

FIFTEEN CENTS

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine



OWEN D. YOUNG

Is his company a "trust"? If "trust," a goblin?
(See Page 24)

VOL. V. NO. 8

FEBRUARY 23, 1925

Unparalleled Precision what it means in Building the

LINCOLN



THE remarkably smooth operation of the eight cylinder, 60 degree Lincoln motor is to a large measure due to its precision workmanship.

Higher precision standards are maintained in building the Lincoln Motor Car than in any other manufactured product. So strong a statement can perhaps be better appreciated by a consideration of the following facts:

Five thousand operations are held to the $1/1000$ of an inch—one-third the thickness of a human hair. Twelve hundred operations are held to $1/2000$ of an inch. Three hundred operations are held to $1/4000$ of an inch.

Such standards of precise workmanship had

never before been considered practical, even by watchmakers. Yet they are the day-by-day rule in Lincoln manufacture. This is one of the vital reasons for the long continuation of fine performance.

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Only the ideal of building the finest car humanly possible, together with the resources and facilities to carry out that ideal, could have given the world so worthy an automobile as today's Lincoln.

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

LINCOLN

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine

Vol. V. No. 8

February 23, 1925

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Mr. Coolidge's Week

☛ The last of three State dinners of the season was given at the White House in honor of Speaker (soon to be Senator) and Mrs. Frederick H. Gillett. The guests around the great board numbered many notables, including one Governor, one Senator, three Admirals, three Generals, one Bishop and members of the 400 of the Nation's metropolis.

☛ President Coolidge's will and the will of the District of Columbia approached each other from opposite directions. The President swerved an inch; the District swerved a yard and collision was averted. The matter in disagreement was the inaugural ceremony. The President wished it to be very quiet; the District wished it to be very grand, in order that a big crowd might be drawn and business improved. Last week, the Washington Inaugural Committee announced that it would return to the donors the greater part of the \$60,000 to \$100,000 that had been subscribed for the celebration. The President, after witnessing the inauguration of Vice President Dawes in the Senate Chamber, will step out before the Capitol, take the oath of office, deliver an inaugural address (said to be brief), proceed up Pennsylvania Avenue, followed only by such military and naval contingents as happen to be posted in the capital. The Governors of a few states—12 had accepted and 19 declined last week—with their staffs will also be in the parade. Only a few reviewing stands will be erected, close to the White House. In the evening, there is to be a Charity Ball, attended by Mr. and Mrs. Dawes, but not by the Coolidges.

☛ The President let it be known 1) that he was opposed to the return of German property seized during the War to its original owners; 2) that he was satisfied with the German treaty on commerce as ratified with reservations by the Senate; 3) that he did not look with favor on the proposal for a United Air Service for the Army and Navy.

☛ Major Oscar N. Solbert, military

aide to the President, commander of the White House police, is planning to gather a corps of Samsons for police duty, ruled that no new men should be accepted less than six feet in height. Six chosen last week ranged from six feet to six feet two.

☛ The President issued the customary proclamation calling the new Senate into session on Mar. 4 to act on executive nominations.

☛ The nominations of William M. Jardine of Kansas to be Secretary of Agriculture (see Page 2), Frank B. Kellogg to be Secretary of State, George Parks, mining engineer of Colorado, to be Governor of Alaska succeeding Scott C. Bone in June, went forward from the White House.

☛ Mrs. Coolidge took Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Frank W. Stearns to a performance of *Thais* given by the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

☛ Director of the Budget Lord recommended to Congress an appropriation of \$50,000 for mending leaks in the roof, insulating electric wires and replacing sagging beams in the White House.

Man and the Mask

Washington chuckled, the whole country grinned. The President had been caught taking an illicit horseback ride. He has a mechanical hobby-horse in his dressing room—a horse with a tin body, on which is cinched an ordinary saddle. By pressing successive buttons, the horse can be made to trot, to canter, to gallop at various speeds—an electrical motor supplying the motion (which is entirely vertical). Three times a day, for ten minutes, he rides.

Of course Washington chuckled. One of the Senatorial wits—from the press reports, one could gauge rather accurately that he was Senator Caraway—suggested that this jiggling steed should be called *Foreign Policy*, because it had neither head nor tail. Another Democrat declared on the floor of the House: "I shall not be surprised if soon it will be heralded to the people that the President is riding this wooden horse for the purpose of cutting down the oat bill at the White House stable."

Mechanical horses aren't novel. Most first-class ocean steamships have them. In the gymnasiums of clubs frequented by tired business men, they are a regular institution. In fact, Dwight W. Morrow, partner in J. P. Morgan & Co. and classmate of the President, uses one. It was Mr. Morrow who brought the contrivance to the President's attention and presented him with the one now in the White House. It might never have been discovered had not it become disabled and a hostler-electrician been called to repair it.

But it was discovered and the fact that it had been hidden made the public's delight the keener. "Now," the public conceived, "we are getting behind the President's mask."

Yet the personality of a President is always a myth. He receives so much publicity, he is so copiously interpreted, that the view of him is effectively screened by all that is said about him.

Mr. Coolidge's partisans set up one screen on which they paint his portrait in heroic lines, bold, strong, silent. His antagonists set up another screen on which they limn him as futile, vacillating, insignificant. What of the

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truth is not hidden by one screen is completely masked by the other.

He has been President for 18 months and promises to be for 48 months more. Yet the public still knows him only by his masks—witness his nicknames: "Calvin the Cool," "Cautious Cal," "Calvin the Silent," "Economy Cal"—and it is said that in London he is known as "Courageous Cal," in Paris as "Le Capitaine Cal."

From the time of his arrival at the White House until the time of his election last November, hardly anyone could see Mr. Coolidge, even on private occasions, without noting that he was watchful of every action, of every word that might be reported directly or indirectly in print or in unprinted gossip. He was oppressed by the fact that he was in a delicate position. Literally overnight, he had been thrust into the presidency. He had to adjust himself, and he knew that he had barely 15 months, in which to show whether he was a misfit, or a fixture.

He had a very real humility, if one could judge aright; not the pious sentiment assumed by nearly every politician on going into office, but the humility of a man who finds he is faced by "a tough proposition" to meet which he must draw on his best capabilities. Likewise he had confidence, the conviction that his mind could unravel the intricacies of any problem, given time and the facts.

The first thing he did was to put up the barriers, to step behind a shield of Presidential immunity from direct quotation. The gulf between his past and his present was staggering. He had made his career on the same plan as a young man, able but conservative, who goes into a bank, works hard, tries to be efficient, puts by, bit by bit, takes his annual raise and with reasonably good fortune rises eventually to an undistinguished executive post. Imagine such a man suddenly being thrust into high and rather frenzied finance. Such, largely, was Coolidge in politics.

From coping with the politicians of a state, its business men, its voters and its industrial and financial problems, he was thrust among the politicians of 48 states, among business men, engaged in tremendous operations; he was confronted with a public many times greater and more diverse and hidden from him as effectively as he was hidden from it, with industrial and financial problems of an altogether new order. There was no use pretending that his experience as Vice President had given him more than a kindergarten education for his new office and he needed a college degree at least.

He came in contact now with men approximating those mythical beings called "statesmen,"—men like Hughes, Hoover and Mellon—men who dealt in

generalities which had hardly touched him. He had a few contacts with this group and with the financial group whom he had now to deal with. There was Frank W. Stearns, Boston department-store owner, who had been his backer and adviser. He grappled Stearns to him in this contingency. He renewed an older contact with some of his Amherst classmates and associates—men like Dwight W. Morrow. He had been living in a quite different world from theirs.

At first, he had to take advice, but did so with some hesitation. He appointed C. Bascomb Slemmons as his Secretary to handle a number of political problems. He leaned on the arms of Secretaries Mellon and Hoover, but, when tax-reduction was proposed, he let Mr. Mellon float it as a trial balloon with tacit consent, before determining how strongly to support it.

When he was four months in office, he had to write his first message. Laboriously, painfully, he went over nearly every proposal which was before the country. He tried to master each. Believing, as a New Englander does, that a thing is either right or wrong, he did not attempt to dodge or straddle any question. Even the red hot Soldier Bonus he touched, briefly to be sure, in his own interest, making his statement merely: "No."

The message "took" with the country. It was the first sign of encouragement for him. There followed set-backs—the oil scandals which he did not handle with too sure a hand—a wrangling, hissing Congress. In addition, during this period of adjustment, he had to acquiesce in a barrage of campaign publicity for the November election. Nevertheless, by June he had sufficient confidence in his position to veto with some directness two important measures—the Soldier Bonus, and Postal Pay Increase Bill.

In the first phase of his Presidency, he was in contrast to some of his predecessors—Wilson, for example, who came stalking into office with complete confidence in himself and his understanding, directly ordering the whole tariff and banking systems of the country remade; or Harding, entering, entirely affable, intending to do good. Harding was a good fellow among the stage folk of the national drama. Wilson was a cosmopolitan. But Coolidge was used mainly to Massachusetts.

Election was a great turning point for Mr. Coolidge. He is still adjusting himself, but he knows better where he stands. So far, he has made no attempt to subdue Congress or to lead it, as Mr. Wilson wished to do. He might perhaps say: "I will stand by myself, and let Congress fall by itself."

Signs of this attitude are abroad. With Mar. 4 hovering around the cor-

ner, he began to make numerous engagements for speeches and trips—things that were taboo earlier. He said briefly what he thought on portions of foreign policy. He summoned a few Senators to breakfast and an exchange of points of view, but, in the main, his attitude was: "That's what I want; take it or leave it." He seemed to have effected a working understanding with his Cabinet, especially Messrs. Hoover and Mellon.

There are four years more in which to decide whether Mr. Coolidge is able to complete making himself over from the savings bank locale to the high finance cosmopolis. He will never address Congress like a Wilson. His equestrianism will never resemble that of the British royal house. He will probably keep his wooden horse—and take thorough daily exercise aboard it.

THE CABINET

Agronomy

The President appointed Dr. William M. Jardine, President of the Kansas State Agricultural College, and a member of the President's Agricultural Conference, to be Secretary of Agriculture.

The bare facts of Mr. Jardine's career are that he, now 46, spent his boyhood on his father's ranch in Idaho punching cattle and breaking broncos. At 17, he went to Big Hole, Montana, and worked as helper on a dairy farm. Then he went to the Utah Agricultural College where he played football for four years, becoming captain of the team. Summers he spent on dairy farms and hay ranches. After graduating, he taught for a short time, then became manager of a farming company in Utah, then assistant cerealist of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. These events occupied the six years between his graduation in 1904 and his going, in 1910, to the Kansas Agricultural College, at Manhattan, Kansas, as Professor of Agronomy.* There he rose in eight years to the presidency. His career is enough to indicate that he is physically hardy and mentally aggressive.

In the present case, the matter of chief importance is his opinions, which include:

- 1) Strong opposition to price-fixing for farm products.
- 2) The belief that only 10% of the farmers' troubles can be cured by legislation, that the other 90% must be solved by the farmers themselves.
- 3) Thorough confidence in the future of the cooperative movement.

His opinions, in brief, coincide with

*Agronomy is the application of scientific principles to the cultivation of land.

National Affairs—[Continued]

those of President Coolidge, but diverge largely from those of the farm bloc who wish price-fixing or other forms of direct aid for farmers. In appearing before Committees of Congress on behalf of the report of the President's Agricultural Conference (TIME, Jan. 26), Mr. Jardine has already entered into conflict with some members. He is an agronomist, not a legislator. If his appointment is confirmed, more conflicts between Congress and the Executive over agricultural projects are likely to be forthcoming.

Delay

Having delayed and mulled over the nomination of Attorney General Stone to be a Justice of the Supreme Court before approving it (TIME, Feb. 16) the Senate proceeded in fully as leisurely a manner about filling the post made vacant by Mr. Stone's removal.

Charles Beecher Warren of Michigan, former Ambassador to Japan and to Mexico, was nominated to succeed Mr. Stone some time ago. The Senate Judiciary Committee considered him critically. Senator Walsh of Montana led the opposition to Mr. Warren, which was based on the charge that Mr. Warren was involved with the sugar trust; that, in 1902, he had purchased for the American Sugar Refining Co. a controlling interest in the stock of a number of Michigan sugar companies; that, until recently, he was President of the Michigan Sugar Co. and of the Toledo Sugar Co.

A surprising degree of opposition developed; and a poll of the Senate indicated that, if Mr. Warren's nomination came up, it might be rejected by a small margin. That being the case, his friends reversed their tactics and strove to keep his nomination from being reported by the committee in order to avoid defeat on the floor. If their policy is successful, Mr. Warren's nomination will not come up until the new Senate assembles on March 4. But even then, with a larger Republican majority, it is not certain that it will be approved.

Meanwhile, President Coolidge has declined to consider withdrawing the nomination, leaving it up to the Senate to act.

THE CONGRESS

The Legislative Week

The Senate:

☛ Adopted a resolution for an investigation by the Federal Trade Commission into alleged violations of the Anti-Trust Law by the American Tobacco Co. and the General Electric Co. (See Page 22.)

☛ Considered and passed with amendments the supply bill for the

Departments of State, Justice, Commerce and Labor carrying appropriations for 1925-26. (Returned to House.)

☛ Ratified a commercial treaty with Germany, an arbitration treaty with Rumania and an agreement to arbitrate with the Netherlands over disputed sovereignty of the island of Palmas.

☛ Met in joint session with the House of Representatives and canvassed the electoral vote for President and Vice President, declaring



Paul Thompson
SENATOR HOWELL
He fears machinations

Calvin Coolidge and Charles G. Dawes elected.

☛ Passed the House Postal Pay Bill, which had been amended by substituting the Senate bill on which the House had refused to act. (Both bills provide pay increases amounting to \$68,000,000 a year, the House measure providing rate increases to bring in \$61,000,000, that of the Senate, of about \$40,000,000.) (Went to conference.)

☛ Passed a House bill authorizing a survey of sites for National Park purposes in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, in the Big Smoky Mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee and in the Mammoth Cave Region of Kentucky. (Went to the President.)

☛ Passed with amendments the Independent Offices Appropriation Bill; amendment was attached to the section on funds for the Interstate Commerce Commission directing that the railway surcharge of 50% on Pullman car tickets, established during the war, be abolished. There

was a vigorous debate on this amendment, Senator Howell of Nebraska protesting that if it were possible to reduce any railway revenues, the reduction should be on freight rates for farm products. To this, Senator Reed of Missouri replied that the surcharge reduction would benefit everyone: "The farmer doesn't ride on the cowcatcher. He rides in the Pullman, just the same as other people." (Returned to House.)

☛ Confirmed, without a rollcall, the nomination of Ambassador Kellogg to be Secretary of State.

The House:

☛ Passed a Postal Pay Bill carrying pay increases of \$68,000,000 and rate increases of \$61,000,000. (Went to Senate.)

☛ Passed a bill to authorize Intermediate Credit Banks to rediscount paper of cooperative marketing associations, one of the few farm measures which it is believed may be passed this session. (Went to Senate.)

☛ Rose in tumult when Republican Floor Leader Longworth, 55, entered the House the morning after the birth of a daughter to his wife, Alice Roosevelt Longworth. Democratic Floor Leader Garrett made a speech of felicitation.

☛ Held a special Sunday session to eulogize deceased Senators Lodge, Brandegee, Colt.

☛ Considered and passed the appropriation bill for the Legislative Establishment, carrying \$15,000,000, the last of the regular supply bills. (Went to Senate.)

Howell Howls

Robert Beecher Howell, Senator from Nebraska, is one of the Progressives still within the Republican ranks in the Senate. He ranks next to Senator Norris in that respect. Last week, Senator Norris succeeded in having the Senate pass a resolution for an investigation by the Federal Trade Commission of the General Electric Co. (See Page 22.)

But Mr. Howell was on hand with another proposal: that a committee of Congress be authorized to investigate the proposed merger by the Van Sweringens of the Nickel Plate, Erie, Chesapeake & Ohio, Pere Marquette and Hocking Valley Railways, as well as the control of the Gulf Coast lines acquired by the Missouri Pacific.

The General Electric investigation, conducted by the Federal Trade Commission, will probably proceed quietly enough to certain business conclusions. But Mr. Howell's pro-

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posals has a much more political aspect; for it means hearings by a committee of the Senate, researches into the careers of two men, said to have had the most rapid rise in railroad management since W. A. Harriman, and charges of "Wall Street" machinations.

The Van Sweringens—Oris P. and Mantis J.—are just two young Ohio brothers, now in their middle 40's, who, a few years ago, settled in Cleveland. O. P., the elder by two years of these two quiet, clear-eyed, clear-headed young men, took an option on some pasture land three miles out beyond the farthest car line and began to subdivide it into building lots. They began to develop it and, after a time, found that they had to have transit lines, that they would have to furnish transit themselves. So they opened negotiations with the Nickel Plate Railroad, which had a right of way that they wanted, and in somewhat fabulous fashion concluded the negotiations by purchasing the whole railway. They subsequently acquired control of the Toledo, St. Louis & Western (Clover Leaf), Lake Erie & Western and a number of smaller lines, which they consolidated with the Nickel Plate.

They were able to do this, although they began with no financial backing, because of their unusual success in operating the Nickel Plate, because of which they were able to make connections with J. P. Morgan & Co. and the First National Bank of New York.

Just recently, these two boyish-looking bachelors emerged with another plan. They had acquired a majority control in the stock of the Chesapeake & Ohio, Hocking Valley, Erie and Pere Marquette, which they proposed to merge with the Nickel Plate. One by one, the various boards of directors have given their consent and the only major obstacle now to be overcome is the Interstate Commerce Commission, which must also consent.

The present railroad law invites mergers for the sake of efficiency, provided that they do not destroy a reasonable competition, and the Interstate Commerce Commission will consider the proposed merger in this light.

Senator Howell, however, proposes a different procedure—that the Senate go over the head of the Commission, conduct its own investigation, find out the machinations of the "Morgan—First National Bank crowd" in this billion and a half dollar, 14,000 track-mile merger. He maintains that the Interstate Commerce Commission has shown itself



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MR. O. P. VAN SWERINGEN
Boysface

"unwilling or unable to protect the public interest." So he wants the Senate to do its own delving for facts, scandalous or otherwise.

LABOR

Insult to Injury

The Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution, defeated as much as it ever can be defeated, by rejection of 13 States (TIME, Feb. 9), suffered more set backs. The legislatures of Vermont, Connecticut, Indiana, Tennessee, Washington, and Montana added adverse votes.

Wisconsin, on the other hand, ratified in both Houses, joining Arkansas, California, and Arizona on the affirmative side. Three-quarters of the states—36—need to ratify if it is to become effective. Proponents are already beginning to work to get some of the states to reverse themselves.

