sleepily
"You'd better tell his Majesty
That many people nowadays
Like marmalade
Instead."*

In the end, the Alderney was obedient and made lots of butter. But a certain lady in another rhyme was not obedient. It is said, the story about her:

*James James
Morrison Morrison
Weatherby George Dupree
Took great care of his Mother
Though he was only three.
James James said to his mother
"Mother," he said, said he;
"You must never go down to the end
of the town if you don't go down
with me."*

She disobeyed, thinking she could get back in time for tea. She hasn't been heard of since, though the King offered a reward. The last verse of this rhyme is like the first; and after you have heard all the ones in between, it will not be hard to read it, though it is written this way:

*J. J.
M. M.
W. G. Du P.
Took great
c/o his M***
Though he was only 3.
J. J. said to his M***
"M***," he said, said he;
"You must never go down - to - the end
of the town if you don't go down
with me."*

There are many other interesting rhymes: one about the three foxes, who had no stockings or socks, but kept their handkerchiefs in cardboard boxes; about rice pudding; about Little Bo Peep and Little Boy Blue (they loved each other); about the Doormouse and the Doctor (they hated each other); about four animals—elephant, lion, goat, snail—who were friends. With every rhyme there are pictures by E. H. Sheppard which are better than the rhymes if you like pictures better.

The Author, A. A. Milne was born, though few believe it, in 1882. Before the War, he was Assistant Editor of *Punch*; after the War he wrote plays, six of which—*The Dover Road*, *Mr. Pim Passes By*, *The Truth*

About *Blayds, The Lucky One, The Great Broxopp, The Romantic Age*—have been produced in Manhattan.

Rakowitzes

THE MATRIARCH—G. B. Stern—*Dutton* (\$2.50). Matriarchy, recurring through several generations of a family, is never without the suggestion that original female promiscuity has brought fatherhood into disrepute, as an agency too casual to be revered and too dubious to be trusted. That suggestion is implicit in the affairs of the Jewish family Rakowitz. Babette, afterwards the first Mrs. Rakowitz, used to march each evening, attended by two white trouser-legs, to the camp of the Emperor Napoleon at Pressburg. She bred and ruled many Rakowitzes, passed her domineering spirit down through seven generations of Rakowitz women who overruled seven generations of Rakowitz men. The book is an extraordinary graph of the involved ganglia, the subtle criss-crossing veins, the interwoven tissues of a great family. It is written as Mr. H. G. Wells used to write before too many ideas gave his style the goot.

Muddle

STACY—Alexander Black — *Bobbs-Merrill* (\$2.00). The walls were not very thick where Stacy lived. Upstairs lived a female person whom he could hear walking, thud, thud, like a shod horse, endlessly to and fro, putting away her laundry out of a package—a year's wash, perhaps. Downstairs in the basement there were two other people—a man named Barrack and a girl he had taken in. This girl had been on the town, but she was pretty. Stacy fell in love with her, fell also for the shod horse abovestairs. He knew his oats, he knew the big-town song-and-dance, the Broadway poker-game; but love was a word he believed in. He put a wallup in that word, but was leery of saying so in gab-fests, because most "go-getters" thought it was hokum, and he was a go-getter. "Big money" was what he wanted. He got a job promoting Sawkin's Hair Salvation, gave it up, started a hash-house. Sometimes he was up, sometimes he was down, always he was lonely, always there were the women. Mr. Black must have known a lot of Stacys; he makes this one significant because he is almost perfectly average. If too many klaxons blow in this book, if people seem to skid into each other's lives, trip each other up, like passengers at a slippery crossing, it is because the life Mr. Black has chosen to observe is like that; people are hatched too fast, buildings rise too quickly, traffic is hard to handle, walls are not very thick.

Peter B. Kyne

He Talks to Rotarians

Peter Bernard Kyne was born in California, but that has not kept him from showing in much of his talk and especially in his bright gray eyes that he is chiefly Celt. His stories of personal experience are many of them quite as dramatic as his novels—that's a gift these Irishmen have! Mr. Kyne wrote his first story at 13, was a soldier in the Spanish War, engaged in the lumber business and failed at it, tried to start a newspaper and failed at it, then turned to writing and has been more successful at it than most of his fellow "best-sellers." That fact that *The Go-Getter** and its doctrine have made him a good-salesman trade-mark irks him occasionally, for he says that he is forever talking to Rotary Clubs and young men's organizations on the gospel of success. Why not? He has the recipe.

"The author does much to his public," he said the other day. "He hasn't any right to give them the sort of story they don't expect from him. He must keep faith with them and do his best to see that his work never bores them. That is the writer's unforgivable sin."

Mr. Kyne's latest novel is *The Enchanted Hill*†. He will do a series of travel articles about his recent trip around the world before he attempts another long story. Meanwhile, he intends writing more soldier stories; for not only is he a veteran of the Spanish War, but he was an Artillery Captain in France during the late conflict.

"While in China I bumped into a war," he told me, "and I wanted to see how it felt to be under fire again. They certainly are stupid fighters: I stood behind a temple wall and let a sharp-shooter spatter bullets all over it. He never came within a mile of me!

"My wife, though, got into more serious difficulties. She went out walking one day and just as she was enjoying the scene, the Chinese thought they'd start their war, and she found herself between the armies. Fortunately a shell that struck three feet from her proved a dud. When she came in she said: 'Peter, you should have been with me this afternoon. I've had such an interesting time!'"

Apparently the Kyne family likes its walks adventuresome—and that's how Peter B. Kyne strikes me—a charming adventurer who writes romances with that rarest of all gifts, a sense of humor! J. F.

*THE GO-GETTER—*Cosmopolitan Book Corp.* (\$2.75).

†THE ENCHANTED HILL—*Cosmopolitan Book Corp.* (\$2.00).

ART

Bellows

To George Bellows, famed artist, a the height of his career, came Death last week. He died in Manhattan after an operation for acute appendicitis. To his bier flocked many celebrate painters, Art patrons, writers—Ignace Zuloaga, Charles Dana Gibson, Frank Crowninshield, Joseph Hergeheim, Guy Pene Du Bois, Joseph Penne John Sloane, Robert Henri, Robert V. Chanler, Albert Sterner, Gari Mechers, A. Sterling Calder.

George Bellows never studied Europe. He was born in Ohio studied art in Manhattan under Robert Henri. That artist once said of him "I can't teach this boy anything; I knows by instinct all that it has taken me years to learn."

Mr. Bellows was blithe. He smacked his lips over life. In Art, he belonged to the school of gusto. What rats, city parks, snowy clustered roof great clumping dray horses, seamy fac of dock laborers, pale ladies, prize fighters, gentle landscapes—he painted all with the impulse of a poet and the hand of a realist. To form he gave significance from which modernism shrink because it is obvious, conservatives because it is daring and which many art-lovers admire because it is both.

Most prized of the pictures by the artist is his *Eleanor, Jean and Anne* a study of his young daughter poised between his mother and his aunt. T won the Gold Medal at the Pennsylvania Academy (Philadelphia) in 19 the first prize at the Carnegie Institute's International Exhibition in Pittsburgh in 1922. In the latter year, picture *Nude Girl with a Shawl*, provoked a long and animated controversy between artists and moralists where was exhibited at the National Art Club. Last season, his contribution the New Society of Artists' Manhattan Exhibition—a rude, graphic painting the Crucifixion—attracted great attention, as did the recent picture he sent to that gallery—*Two Women* (Jan. 12). His paintings are hung many famed galleries, museums, in U. S. and Europe. Many are the honors, medals, that have been conferred upon him.

St. Paul's

It wasn't the Dean's fault, that was certain. A tourist told the sex and the sexton told the Dean and Dean told the Chapter; somebody else told the King. Everybody shook their heads and said it could not be so, when they went to look, there was fact staring them in the face. London Times got hold of the story started a restoration fund that ne

£33,000 in three days. In Park Lane, in Mile End Road, in Billingsgate, in the counties, what a buzz. "Falling down . . ." people said amazed. "Falling down . . ." they said ominously. "St. Paul's Cathedral is falling down."

The brow of Dean Inge, never very jocund at best, was painfully overcast. Still, as has been said, they couldn't blame him for it. His attitude in the crisis could only be one of prayerful anxiety. He consulted engineers, architects. They told him:

That the dome, weighing from 40,000 to 60,000 tons, rests upon eight piers which, though they appear imposingly massive, are in reality no more than stone pipes bolstered with rubble. The weight of the dome has made every one of them shift or crack.

That the Cathedral's solidity could be amply restored by the simple method of *grouting*. To grout is to force behind the stone facings liquid cement which, oozing through the broken rubble, would petrify it into a rigid mass capable of sustaining any weight.

That grouting would do no more good than grunting, for the piers themselves rested on a weak foundation which delved little below the crypt. The only way to keep St. Paul's from replacing London Bridge in the famed nursery rhyme was to remove the dome and deepen the foundation.

In short, some said one thing, some another. The Dean was rather confused than relieved. However, since somebody must be blamed, the architects, engineers agreed on a name, a revered name, a name chiseled across the very plinth of the great arch of modern architecture, none other than the name of the builder of St. Paul's. Everyone, perhaps including the Dean himself, seized eagerly upon this suggestion. Even a diminutive and far from prominent member of the famed St. Paul's choristers got hold of the idea and made a rhyme about it which he passed around at choir practice behind the cover of a fat hymn-book. It seemed very funny because everyone was supposed to be so solemn.

