

FIFTEEN CENTS

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine



CHARLES B. WARREN

Able, active, arduous
(See Page 2)

VOL. V. No. 4

JANUARY 26, 1925

A Statement of the

LINCOLN

Body Policy



IT is the policy of the Lincoln Motor Company to protect the car owner against the heavy and wasteful depreciation, caused by new models replacing those of earlier date.

All bodies for the Lincoln chassis are designed by the foremost coach builders of America—and are the outstanding creations of these famous craftsmen. The best thought and talent is therefore constantly centered on originating the utmost beauty and convenience for Lincoln owners, and there is no "line of models" to quickly become obsolete.

Each of these splendid Lincoln designs is of such enduring excellence that it will always inspire pride of ownership.

The motorist of exacting taste will appreciate that through this policy he is enabled to exercise the utmost latitude of taste and individuality; that his Lincoln assures him the advantage of custom design at an important saving; and that his investment is protected against the artificial "depreciation" occasioned by frequent announcements of new models.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY
Division of Ford Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

LINCOLN

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine

Vol. V No. 4

January 26, 1925

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY Mr. Coolidge's Week

¶ The President received the first report of the Commission which he appointed to seek a permanent solution of problems confronting agriculture (see Page 5).

¶ Much of the President's attention was required by the pending changes in his official family. In addition to the changes in the portfolio of State, in which Secretary Hughes is to be succeeded by Ambassador Kellogg and in the portfolio of Justice, in which Attorney General Stone is to be succeeded by Charles B. Warren, a successor was to be picked for Secretary of Agriculture Gore who retires on Mar. 4. C. Bascom Slemph, Secretary to the President, resigned and is to be succeeded by Everett Sanders, at present Congressman from Indiana. Other changes were rumored as well (see Page 2).

¶ "As a token of respect and collective regard," the Haverhill Kennel Club, of Massachusetts, sent the President a gift—another dog. "Cal's Pal," Boston terrier.

¶ The second state dinner of the season was given at the White House for the Diplomatic Corps. Diplomats, the Secretary of State, the chairmen of the Congressional committees on Foreign Relations and their wives were the guests. Afterward a musicale was given, with Beniamino Gigli and Mme. Madeleine Brard as artists.

¶ The President made an address to delegates of the Convention of the Associated General Contractors of America, who visited the White House. Said he: "The importance of construction among the country's industries hardly needs any testimony. A recent analysis reached the conclusion that the national income in 1924 was \$53,000,000,000, of which approximately \$6,000,000,000 was expended for construction."

¶ In a Manhattan theatre is playing a drama entitled *They Knew What They Wanted*. One night last week, as the curtain was about to rise, a telegram was received saying that the President

was coming to attend the play, but had been delayed in New Jersey. He was anxious to see the first act. Would it be too much trouble to wait a few minutes for him? For 30 minutes actors and audience waited. Then both became restive. Someone went out before the curtain and explained the situation, took a vote on whether the delay should be continued. The majority voted to wait. Another wait followed. Finally the performance went on without the President. A few minutes later, a tipsy friend wandered into the dressing-room of Actor Richard Bennett. "I won a bet!" declared the friend. "So?" murmured Mr. Bennett. "Yeh—I bet a fellow at dinner I could hold up your show for half an hour."

¶ President Coolidge addressed a dinner given by the American Society of Newspaper Editors, saying: "Wherever the cause of liberty is making its way, one of its highest accomplishments is the guarantee of the freedom of the press" (see Page 26).

A Sanders for a Slemph

The announcement was made officially; it remains only for the change to be made. C. Bascom Slemph gave his resignation to the President and it was accepted. That there was discord between the President and his Secretary was a well-credited rumor more than six months ago. Mr. Slemph and the President's campaign manager, William M. Butler, clashed at the Cleveland Convention last June over the selection of the vice presidential candidate. Afterwards, Mr. Slemph would have resigned (TIME, June 30) had not the President succeeded in pacifying him.

It is presumed that friction or perhaps "discordance" began because C. Bascom Slemph hoped to graduate from the position of Secretary to the President to that of Chairman of the Republican National Committee and campaign manager. Instead, William M. Butler was given the post. Some time later the above mentioned clash occurred. But Mr. Slemph stayed on through the campaign and election. He stayed on some time further. It was rumored that he hoped for a seat in the Cabinet—for the office of Postmaster General in particular.

Last week, it was announced that Postmaster General New would continue in office. Whether or not there was any connection, it was coincidentally announced that Mr. Slemph would retire. So the tall man with high forehead, prominent eyes, long nose, large chin, he who stalked through the corridors of the White House Office so swingingly with silk hat, cutaway and cane, will depart thence—but not to a great distance. He is to resume law practice with the firm of Good, Childs, Bobb & Westcott of Washington and Chicago (James W. Good, head of the firm, is a onetime Congressman from Iowa, and Vice Chairman of the Republican National Committee).

Who after Slemph? The question

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National Affairs—[Continued]

was answered at once, for the same announcement that told of Mr. Slomp's retirement told of his successor chosen: Representative Everett Sanders of Terre Haute, Indiana.

When Mr. Coolidge went into office, he wanted a secretary who knew the ins and outs of the political game, a man who was at home in it. He consulted with Senator Curtis, Republican Floor Leader Longworth, Speaker Gillett. They suggested Mr. Slomp of Virginia, who had retired from Congress shortly before. It is assumed that Mr. Sanders was chosen rather in the same fashion and for the same purposes.

Mr. Sanders, who is only 42, is also about to retire from Congress. He did not stand for re-election in November, intending to resume his law practice. Unlike Mr. Slomp, he is not a man of independent means. He worked his way through college (the University of Indiana), then got into law, finally into Congress, where he has been for eight years, an enthusiastic follower of Nicholas Longworth and the other Republican leaders. He was considered as a nominee for Vice President at the Cleveland Convention but complications in Indiana politics—where Senator James Watson was ambitious—overturned his chances. Now he goes forth upon another task.

THE CABINET

Recasting

Some one—some wit—better endowed with sharpness than with taste, composed a little rhyme:

*Who, who, who remembers?
Harding's Cabinet had ten members:
Poor old Denby had to resign,
Then there were nine;
Such was Harry Daugherty's fate,
Then there were eight;
H. C. Wallace went to Heaven,
Then there were seven;
Hughes was next to quit the mix,
Now there are six;
All the rest are going strong—
How long?*

The history of the rhyme is accurate enough. Weeks, Mellon, New, Wood, Hoover, Davis remain. Willard, who President Coolidge added to the group as Secretary of the Navy, likewise is at hand. Last week, the President announced that "except for unforeseen emergencies" in the Cabinet, no further changes would be made. The announcement came after the previous two weeks had wrought major changes that mean a new Cabinet in several

respects after Mar. 4. The following is a summary of Cabinet changes, by portfolios, with the prospects that each has roused:

State. Secretary Hughes' resignation, and the announcement of Ambassador Kellogg's appointment (TIME, Jan. 19) remained the object of much comment. Here is a collection of reasons assigned for Mr. Hughes' resignation:

1) That he desires to retire from public life after 20 years of service, with the implied corollary that he will



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SECRETARY SANDERS

He slips in; Slomp slides out
(See Page 1)

build up his personal fortune, too long neglected, by returning to his lucrative law practice. (The official reason.)

2) That the presence of Senator Borah, with whom Mr. Hughes differs on policies, at the head of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate meant lack of team work and Mr. Hughes preferred to resign. (Probably a contributory reason.)

3) That Mr. Hughes desired to undertake a policy of more active participation in international affairs, which policy the President opposed. (Secret explanation of the "real reason.")

4) That the President wanted a policy of more active participation in international affairs, which policy Mr. Hughes opposed. (Another secret explanation of the "real reason.")

5) That Mr. Hughes wishes to be a candidate for President in 1928 and looks forward to strengthening his position by leaving the Cabinet. (Still another secret explanation of the "real reason.")

It is impossible to say how, if in any way, Mr. Kellogg's foreign policy will differ from Mr. Hughes'. The President announced that there was no prospect of a change in policy. It was suggested that Mr. Kellogg's appointment is but temporary. This suggestion was made largely because of a general impression that Mr. Kellogg is not very able, that he is an indecisive, worrying, nervous little man, a capable lawyer but without much driving force. Mark Sullivan, one of the ablest of political observers, was inclined to discount this impression of the Secretary of State-to-be, declaring that the impression of timidity comes mainly from physical fidgetiness, that no one, saving only the late Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, ever stood up and gave battle so boldly to Senator La Follette as little "Nervous Nellie" Kellogg.

But if Mr. Kellogg is to be Secretary of State temporarily, who will come after?

War. No rumors were abroad concerning Secretary Weeks.

Treasury. Secretary Mellon has been known to be closely allied to the President in all matters. No reason is there for expecting his retirement.

Justice. Attorney General Stone, the teacher of law, he, the greatest part of whose career has been within the precincts of learning, was nominated for transfer to the Supreme Bench. It was suggested that in the Cabinet he had proved too non-political, that the handshakings and granting of little favors which is the politician's life and success, did not come easily to him.

Into his shoes is to step Charles Beecher Warren of Michigan. It is said that the President wanted Mr. Warren as someone to whom he was close, someone he could rely on, now that Mr. Hughes is to depart. Intellectually he is probably the ablest man whom Mr. Coolidge has added to the Cabinet. Slave of face, almost good looking, the broad-headed type of statesman, like Borah or Underwood, he is able, active, arduous—especially in mind. He might have had a place in Harding's cabinet, but Harding, the man of good heart, was perhaps a little repelled by Warren's swift-mindedness. The departure of Mr. Hughes breaks up the "Big Three" of the Cabinet—Hughes, Mellon, Hoover. If one of the newcomers is to take Hughes' place in the trio, it is likely to be Warren. He is not as Hoover, the man of method, of slow exactness, the efficiency expert of a Nation, nor like Mellon, a solver of the financial intricacies for the biggest business,

National Affairs—[Continued]

the largest trust, the only absolute monopoly of the country—the U. S. Government. Rather, Warren is a man of more diversity, all mobile, a capable strategist, hard to trick, always ready for sortie or counter-attack, complete



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AMBASSADOR HOUGHTON
"Educated at Harvard"
(See Column 2)

and instant master of the forces of his mind.

It was probably in recognition of his character that he was given diplomatic posts, made Ambassador to Japan, coupled with John Barton Payne to arrange for the resumption of diplomatic relations with Mexico, then made Ambassador to Mexico. In view of his diplomatic service, he may have hoped for the Secretariat of State instead of the Attorney Generalship. In fact, it is not impossible that he took the latter post in hope of later being raised to the former. If Mr. Kellogg's term of office as Secretary of State should be brief—who would follow after?

Post Office. According to official announcement, Postmaster General New was asked, and agreed to remain in office.

Navy. Secretary Wilbur seemed to be slated to continue for the time being.

Interior. Secretary Work gave no intimation of a forthcoming resignation.

Agriculture. Secretary Gore retires on Mar. 4 to become Governor of West Virginia. For several weeks, the President has been meditating on the choice of a successor. For many years, the holder of the post has been a man expert in the technical side of farming. The President announced his

belief that, at the present time, it was more important to appoint a man familiar with the business side of farming. He offered the post to Secretary Hoover who declined it, promising to assist, however, in the selection of a proper person. It was reported that the President has on his desk a report on 150 to 180 men who have been suggested for the post.

Commerce. In announcing that he had declined to accept the portfolio of Agriculture, Mr. Hoover declared that it was his belief that he could serve agriculture best by improving conditions in the whole distribution system and the general industrial situation—thereby implicitly declaring that he would retain his post.

Labor. Although Secretary James J. Davis had declared some months ago that he wished to retire on Mar. 4, he changed his mind. He arrived back from a trip in South America and last week saw the President. After the interview, it was announced that he would stay in the Cabinet.

Diplomats Shuffled

London. The transfer of Ambassador Frank Billings Kellogg from London to the State Department sets up a train of consequences in the diplomatic service. After but a few days' suspense for the hopefuls who would have liked to have followed in the diverse footsteps of Messrs. Page, Davis, Harvey and Kellogg, the President announced the name of Alanson B. Houghton as Mr. Kellogg's successor.

Mr. Houghton for three years past has been Ambassador at Berlin. In a way Mr. Houghton is in accordance with the usual type of man appointed to the Court of St. James's. He was born in Cambridge, Mass. He was educated at Harvard. He is wealthy enough not to mind the fact that his salary of \$17,500 will, at London, be only a drop in the bucket of his expenses. On the other hand, he is not a literary man, nor is he a publisher, a politician, an editor, a lawyer—but a manufacturer.

Three years ago, Mr. Houghton was serving as a Congressman from New York. President Harding selected him for the job of reopening intercourse with Germany. He did so, and succeeded in winning the goodwill of the Germans to a marked degree. Knowing at first hand the aspects of Europe's great problems, including reparations, he goes to London with a better schooling than many men who have been sent there before him.

Berlin. The President, in plugging up the vacancy made by the withdrawal

*He manufactures glass.

of Mr. Kellogg from London, thereby made another vacancy in Berlin. Again the aspirants began to count their chances.

The foremost candidate was Senator Medill McCormick of Illinois, who leaves his comrades on Mar. 4 because the Republicans of Illinois did not see fit to renominate him last year. A number of Senators spoke a good word to the President on their colleague's behalf—even Mr. Borah was reported to have done so. Yet while these movements were being made toward his appointment, others of the Senator's friends advised him against going to Germany because of the political situation in Illinois—the hope that Governor Len Small might be removed from office by court proceedings and Mr. McCormick have a chance to take hold.

Another man suggested as a possibility was Ambassador Henry B. Fletcher, now at Rome. It was said, however, that Mr. Fletcher would rather wait an opportunity to go to Paris in case Ambassador Herriek retired. Besides, the President had intimated that he might go out of the diplomatic service in making a choice because the problems at Berlin were "more economic than diplomatic."

Other names suggested included: William H. Crocker of San Francisco (banker and Republican National Committeeman), Dr. Jacob Gould



WALTER J. DAMBROSCH
He was suggested
(See below)

Schurman (ex-President of Cornell University, now Minister to China), James R. Sheffield (Ambassador to Mexico), Ogden H. Hammond (retired banker of New Jersey), Walter J.

National Affairs—[Continued]

Damrosch* (famed orchestra conductor in Manhattan, son-in-law of the late James G. Blaine). Most of these were no more likely of choice than several score of others unnamed.

Where Wealth Accumulates

The Bureau of Census, subdivision of the Department of Commerce, calculates diligently; but diligence takes time. Last week, it gave out its estimate of the total wealth of the U. S.—at the end of 1922. The sum is quite inconceivable, consisting of twelve figures, five of which are ciphers: \$320,803,862,000—in other words 320, going-on-321 billion dollars.

Of course the whole thing is a guess but, as compared to a previous guess of the same kind made ten years earlier, it shows an increase of 72.2% in the country's dollar worth—an increase from 186 billion dollars to 321 billions.

The chief components of Uncle Sam's estate, with their value (to the nearest billion dollars) are:

Taxable real estate\$156
Clothing, furniture, etc.49
Manufactured products28
Tax-exempt real estate21
Railways with equipment20
Manufacturing machinery, tools16
Public utilities15
Live stock6
Agricultural products5
Motor vehicles5
Gold and silver4

Wealth by states gave New York the most, followed in order by Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, California, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Michigan, Iowa. Nevada came last with a total estimated wealth of \$541,716,000.

THE CONGRESS

The Legislative Week

The Senate:

¶ Passed the first deficiency bill for 1925, carrying \$159,000,000 of which \$150,000,000 was for tax refunds. After the bill went into a joint conference over minor amendments by the Senate, the Senate again approved it in compromise form. (Went to the House for approval.)

¶ Debated a treaty, negotiated in 1903 by Secretary of State John Hay,

whereby the title of Cula to the Isle of Pines would be confirmed. Although every administration has approved the treaty, it has lain in the Senate for over 20 years. Senator Borah, Republican, and Senator Ralston, Democrat, opposed it. Senator Swanson, Democrat, endorsed it. No action.

¶ Debated, amended and finally passed the Muscle Shoals Bill, after spectacularly reversing itself in the course of 24 hours. (Went to the House.) (See Page 5.)