FARMERS

Mares

Aroused, the Department of Agriculture advised farmers to breed more mares this year. In 1910, there were 23,015,902 horses in the country. In 1920, there were 21,472,772 horses—a drop of more than a million and a half in ten years. It was also estimated that, in the last five years to date, the number of horses had decreased another two millions. It is believed that there are only about 17,589,000 horses on farms, making an allowance for the usual number of horses, 1,800,000, in cities. When the present work stock ages, there may be a horse shortage, unless breeding is soon undertaken.

SHIPPING

Sea-borne Flivers

Great industries often spring from small, practical extensions of existing industries. Is there the seed of such a growth in our shipping industry in the fact that the Ford Motor Company is to enter the Transatlantic shipping business?

Some time ago, the Ford Company put two vessels, the *Onrida* and *Onondaga*, into service carrying automobile and tractor parts to Ford assembly plants in coastal ports. Last fall, the *Onondaga* made its first foreign trip, carrying auto parts to Buenos Aires. Now another ship, the *East Indian*, is reconditioning at Chester. Diesel engines being installed.

Edsel B. Ford, President of the firm, announced, last week, that she would be put to work carrying manufactured parts to European assembling plants. It is a small start, but so was the *Mayflower*.

WOMEN

An Amendment

In Texas, where Governor Ferguson sits in the executive office or allows her spouse (the onetime Governor, who was a few years ago impeached and removed from office) to sit in her place, a movement was undertaken to restore to the gubernatorial spouse "full citizenship rights."

When the former Governor, James E. Ferguson, was impeached and removed from office, he lost the right to hold office in Texas. Recently, the Texas Senate passed an Amnesty Bill to restore this privilege to him. When the Bill got to the House, an opinion as to its legality was asked of the State Attorney General. He ruled that it was contrary to the State Constitution and that that document would have to be amended to "restore" Mr. Ferguson.

Now the prospect is that the Legislature will pass a joint resolution proposing to the people an amendment to the State Constitution whereby James E. Ferguson should have the privilege of holding office once more.

IMMIGRATION

Lave's Result

Albert Johnson, Representative from Washington, Chairman of the House Immigration Committee, made public figures he had obtained as to the workings of the new Immigration Act during its first six months of operation, as compared with the figures under the old Act for the entire previous year:

1) Number of quota immigrants admitted from July 1 to Dec. 31, 1924: 66,749 (40% of the new possible annual quota of 164,667). The quota of

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the previous year was nearly 358,000.

2) Number of aliens debarred from entrance: 13,024 (30,284 debarred during the entire previous year).

3) Number of deportations for these six months: 4,448 (the rate for the previous year was less than half as great—the total for 1923-24 being 4,294).

4) Net increase of population (incoming less outgoing aliens): 97,389 (the same figure for the whole of 1923-24 was 662,557).

5) Largest number of immigrants received from any one country: 20,419, from Germany.

POLITICAL NOTES

Hope

In the Union League Club, founded in 1863 on the plank of "uncompromising and unconditional loyalty to the Nation," regardless of party—a club which has since grown into a great Republican stronghold, numbering among its presidents Joseph H. Choate, Hamilton Fish, Chauncey M. Depew, Elihu Root, Charles E. Hughes, Henry P. Davison, James R. Sheffield (now Ambassador to Mexico)—a birthday celebration was held. It was in honor of the forthcoming 80th anniversary of the birth of Elihu Root.

Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes and Solicitor James M. Beck were on hand to speak.

Said Mr. Hughes: "If you ask me what I considered to be the crown of his [Mr. Root's] endeavor, I should say it was his skill in cutting through the entanglements which stood in the way of the establishment of a permanent court of international justice. His suggestion as to the method of selecting judges made that court possible."

Said Mr. Beck: "He has trod the beaten path of Franklin, possibly the most useful citizen that America ever had. When Franklin, in the middle of his career, had made a financial competence, he gave the rest of his life to the public service, and when he, too, was 80 years of age, and was asked to attend the Constitutional Convention, he said:

"The public having, as it were, eaten my flesh, seems now resolved to pick my bones."

Then Mr. Root arose: "It was 57 years ago that I joined the Union League Club. Of the men who were joined in that year, only three are now alive: George F. Baker, Chauncey M. Depew and myself. . . . Mr. Baker travels on golden clouds and Mr. Depew has given up counting his

years by ordinary measures of time, using light-years instead.

"I want to give an old man's view of the developments of 57 years—not of events, because they do not count, but of permanent tendencies. . . . For one man who was then interested in the advancement of the Government and social order, there are 1,000 to-day.

"We have more honest elections, the very root of the working of our institutions. . . . There is far greater honesty in public service than there was half a century ago. The excesses and frauds of the Tweed Ring would be impossible today. In the Congress of the United States, if any man be suspected of crookedness, he is a marked man. . . .

"The Mexican War would not be possible today. Our treatment of the Indians, the great blot on our history, would not be possible today.

"My active life is ended. . . .

A voice cried, "No," but he went on: "I am an old man. . . .

"Wider things will be accomplished, Senate or no Senate, Congress or no Congress, Legislatures or no Legislatures, Pacifists or no Pacifists, Bolsheviks or no Bolsheviks. I retire from active life with a deep faith that the American people are growing every year to greater competency. . . ."

Notes

Senator Reed Smoot of Utah was at pains, last week, to deny a rumor that he was about to resign his seat in the Senate to become head of the Mormon Church. Heber J. Grant, present head of the Church, is ill; but even if he should die, Rudger Clawson is senior to Mr. Smoot among the Mormon elders.

In its final report on the national election last fall, the special Senate Committee on Campaign Expenditures, headed by Mr. Borah, gave the following totals for the several parties:

	COLLECTED	EXPENDED
Republicans . . .	\$4,360,478.32	\$4,270,469.01
Democrats . . .	\$31,037.05	\$613,908.21
LaFollette . . .	\$21,837.21	\$21,977.58

The Tennessee House of Representatives, after an acute discussion, tabled and refused to act on a bill to prohibit the employment of public school teachers who "do not believe in God and the Deity of His Son, Jesus Christ."

In the Connecticut Legislature, a bill was killed which would have placed an annual tax of \$1.00 on tom cats and \$10.00 on tabby cats. The most telling argument against it was that one pair of rats, if allowed to multiply, could

have 359,000,000 descendants in three years.

General Charles G. Dawes was distressed to find that he had too many friends—too many friends, at any rate, to accommodate at the inauguration on Mar. 4. He is allotted 18 tickets in the Senate Chamber for his own inauguration and ten in the review stand for the President's. His friends are numbered in multiples of these figures.

A Committee of Congress was informed that phonographers paid \$100,000 to obtain a satisfactory record of *Nearer, My God, to Thee*. The items of expense were: one church, one organ, one expert, ten years' effort. These facts were used as an argument against any change in the copyright laws which would permit composers to demand larger royalties.

A long unknown fact became public last week. The coat of arms of West Point Military Academy, borne for many a year, was discovered to have been adopted with a number of wretched errors in heraldry. It consists of a helmet, pierced by a sword pointing diagonally downward, imposed upon a vertically striped shield. The whole is surmounted by an eagle. The direction of the sword was from upper right to lower left, the same as the "bar" or, more correctly, the "bend sinister" (denoting illegitimacy). The eagle faced to the right so that, when carried on a banner, it faced away from the staff—and away from the enemy. Two years ago, the error was discovered and the entire coat of arms has been reversed on new insignia, with as little public attention as possible.

Major General Robert Lee Bullard, recently retired (TIME, Jan. 26), was elected President of the National Security League, self-assertive guardian of American institutions.

Because of a shortage of funds and hence of police, the Chief of Detectives of St. Petersburg, Fla., accepted an offer of the Ku Klux Klan to furnish patrols gratis, sans robes, sans masks.

Imprisoned for three days for speeding was Hal Donahay, 18-year-old son of Governor A. Vic Donahay of Ohio, eminent Democratic hero of last November's elections. His father refused to intercede in his behalf.

Said the Governor: "Let the law take its course."

Said Mrs. Donahay: "We may drop in at the prison Sunday to see him."

Said Hal: "It's food I crave."

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

Debts

The note which the ingenious British Chancellor of the Exchequer, Winston Churchill, sent to France (TIME, Feb. 16) started a teacup storm in the latter country and Italy.

France. *La Liberté*, Paris journal, summed up neatly the reaction of France to the British note:

"America is responsible for it all. The English note says clearly she wishes to be paid only what America claims from her. We appreciate the nuance that England gives the affair—namely, that so far as she is concerned she remembers all about the common cause. Anyhow, that ought to help us with America."

Other newspapers warned the Government against being "lured" into a premature debt settlement with Britain by the friendly tone of the note.

Officially, no comment was made and a reply to the British note will not be envisaged before the middle of next month. Unofficially, France fell back on her old security plea. Briefly her position is: She cannot pay debts unless she receives reparations from Germany; she cannot make any plans to pay debts over a long period unless she has adequate security against German aggression. The specific objection to the British suggestions for debt payment is that the less Germany pays, the more France must pay; hence France must be in a position to exert any necessary pressure upon Germany.

At this point, a pertinent remark was interjected into the hubbub by S. Parker Gilbert, Agent General of Reparations. Said the young genius: "It is too early. It need not have been debated for a couple of years yet. We shall have to wait and see how the money comes in and how much France gets from Germany."

Italy. Italian opinion on the debt question was cautious. To a country with as few credits as Italy and a war debt to the U. S. and Britain alone of nearly \$5,000,000,000, this was understandable.

THE LEAGUE

The Week's Doings

Opium. The International Opium Conference adjourned its deliberations, began to study the draft of the Anti-Narcotics Convention, the monument which the Conference erected to its imperishable memory. The chief British delegate, Lord Cecil, returned to England.

After weeks of discussion and quarrels, the net result of the parley was reported:

1) An agreement between Britain, France, India, Japan, Holland, Portugal and Siam to abolish opium smug-

ing in the Far East within 15 years from the date when a League commission shall have declared that China has curbed overproduction of opium and eliminated the danger of smuggling. (The U. S. delegation wanted the prohibition made immediately effective.)

2) An agreement between the above nations, Portugal making certain exceptions, to substitute government monopoly of opium exports and imports for privately conducted trade. (The U. S. delegation wanted the source of production—i.e., the cultivation of the opium poppy—controlled progressively until finally restricted to purely medicinal uses.)

3) An agreement to permit legal sales under rule of The Hague Convention, of heroin and laudanum (opium products). (The U. S. delegation, here joined by the British, wanted both these drugs barred as being medicinally dangerous.)

The Finnish delegate caused a commotion by declaring that Chinese Tuchuns (Military Governors) produced and sold opium illicitly in order to buy illicitly munitions for their wars. Arthur Brisbane, Hearst sage, remarked:

"That's a nice picture of civilization, Christian nations using one part of their money to send missionaries to the Chinese and another part of their money to stimulate the deadly opium traffic, that the heathen may be able to purchase weapons to kill each other."

Protocol. The Protocol to the Covenant of the League of Nations, designed to enforce arbitration, security and disarmament (TIME, Oct. 13) was thought to have died a natural death. It was freely predicted that Britain would ask for more time to consider the protocol proposals, owing to the fact that her Dominions had declined to attend an Imperial Conference on the subject. This, in turn, was regarded as unfavorable and a project was in hand to drop the security proposals out of the drafted protocol and refer the whole question to this year's Assembly. There was probably no truth in the report that Britain would offer France a separate security pact.

COMMONWEALTH

(British Commonwealth of Nations)

Parliament's Week

Commons. In answer to questions from the Opposition, Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, told the House that "His Majesty's Government" intends to revert to a gold cur-

rency standard at the "earliest possible moment." He would not commit himself more definitely.

Foreign Secretary Austen Chamberlain, replying to Colonel Wedgwood (Liberal), made a statement on the British attitude toward the Geneva Protocol (TIME, Dec. 22). He announced that, owing to objections of the Dominions, who believe that the ideals of the Protocol should be realized progressively in a series of practical stages, he would be obliged to request the League of Nations for a further postponement of the Protocol question.

Semi-official circles had it that the naval estimates would not show the increase of \$50,000,000 which Admiral Lord Beatty has demanded.

An additional appropriation of \$10,000 (making the total \$25,000) was requested by the Government for the Prince of Wales' forthcoming trip to South Africa and South America. The additional amount was made necessary by the acceptance of invitations from Chile and Uruguay. The appropriation was carried 295 votes to 87, majority of 208 but not before some of the Laborites Opposition had attacked the Prince's visits.

"Dave" Kirkwood (Clydeside Laborite) protested against "all the humbug that's going on." He thought the Prince should visit the workshops and mines and acquaint himself with the real conditions of workmen's lives, not with those that had been prepared for him to see.

The Liberals and such noted Laborites as ex-Premier Ramsay MacDonald, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer Philip Snowden, Sidney Webb, William Adamson, J. H. Thomas, voted with the Government.

Reform

Premier Baldwin is now credited with having made a *coup de maître* in recommending the elevation of ex-Premier H. H. Asquith to the peerage (TIME, Feb. 2); for it was the latter who, in 1911, succeeded in reducing "the noble lords" to their present innocuous position.

The House of Lords Reform is now a slogan of the Conservative Party and undoubtedly this important subject will find a place on the order paper during Mr. Baldwin's administration. With Lord Oxford and Asquith now in the upper House, it is to be presumed that he will exercise his tremendous influence, as leader of the Liberal Party, in deciding how the House of Lords is to be reformed; and by inference his efforts will be directed to giving it the real power of which he formerly deprived it.

Foreign News—[Continued]

FRANCE

The Franc

The franc began to sag. Finance Minister Clementel reckoned that, during the past three months, 14,000,000,000 fr. (about \$700,000,000) had been exported. That explained the downward trend: The French were losing faith in their own currency.

In the Chamber, questions were asked and questions were answered. Premier Herriot warned of a crisis. Said he:

"I appeal once more to the sacred union of all Frenchmen, regardless of party politics, for the defense of our national currency."

There was much talk of the amnestied ex-Premier Joseph Caillaux's return to politics. "Is he going to take over the Ministry of Finance?" was the question Frenchmen were asking.

Then, like a touch of pathos, light appeared on the horizon; Premier Edouard Herriot and Prince Charoon, Siamese Minister to France, signed a treaty of amity, commerce, navigation and jurisdiction between their respective countries.

"Le Capucin Botté"

General Castelnau, celebrated Royalist soldier, chose a bad place to make a pro-Vatican speech when he addressed a Catholic mass meeting, last week, in the Théâtre des Nations at Marseilles in the south of France.

The recent action of the Chamber of Deputies in voting to quash the credits for the French Embassy to the Holy See (TIME, Feb. 9) has caused heated controversy between those Catholics who are not Socialists and those who are. The Communists of Marseilles capitalized the dispute for their own violent ends. Armed with stiletos and revolvers, they caused a riot at General Castelnau's meeting, attacked many priests.

Police arrived early on the scene, but so obstreperous were the Communists that it took an hour to quell the riot. The most serious part of the disturbance was when the Communists, who had failed to break up the meeting, took pot shots in the dark at persons leaving the Théâtre des Nations. This caused cavalry to charge with drawn swords and the net result was two persons killed and about 100 more or less seriously wounded.

Next day, the General mounted another rostrum with the local bishop, was cheered by devotees, was hailed by the bishop: "Hero of the Church!"

Noël Marie Joseph Edouard, Marquis de Curieres de Castelnau, was born on Christmas Eve, 1851, the year of Louis Napoleon's coup d'état.

He was taught to be a good Catholic by the Jesuits and in the 18th year of

his life entered the military academy of St. Cyr.

In 1893, he went to the War Office and during his seven years of staff work



© Paul Thompson

DE CURIERES DE CASTELNAU
He was hailed by the bishop

perfected a system of mobilization which in 1914 saved France.

In his religious beliefs, the then Colonel Castelnau was, as always, a devout Catholic, while in politics he was a sincere Royalist; but his Royalism was of a brand that placed France above everything, as his long career under the Third Republic has proved. His Catholicism and his Royalism made him many enemies and he is known throughout France as *le capucin botté* (the booted Capuchin*).

At the outbreak of the War, which he had long before foreseen, he was appointed to command the Second Army in Lorraine and in that capacity became the "héros de Nancy". Not only that, but by his brilliant offensive against Crown Prince Rupprecht's Army (the same Prince who is now virtually King of Bavaria) he undoubtedly (in the opinion of eminent military critics) made possible the famed Marne victory.

*The Capuchin order of friars, famed for preaching and ministrations to the poor, sprang from the Franciscans. They became a separate order in about the year 1520 when Matteo di Bassi decided that the habit worn by the Franciscans was not the one that St. Francis had worn. He made himself a pointed hood (capuche), allowed his beard to grow, went barefooted.

Later General de Castelnau reorganized the defense of Verdun at a time when the Germans had almost smashed it. In the space of a few days, he inspired the dispirited troops and handed over the defense to the then General Pétain in a state which defied the Germans for two years.

His political enemies prevented him from becoming Marshal Joffre's Chief of Staff and later, when he was slated to succeed the latter as Commander-in-Chief, he had the chagrin of seeing General Nivelle, many years his junior, promoted above him. Again, in 1921, political intrigue prevented him from being promoted a Marshal of France with Generals D'Espérey, Fayolle and Lyauté.

Today, in his 74th year, he is regarded by many as easily the most distinguished soldier of France, bar none.

GERMANY

Fire-damp

The second greatest* mining catastrophe known in Germany occurred in the Minister Stein mine at Dortmund when 200 or more miners perished in an explosion of fire-damp.**

Thus, while in the U. S. anxious men and women kept a nerve-straining vigil at Sand Cave where Floyd Collins was buried alive, and a horrified nation clung bravely to hope, crowds of weeping German women and children surrounded the Stein pit-head, breaking police cordons in their desperate grief, while a whole nation poured out its sympathy.

President Ebert telegraphed his condolences to the Mining Superintendent of Dortmund, informed him that 50,000 marks (\$12,500) from the President's emergency fund had been placed at his disposal for relief of widows and orphans of the victims. Chancellor Luther cut short a political visit to Baden to dash to Dortmund. Telegrams poured in from many notables.

The explosion was thought to have taken place near the shaft and its force was felt in all three levels of the mine. Miners near the shaft were blown to pieces, others were killed by suffocation. At one point, an inscription was found chalked up on the wall: "All well up to 11 o'clock. Nine men." Under the inscription lay the nine men—all dead. At another place, three brothers were

*The greatest mining disaster occurred in 1909 at the Radlun mine, in which 341 men perished.