*Christopher Wren he took a gumshoe,
Christopher Wren he took a stick,
Put them in St. Paul's Cathedral
Covered 'em over quick and slick.*

*Now St. Paul's is busting open
Because of Wren, Rickety Wren.
Gumshoe, stick, crack, crack—
Who's to build it up again?*

Wren (1632-1723). Yet, for all the headshakings, the architects' debates, the Dean's cloudy brow, the choir-boy's rhyme, he was a great man, this Wren. He saw the town of London burn in the fire of 1666. St. Paul's was razed in that fire. The King ap-

pointed Sir Christopher to replace it. For 35 years, Wren worked, watched the great double dome, at that time consummate innovation in design, rise on its rubbly piers. When it was finished, he pronounced it his masterpiece. Turner once sketched it, said: "I've drawn the Dome of London." Besides



SIR CHRISTOPHER

"Gumshoe, stick, crack, crack—"

the Cathedral, Wren built 53 English parish churches. Always he was masterly in his handling of towers, spires. Faultless fingers of grey stone, tapering into the skies of England—the spires of St. Swithin's Cannon Street, St. Margaret's Patten's Road Lane, St. Martin's Ludgate, pray for the soul of Rickety Wren.

Deep Sea

Still are the waters about Rio de Janeiro, deep are they and clear. Because of their stillness, their clarity, to Rio last week repaired Zarh H. M. Pritchard,* painter. He paints pictures of the deep sea. Where the coral spreads its fan, where sea-grass lifts and sways to currents vague as wind, and blunt-nosed fishes ply, this way and that, their white bellies a-gleam, their eyes phosphorescent, there goes Painter Pritchard in a kind of diving suit. His

*Artist Pritchard's Christian name was originally Walter. Because of the annoyance he derived from letters intended for other Walter Pritchards, he changed it to Zarh. Said he: "There were eight other Walter Pritchards. One was a drunkard, another a man who never paid his bills, and a wife. It was this last Pritchard who determined me to change my name. I received a letter from his wife. She begged me to return to her, saying that the daughter, Mary, had grown into a fine, tall, good-looking woman. So I changed my name to Zarh, which is Persian for light."

pictures are hung in the Natural History Museum, Manhattan, in many European galleries. Says he:

"I work on the ocean floor exactly as I would work in my studio. All my sketches are done in color under the surface. Sometimes fish eight or ten feet long have come close to me as if they were curious, but I have never been attacked. . . . The smaller fish exasperate me."

...

British-American

Passengers in the side concourse of the Pennsylvania Station, Manhattan, noticed, last Saturday afternoon, a great limousine drawn up not far from a taxi-cab stand. It was a car hardly designed to lounge unnoticed through the streets of the metropolis, for one side of the shining tonneau was tastefully draped in a large British Union Jack, the other in a large U. S. flag. In it sat three high hats—Sir Harry Gloster Armstrong, British Consul; Walter L. Clark, President of the Grand Central Art Galleries; Irving T. Bush, Art patron. They were waiting for Sir Esmé Howard, British Ambassador to the U. S., to arrive from Washington. On the other side of Manhattan Island, 4,000 people—said to be the largest assemblage ever to attend a New York exhibition—waited for him also. For this Ambassador had promised to lend his presence to the opening of the Retrospective Exhibition of British Paintings, under the auspices of the English-speaking Union.

Sir Esmé arrived, quickly traversed the town in his gaudy limousine, stood before the 4,000. To them he read a letter from President Coolidge to President Clark, welcoming the exhibition as an endeavor "to bring about among English-speaking peoples the interchange of ideas which leads to a good understanding." After he had made a speech of his own, after Mr. Clark had made a speech, the 4,000 were free to turn their faces to the walls.

They saw, first of all, ten portraits painted in England by John Singer Sargent, never before exhibited in the U. S. Notable among these was the artist's portrait of Lady Sassoon—an arrogant, amazingly refined countenance portrayed with the delicate distinction characteristic of aristocracy and Sargent at their best. There, too, was one of Mr. Sargent's famed Wertheimer portraits. There was Muning's picture of the Prince of Wales on Forest Witch, his graceful chestnut mare. There was Sir James J. Shannon's portrait of the Princess Patricia, loaned by the Duke of Connaught. There were two Hogarths from *The Rake's Progress* series, two portraits by Reynolds, a romantic landscape by Gainsborough, a liberal representation of other 18th Century painters.

MUSIC

Conductor

An active figure, with two eyes peering through large glasses emerged from the door at the left of the platform. He advanced to the centre in front of the expectant orchestra and bowed to the audience. The audience assembled in Carnegie Hall, Manhattan, applauded loudly. The conductor turned to the



©Lipritski

STRAVINSKY
His baton twitched

orchestra—it was the Philharmonic Orchestra. He was new to it and to the audience. He stood poised, at once elastic and tense, as if he were restraining a great passion.

The orchestra glanced at their music, *Song of the Volga Boatmen*, scored for wind instruments and percussion, poised their instruments, as their eyes turned on the conductor. His baton twitched. "Boom" went the bass-drum in answer. It answered again and again, its portentous stroke punctuating the strains of the *Boat Song*, composed by Stravinsky, conducted by Stravinsky.

It was his first appearance in the U. S. After a voyage hither which, he said, made him feel like writing a "snow-storm symphony" because there was "no more sun the whole time than a 20-franc piece," he had received pressmen in his hotel. They had seen him disembark from his ice-blistered vessel in a black top-coat, orange shirt, orange muffler, monocle in right eye, but were somewhat abashed to find that his lounging costume consisted of a brown-and-rose pull-over sweater, heavy gold bands on each wrist to support watch, bangles,

etc., and five massive rings. As he talked, he fidgeted. His glass had kept dropping from its bed between the fold of his brow and the pouch of his eye. He waved long arms, discussed his music in French and German.

"A modernist? But no, I am not a modernist. That is a debauched term (*mot compromise*). The modernists set out to shock the bourgeoisie, and they only succeed in pleasing the Bolsheviks. My music is neither 'futurist' nor 'passéist,' but the music of today."

The music, however, that he conducted with so much verve for that assemblage in the famed concert hall, the music which had made him so famous was, for him, the music of yesterday. Yet there were not a few in the great assemblage who love still the loveliness he has forsworn; and, though the members of the Philharmonic Orchestra seemed to weary of all his impetuous antics, to grow listless in sounding their horns and strings, these people applauded long the music of the old Stravinsky, by the new Stravinsky.

Vincent Lopez, Inc.

A "gimmick" is a person who puts a price tag on everything he sees and a label on everything he thinks. Most musicians pride themselves on not being gimmicks. To differentiate themselves from this clan, they wear their hair longer; their neckties, their phrases, are more picturesque. The only criticism they fear is the accusation that they fear criticism, that they are trying to make themselves as gimmicks are. Not so Vincent Lopez, famed jazzbo. Music, he says, should ape business. Orchestras should have labels, price tags; the labels should stand for quality. Jazz is a commodity, like canned food. It should be retailed as such. To carry out this theory, he has organized a company—Vincent Lopez Inc.—the shares of which he has offered for sale as a cannery might offer the shares of his cannery. He plans to organize orchestras all over the U. S., to found a school to train musicians for these orchestras, to broadcast on a huge scale. Said he:

"At present I have 22 orchestras. That's nothing. What I am after is to have an orchestra in every city of any size in the U. S. There's something. Now we are after the money. . . ."

"What's the trouble with buying the service of an orchestra today? Why, you never can tell what you are going to get. If you have heard an orchestra, and get the orchestra you heard, then it may be O. K. But if you cannot get the one you want, the one you get may be O. K. and it may not. What we are going to do is to train orchestras so that, if you order one from us any-

where in the U. S., you will always get the same thing and know what you are getting. . . ."

Leginska

A great gentleman once stated that, since the exercise of power is beyond doubt the only sensible gratification that the world affords to the thoughtful, there were but two goals which seri-



LEGINSKA
Hers waved

ously attracted his ambition—to be Emperor of the Russians, or to conduct a symphony orchestra. In the course of history, women have entertained and indeed achieved desires very similar. They have commanded knights and serfs, taken walled towns and sat throned among their armies. Yet, few women have ever risen to lead orchestras. Last week, in Manhattan, one did. Miss Ethel Leginska, famed pianist, composer, conducted the New York Symphony in Carnegie Hall.

Trig, bobbed, black-velveted, she waved the baton, now in her right hand, now in her left, worked furiously at the climaxes; sometimes she shook her fist at the trombones. After every number, the house burst into bravos. Early in the evening a huge wreath, surmounted by the British and American flags, was placed on the stage. Her admirers came to praise. Repeatedly she tried to make the orchestra rise and bow with her, but that organization of astute and courteous musicians remained obstinately seated. They knew that Miss Leginska believed herself to be experiencing the only sensible gratification which the world affords to the thoughtful. They did not want anyone to think that, had Miss Leginska merely said to them: "Gentlemen, I wish you would play the *Oberon* overture, Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony* and the *Meistersinger* overture," the performance might not have been so very different.

SCIENCE

Prairie Tube

In Chicago, there dwells a renowned professor named Albert Abraham Michelson. A member of the faculty of the University of Chicago, he has made many a valuable contribution to Science. Born at Strelno, Germany, a son of Samuel Michelson and Rosaie Przyluska, he is a brother of Charles Michelson (rabidly Democratic chief of *The New York World's* Washington Bureau) and of Miriam Michelson (author). But he graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis when these two were still on the Pacific coast, in swaddling clothes.