¶ Passed a bill to reimburse one Robert Laird of Pennsylvania for burial expenses to the amount of \$113 incurred by him when the War Department sent him the body of an unknown person in place of that of his son killed in France. (Went to the House.)

¶ Swore in Hiram Bingham, new Senator from Connecticut, and assigned him to the military and post office committees.

The House:

¶ Passed a Rivers and Harbors Bill, carrying \$39,000,000 for improvements. (Went to the Senate.)

¶ Passed a Senate bill providing that executions in the District of Columbia be by electrocution instead of by hanging. (Went to the President.)

¶ Passed the McFadden bill which would give National Banks the right to establish branches in states where other banks now have that privilege. (Went to the Senate.) (See BUSINESS.)

¶ Adopted the conference report of the first deficiency bill carrying \$159,000,000. (Went to the President.)

¶ Passed a bill extending the life of the World War Debt Funding Commission for two years more. (Went to the President.)

¶ Heard Representative Charles Manley Stedman of North Carolina, last surviving Confederate veteran in the House, deliver a eulogy of Robert E. Lee (on the anniversary of the General's birthday) at the close of which General Isaac R. Sherwood of Ohio, last surviving Union veteran in the House, rose and clasped the other's hand.

Battle Brewing?

There was a stir in the Senate. On the floor there was whispering, in the cloak rooms there was chatter. Remarks passed in the subway to the office building. In the office building there were conferences. Yes, the Republicans agreed, it surely behooved one of them to do something. But who should it be?

Hiram Johnson came forward. He was willing to undertake the matter. He had nothing to lose in the way of the Administration's good will.

He would draft a resolution—and he did. This is it:

RESOLVED, That the Secretary of State be, and is hereby requested, if not incompatible with the public interest, to transmit to the Senate a copy of the agreement signed by Messrs. Kellogg, Herrick and Logan during the last week at the conference of the allied and associated powers in the World War relating to the Dawes Plan, and the payment of reparations by Germany.

The text seemed innocent enough, but there is a story behind it. The Allies had been holding a financial conference in Paris to determine the division of the reparations received under the Experts' Plan. The U. S., upon insistence, had been admitted to a share in the division. So an agreement was signed in Paris by the Allied Finance Ministers and, on the part of the U. S., by Ambassadors Kellogg and Herrick and Official Observer Logan (TIME, Jan. 19).

It was reported that, just prior to the signing, Ambassador Kellogg offered, on behalf of the U. S., a reservation that the U. S. assume no responsibility for enforcing payments in case of default. The other countries objected, and the agreement was signed without reservations.

This action was hailed abroad. Quoth the London Times:

The Paris conference will make history because, through it, contact has at length been re-established with America. The representatives of the U. S., who attended it were there not as observers but as active participants. They had the same official standing and carried the same credentials as Mr. Churchill or M. Clemenceau.

After five years of diplomatic neutrality, if not of diplomatic aloofness, the U. S. re-entered Europe.

Her official presence at the Paris Conference does not imply that America is to be redone over for the start of the good wishes of the League of Nations. What it does imply is that from now onward she has an intimate and tangible concern in what, after all, is the kernel of the European problem, namely, the restoration of Germany to political and economic health.

It was American statesmanship that first threw out the idea which has fructified in the Dawes scheme. That scheme has thus been sure from the start of the good wishes of the American people. But it is now the adopted instrument of the American Government. The U. S. is at this moment definitely and officially associated with the task of applying it. She has what she has not had before, a Governmental stake in its success.

It was just this thought—so pleasing to the London Times, which so upped Senator Hiram Johnson and some of his Republican colleagues. Could it be, after all, that Mr. Coolidge was abandoning the rallying cry of his party since 1921, the cry of "No entanglements?"

First, of course, the text of the agreement must be discovered. This was the object of Senator Johnson's resolution. Afterward would be time

*Walter Johannes Damrosch was born in Breslau, Silesia, in 1862. Aged nine, he migrated to Manhattan. Dr. Leopold Damrosch, his father, was a musician of note, and in Walter's youth, Wagner, Liszt, von Bulow, Ruyter, Rubinstein visited his home. At 14 his father let him appear in his orchestra at the performance of an opera but Walter was too nervous to life the symbols. Nevertheless at 25 he became conductor of the N. Y. Symphony Society—at a time when there were only three symphony orchestras in the U. S.—the New York and Boston Symphonies and the N. Y. Philharmonic.

National Affairs—[Continued]

Is the U. S. morally bound to join the Allies in securing payment in case of default? That is a matter of opinion, a matter which the Administration is doubtless willing to let go undecided in the hope that there will be no default, in the meantime justifying its action on the ground that signing the agreement was the only way of getting its money.

But nothing is justifiable in the eyes of the Senate irreconcilables if it even remotely savors of an entanglement. They were expected to pass the Johnson resolution, to receive the text of the agreement and then to begin tearing it to pieces. Another battle parallel, if not equal, to the contest which resulted in the rejection of the Versailles Treaty may be brewing. Of the old irreconcilables many are gone, never to return—Lodge, Knox, Brandegee. But some still remain. Hiram Johnson still remains, proud of being "progressive" and "irreconcilable." Around him the Macedonian phalanx will gather. It is still to be seen whether the old phalanx has weakened, or whether its opponents have developed a defense which is capable of countering it. At any rate, it is time for War correspondents to be going over their kits preparatory to going forward whenever hostilities may develop.

Mr. Hughes, attempting to avert trouble, issued a statement declaring that "the agreement reached at Paris was simply for the allocation of the payments made under the Dawes plan. It does not provide for sanctions or deal with any questions that might arise if the contemplated payments should not be made. With respect to any such contingency the agreement in Paris puts the United States under no obligation legally or morally, and the United States will be as free as it ever was to take any course of action it may think advisable.

"The agreement at Paris neither surrenders nor modifies any treaty right of the United States."

FARMERS

Live Stock Report

The President's agricultural Conference, consisting of nine men, heads of various grange and farm organizations, after existing for nine weeks, brought in its first findings. In doing so, it laid down the program which it affects to follow. It said, first, that there are a number of good reports on agricultural conditions and that it is not necessary to make more elaborate ones. Instead it will strive to submit concrete recommendations.

Pursuant to this plan, it will submit five reports:

- 1) On the emergency in the live-stock situation.
- 2) On necessary legislation.
- 3) On the Government administration of agricultural matters.
- 4) On important problems of the industries.
- 5) On the problems which farmers can and must solve for themselves.

The first of these reports, on the live stock emergency, was then offered.

In recent months there has been a heavy liquidation of the cattle industry, mainly because of the calling of loans by private financing agencies, and partly because of a shortage of feed. The liquidation was made necessary by extensive loans made on cattle at excessive valuations during the War. Breeding stock is now reduced so that there is little likelihood of future overproduction. Four adjustments are necessary:

Finance. The private agencies which formerly made loans have suffered setbacks which have restricted their loans. The result is a shortage of primary discount agencies. The Federal Intermediate Credit Bank is fully equipped to finance the primary discount agencies—in short, there is a good financial middleman, but too few financial retailers. The Federal Farm Loan Board should encourage the setting up of more financial retailers and make a report on its progress by July 1.

Transportation Costs. Because of flat increases in freight rates during the War, agricultural products, and especially live stock, bear a disproportionate share of transportation costs. The whole freight-rate structure needs

thorough revision. The Conference will later make definite recommendations regarding the agricultural aspects of such a revision.

Tariff. The cattle industry needs tariff protection from imported meats and hides. The conference reserves its report on this need, however, until it can go into the general question of tariffs on agricultural products.

Grazing. The policy of free grazing on the Public Domain has resulted 1) in encouraging many grazers to enlarge their herds, 2) in reducing the grazing value of the range because of overstocking, 3) in production of inferior stock. In national forests, on the contrary, where grazing has been restricted, the range and the quality of the cattle has been improved. The unappropriated Public Lands should therefore be leased for grazing purposes with suitable regulations and fees to be determined by a Government committee.

In short, the conference recommends better business management to cattle raisers, selection of good breeding stock, scientific management of grazing and winter-feeding areas and careful selection of the class of cattle to be marketed.

MUSCLE SHOALS

Dizzy

If one is to understand what happened in the Senate last week in regard to the disposal of Muscle Shoals, one has to arrange facts in a simplified manner. In the first place, there have been four chief proposals for the disposal of the Muscle Shoals property:

- 1) The Ford plan, which provided to sell part and lease the rest of the Muscle Shoals property to Henry Ford.
- 2) The Norris plan, which provided for Government operation.
- 3) The Underwood plan, which instructed the President to lease the plant to private operators.
- 4) The Jones plan, which created a commission to study the disposal of the property and report in a year.

Last session, the House passed 1) the Ford plan and sent it to the Senate. The Senate failed to act on the bill before it adjourned last June. Before Congress opened again, Mr. Ford withdrew his offer—so it was obvious that the bill had to be amended. It was brought before the Senate, amended by substituting 2) the Norris plan. After a month's debate, the Senate amended the bill again by substituting 3) the Underwood plan (TIME, Jan. 19). Last week, in

National Affairs—[Continued]

the course of two days, the Senate proceeded to tie up the measure in knots as follows:

First, the bill was amended by substituting 4) the Jones plan for the Underwood plan. Second, it was amended by substituting 2) the Norris plan for the Jones plan. Third, it was amended by substituting 3) the Underwood plan for the Norris plan. Then an attempt was made again to amend the bill by substituting 4) the Jones plan for the Underwood plan. This last attempt failed. Finally, the bill (composed of 3)—the Underwood plan—was passed by vote of 50 to 30.

Technically, the bill had now passed both Houses of Congress. But the Senate had made "amendments". The usual course of procedure when amendments are made is to hold a joint conference and compromise. But the Senate "amendments" constituted a complete change of the bill from 1) the Ford plan to 3) the Underwood plan. A compromise or a conference hardly seemed appropriate.

The House may recommit the bill to committee, in which case it is probable that no final action will be taken this session. At any rate it is a problem, with the fate of the bill depending on the decision of the House.

ARMY AND NAVY

Retired

Major General Robert Lee Bullard last week quitted his post as Commander of the Second Corps Area with headquarters at Governor's Island, N. Y.—retired at the age of 64. General Bullard was the commander of the famed First Division in France. He is the last of what was called the "Big Four" to be retired for age. The other three are Major General James G. Harbord (now President of the Radio Corporation of America), Major General Hunter Liggett and General J. J. Pershing.

Slender, like Pershing, and youthful in appearance and manner, General Bullard has always lived at a rapid pace, and the conclusion of his career was no exception. The last few days were filled with enough activities, social and military, completely to wear out an ordinary man.

He was succeeded by Major General Charles P. Summerall, eight years his junior, ruddy, stocky, a bit grim, a man who through a large part of his career has followed in General Bullard's footsteps, being given post after post as General Bullard relinquished it.

Coincident with General Bullard's



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MAJOR GENERAL SUMMERALL

"Ruddy, stocky, grim"

retirement from command of the Second Corps Area, Major General Charles G. Morton, also 64, retired from command of the Ninth Corps Area with headquarters at San Francisco.

WOMEN

Cause and Cure

There opened in Washington a women's conference—an event not unusual. But it happened that it was a "peace" conference and yet none of the many women's peace organizations was represented. The meeting was called the "Women's Conference on the Cause and Cure of War"—a misleading title since "cause" and "cure" were not equal objects.

Nine national women's organizations were each represented by 100 delegates and 100 alternates. They were:

The American Association of University Women.

The Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions in North America. The General Federation of Women's Clubs.

The Council of Women for Home Missions.

The National Board of Young Women's Christian Associations.

The National Council of Jewish Women.

The National League of Women Voters.

The National Christian Temperance Union.

The National Women's Trade Union League of America.

Cause was exercised in excluding professional peace societies and organiza-

tions of "pink" tendencies. This was to be a conference of "normal" women to undertake a common-sense study of the problem of preventing war, with a view of arriving at some common plank on which all could stand, which the delegates could take back to 5,000,000 women whom they represented to start a great wave of public opinion against war.

The chairman of the conference was the renowned Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Honorary President of the National League of Women Voters, and leader of many women's movements.

A Death

Writer, editor, authority on the Far East, Eleanor Franklin Egan died last week in Manhattan. She began writing at 18 as a correspondent for *Leslie's Weekly* during the Russo-Japanese War. In Japan, she was married to Martin Egan who then represented the Associated Press. Later, they edited together the *Manila Times*. During the War, Mrs. Egan wrote many articles from the Mesopotamian front. She was one of four women on the American delegation at the Limitation of Armaments Conference. Of late, she has contributed a series of articles on the Orient to *The Saturday Evening Post*. She was an expert in her field.

Her pallbearers were to include General James G. Harbord, Herbert Hoover, George Horace Lorimer (famed editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*), Wallace Irwin.

Fair Sex Fair

February, March, April—three months hence, by the blue waters of Lake Michigan, in the great "American Exposition Palace," otherwise known as the American Furniture Mart, will open the first Woman's World's Fair.

There will be three classes of exhibits:

1) Of women's occupation—business, trades, professions, arts—from "diversified countries of the world."

2) Of women's social, civic and club activities in several countries.

3) Of commercial products in which merchants and manufacturers design to interest women.

Floor space is being sold at about \$2.50 a square foot.

LABOR

Defeated Again

The infant is sickly and the chance of its recovery is small. Already it had suffered three or four accidents and achieved only two con-

National Affairs—(Continued)

valescences. Last week, it was smashed again—the infant which is the proposed Child Labor Amendment to the U. S. Constitution.

The Legislature of South Carolina in both branches rejected it without a solitary vote being cast in its favor.

The score of ratifications and rejections now stands:

RATIFIED BY: Arkansas, California.

REJECTED BY: North Carolina, Georgia, South Carolina.

PRACTICALLY REJECTED BY: Massachusetts,* Louisiana.†

Needed to survive, 36; needed to kill, 13.

With about 40 state legislatures in session and the amendment pending before many of them, its fate is likely to be decided during the next few months.

POLITICAL NOTES

Accuracy, Fidelity

It is strange how little stir is made in this country over the election of a President. The people make a great fuss and a hullabaloo about going to the polls in November and electing 531 citizens, mostly nobodies, who never make or administer. But when, in January, these 531 "nobodies" assemble in little groups here and there and elect the President of the U. S. for four years to come, the people know little of it and care less. So little interest attends the event that it is some weeks before the ballots are assembled and counted.

Last week, these little groups of nobodies assembled and elected a President. They were not all nobodies, however. One of the groups that met in a place called Albany, in New York, was presided over by Elihu Root, who has held many more important posts—those of Secretary of State and Secretary of War, for example, and Ambassador Extraordinary at the head of the special diplomatic mission to Russia, 1917.

It was the first time in several years that Mr. Root has presided over a public meeting; he rose to speak, said:

"This is one of the most interesting proceedings historically which occurs in the entire course of the life of our Government.

"The Constitution invested the persons elected to the Electoral College in each State with most vital and

momentous discretionary powers. In the course of but little more than a century, custom, without any changes of the Constitution or law,



©International

Mr. Root

He rose to speak

simply the custom of the people of the United States, has changed the office from one of discretion and authority to one purely ministerial under all ordinary circumstances.

"It remains that if death or disability shall overtake one of the persons in favor of whom the Presidential Electors received the majority of votes between the election day in November and this second Monday in January, the discretion will still be found to exist and the members of the Electoral College will still be found to exercise it. . . .

"We are performing a necessary duty in the great process of peacefully changing kings, and it is of vital importance that every step shall be performed with scrupulous accuracy and fidelity."

A Life of Wilson

There have already been biographies and more biographies of Woodrow Wilson. Hardly had the War President died last February, when Josephus Daniels rushed down to his private domain in North Carolina to pen one. Last summer, William Allen White undertook another. But at last an official and authorized biography is to be produced. Mrs.

Wilson has announced the undertaking.