**The Minister Stein mine is named after the celebrated Heinrich Friedrich Karl, Baron vom und zum Stein, German statesman (1757-1831).

*Fire-damp is a gas given off by coal when freshly exposed to the atmosphere, which, when mixed with from four to twelve times its volume of air, is explosive. A common name for it is marsh gas; in substance, it is carburated hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen.

Foreign News—[Continued]

found dead, locked in one another's arms.

The mine belongs to the Stinnes group and was held to be one of the world's model mines. It has not had an accident since 1901.

Crime

Before the German Supreme Court at Leipzig began the trial of 16 Communists, alleged to be members of the German Cheka,* charged with fomenting revolution in Germany.

The first witness called was an typesetter turned Bolshevik by name of Felix Neumann, who spoke in a quiet, bored way as if murder was all in the day's work. Officially, he was charged with the murder of one Rausch, a barber who had turned traitor to the German Bolsheviks. In his testimony, he admitted lying in wait several times for General von Seeckt, present head of the Reichswehr, because the Cheka had decided that he "must not only be wounded but killed, since otherwise we shall simply be making a mess of things." He and other comrades, Neumann said, had also discussed ways and means of killing the late Hugo Stinnes, because the Cheka had ordered his "elimination." He admitted having received personally \$1,000 from the Soviet Embassy in Berlin, in addition to \$25,000 for the purchase of arms; and estimated the total amount disbursed by the Embassy at \$200,000. He also testified that "one Lou" had introduced him to "one Eve" who had supplied him with typhoid and dysentery bacilli.

The Communist defense, conducted in rotation by eleven lawyers, declared Neumann was insane.

As if staring into a mirror of their misery, Germans gazed at their newspapers, read of an appalling crime. Two boys, one 16 years old, the other 14, entered their parents' bedroom where they were sleeping with their two small daughters. The 14-year-old boy hit each of them on the head with a hammer; the older boy killed each with a hatchet. This was in the village of Weiber, near Kulmbach, Bavaria.

RUSSIA

Zinoviev

"Trotzky for many years was not a Bolshevik at all; then he became one at intervals and finally relapsed into his original anti-Bolshevism." Thus said Grigori Zinoviev, boss of the Third (Communist) Internationale, ex-War Lord Trotzky's most intractable foe.

He thereupon dismissed the disgraced

Trotzky from his duties on the Council of Labor and Defense, thus depriving him of his last Government position.

As a final mark of his disgrace, the Triumvirate (Stalin, Zinoviev, Kamenov) ordered Trotzky's magnificent train—it included a diner, sleeper, library car and was fitted with a printing press and a radio set—to be uncoupled and put on the regular railway service. The 150 men employed on the train have been discharged. *Sic transit gloria Trotzky!*

Catherine Breshkovsky, octogenarian "grandmother of the Russian (Kerensky) Revolution of 1917," spoke to the world from her place of exile, the ancient and venerable city of Prague, Czechoslovakian capital. She declared that Tsarism "was a little misfortune" to Russia compared with the slough of despondency into which Bolshevism has thrown that unfortunate country.

Said she of the Trotzky-Zinoviev feud:

"For you foreigners, the battle between Trotzky and Zinoviev is an episode in the great epic of the greatest revolution humanity has ever known. For us, the contest is nothing more than a frantic race in which each man, Trotzky and Zinoviev, seeks to arrive at the domination of Russia.

"Trotzky is temperamentally a dictator who believes himself destined to rule the world. Zinoviev is a gay liver, a lover of wine, champagne and good cheer. He has suffered a lot and knew privation in his youth; and now abandons himself licentiously to pleasures. The dancers of the old Russian ballet and the beautiful women of Leningrad are flattered to be the friends of Zinoviev. Being very generous, nothing is too precious for his friends. Pearl necklaces, Imperial jewels, famous paintings, Gobelin tapestries are to be found today in the hands of the women who enjoy Zinoviev's friendship."

The Government published official statistics showing that the number of adult members of the Communist Party is 699,679. Zinoviev reflected that there are 132,000,453 people in the Russian Union living on 7,041,120 square miles.

AUSTRIA

Dark Side

If clouds have their silver linings, they have also their dark exteriors.

The silver lining to the Austria cloud is that, despite outward suffering, there is an inner healing force working its way through the pangs of deflation to the bright sunshine of economic and financial prosperity.

But the dark side of the cloud is dark indeed. In January, there were

149 suicides in Vienna, most of which were attributed to "the general distress" now sweeping that city. The total of suicides for January is the largest known for 43 years. The average monthly number is about 40.

HUNGARY

King Business

The report that an unknown assailant attempted to assassinate Regent Nicholas Horthy von Nagybanya (TIM, Feb. 9) proved to be untrue.

The false report and the recent publication of a reproduction of part of the late Emperor Karl's diary have to some extent revived in academic form the peculiar position of Hungary.

Hungary is still a kingdom—its old constitution is unchanged. In place of the King is a Regent, Admiral Horthy. His powers are limited mainly to exercising the royal functions without the effective power of vetoing legislation. Just for whom he is Regent is a problem that most Hungarians shirk; some say for himself; some say for Prince Otto, oldest son of Kaiser Karl; some say for a King who is yet to be elected. The problem is, however, satisfactorily settled for the time being by electing Yankee Jeremiah Smith as financial king—a Yankee at the Court of the Habsburgs or, in the parlance of jazz, a Yankee-doodle doing it.

But this state of affairs is only temporary. For 1,000 years, Hungary has been a monarchy. Until 1526, when the Turks won the all-important Battle of Mohács, Hungary had had a national King, but in that year the inheritance was claimed by a Habsburg and Hungary was ruled as a part of the Austrian Empire until the *Ausgleich* of 1867, which set up the Dual Monarchy and gave the country once more a King of its own in the person of the same Habsburg Emperor of Austria. It was little more than a change of form.

For Emperor Karl there undoubtedly existed a warm national affection, but this availed him nothing at the end of the War. Almost without a blow, Hungary became for a few months a Republic under Count Michael Karolyi, although it would be truer to say that Budapest, the capital, became a Republic. Bolshevism succeeded Republicanism and was even shorter lived; for in August, 1919, after a harrowing Rumanian occupation, the Monarchists, led by Admiral Horthy, were once again in power. Horthy was elected Royal Governor, usually translated as Regent. He was invested with some of the royal powers, was empowered to enact the legislation of his Royal Hungarian Government—but for whom was he acting? When Karl was alive, Horthy publicly declared that he was keeping

*Cheka, an extraordinary commission sitting under the Bolshevik régime to try political prisoners.

Foreign News—[Continued]

the throne warm for his Monarch. After Karl's death in 1922, both he and his Premier, Count Bethlen, were known to have expressed themselves privately in favor of "King" Otto. But Horthy's love of splendor, his occupation of the Royal Palaces, his insistence upon a regal etiquette, have combined to discredit his intentions.

Now from the late Emperor's Diary, published by Karl Werkmann, his private secretary, reproduced by the Italian *Corriere della Sera* of Milan and reproduced by *The Living Age*, comes a new story about Horthy's alleged perfidy.

The following is a conversation between Karl and Horthy which took place in 1921 at the Royal Palace in Budapest. The Emperor, who had not forgotten that he had failed to abdicate as the Apostolic King of Hungary, had previously signed a manifesto:

"I have returned to my beloved Fatherland, following the impulse of my own heart, and from this date have resumed the throne. God be with me." He had gone to Horthy to demand that he hand over the Government to him and the ensuing conversation was allegedly written down very shortly after the meeting:

"First of all, I thanked Horthy in the most cordial way for what he had done for the nation and for the King. I lauded his services and assured him that the King and the nation would never forget them. Then I asked him to turn the Government over to me.

"HORTHY: 'What does Your Majesty propose to do for me if I turn over to you the Government?'

"I pretended to have misunderstood him: 'What do you mean by your question?'

"HORTHY: 'This. What will Your Majesty give me in exchange?'

"I felt such disgust rising in me at this vulgar bargaining that I was nauseated, and I had to force myself by an effort to answer: 'But you—what do you want?'

"HORTHY: 'See here, I want to know what Your Majesty is ready to offer me!'

"I: 'Horthy, when a person has commanded the forces that have liberated a country from Bolshevism, when he has been able to terminate a hostile occupation, when he has faithfully governed that country, restoring law and order, and then voluntarily hands it back to its King, then the position to which he is entitled is unquestionably an exceedingly high one, and it will be recognized abroad—by the whole world—that he is, so to speak, the right arm of the King. Such a post, Horthy, under these circumstances, belongs to you!'

"But Horthy insisted again: 'And

what else does Your Majesty offer?'

"I: 'I confirm the title of Duke that you have conferred upon yourself.'

"Thereupon Horthy suddenly burst into a long lamentation. He recited his piece so badly that even I, prone as I am to believe the best of everybody,



Unconventional

PRINCE OTTO

But one pair of breeches—

could see at once that he was merely acting a part. He protested with a great show of alarm that he was not thinking of himself, but of Hungary, poor Hungary! What would happen to the country? Revolutions, intervention by the Big Entente and by the Little Entente, and invasion by the Little Entente, rival pretenders for the throne, resistance by the people, and so on.

"Glad to see the country itself brought into the discussion instead of Horthy personally, I proceeded to answer his objections point by point, concluding with these words: 'Everything will be done according to constitutional procedure. I shall form a Cabinet at once.'

"HORTHY: 'Your Majesty will not be able to find a Prime Minister. The army is disloyal to you, and there will be bloodshed.'

"I answered that it would be easy enough to find a Premier, as I already had general assurances on that point even from one of Horthy's own Cabinet, Vass. . . .

"Horthy said that before he surrendered his powers he wanted one thing more—to be appointed commander-in-chief of the Army. I saw that if I did not satisfy the man's gross greediness I should have reason to regret the fate of the country and my whole undertaking. . . .

"You will be commanding officer under me; but turn over the Government."

"HORTHY: 'I want one thing more.'

"I: 'What do you want, then?'

"HORTHY: 'I want to be reappointed commander of the fleet.'

"I: 'Good. If we get a fleet again you will be its commander.'

"Horthy then renewed his laments upon what might happen. I answered that I had already considered these things. He must realize what a tremendous benefit a King would be to the country if everybody rallied loyally to his support. If Horthy truly loved Hungary, he ought to turn the Government over to me. . . .

"HORTHY: 'But if I surrender the Government, I want still one thing more.'

"I: 'What?'

"HORTHY: 'Your Majesty should confer a high honor upon me.'

"I forgot entirely that Horthy is a Protestant. 'If you turn the Government over immediately,' I said, 'I'll give you the Order of the Golden Fleece.'

"Horthy seemed greatly pleased, and said that was satisfactory.

"I: 'Now, surrender your authority.'

"HORTHY: 'Impossible! No! I can't do it. I have thought better of it. What is the matter with my head? I have sworn an oath of loyalty to the National Assembly.'

"I: 'But long before that, you swore an oath of loyalty and fidelity to me with your own hands between my own.'

"HORTHY: 'That oath is no longer valid. It has been superseded.'

"I: 'No, it has not. I have not freed any soldier from his oath of loyalty. Moreover, you, Horthy, are bound to me by a second oath, a private oath—that of a Lord Chamberlain.'

"HORTHY: 'That no longer counts. . . . Only my last oath binds me—the one to the National Assembly.'

"I: 'That oath is not worth a snap of the fingers before a King. . . .'

"HORTHY: 'But I have my duty to the country.'

"I: 'You have no duty to the country. Your duty as Regent ends the moment the King and the country desire to restore the traditional régime. The moment I arrived here, therefore, your responsibility to the country terminated. I alone am responsible before God and to the country, because it was I who took the coronation oath, and not yourself.'

"Horthy was silent for a moment, but his face showed dissent and irritation.

"I: 'If you refuse to hand over your powers to me, then it means revolution good and earnest. The whole Government will be again back on a revolutionary basis. Turn over your authority!'

Foreign News—[Continued]

"HORTHY: 'No!'

"I: 'Mr. Admiral, I order you, in the name of your oath to me as a commanding officer, to obey and to turn over the Government to me.'

"HORTHY: 'No.' After a pause: 'Moreover, the Army has taken its oath to me and has taken no oath to a sovereign. Your Majesty cannot count on the Army. . . .'

"I: 'How can you expect your soldiers to be loyal to you if you yourself are a perjurer? I am absolutely convinced that my officers and my troops are still loyal to the oath they originally gave to their King, and are obedient to the oath given to you only in so far as it may be interpreted as you yourself have always interpreted it therefore—that is to say, as an oath to the Admiral of the Emperor and King.'

"HORTHY: 'I would shoot any man disloyal to his oath to me!'

"I thought to myself: 'He is proclaiming his own well-merited sentence.'

"I found myself confronted by a disloyal resistance, an obstinate will that would not bend to any argument, because it was deaf to reason. All trace of noble sentiment seemed to have vanished from the man. I had no friend at my side. I did not know what had become of the two gentlemen who had accompanied me. I did not have even my revolver. Outside the door stood Horthy's aide-de-camps and his other satellites ready to obey his orders . . . so I said bluntly: 'You stick to your opinion, and I to mine. Now, what do you propose to do? Make me a prisoner?'

"With an affected smile and forced calmness, he said slowly and hesitatingly: 'No, I shall not make Your Majesty my prisoner.'

"I: 'Then give up the Government. . . .'

"As our conversation had already grown interminable, I insisted upon my opinion: 'I give you five minutes to think it over.' But at the end of five minutes Horthy's attitude remained the same."

A few days later, Karl left the country in an automobile and in the early autumn of the same year made his dramatic second visit, coming from Switzerland by airplane. Horthy on this occasion opposed Karl with armed force and even had the train in which he was traveling with his wife shelled. The second attempt, like the first, ended in failure and Horthy, to the great indignation of a large section of the public, had the ex-Emperor handed over to the British like a common prisoner.

Karl's last view of Hungary was from the deck of a British monitor which carried him down the Danube, through the Black Sea to the Aegean waters and landed him at Funchal in

Madeira, where he died the following April.

He left a widow—Zita—to find sanctuary in Spain with her children. That young Otto* will ever restore his mother's fortunes is perhaps too much to hope.

SPAIN

Overture

Following the capture of Raisuli, famed Moroccan Tribesman (TIME, Feb. 16), the forces of Abd-el-Krim, leader of the Rifian rebels, began to mass for a concerted attack on the Spanish lines.

In Spain, Dictator Primo Rivera shook his head, wrote to Abd-el-Krim, suggested a peace parley. Said he: "We are willing to go very far." He offered full autonomy to the Rif as a kingdom under the Shereefian Monarch, Sultan Mulay Yusuf, but said that Abd must thereafter demobilize his men and govern his country as "a peaceful state and not a warrior kingdom." The entire note, made known by Primo Rivera at Madrid, was couched in the most friendly terms.

YUGO-SLAVIA

Elections

Yugo-Slavia, a fraction smaller than the state of Oregon, comprises eight areas, the main parts of which are known as Serbia, Croatia, Montenegro, Slovenia, Bosnia, Herzegovina.

The problem which faces the country is almost parallel to the old Austro-Hungarian nationality question. The Serbs, led by white-haired Nikolai Pashitch, want a Greater Serbia—that is, a strong central government for the whole nation. The others are split. The Croats want autonomy (self-government), some under the monarchy, some outside it as an independent republic. The Montenegrins demand a plebiscite which shall permit them to settle whether they are to stay as an autonomous country under the existing Karagevitch Monarchy or become again, as they were before 1921, an independent country. The remainder are mainly out for autonomy without geographical delimitation.

The leader of the Croatian Peasants, who favor an independent republic for Croatia, is Stefan Raditch. In the last National Assembly, the Raditch Party had 70 seats and proved itself a great nuisance to the Government. On the eve of a new general election, Premier Pashitch had Raditch and several others arrested. Subsequently, a court ordered their release; but the Government quickly found more evidence against

*A personal friend of the exiled family published a story of their distress. Young Otto, said she, had been outdoors playing. He tore his breeches. While they were being mended he was obliged to keep to his bed, for he had but one pair.

them and had them rearrested. But this was not enough; the aged Premier, who swore to fight rather than to yield to the federative demands of his political enemies, ordered the dissolution of the Peasants' Party. His celebrated iron fist had descended.

Recently the election was held. Soldiers allegedly played a great part—with their bayonets and rifle butts. Government political agents advised the voters how to vote—for the Government. In Croatia, an unrecognized Peasants' Party voted for its candidates. Raditch and his friends were in jail, half the country was terrorized; yet, despite all this, the Government only increased its majority slightly, gaining some 30 seats and establishing a Government majority of about five over all parties of the Opposition.

Of this opposition, however, the Croatian Peasants' Party is not recognized and will not be allowed, even if it desires, to sit in the next Parliament. The Government majority is therefore virtually 75. Once again Serbian methods have won another election; once more the Government has scored a great victory; but, as formerly, at least half the electorate remains hostile to Nikolai Pashitch and all he stands for.

DANZIG

Mail-box Storm

"The Storm in a Mail Box," which has for some time been agitating the Free City of Danzig* (TIME, Jan. 19) and has had sundry repercussions in Poland and Germany, flared up anew.

The dispute was engendered by the Poles placing the post boxes in the red and white colors of the Polish Republic. The Germans, outraged, retaliated by repainting them in the black, white and red colors of Imperial Germany. The fiery ire of Poles and Germans was temporarily abated by the whole question's being submitted to Mervyn Sorley Macdonnell, resident High Commissioner of the League of Nations.

Last week, Mr. Macdonnell ruled that the Poles were not entitled to a separate mail-box service and therefore had no right to paint the Danzig mail-boxes in the Polish colors.

Poles were furious. Appeal to the League of Nations at Geneva was lodged. The Polish Army Chiefs began to rattle their sabres. Polish business men said they would not participate in a forthcoming fair at Danzig.

*The Free City of Danzig, with its territory, forms a corridor between Germany and its province of East Prussia and thus allows the Poles an economic outlet to the Baltic Sea. To Germans, the *status quo* is intolerable; to Poles, it is indispensable; thus, the former, by insidious propaganda, seek to restore the *status quo ante*; while the latter, by the same methods, seek to improve the *status quo* in favor of Poland.

BOOKS

Jonah*

Mr. Nathan Sees a Figure in the Desert

The Story. Jonah the prophet lived in the desert, daily accompanied by such birds and beasts as lions, mice, gazelles and ravens, lying down at night with the gentle foxes of Tob. At length, inspired by an angel, he roused Israel to wage against the Arameans, a war which turned out most profitably and made his reputation. Honored among all the people, he returned to his mother in Zebulun.

