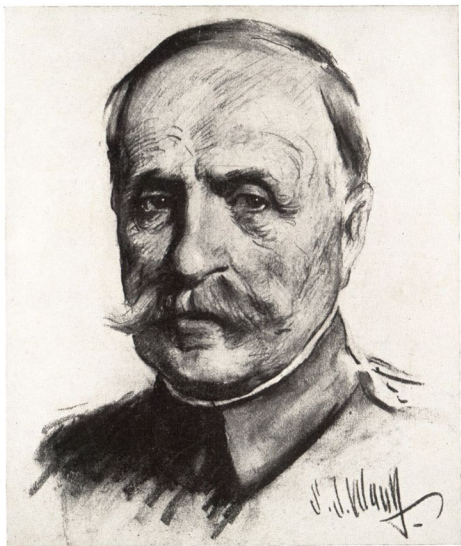


FIFTEEN CENTS

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine



LE MARÉCHAL FOCH

*Clemenceau would not listen
(See Page 9)*

VOL. V. NO. 11

MARCH 16, 1925



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TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine

Vol. V. No. 11

March 16, 1925

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

The White House Week

☐ The day before his inauguration the President signed 108 bills, including several appropriation measures. That evening he went to the Opera, to hear Aida.

☐ Secretary Slepman slipped into the White House Office Building for a day on returning from Florida to clean up his desk and leave it neat for his successor.

☐ For the President's activities on inauguration day, see below.

☐ Following his inauguration, the President was very busy. Congratulations from all over the world poured in. Delegations from many states called. The Republican National Committee called. Secretary of State Kellogg dropped in for a conference. Mr. Coolidge signed his award as arbitrator of the Tacna-Arica dispute between Chile and Peru (see Page 12). He submitted a list of nominations to the Senate, including the re-nomination of Charles B. Warren to be Attorney General, the nomination of Postmaster General New to succeed himself (see CABINET) and the nomination of Alfred P. Dennis of Maryland, conservative Democrat, to succeed David J. Lewis, radical Democrat from the same state, as a member of the U. S. Tariff Commission.

☐ Representative Sanders of Indiana was sworn in as Secretary of the President and assumed his duties.

☐ Alexander P. Moore, Ambassador to Madrid, called to say good-by before returning to his post.

☐ The President, with members of his Cabinet and the entire Diplomatic Corps, attended services at the Concordia Lutheran Church in honor of the late President Ebert of Germany.

☐ The President and Mrs. Coolidge went one evening to the Washington auditorium to hear "Roxy and his gang" (S. L. Rothafel and assistants), famed radio announcers. The next day, Roxy and his gang paid a call at the White House.

☐ Official denial was made at the White House that the President saw

any need at present of an extra session of Congress.

☐ The President telegraphed to San Francisco, where a dinner was being given by the Japan Society of America to Tsuneo Matsudaira, arriving Japanese Ambassador, saying: "I wish you would express my cordial welcome to him."

The Day of Days

The Scene. In front of the Capitol of the U. S. stretched the extended plaza, filigreed with the stark boughs of trees. Overhead, clouds threateningly concealed the sun. The stands built on the innumerable steps leading down from the main entrance to the Capitol were still vacant, but the faces of the growing crowd, which already blotted out the pavement and turf in front, were turned toward the building.

It was not yet time for the inauguration, but a dignified figure in cutaway and silk hat advanced on foot. The crowd stared. "It's the President!" exclaimed a little boy. "President Jefferson walked to the Capitol," added his

mother dubiously.* "It isn't the President," snapped her husband.

The man advanced to where the crowd was thickest before the stands. They made way for him. He addressed a policeman who was holding the crowd back. "Is everything ready?" he asked. The policeman looked at him. "Yes, sir," he answered. "I am the President-elect," the man announced. "I am here for the inauguration."

The policeman frowned. "Who are you?" he demanded.

"I am Pearson Mitchell Stackhouse of Philadelphia," the man replied, drawing a typewritten document from his pocket. "This is my speech."

"Come along with me," ordered the policeman.

The Preparations. The details of what the President of the U. S. did early on inauguration day are not accurately known. He rose betimes. He may or may not have taken his morning ride on the automatic hobby horse. At 7:00, he emerged from the northwest gate of the White House grounds with secret service men. He walked past the reviewing stand, still waiting for its finishing touches. He reentered the grounds at the Executive Offices. At 8:00, the White House guests sat down to breakfast in the White House dining room. They were: Colonel Coolidge, the President's father, who chatted with Mrs. Goodhue, the mother-in-law; Dr. Olds, President of Amherst; Miss Laura Skinner of Manhattan; Mrs. R. M. Hills of Northampton; Mrs. Frank W. Stearns. Mr. Stearns was absent. He had gone to the Union Station to meet John Coolidge, the President's son, who was due on a 7:30 train. The President ate in silence, wondering where the boy was. Before breakfast was finished, Mr. Stearns returned, reported the train an hour late. When John arrived some time later, Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge sat with him while he breakfasted.

Meanwhile, General Dawes having risen and dressed, went into the sitting room of his suite at the Hotel Willard where breakfast waited him at 9:00. He was just seated and begin-

*The woman was misinformed. Thomas Jefferson rode to the Capitol, tied his horse to a fence.

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National Affairs—[Continued]

ning when word was brought to him that several delegations, including the press, wished to see him. He had them brought in and offered to share his oatmeal, ham, eggs, hot rolls and coffee with them, but they declined. He ate leisurely for about an hour, talking to his visitors. Mrs. Dawes came to warn him to be ready to start. "I'll be ready in time," he promised her.

In a few moments, he disappeared and came back with Mrs. Dawes, who was dressed in a blue* suit with hat to match. The inaugural committee was waiting in the lobby. Mr. and Mrs. Dawes entered an open car with Senator Curtis. A troop of cavalry formed as an escort and they drove around the corner to the White House.

The Cabinet members had already arrived. At 10:40, the White House guests, with the Dawes children, entered several closed motorcars and were driven away to the Capitol. A dozen cars carrying the Congressional Inaugural Committee, Cabinet members, aids, etc., lined up in the White House driveway. The President and the Vice President emerged from the White House and paused to be photographed. Mrs. Coolidge appeared in a modish ensemble suit of moonstone gray, "josemame" cloth (a sort of cross between duvetyen and kasha), with a gray fox collar. Her hat was likewise gray with a trimming of burnt goose feathers.