Albert became an instructor in physics at the Naval Academy, and then continued his studies at Heidelberg. Soon afterward he began to acquire the reputation that won him the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1907 and distinctions and degrees without number. He was, for example, the first to measure the diameter of distant stars.

Yet in the course of many years, he had not given a public lecture. Last week, the President and Trustees of Chicago University persuaded him. They secured the use of a downtown theatre and prevailed upon him to address a large audience consisting mainly of sponsors of the University.

He began with fundamentals, comprehensible to the lay mind, explaining wave-motion by slides and motion pictures of a number of experiments. He showed the properties of water waves and similar mechanical waves. He showed the properties of sound waves. From these, he went on to show the properties of the different but analogous waves of light. All this was to demonstrate the principle on which one of his great inventions—which he has labored 40 years in perfecting—is based.

This instrument is a device for taking very delicate measurements of the speed of light rays. Two rays are used for comparison. It works roughly on the principle that, if two sets of waves are produced and the crest of one is timed to come in the trough of another, the appearance of waves is destroyed. In the case of light, this means a dark place or shadow. When the light rays are received upon a given surface, visible dark lines are formed by the interference of the waves. Using this device in Southern California, last year, experiments were made by Prof. Michelson which measured the speed of light—now given as 186,000 miles a second—with a possible error of only 20 miles per second. A light and the interferometer were placed on one peak. A mirror was placed on a peak 20 miles distant. By receiving rays direct from the light next to it and rays which had travelled 40 miles

(from the light to the distant mirror and back), the interferometer showed the light fringes and dark lines of interference from which the speed of light was calculated.



A. A. MICHELSON

"In Chicago, there dwells a renowned professor."

Then Prof. Michelson proceeded to describe an experiment which has been in progress for some months on a prairie just west of Chicago (TIME, Aug. 11). There a rectangle of 12-inch pipe, almost a mile in perimeter, was laid down. Its greater dimension extends from east to west. This pipe was sealed and the air exhausted. Mirrors were placed in the corners so that a beam of light would be reflected completely around it. In one corner an arc light was placed, the beams of which, split by mirrors, were reflected around the rectangle in opposite directions.

If the beams, traveling *ar* and *le* the rectangle in both directions, moved at the same rate, the waves would come into the interferometer simultaneously; there would be no interference, hence no dark lines and light fringes on the receiving surface. If the beam going in one direction traveled faster than the beam going in the opposite direction, their waves would arrive at different times; there would be interference, hence black lines and light fringes visible in the instrument. With this second result, it would be apparent that something impeded the light going in one direction—the movement of the earth (as the Einstein theory foretells would be the case) or the drift of the ether (according to the ether drift theory).

Prof. Michelson was nearing the end

of his lecture. He told of the difficulties the experimenters encountered. An air leak developed in the pipe and some hundreds of joints had to be repainted. The jars of a train moving more than a mile away disordered the delicate instruments. Much of the work had to be done at night and in the early hours of the morning to avoid mechanical difficulties.

Then the professor explained that the results of the experiment were still provisional—that work was to go on for another month or two. But in no experiment so far had the beams going in opposite directions returned to the interferometer simultaneously. Every time there was interference, light fringes and dark lines supporting both the Einstein theory and the ether drift theory. More accurate observations are still to be made, but Mr. Michelson said in conclusion, referring to Einstein: "There is no question that the tests furnish another striking confirmation of his brilliant work."

Shocked

A staid person is the easiest to shock. What can shock New England is hardly considered worth mentioning in Central America.

Last week it came about that New England was shocked by a slight earthquake. Shortly after eight o'clock one January morning, an ague set in north of Boston. People rushed from their houses in Marblehead and Salem. Slates fell off the roofs at Gloucester and pictures off the walls at Swampscott. Brick-a-brac fell from shelves in Medford, and antinacassars were disarranged in Malden. After 10 to 90 seconds of tremor, New England settled down, though her people were still agitated.

Geologically, the land of New England is as unemotional as her people. Only four other shocks have been recorded in about 300 years.

RELIGION

Utilitarianism

Religion, like the Arts and Sciences, has to maintain itself upon a strictly economic basis. That means that its debts must be paid, its servants salaried that they may live. To do this, Religion has depended upon charity; for it is not *per se* a business, least of all a profitable concern in terms of cash.

Two years ago, was built in Chicago the Temple—"Methodist's skyscraper church." On the ground floor is the First Methodist Episcopal Church; above are 20 floors of offices of which, according to a statement made by William W. Dixon, Secretary-Treasurer of the Chicago M. E. Church Aid So-

ciet, 84% have been rented.

The church-skyscraper was built by the Aid Society at a cost of \$3,500,000 on property valued at \$3,000,000, bequeathed many years ago to the Methodist Church. This Church aims at self-support and at making a profit, which is to be divided among other Methodist churches. "From first to last," explained the Secretary-Treasurer, "the erection of this building has been carried on according to strict business principles. It was financed by a mortgage, not by small bonds sold to church members. It pays taxes at the same rate as regular commercial buildings. It has been rented not through any appeal to the loyalty of church members but because it offered good offices in a favorable location. The largest number of tenants are lawyers.

"Some church boards have rented offices. We have a Presbyterian book shop on one of the upper floors and a Methodist book shop on the first floor. One thing we don't have in the building is a cigar store. We could have rented a corner for this purpose at \$9,000, but we preferred to rent it for a candy store for \$3,000 less."

A Needle's Eye

Rockefeller Jr. Last week, a certain name appeared three times in U. S. news items. The references were brief:

On Wednesday, Mr. John D. Rockefeller Jr. had accompanied Judge Elbert H. Gary and eight other spokesmen of the National Citizens' Committee of One Thousand for Law Enforcement to Washington to breakfast with Calvin Coolidge.

On Thursday, Mrs. Mary Anne Rudd, aunt of John D. Rockefeller Jr., had died at her home in Cleveland.

On Saturday, Charles E. Hughes had resigned as Secretary of State. Journalists recalled that Mr. Hughes had been the first leader of the Bible class of the Fifth Ave. (now Park Ave.) Baptist Church, that Mr. John D. Rockefeller Jr. is at present Honorary President of that class.

Meagre enough, these items, bearing as they do upon that awkward, austere, magical name whose connotation is an unquarable sum and an unknown personality. Yet, out of such flying hints, has grown the outline of a character, blurred at first, like a face vaguely limned in charcoal scratches, clarified little by little with inkier facts, until the quality and temper of the man have come to stand out distinct, significant.

It is not the fact that his personality has been largely unknown, that his wealth abashes ciphers, that makes him significant. There is no significance in mystery. John Davison Rockefeller Jr. is significant because he has twisted a parable, and because he has made a signally novel application of an ancient law.

The parable is one that has been often quoted with smug exultation in needy homes, in great houses with lamentable quakings. It has to do with a camel, a rich man's son, Heaven, the eye of a

needle. The law, equally familiar, has to do with two Gods—one the Father of the Christian faith, the other Mammon; a man cannot serve both. If he cleaves to the one, must he forswear wealth? or can he discipline wealth and its devouring deity to the service he has himself elected?

In an article published some years ago in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* it was said of Mr. Rockefeller Jr.: "He is an utterly negative person. . . ." Negatives stated of him in another magazine were: "He has no personal enemies. . . . His altruism has never been questioned." These statements were based on correct, if casual, considerations of his ethics, his philanthropies, his business.

Ethics. Mr. Rockefeller is familiar with the parable about the rich man's son. He is a Christian, a member of the flock of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, Manhattan. At this Church there is a Bible class, first conducted (as noted above) by Charles Evans Hughes, originated by Dr. Faunce, who became President of Brown University, from which Mr. Rockefeller graduated in 1897. Mr. Rockefeller became interested in the Bible class, became its leader, instructed it for seven years. Now he is its Honorary President. Several times a year he attends its meetings, reads to the members out of Holy Scripture. Pithy platitudes, adopted from Scripture, lard all his public speeches. "The big thing in life is work. . . . Success comes by doing the common, everyday things of life uncommonly well." Hardly original, these utterances are those of a man to whom practicality is native, abstraction difficult, the defect of whose thought is rather narrowness than looseness. Narrow also is the needle's eye.

Philanthropies. A white hand, tapering from a bush of lace, thrust out of a coach-window; yellow Louis d'or spinning to cobbles from which they are clutched up by talons, bitten by teeth, as yellow as they. That is munificence, that is a great lord's largess. Not so gives John D. Rockefeller Jr. He has small envy, he owns, of having his currency squandered by renegades and pecksniffs, or pocketed, perhaps, by some unctuous issuer of deceitful supplications from a quick benefaction-bureau. For health, for education, for research, for religion, he gives largely—after his secretaries have carefully investigated the beneficiaries. His major philanthropies since 1910 have been:

Bureau of Social Hygiene, Inc.	1,350,000
United War Work Campaign	567,000
Y. M. C. A. International Committee	1,500,000
American Relief Administration	1,000,000
The General Board of Promotion of the Northern Baptist Convention	1,300,000
Brown University "Endowment and Development Fund of 1919"	500,000
Interchurch World Movement	1,500,000
American Museum of Natural History	1,040,000
Institute of Social and Religious Research	730,000
International House	2,360,000
New York City Baptist Mission Society	510,000

New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations . . . \$3,500,000
New York Zoological Society 500,000

Business. None of the subtleties bred in many well-informed intellects by the scrutiny of so complicated a problem obscure Mr. Rockefeller's grasp of the difficulties of Capital's relation to Labor. Wrote he: "If the manager keeps in mind that in dealing with employees he is dealing with human beings; and if, likewise, the workmen realize that the managers are themselves human beings, how much bitterness will be avoided!"