She chose as biographer Ray Stannard Baker, of Amherst, Mass. Mr. Baker, a man of 54, is the author of a number of books on public questions and (under the pen name of David Grayson) of a number of essays. After leaving the University of Michigan, he was connected with McClure's Syndicate and McClure's Magazine, served as an editor of the *American Magazine*. During the War, he was attached to the State Department, and afterward served as Director of Publicity for the American Commission at the Paris Peace Conference. It was there that Baker—the spectacled, professional, earnest man with his deep chin-dimple and his mustache—grew to know Woodrow Wilson well. Afterward, Mr. Wilson gave him access to his papers, and Mr. Baker produced, two years ago, *Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement*, a three-volume exhaustive study of the Versailles Peace. It was probably Mr. Wilson's perception that he was a writer of earnestness, intelligence and accuracy as well as of force and spirit that won him the opportunity of making his three-volume study.

Just a year ago, less than ten days before his death, Mr. Wilson dictated one of his last letters—to Mr. Baker:

Every time that you disclose your mind to me you increase my admiration and affection for you. I am glad to promise you that with regard to my personal correspondence and similar papers, I shall regard you as my preferred critic, and shall expect to afford you the first—and if necessary exclusive—access to those papers.

But I have it on my conscience that you should know that I have not made the smallest beginning towards accumulating and making accessible the papers we have in mind. I would rather have your interpretation of them than of anybody else I know, and I trust that you will not think it unreasonable that I should ask you to accept these promises in lieu of others which would be more satisfactory, but which, for the present, would be without practical value.

Last week, Mrs. Wilson announced that this promise was to be made good. She was turning over to Mr. Baker "the entire private record in letters and documents of Mr. Wilson's service as President." The letters alone number 30,000. In addition there are many of Mr. Wilson's own memoranda made in shorthand, as well as notes which he had typed himself. Mrs. Wilson declared:

"Mr. Baker will have no restrictions whatever upon a full and truthful account. It will be an unhurried work, carefully verified at every point, and studied with co-operation of many of Mr. Wilson's friends and associates."

*Defeated by a popular referendum, practically, although not legally, binding upon the legislature.

†Consideration indefinitely postponed.

FOREIGN NEWS

REPARATIONS

Caligraphy

In one of the dazzling rooms of the French Foreign Office, a score of distinguished statesmen sat around a highly polished table. In the background were the underlings, portfolios under arms, pince-nez perched on noses, sleek hair plastered flat on knowing heads, well-pressed clothes hanging immaculately from shoulders and hips.

There was a tomb-like silence in the room. Premier Theunis of Belgium poised his pen above a paper which lay before him. His right hand descended swiftly, there was a dexterous movement, a horrid, scratchy sound, a faint bump and a signature had been penned. A score of suspended breaths were released and the paper passed on to the representatives of France, Italy, Japan, with the same ceremony. Then the paper was passed along to U. S. Ambassador Frank B. Kellogg, Secretary of State-designate, at present accredited to the Court of St. James's in London. Mr. Kellogg looked down at the paper, took pen in hand, looked up and said he supposed the conference realized that he was about to sign, subject to the reservation that his signature bound the U. S. Government "only insofar as the rights of the U. S. were concerned."

At this, a solitary tuft of hair was seen to rise vertically from the otherwise bald pate of Winston Churchill, British Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was amazed at Mr. Kellogg's statement. It had been understood, he said, that the U. S. delegation would sign the agreement (concerning division of the proceeds of the Experts' Plan) before them, and would thereby become active partners in the Experts' Plan. Premier Theunis of Belgium and Finance Ministers Clementel of France and De Stefani of Italy backed the views of Mr. Churchill. "How could the U. S. expect to collect from Germany and at the same time refuse to accept any responsibility?"

Ambassador Kellogg looked non-plussed and, apparently fearing last-minute complications, drove his pen over the paper in front of him. U. S. Ambassador to France, Myron T. Herrick and Colonel James A. Logan, hitherto U. S. unofficial observer with the Reparations Commission, signed under Mr. Kellogg's name in the space reserved for the U. S. Representatives of Brazil, Greece, Portugal, Rumania, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia similarly exhibited specimens of their caligraphy. The agreement relating to the division of the proceeds of the Ex-

perts' Plan (TIME, Jan. 19) was in effect, each of the signatories having been vested with plenipotentiary powers.

From many places on the Continent of Europe, wild shouts were heard. The U. S. had abandoned its policy of isolation, had come back to Europe once more! Everywhere old hatreds and bitternesses were forgotten.



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MRS. SNOWDEN

Should she get slapped?

Everywhere the U. S. was extolled. All the leading statesmen paid tribute to the U. S. attitude. All said that U. S. co-operation had been bought at a cheap price.

Editor J. L. Garvin, writing in *The Sunday Observer*, London newspaper, said:

America in consenting to receive a share of the Dawes annuities assumed direct and inevitable responsibility for the working of the scheme. Nothing is changed in nominal principle. In fact and substance America again becomes the associate of the Allies, but in a way which makes her almost an equal associate of Germany if that country keeps the character of a genuinely friendly and sensible nation.

The establishment of this remarkable position cannot have been other than a deliberate act of American statesmanship, and we believe this development will prove to be of immense and salutary significance for the future of Europe.

During the Paris proceedings Mr. Kellogg, the principal American delegate, was not only Ambassador in London but designated Secretary of State. Without his qualities of genial shrewdness and reasonable tenacity, the Paris conference, like the London conference last Summer, could not have reached the complete success it achieved.

Across the turbulent Atlantic the U. S. Senate's roar, irreconcilable and frantic, was heard (see Page 4).

COMMONWEALTH

(British Commonwealth of Nations)

Mrs. Snowden Speaks

Nothing could have been more simple, more dignified and more sane than certain speeches that Mrs. Philip Snowden, wife of the onetime Chancellor of the Exchequer, made a fortnight ago in Montreal. She told crowded houses all about the Labor movement in Britain. She explained the uphill fight of the pre-Labor Government period, the inner frictions of the Labor Cabinet and what is now being done.

She made two unusually interesting statements.

The first was a pleasing reference to the British Royal Family which, in Canada, and Montreal not least of all, is reviewed with more general and genuine affection than it is in Britain. Mrs. Snowden declared that the sympathetic attitude of British Royalty to the Labor Ministers and officials had established forever the "English Throne in the hearts of the English people."

The second statement was a criticism of ex-Premier Ramsay MacDonald's leadership. Mrs. Snowden inferred that it had been bad; she actually said he had taken too much upon himself. She made no excuses for him. Unfortunately, coming from the wife of the ex-Chancellor who was notoriously out of sorts with his Chief, such a statement provoked much criticism.

From London, *The Morning Post*, relentless enemy of ex-Premier MacDonald, immediately put the capital created by Mrs. Snowden at interest by writing an editorial:

"The incorruptible member of the Labor Party (Philip Snowden), to do him justice, always played the game with his chief. Even when Mr. MacDonald was prepared to raid the treasury for the most unmitigated scoundrels who ever disgraced civilization, Mr. Snowden bowed his head, and if he cursed at all, he cursed under his breath.

"Mr. Snowden may have been foolish, but he was silent. Mrs. Snowden certainly is not foolish, and she is far from silent.

"Is Mr. Snowden going to round up the lady who, besides being his own wife, stands deservedly high in the counsels of Labor, or is he going to throw over Mr. MacDonald as a bad job and agree with his wife?"

The Post hoped that Mr. Snowden

Foreign News—[Continued]

would stand by his wife, "particularly as he knows she is speaking the truth."

From another part of London, politically opposite to the great Strand newspaper, came a girlish outburst of indignation from Labor's only woman M. P., Ellen Wilkinson. She said that the women of the Labor Party "felt pretty sick when they read nonsense like that talked by Ethel Snowden in America," and added that she would like to apply to Mrs. Snowden the epithet "The woman who wants slapping."

Angry at the attack on Mr. MacDonald, she became metaphorically livid over the tribute her elder sister, Mrs. Snowden, paid to the House of Windsor. Fumed she:

"If Mrs. Snowden has lost her head because the King happened to have said 'How do you do?' to her, there is still a mass of devoted women in this country determined that the Labor Party shall stand for the ending of all that show and theatrical glitter and tinsel which I saw at the opening of Parliament."

In South Africa

In *The Nation*, is told the story of a South African Negro girl who left her employment suddenly and departed to her kraal (hut). Her employer, a farmer, drove to the kraal, took the girl back to his farm and there flogged her. But this was not enough. He tied her up by the neck to a beam in a rat-infested barn. An hour later, the girl was found dead: the tips of her fingers had been gnawed off by the rats.

This abominable crime shook the whole Union of South Africa. The farmer was charged with homicide, tried, sentenced to only six months' imprisonment. The moral deduced was that there are two kinds of justice in the Union, one for the white man, one for the black man. Incensed were the Negroes.

At Cape Town, a Negro mass meeting of protest was held. The Chairman said: "We have not got any trust in the white man along either political, educational or religious lines. The salvation of the non-European lies in himself."

But the anger of a part of the white population and the heated indignation of the Negroes meant nothing to the Anglo-Dutch Minister of Justice, one Tielman Roos. Interviewed by a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, he stated his position "with ap-

palling clarity": "Impartial justice does not mean...that a judge or a magistrate would necessarily give precisely the same sentence to a white man as to a native in a given crime. A very brief sentence of imprisonment to a white man means a great deal more to him than a very much longer term of detention to a native."

FRANCE

Dans Le Parlement

¶ The French Parliament reassembled after the New Year's vacation. Premier Herriot was in his place on the Government bench. It was his first public appearance since his illness (*TIME*, Dec. 22, et seq.), and he attended the session, as he said, to prove his protesting doctors false prophets. To his friends, he said that he was feeling perfectly able to stand the strain of debate.

¶ Ex-Premier Paul Painlevé was re-elected President of the Chamber of Deputies by 313 votes to 25. The Right Opposition abstained from voting.

¶ In the Senate, M. Justin de Selves was re-elected President of that august body. His poll was 30 votes larger than it was when he was elected last July. This was taken as a sign that the Senate was becoming pro-Nationalist and therefore anti-Government, which augurs ill for Premier Herriot. M. de Selves received 167 votes. M. Biennu-Martin, Socialist, was the opposing candidate with 116 votes.

¶ Chamber President Painlevé had hardly finished his inaugural address, in which he appealed for self-discipline as an aid to him in his presidential capacity, than a first-class uproar broke out. The Government consented to listen to an interpellation on the sardine-packers' strike in Brittany, but the Right Opposition objected and showed their antipathy by banging their desk-lids and shouting. The Left Opposition tried to shout down their opponents across the Chamber and in the ear-splitting din which resulted, Chamber President Painlevé was seen to rise, a pained expression on his face, put on his hat and depart, thereby signifying that the session was at an end. At this moment, several Communists rushed the Nationalist benches and a free fight began, to be ended a half an hour later by the brutal

intervention of a dozen lusty sergeants-at-arms, the Chamber's chuckers-out.

¶ Next day, it was charged that a certain Deputy had thrown a glass at the head of a brother Deputy who had insulted him. Several Deputies thereupon undertook to draft a measure providing for the punishment of any members committing an act of violence during a session.

¶ Premier Herriot, in a statement to the Chamber, declared that his Government was adamantly opposed to a policy of currency inflation: "It is not our fault that during this year the country will have to meet enormous bills. But whoever is to blame, and whatever the consequences of our decision, this Government is formally determined there shall be no inflation. However desperate may be the measure we may be forced to take, and even should personal interest be shaken, there will be no inflation. It is only in that way we can do our duty toward the future as did those who in the War gave up their lives for it."

The Premier's declaration received the unanimous support of the Chamber (Communists excepted). Deputy Marcelle responded: "However great the personal sacrifices which may be involved, and however harsh the consequences for many, the Opposition heartily associates itself with the courageous words of the Premier."

Finance Minister Etienne Clémentel, backing his Chief, expounded that "it would be a crime to have recourse now to the printing press. The only way by which we can pull ourselves free from the present situation is by economy and sincerity."

A Communist's Trial

The retrial of onetime Captain Jacques Sadoul, who was sentenced to death in *absentio* in 1919 for deserting to the Bolsheviks while a member of the French Military Mission, began at Orléans.

Sadoul, a debonair, middle-aged man, stirred the court and all France by declaring that "it is fantastic to realize that it is yet unknown that, after they came into power, Lenin and Trotsky never ceased to appeal to France for military support that would enable them to resume the war against Germany."

He went on to charge ex-Premier Georges Clemenceau with responsibility for the Brest-Litovsk Treaty

Foreign News—[Continued]

(treaty of peace signed between Russia and Germany in 1918) and for "the death of several hundred thousands of soldiers." It was thought extremely unlikely that he could prove that M. Clemenceau actually did refuse military aid to the Bolsheviks, although Sadoul averred that documentary evidence existed.

In the course of the proceedings, the prisoner referred to his exile (1919 to 1924):

"Exile has been very bitter. I believe I am a good Communist, an excellent internationalist, but I am first of all a Frenchman, a product of France according to the theory of Taine. I have seen apple trees in the Crimea, but they are not to be compared to the apple trees of Normandy."

Then, with an airy flourish of his right hand: "I have this to say in conclusion: Only revolution can save France."

The court voted adjournment of the trial. Sadoul was given temporary liberty pending continuance of the hearing. He hurried off to Paris, visited Communist friends in the Chamber of Deputies, received a great ovation.

Tariff War?

For many weeks negotiations have been in progress at Paris between the French and German Governments for a new commercial treaty. Since economic conditions in Germany are daily improving, thanks to the Experts' Plan, and since Germany must import and export if she is to pay the gigantic reparations bill, it would seem to follow that a mutually agreeable trade treaty would be made by the two countries.

But the French and the Germans have not been able to agree and, in the opinion of the experts, they are not likely to agree for some time. Their disagreement led to prophesies of a tariff war between the two countries. *Le Matin*, Paris journal, summed up the situation by stating that "once more the peace of Europe is becoming uncertain. It may be a bloodless war, but economic war is none the less terrible."

It came as a relief to the people on both sides of the Rhine that both Governments agreed, in the event of a final rupture of the treaty negotiations, that there would be no dread tariff war. France made known that her general tariff rates (for all countries not benefiting from a most favored nation treaty) would apply to German goods. Germany declared that her single tariff for all countries would be applied to French goods.

The trade parley continued.

GERMANY

New Cabinet

As it must to all nations, a Government came to Germany. After week upon week of crisis (*TIME*, Oct. 13 et seq.), a way out of the intricate difficulty was found by Herr Hans Luther, so-called non-partisan, Minister of Finance in the Marx Cabinet, former Mayor of Essen. He did something which no other leader in Germany has been able to do in the last four months—he formed a cabinet:

Chancellor—DR. HANS LUTHER, Non-Partisan.

Minister of Foreign Affairs—DR. GUSTAV STRESEMANN, GERMAN PEOPLE'S PARTY.

Minister of Interior—MARTIN SCHEELE, Nationalist.

Minister of Labor—HEINRICH BRAUNS, Centrist.

Minister of Economics—DR. KARL NEUBAUER, Nationalist.

Minister of Food—COUNT VON KANTZ, Nationalist.

Minister of Justice and Occupied Districts—FRIEDRICH KROHN, Democrat.

Minister of Defense—OTTO GESSLER, Democrat.

Minister of Posts and Telegraphs—HERB STINGEL, Bavarian People's Party.

Minister of Finance—COUNT VON SCHLIEBEN, Nationalist.

Minister of Traffic—FRIEDRICH KROHN, Non-Partisan.

This Cabinet is predominantly Monarchist in political complexion and constitutes a great victory for the Monarchists and Dr. Gustav Stresemann, leader of the German People's Party, who has consistently championed their undoubted claims to representation in the Cabinet.

The parliamentary position of the Government, however, is exceedingly weak. It can rely upon permanent support of 216 votes against 176 votes of the hostile Opposition. Between the two, however, come the Catholic and Democratic Parties with 101 votes. These last two Parties decided to give the Government only temporary support and to retain their freedom of action in case the policy of the Chancellor warrants it. Their passage to the Opposition would therefore be a fatal blow to the Government.

After the Cabinet had been found, somebody asked Chancellor Luther what he was going to do. Replied he, somewhat worn out by his exhausting effort to form a Ministry: "If I had the nerve I'd buy a ticket for Italy!"