She entered the first car, the President sitting on her right and Senator Curtis on her left. Mr. and Mrs. Dawes entered the second car. In single file, the cars rolled out of the grounds. Outside, buglers sounded a flourish. The escort of cavalry took up its position. As the cars emerged from the gate, a waiting crowd cheered. The President looked straight ahead. Two troops of cavalry led the procession. Then came the President's car, flanked by two cars containing secret service men, with a detective standing on the running board of each. Behind, followed three troops of cavalry and the other automobiles. The procession turned the corner at the Treasury building and rounded into Pennsylvania Avenue. The cavalry took a brisk canter. The empty stands extending to 15th St. were passed. Little knots of people, gathered here and there, applauded. Thin wire cables were stretched along the curb to keep the crowd back, but were not yet necessary. Policemen stood every few feet. The President, a bit constrained, touched his hat when he was applauded. Mrs. Coolidge bowed, smiled and chatted with Senator Curtis. Mr. Dawes, in the car following, lifted his hat and smiled whenever

a burst of applause was evidently aimed at him.

It was 11:15 when the cars drew up before the steps leading to the Senate wing. The President assisted his wife to alight and they went up the stairs and entered. Mr. Coolidge was escorted to the President's room, where he found a batch of last-minute bills awaiting his signature. The Cabinet and Director Lord of the Budget joined him. General Dawes was led to the Vice President's office, where Senator Cummins, President pro tempore of the Senate, welcomed him.

In the Senate. The scene shifted to the Senate chamber. After perfunctorily passing a number of minor bills, the Senate recessed to await the President's action on the bills before him. The Senators gathered on the Republican (east) side of the chamber. Extra chairs were brought in. The galleries filled early. The Senators' private gallery, converted into an executive gallery, contained in its first row Colonel Coolidge, Mrs. Goodhue, Miss Skinner, John Coolidge. Mr. and Mrs. Stearns joined them. The Dawes children (Mrs. Malcolm Ericson, and Dana and Virginia, the adopted son and daughter) sat in the second row. Beman, Rufus and Henry Dawes, brothers, were also there.

The other galleries were filled by persons who held admission cards and by the Senators and Representatives. In the back of one of them, sat George Harvey and Will H. Hays, the former bending down to talk into the latter's ear.

Governors appeared on the floor: Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania, dressed in Prince Albert; Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross, Governor of Wyoming, wearing mourning, came in with Senator Kendrick of her state, was applauded. She conversed with the venerable Mr. Warren, father-in-law of General Pershing, now dean of the Senate, also from Wyoming. Other Governors wandered in, most of them unknown to the galleries. Governor Ritchie of Maryland, strikingly handsome, stood out from the rest. Old Senators went around shaking hands with Governors, while new Senators assembled to be sworn in.

In a gallery, Mrs. Gillett, wife of the Speaker, soon to be wife of a Senator, appeared. There were no seats left, and a place was squeezed for her on the stairs. Senators (they were allotted only two guest seats) rushed about asking doorkeepers to find seats for their friends. Representatives (they were allotted one guest seat) implored the doorkeepers to find a place for so and so. The gallery doors were crammed with heads of those who could not get in. Chairs were snatched up in the cor-

ridors, and some stood on them to look over the heads nearer the doors.

The Senate's recess was up; it took another of a few minutes more.

In the President's room, Mr. Coolidge signed bills. The Cabinet stood around. A curious crowd peered in at the door. He signed the second Deficiency Bill. He signed innumerable minor bills. He laid out the Legislative Appropriation Bill (containing a pay raise for Senators, Congressmen, Cabinet and Vice President)—a bill which he had brought with him from the White House. But he did not sign it. He took a long drink of water. He rose and spoke in low tones with General Lord. For ten minutes, he did nothing. Finally, at 11:54, he sat down and attached his signature, laid down his pen, closed the inkwell.

Frank B. Kellogg of Minnesota, ex-Senator, ex-Ambassador to Great Britain, to be Secretary of State in a few moments, chatted with his former friends on the floor of the Senate. Mrs. Coolidge and Mrs. Dawes appeared in the executive gallery. Everyone rose when Mrs. Coolidge entered. It was just noon, but the hands of the clock were turned back ten minutes. A doorkeeper announced: "The Speaker and the House of Representatives."

Speaker Gillett and smiling Representative Longworth, his successor-to-be entered, followed by other Representatives, among them Mrs. Mae Nolan of California, retiring. Miss Alice Robertson of Oklahoma, who retired from the House two years ago was with the group. The Representatives took some time in crowding in, finding seats, and arranging themselves, or standing around the rear of the Chamber. During this interval, the Supreme Court stood in the corridor without, waiting. Ambassadors and Ministers, the Cabinet, the Chief of Naval Operations, the Commandant of the Marine Corps, the Chief of Staff of the Army, the Supreme Court were successively ushered to seats. Most of the diplomats were in uniform, some in evening dress with decorations, one in a dinner coat.

Again the clock was set back—this time five minutes. The Sergeant at Arms announced: "The Chairman and members of the Joint Committee on Arrangements escorting the Vice President-elect." In company with Senator Curtis, General Dawes strode up the aisle to the rostrum. Senator Cummins motioned him to his side. Mr. Dawes sat down unceremoniously and promptly rose when he saw that no one else sat down. The audience laughed out loud.

Senator Curtis had returned up the aisle.

"The President of the United States," was announced.

He entered with the Committee and

*Asked the color of her suit, Mrs. Dawes replied: "Navy? Midnight? No, just blue."

National Affairs—[Continued]

his aids and was ushered to a seat just beneath the rostrum.

Senator Cummins, venerable President pro tempore, then turned to Mr. Dawes and administered the oath of office; then, turning toward the Senate, he announced:

"Senators, it is 12 o'clock meridian (the audience again burst out laughing) of the fourth day of March, 1925, and it is my duty at this moment under the Constitution and laws of the United States to declare that the Senate of the 68th Congress is adjourned 'syne dee.'" (So the phrase sounded to the listeners.)

The Vice President seized the gavel and, with a lusty stroke called the Senate to order. The chaplain prayed. Heads were bowed.

With the "Amen," Mr. Dawes faced the chamber and began. It was obvious that he was a bit nervous. His voice was pitched high, was almost shrill. As he warmed to his speech (see Page 5) he spoke more rapidly. He pointed an accusing forefinger at the Senators grouped on the Republican side of the Chamber. He paced up and down and gesticulated fiercely. As his remarks became more pointed, a slight flush, as if of embarrassment, appeared on the face of the President. Secretary Hughes grimed. Chief Justice Taft looked puzzled. The Cabinet and Supreme Court appeared amused. The galleries tittered, then laughed outright. The Representatives took it in good part. Only the Senators were glum. Senator Reed of Missouri stifled a laugh, Senator Watson sank down in his chair; one or two showed that they were amazed. Senator Wheeler laughed mirthlessly.