His family, though poor, gave a great feast for him to which they invited Prince Ahab and his daughter, Judith. Through a night of soft blue airs and revelry, under boughs that let fall their petals like odoriferous snows, Jonah and Judith walked together; and the gaunt prophet, friend of foxes, trembled with love for the pale daughter of a Prince. She, also moved by love, was kind to him; they kissed under a jasmine vine. "I should like to be poor like you," she said. All night, all night, when she was gone, Jonah wandered through the orchards of Zebulun, mad with happiness. In the morning, he sent his mother to ask for Judith's hand, went himself to find work that he might support a wife.

When Prince Ahab heard it suggested that he give his daughter to a penniless prophet, he roared with mirth and indignation. Judith wept for three days. At the end of this time, one Hiram, a merchant of Tyre, came to enchant her heart with tales of cities by the shores of seas. "Oh, how I should like to be a merchant," she cried. Jonah could not get work; the place for a successful prophet, people said, was in the desert. At last he went to Judith for comfort. When he spoke of their love, she twisted her shawl. "I hardly knew what I was doing. . . . Do not think too badly of me. . . . I am going to marry Hiram of Tyre. . . ."

In the desert, Jonah wheeled his amazed face to the sky. What was God about? What had he, Jonah, done to deserve such a thing?

God spoke to him. "Arise, Jonah," cried He, "and go to Nineveh. Cry out against that great city for its sins." Jonah answered fiercely: "You . . . What are you God of? Were you God of Israel when a Tyrian stole my love? Was I your prophet then?" In anger, he took ship for Tarshish, thinking by this to make God lose him.

Up the east, after the vessel, God's anger climbed in the likeness of a black cone. The air thinned, darkened, the

sea covered beside the ship; Jonah slept. Suddenly, the sail split from top to bottom and one mariner, huddled with the rest, called on the name of his god in a voice shrill and little like a bat's; next instant, with a great clap, the sky fell into the sea.

It is well known how the sailors, after a long struggle, regretfully abandoned Jonah to the rugged mercies of his God; and how Leviathan, by prearrangement, rose from the sea-bottom and bore the gurgitated prophet in his belly to Nineveh. There Jonah prophesied: "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown." The city repented like a child of its sins; even the King went and sat down in some ashes. When the forty days were spent, it was found that God had spared Nineveh.

Jonah's heart was sore. "Where is my glory now?" he thought. He reviled God, weeping. Judith, in her house over the terraces of Tyre, wept also, longing for Jonah whom she had put aside. High among the clouds, God turned sadly to Moses. "You Jews," he said wearily, "you do not understand beauty. With you it is either glory or despair."

The Significance. Israel, quickened by 73 years of enforced civilization in Babylonia, began to listen to its prophets; to Ezekiel, Hosea, Daniel, Joel, Amos, even to the youth Jonah, who assumed with fierceness but without humility the cloth of the austere, melancholy men before him. He, like the others, emphasized two ideas not disagreeable to his people: 1) That Jehovah, God of Israel, had made the world; 2) that Jehovah, God who had made the world, was the exclusive property of Israel. Mr. Nathan's book is a picture of these times, a satire upon these ideas, a romantic novel of the life of this prophet. It is also something more, for the gaunt, dark figure who wanders, lost in longing, through the desert, filled with amazed anger at a God who could spare Nineveh but cheat his prophet, is something more than Jonah.

The Author. Robert Nathan, 31, a U. S. Hebrew, has written five books: *Peter Kindred*, *Autumn*, *Youth Grows Old*, *The Puppet Master*, *Jonah*. Now in Europe, he is gathering material for a book about a professor's adventures with a pelican.

Toast

To BABYLON—Larry Barretto—*Little, Brown* (\$2.00). In a four-post bed, watched by solemn silver girandoles, an old woman lay dying. She was dying after the shock of hearing that her niece was going to get a divorce. Her niece was going to get a divorce be-

cause she had learned that a U. S. broker resents being made a cuckold. Anthony Thorne, broker, had thrown his ideals over his shoulder with a gallant gesture when he drank a toast to his rich and charming bride. He soon found that he, like other honest men, was cursed with the inability to enjoy what he had sacrificed his ideals to obtain. He had charm, vivacity, as has this novel of Mr. Barretto's. He lacked distinction.

Robert Keable

He Has No Sympathy with the Censors—"Ah Well!"

Many kinds of romantic living characterize authors, yet there is something about the plan of Robert Keable's existence that strikes me as particularly unusual. From a quiet English clergyman to the author of a sensational best-seller who has taken up his permanent residence in the South Seas seems a long jump. Keable paid a visit to Manhattan recently, then left for the Pacific Coast, thence to sail for his tropical home. He does not impress one as a radical gentleman. There is nothing to suggest the resigned clergyman, author of books marked by their sex frankness and melodrama. In fact, his scholarly bearing and gentleness mark him rather as the country curate, who should be acting as a character in a novel by May Sinclair and passing out crumpets to maiden ladies in a decorous drawing room instead of writing of Tahitian damsels as he has done in his new novel, *Numerous Treasure*.*

Although he finds the South Seas entertaining, Manhattan proved his most disquieting experience since the War. After seeing his *Sinon Called Peter* as a play, he had little comment; but when he saw the film version of *Recompense*, he said that he saw no reason why he should not write a new novel based on the film. *What Price Glory* impressed him very much, although he found the slang difficult to understand, particularly that used by the Marines. The liberality of the Manhattan theatre he found impressive for he, perhaps naturally, has no sympathy with censorship. Ah well, no more have I; but I must confess that when one goes to a first night these days, it is a bit dangerous to take the young daughter of mother's friends, if you understand what I mean.

Keable is a pleasing person. He is something of a poet. It is my belief that many a popular novelist is really a poet at heart. I haven't seen Mr. Keable's poems; but they were apparently, from their titles, religious. Surely, here is a modern personality worth the study of the psychologists.

J. F.

*NUMEROUS TREASURE—ROBERT KEABLE—Putnam (\$2.00).

*JONAH—Robert Nathan—McBride (\$2.00).

THE THEATRE

New Plays

The Dark Angel. Michael Arlen's first play sustains that singular Armenian's record for tart diversion. For *The Dark Angel* was obviously written by Michael Arlen, despite the credit of the playbill to H. B. Trevelyan. The technic may be Guy Bolton's (who wove the structure, we are told) but lines such as "She always liked small hats," no one would write but Author Arlen.

The hero and the heroine are in bed when the curtain rises. It is War time; his leave has been curtailed. There is no time for marriage. Not many days later a German shell hoists him abruptly Heavenward. Four years later, and she, in love with another man, the fact of that War night together is accidentally revealed at a house party. Not many moments pass before it is revealed that her old love still lives, blind, in a tiny English town.

There is probably no more sentimental scene in the world than the blind soldier and his old love. The authors have not entirely evaded its treacherous softnesses. Yet they have found a sound solution and filled the evening with tense moments cut by keen-edged lines. These circumstances added to exceptionally able performances by Patricia Collinge and Reginald Mason, put *The Dark Angel* among the finely flavored few that should be tasted.

A Good Bad Woman. When a play goes so far as to annoy *The New York World* into leading editorial and front page protest, it must be fairly grimy. For the *World*, as everyone knows, is the loud speaker of anti-censorship. And yet the *World* says of *A Good Bad Woman*: "Messrs. William A. Brady and Al. Woods have dug even deeper [than David Belasco] into the pile of dramatic offal."

Theatrical observers doubted the wisdom of the *World's* course. The play was failing when the blast started. The impetus given to the seamy-minded might make the entertainment profitable.

The heroine is, of course, a prostitute. She has relations with a simple-minded millionaire while acting as companion to his crazy mother. He loves another woman, wife of a doctor. The doctor catches his wife and the millionaire. The prostitute gets herself caught with the doctor. She, forthwith, summons her hard-boiled father who murders the physician.

The various intimate scenes and the incredible flood of epithets aroused the critics' and the *World's* protest. They were deliberate panderings to the shoddy instincts of the masses. Un-

like the similar display of Mr. Belasco (*Ladies of the Evening*), the scenes were never entertaining.

Helen MacKellar played the star rôle. A day or two after the critics



HELEN MACKELLAR

She summoned her hard-boiled father

had expressed themselves, she repented and avowed publicly her intention of quitting the play. The move was generally regarded as a further play for publicity, since she must have had time in the rehearsal period to let the significance of her material sink in. She swore sincerely and her performance was generally considered competent.

Percy Hammond—"A one-horse rodeo of all the phony riff-raff of the theatre."

Loggerheads. An Irish sea-coast comedy, with a sob here and there, slipped quietly into the tiny Cherry Lane Theatre in Greenwich Village and was welcomed quietly. In the main, it was an honest play, possessed one excellent performance, and was interesting to the audience scarcely at all. The story told of a feud patched up by the fisherman's daughter who wanted to be a nun. Amid the rolling of exceedingly old country "r's," she married her mother off to the son of the hated opposition. Joanna Roos (as the daughter) gave the performance.

Alexander Woolcott—"Might just as well not have been produced at all."

An Unnamed Play. A gust of anti-Klan propaganda came in for a series of special matinees and asked the audience to call it names. Many of them did. So emphatic were the

names that it seems doubtful if the matinees will persist until the actual christening.

The plot presents a handsome and advanced Southerner who takes a Negro's part against the Klan. There is one grand swamp scene with lots of crickets for atmosphere. In the climax both Negro and hero are about to be lynched when virtue triumphs. A number of more or less reputable performers, including Florence Mason, were occupied with these gruffly melodramatic proceedings.

The Dove. It is an old-fashioned Belasco masterpiece, where shots and snarls are finally drowned in the honey hum of an heroic happy ending—all very neat.

Mexico is the land; a dancing girl, a local Bad Man and a young American the principal population. The Bad Man is very rich in oil. The American is quick with the dice and the trigger. The girl is a virtuous dancing girl of the Purple Pigeon Café.

It is obvious that the oil man will attempt to possess the girl. It is more obvious that, since the hero is an American, such possession is not to be tolerated. On this familiar skeleton, the author has hung a rapid and unimportant sequence of a fight across the dice-board, a shot and a final curtain.

The loving detail of David Belasco was never more amply in evidence. All the atmosphere that can possibly be packed within the theatre he has drawn from Mexico and bundled about *The Dove*. He has further provided excellent acting by such notables as Holbrook Blinn and Judith Anderson. Miss Anderson is the curiously unattractive young lady who has so very much more than her normal allotment of what, to quote from another play, one must call "appeal." A descriptive discussion of Mr. Blinn as a Bad Man would be repeating eulogies that have been often sung before.

Percy Hammond—"A good, big, honestly artificial show..."

Haywood Brown—"Lots of violence but practically no emotion."

The Rat (after seven luxurious months in London). The dear old Apache chieftain of the Paris underworld with whom all the ladies are in love is the central entertainer. It appears that he leads a double life. In his flat with the virtuous Odile, he is kindly and playful as a kitten. In the White Coffin Cabaret, he is rude and punches ladies. In the last act, he goes crazy.

The possibilities for every kind of acting in such a composition are obvious. The part was intrusted to one Horace Braham. Some thought him

good, some bad. All were sure that the things he had to do were so inept that very little could be hoped of them.

The New York Times—"Can best be enjoyed by arriving early and not lingering too long."

The Triumph of the Egg and Diff'rent. Time was when Sherwood Anderson's name drew caustic controversy. His novels and stories mystified some, inspired others, disturbed everybody. Probably *The Triumph of the Egg* collected the most comment. The first and title story in that volume has now been made into a one-act play by Mr. Anderson and Raymond O'Neil. It is not a commercial product but, as produced by the artistic *révisseurs* of the Provincetown, proves a compelling comedy. One questions immediately whether it is comedy. It tells of the efforts of an artless restaurant keeper to amuse a patron with some self-made magic. The magic misses fire. The patron disappears. Probably the greatest dream of the frowzy manager's life cracks like his egg shell. John Huston, a hitherto unknown performer, played up to Mr. Anderson's conception and made them vibrant with tragic tones.

Eugene O'Neill's *Diff'rent* was revived as a companion piece. The play is unquestionably one of the most unpleasant in our literature. It describes the revolt of an oversexed woman when, at 50, the assembled passion of a lifetime bursts in the face of a young boy. For those that can endure it, the play is brilliantly and bitterly powerful.

The Best Plays

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

Drama

WHAT PRICE GLORY? The muddy and explicit War play which has become the acknowledged leader of the season's serious drama.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED. Tells the tale of an Italian-American in California who grows grapes and has prospered since Prohibition. He marries a young bride and touches trouble.

SILENCE. Just a good crook play in which the murderer didn't really do it after all. H. B. Warner tells the story most convincingly.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS. The genius of Eugene O'Neill digs around in the rocky tragedy of a New England triangle—the young bride, the old husband, the young stepson.

OLD ENGLISH. Don't bother much about the play. Just go to watch George

Arlliss giving one of his many distinguished performances, this time as a superannuated English brandy-drinking gentleman.

PROFESSIONAL. A cruel and yet elusive study of a coal-miner town done in a strange expressionistic medium by the Theatre Guild. You will either cheer or revile. You cannot ignore.

WHITE CARGO. The black and white blend of a man's character when he has lived too long in lonely spots among the natives of Africa.

Comedy

THE GUARDSMAN. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne discuss the possibility of a great actor's playing so supremely as to deceive his own wife and thereupon seduce her.

IS ZAT SO. A tough tale of prize-fighters in the home that, despite its lack of ART, is a prosperous entertainment.

THE FIREBRAND. The bedroom trials and errors of Benvenuto Cellini and certain ancient Florentines.

THE SHOW-OFF. Completes its full year of entertainment. The windmill hero who talks before he thinks and never stops talking.

MRS. PARTRIDGE PRESENTS. A reverse twist on the mother-and-children matter. The latter, brought up to ART, demand domesticity and bridge-building.

SHE HAD TO KNOW. Reviewed in this issue.

Musical

Among the lists of laughter set to music, the following are particularly acceptable: *I'll Say She Is*, *Big Boy*, *Ziegfeld Follies*, *Lady, Be Good*; *Rose-Marie*, *The Grab Bag*, *Chante-Souris*.

Theatre Note

"Stand back there, you coyotes," snapped D. O. O'Donnell, brandishing a revolver. Eleven officers of the law were cowed. "Crack!" barked a gun. "Ow!" screamed an officer, as the bullet plunged its way through the fleshy part of his left arm. In the wings, a woman screamed, fell fainting onto the stage. Onlookers guffawed.

The play was *Hell's Bells*, performed in a Manhattan Theatre. O'Donnell was Eddie Garvie. The wounded man was Clifton Self. The woman who fainted was Shirley Booth. The laughing onlookers were the audience. They thought it was a joke until the curtain went down and they had to endure a long wait while Garvie was arrested and Self was treated to bandages and salve. Then up went the curtain and the play was finished. Afterward, Garvie was taken to jail, but released subsequently on \$500 bail.

Garvie had been unable to find his own gun, had borrowed the stage carpenter's. He was not supposed to pull the trigger—but he did. It was a case of "So sorry, my mistake."

CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Man Without a Country. They say that there was considerable of a struggle in the breast of the producer before they decided to leave this title in its place. It didn't seem to suggest bootlegging, seduction, happiness or any of the few inevitables for which people are supposed to go to cinema. Leave it he did, however, and thereby displayed rare good sense. For the picture, based upon the poem, is a sincere and sensitive document. It depicts the long sea exile of the man who said: "Damn the United States." It is an illustration of one of the sagas of U. S. history, and it deserves a place in everyone's calendar.

Charley's Aunt is probably one of the most famous plays that was ever produced. For over 30 years, England has not been without at least one company performing its absurdities. As nearly everyone knows, it depicts the ridiculous consequences of an Oxford undergraduate's dressing up to impersonate an elderly chaperon. As played by Sydney Chaplin (Charley's brother) the picture version is hearty broad farce. Exacting observers noted that much of it was old stuff; they noted also that the audience seemed steadily delighted.

Quo Vadis. Italy herewith put in a bid for cinema consideration. To assist their bid, they hired Emil Jannings, the most distinguished picture actor on the Continent, and used Rome for background. Jannings played Nero. Characteristically, his performance was intelligent and distinctive. He gave the Emperor a judicious mixture of viciousness and humor. Otherwise, the film was inconspicuous. There were a great many actors and a good deal of scenery, but the swift smoothness of Hollywood was lacking.

New Toys. Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay, who cooperate as man and wife, extended their cooperation as hero and heroine of this entertainment and made it generally amusing. They play a newly-wedded pair, have a child, a quarrel or two and finally fall foul of the "other woman." The singular individuality of Miss Hay seems to grow with her experience; Mr. Barthelmess displayed a vein of comedy which most of his previous pictures have not tapped.

MUSIC

"The Ring"

Interrupted by a bitter and irrelevant crescendo of musketry, the music of Richard Wagner ceased, in 1917, to be heard at the Metropolitan Opera House, Manhattan. This winter has been revived *The Ring of the Nibelungen*—famed cycle which includes *Das Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, *Götterdämmerung*. Between the date of interruption and the date of this revival, a number of Wagner operas have been presented at the Metropolitan. *Die Walküre* was revived with éclat in 1921, *Siegfried* in 1924. Yet these performances have been isolated in the flood of Italian melody: *Lucia*, *Aida*, *Tosca*, *Rigoletto*. Now among such pretty pieces comes Wagner like a Titan, mightily marching.

To present the *Ring*, in toto is a stupendous task even for a company of as vast resources as the Metropolitan. Director Gatti-Casazza had at hand a conductor who was capable and famed as an interpreter of Wagner, Mr. Artur Bodanzky; yet singers had to be enticed from here and there, choruses marshaled, great scenes built. These difficulties were mastered.

Opera-goers, meanwhile, rehearsed in their memories the mythology upon which Herr Wagner built his cycle—his grim gods warring upon each other, loving, reveling, cursing; his goblins, heroes, witch-women.

Das Rheingold. To the river-nymphs who lodge in twilight on the Rhine's green bottom, comes Alberich, a dwarf, whose ears have been pierced with the sweetness of their music and whose eyes have been dazzled by the gold over which they watch. In mockery they tell him that, if he forswears love, he will have power to steal the *Rheingold*; that if he steals the *Rheingold*, he will "own the world and all its mighty power." Alberich scrambles to the gold, curses love, vanishes. He has his brother Mime hammer the gold into a helmet which makes him invisible, into a magic ring. Wotan, father of the gods, needs the gold to pay a ransom, seeks out Alberich, takes ring and helmet from him. "Cursed is he who wears that ring," cries Alberich. Then lovely Erda, mother of the Norns, appears to Wotan. "Twilight shall come upon the gods," she says; "their proud towers will crash down. Woe to Wotan." Shaken by this awful utterance, Wotan gives the ring to the Giants, forthwith leads the gods over a rainbow to Walhalla while through the brassy progress of his going rings a sound of far despair—the cry of the Rhine-maidens who lament, with sad throats from the depths of the river.