ITALY

Electoral Bill

Debate of Premier Benito Mussolini's bill to reform the electoral law* (*TIME*, Dec. 29) provided abundant scope for the fiery oratory and violent scenes which have made the Italian Chamber of Deputies so justly famed.

The beginning of the debate was enlivened by the re-entry into the Chamber of the Communists, who decided to abandon their boycott in order to be able to heckle the Government. Their spokesman, Signor Grieco, was not long in starting his attack. In a bitter speech, full of the usual Communist phrases, he attacked Fascism mercilessly for its policies, its achievements, its existence.

At the end of the oration the Communists sang *The Red Flag*. It was the first time that it had been heard in the Italian Parliament for two years. Something had to be done about it, so the Fascists mocked the Communists by joining in with them as they belted *The Red Flag*.

After this friendly action the Communists were so overcome that they left the Chamber in a body, the Fascists rising from their benches and waving them good-bye with their handkerchiefs. Deputy Farenacchi, leader of the Savage or Extremist Fascist, advanced toward them with the mock politeness of a host "speeding his departing guests": "Come again, often," said he. "We are always pleased to see you."

The next day a furious debate took place on the electoral bill. The oratory was, however, meaningless, for the Fascist Party holds two-thirds of the Chamber's seats and is opposed only by a handful of the Opposition, owing to the boycott declared by the Socialists who number 150 or two-thirds of the Opposition.

Ex-Premier Orlando opened the debate for the Opposition. Amid frequent and angry interruptions he criticised adversely the Premier's recent iron-hand policy (*TIME*, Jan. 19), and for the rest contented himself with expatiating upon the contents of the withdrawn motion.

Ex-Premier Giolitti spoke, but had

*Last year (*TIME*, July 2, 1923), Mussolini substituted for the old electoral law a measure which gave the victorious political party two-thirds of the seats in the Chamber and divided the remainder on the system of proportionate representation. This law has been used reluctantly by the Premier's enemies against the Fascists, and he has been at length driven to introduce another law based upon a modified version of the one he scrapped.

Foreign News—[Continued]

little to add to Signor Orlando's arguments. His reception from the Fascisti was more violent than that accorded to his colleague, for it was remembered by everybody that Signor Giolitti is a past master in the gentle art of "cooking" elections.

The aged ex-Premier (83) declared that he had little hope that the bill would be defeated.

"You ought to be pleased. It will give you another reason to oppose me," teased Mussolini.

Signor Giolitti went on to say that honest elections were impossible at the present stage of the internal situation.

"You could give me lessons on how to run an election," came the meaning retort from the Premier. And, later, in answer to another jibe from Giolitti, Signor Mussolini rapped out: "You may rest assured we will not use the artillery in our election. You have done even that."

Final debate on the bill passed off without untoward incident. On a motion supported by several Fascist Deputies representing workmen, a provision for plural voting for certain classes of men was deleted. The objection to this section of the bill was that its effect would be to reduce the suffrage of the workingmen.

The bill was passed by 268 to 19 votes. The usual cheers were given for Premier Mussolini, after which the Chamber was indefinitely adjourned.

SPAIN

Royal Rebuke

At a banquet given in his honor at Córdoba, King Alfonso XIII. referred to the defamation campaign which Señor Vicente Blasco Ibañez has been waging against him:

"I have always done my duty and that is a great satisfaction for my conscience. I count on my people and I assure you that the King will die at his post and that mud will not soil him."

He declared that the gallant officers of the army in Morocco had also been slandered by the now notorious novelist:

"Such calumnies cannot remain unpunished. He who so speaks outside of Spain and who has on no occasion risked his life for her is an enemy to his flag. May God be pleased to enlighten this bad patriot and pardon him the wrong he has done Spain."



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CONGRESSMAN LA GUARDIA
"Let him spit"

RUSSIA

Boris to the U. S.

Grand Duke Boris Vladimirovitch, brother of Grand Duke Kyryll, self-styled "Tsar of All the Russias" and cousin of the late Tsar, boarded at Cherbourg the liner *Olympic* which forthwith churned her way through many miles of water United Statesward.

Shortly afterwards, "the smiling, swarthy, confident little Socialist from New York," Congressman Fiorello H. La Guardia, wrote a letter to U. S. Secretary of Labor Davis. He asserted that "this Grand Duke Boris" was coming to the U. S. He wanted Secretary Davis to make sure that the Grand Duke was not likely to become

"Fiorello H. La Guardia, squat and dark, with a voice twice the size of himself, was born in Manhattan 42 years ago. In 1901, he joined the U. S. Consular Service, served at Budapest, Trieste and Fiume. In 1907, he became official interpreter at Ellis Island. In 1910 he began the practice of law; five short years later found him Deputy Attorney-General of New York State.

Came the War. Mr. La Guardia joined the U. S. Flying Force, was sent to the land of his ancestors and many a time flew across the Indo-Austrian lines to drop bombs by day and by night. *Après la guerre*, he returned to his native land, capitalized his record as hero, ran for Congress and was victoriously returned, as a Republican. He but in 1924 was reelected on a Socialist ticket, later became identified with the Insurgents,

a public charge. Said he: "I believe the department would be justified in ascertaining whether these repudiated, unemployed and shiftless dukes and archdukes are not coming here with the intention of overthrowing our republican form of government in the hope of establishing a monarchy. According to newspaper reports, people clamored and paid admission for the purpose of curtseying and kissing the hand of these pretenders (reference to the recent visit of the Grand Duchess Victoria Feodorovna (TIME, Dec. 15) in a manner so un-American that it would have been shocking were it not so ridiculously stupid."

Such a bald attack upon the princely member of a kingly house was quickly answered. Edward S. Rothchild, President of the Chelsea Exchange Bank, Manhattan, said that Congressman La Guardia's letter was "outrageous." Another characterized the reference to overthrowing the U. S. Government as the "bombastic utterances of a political nonentity." Others made haste to state that the Grand Duke was not a pauper; he was coming with 22 trunks; the Duchess was bringing 100 Parisian gowns; he was bringing his mother-in-law and a secretary; he had two large bank accounts in Manhattan.

Hardly had this hubbub died down than the Grand Duke arrived, landed. With him were the Grand Duchess, whom Boris married in Paris six years ago; Mme. Rachevsky, mother-in-law; Princess Natalie, niece; Baron Nicholas Crown, secretary. The Grand Duke — a man just over medium height, 47 years old, with a quizzical round face on the top of which grows a fringe of dark hair turning grey and into which is set a pair of jovial, navy-blue eyes—was highly delighted to be in the U. S. Even the assaults of the everlasting newspaper squad could not extinguish the fire of his joy.

The following questions, put to Boris by unsatiable and inexhaustible journalists, were satisfactorily answered.

Q.—"What did you come to the U. S. for?"

A.—"I am here for pleasure only. I wish my wife to see America. This is my first visit to this country since 1902, and I look forward to enjoying it very much."

Q.—"Do you think a Tsarist restoration possible?"

A.—"Yes, I do, because the majority of the Russian people understand that form of government better than any other. I do not know when it will be, but there are signs of the Soviet re-

Foreign News—[Continued]

game breaking up now through the internal struggle among the Communists."

Q.—"What do you think of Grand Duke Nikolaï's chances of becoming Tsar?"

A.—"He is only a second cousin of the late Tsar.* He is the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, but not the heir to the throne."

Q.—"Has the Grand Duchess got 100 Parisian gowns?"

A.—"Such news is too good to be true. Unfortunately she has only 25."

Q.—"Have you got \$1,000,000 on deposit in Manhattan banks?"

A.—"Here Boris took an amber cigarette holder from his mouth, blew slowly a vast cloud of smoke, said: 'I have some money here. The amount I cannot say.'"

Q.—"Is your trip to the U. S. financed by any of your wealthy friends?"

A.—"No. I came entirely on my own hook, just for the pleasure of the thing."

He was then shown a clipping of Representative La Guardia's letter.

"How interesting!" exclaimed Boris with much amusement. "In Russia we have an old proverb: 'When the wind howls, the dogs bark.' Let him spit."

Answered

To George Bernard Shaw, famed sophisticate, from Grigori Zinoviev, Chief of the Third Internationale, went

an answer to the former's sneering criticism of the Bolshevik régime. Said M. Zinoviev: "Shaw, flower of the petty bourgeoisie, considers himself above Karl Marx. But if we compare both, Shaw appears as a scarcely visible dust speck."

"Shaw and Wells (who does not like Karl Marx's beard) think we made an idol of Marx. They forget that the teachings of Marx have conquered a sixth part of the world, and disregard the probability that the masses will eventually take over world power, cutting off many ruling heads."

"I hope Shaw will live long enough to see the new epoch."

"Shaw ridicules the Third Internationale, disregarding historic processes. In this respect, the dramatist is as dull as Lord Curzon. Like other petty bourgeoisie, the Socialist Shaw favors Marxism in Russia but not in England, thereby proving ignorance of the power of Marxism."

Trial

Before the Red Tribunal in the magnificent Hall of Nobles at Moscow appeared Ivan Okladsky, aged 65, to answer for a crime committed 43 years ago. He was charged with being the world's greatest traitor, a man who had lived on the blood of revolutionary martyrs. Thousands of people flocked to hear the life history of Okladsky.

Ivan Okladsky became a revolutionary in his earliest days. He joined the *Narodnaia Volia* or Party of the People's Will—members of this party are better known as the Nihilists—which was led by Prince Peter Kropotkin, Catherine Breshkovsky, Nicholas Tchaikovsky.

This little stout man with long grey whiskers told how he, a boy of 16, had tried to kill Tsar Alexander II* in

"On Mar. 13, 1881, Tsar Alexander II. was driving along the bank of the St. Michael Canal when a young man threw what appeared to be a snowball at the Imperial sledge. The snowball went off with a thundering detonation, the carriage was shattered, two men of the Tsar's escort were killed outright, many were wounded; but Alexander escaped unhurt."

His Imperial Majesty was then implored by faithful servants to return hastily to the Winter Palace, but he insisted upon remaining to look after the victims. Somewhere an agitated voice called out: "Are you hurt, Your Majesty?" "No, thank God," replied the Tsar. At this the assassin, who had been seized, grimly remarked that it was a little early to thank God. As he spoke, another snowball was hurled by a second assassin, landed at the feet of the Tsar. . . .

When the smoke cleared, away, the Tsar lay with his legs torn off his body, his face horribly lacerated. Pathetically he tried to raise his bloody body on his hands. A few feet away lay the second assassin, similarly injured; dead and dying lay thick around. The Tsar was raised tenderly into a police sledge, driven to the Winter Palace. In a few hours Tsar and second assassin were dead. Hundreds of arrests followed.

1875 by mining the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg (now Leningrad). He told how he mined the railway track in 1879 along the route to be taken by



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ALEXANDER II.
Foully murdered

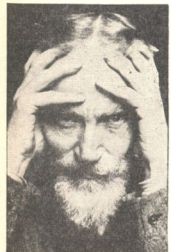
the Tsar on his return to the capital from the Crimea. He told how, in 1880, he had mined a bridge in an attempt upon the life of his Tsar. He told why he was always unsuccessful.

In 1881, Alexander was most foully murdered. At this time, Okladsky was in prison and shortly after the assassination he was brought up for trial. To his Tsarist judges he said: "I do not ask and I do not need your leniency. On the contrary, if you show me mercy, I shall regard this as a personal insult." He was sentenced to death, but the sentence was almost immediately commuted.

About a year later, Okladsky was the highest paid ordinary official of the notorious Okrana or Tsarist secret police. He was created a "personal noble" (noble for life), later an hereditary nobleman. In Moscow, before his Bolshevik judges, he said that he had been forced to betray his Nihilist comrades under the inhuman torture to which he was subjected while awaiting execution and, at the price of his freedom, had consented to join the Okrana and work for the Tsar.

The grim figure of the Public Prosecutor Krylenko arose to demand the life of the prisoner. This demand was quickly granted, but, out of consideration for the advanced age of the "rev-

"The noble class in Russia is distinct from the aristocracy, coming next below it and above the so-called bourgeoisie.



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MR. SHAW
"Considers himself above Karl Marx."

*Boris is ignorant. The Grand Duke Nikolaï Nikolaievich is a first cousin once removed of the late Tsar, and is detested by Boris and his brother Kyrill, although beloved by the late Tsar's mother, the Dowager Empress Marie Feodorovna.

Foreign News—[Continued]

olutionary traitor," the death sentence was commuted to ten years' penal servitude.

Trotzky Out

According to a semi-official statement from Moscow, the protracted campaign waged against War Lord Leon Trotsky by the Bolshevik Triumvirate—Stalin, Zinoviev, Kamenyev—came to an end.

At a plenary session of the Executive Committee and Control Commission of the Communist Party it was decided:

1) To oust Trotsky from the War Council.

2) To invite him to submit effectively to Party discipline.

3) To postpone to the next Party conference the question of re-employing the fallen War Lord.

4) To warn him that continual disobedience would result in his removal from the Political Bureau or Cabinet.

Ex-War Lord Trotsky is reported to have written to the Committee expressing his great regret that he could not be present. In this letter, which was probably modified to suit the Triumvirate, Trotsky declared that "Trotskyism" (criticism of the Communist Party) was a spent political force and that he had had no idea that his book "1917" was to be made use of on political platforms.

Concluded he: "I reply emphatically that I am ready for any task, in any post or outside any post and under any control imposed by my party. It is useless to emphasize, that after recent discussions, our cause necessitates that I should be relieved of my post of President of the Revolutionary War Council."

Notes

War Lord Leon Trotsky was reported to be writing a new book, *My Mistake*, which is expected to reheat the ire of the Bolshevik triumvirate—Kamenyev, Zinoviev, Stalin.

A trial in which the accused were convicted prisoners, the witnesses convicted prisoners, the spectators convicted prisoners, was held in a prison at Leningrad. The accused, 23 of them, were charged with attempting the murder of a prison mate whom they declared was an

agent of the dread Cheka, or revolutionary tribunal.

To Moscow went Leonid Krassin, Bolshevik Ambassador to France; Nikolai Krestinsky, Bolshevik Ambassador to Germany; Christian Rakovsky, Bolshevik Chargé d'Affaires in Britain. In the capital they are to sit in solemn conclave with the chiefs of the Communist Party. It was rumored that they would decide to recognize the debts to foreign countries contracted by the Tsarist régime.

Alexander Kerensky, head of the Provisional Government that ruled Russia immediately before the Bolshevik coup in 1917, declared in Ber-



KERENSKY

"This time an American relief association will not come"

lin, where he lives in exile, that Russia is in the grip of that apocalyptic horseman, Famine. Said he: "It is not to be wondered at that, in a Province where the harvest is officially recognized as insufficient, peasants are pillaging trains loaded with wheat and eat a mixture of the bark of trees and horse refuse. Famine, un pitying and inexorable, is drawing ever nearer in the country districts of Russia. This time an American relief association will not come. The Bolshevik policy has closed the door to it. They will know this in the Russian countryside."

JAPAN

Princely Gift

Prof. Takayanagi of Tokyo University*, in the U. S. to solicit funds for his alma mater, knocked not in vain at the door of John D. Rockefeller Jr. He had asked for financial aid on behalf of his university library, which was partially destroyed by the great Earthquake of 1923 (TIME, Sept. 10, 1923, et seq.), and in which 800,000 books were destroyed.

In a cablegram to Yoshino Kozai, President of the University, Mr. Rockefeller announced his decision to donate \$1,000,000 (4,000,000 yen)† to aid in rebuilding and restocking the library. His letter continued: "This gift is made without condition. I shall appreciate it if you together with the chief librarian, Prof. M. Anasaki, and Dr. Takuma Dan will act as a committee of three with full power to disburse the fund. The distribution of the gift as between building and books I leave to the committee."

"I quite realize that in time the Japanese people will themselves accomplish restoration of their cities and institutions which have been destroyed. However, I shall regard it as a great privilege to be permitted to hasten the day when your university, which stands among the foremost institutions of learning in the world, will again be provided with adequate library facilities."

President Kozai replied: "Your favor in radio has reached me and I regard it a great honor to accept your generous offer and to express the deep gratitude of our university. The committee of three has been organized and further details shall duly be communicated. Let me tender our thanks and promise to make the best use of your fund."