But the Vice President went on, stamped across the rostrum, a lock of hair flying, his cravat bulging, paused to pound home an emphatic point upon the desk, as his voice rose almost to a shout.

He had done. The galleries applauded, but the Senators refrained. He ordered the Clerk to read the President's proclamation for the special session of the Senate then beginning. Next he directed that the names of the Senators newly elected or reelected last Fall be called, so that they might come to the desk to be sworn in.

The Clerk read: "Mr. Blease, Mr. Borah, Mr. Bratton, Mr. Brookhart."

The four advanced, each with his hold-over colleague from his own state, and were sworn in.

The Clerk: "Mr. Capper, Mr. Couzens, Mr. Deneen, Mr. du Pont."

But the Vice President broke in: "Call them all up at once."

So it was done and, contrary to precedent, all the remaining 24 were sworn in together. Then, with a

sweeping gesture, Mr. Dawes ordered the Sergeant-at-Arms to carry out the order of the Senate for the inauguration of the President on the east front of the Capitol. The jammed galleries—all except the ex-



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MR. JUSTICE McREYNOLDS

His cap was off

ecutive gallery—were instantly in a hurly burly as everyone rushed for the door. The floor of the Chamber emptied with almost as much confusion.

The Great Ceremony. The entire plaza before the Capitol was packed with people, more than 50,000, extending far beyond ear reach. Camera-men were hastily making ready their machines on every vantage point. The threatening clouds had rolled away and it was clear and sunny. Ushers began to lead the various parties to their seats. Under the white pavilion, on the main steps, well known figures began to appear. Mrs. Coolidge, Colonel Coolidge, the President and Mr. and Mrs. Dawes joined the group behind the string of amplifiers connected with the largest radio "hook-up" ever attempted—an oral connection with 20,000,000 people, it was said.

The Supreme Court filed in, all wearing black satin skull caps, except Justice McReynolds, whose bald pate, unprotected, bore the chilly breeze. Sixteen years before, at that time and place, a heavy blizzard was blowing; slush was ankle deep. On that occasion, Chief Justice Taft, now about to administer the oath of Office to the President, had taken

that same oath himself, but in the Senate Chamber. The Cabinet, including Mr. Hughes, retired, appeared in their silk hats. The new Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Jardine, was with them; in the fortunes of the day, a dent had been stove in his headgear. Frank B. Kellogg was not with the Cabinet. He stood at one side with Senators Butler and Watson. At one side also were Will Hays, Colonel Harvey and Frank H. Hitchcock, who last summer managed Senator Hiram Johnson's abortive attempt to take the Republican nomination. Silk hats were everywhere in the stand, even Dick Jervis, the tall, the handsome head of the White House Secret Service men, was wearing one. There were a few exceptions. Senator Pat Harrison, for example, wore a broad brimmed black felt.

Chief Justice Taft and the President rose together. Without notes, Mr. Taft administered the brief oath: "Calvin Coolidge, do you solemnly swear that you will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States and will to the best of your ability preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, so help you God?"

The President's response was almost inaudible. The silver-haired clerk of the Supreme Court held out a Bible* that had been the property of the President's grandfather. A purple ribbon held it open at the first chapter of St. John. The President kissed it perfunctorily.

The President then turned toward the crowd and the microphones. He was wearing a light overcoat, but no hat. During the ensuing speech of 40 minutes, Ambassador Riano of Spain, Doyen of the Diplomatic corps, deemed it proper that he, too, should remain uncovered since the President was hatless.

Mr. Coolidge spoke in an even voice. His speech (see Page 4) was several times interrupted by applause in which no one took part more heartily than General Dawes. Those who were on the roof of the Capitol complained that the amplifiers did not carry the speech to them as well as they did four years ago. Whenever the President paused, his last words were echoed from the Senate and House wings on both sides. Possibly it was irritation from this echo that caused Senator Cole Blease, newly elected from South Carolina, to walk down the stairs from the stand in his black sombrero and dis-

*It was previously reported, in error, and in *TIME*, Mar. 9, that the President would use his family Bible. The one used was that from which the President learned to read at the age of four.

National Affairs—[Continued]

appear before the President had finished. Half-way through, the President donned his glasses, but there were no other interruptions, save for applause, until the conclusion.

After the final applause, the President and the Vice President, with their parties, entered the waiting machines and drove hastily back to the White House accompanied by an escort of cavalry. Going back, the President smiled broadly.

The Parade. A hasty buffet lunch was served at the White House and, about 20 minutes later, the parade, following over the same course from the Capitol, began to pass the White House reviewing stand. The President and Vice President with their wives occupied a glass-enclosed reviewing stand on the street before the White House. Mr. Hughes was there in a very jovial mood.

First came a police escort, then General Hines, Chief of Staff, riding alone, saluting with his sword as he passed. Soon after, he joined the President's party in the reviewing stand.

Meanwhile the Army band passed in its gray uniforms with blue and white facings. There followed cavalry, infantry, a machine gun detachment, engineers, an Army Air squadron, three batteries of artillery, 32 tanks, mobile repair shops, 60 quartermaster trucks, a regiment of marines, a regiment of sailors, every group with a band in bright uniform. Last in line were the Governors of the states.

Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania rode first, astride a great horse, in swallow tails and black felt hat which he swept off, bowing as he passed. The President took no notice of him, but smiled and bowed to Mrs. Pinchot, following in a car. Some 19 Governors and Lieutenant Governors followed, riding in cars. Governor Trinkle of Virginia was escorted by the Richmond Light Infantry Blues in their tight-fitting blue uniforms with high helmets and waving white ostrich plumes. Last in the procession rode Governor Nellie Tayloe Ross of Wyoming, in a car with two other women. She leaned out and bowed. Messrs. Coolidge and Dawes lifted their hats. Mrs. Coolidge and Mrs. Dawes smiled and waved.

In just 50 minutes, the entire parade had passed, and it was still a few minutes before four o'clock in the afternoon.

The Conclusion. After the official ceremonies, the Governors and several delegations from Massachusetts were received at the White House. After dining in the evening, the President dropped in on a dinner being

given by a group of members of the Massachusetts Legislature and stayed to chat for over an hour.

Four years ago, the Vice President and Mrs. Coolidge attended a private ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Edward



THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR
His hat was off

B. McLean and later went to a charity ball at the Willard. This year the Coolidges went to no ball. But a charity ball at the new Mayflower Hotel was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Dawes. They arrived about 10:00 P. M. The orchestra struck up *El Capitan* and they were escorted the length of the hall behind the colors. The Vice President went down the floor rapidly followed in a more leisurely fashion by Mrs. Dawes in white crêpe with a silver train. Her dress was not low necked and it had short sleeves—since she does not approve of décolleté. Mr. Dawes was in high spirits during the hour that they remained. Most of the Governors and members of the Cabinet were there. Mr. Hughes received a great ovation when his face was observed in a box. The floor was flooded to the scuppers with dancers. Music and revelry—the close of an illustrious day.