When, in the Colorado mine strikes of 1913-15, disastrous civil war arose—miners up in arms against mineguards and State militia—Mr. Rockefeller (who controlled the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co., the largest concern affected) was besought by President Wilson to restore order. To Colorado went he. There for several weeks, always in considerable personal danger, he talked to miners in their huts, owners in their citadels, until a basis for arbitration was reached.

Around this incident Arthur Train built his recent novel, *The Needle's Eye* (TIME, Oct. 6). Minus certain literary garnishings, the book was a portrait of John Davison Rockefeller Jr. The author endeavors to suggest that impossible as it may seem for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, the thing has, in this latter day, been compassed. Whatever Mr. Train's ability as a fictionist, few have criticized the justness of his implication. Mammon, it seems, may serve.

"Mightiest Adventure"

A great many potatoes have been grown since Martin Luther, hammer in hand, tacked his famed 95 theses on the church door at Wittenburg, in 1517. In 400 years the Christian Church has been split a hundred different ways by apostasy. Sects have sprung up like mushrooms in the night; few have died.

Twenty years ago, Canadian Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, perhaps remembering the words of St. Mark,* decided to serry their ranks and join a new United Church of Canada. For 20 years, excepting the War period, union has been hotly debated by a minority of Presbyterian irreconcilables. Hardly a dissentient voice came from Methodists or Congregationalists.

Last year, the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa passed a vote legalizing the union. It provided that a majority vote of each congregation shall decide whether that congregation shall join the union or stay out. The voting is still taking place and, from known results, is sure to return a handsome majority of Unionists. The union of the three churches is to be consummated in Toronto on June 10. Each denomination is to hold a great and last conclave, each is to form a separate procession, converge upon a central point, march

*St. Mark iii: 25: And if a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand.



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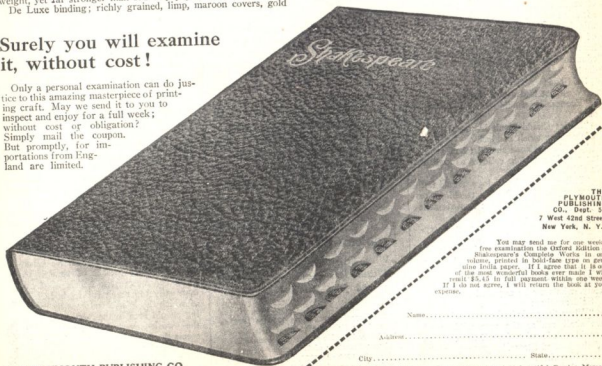
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on as the United Church of Canada to the trumpet blaring and vocal rendition of *Blessed Be the Tie That Binds*.

This movement, which has been termed "the mightiest adventure in Christian annals since the Reformation," has not proceeded without venom and recrimination. One report had it: "Families have been disinherited, friendships of a lifetime broken."

Many stories are told: A minister was dismissed from the house of one of his elders with that elder's wife's anathema ringing in his ears. "You are a thief, sir; you are trying to steal our property—you are a traitor to the Presbyterian Church—you're not a Presbyterian at all; you're not even an honest man."

On another occasion, a Methodist minister ventured to express the hope that, whatever their present divergencies were, his Presbyterian brother and he would be one in spirit after the Union. Returned the Presbyterian: "We certainly shall not—you'll be a Methodist, sir."

Again, a Unionist asked: "Don't you think that the Grace of God does the same kind of job under a Methodist waistcoat as beneath a Presbyterian one?"

The reply: "The Grace of God can only do its best with such material as it has to work on."

EDUCATION

Platitudes

Representatives from 300 U. S. colleges assembled at Chicago for the eleventh annual convention of the Association of American Colleges. Among this learned congress were professors of every known species, from hale and hearty, square-shouldered, square-jawed educators to wizened, bespectacled pedants.

Said one:

"We must find a new appeal.

"Economics should encourage economy.

"Ethics should result in more honorable and unselfish conduct.

"Political science should teach a better social control in colleges as well as in cities.

"Philosophy and sociology should find some application of their teachings to the individual life and the improvement of social groups.

"There ought to be some way of trying theory and practice.

"If the colleges and universities do not provide leaders for world tasks, where else are they to be found?

"If we do not uphold an orderly society, who may be expected to do so?"

Said another:

"When the period of reaction is over we shall realize the responsibility of providing education for all the children of the United States."

And another:

"If the welfare of the Nation is to be



© Keystone

DR. KEPPEL

Words—plain, blunt, humorous

determined by opportunity of education, then the Nation has its obligations.

"Does not the welfare of all of us mean that finally we shall come along to the time that, as we accepted taxation locally and in the State to support schools, we shall accept it in the Federal Government to support schools?"

Evidently the atmosphere of the convention had laid heavily upon Dr. F. P. Keppel,* President of the Carnegie Corporation. Perhaps he felt that in such density there was no chance for the proverbial spark that might set the world afire. He therefore rose and told the assembled 299 in words plain, blunt, humorous:

"Imagine a group of librarians or college professors or Presidents here spontaneously bursting into song or dancing, or both. Yet that is just what we need to break through our self-consciousness and our patterns of convention. This is fundamentally what the arts are for in our lives. It's as true today and here in this land of freedom as it was when Plato taught it in Greece."

...

Problems Posed

When little Tom, Dick and Harry and their female counterparts, Mary, Jane and Joan, gathered around the

*Dr. Keppel served from 1910 to 1918 as Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, Columbia University. He resigned to become Third Assistant Secretary of War under Newton D. Baker. In 1919 and 1920, he was Director of the foreign operations of the American Red Cross.

breakfast table one morning last week, according to their several dispositions, they found their parents reading with serious mien the editorial page of *The New York World*. Little did they know what seemingly diabolical plots were being hatched against them. Had it been otherwise, their post-toasties, shredded wheat or bran would have been pushed aside in a paroxysm of childish petulance.

The educational problems posed by the *World* concerned only New York City, where the perplexing question of finding a seat in school "for every child" has been miserably embroiled in the maelstrom of party politics. But the subject, the principles involved are germane to almost every large city in the U. S.

The *World* asked two questions:

1) How can a more intensive use be made of school buildings to lessen the frightful building costs?

2) How can the number of teachers and students in school be lessened by more rapid advancement through the grades?

Then the *World* answered these questions:

It is absurd for New York City to retain a school calendar devised for the purpose of releasing big boys from rural school for haying and harvesting.

It is absurd for healthy children in high school to have a two weeks' summer vacation, with weeks off at Christmas and Easter, when their hard-worked fathers, who pay for it all, get little or none.

[The italics are not the *World's*.]

It is absurd and humiliating that American children of equal intelligence lag two years behind their more favored contemporaries in the better class of European schools.

It is absurd that the billion-dollar investment in school buildings is dark so much of the time.

It is worse than absurd, it is an educational crime, that our poor children who are not going on to college have not as much educational opportunity as would easily be possible before they get to work.

It is a cruel joke that the State, which decrees compulsory education within a certain age limit, should also decree that the student, forbidden to work, is barred out of school more than a quarter of his share of fleeting time.

As the *World* would have it, there would be shorter vacations or none, better education, better use of the public money by a longer use of the public schools. That is the economics of the situation.

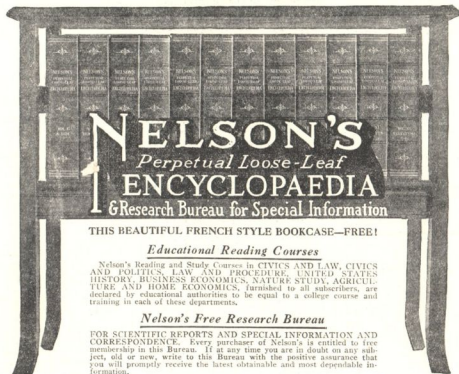
The psychological and physiological factors are reconciled in another proposal. The first important axiom in the education of a healthy child is that it shall be kept healthy; intensive education over long periods of time is too much for an average child's mind and eventually too much for its body. All of which the *World* endorses by renewing an old idea in the "development of the work-play-study school," which seems the logical answer to the nation's educational problems.

But if the Toms, Dicks and Harrys, the Marys, Janes and Joans ever catch their fathers and mothers agreeing to

"The best and most important part of every man's education is that which he gives himself"—Gibbon

There is no standing still, each day we either advance or slip backward. The world is daily changing—when the sun goes down, today has become another yesterday. You move with the world's progress or you find yourself high and dry, out of touch with living events. You are growing old, the world is passing you by.

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the monstrous proposal that summer, Christmas and Easter vacations are not an inseparable part of school curricula, their cereals will not remain uneaten on their plates, but will be plastered on the walls, ceilings, floors of many a breakfast room. As for the *World*, its unfortunate delivery boys will be ambushed as they make their morning rounds, will be roughly handled.

In Kansas

Democratic Governor Jonathan M. Davis of Kansas (now retired—see Page 6), through the State Board of Administration, ousted Dr. Ernest Hiram Lindley, Chancellor of the University of Kansas, on Dec. 27. A verbal civil war followed.

Governor Davis charged the Chancellor with "incompetency, insubordination, procrastination, political activity and aloofness from the people and the student body." He averred that the learned Doctor had spent more money than the University statutes permitted and that it had been necessary to discharge him "in order to demonstrate that the state ran the University and not the University the state."