*The Tokyo University (Tokyo Teikoku Daigaku)—the main centre of culture in Japan—occupies 310 acres of ground in and near the City of Tokyo. The buildings alone, before the earthquake, occupied nearly 25 acres of land. There are seven faculties: Letters, Law, Science, Medicine, Engineering, Economics, Agriculture. In a recent report, there were nearly 25,000 alumni and over 6,000 students.

†During the year 1924, among the moneys donated by the Rockefeller family were the following:

Metropolitan Museum of Art...	\$1,000,000
Union Theological Seminary...	1,083,334
Harvard University (Fine Arts Division)	500,000
For restoration of Rheims Cathedral, palace of Versailles and Fontainebleau...	1,000,000
Hartford Seminary Foundation	250,000
Harding Memorial Association	10,000
Russian College of Pennsylvania...	10,000

*In his world-famous "1917," Author Trotsky declared that Kamenyev, Zinoviev & Co. were decidedly bad Bolsheviks in 1917 and intimated that they are little better now.

Foreign News—[Continued]

CHINA

Christian Spirit

Last week, 25 U. S. missionaries wrote a letter to the U. S. Legation at Peking, in which they declared that they were in China only as "messengers of the Gospel of Brotherhood and Peace" and went on to express the desire that "no form of military pressure, especially no military force," should be used to protect them or their property. "We take this stand," the missionaries continued, "believing that the way to establish righteousness and peace is through bringing the spirit of personal good-will to bear on all persons under all circumstances, even though suffering wrong without retaliation."

The U. S. Legation at Peking dissembled from the view of the missionaries. The opinion was expressed that U. S. interest and the safety of U. S. citizens would be permanently jeopardized if the U. S. were to entertain the absurd notion that there was no necessity to protect citizens in China.

Color

"White Turning Yellow," ran a report from China. It meant that many white or Tsarist Russian refugees in China were taking out naturalization papers and thus becoming good Chinese citizens.

LATIN AMERICA

A-Dancing

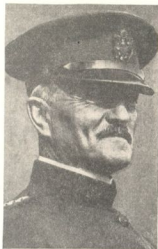
General John J. Pershing left Peru after having attended as U. S. Ambassador and Envoy Extraordinary the centenary exercises of Peru's Independence day.

He and his party then hid them up hill and down dale across the Andes. For many days and many nights no echo of their footsteps was heard.

Subsequently, it was told how the General had been rowed and towed across the great lake district of the Andes, how trains had chugged him across the great Patagonian Plain, how he had visited a U. S. ranchero, had tasted his first cup of yerba mate (herb tea), had danced the Argentine tango with his host's daughter. At Bahia Blanca, Argentine, after being shown the great docks, the General was received by the civic authorities in the City Hall. Then occurred an incident which General Pershing said pleased him more than anything on his trip. A young American woman, babe in arms, demanded to be presented to the General. Her demand was granted and she, her baby and her bashful husband were led forward. The husband was a

former soldier in Pershing's army. He told the General that, although he had served in the War, he had never before seen his Commander-in-Chief.

"Well," remarked General Pershing, "here we all are, in South America." With that he took the baby in his arms and the ever-present camera men suc-



JOHN J. PERSHING
He danced the Argentine tango

cessfully induced the quartet to pose.

One bright summer morn, a crowd collected at the railway station of Buenos Aires, capital of Argentina. Upon the platform was the Minister of War, General Justo, surrounded by many Cabinet members, Army officers, other dignitaries, including Señor Honorio Pueyrredon, Argentine Ambassador to the U. S. and a delegation from the U. S. Legation.

Away in the distance tooted the whistle of a train. Soon it appeared in sight, belching forth steam and smoke. A little later, General Pershing stepped from his compartment and received the ovations of the assembled multitude.

Then began a round of hectic entertainment. A call on President de Alvear, a visit to the races, dinners and sightseeing tours.

Before returning to the U. S., the General will visit Uruguay, Brazil, Venezuela, Cuba.

To Stay

In answer to the request of President Solorzano of Nicaragua that the U. S. Marines be allowed to remain in the country (TIME, Jan. 19), the U. S. Government intimated that there would be no objection to permitting the "devil dogs" to remain up to Sept. 1, 1925.

CINEMA

The New Pictures

A Lost Lady. When the heavens fall and the eruption of eternity smothers the world, this department will probably be still protesting peevishly that straight character study cannot be reflected in the camera lens. For it is the words that come out of a man's mouth that define him, more exactly than all his grimaces and gestures. Willa Cather's *A Lost Lady* was a character study if ever one was written. The book had no further plot nor purpose. It told of a lovely, intense young woman who married an old and impoverished aristocrat of a small Middle-West town. It showed how utterly impossible became her life; it told what she did about it. All this the picture does, and only half the heroine comes to life. Despite an exceptionally adroit performance by Irene Rich, the film is feeble.

Broken Laws. When Mrs. Wallace Reid was prompted by the oily counsels of certain picture promoters to capitalize in the name of reform the death of her famed husband, the public was divided between crass curiosity and amazed disappointment. The curious were in the majority, apparently, since her dope film went the rounds and now has a successor. The present protest is against jazz and the younger generation. It teaches that parents must set a good example to their children. It follows the faithful old anti-jazz formula which has been a cinema staple five long years.

Flaming Love. The producer helped himself to Eugene O'Brien, Ben Alexander, Mae Busch and several other expensive luxuries in casting this picture. The investment seems to have been sound. Without their aide acting, the old Western story would have wobbled. It tells of an open-spaces girl married to a creaky drunkard from the East, how he gambled away his character and her fortune and how the burly, silent hero suddenly stepped in from the side lines. The genuine and inventive talents of Miss Busch, in particular, were highly helpful.

The Redeeming Sin. The cutting edge of Nazimova's personality is far too sharp for such crumbly material as this affords. She plays the Paris cocotte who had a good heart after all (*cf.* Kiki). Lou Tellegen, as the Apache, and a lot of fairly well faked Paris scenery are also thrown away.

THE THEATRE

New Plays

Two Married Men. In one brilliant burst of writing, Vincent Lawrence has sliced wide for inspection a bitter, all too prevalent tragedy. For no reason at all except that they are five years married and that she loves suddenly another man, a wife tires of her husband. This she must tell him, hating herself therefor, yet powerless before the fact. Tomorrow she will run away.

She does not run away. In conclusion, the play lumps badly. For two opening acts of wrangling domestic comedy, in which another family splits over the same man, it amuses only mildly. Yet for this third-act thrust, it stamps itself upon the season as significant.

Cast and production are competent. Two relatively unknown players, Minor Watson and Ann Andrews, give promise of important futures in that final act which they play from first to last uninterrupted on the stage.

Processional. The Theatre Guild, having this season produced two gross financial (and artistic) successes,* resolutely entered its laboratory and emerged with the findings of a wild experiment. The play is an effort in American expressionism by John Howard Lawson, called a "jazz symphony of life" and seems at last a somewhat hazy reference to Joyce's *Ulysses*.

Justly bewildered observers resented the incoherence of the narrative. Dug from the worried contents as best it can be, it is this: A miner in a West Virginia coal town breaks jail. He bayonets a soldier of the invading companies sent to subdue strike disturbances by martial law. Pursued, he finds momentary safety in a mine shaft and there assaults a little Jewish maiden. He is captured, blinded, hanged. His mother, the girl and her father are clutched by the Ku Klux, rescued by agitators. The murderer returns sightless and amalgamates himself with the girl, about to be a mother, in a jazz wedding ceremony.

Throughout the whole rasps the strains of a jazz orchestra. Much of the dialog is written in the jumpy idiom of jazz. The several scenes are mostly bizarre paintings on flat-drops. Exits and entrances are made from the orchestra pit. Even the stage-door alley beside the auditorium is employed for off-stage movements of the noisy mob.

The language, the reference to nor-

**The Guardsman* and *They Knew What They Wanted*.

mally unmentioned matters and certain of the incidents are unsparingly explicit. Some of the acting is good, none of it bad. June Walker, amusing actress of many a jingling farce (*Six Cylinder Love*, *The Nervous*



MISS WALKER

She doubled her reputation

Wreck.) poured out tears for the first time before an audience. She doubled her reputation by the searching sadness of her little animal, the heroine.

Clearly, to understand this frenzied fable is impossible. Beyond that, two reactions are discernible in the audience. Most of it is irritated and resentful. The minority is excited, savagely amused and deeply grateful that from this formless experiment the Guild has translated some of the stubborn emotional symbols with which the hidden history of American life tells of truth.

Stark Young.—Astonishing suggestions of living stuff; full of strong, wounded, indomitable life."

Alexander Woolcott.—A play that the Guild should be respected for producing and the playgoer pardoned for avoiding."

Shall We Join the Ladies? and **Isabel.** James M. Barrie started to write a three-act play, wound his web of circumstance so tightly that even he could not escape it and gave the result to the world as a one-act questionmark. Thirteen people are sitting at a fashionable dinner table, their host informs them one of their number has murdered his brother two years before in Monte Carlo. He

will solve the mystery that evening. The playwright proceeds to shift the needle of suspicion adroitly around the circle. With everyone implicated, a woman screams off-stage and the curtain falls. Ingeniously constructed and fairly well played, the play impresses one chiefly as a vigorous "stunt."

Isabel is a drawing-room comedy on which all the well-worn adjectives of "deft," "light," "clever" and, above all, "smart" can be conscientiously projected. It tells of a vague professor, his pretty wife, their most attractive visitor. The visitor argues expertly with all of them how he can seduce her and yet remain a gentleman. The dialog, particularly in the opening act, shines among the most brilliantly inconsequential of the season. Margaret Lawrence is the star and ably so, although her part contains no such opportunities as those written by the author and glibly realized by Leslie Howard, the lover, and Edna May Oliver, the grim and caustic aunt. On the whole, the play seems the most important trifle of the season.

Alexander Woolcott.—["*Isabel*] suave, inconsiderable, urbane and delightfully acted. [*Shall We Join the Ladies?*] a tour de force in theatrical tension."

Chauve-Souris. Since Nikita Balieff and his resourceful Russians long ago proved themselves unique in the amusement world, there is very little to add to their encomiums except to say that their new show is traditionally diverting. With the familiar exceptions of the *Wooden Soldiers* and *Katinka* the rotund régisseur has provided an entirely new bill. Some scribes noticed that the easy influences of prosperity in London, Paris and New York had robbed the entertainment of its bitter flashes from the heart with which the Russians first punctuated their production. The new display is smoother, more suave and neatly polished. One or two of the episodes are pretty dull; the rest are rippling with naive and ingenious entertainment. And Balieff's English is no better than ever.

Heywood Brown.—". . . the miracle of seeming altogether new and somewhat wonderful."

The Piker. Alternately shouting and sniveling his way through the rôle of a cheap little chap who stole \$50,000 by mistake for \$50, Lionel Barrymore has done one of those things which he ought not to have done. Though its idea is novel and some of its writing grittily amusing, the piece is as cheap as its hero. The play reverses the financial process. It started out to tell \$50,000

worth of drama and turned out a \$50 value.

Leeches quickly gather on the stolen banknotes. Bucket-shops get \$20,000; a crooked boy friend gets a year's living; an immensely worthless chorus girl gets the rest. Gone the money, gone the chorus girl. In one wild effort to convince her that he is a man of daring, he summons the police and tells them of the theft. They won't believe him. Everything gone—even his pitiful hope of one day's fame across the scarlet headlines of the gum-chewers' sheetlets.

Mr. Barrymore, overacting, became monotonous. Better performances were offered by Adrienne Morrison as the bucket-shop decoy and particularly by Alan Brooks, expensive boy friend.

The Valley of Content. Marjorie Rambeau, one of the few actresses to have played a one-night stand on Broadway (TIME Jan. 28, 1924), returned last week in a trashy tale of scrambled emotions that all turned out to be a dream. Possibly the playwright can be pardoned some of the incoherence because it was a dream. She probably will not be pardoned. Sorrowing mother, dancing children, shots and harlotry—all the old devices of the thriller thump their weary way across the stage. All this to prove that existence in the country is safer than existence in the city. Miss Rambeau gave a generally distinctive performance which only served to impress upon the audience the skinny values of the play.

The Love Song. A size 15, EE operetta set itself up at the Century under the guidance of the Messrs. Shubert and managed to entertain its audience considerably. Hundreds of people and masses of scenery do not lend themselves to subtlety. *The Love Song* is not subtle. But it supplies full money's worth.

The story is based on the life of the composer Offenbach and his attachment for the Empress Eugénie. On this framework, a generous interpolation of fancy and invention has been hung. As narrative, the production is naturally negligible; it develops some humor and immense opportunity for scenery and singing. Taste and dollars have made the sets just about the most gorgeous series of pictorial effects in town. An able vocal assembly, headed by Dorothy Francis, swings melodiously through a score based on the best works of the play-hero Offenbach.

Vaudevillainy*

The Life and Language of Mr. Weber and Mr. Fields

The Book. Two undernourished young U. S. Hebrews—one fat, one skinny—came to fame in 1873 for their mutilations of the English language.



©International

WEBER & FIELDS

Their partnership paid

Music-hall audiences rippled and rocked when they heard, just before an act came on, the plaintive offstage whisper of the fat one (Weber) to the skinny one (Fields)—"Don't push me, Meyer!" When the pair were at the height of their popularity, 20 years ago, they disagreed, separated. Friends called this a "business suicide." This winter, they have returned to the two-a-day, are playing certain Western towns under the management of Keith's Theatres, Inc. But this winter the whisper is not quite so funny: there is a ghost in its levity. For that whisper belongs to the theatrical days of which *savoyards* reminisce with wistful head-shakings, of which Mr. Isman, in a similar manner, writes in this book.

*WEBER AND FIELDS—Felix Isman—Boni, Liveright (\$3.50).

BOOKS

He tells about the Webers—Rickler, Sarah, Fanny, Golda, Bertina, Esther, Leah, Rae, Rebecca, Flora, Anna, George, Abraham, Solomon, Philip, Max and Joseph, little Joseph. They lived in a shoe on Mott Street, Manhattan. Nearby, Lew Schanfield tended a street soda-fountain for a man named Gump. One night, Fields tended a street soda-fountain for a man named Gump. One night, Fields taught Weber a dance step he knew. Another night, the little lights on the facade of a brand-new music hall pricked out a trade-name that had become a tradition: WEBER AND FIELDS. They owned the place.

Between those two nights were many tumbles, shuffles; Weber and Fields clogged in dime museums, warbled for side-walk audiences, galooted in saloons for \$2 a day and 3 beer checks, toured with variety troupes. Pages of their jocular maudlinity fill the book.

Maudlinity came to be worth the incredible sum of \$6,000 a week to them. They formed their own company. Fanned were its members: Peter F. Daily, "the quickest-witted man who ever wore grease-paint," who drank a quart of champagne and a quart of whiskey every evening in his dressing room; golden Lillian Russell, who "broke 1,000 hearts a night" when she sang *Rosie, you are my Posie*; David Warfield, William Collier, Fay Templeton, De Wolf Hopper, Bessie McCoy, Frankie Bailey, Sam Bernard.

When Weber and Fields dissolved partnership in 1904, and the curtain, descending to the strains of *Auld Lang Syne*, ended the company's farewell performance, notables of society, stage, politics stood up in their chairs, weeping, shouting, refused to leave until Weber, until Fields, had responded.

"Speech!" they yelled.

Weber's voice carried only to the front rows.

"We can only say that we are sorry," he murmured.

"Fields!" they cried.

"I can only echo the sentiments of Mr. Weber," said the skinny Mr. Fields.

The Significance. Mr. Isman's narrative is like an old music-hall tune played on a street organ. On and on it jingles, sad and gay, the song of the lives of those two derbied, semitic Pierrots who still posture sadly, gayly, under a calcium moon.

The Author. Mr. Felix Isman was once the business partner of Weber and Fields. With them he ran the Broadway Theatre, Manhattan, and produced many successes. They

begged him to write this book about them. When it ran serially in the *Saturday Evening Post*, Wesley W. Stout was given credit as joint author. In the foreword Mr. Isman (an Elk, a Mason, now a realtor) thanks Mr. Stout for his assistance.