• • •

Vox Presidentis

The following excerpts purport to give, under appropriate headings, the sense and significance of President Coolidge's inaugural address:

My Countrymen:

The Future. "No one can contemplate current conditions without finding much that is satisfying and still

more that is encouraging. . . .

Foreign Relations. "We cannot permit ourselves to be narrowed and dwarfed by slogans and phrases. . . . It will be well not to be too much disturbed by the thought of either isolation or entanglement of pacifists and militarists. . . . We have long advocated the peaceful settlement of disputes by methods of arbitration and have negotiated many treaties to secure that result. The same considerations should lead to our adherence to the Permanent Court of International Justice. . . . Some of the best thought of mankind has long been seeking for a formula for permanent peace. . . . But all these plans and preparations, these treaties and covenants, will not of themselves be adequate.

"One of the greatest dangers to peace lies in the economic pressure to which people find themselves subjected. . . .

"But there is another element more important than all, without which there cannot be the slightest hope of a permanent peace. . . . Parchment will fail, the sword will fail, it is only the spiritual nature of man that can be triumphant. . . . We have made great contributions to the settlement of contentious differences in both Europe and Asia. But . . . we can only help those who help themselves. . . .

Significance of His Election. "When the country has bestowed its confidence upon a party by making it a majority in the Congress, it has a right to expect such unity of action as will make the party majority an effective instrument of government. This Administration has come into power with a very clear and definite mandate from the people. The expression of the popular will in favor of maintaining our constitutional guaranties was overwhelming and decisive. . . .

Economy. "I favor the policy of economy not because I wish to save money, but because I wish to save people. . . . Economy is idealism in its most practical form. . . . The collection of any taxes which are not absolutely required. . . . is only a species of legalized larceny. . . . The time is arriving when we can have further tax reduction, when, unless we wish to hamper the people in their right to earn a living, we must have tax reform. . . . This country believes in prosperity. It is absurd to suppose that it is envious of those who are already prosperous. . . . The result of economic dissipation to a nation is always moral decay. . . .

Prohibition. "Those who disregard the rules of society are not exhibiting a superior intelligence, are not pro-

National Affairs—[Continued]

moting freedom and independence, are not following the path of civilization, but are displaying the traits of ignorance, of servitude, of savagery, and treading the way that leads back to the jungle.

The Congress. "Our Congress represents the people and the states. . . . I do not hesitate to say that there is no more independent and effective legislative body in the world. . . .

The Ku Klux Klan. "The last election showed that appeals to class and nationality have little effect. . . . We cannot permit any inquisition either within or without the law, or apply any religious test to the holding of office. . . .

America. "Here stands our country, an example of tranquility at home, a patron of tranquillity abroad. Here stands its Government, aware of its might but obedient to its conscience. . . . America seeks no earthly empire built on blood and force. . . . She cherishes no purpose save to merit the favor of Almighty God."

THE CONGRESS

An Admonition

The following extracts represent the substance of the inaugural speech of Senate President Charles G. Dawes:

"In my conduct I trust I may yield to no Senator in fairness, courtesy and kindness and in deference to those unwritten laws which always govern any association of gentlemen, whether official or private. It shall be my purpose not to transgress in any way those limits to my official activity determined by the Constitution of the United States and by proper parliamentary procedure. . . .

"In past years, because the members of this body have cherished most commendable feelings of fairness, courtesy and consideration for each other as individuals, certain customs have been evolved. . . .

"But, however natural has been the evolution of the present rules. . . . what would be the attitude of the American people and of the individual Senators themselves toward a proposed system of rules if this was the first session of the Senate of the United States instead of the 69th? What individual Senator would then have the audacity to propose the adoption of the present Rule 22 without modification, when it would be pointed out that, during the last days of the session, the right that is granted every Senator to be heard for one hour after two thirds of the Senate had agreed to bring a measure to a vote, gave a minority of even one Senator, at times, power to defeat

the measure and render impotent the Senate itself? . . .

"Who would dare to contend that, under the spirit of democratic government, the power to kill legislation, providing the revenues to pay the expenses of government should, during the last few days of a session, ever be in the hands of a minority or perhaps one Senator? Why should they ever be able to compel the President of the United States to call an extra session of Congress to keep in functioning activity the machinery of the Government itself? Who would dare maintain that, in the last analysis, the right of the Senate itself to act should ever be subordinated to the right of one Senator to make a speech . . . ?

"Were this the first session of the Senate and its present system of rules, unchanged, should be presented seriously for adoption, the impact of untold public opinion reflected in the attitude of the Senators themselves would crush the proposal like an egg-shell.

"Reform in the present rules of the Senate is demanded not only by American public opinion, but, I venture to say, in the individual consciences of the Senate itself. . . .

"To the performance of this duty—a duty which is non-partisan, a duty which is non-sectional, a duty which is alone in the interest of the nation we have sworn to faithfully serve—I ask the consideration of the Senate, appealing to the conscience and to the patriotism of the individual members."

Reaction

On the ceremonial day, when Vice President Dawes had made his inaugural address, sworn in the new Senators en masse, he announced with a gesture, shooing the audience out of the Chamber:

"The Sergeant-at-Arms will carry out the order of the Senate for the inauguration of the President of the United States on the east front of the Capitol."

As the gallery and the floor cleared, a number of amazed Senators remained on the floor foregoing the pleasure of the ceremonies out-of-doors. They remarked what they thought of the Vice President's speech in voices loud enough to reach the galleries. They were not exactly excited, not exactly indignant, but certainly displeased. The Senators were no better pleased when they assembled about an hour later and found no presiding officer present. Finally, Senator Watson took the chair and it was agreed to meet again on the following noon.

Outside the chamber, the Senators

began to air their opinions of Mr. Dawes' speech to the press.

Senator Norris (Progressive Republican): "I have an opinion and a strong one, but I do not care to express it."

Senator Ashurst (Democrat): "It was the most aerobic, gymnastic speech I have ever heard in the Senate."

Senator McKellar (Democrat): "A deplorable performance. I am sorry."

Senator Robinson (Democratic Floor Leader): "The ceremonies are necessarily formal. It is regrettable that they were made ridiculous."

Senator Caraway (Democrat): "He disclosed that he was almost as lacking in a knowledge of the rules of the Senate and Constitution of the United States as he was lacking in good taste—almost but not quite."

Senator George (Democrat): "There are some features of the rules, no doubt, that should be changed; but he defeated any change by the brutal and clownish way in which he went about it."