Chancellor Lindley, who successfully applied for a temporary injunction (later quashed by the state Supreme Court) to restrain the Governor, countercharged that he had been obliged to fight the Governor for most of the latter's two-year term by resisting his attempts to foist upon the University his political friends at the expense of tried and faithful servants.

The fact that the Chancellor is a Republican, an able administrator, a brilliant scholar—A. B. and A. M. of Indiana University, Ph.D. of Clark University, LL.D. of Indiana University and State University of Iowa, sometime student at Jena, Heidelberg, Leipzig, Harvard, President of Idaho University before he went to Kansas University in 1920—focuses upon him the agitated attention of the usually peaceful town of Lawrence where the University is situated.

A handful of students remaining in Lawrence for the vacation paraded the streets as a protest against the eviction of their Chancellor, indignantly repudiated the charge of aloofness, declaring themselves to be the best judges. Many irate Republicans wrote letters of protest to the Administration; many a staunch Democrat backed the Governor against his agitated enemies.

It was, however, bruited about that the new Governor, Ben S. Paulen, Republican to the core, would reinstate the Chancellor. Public opinion became calmer.

Mr. Slack

There is a term that little fellows on losing teams may possibly in the future apply to the athletes of the Massee Country School (Shippan Point, Conn.). One of the latter may knock out run after run on a spring after-

noon or, when November has turned the leaves wan, may carry a begrimed ball for endless gains; even so, he shall not come to honor. For the little fellows and their supporters will murmur among themselves, "That guy, how does he get in?" they will demand of the spring sky, of the autumn clouds. The Massee School's headmaster, should he hear them, would doubtless reply: "Why, that boy is a special student." "Student, yeah," the little ones will savagely rejoice. "A ringer, that's what he is! A ringer!"

Mr. W. R. Slack is headmaster of the Massee Country School. A fortnight ago he caused the following advertisement to be inserted in the columns of a Manhattan newspaper:

SCHOLARSHIPS AVAILABLE, BOYS'
PREP SCHOOL, TO ATHLETES
AND MUSICIANS, BOX 926,
STAMFORD, CONN.

It was not a conspicuous advertisement. Many people passed it over without serious attention. Not so a certain old man who sits all day under a green celluloid visor, peering at papers in the editorial rooms of a certain metropolitan daily. His clothes are shabby; he is unable to play any musical instrument; if in a ball game, the pitcher should "walk" him, it would take long for him to get to first base; but he is paid money, this dilapidated curmudgeon, for one distinguishing asset—the length of his nose. He smells news as a hound smells an opossum. He drew a circle in red crayon around the advertisement of Mr. Slack, threw it in a basket, sent it to the City Editor, who handed it to a Bright Young Reporter. To Stamford, Conn., hastened the B. Y. R. His nostrils quivered also. Headmaster Slack was the opossum. Next day, in the great daily, appeared a front-page headline: "PREP SCHOOL CUTS RATE FOR STAR ATHLETES." Headmaster Slack was out on a limb.

In the interview which accompanied the article, Headmaster Slack defended himself, making to the B. Y. R. the distinction he might have had to make to the little boys on the losing teams—that between a special student and a ringer. He asserted, in effect, that since the Battle of Waterloo had been lost many times on the playing fields of Massee, he had been advised to strengthen the school's prowess in sport by judicious advertising. His advertisement had been printed "for some time," and rallied to Mr. Slack's service, he declared, "eight fine fellows" (among them the captains of the Massee football and basketball teams). For these he cut the tuition rates from \$1,000 to \$500. In secondary schools, the practice of cutting rates for athletes was a general one, said Headmaster Slack.

Other educators, athletic arbiters, sportsmen who gave to the press their ready opinions of Mr. Slack's methods, condemned him.

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LAW

Unethical?

The Boston Bar Association has introduced a bill in the Massachusetts State Legislature prohibiting trust companies from soliciting employment as executor, administrator or trustee by advertisement "or by such other means as would, if employed for a like purpose by a member of the Bar, be a violation of the standards of professional conduct recognized and enforced by the courts of this Commonwealth." The *Massachusetts Law Quarterly* states the view of the proponents of this measure approximately as follows:

Many of the persons who call upon trust companies in response to advertising have no lawyers and ask the trust officer to recommend a good lawyer. The trust officer gives them a list composed of his friends or friends of the trust company and its counsel. The result is that a small group of lawyers is indirectly getting the benefit of expensive advertising and probate practice is improperly diverted from lawyers who are entirely competent to handle it.

One James H. Collins, writing in the current issue of *Printers' Ink* says: "Fundamentally, the trust company must be either wrong or right. If it is right, and a good thing for the public, the more it advertises and the greater the volume of business it receives, the greater the public good. If the trust company is wrong, why merely prohibit its advertising? Why not have the state cancel its charter? Finally, if a business has a legitimate reason for existence and yet can be advertisingly gagged through legislation that will benefit only a minority, where will the line be drawn? Why not laws to prevent the advertising of automobiles because this advertising decreases the demand for postillions?"

Criticism by lawyers of trust company advertising is not confined to Massachusetts. The performing of legal services by trust companies is prohibited by the laws of Illinois, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, New York, New Jersey, Oregon, Rhode Island, Washington.



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BUSINESS & FINANCE

Current Situation

No new trend in the Nation's business appeared during the past week. Money, after the first of the year strain, became noticeably easier.

Gilt edged bonds continued dull with a falling tendency, while stocks continued their rise, although more moderately than in recent weeks. The industrial situation continued to improve. Slightly firmer commodity prices were permitting inventories to be marked at satisfactory figures, while production in iron and steel, as well as in other basic industries, continued to advance.

Perhaps the crux to future conditions in both our financial and commercial markets at present lies in the evident desire of Great Britain to regain the gold standard. The attainment of this aim, held visionary in London only a few weeks ago, is now expected even in conservative quarters within the next six months. The effort to regain a gold standard for the pound sterling is of prime importance in really bringing about a reconstruction of international trade and financial conditions. The effects of such a step are at present only to be conjectured. To the U. S., the chief results are likely to be larger foreign loans, reduced gold supply, increased exports and imports, a rise in interest rates and a higher level for foreign bonds which have been floated in the U. S.

Eulogium

Each year as the earth completes its circuit around the sun a group of Manhattan bankers, mighty gods of finance, assemble for the annual dinner of Group Eight of the New York State Bankers.

Number 27 of these dinners was held during the past week. The guest of honor was George Fisher Baker, Chairman of the Board of the First National Bank, dozen of U. S. bankers, hale and hearty, jostled on the short side of his 85th birthday and the 61st anniversary of his Wall Street career.

Present were John P. Morgan, Andrew W. Mellon and many another. Rarely does Banker Morgan speak in public, but on this special occasion he was eager to do honor to Mr. Baker.

Excerpts from Mr. Morgan's eulogium:

Father. "For a great part of my father's life he and Mr. Baker were close friends and associates in many matters. Father's experience with Mr. Baker was that of all of us, an experience of unflinching friendship and cooperation in many different ways."

Panic. "I well remember, after the panic of 1907, when my father was telling me the story of those anxious and agitated days, during which I had been

absent, that he said, by way of summing up what he had been telling me:

"Of course, you see, it could not have been done without Mr. Baker; he is always ready to do his part—and more."

Helper. "And when, after my father's death and just before the war, very heavy responsibilities were thrown on me and there were many puzzling questions to be dealt with, not my father himself could have been kinder or more considerably helpful than was Mr. Baker. But here I am touching on too intimate personal feelings, and will pass on."

Profession. "Considering business as a profession, where will you find a better professor to teach that profession than Mr. Baker?"

"In the first place, he knows more about it, from experience over a longer time, than any of us, and he has besides, to a degree unique in my experience, that invaluable quality of vitality, of youthful-mindedness, which enables him, while still keeping to the old fundamental principles with which he started his business life, and which he has carried all through it, to appreciate and make good use of the changes of method which are necessary in business, as in any other profession."

A. T. & T.

The post-War problem of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. in obtaining funds for bettering its equipment and service has been a huge one. Fortunately, the Company has enjoyed far-sighted management and excellent credit. As a result, the capitalization of the Company has been steadily increased through sales of its securities to the public. After a campaign designed to sell stock to telephone subscribers, such wide distribution of A. T. & T. shares has been obtained that the company's stockholders now number 300,000. This is the largest shareholders' list in the world; if all the company's share-partners lived in one city, the latter would rank 20th in population in the U. S.

But "Tel. & Tel." has not been satisfied by becoming the only billion-dollar public utility concern in the country. Last week, it successfully floated \$125,000,000 35-year bonds to finance further additions and betterments to the associated Bell Telephone companies.

The issue was notable in two respects. It was the largest bond issue ever floated by the company, and the largest of any kind offered since the \$150,000,000 Japanese Government loan of less than a year ago. Moreover, the terms of the loan were second only to those accorded to our Federal Government and our stronger states. The coupon of the Telephone issue is 5%, and the bonds

were sold to the public at 95 to yield about 5.30. This interest charge is about one-third less than that recently obtainable by the Governments of Japan, Germany, France and Belgium, on their recent large loans in our financial markets.