Die Walküre. Wotan shivered in

Walhalla, fearful of his enemies who possessed the ring. Therefore he dressed like a man and, suiting his behavior to the part, begot some descendants (The Race of the Wäl-



EDITOR BODANZKY

Wagner leans over his shoulder
(See Opposite Page)

sungs) one of whom, he determined, should regain the ring.

Siegmund, the Walsung, loves his sister, Sieglinde. Hunding, husband of Sieglinde, fights Siegmund. Wotan sends Brünnhilde, his favorite Valkyrie, to turn the fight for Hunding. (Pierce are the Valkyries; they bear the shields of the warrior gods, and whir before them into battle).

Brünnhilde disobeys. Wotan himself breaks Siegmund's sword with his spear so that Hunding may win. Brünnhilde trembles—how will Wotan punish her? He deprives her of her godhead, causes her to fall into a magic sleep. He lays her upon a rock, sets her helmet to guard her head, her shield over her breast. He compasses the rock with flames, leaping, writhing, running. "Let her sleep until a hero wins through the flames to wake her with a kiss," he says. Offstage, Sieglinde gives birth to a child, Siegfried.

Siegfried. Couched on the little bones of dead men, with claws like the ribs of a ship, tusks like inverted steeples, there lives a dragon, one Fafner, glaucous-eyed, fire-belching. Nearby resides Siegfried who has been fostered by a deformed smith

named Mime. This Mime is a villain at heart. He is gentle to Siegfried only in the hope that one day the youth will prevail against Fafner. Siegfried, finding that no sword but the sword of Wotan is stout enough for him, mends the weapon, goes to do battle with Fafner. After a terrific combat, he succeeds in puncturing the dragon's larynx, thus effecting his demise. He notices a little dragon blood on his finger, licks it off, finds that he can understand the language of the birds. A bird points out the ring to him, tells him about Brünnhilde and leads him with sweet cries to the fiery circle through which, without fear, he passes, to sing an immortal duet.

Götterdämmerung. The Norns' thin thread breaks in their spinning; doom gathers about the gods; Alberich, busy at his machinations, has begot Hagen, who is destined to slay Siegfried. Brünnhilde is betrayed by Siegfried into marrying one Gunther; she curses her lover, though he does not know what he has done. Says Hagen to Siegfried, "You who know the language of the birds, do you understand the raven?" Turning to answer, Siegfried is impaled. His companions build his funeral pyre. Brünnhilde herself sets the torch to it, mounts her warhorse, Grane, spurs into the flame. The Rhine climbs from its bed; the pale Rhine-maidens snatch the ring from Brünnhilde's finger. Across the heavens is scrawled the glare of burning Walhalla; twilight has fallen upon the gods.

"W" "Here was the old sky-shouldering Wagner, undiminished, matchless for power and passion and felicity," wrote Critic Lawrence Gilman. Other critics expressed similar conclusions in less facile language. They remembered how, when *Der Fliegende Holländer* was produced in Dresden in 1843, certain brothers of their cloth uttered pronouncements of pain, amazement; how these individuals continued to lift their eyebrows in the press at Wagner's "aboriginality," thus writing themselves down as dolts who could not believe a great prophet when he stood revealed to them. These same dolts, however, brought on a reaction which, 20 years ago, raised Wagner to godhead, so that persons who professed sensibility to the concord of sweet sounds were expected to genuflect at the mention of the great composer's name. Now, a generation nourished on the chill cacophonies of Stravinsky, the floating, gauzy discords of Debussy, the scrawls of Scriabin, do not find so alarming Wagner's revolutions in harmony. Composers imitate his method, borrow his ideas, leave him his music and his genius; critics call him "The

"Titan"; deaf people pronounce the W of his name like a W.

Editor. At the Metropolitan, Wagner finds adept interpreters. Conductor Bodanzky has been famed for many years as a student of the composer. A tall, gaunt man, he looms out of the shallow pit like an evening-coated Prince of Darkness; fire sleeps in his baton; when he calls for a kettle drum or a sudden blare from the brasses, his body, as if elongated by concealed springs, thrusts itself half across the orchestra; when the score reads pianissimo, he shrinks into his shirt and trembles like a dervish, supplicating softness. Often a brazen-throated Siegfried stands rocking with melody on a property rock, heard but unheeded, while the audience turns its eyes upon Bodanzky; often, after the singers have taken their curtain calls, the house claps and claps until Bodanzky takes his own ovation. He does not seek to impose a latter-day cleverness upon the barbaric and forthright music he is reading, but conducts as if Wagner himself leaned, with fiery countenance, over his shoulder.

Voices. In the regular Metropolitan Company are a number of singers familiar in Wagnerian rôles: Michael Bolnen and Clarence Whitehill who sing *Wotan*; Rudolph Laubenthal, *Siegfried*; Curt Taucher, *Siegfried*; Frederick Schorr, *Gunter*; Gustav Schuetzenzendorf, *Alberich*. Signor Gatti-Casazza procured, however, two new stars—Mmes. Nanny Larsen-Todsen, Maria Müller.

No opera-goer can hear a new *Brünnhilde* without peeping the stage with the dulcet-voiced, the slim, the heroic or the rotund ladies who have taken the part in past times—Ternina, Gadske, Walker, Matzenauer, Nordica, Litvinne. In Mme. Larsen-Todsen they heard a singer whose voice suffers little by comparison with any of these memorable artists; she sang richly, at times thrillingly, with power and control. Her figure, like her voice, is rich, full; her acting is never equal to Conductor Bodanzky's.

Scheduled to make her debut earlier in the season, she was rehearsing with Grane, famed war horse, when she became tangled in its lead-string; there was a moment's scuffle, the horse stepped upon Mme. Larsen-Todsen. Mme. Müller, a 23-year-old soprano from Czech-Slovakia, was loudly and justly applauded when she made her first U. S. appearance in *Die Walküre*.

No Critics

Ernest Newman, writer on Music for *The New York Evening Post*, told incipient "journalists" of the Columbia School that "there have never been, there is not today, of the music critics, one who can be called a real critic."

Thereupon Deems Taylor, writer on



LARSEN-TODSEN
Suffers little by comparison

Music for *The New York World*, colonized, saying:

"An active contemporary critical fraternity that includes in its ranks such contributors to the permanent literature of musical comment as Lawrence Gilman, William J. Henderson and Ernest Newman, cannot be said to be utterly destitute of real critics."

"Broadly speaking, though, Mr. Newman is absolutely right—certainly so far as concerns the newspaper critics. I sometimes wonder whether, strictly speaking, we have any right to be called music critics at all. At least nine-tenths of our time and energy is spent in writing appraisals of performances. The music, most of it, is not new, and what we write, when boiled down, amounts to but little more than saying that it was performed better or worse than it was the last time we heard it. Reduce any average newspaper music critique to its lowest terms, and you will arrive at something like this: 'The Symphonic Orchestra gave a concert last night in Carnegie Hall. Mr. Damfurburg, this week's guest conductor, gave a perfectly terrible performance of Weber's *Oberon* overture, and a very good one of those Handel concertos *grossi*. He took the first movement of Chykovsky's * *Fifth Symphony* faster than he should, sentimentalized the second, was too slow in the third and was superb in the fourth. The concert ended with the *Tannhäuser* overture as usual.'"

"The kind of criticism Mr. Newman is talking about cannot be done on a newspaper. For a critic is essentially a person who feels and thinks; and though feeling may, on occasion, be swift enough to catch the third edition, thought takes time. The weeklies might manage some real criticism, only they don't."

*The famed Russian composer's name can be spelled in a variety of ways; Tschaiowsky is the chosen of TIME.

EDUCATION

In China

On a clear day, the students of Yali College, Changsha (Yale-in-China), were engaged in a football* game against Boone University of Wuchang. Play was heated; the referee was somnolent; a bullet-head from Yali interlarded with a slant-eyed Wuchang. Fists flew; both teams stopped to watch the scufflers. Suddenly, into the melee, came pelting a gentleman in a long gown of scholarly silk—Professor Kau (Yali). Forthwith, he smote down the Yali scuffer, strode away.

Yalis put their heads together. The president of the student council called a meeting, waiting not for faculty permission. From the meeting came a mandate—Professor Kau must apologize for his barbarity by humbling himself before all at Chapel Service, where, decreed the Yalis, he should bow three times to students, three times to faculty. President Hume of Yali had this carried out—triumph in the Yali camp. Then President Hume expelled the President of the Student Council—triumph for Professor Kau. Thereupon 240 Yalis refused to attend classes, wrote for help to the Anti-Foreign and Anti-Christian Association. President Hume also set pen to paper, informed the parents of these Yalis—"if they do not return at once, they will be out for good." Back came the humbled 240.

In Near East

Where the fringes of Asia touch Europe the Black Sea pours its waters down the Bosphorus into the blue Mediterranean and divides the West from the East. Here is the Near East, with its diversified aromas, its medley of tongues and faiths, its rowdy bazaars, its quaint assortment of dress, its veiled women—a land where Allah is worshipped and Muhammad is his Prophet. Here, too, are five American Colleges fearlessly imparting learning to various people of various races, of various religions.

To these strange waters have sailed the persons, money, interests of many American families, most notable of which is that of Dodge, a family famed in copper-mining, Presbyterianism, Y. M. C. A. work, general benevolence, peace.

Last week, Cleveland H. Dodge† inaugurated a drive for \$2,500,000 for these Eastern seats. Said he: "It is hoped that this amount may be under-

*Long did Yali students scorn all athletics for the reasons 1) that they are undignified; 2) that they cannot well be performed in the long robes that distinguished in China a scholar from a clod.

†Of the Princeton class which graduated Woodrow Wilson, Cyrus H. McCormick, Robert Bridges.

RELIGION

written as an insurance policy within a few months."

Then he came forward with \$500,000, one-fifth of the entire amount.

Three generations of Dodges have interested themselves in educational and relief work in the Near East. William Earl Dodge, father of Cleveland H.



BAYARD DODGE
His pay is \$1.00

Dodge, was the first President of the American College at Beirut, a position now filled by his grandson, Bayard Dodge, on a salary of \$1.00 a year. Miss Grace Dodge, sister of Cleveland, was President of the Constantinople Woman's College until her death; while a daughter is the wife of George W. Huntington, who is Vice President of Robert College.

The five colleges are:

Robert College, founded in 1863 by Rhinelander Robert, merchant, and Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, missionary. It is situated midway up the Bosphorus on the European side.

Constantinople Woman's College was founded in 1890 by Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, who resigned last year (TIME, Aug. 11) after 53 years' service, and was succeeded by Mrs. Kathryn Newell Adams, born in Prague, Bohemia, of missionary parents.

The American University of Beirut, in Syria, founded by Dr. Daniel Bliss in 1866, is situated on the foothills of the Lebanon a few hours' distance from the ruins of Tyre and Sidon.

The International College of Smyrna, once thriving, has suffered considerably from the Great War and Turko-Greek wars.

The Sofia American Schools are mission schools at the capital of Bulgaria.

All these institutions are now educating 2,838 students of 29 different nationalities and at least eight different religions.

Princeton

Clarence Edward Macartney is a Philadelphia preacher of repute; is, as Moderator, this year's official exemplar of Presbyterianism; is, among other ecclesiastical desirabilities, a director of the Princeton Theological Seminary; is, pronouncedly, a Fundamentalist. To Princeton's theological alumni, at their annual foregathering, he addressed himself, said:

"Princeton Theological Seminary has long been the despair of the liberal theologians and all the sons of re-statement and reinterpretation, which, being interpreted, means evacuating the New Testament doctrines of their Christian meaning. They would rend the heavens with a shout if they thought that Princeton Theological Seminary shook in a single stone of its ancient foundations. This noble nursery of faith and piety and the other evangelical seminaries of the Presbyterian Church are the hope of the Church for tomorrow. If these fountains be poisoned, then woe to the Church!"

Separatists

These past many months, the Presbyterian of New York—about the only unit in the Presbyterian Church which is predominantly Liberal—has prepared for a series of meetings generally described as "revivals." But two churches, staunchly Fundamental, withdrew from the revival's scope. Said the pastor of one: "We were informed that the Presbyterian ministers of the city would interchange pulpits for two weeks. My session gave that prayerful attention. We concluded unanimously that the time was 'ill-advised.'" Said the pastor of the other: "No, sir! I am not inviting any Modernists up here to give us any of their dry dust."

Giant

Spring, looking toward annual conventions in May and June, is the war season in many churches. The Fundamentalist brethren of the Presbyterian communion looked ahead, last week, to the Assembly at Columbus, Ohio, where Fundamentalist Macartney's term as Moderator will expire and a new Moderator will be chosen. They started a boom for William L. McEwan, Pittsburgh pastor. Said Dr. Walter D. Buchanan of Manhattan:

"Dr. McEwan is a giant. . . . He is fair minded, capable and true to the church. He stands four-square for the inerrant Bible, historic Presbyterianism and evangelism and is a mighty power in the missionary world."

Zion

Dr. Chaim Weizmann, President of the World Zionist Organization, de-

barked in Manhattan to spend three weeks in raising more money for the Zionist movement, the back-to-Palestine movement of the Jews.

In the last four years, the Palestine Foundation Fund has collected \$7,204,439 to finance the movement, of which 60% has come from America. True, the Jews of America are the richest Jews in the world, but the Jews of America are far from united in support of the Zionist cause. Henry Morgenthau, former ambassador to Turkey, is a direct opponent. Other prominent Jews, such as Justice Louis D. Brandeis and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, while favorable to the movement, have not approved of the policy of the Foundation Fund, believing that the movement should be financed by private initiative rather than by the Fund's communal methods.

But Dr. Weizmann came full of enthusiasm, rendering an optimistic account of developments in Palestine:

Education: "In addition to the modern grade and high schools, a technical school has been opened at Haifa; and the entire system is about to be crowned with the Hebrew University* on Mount Skopos, near the Mount of Olives."

Music: "Apart from reading, the



CHAIM WEIZMANN

He has hopes for the Holy Land

population relies chiefly upon sports and music for recreation. By music I mean serious music. We even have the beginnings of opera. The performances are out of doors. Almost

*Dr. Weizmann goes presently to England and will accompany Lord Balfour to Palestine to open this university in April.

the Imperial Opera in Petrograd are now in Palestine."

Movies: "You can't feed the population of Palestine on movies. The people are too fastidious."

Books: "The one thing you will find in every community, no matter how small or how new, is a library containing the leading periodicals from various parts of the world, and good books."

Experiment

Samuel Butler observed that most good Christians of his day would have been deeply shocked if they had ever encountered anyone who took Christianity seriously. But there are even now people who believe that the example of Christ is not past the flesh to follow; indeed, that it is an example well worth the scrutiny of the U. S. business man. These people, many of them members of Evangelical Churches, have hitherto worked in Sunday Schools, Bible Classes, Universities, asking the question long ago put forward by Charles Sheldon, author of *In His Steps*—"What would happen if we took Christianity seriously?" Last week, in Des Moines, Iowa, this question was asked as never before by such efficient questioners as John R. Mott, potent Y. M. C. A. chief, and active George Sherwood Eddy, famed preacher. A campaign was organized, backed by the business men of Des Moines, to ask this question of every man, woman and child in the town; the week was called "Religious Life Emphasis Week."

Three men of Des Moines—Carl C. Proper, magazine publisher; Will E. Toner, President of Toner Brothers' Spice Company; George W. Webber, Secretary of the Des Moines Y. M. C. A.—were in the habit of meeting in a quiet way, often at a certain camp which nestled in the wilderness outside the city, at which times they discussed ideals. Their little group grew rapidly. They determined to invite Dr. Mott. They invited also George Sherwood Eddy, preeminent among the exhorters of Americans and others, who speaks always with clenched fist, contracted brow, tight-drawn lips. He bullies men's

consciences, he stirs their emotions. In almost every land, he has exhorted for peace, brotherhood, personal purity, "taking Christ seriously."

Thus the movement was organized



GEORGE SHERWOOD EDDY

"What would happen if we took Christianity seriously?"

which has challenged a U. S. community with the full implication of the Gospel of Christ.

Dr. Mott made the opening address. It was broadcasted from WHO, Des Moines. Forthwith Mr. Eddy, helped by Dr. A. Ray Petty, Manhattan social service worker, began to preach. In different parts of the city, 140 meetings were held during the week. Every day at noon, in the largest downtown theatre, services were held for office-workers. Speakers addressed all the clubs in Des Moines, including the Chamber of Commerce, Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Cosmopolitan, Canopus, Gyro, Caravan, Women's Civic. Said Mr. Proper: "This movement is the beginning of a great crusade. . . . Science has shown us that what is true in the laboratory test tube is true in the outside world. Both the church and the layman will gain immeasurably by this experiment."

The results of such an experiment cannot, of course, be tabulated.

Methodists at Top

The incoming Congress was investigated, was discovered to adhere religiously as follows:

	House	Senate
Methodist	90	27
Presbyterian	63	11
Episcopal	57	22
Baptist	48	5
Congregational	32	6
Roman Catholic	32	4
Christian Disciple	21	1
Lutheran	17	2
Hebrew	8	0
Protestant	7	0

Unitarian	4	2
Quaker	3	1
Reformed	3	0
United Brethren	2	0
Universalist	2	0
Mennonite	1	0
Mormon	1	2
Christian Scientist	1	0
None	35	10
Unknown	7	3
Vacancies	1	0

Also reported: in the House, 304 Masons, 98 Knights of Pythias, 74 Odd Fellows; in the Senate, 65 Masons, 13 Knights, 7 Odd Fellows.

"America," says the Methodist Board of Temperance, "was founded by men who were, in the main, devoted believers in the Christian faith, and the Nation will not go far astray as long as it is directed according to the principles of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man as laid down by the Christian church."

Sermons

Again, Joseph Fort Newton, Manhattan divine, will edit an anthology of the year's best sermons (see LETTERS).

SCIENCE

Occult Acts

Among the exoteric doings of the human race were the following:

Gilbert Murray. To the Society for Psychical Research in London, one Mrs. Henry Sedgwick read a paper on thought transference in which she reviewed the results of 259 experiments conducted over a period of years.