Senator Ferris (Democrat): "I think the Vice President has the lesson of his life coming to him. . . . The rules of the Senate are hopeless; improvement will have to be deferred to the next world."

Senator Reed (Democrat): "His melody of voice, grace of gesture and majesty of presence were only excelled by his modesty."

Senator Edwards (Democrat): "Hell and Maria—and not much Maria."

Senator Bruce (Democrat): "I shall have to see a little more of Vice President Dawes before I express an opinion as to whether he has the skill and address to induce the Senate to break with its past. The only statement that I can hazard about him at this time is that he evidently is a 'character.'"

Senator Smoot (Republican): "It would have been better if he had made it 'some other place than the Senate.'"

Senator Willis (Republican): "With regard to Vice President Dawes' speech, I want to say that I am on my way to the barbershop for a haircut and a shave."

Senator Oddie (Republican): "It was a virile speech and shows that he is full of fight—something that the Senate needs."

Senator Goff (Republican): "I think it was a constructive speech full of common sense."

By next day, the heat of the Senate had radiated away in good part. Senator Hale explained that he had sent the Vice President to the White House and not allowed him to return to the Senate after the President's inauguration.

National Affairs—[Continued]

A few mild rebukes for the haste of the previous day's proceedings were spoken, but nothing was said of the speech.

Strictly speaking, Mr. Dawes' speech was not a diatribe. A reading of the speech will hardly show anything intemperate. It was less his words than his manner which offended the Senate. His expression, his gestures, his winking of the gavel disclosed several times more clearly what he thought of the Senate than did his actual phrases. It was his thought rather than his words which gave offense.

The Senate, by and large, is not made up of youngsters. They are older men and older men do not take kindly to criticism. Most of them realize it. For them, anything that detracts from the acknowledged infallibility of the Senate impugns the significance, the success of their whole lives. An attack on the Senate is an attack on their caste. Moreover, most of them have spent their lives in politics and frequently no small part of their lives in legislative chambers. They have had experience in what is effective in legislative procedure, in the practical means of securing political ends. They are aware of their experience and set great store by it. "Is it not impertinence, ignorance," they said to one another, "that an outsider, a man who is now holding his first elective office, should come to us, tell us our methods are ineffectual, try to dictate to us how to run our own business?"

They thought, as Senator Jim Reed of Missouri was reported to have actually said: "We'll have to tame him." The taming process they regarded as easy; the Vice President, as presiding officer, has almost no power. He can only interpret the rules; while, on the floor, Senators can say anything they like about him or to him, confident that they can make him appear a jackass.

The situation from Mr. Dawes' standpoint is quite otherwise. He has antagonized the Senate, the body with which he will have to get along, somehow, for the next four years. If he did it deliberately, and it seems he did, he must have known that he was not making for his personal comfort.

He is a dramatist and a fighter, and there is no better proof of his talents than his speech, which immediately forced into the national arena the question of efficiency. Apparently he desired at once to assume, in the public eye, the role of antagonist to the Senate.

That move was not without political astuteness. It aligned against him a good many political leaders of both parties, but it was the only way in which he could avoid at once being wrapped in the shroud of Vice Presidential insignificance. Besides, the public has of late manifested no little disgust for the methods of Congress, the Senate in par-



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SENATOR MOSES
He plays the fish
(See below)

ticular. Under present circumstances, it is not unlikely that the Senate will go on during the next four years in the same manner in which it has gone on for the last four years, "dawdling," in the manner which has left the Isle of Pines Treaty unacted upon for a score of years, the World Court proposal for over two, and Muscle Shoals for something longer. To be sure, Mr. Dawes is disadvantaged by being able to do very little for the next four years except talk against the Senate and at it; but if, four years from now, he has assumed the post of the champion of the people against legislative flummery, then he will have a great political asset.

In a contest with the Senate, he has a pronounced advantage in the public eye, for the public is made up largely of business men whose natural sympathy is with one who drives ahead to get things done, rather than with the deliberate and political type of mind loathe to abandon its measured tread and political shifts.

Elevation of Moses

The Senate of the 69th Congress, settling down leisurely to the business of giving its advice and consent on the President's appointments, paused to organize itself for the next two years.

It turned at once to the election of a President pro tempore. Mr. Cummins, who served in that post, did not care to continue. The Democratic candidate was Senator Pittman of Nevada. The

Republican candidate was Senator Moses of New Hampshire. The vote was entirely on party lines and Senator Moses won, 50 to 36.

The job which George Higgins Moses undertook was nowise that which his predecessor had had. Since there had been no Vice President for 18 months, Mr. Cummins presided during that time and drew the Vice President's salary perquisites (notably an automobile and an office in the Capitol). Mr. Moses will preside only when Mr. Dawes is absent from the Chamber and draw only his normal salary—now \$10,000.

It is unique to see so keen a wit elevated to high political places. The shafts of Mr. Moses penetrate swiftly wherever he sees an opening in his opponents' armor and are usually fatal. It was he who analyzed the farm bloc as "several lawyers, a few editors and one well-digger." His wit is not of the Harrison sledge-hammer type. He plays the fish, and then he neatly spears it, while the audience roars. It was his sardonic humor which put the prophecy into the mouths of observers that he would never rise higher than Senator.

Nonetheless, by evident ability, he made his way upward in New Hampshire politics. His one excursion from his state was four years spent as Minister to Greece and Montenegro during the Taft administration. In 1918, he was elected to the Senate (succeeding the late Senator Gallinger). In 1920 he was reelected, and now his colleagues, pulling from their hides the quills he has discharged at them from time to time, elevate him again.

Did and Didn't

The usual last-day filibuster did not develop in the Senate, which passed away calmly, giving hasty consideration to only a few minor bills. The House did not give over its closing hour or so to songs as it often does. Instead there were eulogies and valedictories because Speaker Gillet was leaving to join the Senate. Representative Longworth, majority Floor Leader, retiring from that post to become Speaker, also spoke:

"I have learned to like, even more than I did before, those who have been in sympathy with me and those with whom I have had occasional quarrels, including those gentlemen whom I hope are only temporarily absent from the Republican Party.

"I am going to violate the rules now, and I hope the Speaker will not call me to order, when I ask you to give three cheers for Jack Garner.* I like you

*Representative John Nance Garner, of Texas, seriously ill; reported recovering.

National Affairs—[Continued]

all, and I like Blanton.* They cheered. So the 68th Congress closed its last session. In three months it had accomplished chiefly:

1) The passage of the annual appropriation measures.

2) The passage of an act to increase the pay of postal employees as well as to increase postal rates.

3) No legislation as follows:

☐ No important farm relief bill (House passed one).

☐ No measure for the disposal of Muscle Shoals.