Mystery

THE STREET OF THE EYE—Gerald Bullet—*Boni Liveright* (\$2.00). Simmering, sizzling, boiling, gurgling, spitting, the fear of God bubbled like Hell's lava in the head of Bellingham; it drove him out of bed and across the arid plains of Hell under a sky monotonously grey except where the sun, a bloody red, like a huge socket from which the eye had been torn, stared sightlessly at him. In this story, the first and most powerful in the book, Mr. Gerald Bullet adeptly spins out mystification until it becomes mysticism. *The Enchanted Mynent* tells how a certain gnome made a top-hatted, cut-awayed, striped-trousered bondholder do a dance without top hat, cut-away, trousers. *The Mole* was the size of a pea. It was situated on the chin of a storekeeper's wife. Out of it grew three black feline whiskers and the storekeeper's destruction.

Poor Tom

THE WIND AND THE RAIN—Thomas Burke—*Doran* (\$2.00). Tho men once sat in the Ivy Restaurant in London. One was a young composer who, after a long, long pull, was on the top-side of his hour; the other was Thomas Burke, onetime Hard-pressed Kid, now famed author of *Lincolnton Nights*. While they ate, they telegraphed to each other in a code made up of the names of street corners, taverns, dives, the memories of tattered times. In this book, Mr. Burke writes, for those whom good luck has left happily unfamiliar with that code, the record of his life from the day when he, a waif as woebegone as Poor Tom on *Leary's* heath, was befriended by Quong Lee, Chinese storekeeper, to the day when his first short story was published. Calm faces of Canton and Malaya move through mist down a narrow London street; in bad doorways, sailors' knives flash; the rain beats a tattoo of talons on the windows of the house of Quong Lee; the wind sniffs under the door. Tom, the Hard-pressed Kid, is safe now, warm, dry, nor does he try to cast over the shiverings of his penury any glamour other than that which properly belongs to peril overpast. His book will interest some because it is a fine piece of prose, some because it is the story of a man who knew too well that dingy code of the Ivy Restaurant, some because it is the life of Thomas Burke.

Amy Lowell

A Momentous Coming Event

Miss Amy Lowell's great *Life of John Keats** is about to appear. I call it a great life, having read a large part of it and found it human, beautifully written, a combination of scholarship and readability that is exceedingly rare. I expect that it will prove as popular as it is highly praised.

The amount of work involved in the preparation of such a book as this is almost unbelievable. Only a fine executive, as Miss Lowell is, could accomplish it. It seems to me that as much energy goes into the preparation of a biography as into the founding of a business or the conduct of an important and complicated case at law. Miss Lowell has for many years been interested in the collection of Keatsiana. Her library safe holds one of the best groups of Keats manuscripts and letters in existence. She has not been content to allow any fact, however small, that it was in any way possible to obtain, to escape her, and has brought unusual powers of detection to bear in discovering, and as unusual powers of understanding in interpreting. Recently, in New York City for a brief rest, during the course of which she lectured at Columbia University, she seemed a trifle tired. Small wonder! Visualize if you can the amount of physical work involved in correcting proofs and verifying quotations in a two-volume work of 600 pages.

She has not forgotten her poetry while she has been preparing what will probably prove to be one of the most important biographies ever written by an American, and while she accepted invitations to lecture before various societies of scholars and laymen in England this spring. During the years in which she was writing her life of Keats, she wrote many poems; in fact, a collection of these will be published this autumn; and there are her well-known Yankee dialect sketches, one of which, in spite of its verse form, Edward J. O'Brien lists among the fine short stories of the year. These sketches will some day be collected in a volume. It was during this time, too, that she perpetrated her literary hoax, à la her famous ancestor, and fooled the public for many months with *A Critical Fable*, published first anonymously, finally acknowledged. The *Sonnets to Duke* should not be forgotten; they were a glowing tribute to a great genius and a friend.

The publication of the Amy Lowell *Keats* will be one of the momentous literary events of years.

J. F.

**LIFE OF JOHN KEATS—Amy Lowell*. Houghton Mifflin (2 vols. \$10.00). The book is scheduled to appear in February.

ART

Bought

There was not a whisper in the gallery. They had it all to themselves. Outside, the grey skies of Northamptonshire cast a twilight about the old house, blurring the trees that lined the avenue up which no one came. Everyone else, indeed, had gone long ago, but still they stayed—beauties, wits, gallants, a decent sheet pulled over the face of each in the silence and shadow of the voiceless gallery.

It is not probable that they knew that their owner, Earl Spencer, had died; but even if they did, they could not have understood. Death, for those who derive their being from the paint of Master Artists, is a phenomenon hardly less comprehensible than change. Yet there was the fact, the Earl was dead and change was upon them. All this in 1922.

Last week, came the announcement that Duveen Bros., famed London dealers, had bought six of them—three Reynolds, a Gainsborough, a Van Dyke, a Frans Hals—for a sum said to approximate \$1,500,000.* The portraits would be shipped to the U. S. "soon," said the Duveens.

Most famed of all this group that dreamed so long in the Northamptonshire house is Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire. She stands against a marble balustrade, a flight of steps at her feet leading to a formal park. Her dress is cream colored, her coiff, built up like a Chestertonian paragraph, is starred with pearls, garnished with plumes of red and grey; from her right arm depends a gauzy scarf. Walpole wrote of her: "She effaces all without being a beauty, but her youthful figure, lively modesty and modest familiarity make her a prodigy." The portrait was painted at the time of her wedding. Seven years later, she sat to Gainsborough, and his portrait of her shows a woman whose face had taken on a pensive cast and her body a busom rotundity—not quite so busom, on the tactful canvas, as her contemporaries are known to have found her.†

Frans Hals is represented in this group by his *Portrait of a Man—a Cavalier* in a rakish hat, white ruff, glancing over his shoulder. Hals reproduced this gentleman's debonair carriage, reproduced also, in delicate red, the warts that marred his countenance.

Van Dyke's *Daedalus and Icarus* be-

*"This price was, later spoken of as 'grossly exaggerated.'"
†Write a critic in the *St. James's Chronicle*: "A very elegant picture of the Duchess of Devonshire, who in our opinion is by no means an elegant woman."

trays the influence of Rubens. The choice of subject, the richness of hues, the transparency of the shadows, all are in the Rubens tradition. Reynolds has two other canvases in this collection—one of Lady Spencer and her son Viscount Althorp, playing with a black and white cocker spaniel; one of the Marchioness Camden, seated with a naively histrionic air, upon the ground.

Portraits a la Mode

From Paris came a report that Fashion has once again laid hold on Art. The account is that all fashionable women must have portraits of themselves, life-size, hanging in their drawing rooms. It was recalled that Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt recently brought a portrait of this type to the U. S.

Not only must the portrait be life-size, it must be done in a style conformable to the decoration of the woman's drawing room. If the drawing room is Louis XV. period, so must be the picture. Since many drawing rooms are modern, with Oriental motifs, many pictures are done in ultra-modernist style, all attention given to pose and expression, costumes indicated by a few strokes with oriental backgrounds. Fernand Goin, Jean Gabriel Domergue, Van Dongen are reported to be doing many portraits of this kind. "They have their sittings booked for months ahead, like fashionable dentists."

Faddish folly, perhaps, but not to be deplored. Art has prospered by being the slave of Fashion. Much great work had never been painted had not the good ladies of the Renaissance believed it fashionable to see their portraits as saints and virgins frescoed upon their walls, or had not the ladies of a later period sighed to see themselves as muses, graces, nymphs.

MUSIC

Galli

In the days before Verdi's domination of Italian music, when an opera buffa meant two tunes, a plank and an ensemble, Rossini composed *The Barber of Seville*. Yet despite critics who have scraped fly-lying fingers, directors who have indicated with expressive gestures the works of later composers, great coloraturas continue to elect this work. Last week, Galli-Curci, famed prima donna, made in it her first appearance of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House, Manhattan. Sweetly she rendered the falling cadenzas, the elegant trills, the brave bravuras. A great house, which came to praise, noticed that her lower register had improved, disregarded the fact that her high notes were sometimes a

shade flat, sometimes thin to the point of expiration. Every loop and somersault of her voice through its silver trapezes was violently applauded. The following buffoonery of Titta Ruffo, the Barber, helped to cause the family circle and half the standees to go home with red palms.

Leschetizky

Sixteen candles, divided eight and eight into two towering candelabras, flanked, on the stage of Aeolian Hall, Manhattan, the sleek black bulk of a pianoforte. An audience waited, marveling, expectant. The stage grew dark. An attendant appeared, tipped to the candelabras, lit each candle in turn with a glimmering taper. Scarce breathed the audience now, so grave, so holy, was the sight. A young woman in a rose-colored frock suddenly detached herself from the gloom, stood bowing in the soft lustre before her instrument. She was Marie Leschetizky, final wife of the late Theodor Leschetizky, famed Viennese music teacher,* about to make her Manhattan debut. After due trouble with her chair, she addressed herself to a highly uneventful performance of a Bach Sicilienne. Bach, Liszt, Chopin, Debussy followed; in all of whose works Mme. Leschetizky strove courageously to support the improbable theory that the Kingdom of Heaven can be taken by storm.

In Rome

In a great theatre was assembled all the grandeur that is Rome. There sat the Queen Mother Margherita and, near by, stalled or boxed, silked or uniformed, the flower of Roman aristocracy. The assemblage lacked, it is true, the presence of Benito Mussolini, but he sent a message voicing his regret at being unable to leave the Chamber of Deputies.

Suddenly everybody in that notable company stood up, silent, then burst into applause. Before them bowed Paderewski, come back to Rome for the first time in 28 years. Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Schumann, Liszt he played; after every number, a storm of clapping. At the concert's end, the Queen Mother herself stood up, smiled graciously at the pianist.

Next day, he went to the Vatican, called on Pope Pius. For more than an hour, in private audience the two reminisced about the days when they met in Warsaw, the Pontiff as Nuncio, Paderewski as Premier of Poland, both facing a situation black as the pit, from Pole to Pole.

*Theodore Leschetizky, four times married, died in 1915. Among his one-time pupils are: Paderewski, Hambourg, Gubrilowitch, Meisewitch, Brailowsky, Esipov, Friedman, Leginska.

EDUCATION

Onetime Names

Recently (TIME, Jan. 12) Trinity College of Durham, N. C., decided to change its name to Trinity College, Duke University—a change signifying the acceptance of \$400,000 proffered by James Buchanan Duke, tobacco magnate.

But the case of Trinity College by no means unusual. Many U. S. colleges have changed their names:

Colly was once Waterville, was 1 more that the Maine Literary and Theological Institution.

Trinity (Connecticut) was on Washington.

Columbia was once King's.

Colgate was once Madison.

Georgia was once Franklin.

Pittsburgh was once Western University of Pennsylvania.

George Washington was on Columbian.

Princeton was once College of New Jersey.

Cincinnati was once McMicken.

Bucknell was once The University of Lewisburg.

Syracuse was once Genesee.

In Kansas

Ding, dong, dell, Chancellor Ernie H. Lindley was in the well. Who p him? Governor Jonathan Davis. Who pulled him out? Governor Ben S. Paulen.

A fortnight ago (TIME, Jan. 19) the State Board of Administration of the University of Kansas, at the insistence of the retiring Democratic Governor Jonathan M. Davis, ousted Chancellor Lindley. Last week, began the reign of Republican Governor Ben S. Paulen. As forecast, Dr. Lindley was reinstated as Chancellor.

Vice Chancellor W. L. Burdick made Acting Chancellor by Governor Davis, reverted to his former post.

Thus ended what has been called "an attempt to make education the tool of politics."

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There was an America of the Wild West days, romantic, glamorous, individualistic. (cf. our reference to Mr. Hammond in adjoining column.)

There was another America to which a Polish youth, to calm his mother's fears that he would be swung from a gallows to make a Russian holiday, came in 1907.

There seemed little glamor about it. The youth became a tramp. It was the panic year. He could find no work.

After five years he did not have one American friend.

By chance, he found a key which opened the door to new vistas, which led to his becoming a captain in the U. S. Army, and to an opportunity to work his way through college and law school.

Stanislaw Gutowski tells his story in "An Immigrant at the Crossroads" in the February Scribner's Magazine. What he has to say presents another point of view regarding "these ignorant immigrants."

Apologize for jazz? How absurd! says W. J. Henderson, distinguished music critic and friend of James Hunecker.

THE WILD WEST

The Gentleman on Your Left Below Is None Other Than John Hays Hammond, The Man Who Was With Cecil Rhodes in South Africa; The Man Who As A Result of the Jameson Raid, Was Sentenced to Death and Was Released Only After Payment of \$125,000.

He Attended the First State Dinner of the Season at the White House (TIME, Dec. 29).

He Is Shown Here Going to a Cricket Match With Ramsay MacDonald and Lady Henry.



Wide World Photos.

He Has Been in the Midst of Gold Rushes and Miners' Strikes and Has Entertained "With A Sense of Being Honored, A Number of Men of the Hickok* Type."

STRONG MEN OF THE WILD WEST

BY

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND

APPEARS IN THE

FEBRUARY SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

*Hickok—Wild Bill, who shot men because he had to, and then supported their widows.

A floating population other than the immigrants, namely that which mans our ships of war, has been accused of traveling a fast social pace.

Stella Beehler Rud-dock, a naval officer's wife, describes this intense life, and tells why it is so, in "Tag-gin' Ship" in the February Scribner's Magazine.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Navy (and the Army, too) is more likely to be safe than brilliant, observes Albert Guérard in "In the Realm of King Log" in the February Scribner's. But there's something to be said for the idea.

Gamaliel Bradford contributes a psychogram of Edwin Booth.

Ellsworth Huntington adds an autopsy on "The Suicide of Russia."

Henry Rood links "College and the Artist" and then is doubtful as to whether the two should get together, after all.

The best of the new fiction writers appear first in Scribner's Magazine.

The people you read about in TIME write for Scribner's Magazine.

RELIGION

"To Hell"

As, according to Holy Writ, more divine effort is expended upon one lost sheep and more joy is attendant upon its recovery than upon ninety and nine in the fold, just so does it become necessary for the organized Church Militant to spend more time and trouble upon one pronounced heretic than upon ninety and nine who may be heretics but who, for one reason or another, have never raised the issue.

Be now recorded the further time and trouble in the case of ("Bad") Bishop Brown. Last week came to Cleveland from his Protestant Episcopal diocese of Colorado, Bishop Johnson; from Rhode Island, Bishop Perry; from Louisiana, Bishop Sessums; from Connecticut, Milwaukee, Albany, Virginia, each its Bishop. They clad themselves in robes of black and white. They went to Trinity Cathedral, sat down on a red-carpeted platform slightly lower than a presidential dais occupied by William A. Leonard, the venerable diocesan of Ohio. They were a court of appeal. They proceeded to hear the case of William Montgomery Brown, onetime bishop of Arkansas, now living in retirement in Galion, Ohio, who, some months since, had been pronounced a heretic by another court of bishops.*

Again and again counsel for the accused pleaded error in the original trial; again and again his objections were overruled. Two days passed in litigation and oratory.

On the third day, Bishop Brown himself spoke to the court saying: "I believe in God. Not, to be sure, in a God with arms and legs...."

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty. Not, to be sure in a literal, biological sense, is my God a father. Not a being with masculinity as every father must literally be...."

"Maker of Heaven and Earth. Not, to be sure, a manufacturer or sculptor, as the minds which first codified this creed conceived their anthropomorphic God to be...."

"This faith of mine is no cross-word puzzle. It is beyond words. For words at their best are but symbols of the truth...."

"I want you to know that I am in-
20

terested in the basis of his book, *Communism and Christianity*, of which the central point is: The Brother Jesus of the New Testament. Confessions is not for me a historical personage, but only a symbol of all that is for the good of the world, even as the Uncle Sam of American literature is not a historical personage but only a symbol of all that is good for the U. S." Bishop Brown was tried by a court of eight bishops in Cleveland and proclaimed a heretic. The "Bad Bishop" contended that there was no such thing as a heretic. He appealed to a special Court of Review.