Oldest

The year 1925 will prove the 255th birthday of the Hudson's Bay Co.—the oldest commercial company in the world. This ancient concern was organized in 1670, after Pierre Radisson, French promoter, had persuaded Charles II of England to send a small 50-ton ship, the *Nonsuch*, across the Atlantic to investigate the financial possibilities of Canada. The royal charter issued to the Company, still preserved in London, presented it with about a third of modern Canada. During the next 200 years, the "Company of Merchant Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" conducted a government and operated trading posts over an area 1,000 miles wide by 3,000 miles long. The company's earliest business consisted in purchasing furs from the Indians, and selling them in Europe at large profits. Later, when Canada began to be settled, the Company took to selling parts of its enormous land holdings to colonists. In 1871 it surrendered its governmental powers, and continued as a commercial concern purely, still owning a huge tract of land in Canada.

Today, the Company's assets are roughly \$30,000,000, consisting of 2-862,000 acres of Canadian land and a number of stores valued at \$6,000,000. It is capitalized at \$15,000,000, consisting mostly of \$25 par shares. Its net profits each year run about \$1,000,000.

Radio Shares

The pyrotechnics recently seen in Radio Corporation shares on the Stock Exchange has attracted universal attention to this new business. Last fall the stock sold as low as \$26.87 a share. From this level they have rushed up as high as \$77.75 a share. Investors are now questioning how far this advance has been justified by earnings of the Radio Corporation.

Altogether, there are 1,500,000 common shares authorized, of which 1,155,400 have been issued. Of the latter, 762,000 shares (or 65%) were recently held by the General Electric, the Westinghouse and the United Fruit Companies, leaving 393,400 shares (about 35%) in the hands of individual security investors and speculators. Since many of these latter are held by what Wall Street calls "firm hands," the

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social	social	sozial
pratique	practico	praktisch
nation	nacion	nation
clase	clase	klasse
energieque	energieco	energiech
caractere	caracter	charakter
police	policia	polizei
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floating supply of Radio common shares is not large, unless the three above-named corporations have begun to sell out their large holdings. Consequently, the amount of stock available in the stock market, temporarily at least, is not large.

Gross earnings of the Company have increased steadily: in 1921 they were \$4,189,031; in 1922, \$15,101,044; in 1923, \$26,570,814; and in 1924 they are estimated at \$45,000,000, or about \$400 a share on outstanding common shares.

The speculation in Radio shares is obviously prompted by the apparently limitless future of the new industry. Sales of radio sets and parts have increased from \$2,000,000 in 1920 to \$400,000,000 in 1924, and the "saturation point" is still apparently far away. The radio industry appeals to the average American's imagination, and how far it will fatten his pocketbook remains to be seen.

Sugar Merger

Last year proved a profitable one for sugar producers, but not for refiners, who were hit hard in many instances by the wild fluctuations of raw sugar.

In industry, as in government, the old motto "In union there is strength" is popular and sometimes true. American Sugar Refining became interested in acquiring the National Sugar Refining Co. of New Jersey. Unfortunately, politicians had previously made a mare's nest out of the alleged "Sugar Trust," and by a decree in *United States vs. American Sugar Refining Co.*, the matter of future merges of this company had taken on a political and legal aspect. Prior to 1911 American Sugar Refining had owned National Sugar Refining, but was compelled by the courts to dispose of its holdings. The two companies control about a third of the world's sugar refining facilities; a merger of the two would constitute the largest refining concern in the world. The question therefore boils down to whether such a merger would or would not be a "monopoly."

The avowed aim of the merger has been stated to be a more economical use of refining facilities, now about 50% in excess of what is needed. When Willet & Gray inquired Attorney General Stone's opinion, however, the latter official announced his opposition to the merger, on the basis that competitive conditions in the industry had not changed since 1922, when the decree was entered.

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Legs

Human potentiality is a variable which constantly approaches a limit it can never reach. Nothing is so likely as the impossible, for which reason people do well to give more credence to their prophets than to their logicians. What can be done and what cannot be done seems, after the expeditions of many years, to be fairly determined; but no sooner is it so than someone is born who borrows a caravel from his Queen and pays her back with a continent, throws an army over the Alps, or outstrips Time with the fleetness of his heels.

Mile. Last week, on the indoor track of Madison Square Garden, Manhattan, Paavo Nurmi of Finland made his first appearance in the U. S. His first event was a mile race. Nurmi, a thin, blond man, wore a jersey of robin's egg blue, trunks of black. In his right hand, he carried the little watch by which he timed his stride. He disdained, at the start, the conventional crouch. Ray (Illinois A. C.) and Hahn (Boston A. A.) both got away from the pistol before him. Through the first lap, while his competitors jostled for position, Nurmi kept in the rear; when the others had settled into a file, he jogged into the lead. Higgins, onetime Columbia University star, passed him at the 600-yard post; Nurmi paid no attention. He ran very erect, pulled his legs up in front of him like levers operated by a machine, as efficient as an airplane motor. Ray was now running third; three and a half laps from the finish, he jumped the field, passed Nurmi, Higgins, opened up a lead of ten yards. The crowd roared. Nurmi plodded on. One lap, two laps. His levers began to pump a little faster. Ray was tired. Suddenly Ray, suddenly Hahn, heard a great roar that was not for them. The robin's-egg shirt had begun to move. Hahn, Ray, saw it go past them, round the turn, into the last lap. Six yards from the tape, Nurmi looked over his shoulder. He saw Ray, swaying, agonized, fighting to take second place from Hahn. He slowed down, stepped through the tape at a walk. His time—4:13 3/5—broke by a second Ray's world record for the indoor* mile.

An hour intervened before the next race. Nurmi, when he had rubbed and showered, strolled among the trainers, timers and rubbers. Blandly, in disregard of their amazed murmurs, he ate a large red apple.

5,000 Metres. The track in Madison Square Garden has eleven laps to the mile (approximately 34 laps to the 5,000 metres). Willie Ritola, brother



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Finn, old rival of Nurmi, took the lead. At his heels came the flying robin's-egg jersey. Lap after lap the two circled, the field after them. Two laps from home Nurmi sprinted, left a gap of 5 yards, widened it to 10, to 15. Gately Ritola hung on, his face twisted like a mask of torture, but this time Nurmi did not turn to look. Running like a sprinter who, throughout an afternoon's field sport, has traveled no more than 100 yards, Nurmi broke the tape, broke also, by 9 2/5 seconds, a world's record. (Time, 14:44 3/5).

Significance. Nurmi is 27—an age at which few runners can race any more, at which none has ever broken records.

Nurmi broke two. More than this, he defeated Ray and Ritola—his most potent rivals. More than this, he caused it to appear as if these men—both, beyond a doubt, among the world's swiftest runners—were novices and that he alone ran as a good runner should. Thus did this thin blond Finn alter, for those who watched, the standard by which they had been used to measure the speed of human legs.

Lewis vs. Munn

Two men shook hands on a mat in full view of 15,000 Kansans. One was Wayne ("Big") Munn of Kansas City,

*World's outdoor record for mile: 4 min. 10.4 sec., made by Paavo Nurmi in 1922.



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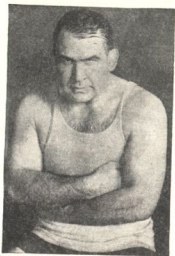
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local hero. The other was Ed. ("Strangler") Lewis, world's heavyweight wrestling champion, whose unpopularity was evinced by squalls of boos.

Then began the slapping, spanking bout of brawn and brain. A sinewy limb slipped under an unprotected crotch, another encircled an unguarded torso,



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Ed ("STRANGLER") LEWIS

Invectives were hurled at his limp form

there was a sudden jerk forward, followed by a heavy fall, and Champion Lewis found himself pinioned beneath 250 pounds of his opponent.

The second fall began with feline caution. The two wrestlers stepped this way and that but never a hold did they get. Suddenly Munn strode forward, seized the hapless Lewis, heaved him high into the air and over the ropes. The fall was heavy, but its noise was drowned by the thunderous applause from the Kansans. Lewis lay prone. Invectives were hurled at his limp form.

Meantime, Billy Sandow, Lewis' manager, had jumped into the ring. "It's a foul!" cried he. "A dirty foul! You've got to award us the match!" The swarthy Munn peered querulously across the mat, tore off his bathrobe, assumed a bellicose attitude, confronted the irate manager. Munn's manager likewise grew threatening; but for all that the referee gave the fall to Lewis on a foul, allowing the latter 15 minutes to get back into the ring. The crowd was indignant, stormed about the ringside, hooting, booing.

The last fall was quickly decided. Lewis appeared, his back well bandaged; soon he was lying limp on those bandages. The heavyweight title had passed to Wayne Munn. The crowd went "mad-dog," scrambled on its seats, shook the rafters of Convention Hall as it screeched, boomed, barked salvos of shouts for the victor. Many sportsmen caterwaulled at the dejected figure with the bowed head in the centre of the ring. A yodel was heard to shout: "You big bum, I hope you're hurt!"

After the match, Lewis was taken to

a hospital, where it was said that he was suffering from a strained sacro-iliac joint (that part of the vertebra that joins the pelvis). His discharge from the hospital was considered imminent, but there were plenty of opinions that said he would never wrestle again.

Manager Sandow remarked after the match:

"If Munn thinks he is going to get that diamond belt* he is mistaken, for he should have been fouled out of the bout when he threw Lewis from the ring."

Walker vs. McTigue

Since the world began, big men have tried to justify their size by deeds of prowess, little men to prove that an ounce of agility is worth much ponderous brawn. In Newark, N. J., before a vast crowd, two men continued this controversy. Though the difference in their sizes was barely perceptible, one came into the lists as champion of the big men—Mike McTigue, the 160-pound, world's light-heavyweight champion. Mickey Walker, 149½ pounds, world's best welterweight, stood up for the little men. They scuffled.