☐ No action on the McFadden Bill to allow National Banks to establish branches (House passed one).

☐ No bill for the reorganization of the Executive Branch of the Government.

☐ No action on the proposal to enter the World Court.

☐ No action on the Isle of Pines Treaty.

☐ No action on the Lausanne Treaty with Turkey.

☐ No action on the Crampton Bill to set up the Prohibition Unit as an independent Bureau in the Treasury Department.

☐ No action on the proposal for Government purchase of the Cape Cod Canal.

☐ No action on the Gooding Bill to prevent railways from charging lower rates on longer than on shorter hauls.

During the session, 4,800 measures were introduced in the Senate and 13,000 in the House.

ARMY & NAVY

Air War

With the close of Congress, the Committee of the House investigating Government aeronautics ceased its hearings. So ended, at least for the present, the famed controversy pro and con a united Air Service for Army and Navy, of which Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service Mitchell had been the central figures (TIME, Feb. 16 et seq.).

Following the closing of Congress, there were two new developments:

1) Largely for the benefit of a number of visiting Congressmen, an aircraft demonstration was held in the neighborhood of Fortress Monroe and Langley Field, Virginia. First, airplanes simulated an attack on a dummy battleship marked out on the ground, a large number of small bombs being dropped on the target. Next, airplanes towing sleek

targets were fired on by two three-inch anti-aircraft guns, by six machine guns; three of the larger shells burst so close to the small target as to be counted as scores. The third practice was at night, airplanes attempting to drop flares on Fortress Monroe while five searchlights



☐ Wide World

JOHN W. DAVIS
The Justices laughed heartily
(See POLITICAL NOTE)

sought them in the dark. The airplanes succeeded in approaching undetected until they dropped their flares.

2) Lieutenant Colonel James E. Fechet was nominated to succeed General Mitchell as Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service. Inasmuch as the temporary rank of Brigadier General attaches to this post, it means that General Mitchell will be reduced to his permanent rank of Colonel. This action was expected because of General Mitchell's repeated criticisms of his superior officers in connection with his demand for a united Air Force.

WOMEN

Seven

Of about 55 million women, in a country of about 114,000,000 inhabitants, there are but seven who are entitled to appear on the floor of Congress. The Senate, in especial, has jealously guarded its floor. Male secretaries of Senators may enter on business, but no women.

Yet the day of inauguration saw three women at once on the floor of the Senate. The rules of both Houses admit to the privileges of the floor, members, ex-members, the Governors of states. So it happens that Representative Mae E. Nolan, ex-Representative Alice M.

Robertson, Governess Nellie Tayloe Ross of Wyoming appeared. Mrs. Ross was the first woman Governor to avail herself of her privilege.

The famous seven consist of:

Ex-Representatives:

Miss Jeanette Rankin of Montana.

Mrs. Winifred Mason Houck of Illinois.*

Miss Alice M. Robertson of Oklahoma.

Mrs. Mae E. Nolan of California.*

Ex-Senators:

Mrs. Rebecca L. Felton of Georgia.†

Governesses:

Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross* of Wyoming.

Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson of Texas.

Soon two others will be added to this list, newly elected Representatives Mrs. Mary T. Norton of New Jersey and Mrs. Florence Prag Kahn* of California. (Although the new Senate has met in special session and new Senators have been sworn in, the new House has not yet assembled and these members have not taken the oath.)

Mrs. Nolan, who retired from Congress last week, had a record of never having made a speech during her two years plus in Congress.

Elected

At the annual meeting of the Women's National Democratic Club in Washington, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson was elected Honorary President and Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, President.

POLITICAL NOTE

Barrister

The Supreme Court in session was hearing the argument of a learned barrister who appeared on behalf of the Cement Manufacturers' Protective Association, party to a case there pending. The barrister, whose face had not been seen there for some time, concluded his remarks. Mr. Chief Justice Taft announced that the Court would hear no argument on the following day, Mar. 4.

"I am aware that that will be necessary because of certain ceremonies in which I shall not be called upon to participate," replied the barrister—Mr. John W. Davis.

The solemn justices laughed heartily.

*A widow, elected to the office made vacant by the death of her husband.

†Mrs. Felton, now 89, widow of a former Representative, was appointed by the Governor of Georgia to fill the Senate vacancy caused by the death of Senator Thomas E. Watson, who died in 1922. The Senate did not meet until after the election in the fall of that year. At the election, Senator Walter F. George was chosen for Senator Watson's seat. He withheld his credentials for a few hours at the opening of the ensuing session and allowed Mrs. Felton to "serve."

*Representative Thomas Lindsay Blanton of Texas, wordy Congressman from Abilene, sometimes spoken of as the "most troublesome man in the House." He had the record, in the last Congress, for making points of no quorum (forcing roll calls, which in the House, with 435 members, take nearly half an hour each). In all, the House had 359 calls—150 hours of legislative time.

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL Security

The proposed Protocol to the Covenant of the League of Nations—a document devised last summer to maintain the status quo in Europe, to enable European Powers to disarm and to set up a system of obligatory arbitration of international disputes under threat of combined punitive measures (TIME, Sept. 8 et seq.)—was last week unanimously declared dead (because the British Commonwealth of Nations does not intend to sign it) and the whole question of security loomed large in the politics of Europe.

The present position, as reflected in the past week's news, by countries:

Germany. Germany sees herself surrounded by enemies and, as she may not (according to the Versailles Treaty) have an army of more than 100,000 men—a force totally inadequate to protect her frontiers—she has taken a page out of France's book and demanded security on her own account. She has proposed, therefore, to enter into an engagement with France to guarantee the Franco-German frontier and to submit to arbitration any dispute over this eastern boundary. This means nothing less than that Germany has renounced her claim to Alsace and Lorraine, but is not disposed to recognize the eastern boundary which cuts Prussia in two at its northern extremity and divides Germany from Poland, Czechoslovakia and Austria.

Britain. Came Foreign Secretary Austen Chamberlain to Paris en route to Geneva to attend a meeting of the Council of the League of Nations. He had come, he said, to obtain information and not to enter into agreements. From what was known of his conversations with Premier Edouard Herriot, he admitted that British interest was bound up with the preservation of the Franco-German boundary, by which he meant that Britain could not tolerate an unfriendly Power in possession of the Channel ports and the obvious place to prevent an unfriendly Power from seizing those ports is along the Franco-German frontier.

Mr. Chamberlain advocated acceptance by France of Germany's offer of security. He made it clear that Britain never would undertake to do more than guarantee the Franco-German frontier against unprovoked aggression. He was moreover alleged to have said that, by taking Germany into a five-power

Treaty (Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Germany) the danger of encouraging the latter to form a Russo-German bloc against an Anglo-French bloc would be ended—a clear policy of isolating Russia.