Of the number of cases on which Mrs. Sedgwick touched none was more interesting than that of a white-haired, stooping man whose name is renowned as an eminent Greek scholar and an active partisan of the League of Nations—Professor Sir Gilbert Murray. The Professor, as is well known, is actively interested in the occult. Ten years ago, he endeavored to explain telepathic phenomena as being due to a sixth sense, a view in which Mrs. Sedgwick concurred.

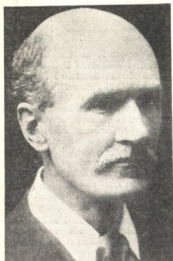
It was in support of this argument that she cited Sir Gilbert's uncanny proficiency in thought reading. She believed that in most cases neither sight, sound, smell, taste nor touch had any influence in the remarkable experiments conducted.

The plan was to send Sir Gilbert out of the room and out of earshot, while a given person voiced a thought in the presence of a number of people. In one instance his son, Basil, said: "I'm thinking of the sinking of the Titanic and one of the bandsmen playing *Nearer, My God, to Thee* to nearly the end, and then he dived off

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and sat on his cello until he was picked up by a boat."

Then Sir Gilbert came back into the room and said: "This is something awful—big shipwreck. I suppose it is the *Lusitania*. No it's not the *Lusitania*. It's a thing that ran into an iceberg—the *Titanic*, and a



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PROFESSOR SIR GILBERT MURRAY
His sixth sense is Greek to Houdini

singing of hymns. I feel as if my cello was crashing a fiddle or a cello, or breaking up a musical instrument. People are being picked up out of the water and saved."

Margery. Margery is Mrs. Le Roi G. Crandon, wife of a Boston physician and a medium of hitherto unquestioned standing. About a year ago, she entered into competition for the \$2,500 prize which *The Scientific American* (monthly magazine, once, in its palmier days, a weekly) was offering.

A Committee of Psychic Phenomena investigated Margery. They investigated her for nearly a whole year and then four of the five judges went on record that Margery had failed to produce any supernatural phenomena. Apparently, as long as Margery was in control of the situation "things happened," but as soon as she lost control nothing happened. So Margery is not to get the prize.

Houdini. In imitation of the Gilbert Murray feats Harry Houdini,* American wizard, gave a private performance in his Manhattan home.

He left his guests in a sitting room and ascended three floors to his bedroom—once he stripped naked—closed the door in the presence of a

*Harry Houdini, 51, has been interested in spiritualism since the official dawn of his manhood. Some time ago he made a compact with seven men, since dead, to send a message from the Great Beyond, but he has not received so much as a sign.

witness who stood guard while down below three thought tests were written out and whispered around. The wizard descended.

Walter Lippmann, editorial writer on the *New York World*, thought of "Lord Curzon in the Foreign Office last January." Houdini failed to receive the thought.

Bernard M. Baruch, financier, thought: "Don't give up the ship." Houdini, after a struggle, got "a sense of heaving water and a ship."

Dr. Edward J. Kempf, psychiatrist, thought of "Buffalo Bill's monument in Wyoming by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney." Replied Houdini: "I get the picture of a man killing cattle—no, buffalos. I see him bringing meat to men building a railroad. He has long hair."

Houdini's point was that Professor Sir Gilbert Murray had not done anything supernatural. "Telepathy is impossible," he said. He insisted that what little he had done was natural and scientific and refused to reveal his method.

Minutae and Magnificae

The American Association for the Advancement of Science, the great all-inclusive scientific society of the Western hemisphere, gives an annual prize of \$1,000 for what it deems an outstanding scientific achievement. This year, the prize has been divided.

Half of it was given to Dr. L. R. Cleveland of Johns Hopkins University for research into the physiology of protozoa inhabiting the digestive tracts of termites and other animals. These protozoa are far from being the smallest animals known, but the layman can get an idea of their size from the fact that they dwell in the intestines of white ants.

The other half of the prize was given to Dr. Edwin Hubble of Mount Wilson Observatory for measurement of the distance to two remote spiral nebulae in Andromeda and Triangulum. He found in these nebulae numbers of variable stars. Measurement of the brightness of these stars established that they were 4,000 to 8,000 times as bright as the sun. From this date, he calculated the distance from the earth to those stars as 930,000 light years,* or about five and a half quintillion (5,500,000,000,000,000) miles. As compared to the belief of only a few years ago that the diameter of the sidereal universe was about 350,000 light years, this is rather a magnificent extension of the world's dimensions.

Thus, with one prize, does a great scientific society commend the progress of science toward the infinitely great, towards the infinitely small.

*A light year, common astronomical measure, is the distance that light travels in a year (at a known speed of about 186,000 miles a second).

MEDICINE

Hexylresorcinol

For ten years, Dr. Veader Leonard and a group of confrères in the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health, Baltimore, have worked with poisons—salts, acids, fats, with blue canisters of strange mineral, with bottles of green, fatal syrup. They sought that latter-day elixir, a fluid deadly to germs, harmless to man, a perfect antiseptic. Last week, came the announcement that they had found and tested such a germicide—hexylresorcinol, 50 times as powerful as carbolic acid.

Dr. Leonard began his experiments with carbolic acid, which, as is well known, kills disease germs and man with equal despatch. To resorcinol (very similar to carbolic acid) certain "fatty" acids were linked. The result was, at first, both an excellent antiseptic and a deadly poison. As the molecular properties increased, the antiseptic properties increased, the poisonous effect diminished. At last, with great difficulty, six atypical groups of the acids were united with the resorcinol, hexylresorcinol formed.

Warily, Dr. Leonard administered some of this fluid to a rabbit. The small creature lived. He took some himself, survived. His attendants each swallowed their doses, were not harmed. Then the antiseptic was administered in some cases of kidney dis-



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DR. VEADER LEONARD
Salts, acids, fats

ease in the Johns Hopkins Hospital. Within 48 hours, these cases were cured totally and, to all appearances, permanently. A committee of 15 learned gentlemen from the National Research

Council was appointed to conduct further investigation.

Eye Hospital

Mrs. Aida de Acosta Root, wife of Wren Root, Manhattan Traction magnate and nephew of Lawyer Elihu Root, was going blind. Across Europe she hurried, from hospital to hospital, received little help, took ship, came to the U. S., to Washington, D. C., asked for an appointment with Dr. William Holland Wilmer, famed eye specialist. Said Dr. Wilmer's secretary: "You can have an appointment in six weeks."

"I am going blind," said Mrs. Root. "I must see him now."

Dr. Wilmer operated twice on her eyes, saved the sight of one. She learned that he had just paid, out of his own funds, a deficit of \$6,000 incurred by his hospital, that he wanted to work at certain researches but lacked the time, the money. Forthwith she incorporated an endowment fund, called it the Wilmer Foundation, enlisted the help of prominent philanthropists. Money came rapidly. The Rockefeller Board of Education offered, if \$1,500,000 could be raised, to add another \$1,500,000 for the establishment of a great hospital for eye diseases, under Dr. Wilmer's direction, in conjunction with the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

Last week, the fund was completed. Rich men, poor men, beggar men, followers of miscellaneous professions, clinked their money in the same pot.

From Earl Grey, British statesman, a former patient of Dr. Wilmer's, a check; from J. P. Morgan, \$100,000; from George F. Baker and George F. Baker Jr., \$100,000; from Frank Munsey, Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Julius Rosenwald, Joseph E. Widener, Felix M. Warburg, Samuel Sachs, Benjamin Stern, Mrs. Henry R. Rea, James Speyer and other contributors, came generous gifts.

The hospital, it is planned, will open in September. It will have 40 free beds, extensive laboratory resources.

THE PRESS

Cautions

Some time ago, the *Becco Giallo* (Yellow Beak), a weekly political paper of Rome, was suppressed for being unkind to Mussolini.

A week later, it ran no risks. It appeared with fashion plates and articles on its front page; on its second page were descriptions of churches and palaces of Rome and a list of addresses ("to be continued"); from the telephone directory; the third page was devoted to children's pictures and tales; the last page, to cooking recipes.

West of Tipperary

News is original in a sense, but newspapers are prepared to vie with one another for additional originality in

"Bostonians were refreshed or antagonized by her presence according to the vital possibilities within them of breaking away from life at second hand."

Such was Isabella Stewart Gardner, as Elizabeth Ward Perkins sees her, in the March number of Scribner's Magazine.

People are refreshed or antagonized by Scribner's Magazine according to the vital possibilities still within them of breaking away from life at second hand.

If there is a moral to adorn the tale, it is for you to draw.

You and I and the rest of us—the life we live, the laws we live under, the people we live with—our virtues and our foibles, the admirable and the pitiable, the ridiculous and the sublime in us—these are the objects of attention in the March Scribner's Magazine.

A novelist, a mining engineer, a woman, an editor, and a historian, among

others, present us to ourselves.

Struthers Burt pictures this "gallant, desperate, gorgeous, and uncomfortable age" in "The Epic Note."

John Hays Hammond points to "Strong Men of the Wild West" and the thugs of today.

Caroline MacGill takes a fling at "American Mythology."

Gerald W. Johnson describes the struggle to emerge from the shadow of reconstruction in "The Battling South."

George Sarton bids us ascend to the crow's nest of life where the rule is "the higher the deeper."

Charles S. Myers discusses "Humanizing Industry."

For Your Convenience

Will Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York, please send me

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for one year and a bill for four dollars.

almost anything, so long as they can lay claim to it.

For example, the *New York Evening Graphic*, Manhattan gum chewers' sheetlet, property of Bernard Macfadden, planned a Crossword Puzzle Contest. Others copied it and one even went to the extent of printing the probable answers of the *Graphic's* puzzles (TIME, Feb. 2). But the crossword puzzle contest wore out; and the *Graphic* promptly announced a new contest, or series of contests—\$150 a day in prizes for the last line of incomplete limericks to be published.

Quite unabashed, the *New York Evening Journal* (Hearst) pounced upon the Limerick Contest. Before the *Graphic* had its new contest under way, the *Journal* had already begun a

Limerick Contest with prizes of \$200 a day.

Fuming, the *Graphic* editorialized:

This paper was not surprised yesterday when its Limerick Contest idea was pounced upon with desperate rapidity by the direct descendants of Ali Baba and his forty thieves on the *New York Journal*.

In the meantime, readers should remember that the best ideas are first in the *Graphic*.

The makers of tobat's called a "journal"

"Edit" a scrambled diurnal;

No ideas can they hatch,

So they steal, paste and patch.

And feel they've done something infernal.

Surely the invention of the limerick was a brilliant piece of originality. Who did it, or why he named the verse-form after the country which lies just

west of Tipperary, is not known. But the limerick was developed and popularized by Edward Lear 80 or 90 years ago. He was a young artist of 20 who had just published some colored plates of the rarer Psittacidae (parrots). The 13th Earl of Derby went up to London thereupon and lured Lear to go down to Knowsley to draw Derby's private menagerie. While there, he wrote some poems for the delectation of his patron's young grandson, the 15th Earl (to be). These included the first limericks of record and were published a few years later as the *Book of Nonsense*.

As a matter of fact, however, the limerick had not wasted away in the decades between Mr. Lear's book and the *Graphic's* rediscovery. Indeed, it has been a more or less regular attraction for some weeks in a contemporary though not a rival of the *Graphic*, published indeed in the same town—the literary supplement of *The New York Evening Post*. In the latter have been appearing for some weeks such gems as:

*A great Congregational preacher
Told a hen, "You're a wonderful creature."
And the hen, upon that,
Laid three eggs in his hat
And thus did the Henry Ward Beecher.*

*There once was an old man of Lyme,
Who married three wives at a time.
When asked, "Why the third?"
He replied, "One's above;
And bigamy, air, is a crime!"*

*A tutor who tooted the flute
Tried to tutor two tooters to toot.
Asked the two of the tutors:
"Is it harder to toot or
To tutor two tooters to toot?"*

*There was a young lady of Crew
Who wanted to catch the 2.2
Said a porter, "Don't worry,
Or ferry, or scurry,
It's a minute or 2.2.2."*

*There was an old man of St. Bee,
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp.
When asked, "Does it hurt?"
He replied, "No, it doesn't;
I'm so glad that it wasn't a hornet."
(W. S. Gilbert)*

*There was a young person named Tate,
Who went out to dine at 8.8
But I will not relate
What that person named Tate
And his tit-bit-e ate at 8.8.*

*There was a faith-healer of Deal
Who said, "Although pain isn't real,
If I sit on a pin
And it punctures my skin,
I dislike what I fancy I feel."*

*There was a young girl at the shore
Had the same shape behind us before
You never knew where
To offer a chair
So she had to sit down on the floor!*

Undoubtedly, the *Graphic* did not hatch its idea from *The New York Evening Post*, for, since no *Graphic* reader would be likely to look at such a "highbrow" paper, the same might apply to its editors—and, besides, the *Post* did not offer prizes for last lines. However, the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, in its 1911 edition, remarked: "In recent years, competitions of the 'missing word' type have had a considerable vogue, the competitor, for instance, having to supply the last line of the limerick."

SPORT

Skating Champion

At Lake Placid, paradise of icemen, sport went forward last week, not with pick and tongs, but with long blades of polished steel. Francis Allen of Chicago (*TIME*, Feb. 16) slashed the glassy lake with his runners, defeated Charles Gorman of Canada, champion last season, 120 points to 80, was crowned amateur speed skating champion of the U. S.

Gold Racquets

Two men, dripping with perspiration, beat a small rubber ball against a wall, sock, sock, sock! They were Clarence C. Pell, National Racquets Champion, and Stanley G. Mortimer, his famed doubles partner, playing against each other in the annual singles "Gold Racquets" tourney at Tuxedo Park, N. Y. Pell won the first game, 15-6; Mortimer the second, 15-8; Pell the third, 18-13; Mortimer the fourth, 15-10; Pell the fifth and the tournament, 15-9.

Pointer vs. Airedale

Dogs are expert in judging human quality. With a single sniff at a man's trouser-leg, they determine his social standing; one leap against his chest is enough to inform them of his character. It is more difficult for a man to judge of the excellences of a dog. He requires paraphernalia—ropes, lights, leashes, a specially constructed pen, an exhaustive training; often his fellows gather in great packs to observe his judgments, which they confirm with shrill murmurs or deride with rasping growls. Last week such a display took place in Manhattan at the annual dogshow of the Westminster Kennel Club.

For three days, various sorts of dogs padded around a sawdust circle—terriers, shepherds, spaniels, collies, retrievers, chihuahuas, whippets, elkhounds, greyhounds, wolfhounds, setters, pointers, pinschers, griffons, poodles, pugs, Newfoundlanders, Pomeranians, beagles, basset hounds, bulldogs—while humans in corresponding variety watched them with admiring gaze. At last, after many ribbons had been awarded, it was time to decide which was the best dog of all.

Into the ring were led four animals of splendid family, physique and decorum. To gain entrance into that final class, a dog must have been recognized as superior to all other dogs of his kind. The four were: **Governor Moscow**, pointer, owned by Robert F. Maloney—a lean, piebald dog, massive-boned, with dark shelves under his eyes indicating his aristocratic birth. His tail stood out behind him like a dandy's cane, lacquered in black and white.

Westphalia Princessin, Doberman pinscher, owned by Ilisa V. D. Konigstad—a dog with a sly, Ten-

tonic face, ribald yet alert, lifting her pointed ears sharply, pricking up the small black stump which, instead of a tail, adorned the termination of her vertebrae.

War Bride, airedale, owned by the Davishill Kennels—a beautiful bitch, champion of an airedale class in which there were 2,097 entries. Her body was a tapering cone, her forelegs struts, her hindlegs coiled springs.

Sunny Meade Petit Poilu, Brussels griffon, owned by Mrs. William D. Goff, strutted among the others, well knowing that he would have made but a scant meal for any one of them, but looking at the mountainous beasts, his rivals, with a gaze of bleak hauteur. Long silky hair clothed his bandy legs in elegance and provided him with a beard which would have commanded respect from a Saxon monarch.

While the four paraded, dog fanciers noted down their last wagers. "War Bride will win," said the crowd. It was the Airedale the most popular breed in the U. S.?

The judges had the dogs lined up now; they called out War Bride and Governor Moscow for a last turn, conferred a moment, came forward with a blue ribbon. "Who's getting it—the bitch?" queried dog-fanciers, craning their necks. No, for War Bride was back in line. It was Governor Moscow; he was the champion of champions. For the first time in over 25 years, a pointer had won the Kennel Club show.*

Records

Running:

Last week, the following world's records were broken in the U. S.:

☛ 2000-yard: Paavo Nurmi; time, 4 min. 53½ sec.

☛ 2000-metre: Paavo Nurmi; time, 5 min. 22½ sec.

☛ 1½-mile: Paavo Nurmi; time, 5 min. 23½ sec.

☛ 2-mile: William Ritola; time, 9 min. 34½ sec.

☛ 2-mile: Paavo Nurmi; time, 8 min. 58½ sec.

☛ 1½-mile: Paavo Nurmi; time, 7 min. 51½ sec.

☛ 3-mile: William Ritola; time, 14 min. 19½ sec.

☛ 1-mile: Lloyd Hahn; time, 4 min. 13½ sec.

Swimming:

☛ 500-yard: Arne Borg; time, 4 min. 49½ sec.

☛ 1000-yard: Arne Borg; time, 12 min. 12½ sec.

☛ 100-metre: Ethel Lackie; time, 1 min. 12 sec.

☛ 880-yard: Ethel McGary; time, 13 min. 7 sec.

☛ 300-yard medley: Carin Nilsson; time, 4 min. 36½ sec.

☛ 200-yard relay: Yale relay team; (Peterson, Hall, Bronson, Brunnell); time, 1 min. 37 sec.

*Barberry Hill Roadlegger—last year's prize dog—did not compete.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

The Current Situation

The financial markets have come to another halt. The stock market, digesting recent price-advances, has proved irregular and less active, while sterling exchange has also lingered on its way back to par. The wheat market has experienced a severe but apparently speculative break below \$2.00. Iron and steel production has mounted rapidly to what is already being called its peak for 1925 by business forecasters.

Money still remains easy and interest rates low. Business is not yet making very serious inroads on the bank's loanable funds and, as a result, there is little need of rediscounting. This leaves the Federal Reserve Banks with comparatively few bills and little paper in their portfolios; and, in order to show even light earnings, the Banks have been purchasing bills in the open market—a practice which, of course, tends to maintain ease in bank credit and low interest rates.

Gold exports continue heavy, yet the

country's large trade balance in recent months leads many financial writers here and abroad to predict that the outward flow of gold from the U. S. will shortly halt and that we may even see some of the recently exported yellow metal come back to us again later in the year.