Little Walker took the first four rounds. Savagely he tore into McTigue, slashed him around the ropes with rights and lefts, made small men stand up in their chairs. The next three rounds were not so fast; the fighters were listless. The bell rang for the eighth, both boxers dragged languidly into action amid a salvo of boos. More flaccid pommeling, clinching, pushing. A raucous fan began to sing *Every Hour I Knead Thee*, was silenced. In the last two rounds, McTigue feebly rallied. Referee Lewis gave the victory to little Walker. McTigue kept his title, as the boxing law of New Jersey does not permit an official rendering of decisions. The vast crowd audibly wished that they had kept their money. Tony Polozzolo, McTigue's trainer, leaned through the ropes to vociferate that McTigue had hurt both hands early in the fight, hence his defensive demeanor. Walker's retainers testified that he had a bad cold.

Greb vs. Sage

Harry Greb, world's middleweight champion, is known as "The Pittsburgh Windmill." Against him in the Detroit Arena tilted a young Quixote, one Sage. Bravely the youth attacked. Idly, effortlessly, swung the arms of Greb, click-clack, like flails that spin in the wind. Sage, well-schooled in the naked tourney of this latter-day, postured, lunged, but when he set himself to avoid one swinging flail, another descended unseen, caught him unchivalrous buffets. For twelve rounds, though out-pointed in every one, he kept returning to the hopeless encounter.

*Belt studded with 39 diamonds and worth \$10,000. It was awarded to the champion several years ago by the Central Athletic Club.

THE PRESS

Bulletin vs. Childs

A newspaper's environment is in the public which reads it. It goes without saying that the quality of a newspaper represents the quality of its readers. A great newspaper has often been known to scream in the headlines and grow purple in its editorials about an oil scandal, a Wall Street bomb, a colossal trust or other heinous calumnies. A fortnight ago, the *New York Evening Bulletin*, moron's caviar, indulged in journalistic bathos.

Childs—the string of 108 restaurants which stretches across the country from Manhattan to San Francisco—recently boasted about its million-dollar *maison* at Coney Island, built of "rare marbles and mosaics." The *Bulletin* became bitter, accused Childs of charging the public more for its bread, butter, toast, coffee, beans, ham-and-eggs than most other restaurants.

As regards calories, the *Bulletin* was irate: "Regarding the system of estimating calories, Childs should offer an explanation, for the bill-of-fare says that bacon contains 300 calories, while bacon and eggs contain 380. That allows 80 calories for eggs. Fried ham alone contains 400 calories, but add eggs and you have only 390, so that eggs lose their calories when fried with ham but preserve them when fried with bacon. On the other hand, Childs tells you that fried eggs alone have 190 calories. Can you figure it out?"

Then, undoubtedly unconscious of the one and a half million odd dollars net profit which Mr. Samuel S. Childs is able yearly to distribute to his common stockholders, the *Bulletin* suggested that "if Childs proposes to charge the people twice what food is worth, some of the excess profits should go to the people instead of being devoted to Coney Island palaces."

From the latest national case of public corruption to an important and allegedly profiteering string of restaurants is indeed a plunge from the supremely contemptible to the ridiculously insignificant.

Said editors of other journals: "If the public does not like Childs' food, which is understandable enough, it does not have to go there. There are other restaurants."

Parlor Game

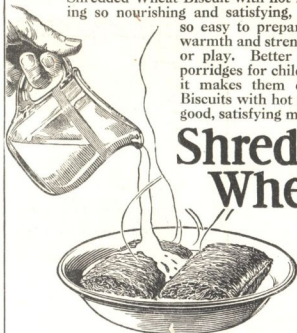
There is an old-fashioned parlor game in which one person starts a story, another carries it on to a certain point, a third, fourth, fifth, et cetera, continues it, and the last ends it.

Collier's Weekly has adapted the simple-minded pleasures of this game to literature by beginning in its Jan. 10 number a serial entitled *Bobbed Hair*, a novel by 20 authors.

The novel, which is about a certain

A Good Start for the Day

Fortify yourself against winter germs by eating Shredded Wheat Biscuit with hot milk. Nothing so nourishing and satisfying, and nothing so easy to prepare. Supplies warmth and strength for work or play. Better than mushy porridges for children because it makes them chew. Two Biscuits with hot milk make a good, satisfying meal.



Shredded Wheat

"It's All in the Shreds"

auburn-haired Connemara, was begun by Carolyn Wells, continued by Alexander Woolcott, carried on by Louis Bromfield, sustained by Elsie Janis. On Jan. 17, Ed Streeter was scheduled to prolong it, Meade Minnigerode to extend it, Dorothy Parker to persist to the end of her chapter. Eventually the following will all have had a turn: Harry C. Witwer, Sophie Kerr, Robert G. Anderson, Kermit Roosevelt, Bernice Brown, Wallace Irwin, Frank Craven, George B. McCutcheon, Rubie Goldberg, George A. Chamberlain, John V. A. Weaver, Gerald Mygatt, George P. Putnam.

Centenary

In Augusta, Me., the local newspaper, *The Kennebec Journal*, celebrated its centenary by publishing a special edition.

Between 1854 and 1857, under the editorship of James G. Blaine*, the *Journal* reached the summit of its power. Its influence was tremendous in state politics; and today, under Editor Charles F. Flynt, as one of the oldest newspapers in the country, it strives to uphold its old traditions.

*The same James G. Blaine whom Grover Cleveland defeated for the Presidency in 1884.
 Older newspapers:
The Gazette of Portsmouth, N. H., 1756.
The Courant of Hartford, Conn., 1764.
The Evening Post of Manhattan, 1801.



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ence, for facts, for a fascinating perspective
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LETTERS

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

FACTS

Muskogee, Okla.
Jan. 12, 1924

TIME
New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen:

In speaking of the death of Alvin Sherman
Wheaton, TIME, Dec. 29, 1923, you say
there are but two men living who wit-
nessed the assassination of Lincoln.

I saw it stated in *Forbes Magazine* that
Robert Lincoln witnessed this event; and also
the assassination of McKinley and Garfield.
What are the facts?

W. DUNLAP.

P. S. How old is Robert Lincoln? Where
does he live?

According to Nicolay and Hay's
Abraham Lincoln, crowds rushed from
the theatre after the assassination to
the White House, burst "through the
doors, shouted the dreadful news to
Robert Lincoln and Major Hay, who
sat gossiping in an upper room." Born
Aug. 1, 1843, Robert Lincoln lives at
No. 3014 N. Street N. W., Washington,
D. C.—Ed.

Lauds Independent

Cleveland, Ohio
Jan. 5, 1925

TIME, Inc.,
New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen:

This seems to be the open season for writ-
ing letters to TIME about errors in its col-
umns, and reading the letters of other sub-
scribers incites me to write one, although I
have no particular error to which I wish to
call attention. Once in a while I see one and
feel like writing to you about it and then am
too lazy, and find ultimately that it was not
important enough to make a fuss about or
that somebody else has written you about it.

My real reason for writing is to say how
much I appreciate TIME after several months'
reading of it. I am amused occasionally at
some of the criticisms of other subscribers—
the most amusing being those by someone
whose ox has apparently been gored. I do
not recall any weekly magazine, or monthly,
either, for that matter, which has ever given
so good a digest of current news, except, in
a measure, *The Independent*, a number of
years ago when it ran a weekly department
of about eight pages in which it digested
the week's news, but even it was not so good as
TIME because it contained no expression of
editorial opinion and was rather dry.

I want especially to congratulate whoever it
is who writes your book reviews and theatri-
cal criticisms. He succeeds, for they succeed,
as the case may be, in making the criticisms
more interesting, frequently, than the thing
criticized, and, contrary to the gentleman who
writes you from Havana, Cuba, whose letter
is quoted in today's number of TIME, I es-
pecially enjoy your Sports Department. That
may be because I have no particular interest
in sports and therefore like to have them writ-
ten about in a semi-humorous way.

Of course, you can't please everyone, but I
sincerely hope you will "live long and pros-
per." If you are in any danger, at all from
the standpoint of the contents of the magazine,
it is that of letting too much editorial opinion
creep in under the guise of statement of fact.
It is impossible, of course, and would be un-
desirable, to keep out altogether some indica-
tion of the trend of the editorial mind, but
especially in those departments which retail
current news, as distinguished from those

which include criticism, I think you ought to
be very careful that you do not get more than
just enough of the editors' opinions to acce-
rate the news a little. Thus far, you have avoided
this pitfall very well, I think. As an illus-
tration of what I mean, take the recent discus-
sions of the situation in Spain. Personally, I
like what your editor said about King Alfonso,
and I have no doubt most of it can be sub-
stantiated as matter of fact, but I can very
well understand how someone who takes the
other side of the controversy might sincerely
think that you were not stating facts, but ex-
pressing editorial opinion. I merely suggest
the danger which, of course, you have appre-
ciated long ago, and trust that you will be
skillful in avoiding it in the future as you
have in the past.

JAY P. TAGGART.

Subscriber Taggart's letter is the
longest ever printed in TIME—and one
of the sanest.—Ed.

Grand Jurors

TIME Cleveland, Ohio
New York, N. Y. Jan. 10, 1925

Gentlemen:
Brevity is a virtue, but sometimes your
brevity only irritates my desire to know
more. Why, for example, in your issue of
Jan. 12, when you excited me with an account
of grand juries in an article under "Law,"
did you not tell me how grand jurors are
selected? How many sit on a grand jury? How
long they must serve? How much they are
paid? I ask you, why not?