France. The German offer was re-



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KIRKWOOD, M. P.

At heart, O. K.

(See COMMONWEALTH)

ceived in Paris with expected skepticism. "Of what use," said Frenchmen, "will another scrap of paper be?" At the same time, Le Maréchal Foch presented his report to the Council of Ambassadors (see Page 9). The Marshal tacitly admitted that, if Germany wished to arm, the Inter-Allied Military Commission could not stop her; hence it appeared to him that a defensive alliance with England—long a topic in London and Paris—seemed the logical way to provide for lasting security. This was an admission that the control machinery, set up after the Versailles Treaty was signed, was breaking down and that France's other allies (Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Belgium, Poland) were not strong enough to stay a German onslaught on the Franco-German frontier.

To the British proposals, France had a ready answer. So far as the eastern frontier was concerned, she welcomed British support, but France had other obligations. She was bound by treaties of alliance to Poland and Czechoslovakia, whose

western frontiers Germany evidently did not recognize. Premier Herriot took this to mean that Germany would seek revision of the territorial clauses of the Versailles Treaty * and that France would be bound to attack such an attitude.

Although the security talk is only beginning, its seriousness can be gauged by the fact that Rumania and Czechoslovakia were all week in hectic telegraphic communication with the Quai d'Orsay, and the Polish Foreign Minister made a special trip to Paris to influence the French Government against taking any step to terminate the existing treaty of alliance. Meantime, France has apparently to choose between having Britain for an ally or maintaining her treaty relations with the Central European Powers.

COMMONWEALTH

(British Commonwealth of Nations)

In Parliament

The House of Commons went into committee on the budget estimates and the Rt. Hon. James F. Hope, Chairman of the Committee, took his seat on the Speaker's Chair.

H. A. L. Fisher, Liberal, former Minister of Education, opened debate on the Government's foreign policy by warning the House against an alliance with France and Belgium which, he said, was sure to divide Europe into two armed camps.

Foreign Secretary Austen Chamberlain began to outline his policy and stated that it was desirable, in order to prevent Europe from splitting into two armed camps, that Germany should become a party to the proposed treaty of security (see INTERNATIONAL). But when he referred to a secret document that he had received from Germany, the irrepressible Clydesider, "Dave" Kirk-

*The Treaty of Versailles is divided roughly into three sections: Financial, Military, Territorial. The amount of reparations was originally set at about \$33,000,000,000, but the amount which is now thought possible to collect from Germany stands at approximately \$10,000,000,000. Moreover, Germany has by a policy of inflation cancelled her entire internal debt of \$50,000,000,000 (1918 value—the pre-war value would have been \$200,000,000,000).

The military clauses of the Treaty, according to Marshal Foch, have now been largely defeated and the impossibility of preventing Germany from arming is now clear.

According to German pretensions with regard to the German-Polish, German-Czechoslovakian, German-Austrian frontier, it appears to the French that Germany is making an attempt to defeat the territorial clauses of the Treaty, in which case, if she is successful, Germany will have done what many feared, namely, have won the peace.

Foreign News—[Continued]

FRANCE

Commission's Report

At a mid-morning hour last week, a crowd collected on the left bank of the Seine, scurried along the Quai d'Orsay, hung about the Ministère des Affaires



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FOCH'S CLASSMATE
Were they friends?
(See next page)

Étrangères or French Foreign Office. Up the steps was walking the Marquess of Creve, British Ambassador to France. "Le voilà," cried a voice, choking down a morsel of the yard of bread which he carried under his arm. "C'est le roi George." "Non, non," responded another, "c'est l'ambassadeur britannique." "Je vous dis. . . ." The honking of an automobile horn interrupted the incipient altercation. Out of the car stepped a man dressed in the sky-blue uniform of a French officer; on his head was a cap with a dome encircled by hoops of gold. Evidently he was a Marshal of France. The crowd, surer of its ground, instantly recognized the Marshal and the air became thick with *Vive le maréchal! Vive le généralissime!*

Inside the Quai d'Orsay, in a gilded council chamber, a group of men awaited the coming of Marshal Foch

republican in his thoughts, but he held to his right of criticizing the royal authorities. During the War, like his present leader, Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Kirkwood set his best to ruin Britain's cause by advocating a "down tools" policy among munition workers. For a time he undoubtedly was a Communist, but, strange though it may seem, his patriotism saved him. He bears this out with a quotation from Burns, whom he quotes often and with great facility:

To all the world I give my hand,
My heart I give my native land.

wood,* shouted: "Wot abah the Red letter?"—a reference to the Zinoviev letter which aided the Conservatives in the last election (TIME, Dec. 1).

Chairman Hope called for order, but "Dave" declined to be orderly and continued to argue, whereupon the chairman "named" him, the initial formality of taking a vote of suspension. As the chairman had no authority to take the vote, Mr. Speaker Whitley was sent for. After a short pause, the Speaker entered the debating chamber and took his seat. Mr. Chamberlain formally moved that Mr. Kirkwood be suspended. Ex-Premier Ramsay MacDonald asked to be allowed to make an explanation, but the Speaker replied that, in accordance with the rules of the House, he must abide by the Chairman's version of what had happened. He then put the motion to a vote without debate and Kirkwood's suspension for the present session was carried 245 to 119 votes.

By way of protest, Mr. MacDonald led the whole Labor Party out of the House, each member bowing elaborately as he passed the Speaker's Chair. The silence in which these proceedings were carried out was only once broken and that was when Jack Jones, Laborite, challenged the House by shouting: "Come outside and we'll settle it!" It was the first time that any party had walked out of the House since Bonar Law led the Conservatives out in 1914 over the Irish Home Rule Bill.

Mr. Chamberlain continued his speech, the main points of which were:

- 1) That the Government would not ratify the League Protocol.
- 2) That the Government would promote disarmament at the earliest opportunity in a feasible way.
- 3) That he would exchange views with Premier Herriot at Paris looking toward a defensive treaty between Britain, France, Belgium and Germany.

*David Kirkwood, Labor member for Dumfries, is what the English call a "character" which means that he is not amenable to discipline or respectful of convention. A typical Scot, he is certainly one of the most outstanding men of the Parliamentary Labor Party and, in spite of his rough humor and coarse tactics, is well liked by the Liberals and most of the Conservatives.

Mr. Kirkwood is not a Communist, as is generally thought. His Socialism is certainly more radical than that of the moderate Laborites like ex-Premier MacDonald and his followers; but, in his constant attacks upon the existing order of things, what he has at heart is raising the Scotch poor from the unenviable state in which they live. His whole mind is dominated by this one thought, and when he finds hundreds of millions of pounds being spent by Parliament for the Nation's upkeep, he thinks of these people and his tempestuous tongue is wagged faster than his super-heated brain can think.