Trustbusting or Trustbunk?

Last week, the U. S. Senate adopted a resolution directing the Federal Trade Commission to undertake an investigation of the General Electric Co. to determine whether it and its subsidiaries have acquired a monopoly or exercise a control in restraint of trade. Another resolution was adopted providing for an investigation of the American Tobacco Co. to determine similar facts and also whether there was a conspiracy to boycott tobacco growers' cooperatives. Senator Trammell of Florida proposed an inquiry into the rise in gasoline prices. A proposal has been made for an investigation in wheat and bread prices because of recent increases. Senator Howell threatens a similar inquiry into the railroad consolidations of the Van Sweringens. All these things would seem to indicate that there is to be a revival of "trustbusting."

This ancient and honorable sport dates back to three decades ago. It was in 1882 that Samuel C. T. Dodd, onetime anti-big-business lawyer employed by the Standard Oil Co., drew up a type of trust* agreement which later made the name of trust odious as a loose term applied to any large business organization. It connoted the idea of securing monopolies by unscrupulous practices. There were two principal evils which were combated in that third decade ago. One was the formation of pools and price-fixing agreements with the aim of driving smaller competitors out of business. The other was a form of connivance between certain favored companies and various railways so that those companies might have lower freight rates than their competitors.

In 1887, the Interstate Commerce Commission was set up to prevent

*By this type of agreement, stockholders in a number of companies gave their stock into the hands of trustees, who issued trust certificates. The trustees ran the companies much as if they had been amalgamated and divided the profits among the holders of the certificates. This type of organization was very popular for a time; but long before the Standard Oil Co. was dissolved—or divided rather—it had abandoned the trust agreement and become a single large corporation.



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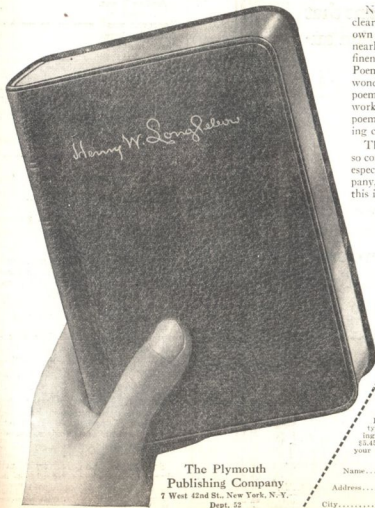
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the latter. In 1890, the Sherman Anti-Trust Act was passed to prevent the former. Later, the Federal Trade Commission was set up to aid in suppressing such practices and the Clayton Act to prevent interlocking directorates was passed. Meanwhile, the trusts were continuing. Things were getting bad and the country was getting frightened. Arthur T. Hadley, then President of Yale, conservative as he was, admitted, along about 1900, his fear that within 25 years the country would be ruled by an economic emperor at Washington.

It was only after the anti-trust law had been on the statute books for about a dozen years that action was taken. Theodore Roosevelt was in the White House. He gave the word to Attorney General Knox. First there were investigations and publicity, then prosecutions. One after another, trusts were knocked on the head and compelled to disintegrate. In 1904 and 1905, the Northern Securities, the Beef Trust, the Addyston Pipe Co. were dispatched. Later came the Standard Oil case (which lasted for five years before the company lost and was dissolved) and the American Tobacco Co. case.

And so it went.

But even at that time, President Roosevelt was compelled to make a distinction between “good trusts” and “bad trusts,” between the trusts which were the instruments of “malefactors of great wealth” and those which had grown great simply because they were captained by capable business men. The vital quality of big business is apparent from the fact that, since “dissolution,” most of the “trusts” have prospered, indicating either that the old practices were unnecessary or that legal attack was ineffectual.

Now, in large measure, the old trusts, the old trust builders and also the old fear of trusts has gone. Big business still takes its toll of small, but it does so mostly by the greater efficiency which comes from mass operation and this is regarded as legitimate. The old trust masters, ambitious egoists, often unscrupulous, have either died or retired. In their place is a new generation who overbid their competitors in efficiency, of which Henry Ford is an example. The public fear of trusts has gone likewise, because the public understands that big business is a necessity under modern conditions and, especially in the last decade, because the public is becoming more and more a security holder. The U. S. Steel Corporation, for example, today has 159,000 stockholders, almost four times as many as in 1901; the American Telegraph & Telephone Co. has 343,000 stockholders, including 22,000 housewives, 10,000 clerks, 24,000 laborers.

So the situation is very much changed, not only as regards public opinion, but also as regards the “captains of industry” who must be dealt

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with and the organization of industry itself, at this time when Congress is apparently launching on a new trust-busting career.

The General Electric Co., where the first investigation strikes, was not in existence when the Sherman Anti-Trust Law was passed. Two years later, in 1892, Charles A. Coffin founded it by combining the Edison General Electric Co. and the Thompson-Houston Electric Co. Even after this combination, it was a comparatively small concern engaged in the manufacture of electrical apparatus. Now it has plants in 40 cities, employs over 74,000 men and its stock approaches \$200,000,000.

Its growth is intimately connected with the growth of electrical public utilities in this country, for these utilities were badly in need of money for development. The General Electric, through its subsidiary, the Electric Bond and Share Co., helped to finance them and in return took a large measure of their business. This fact incidentally accounts in large part for the present investigation; because of this aid in financing public utilities, the General Electric is indirectly a large security holder in many companies.

Whether or not this situation actually constituted a legal or other monopoly, it undoubtedly would furnish a convenient talking point for our trust-busting statesmen, and the General Electric knew it. Therefore, while Senator Norris fulminated in Washington, the company's Board of Directors met, and voted to turn over the Electric Bond &

Share Co. to a new corporation, whose stock would then be distributed share for share to the existing General Electric stockholders. This was, in a general way, the method adopted by the Government in breaking up the old "Standard Oil Trust" in 1911; its employment by the General Electric gave that company a powerful alibi to any official charges of monopoly.

Not to be balked by this procedure, Senator Norris worded his resolution so that not only the General Electric Co. but its stockholders may be investigated. Since the Electric Bond and Share Co.'s stock is for the moment held exclusively by the stockholders of the General Electric, there should still be something for radical senators to inveigh against, although there is probably nothing legally actionable.

This is the company which is being investigated. Its president is Gerard Swope.* The chairman of its board of directors is Owen D. Young. It is hard to imagine a greater contrast than that between Mr. Young and the trust masters of two and three decades ago. He was born on a farm in New York State, 50 years ago. He had trouble in financing a college career; but his father borrowed \$1,000 and put him through St. Lawrence University by the time he was 20. Then he went on to Boston University and, earning his way, took a three-year law course in two years.

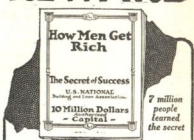
He emerged a lanky boy of 22 and started practicing law in Boston, specializing in corporate and public-utility law. His work brought him into contact with the firm of Stone & Webster, electrical engineers, and he began to diverge into the electrical industry. He attracted the notice of Charles A. Coffin, who, in 1912, made him general counsel of the "G. E." In 1922, when Mr. Coffin, after 30 years as head of the company resigned, Mr. Young was made Chairman of the Board—a lawyer at industry's top.

Still the farm boy, with his hair parted in the middle, straightforward eyes, six feet tall, loosely built, a tireless worker, deliberate in manner, he had become a power in the country; the father of five children, still owner of the old Young farm, he had enlarged it, stocked it with thoroughbred cattle. Yet none of these things were enough for him.

He organized the Radio Corporation of America. When for a time it seemed that British interests would control the U. S. radio field, the British Marconi Wireless Co. went to the General Electric and offered \$4,000,000 for a certain patent (the Alexander alternator). Mr. Young refused

*Brother of Herbert B. Swope, editor of *The New York World*.
The story is that one sweltering summer's day, the boy Young went to Cooperstown and entered the Court House. There he saw lawyers sitting, talking in cool ease and straightway he resolved that such a life was infinitely preferable to sweating in the fields.

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Clemenceau challenged Lloyd George to a duel

At Versailles, one day, during a meeting of the Premier's Council, Clemenceau accused Lloyd George so flatly of repeated inaccuracies of statement that Lloyd George rose, seized him by the collar, and demanded an apology. After Wilson had separated them, Clemenceau offered Lloyd George reparation with pistols or swords,—as soon as he should have acquired a domicile in Paris, and in the meantime, refused to apologize. This story, the day after it was published in Henry Wickham Steed's memoirs, *Through Thirty Years*, was flashed around the world by the newspapers, and created a sensation in Europe and America. Its truth was promptly denied by Clemenceau and Lloyd George, but Steed, who formerly was editor of the *London Times* and for a quarter century has known more of the inside story of Europe than any other man, has been disavowed many famous times before, and later been proven substantially correct.

"It will not do, then," says the *Living Age*, "to dismiss Mr. Steed too casually—and in any case

the squabbles of prime ministers are of no great importance, since prime ministers are always squabbling over something. Mr. Steed's book, however, is tremendously interesting and tremendously important because it is, as the author himself says in his preface, 'a story of international public life in the past thirty years.'

"The book is given the form of an autobiography, although it is more nearly a secret history of international affairs by one of the best informed of living journalists than an account of the writer's life. Mr. Steed's own career is nothing but the cord joining the beads in the necklace, and the beads are a series of illuminating anecdotes, genuine revelations, and shrewd interpretations for which one may seek in vain in the solemn official histories. Mr. Steed himself says of his book: 'Its justification is that, as far as I am aware, no other writer or journalist enjoyed, during that period, quite the same opportunities as those that good fortune gave me to observe men and things in and beyond Europe.'

Steed, for thirty years saw the gathering of war forces in Europe. He was confidant and advisor of Kings, Emperors and Statesmen. Trained as an observer, he took notes, and now tells his story in two volumes which the *London Times* classes among the four most notable books of 1924. "We have here," says the *Times*, "not merely, as in so many reminiscences, a mere collection of anecdotes and disconnected episodes, but a real book, one which is an important contribution, not only to information, but also to the thought of the time."

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the offer. Instead, he organized the Radio Corporation, bringing in the American Telegraph & Telephone Co., the General Electric Co., the Western Electric Co., the Westinghouse Electric Co., the International Radio Telegraph Co. (its subsidiary), the American Marconi Co., the Tropical Radio Co. (subsidiary of the United Fruit Co.). Thus he built up the largest radio company in the world.

Then, in 1923, he entered into an entirely new field. He became one of the Committee of Experts on German Reparations, where he worked with General Dawes and Henry M. Robinson. He was fully as responsible for the Experts' plan as was General Dawes.

It is this man's organization that is to be investigated as, presumably, the preliminary of a trustbusting campaign. Is his company a trust and, if so, is it a goblin? Or is it what an efficient organization adapted to the new conditions of the industrial scene should be? Inasmuch as the investigation is entrusted to the Federal Trade Commission rather than a committee of Congress, there will probably be little pyrotechnic display; and the country may arrive at a still more up-to-date conception of what is proper and what is improper, what is necessary and what is efficient in modern industry.

Rail Earnings

The reports filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission by the Class I railroads, whose total mileage is 236,190, reveal some interesting facts and figures.

Net railway operating income for 1924 totaled \$987,133,000, divided among the national railroad "regions" as follows:

New England.....	\$ 35,727,000
Great Lakes.....	183,333,000
Central Eastern.....	194,911,000
Poconantas.....	52,525,000
Southern District.....	142,534,000
Northern.....	104,873,000
Central Western.....	181,262,000
Southwestern.....	91,944,000

Yet net operating income in none of the great railway districts was sufficient to amount to the 5¼% on property investment mentioned in the Transportation Act. In this respect, 1924 earnings of Class I railroads over the whole country amounted to 4.35% on property investment, as against 4.49% in 1923.

In 1924, 20 Class I roads had operating deficits, 10 in the Eastern and 10 in the Western District. Last year, maintenance expenditures amounted to \$2,072,442,480, a reduction of about 10% from the sum expended for the same purpose in 1923.

Armour & Co.

Armour & Co. is about to join the long list of U. S. "family" corporations which have in the end sold out to the investing public.

The common stock capitalization of the company amounts to about \$100,000,000 and consists of 2,000,000 Class A

and 2,000,000 Class B shares. Both classes have a par value of \$25 per share. Almost all this stock is at present owned by J. Ogden Armour and his family. Mr. Armour's own interest consists of between 600,000 and 700,000 shares of each issue. Since 1922, when serious readjustments were made in the company's affairs, he has planned to sell



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J. OGDEN ARMOUR
He sells

out a substantial part of his holdings and now a banking syndicate—consisting of Chase Securities Co., the Continental & Commercial Securities Co., and Blair Co.—has agreed to purchase a large amount of Armour stock and offer it to the public for subscription. It is thought that the syndicate will at first acquire about a third of the outstanding stock, and subsequently take over further blocks.

Not only is the securities market in good condition to absorb such a stock offering at the present time, but the recent earning statements of the company are also considered to be an attraction.

Steel Peak?

News in the steel industry has improved so rapidly of late that, in the Wall Street phrase, "all the good news is out." The unfilled orders of the U. S. Steel Corporation on Jan. 31 were 5,037,323 tons, a jump of 220,647 tons over forward business on Dec. 31, and the largest amount since February, 1924. The Corporation is working at about 95% capacity. Price advances have occurred in bars, shapes, plates, sheets, and wire products.

Over half of the country's steel output is absorbed by the railroads, the automobile companies and the construction industry. While no slump is anticipated in any of these directions, at the same time it is not expected by most people that buying from any of these three sources will prove as heavy this year as in 1923 or 1924. The rail-

roads were in sufficiently good physical shape last year to handle record traffic with about 10% surplus capacity unused. Automobile output is not commonly expected to exceed this year the records of the two previous years. Finally, construction also seems to be showing a sagging tendency in volume of output.

The question consequently rises, Where is the purchasing that can maintain the present rate of steel production? In both 1923 and 1924, production reached tremendous volume in the early part of the year, only to decline severely during the latter half. Is 1925 to see a recurrence of this now familiar annual production cycle in steel?

Plaintiff Willett

In December, George F. Willett, banker of Norwood, Mass., sued the Boston banking firms of F. S. Moseley & Co., Killer, Peabody & Co. and Robert F. Herrick, Boston lawyer, for \$15,000,000. He claimed that these had conspired to rob his onetime firm, Willett, Sears & Co., of the control of two felt companies. After the longest superior court trial on record (184 days), he got a verdict of \$10,534,109.00—the largest judgment ever awarded by a court to an individual (TIME, Dec. 29). When he received news that he had won back this fortune, Mr. Willett was ill of typhoid fever. Recovered, he last week brought suit for \$15,000,000 against the Chase National Bank, the Chase Securities Corporation, Manhattan, and against Eugene V. R. Thayer, President of the Bank. The complaint—50 typewritten pages—charges violation of trust, states that the Chase corporations took part in the Boston conspiracy. Mr. Willett deposited his stock in the two felt companies as collateral for a loan. He states that the conspirators juggled the terms of the loan so that the stock could not be redeemed.

New England

Gas, electric and telephone companies have for some time undertaken to market at least part of their obligations among their patrons, but the application of this practice to railway financing is novel. Recently, the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, whose financial ups and downs have affected the greater part of New England, decided to try the expedient.

It needed \$23,000,000 and it put the matter up to manufacturers, bankers, insurance men of the territory it served. They put their heads together and agreed that it was to their interest to help. So the railway offered \$23,000,000 worth of 6% bonds at par for private subscription. Last week, it was announced that more than \$21,000,000 of this amount had been subscribed and, at the rate subscriptions were arriving, the whole would soon be taken.

Banks and insurance companies each subscribed more than \$9,000,000, other business men about \$1,500,000. The railroad was able to save between \$2,000,000 and \$4,000,000 by this means of flotation. The arrangement was a success.

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Gentlemen:

Titusville, Fla.
Feb. 7, 1925.

I have read your article in the Feb. 9 issue concerning the Memorial College in the prosperous town of Valdosta and find it interesting.

But where is Valdosta?

P. S. DAY.

Valdosta is in southeastern Georgia, about 150 miles from Titusville, Fla.—
En.

Travelers' Tales

TIME
New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen:

Paris, France
Jan. 24, 1925.

You don't seem to care where you place the flora of Africa as to temperature or habitat. On page 8, Jan. 12, item Albert Ahumting, with mangroves and coconut palms on the high plains south of Nairobi and monkeys in juniper and olive trees in that section, you are telling us Travelers' Tales that set us, who are familiar with Africa, a wondering. You ought to have that flight of fancy in the "View with Alarm" column.

JAMES P. PORTENS.

Looks Forward

TIME
New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen:

Woodville, Miss.
Feb. 5, 1925.

As the Editor of The Woodville Republican, 100 years of age, and Mississippi's oldest newspaper, and, by the way, is, and has ever been, an ardent supporter of the Democratic Party, I want to congratulate the management of TIME upon the excellence it has attained and the high standard it maintains. . . . I read it with interest each week and, as my subscribers often write me, "I look forward to its arrival with anticipated pleasure."

ROBERT LEWIS.

Congratulates

TIME
New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen:

New York, N. Y.
Feb. 16, 1925.

In your issue of Feb. 9, 1925, you state "Hampden Normal and Agricultural Institute was founded in Virginia in 1868 by the American Missionary Association, became independent of missionary control under the Presidency of General Samuel Chapman Armstrong."

With your usual succinct, crisp and accurate strokes you call attention to a fact which has been ignored so generally throughout recent months as to be a matter of course among those who know the history of Negro education. I congratulate you. . . .

HENRY SMITH LEIFER.

Finland

TIME
New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen:

Washington, D. C.
Feb. 10, 1925

In the issue of Feb. 2, in a footnote (page 28) are several statements giving information about Finland that I know are not quite correct.

You state, for instance, that Finland has seven languages when the fact is that Finland has only two official languages, Finnish and Swedish; 88% of the population speaking Finnish and 12% Swedish. No other languages are used in general, although most educated Finns speak one or two of the great Western European languages and some 40,000 of a population of three and one-third millions speak Russian besides Finnish.

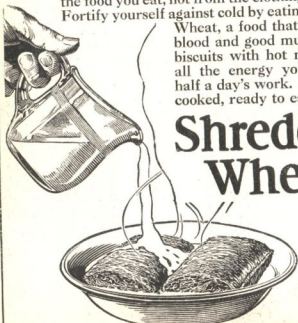
You further state that "The season for outdoor athletics is short. Winter lasts from October to June." This statement might be true of the northernmost part of the country

A Warm, "Comfy" Meal

Bodily warmth that will resist cold comes from the food you eat, not from the clothing you wear. Fortify yourself against cold by eating Shredded

Wheat, a food that makes red blood and good muscle. Two biscuits with hot milk supply all the energy you need for half a day's work. It is ready-cooked, ready to eat.