ISAAC KLOPP.

The questions put by Subscriber Klopp
well merit answers. These answers
vary from state to state, but in general:

1) Grand Jury lists are selected from
petit jury lists by a sheriff or some
other county official; from this list the
names of grand jurors are drawn by
lot; 2) a grand jury has 13 to 24 mem-
bers; 3) it usually sits throughout a
court term; 4) pay is nominal, i.e., \$2
to \$5 a day.—Ed.

MILESTONES

Born. To Dr. and Mrs. Lyon G.
Tyler, a son; in Charles City, Va.
Dr. Tyler, aged 72, son of John Tyler,
tenth U. S. President, is President
Emeritus of William and Mary Col-
lege. Mrs. Tyler, aged 37, is his
second wife. U. S. President Tyler
was 63 when Lyon was born, 70
when a daughter was born," said
friends.

Engaged. Miss Grace B. Cortel-
you, daughter of George B. Cortel-
you, Secretary of the Treasury under
President Roosevelt (1907-1909), to
one Jacob F. Weintz, of Evansville,
Ind.

Engaged. Winslow B. Van De-
vanter, 28, son of Mr. Associate Jus-

tice Willis Van Devanter, of the U. S. Supreme Court, to Miss Isabel Earling of Milwaukee.

...

Engaged. Jack A. Thomas, onetime Literary Editor of *TIME*, the weekly news-magazine, to Miss Josephine Scott, Manhattan debutante.

...

Married. John S. Martin, Literary Editor of *TIME*, the weekly news-magazine, to Miss Emilie Bushnell, Manhattan debutante; in Manhattan.

...

Sued for Divorce. By Alma Rubens, cinema actress, Daniel C. Goodman, head of the Cosmopolitan producers; in Los Angeles. She charged cruelty, said he struck her on the head while honeymooning in 1923.

...

Divorced. Gloria Swanson Somborn, cinema actress, by Herbert Somborn, her second husband; in Los Angeles. He charged desertion.

...

Divorced. Edward Harris ("Ted") Coy, onetime (1909) All-American football fullback and Yale captain, by Sophie D'Antignac Meldrim Coy; in Paris. She charged desertion.

...


Divorced. Kathleen Howard, famed contralto of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Manhattan, from Lawyer K. Baird, onetime associate with Otto H. Kahn, Thomas W. Lamont, Frank A. Vanderlip, Alvin W. Kreh, in the short-lived Century Opera Company; in Manhattan.

...

Divorced. Pauline Frederick, famed cinema vampire, from one C. A. Rutherford, Seattle physician; in Los Angeles. She charged desertion. This is her third divorce, the other two being from Frank M. Andrews (Manhattan architect) and Willard Mack (actor and playwright).

...

Divorced. Ida Estelle Peacock (Estelle Taylor, cinema actress, whose engagement to pugilist Jack Dempsey has been long reported) from one Kenneth Malcolm Peacock, in Philadelphia. She charged cruel and barbarous treatment. Said the *Daily Mirror*, Manhattan, gum-chewers' sheetlet: "It now appears as if a romance started when Jack was a gang-



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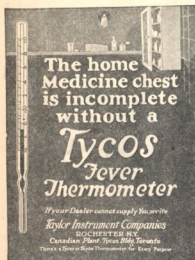
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ling youth and Estelle was a giggling girl would lead to wedding bells."

Died. George W. Bellows, 42 famed artist; in Manhattan, of appendicitis. (See ART.)

Died. Edward M. Morgan, 69, famed Postmaster of New York City; in Manhattan, of acute appendicitis. Aged 17, he entered the postal service as a letter-carrier. Aged 51, he was appointed Postmaster by President Roosevelt.

Died. Mrs. Mary Anne Rudd, 82, sister of John Davison Rockefeller; in Cleveland, after a 20 years' illness. Mr. Rockefeller did not attend the funeral. He, the oldest, is the sole survivor of three boys and three girls.

EUROPE 1925

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POINT with PRIDE

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

The only sensible gratification that the world affords to the thoughtful. (Page 16, column 3.)

A robin's-egg shirt that moved. (P. 27, col. 1.)

All the salt, tar and rum that can be collected on a stage. (P. 13, col. 1.)

The largest shareholders' list in the world. (P. 24, col. 2.)

A. A. Milne, A. A. Joffe, A. A. Michelson. (PP. 13, 9, 17.)

The most promising of the younger Harvard actors. (P. 12, col. 1.)

A short, broad man with a pug-dog face. (P. 11, col. 1.)

A diligent darky porter. (P. 1, col. 3.)

VIEW with ALARM

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

Cereals plastered on the walls, ceilings, floors of many a breakfast room. (P. 22, col. 1.)

A dilapidated curmudgeon. (P. 22, col. 2.)

A face twisted like a mask of torture. (P. 27, col. 2.)

Grown-ups. They make rules. (P. 13, col. 2.)

A nasty jolt to the "French Henry Ford." (P. 8, col. 2.)

A Prime Minister sick a-bed with a swollen leg. (P. 8, col. 3.)

Antimacassars that were disarranged in Malden. (P. 17, col. 3.)

Winter Cruises

EGYPT and the MEDITERRANEAN 46 Days

White Star Liner *Adriatic* From New York Feb. 26.
Red Star Liner *Lapland*, March 7

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MEN IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Charles D. Hilles, Republican leader, declares that "TIME is indispensable." Governor Preus of Minnesota says: "TIME makes it possible for me to keep track of what is going on." Ambassador Johnson finds it "amazingly well done." Other national and political leaders reading TIME are McAdoo, Governor Smith, Governor Pinchot, Governor Ritchie, Chief Justice Taft, Theodore Roosevelt, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Daniels, Polk, Pomerene, Gerard, Butler, Colonel House, Clarke, Fletcher, Stearns, U. S. Senators Capper, Ralston, Reed, Phipps, Pepper, Owen, McLean, Couzens—leaders in every state.

EDUCATORS

The heads of practically every large University in the United States read TIME. President Farrand of Cornell "looks forward to its appearance each week with anticipations of pleasure and profit which are never disappointed." Ernest H. Lindley, Chancellor of the University of Kansas, President Cutlin of Col-

gate, President Burton of the University of Michigan, President Angell of Yale, President Garfield of Williams, Moody of Middletown, Plumley of Norwich, Butler of Columbia, Goodnow of Johns Hopkins, Hibben of Princeton, are TIME subscribers.

ADMIRALS AND GENERALS

Major Generals Richards, Parker; Brigadier Generals Dalton, Fisher and Martin; Rear Admirals Dayton, Welles, Wood, Vogelgesang, are a few of the hundreds of Army and Navy officers reading TIME each week.

MEN OF LETTERS

Hermann Hagedorn, Harold Bell Wright, Robert Frost, Lothrop Stoddard, George Barr McCutcheon, Rex Beach, Meredith Nicholson, Joseph Hergesheimer are reading TIME. Booth Tarkington says "it is a triumph to discover this field of usefulness for the busy reader."

INDUSTRIALISTS

Owen D. Young, Chairman of the General Electric Co., Major General Harbord, Chairman of the Radio Corporation of America, C. S. Pillsbury of Pillsbury Flour Co., Cyrus H. McCormick, Jr., of the International Harvester Company, Julius Rosenwald, President of Sears Roebuck Co., Judge Gary of the U. S. Steel Corporation, John Crosby of Washburn-Crosby, Herbert L. Pratt, President of the Standard Oil Co. take TIME, as do Henry Ford and Edsel Ford, who declares that "TIME answers a long-felt need." Cornelius N. Bliss, George Eastman, William Wrigley, Jr., read TIME. Bernard M. Baruch says: "It is the best condensation I have ever seen."

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine

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236 East 39th St., New York, N. Y.

The man who was tired of being paid in promises

A MILLION MEN in this country are living on hope. "There is a great chance for you in this business," they are told, but year after year goes by—their family expenses increase, their youth slips away—and the big things do not come to pass. Read this letter:

"At present I am drawing fifty-five dollars a week, and frankly I am not at all satisfied with this salary. My employer has promised great things for the future, but as he has been making these promises for several years, and none have ever materialized, I sometimes feel that a change might be for my own good."

That was written early in 1922. On August 25th of the same year, came this very different note:

"The future is looking good, and I think that things are beginning to come my way. It's a real enjoyment to study your Modern Business Course. It gets more interesting every day. I would not take the entire price of the Course for what I have already learned in the eight months I have studied."

A year passed, during which the Alexander Hamilton Institute heard very little about this man's progress. Had he dropped back into discouragement again? Had he shifted jobs only to find the new one no better than the old? On October 8, 1923, a letter arrived which answered these questions:

"It has now been several months since I have been able to send you a problem; however, that does not mean that I have not been continuing my studies. I am enclosing a part of the Sunday edition of our local paper which proves that I have not been asleep on the job."

The enclosure was an article headed "Bundle Boy Thirteen Years Ago, now at the Head of a Million Dollar Store." It recounted the action of the Board of

Directors making the man General Manager of the store where he had been so many years and heard so many promises.

Were the owners untruthful?

Were they merely feeding him promises to keep up his hope? That would be an unfair statement. They believed that the chance was there for him; they *knew* it. But every time his name came up for promotion they were faced by the fatal obstacle of his lack of preparation.

He knew something about buying goods, but he knew too little of merchandising and advertising. Costs and store accounting were an unexplored country to him; he had had no experience in dealing with banks, no training in the essentials of corporation finance.

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