THE BAD BISHOP
He can hire a hall

cluding in that most holy of all names, Jesus, all the victims of injustice, all the toilers whose unpaid labor has given leisure and luxury to a few, and all those millions who have been sent to war to bleed and die.

"Let us not excuse ourselves. We as a church did help to send them to their myriad crucifixions. We blessed the War. We told them that God was on our side and that they were doing a holy thing in fighting His battles for the good of the world. Their blood is upon us. We sent them into shambles of torture and into Hell's heat."

Thereupon Bishop Leonard said: "It is the judgment of this court that you, William Montgomery Brown, should be deposed from the sacred ministry."

The sentence now awaits a two-thirds vote of the whole House of Bishops.

"I love Bishop Leonard with an eternal love," Bishop Brown said before the meeting. "Forty years ago he encouraged my preaching and writing. I was a high churchman then, and he made me an Archdeacon in Trinity Cathedral.

"Now, isn't it a shame that they can't let me shuffle along in my own way for a few years more. As you know, from the standpoint of the church in convicting me for heresy they are sending me to Hell."

Later he took heart and added: "I can't preach on Episcopal property, but I can hire a hall and get bigger congregations!"

The bishops returned each to his flock.

SCIENCE

Neptune's Epidermis

Although earth and rock are much harder substances than water, the depths of the earth have been much easier for man to reach than the depths of the water. For, although a solid is harder to penetrate initially than a fluid, once penetrated, there is a hole which offers no subsequent resistance, whereas a fluid always exerts a pressure, increasing with depth. So it happens that, although man has been down in the earth for many thousands of feet, no diver has ever until recently been down more than about 30 fathoms (180 ft.) below the surface of the sea.

But there was a Captain Benjamin Leavitt, who was not content with this paltry 30 fathoms should be so as a lower limit to his activities. In 1922 he bought a ship, the *Blaker*, from the Shipping Board. He fitted her out for diving and salvaging and laid in an equipment of patent diving suits of manganese bronze (which resists salt water corrosion) with flexible parts of interlocking copper tubing and ball bearing joints with portable air equipment, carrying a four-hour supply of oxygen and a telephone.

During the winter of 1923 a visit was made to the west coast of Chik Thera, two miles off Pichidangai, was located the wreck of the British schooner *Cape Horn*, which went down in 1869 with a cargo of copper lying in 53 fathoms (318 ft.) of water. Captain Leavitt declares that in some of his searches he went down to 60 fathoms (360 ft.). When the wreck was discovered, a difficulty came up. At 53 fathoms it was almost pitch dark; there was not enough light to work by.

So a return was made to the U. S. and special lights were procured incandescent vacuum lamps, with glass capable of resisting ten times normal air pressure, made by the Westinghouse Lamp Co. With these the expedition set out in the *Blaker*, just a year ago. Work was begun in March. Last week, messages were received telling that \$600,000 worth of copper had successfully been salvaged from the *Cape Horn*.

The success of this feat suggests that it may be possible to salvage between \$4,000,000 and \$6,000,000 in gold and valuables that sank with the *Lusitania*. The *Lusitania*, sunk by a German submarine in 1915, lies in 42 fathoms of water off the southern coast of Ireland. It opens up vistas of salvaging sunken Spanish argosies with their almost legendary treasures.

Even if the success of the present expedition has doubled the for-

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mer range of practical diving from 30 to 60 fathoms, the fact remains that divers have barely scratched the epidermis on Father Neptune's back, with its average depth of 2½ miles.

LETTERS

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

Drummers' Slang

TIME Stockton, Calif.
New York, N. Y. Jan. 13, 1925
Gentlemen:

As an Original Subscriber I feel privileged to call your attention to a criticism of the play *They Knew What They Wanted* (TIME, Jan. 12), in which your critic refers to San Francisco as "St. Louis." Since this is quoted from the plays program, all is forgiven (as far as far as TIME is concerned); but should it not be, please do not allow TIME to stoop to its use!

San Franciscans have always considered it drummers' slang of the commonest familiarity. With deepest appreciation of your high standards.

MRS. C. PARKER HULT.

The program contains neither "Frisco" nor San Francisco. TIME agrees that "Frisco" is a very low grade of drummers' slang.—Ed.

"Fathed"

TIME Liberty, S. C.
New York, N. Y. Jan. 11, 1925
Gentlemen:

On page 16 of the Jan. 5 issue of TIME you speak of the Pope as the "Fathed." May I ask if this is a typographical error, an error in spelling or an ecclesiastical term?

L. N. FOX.

P. S. In spite of occasional "buns" in proofreading, TIME delivers the facts in such a way that they stick.

Typographical error. "Fathed" was the intended spelling.—Ed.

K. K. K. Man?

TIME Alameda, Calif.
New York, N. Y. Jan. 10, 1925
Gentlemen:

Here's your dollar, trial subscription. Very heartily dispensed; and, disguised. Thought I had found the quintessence of perfection in a review so well-conceived, excellently put-together and in all ways so far ahead of anything else that it has all the others backed off the board.

Ought to have known it was too good to last.

Imagine a decent self-respecting publication, which coined the bully-term "Gum-chewers' sheets" devoting a column to advertising the unbreakable Bill Hearst, who is a K. K. K. Man?

But I swallowed that insult to your readers—only to open this week to two columns of Papacy and Romish church.

Content would be superfluous. When, if ever, you get back to running an AMERICAN paper instead of a hybrid of partly anarchy and partly worse, I shall hope to be advised of your information. Meritment please kill on mailing-list.

HOWARD K. JAMES.

*The remainder of Mr. James' sentence about Publisher Hearst was necessarily omitted because it contained libelous matter.—Ed.

Presto!

TIME Evanston, Ill.
New York, N. Y. Jan. 12, 1925
Gentlemen:

The parlor game, participated in by Arthur J. Balfour, Professor Murray and others, mentioned in TIME of Dec. 22, page 18, appears mystifying, but equally so seems the statement that Professor Murray "went completely mad during the next moon and into the empty dining room beyond, where the servants were clearing off the table."

Here is emptiness indeed, where the servants and the objects of their toil count for naught; or, possibly all vanished without trace simultaneously with the entrance of the Professor.

W. S. CARSON.

Train vs. Plane

TIME Lima, Ohio
New York, N. Y. Jan. 15, 1925
Gentlemen:

In your issue of Jan. 5, page 28, it is stated that on the British and Dutch Air Lines, for the last three years, the average number of passenger air miles per passenger fatality was 2,063,000. Reference is then made to a footnote stating that, according to Major General Mansel M. Patrick of the U. S. Army Air Service, for a number of years prior to 1925, there was an average of one passenger casualty on U. S. railroads for about every 2,000,000 miles. There is a vast difference between a fatality and a casualty and, even if the information given in the footnote were correct, the comparison is not justified. Believing that you would be interested in accurate data as to fatalities and casualties on American railroads, I quote the following from a letter have received from Mr. E. B. Adams of the Railway Age, New York, in response to my letter in which I called his attention to the article in TIME:

I find in I. C. C. records printed in The Railway Age Gazette for years ending June 30, 1923, for Class 1 and Class 2 roads:

Passengers carried one year	1,031,680,000
Passenger mileage	24,575,874,000
Passenger casualties in train accidents (181 killed, plus 8,662 injured)	8,843

Dividing 24,575,874,000 by 8,843 we have 2,779,000,000 plus 3,509,521; only about half as bad as stated by TIME.

If the airplanes carried a billion passengers a year (as do the American railroads), instead of a few thousand, I should regard their records with greater interest; that is, if I contemplated taking a ride myself.

The I. C. C. divides passengers into two classes; 1) train accidents, 2) other accidents. The "other accidents" are the passengers' own faults, while in the airplane service probably the passengers have no chance to injured themselves.

The American railroad record is now better than prior to 1923.

B. R. ADAMS

Aside from the statistics given by Mr. Adams on the value of comparison between casualties in air service, which are almost always fatalities, and casualties on railroads, which are seldom fatalities, but are of interest to you.

L. H. LARKIN.

Skinned a Donkey

TIME Washington, D. C.
New York, N. Y. Jan. 12, 1925
Gentlemen:

I was surprised to find, in your Jan. 5 issue, an item captioned "Strayed" for the real story about the elk which leave Yellowstone Park in the winter and go outside the boundaries to feed was told to me by Superintendent Albright a few weeks ago when he was our guest here in Washington. The real feature of this story was that it was not "unhappy hunters" who slew them but the active living outside of the Park. A hunter is allowed one elk. Mr. Albright said that men, women and children were hiring into the herd, after it was all over, they would pick out their elk, often leaving large numbers on the ground which no one dared to claim. They are so ignorant about it that it was such plain slaughter that a case is known where the people had half skinned a donkey before they discovered it was not an elk!

THOMAS B. DEBROS.

Wicked Mothers

TIME Wayland, Mass.
New York, N. Y. Jan. 14, 1925
Gentlemen:

The article under *Cheesepholes* on page 20 of your Jan. 12 issue I found interesting. It so happened that, before I had read this amusing interview, I had been reading *Miss Gooze* to my five-year-old daughter. She had begged me to read *Her Daddy* and I had over and over again, laughing heartily after each reading.

"Imagine our Sambo playing the fiddle! and Mr. Hick's cows jumping over the moon!" The picture and idea amused her immensely.

After I had put her to bed, I sat down to read TIME and came across Mrs. Winifred Sadville Stener's theories. After I'd finished the article, I think I was more amused than my daughter.

"Dear me," I remarked, "there's always someone sticking around to take the joy out of life . . . even out of haled Mother Goose!"

In *Mother Goose*, there is some pretty good stuff. But on the whole it's good; and so far hasn't been better. The combination of word sounds, the catchy rhyme, the absurd, jolly or pathetic pictures evoked—all have their place and appeal. The theories are not "criminal," I am convinced by observation as well as by my own memory. Even to the tragic death of cock robin, which has caused many a weep in many nurseries.

So "weep no more upon infant ears" over "the unquestionably evil influence" exerted by vulgar nursery jingles" upon lady minds. But rather join in that accidental and nationally criminal chorus of wicked mothers, who have to sing when "quiet hour" comes, that "Old King Cole was a merry of soul," with all its accompanying nonsense, even though we know it to be lovely rot.

Meaning no disrespect by this ode, I remain, rather amused.

ELDER D. GOODALE.

Storm

TIME Owerbrook, Calif.
New York, N. Y. Jan. 13, 1925
Gentlemen:

Let me tell you first, that I think in the Jan. 5 issue of TIME the two paragraphs beginning at the bottom of col. 1, page 18 and concluding the article on the storm, are a description of a storm and its awful power over man as I have seen in many a day. My commendation with mean little bluffs is to express myself and that it might interest you to know someone else appreciated a really imaginative attempt to do an age-old subject in a new-age way.

R. H. KRAMER WALTER.

ENCORE:

A great storm arose. Heaven tipped crazily, the long seas towered and swept by. Huddled below decks, the faculty of Novorossisk University and their families cried out prayers as they were dashed back and forth across the saloon. Ashore there was a famine; here were rocks ahead and stark fear on the faces of the crew.

A woman shrieked, seeing the port-holes burst. The vessel groaned, leaning downward for her grave on the cold sea-floor. The Black Sea flung its folding mountains on and on toward land and the winter gale hissed a dirge for the works of man.—Ed.

Laids Outlook

TIME Asheville, N. C.
New York, N. Y. Jan. 10, 1925
Gentlemen:

I do not think I care to continue my subscription of TIME. The stereotyped, encyclopedic account of the week's happenings is common to all. There is much in it about which I do not care a great deal. I cannot, but I do, the more important of current life and still be woefully ignorant of pertinent publishing. For books, I depend on the section of TIME which I read. When I have read a New York daily, *The Outlook* and my special publications in Science, TIME contains nothing of interest to me which I have not already seen. The first section of TIME, called "Mr. Coolidge's Week" (parodying the title of the famous book of neighborhood gossip in a country newspaper, F. L. DARGUE.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

The Current Situation

In the stockmarket, which has lately been the band head of the Business Prosperity Parade, a purely technical reaction has occurred. Meanwhile, industrial and commercial news continues to grow more favorable. Commodity prices at wholesale are experiencing a sharp rise. Gasoline is being marked up. The steel industry is operating at about 85% capacity, while other metallic industries are doing well. Automobile companies, despite keen competition, anticipate good business this coming year. Except for a handful of roads, among them the St. Paul, the railroad outlook is singularly good. Moreover, the absence of sensation in business at present is a sign of continued rather than merely brief prosperity.

The foreign news continues hopeful, although United States politics may intervene to check financial cooperation of the fullest character from this side.

Seat Costs

The value of memberships in speculative exchanges, like the price of speculative commodities and securities themselves, usually rises before and during a period of business prosperity. Recently, in Manhattan, two new records for exchange memberships were made: 1) In the New York Cotton Exchange, \$35,000 was paid for a "seat"; later two bids, one at the same figure and one at \$37,000, were made without calling forth any offers. 2) On the New York Curb Exchange, a seat brought \$10,000—also a new high price for all time.

Seats on the New York Stock Exchange have not yet attained their record of price of \$115,000, reached in 1920, but they have nevertheless climbed within reaching distance of it. The last reported sale of a seat on the "Big Board" was for \$108,000—an advance of \$5,000 over the previous sale. Moreover, it is said that \$110,000 has been subsequently bid for a Stock Exchange seat in vain.

Morgan's Back Door

The announcement that the historic Mills Building on Broad Street, lower Manhattan, abutting the Morgan office building, will be torn down, has caused more widespread interest

than usually attends such an operation.

The leasehold on the property, acquired by J. P. Morgan & Co. 1920, runs until A.D. 2004. Across the street, the New York Stock Exchange, centre of the Wall Street securities market, recently completed a 22-story addition—at peak construction prices. Up the street, the New York Federal Reserve Bank, centre of the Wall Street money market at about the same time finished its magnificent new headquarters—also at practically peak building price. But until recently, J. P. Morgan & Co. merely put some inexpensive fire-escapes on the Mills Building and waited for lower building costs. Evidently those have come into sight for J. P. Morgan & Co. have now transferred the leasehold to the Equitable Trust Co., which intends to erect on the Mills Building site a 34-story office building. Construction will start in the spring of 1922 and should be completed by the spring of 1928.

When the Mills Building is torn down, the operation will be watched with interest. A Wall Street rumo- rously believed, is to the effect that there is a secret entrance into the Morgan offices through the Mills Building, of great usefulness in bailing over-curious reporters. Partners in the firm, and famed customers, too, are said to have been seen leaving the Morgan threshold but not entering it, and vice versa. When the present Morgan building was erected, the firm was for a time housed in the Mills Building. Wall Street will spare some hours from speculating in securities, to speculate on the truth of this "secret passage story" when the Mills Building comes down.

Building Shortage

The Copper and Brass Research Association has completed a survey on the building shortage in this country, of general interests to tenants, landlords, mortgage-holders. On Jan. 2, 1920, the shortage amounted to \$10,750,000,000; on each year an additional amount of construction valued at sums starting at \$3,000,000,000 and steadily increasing was likewise required to meet the normal growth of the country.

In the last five years about \$23,500,000,000 has been spent for construction, as follows:

In 1920	\$3,943,865,000
In 1921	3,442,300,000
In 1922	4,910,000,000
In 1923	5,922,900,000
In 1924	5,341,140,000

Construction during the coming year is estimated at \$4,000,000,000, which, according to the survey, will reduce the building shortage on Jan. 1, 1926, to only \$400,000,000. The

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survey concludes that the building industry gives several indications of slowing down.

Unfortunately, the construction of the past few years has been performed unevenly through the country, and with different classes of buildings. Thus, in some sections, there is still a shortage in certain types of building, while in others there is an oversupply. In Washington, D. C., President Coolidge has felt it necessary to appoint a commission to fix rents. On the other hand, T. H. Green, former president of the Hotel Association of New York City, has declared that more hotels are now being built than there is need for, and that this may bring on serious difficulties to the whole hotel industry. He recalled the dark days of 1903-04, when one Manhattan hotel failed so often that the Sheriff had to board in to fulfill his duties.