Shredded Wheat



"It's All in the Shreds"

Famous Naturalist Discovers That Animals Know and Obey the Ten Commandments!

Ernest Thompson Seton finds that birds and beasts live according to the same standards of morality that guide all upright men and women, the world over. Does this mean that the Laws of Moses are therefore fundamental laws of nature, instead of merely rules for human conduct? Was Moses one of the greatest observers of Nature who ever lived?



It is well known to everyone who has studied the world's religions that "The Ten Precepts of Buddha" are strikingly similar to "The Ten Commandments of Moses." In fact, the moral code of every primitive race—even of the most obscure African tribe—recognizes theft and murder as crimes, adorns "false witness" against a neighbor, and frowns upon the man who "covets" his neighbor's property, including his wife. It is therefore perfectly obvious that these instincts of justice are the foundations of all human law.

But now Ernest Thompson Seton has gone a step farther. He makes the startling statement that the animals also *know* and actually *live* by the same broad principles of conduct that Moses laid down to guide the children of Israel in their conduct to each other.

Mr. Seton declares that a bear knows by instinct that it is wrong for him to steal from his brother bear—and that the growl of a dog with a bone is really a warning to other dogs to respect the command, "Thou shalt not covet!" All animals, says Seton, have an instinctive horror of murdering members of their own species. They also abhor liars. He gives a striking illustration in which a pack of wolves showed their dislike of lying by punishing a member of the pack who gave "false witness."

These are indeed absorbingly interesting revelations, if true. They open up many fascinating speculations, such as—How did the human moral code originate? Was it revealed from heaven, or is it inherent in all animal life?

But Seton's Proofs Are Even More Fascinating

For over thirty-five years Ernest Thompson Seton has made notes of the behavior of animals in all sorts of situations—and from these wonderful records he has collected many instances which actually *prove* that the wild creatures do really observe and enforce among themselves exactly the same moral laws that govern men and women today.

He even gives examples showing that all the higher animals are striving for a form of marriage that will enable them to observe the *seventh* commandment!

These striking episodes of animal life are wonderfully interesting whether you believe in Dar-

win's ideas or are a Fundamentalist, and if you are a nature-lover they will give you a fresh, vital interest in the lives of all wild creatures.

No one but a truly great observer of animal life could have collected and interpreted these incidents. Yet that is what this famous naturalist has done. And now these fascinating observations have been published in an absorbing little book that is full of meaning for everyone who believes that the whole creation is governed by an All-Wise Intelligence.

The Ten Commandments in the Animal World

It is a truly amazing disclosure. These remarkable observations and deductions are taken direct from the notebooks of this great pioneer naturalist and authority on Indian life and woodcraft. They have been put into a handsome volume, richly bound in dark green cloth and stamped in gold.

For a short time we will send out introductory copies at one dollar each—but you must act quickly to get yours at this special price. We suggest that you mail the coupon below now, for this announcement will probably not appear in this magazine again.

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Do you know—

- how the race of pigeons are being rewarded for obedience to the seventh commandment?
- that centuries of obedience to a certain law of Moses makes the wolves the most successful wild animals in America?
- why the victor in a fight between two cats does not pursue and kill his defeated foe?
- that the breeders of blue foxes, and other fur-bearing animals, find great difficulty in mating brothers and sisters, because of the foxes' instinctive regard for the seventh commandment?
- how squirrels put "ownership marks" on the food they bury, and why other squirrels respect these marks?
- why association with man is always ruinous to the morals of the animals?
- that it is useless to bait a wolf-trap with part of dead wolf? To what commandment does this show instinctive obedience?
- which commandment a big dog obeys, when he recognizes the rights of a small one, whom he could easily put to flight?

This wonderful book answers all those fascinating questions.

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City..... State.....

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Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work

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Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

*Dissolve one cake in a glass of water
(just hot enough to drink)*

before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Write for a free copy of our latest booklet for Yeast for Health: Health Research Dept. N-3, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



(MISS BRIAN, CENTER)

"AFTER A SEVERE ILLNESS last winter, due to overwork and faulty elimination, I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast cakes twice daily.

"In two weeks' time marked improvement was noticed. The soreness of my body disappeared, daily evacuations were established, and life took on a rosier hue. Steady improvement continued, and this past summer has been wonderful in many pleasures. I feel that I owe much of my splendid physical condition now to Fleischmann's Yeast.

"I have outlined a course in Yeast for several of my students, and in every instance the desired result—overcoming constipation—has been obtained."

(Miss Celia E. Brian, R. N., Brambleboro, Pa.)



"ONLY THOSE WHO HAVE SEEN ME perform in 'Kid Boots' have any idea of the tax on my energy. After six months on Broadway, I felt my 'pep' waning, and I began to fear for my health. I was tired out; couldn't sleep well; every part of me just ached. A friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. My doctor said 'Try it.' I did. Three cakes daily. . . . Soon, darned if I didn't begin to lose that draggy feeling. Improvement was steady. Best of all, sleep was restored. Fleischmann's Yeast is part of my daily diet now—like milk."

(Eddie Cantor, New York City)



(ABOVE TO RIGHT)

"I AM AN EX-BRITISH NAVAL MAN and have lived in Canada eighteen years. Soon after my arrival I commenced to suffer from indigestion and as I travelled for a fur company attributed my complaint to the inferior food at the small hotels on the branch lines in the West. For days I drank water only or soup and became so irritable was a source of annoyance to all whom I came in contact with. Having tried almost every drug advertised for indigestion commenced taking your now famous yeast cakes three daily. Result: No Indigestion—three square meals a day, splendid appetite, and feeling as fit as a fiddle strung to concert pitch."

(Reginald J. Seymour, Edmonton, Alberta)



There are many delicious ways of eating yeast—dissolved in water, fruit juices or milk, spread on crackers, or eaten plain

"AS OWNER and MANAGER of a Beauty Salon, I come in daily contact with all manner of skin disorders. I unhesitatingly recommend Fleischmann's Yeast. About five years ago I was generally run down and unable to work. I was suffering from chronic constipation, indigestion, loss of vitality, and skin eruptions. I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast, three cakes a day. At the end of two months all skin eruptions had disappeared, and as if by magic I found all other troubles disappearing also. At the end of three months I was well and back at work."

(Miss Katherine Fitzgibbon, Denver, Colo.)

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

but very few people live in this section, while in the southern part of the country that is most densely populated, winter begins about in December and lasts until the end of May.

M. HIRVY.

Says the *Encyclopedia Britannica*: "Everywhere, and especially in the interior, the winter lasts very long and early frosts (June 12-14, 1892) often destroy the crops."

In the *International Year Book*, the following languages for Finland are listed: Finnish, Swedish, some Russian, German, Lapponic.—En.

Tardy Mention

TIME Honolulu, Hawaii
New York, N. Y. Jan. 23, 1925
Gentlemen:

I was disappointed at seeing no mention of the game played New Year's Day at Honolulu in which Colorado U. defeated 2,000 Mexicans at the University of Hawaii, bowed to defeat 13 to 0. . . . Hawaii scored twice in the first half on an end run and a pass, spent the third quarter fighting off threatening passes, buried with deadly accuracy by Chilson, Bashy Boulder half, and resumed the offensive in the fourth quarter. The work of Hawaii's line stood out, especially that of Jim Cruickshank, rated by all who have seen him as the best centre on the Pacific coast.

RUSSEL JOHNSTON.

Threat

TIME Wilmington, N. C.
New York, N. Y. Feb. 14, 1925.
Gentlemen:

In connection with some comments on Mr. Bernard Macfadden, world-renowned Physical Culturist and quack-exposer, published in a recent issue of *TIME*, you refer to the public as a "hydra-headed Amphibian" and as "that Beast." Will you allow me to observe that the use of such terms is extremely bad taste and that the author of them deserves severe criticism.

On several occasions within the last few months, *TIME* has made unfair and prejudiced remarks about the work of Mr. Macfadden and if the thing is repeated in the future the undersigned will waste no more time on *TIME*.

PAUL HESS.

Busy Student

TIME Port Collins, Col.
New York, N. Y. Feb. 15, 1925.
Gentlemen:

You seem to have so many fault-finding letters sent you, that my father suggests I write you in regard to how much we appreciate *TIME*.

I, as a High School student, have read as much as I have had time for of every copy. Your news is brief and to the point. It is speedy and interesting thus giving a busy student the news of the day in a pleasant way, without long hours of "combining articles." Besides getting bits of news interesting, not to be found in other magazines, for history class, I have used material from your publication as a basis for almost every oral and written theme I have been called on for this year.

I especially like your comments on Books, The Theatre and Music.

FRANCES E. CARPENTER.

Some Names

TIME Minneapolis, Minn.
New York, N. Y. Feb. 16, 1925
Gentlemen:

Your issue of Feb. 2 was filled with as many a set of letters as I have ever read. I am one of an increasing majority who find in your terse, sane and interesting paragraphs a thoroughly brilliant commentary on World Affairs.

I am one of your Original Subscribers—continuous since! Friends of mine have read your magazine in my home, have gone home and subscribed! Seven people, whom I know. Here are their names: Walter Gooch, Minneapolis; B. F. Bullard, Cambridge, Mass.; H. B. Van de Bogert, West Medford, Mass.; Walter F. Cushing, Medford, Mass.; Phillips Byfield, Newtonville, Mass.;

Warren Scribner, Minneapolis; M. R. Lauritzen, Minneapolis.

No praise for me—but certainly a whole lot of credit is due to you.

Maybe this will assuage some of the pain that the knocks you get give you.

ROCKWOOD W. BULLARD.

Shower of Sermons

TIME New York, N. Y.
New York, N. Y. Feb. 12, 1925
Gentlemen:

Last year you were good enough to note the fact that I was editing a volume of Best Sermons, and the notice brought me a shower of sermons from all over the land—which shows how far-flung the influence of *TIME* is, and how much you are good enough to do the same this year! The book closes the middle of June, but any sermon sent before that time will be carefully considered.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

Last year's notice: "An anthology of the best sermons of 1923-24 is now being collected and edited by Joseph Fort Newton, pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity, Manhattan. The first volume is announced for September publication by Harcourt Brace & Co., who brought out Papini's *Life of Christ*. The collection is open to all creeds and all varieties thereof. Readers of *TIME* who desire to nominate sermons should address Dr. Newton at 76th Street and Central Park West, Manhattan."

Lauds Horthy

TIME Cleveland, Ohio
New York, N. Y. Feb. 10, 1925.
Gentlemen:

I was surprised to read in *TIME*, on page 10 of the Feb. 9, 1925, issue, an article entitled "Hungary." In it Admiral Nicholas Horthy, the governor of Hungary, is said to have been shot at; and the writer of the article fairly chuckles in proclaiming to the world that: "The would-be assassin made good his escape."

The news of the attempt to assassinate Governor Horthy came from Vienna; at least it was so labeled. A day or two later, however, was published in the U. S., another despatch, apparently originating in Vienna, has denied that any shot was fired against Governor Horthy. You might know by this time, that after the Bolshevik leaders, 95% of whom were Jews, had fled from Hungary to Vienna, Vienna became a rather unreliable source of news relating to Hungary.

The present governor of Hungary is . . . well liked and highly respected by the Christians of Hungary—Catholics and Protestants. His only enemies are the Bolsheviks and international Jews. But Bela Horthy and his ilk will never again rule Hungary.

LOUIS K. BIRNBY.

P.S.—Unless your paper is in control of the Jews who occasionally take a whack at Horthy and Hungary, I would appreciate it if you would give space for the above in your paper.

The item in question:

Narrow

Carroll? went a revolver. Ping! went a bullet. Pop! answered the woodwork of a Hungarian train as the lead buried itself.

Inside a compartment, Admiral Horthy von Nagybananya, Regent of Hungary, removed his hat, wiped his brow. He had narrowly escaped assassination.

The would-be assassin made good his escape.

See also pages 10 and 11, Feb. 9 issue.—Ed.



DREER'S Garden Book

RIGHT now you should be planning your next garden. Dreer's 1925 Garden Book contains a complete list of reliable Seeds and Plants, including worth-while novelties, and advice which will insure your success with them. It offers the best Flower and Vegetable Perennials, Dahlias, etc.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Congressman and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth (Alice Roosevelt), their first child, a daughter (six and a half pounds); in Chicago, three days before their 18th wedding anniversary. The infant was said to resemble her grandfather.

Engaged. Miss Katherine Langley, daughter of Congressman John W. Langley of Pikeville, Ky., to one James G. Bentley. Readers of the *Pike County News* gnawed their pencils, solved a cross-word puzzle, discovered it to be an announcement of the engagement.

Died. Prince Chao Fa Asdang, 34, heir presumptive to the Siamese throne; in Bangkok.

Died. Mrs. Nannine L. Meiklejohn, wife of Alexander Meiklejohn, onetime President of Amherst College; in Baltimore.

Died. Prof. Nicola Mileff, recently appointed Bulgarian Minister to the U. S. to succeed Stephan Panaretoff, retired last month; in Sofia, victim of an assassin.

Died.—Clio Hinton Bracken, 55, sculptress; in Manhattan, of pneumonia. Pupil of Rodin, MacMonnies, St. Gaudens, she exhibited first in the Paris Salon. At 20, she received \$10,000 for her statue of General Fremont, sold to an association of California pioneers. Her first husband was the late James Gibbons Huneker.

Died. Federal District Judge John F. McGee, 64; in Minneapolis, of a self-inflicted gunshot wound. Harassed by Prohibition problems, he said he feared for his mind. Known throughout the Northwest as the "bootleggers' terror," he, upon one occasion, sentenced 112 offenders in three hours, collected \$33,700 from them in fines.

Died. Frederic W. Upham, 64, onetime Treasurer of the Republican National Committee; at Palm Beach, of a paralytic stroke.

Died. Meichel H. De Young, 75, publisher of *The San Francisco Chronicle*; in San Francisco, following an operation. He became a publisher at 16 when, with his brother, he founded *The Dramatic Chronicle*, a small sheet containing news on the city's theatres.

Died. Gabriel Foch, 75, elder brother of Marshal Foch; in Tarbes, France.

Died. Mrs. Frances E. J. Parker, 78, sister of Lord Kitchener; in London.

POINT with PRIDE

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

An evening-coated Prince of Darkness. (Page 15, column 1.)

A rabbit. It lived. (P. 18, col. 1.)

Grim gods, goblins, heroes, witch-women. (P. 14, col. 1.)

Mr. Morrow. He brought a contrivance to the President's attention. (P. 1, col. 3.)

A beard like a Saxon monarch's. (P. 20, col. 3.)

A royal diary. (P. 8, col. 1.)

S. S.'s *Oncida*, *Onondaga*, *East Indian*. (P. 4, col. 3.)

A life of ease. (P. 25, col. 2.)

5,500,000,000,000,000 miles. (P. 18, col. 2.)

"O. P." and "M. J." (P. 4, col. 1.)

Three bows to the students and three to the faculty. (P. 15, col. 3.)

VIEW with ALARM

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

A one-horse rodeo of phony riff-raff. (P. 11, col. 2.)

19 Governors who declined. (P. 1, col. 1.)

Swamp scenes with crickets. (P. 12, col. 3.)

A gurgitated prophet going to Nineveh. (P. 11, col. 2.)

White House leaks. (P. 1, col. 2.)

The mine named after Baron von und zum Stein. (P. 7, col. 3.)

A scrambled diurnal. (P. 19, col. 3.)

A Greek scholar sent from the room. (P. 17, col. 3.)

40 suicides per month. (P. 8, col. 3.)

A bullet-head from Yali. (P. 15, col. 3.)

Gaudy post boxes. (P. 10, col. 3.)



New York's
monument
to the
Middle Ages
—designed by
Ralph
Adams
Cram

WHAT IS CIVILIZATION?

Ralph Adams Cram, noted architect, got his inspiration for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine from the Middle Ages. In a notable article in the FORUM for March Mr. Cram seeks the cornerstone of modern civilization in the art, religion, and philosophy of the same colorful period. There he finds a sense of balance and beauty in life perhaps unsurpassed in history.

Everyone interested in the Cathedral will want to read Mr. Cram's contribution to the FORUM'S series on Great Civilizations of the Past. In April,—The Golden Age of Greece.

America and Roman Catholicism

Michael Williams urges the frank discussion of religion along with science, politics, finance, art, literature, and other influences upon American civilization. He calls attention to the growth of the Catholic Church from a membership of twenty thousand to more than eighteen millions,—thirty-five times faster than general population increases. His conclusion is that the Church is doing its share to solve the pressing problems of the nation.

Mr. Williams will be answered in the April issue by John Jay Chapman, who in turn will be answered in May by Dr. Frederick J. Kiesman, formerly an Anglican Bishop, now a Roman Catholic. Other important articles will complete the cycle.

The Miracle of George Fox

J. St. Loe Strachey extols the man whose faith was "the nearest thing to the religion of Christ that has been vouchsafed to mankind since the coming of our Lord"—the man who fought against Ritual, Dogma, and Exclusiveness in religion.

Without fear or favor, the living problems of to-day are discussed in

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Biology Moulding the Future

J. B. S. Haldane, famous British bio-chemist, and author of "Daedalus," forecasts revolutionary changes in our social existence and tells how they will be brought about.

Is Psycho-Analysis a Science?

George Sylvester Pierce canonizes Freud, "the Columbus of the Unconscious," who "unmasks the 'inner insincerity' imposed upon the individual by the group," and concludes that there can be no super-man in the course of Evolution.

Aldous Huxley, for his part, talks of "hocus-pecus," and "fantastic halberdash;" "pseudo science" and "pseudo scientists."

Like TIME, The Forum is written for busy people. Every Forum article is brief and strictly bare-proof. Those who have discovered "the news-magazine idea" will find The Forum helpful in sounding deeper currents—in getting at the facts behind the news.

Forum for April

"Literate civilization begins with Homer," says Paul Shorey, and asks us to contrast our "jazzed contemporaneity with the serene, spiritual atmosphere of Athens."

Henry Fairfield Osborn describes "the rediscovery of the soul" by science.

Pictor Oscar Freyre takes us to a new "El Dorado"—where a smiling Mother Earth showers her children with every natural blessing, from climate to untold mineral wealth.

"The art of living withers and fades," says Elizabeth Robins Pennell, sweetest and gentlest of satirists. "The contagion of bad manners has spread to art, to literature, to the theatre, to government, to religion."

Our "Southern Seaports," by E. T. H. Shaffer.

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