Soft Collars

Not so long ago, an enterprising gentleman named Van Heusen invented a soft collar for male wearers, and obtained basic patent rights to the product. Subsequently, he sold these patents to the Phillips-Jones Co., and has received \$1,000,000 in royalties for this invention. So many consumers became converts to the soft collar that existing makers of hard collars began to feel the competition seriously, began to make soft collars themselves, in alleged violation of the Van Heusen patents. Chief among these were Cluett, Peabody & Co., Earl & Wilson, Manhattan Shirt Co., Hall Hartwell Co., George P. Ide Co., Van Zandt, Inc. and Lion Shirt Co.

The Phillips-Jones Co., whose losses under this alleged patent infringement have been stated at \$4,000,000, brought suit against the above-mentioned concerns a year and a half ago. Prolonged litigation ensued, which has only recently been terminated by settlement out of court. The Phillips-Jones Co. have received "a substantial sum," and under agreement with the defendant concerns will issue licenses permitting the latter to manufacture the two-piece collar on a royalty basis. The Phillips-Jones Co. continues to hold the exclusive right to make the one-piece collar.

Wholesale Prices

When the level of domestic interest rates fell last spring, and again last fall when stock market prices began their heavy advance, it was predicted that commodities would in turn see a price rise. During December, according to statistics prepared by the U. S. Department of Labor, this expected rise in commodity prices proved sharp and brisk.

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84

THE PRESS

Editors on Editors

In Washington, assembled the American Society of Newspaper Editors. To eat with them and talk with them came President Calvin Coolidge. Said he:

"The chief ideal of the American people is idealism. I cannot repeat too often that America is a nation of idealists. That is the only motive to which they ever give any strong and lasting reaction. No newspaper can be a success which fails to appeal to that element of our national life."

The editors themselves turned to a discussion of newspaper ethics—crime news in particular.

Willis Abbot, Managing Editor of the earnest *Christian Science Monitor*, defended his paper's policy of publishing no crime news. He contended that crime news only served to produce more crime.

Herbert Bayard Swope, vigorous Executive Editor of *The New York World*, contended the opposite: that printing crime news is a legitimate part of a newspaper's function, that it arouses communities to fight crime, serving as a definite check on evil doing. "Expression," he affirmed, "can never be so bad as suppression."

Grove Patterson of *The Toledo Blade* protested against the indiscriminate publication of details in scandal cases, citing the recent cases of Percy Stickney Grant, the blackmailed rajah, Leonard Kip Rhinelander.

The question of medicine and the press was discussed by Dr. Morris Fishbein, erudite editor of the *American Medical Association Journal*. He declared that in the past year the press reported five tuberculosis cures and five cancer cures none of which was backed by scientific proof of any merit. Indeed, the press rarely if ever carries news of scientific discoveries which is not sneered at by doctors, although important scientific discoveries have a great need of proper publicity. The difficulty, said Dr. Fishbein, was that it is difficult, almost impossible, to get men with adequate medical training who have journalistic ability. At the present time, the quacks and "publicity hounds" get most of the publicity and real work is inadequately or improperly presented.

He pointed out that the American Medical Association has complete information on all licensed physicians and more than 100,000 cross-indexed cards containing information concerning quacks, cultists and nostrums of various kinds—information kept not for physicians but for the benefit of the public. He suggested that newspapers avail themselves of this information to avoid being duped by egregious quacks.

SPORT

More Nurmi

White eye-balls rolled, puffy lips twitched, dining-car waiters nudged one another. Amid the jingling of knives, forks, glasses, the clatter of tableware that trembled, if ever so slightly, as a famed express sped towards Chicago, they whispered about a certain passenger. There he sat, slim, blond, eating—for breakfast, two apples, a triple helping of oatmeal, a big cup of coffee, three slices of buttered toast; for lunch, vegetable soup, roast beef, sweet potatoes, rolls, two cups of coffee, vanilla ice cream. He was Paavo Nurmi, on his way from Manhattan to compete in the Illinois A. C. handicap meet. The famed express ended its run, the passenger, well-fed, well-rested, got off.

"Pow" went a pistol in the Chicago Coliseum a few hours later. Three runners leapt forward; fast they went, though they had a mile and three-quarters to go. In front was a light skinny one, this Nurmi; behind him came Joie Ray, Fred Liewendahl. Lap after lap they padded. At the tenth they were only two; Liewendahl had quit. At the twentieth Nurmi looked over his shoulder at lurching, wavering Ray. Then he set his eyes on the tape, flashed through it, trotted off to his dressing room. Eighty yards behind came Ray, crossed the finish, collapsed into the arms of an admirer. Nurmi's time was 7 min. 55 2/3 sec.—one-fifth of a second better than the world's record for this distance which he established in Manhattan a fortnight ago. Half an hour later he had mounted another train, was bound back to Manhattan again to compete in the Fordham University games.

This time, however, there were no ogling blacks, no steaming coffee, no apples, no diner. What to do? Nurmi's retainers noised his plight about the train. A New York Central brakeman, famed as a heavy eater, sidled up to the famished Finn, modestly offered three succulent sandwiches. The engineer gave a bottle of milk, a conductor an apple. Thus was the breach filled. Nurmi left no crumbs. Fed, he stated that he disliked Chicago. He had three grievances: 1) Without notice to him the Coliseum track had been reduced from ten to twelve laps to the mile, a change which had thrown out his well-planned running schedule; 2) The start of the race had been delayed till 10:30, which made him worry about catching his train; 3) In addition to the medal for first place, a prize had been promised him if he lowered the world's record, but



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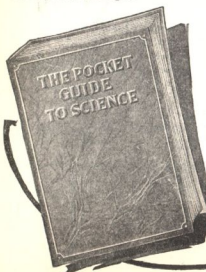
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no such prize had been awarded. Asked if he would return to Chicago, Nurmi answered in Finnish "Nevermore." A sleep, a workout and once more he waited for the pistol.

The Manhattan race was a 2,000-metre handicap over a flat (unbanked) track. Off sped Nurmi, round and round, after runners who had started many yards ahead of him. Twice, on the sharp turns of the track, he slipped, lost his stride, yet when he broke the tape, he broke also the world's indoor* record for this distance, his time 5 min. 33 sec. After him panted Gunnar Nilson, who had started with a 125-yard handicap.

Before Nurmi's race, a rival Finn, Willie Ritola, started from scratch, padded five long miles, four times lapped the field of wearying runners, powered by eight seconds the world's indoor record. Ritola's time was 24 min. 21 4/5 sec.†

Leonard Out

Benny Leonard,** who wrestled the lightweight pugilistic championship from Freddie Welsh in 1917 and who



International
BENNY AND HIS MOTHER
She noticed his drawn face

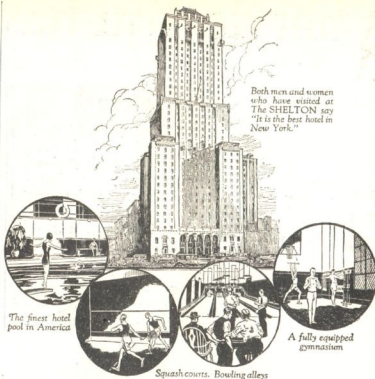
has ever since held it, announced during the past week his retirement from the ring.

In a five-page, typewritten letter to newspaper friends, Benny explained that the mere glory of living the rest of his life as an "undefeated champ,"

*The world's outdoor mark is 5 min. 26 1/10 sec., established by Paavo Nurmi in 1922.

†The old record, set by Hannes Kolehmainen in 1913, was 24 min. 29 1/5 sec.

**Mr. Leonard's real name is Benjamin Leiner. He received his ring name when, before his first fight, the announcer introduced him as "Benny Leonard."



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had nothing to do with the case. Said he:

I am retiring from boxing for the love of my mother, who has begged me not to fight again.

My mother has been very ill. All of us are greatly worried over her condition.

One day she called our family together.

She made me promise her I would never fight again. Then she said she would have nothing to worry about.

Well, as you see, my fighting has come down to a question of my mother's health.

She noticed my drawn face as I rounded into condition for the fight.

Mother was alarmed. She didn't understand that I was really in wonderful condition.

She saw all these things as hardships for her boy Benny.

The difficulties of retiring from the ring with an unbesmirched title are

manifold. It requires an impossible man to take the onus upon himself and say: "I'm through." It takes a vain man to say: "I can't be beaten. Therefore I shall retire." It takes a responsible sportsman to stick it out to his bitter end. It requires a brave and simple-hearted man to tell the world that he retired for his mother's sake.

Different circumstances alter different cases. The ring side—those sportive aristocrats with thug jaws, that collarless hooligan crew with pockmarked jowls—these know not the meaning of "sob stuff" and there were no wet eyes at the departure of Benny Leonard, to whom boxing has given "lots of money."

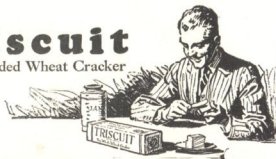
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AERONAUTICS

The Congress Investigates

Last week a Congressional Committee went to Manhattan, set itself up in the Waldorf Hotel and began to take testimony on the air service needs of the U. S. The inquiry was extended to include civilian connections of the aeronautics industry and it brought on to the stand a widely varied, colorful cast of characters from the industry.

Admiral W. A. Moffett, Chief of



International

GROVER C. LOENING

"—one of the ablest engineers"

the Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Department, fighting bitterly against a United Air Service, supremely confident of the Navy's ability and superiority to handle air matters on its own; breezy General "Bill" Mitchell, with his riding crop and spurs, a cavalry man who can fly, an Army man strongly advocating the service union which the Navy dreads; Godfrey Cabot, President of the National Aeronautic Association, a Bostonian of the great Cabot clan, so far interested in New York City as to advocate Governor's Island as a landing field, but in a cool detached manner; R. E. M. Cowie, President of the American Railway Express, a canny, able old Scotchman, describing how the push-cart gave way to the horse-cart, the horse-cart to the express train, and predicting that the Express company will give unlimited business to the first responsible air

transport company; Grover C. Loening, Manhattan society man, young, sparkling, decidedly of the "beau monde" yet one of the ablest aeronautical engineers in the country who pictured the amphibian flying over land and alighting on rivers in the very heart of cities; dignified

MISCELLANY

Faith

In Thayer, Mo., one Otto Luchinger pushed through a crowd, entered a burning building, explained to those who would have restrained him that fire could not touch him because of his "faith in God," died of his burns a short time later.

Fear

Near Bourges, France, a wild boar, hunters after him, dashed down the street of the village of Grand Maltery, scrambled through a doorway, through a hall, into a room where, as he had lain for months, an invalid. This invalid screamed, arose, leapt out of the window. The hunters came, killed the boar; the sick man returned to work.

Mop Fight

Near Milwaukee, in an insane asylum, John Kuehn, 37, "a man of mystery," seized a heavy mop. One Albert Joe did likewise. They duelled. John Kuehn was slain. Albert Joe, the victor, was subdued by guards.

Bully

In Brooklyn, one William Wakoz, longshoreman, 6 ft. 4 in. tall, and roaring drunk, rolled down a street insulting men, women, children. There approached a priest who said: "Be a little more gentle, my good man." Up went the longshoreman's fist. "Go to Hell," cried he. The next moment, Bully Wakoz was on his back in the street with the priest astride him. The bully was then arrested, fined.

MILESTONES

Born. To Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Manning, (Helen Herron Taft, daughter of Mr. Chief Justice William M. Taft of the U. S. Supreme Court), a (second) daughter; in New Haven.

Engaged. Francis Grover Cleveland, youngest son of the late President Grover Cleveland, to Miss Alice Erdman, daughter of Dr. Charles R. Erdman, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Princeton, N. J.

Engaged. William Harrison ("Jack") Dempsey, world's champion pugilist, to Mrs. Ida Estelle

Peacock (Estelle Taylor), cinema actress, who a fortnight ago secured her final decree of divorce from Malcolm Peacock, Philadelphia bank clerk. Pugilist Dempsey plans to become a business man, to devote his time to managing his real estate interests.

Sued for divorce. Alexander Carr, famed Mawrux Perlmutter in *Potash and Perlmutter* and *Business before Pleasure*, by Mary Carr, actress. She charges that he struck her, off the stage as well as on.

Died. Mrs. Ellen Key Howard Morgan, granddaughter of Francis Scott Key, famed writer of *The Star Spangled Banner*; in Lexington, Ky.

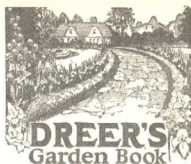
Died. Henri Geeraert, 61, sluicemaker who stopped the German advance on Calais in 1914; in Bruges, Belgium, after a long illness. Geeraert kept the sluices of Nieuport. He knew that German armies were plunging across Belgium to the sea. He opened the locks. Into the flat country flowed the water; within 48 hours the ground was spongy, soon it was a marsh in which German soldiers struggled with plunging horses, foundering field-pieces. Gradually the water rose, until it became a lake two miles wide, barring off the Germans from Nieuport to Dixmude. The Belgian army, which had been retreating in disorder, had time to remarshal; Geeraert was credited, doubtless justly, with having helped to save it from destruction. Last Christmas Day, when he seemed at the point of death, he was decorated with the Order of Leopold.

Died. Harry Furniss, 70, famed caricaturist; at Hastings, England. He cartooned for *Punch* and the men he drew "came to look more and more like his caricatures"—Mr. Gladstone adopting a high poke collar, Mr. Balfour's legs growing longer and longer.

Died. Thomas F. ("Big Tom") Foley, 73, Tammany sachen; in Manhattan, of pneumonia. Next to the late Charles F. Murphy, he has wielded the greatest power in Tammany Hall in the last 15 years.

Died. Eleanor Franklin Egan, authority on the problems of the Far East; in Manhattan. (See Page 6.)

Died. Marie Sophia Amelia, ex-Queen, wife of the late Francis II, last of the Bourbon Kings of Naples; at Munich. Married at 18, she was deposited before she was 20. In 1860, Garibaldi conquered Naples; and although she rallied her forces, flag in hand, Gaeta, the fortress of her last stand was betrayed and capitulated.



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POINT with PRIDE

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

An enterprising gentleman named Van Heusen. (Page 25, column 3)

531 citizens, mostly nobodies. P. 7, col. 1.)

White eye-balls rolling, puffy lips twitching. (P. 27, col. 1.)

An audience that scarce breathed, so grave, so holy was the sight. (P. 18, col. 2.)

A necessary duty. (P. 7, col. 2.)

The push-cart, the horse-cart, the express train. (P. 30, col. 3.)

Flower of the petty bourgeoisie. (P. 12, col. 2.)

One brilliant burst. (P. 15, col. 1.)

Concrete recommendations. (P. 5, col. 2.)

A writer of earnestness, intelligence and accuracy, as well as of force. (P. 7, col. 3.)

A solitary tuft of hair that was seen to rise vertically. (P. 8, col. 1.)

VIEW with ALARM

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

A huge bloody-red socket from which the eye had been torn. (Page 17, column 1.)

Warts that marred a countenance. (P. 17, col. 3.)

A cheap little chap who stole \$50,000 by mistake. (P. 15, col. 3.)

A smiling, swarthy, confident little Socialist from New York. (P. 11, col. 2.)

The improbable theory that the Kingdom of Heaven can be taken by storm. (P. 18, col. 2.)

That collarless hooligan crew with pock-marked jaws. (P. 29, col. 3.)

A sickly infant, with small chance of recovery. (P. 6, col. 3.)

Ignorant Boris. (P. 12, col. 1.)

A reference to Publisher Hearst that contained libelous matter. (P. 22, col. 1.)

A very low grade of drummers' slang. (P. 22, col. 1.)

Carbon Monoxide Gas

We know that CARBON MONOXIDE GAS is a frequent cause of motor fatalities. We are especially reminded of it at this time of the year.

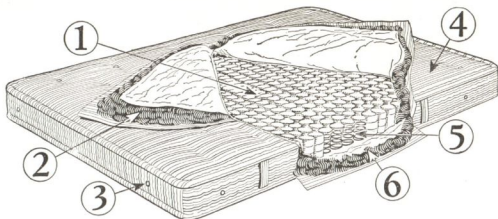
This gas is a product of combustion from either stationary or automotive gasoline engines. It is invisible, odorless, tasteless, and non-irritating. To inhale a seemingly negligible quantity means almost immediate loss of life.

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