At heart, he is a good fellow and, when he puts himself in the wrong, he is never slow in making amends, provided he believes himself to be wrong. Thus, in his attack on the Prince of Wales' visit to Africa and South America (TIME, Feb. 23), he was accused of attacking the Prince. This he subsequently denied, paid ample tribute to the Royal Family, openly declared that there was nothing

and Premier Edouard Herriot. They were the Ambassadors and Ministers of the late Allied Powers and had come for a meeting of the Council of Ambassadors*, which was to consider a report from the Inter-Allied Military Commission of which Marshal Foch is Chairman.

Presently a number of chairs skidded slightly along the soft carpet as the sitters stood up to welcome the Premier and the Marshal. Premier Herriot, marching to the head of a long council table, requested the company to be seated. Marshal Foch placed a large portfolio of documents on the table and sat down.

Premier Herriot, as Chairman, called the meeting to order and stated that the Council had been convoked to hear a report from Marshal Foch on the state of German armaments as discovered by the Military Commission toward the end of last year. He called upon the Marshal to read his report.

Lord Crewe, the British Ambassador, half turned in his seat, propped his head on the table with one hand, tugged his moustache with the other, gazed expectantly at the Marshal. The other Ambassadors and Ministers sprawled in restful positions. Premier Herriot puffed his pipe.

The main facts which the Marshal dwelt upon in his eleven-page summary of the 380-page report of the Military Commission were:

- 1) That the old Imperial General Staff is still in existence.
- 2) That, despite the fact that the Treaty of Versailles prescribes for Germany a Reichswehr (Defense Force) of 100,000 men, Germany maintains by a system of short-term enlistments an effective Reserve estimate at 500,000.
- 3) That a certain amount of war material in excess of treaty limits was discovered.
- 4) That the German Government has passed no legislation limiting the armed forces of the German Republic in accordance with the Treaty of Versailles.
- 5) That a police force (*Sicherheitspolizei*, Public Safety Police, also known as the Green Police) of 150,000 men is kept on a military footing.

The Marshal therefore suggested that a treaty of security for France should be negotiated with British Powers (see INTERNATIONAL). Lord Crewe, British Ambassador to France, blocked further discussion with the cryptic remark that the Marshal's report did not constitute

*The Council of Ambassadors is composed of the Allied Ambassadors accredited to the time being to the President of the French Republic, meeting under the chairmanship of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs (at the present time Premier Edouard Herriot). It has been called "a body of vague authority and sporadic vitality."

†The Inter-Allied Military Commission was appointed in 1919 by the Supreme War Council to see that Germany observed the disarmament provisions of the Treaty of Versailles.

Foreign News—[Continued]

what was wanted. It was subsequently agreed by the assembled Ambassadors that M. Foch should prepare another report setting forth categorically the extent of Germany's violations of the disarmament provisions of the Treaty and make specific recommendations to oblige Germany to fulfill her technical defaultations.

Ferdinand Foch, like his soldier colleagues Marshal Joffre and General Castelnau, is from the *Midi* (South—not to be confused with the feminine *midinette*). It was at Tarbes in Gascony, under the shade of the Pyrenees, at 10 o'clock on the night of Oct. 2, 1851, that the future generalissimo of the Entente Armies was born. It was two months before Prince Louis Napoleon made his famed coup d'état.

The Foches had long been in the wool trade. The grandfather, Dominique Foch (1733-1804), in addition to increasing his fortune from wool, had busied himself giving practical expression to his enthusiasm for Napoleon, after whom he christened his son (Marshal Foch's father) Bertrand Jules Napoleon. Foch *père* did not continue in the wool business but, as the French say, *entra dans l'administration*; in other words, he became a civil servant. In 1850, having married Marie Sophie Jacqueline Dupré, he was appointed by President Louis Napoleon Secrétaire Général de la Préfecture at Tarbes. Next year, to M. and Mme. Foch was born their third child, a boy whom they christened Ferdinand.

Ferdinand Foch did not revert to the wool business, but he shared his grandfather's enthusiasm for the great Napoleon whom he was never tired of studying. From the days of his early education at the lycée de Tarbes until his actual entrance into the École Polytechnique at Paris, Ferdinand Foch studied hard to become a soldier.

In 1870, before he had left the Collège de Saint-Clement at Metz, the Franco-Prussian War broke out and, like young Joffre and Castelnau, he served France's lost cause. The next year, he went back to Metz and, in July, passed the entrance examinations for the Polytechnique at Nancy, which town was still occupied by the Germans. At the Polytechnique he was a classmate of Joffre, a few months his junior. It is not certain if they were close friends.

Much has been written about Marshal Foch in the War; how when he became 65 years of age in 1916, he was retired, as is usual with French Army officers of his rank and age; how, a year later, he was appointed to supreme command of the French Army in succession to General Nivelle—an appointment for which MM. Poincaré and Clemenceau still claim the credit; how he became

generalissimo of the Allied Armies on the Western Front at a time of acute stress; how his expert strategy succeeded in routing the Germans and how



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SOCIALIST BLUM
"Practically senseless"
(See "Hit")

Premier Clemenceau recommended President Poincaré to make him a Marshal of France, the pinnacle of a French soldier's fame. His last great act took place at 5 A. M. on the morning of Nov. 11, 1918. He received the German delegates in his railway car at Senlis and dictated the terms of the Armistice.

Although he had won the War by virtue of holding the unified command of all the Entente armies fighting in France, Marshal Foch was deprived of any power at the Paris Peace Conference. He could make speeches, say what ought to be done and what ought not to be done, but that was all. With all his might he counselled France to extend her northeast frontier to the historic and natural boundary of the Rhine; but the anti-Catholic Clemenceau, no lover of Catholic Foch, would not listen. Indeed, Clemenceau would not listen to much more than the Marshal said.

Marshal Foch survived these ordeals with a name that suffered no diminution of its greatness, as his visit to the U. S. and Canada in 1921 so well testified. His position today is in the nature of a technical adviser to the Allied Governments on military matters arising out of the Versailles Treaty and as such he is Chairman of the Inter-Allied Military Commission. Although he is in active service (as are all Marshals of

*The present French Marshals are: Joffre, Foch, Lyauté, Foyelle, Franchet, d'Espèrey, Pétain.

France) at the age of 73, he is not Commander-in-Chief of the French Army; that honor belonging to Marshal Pétain.

In appearance, the Marshal is slight, supple, short with the banded legs of a cavalier. His blue eyes, luminous, still retain much of their flash and his mental faculties are alert. He is difficult to converse with, being by nature taciturn, a strange virtue in a Gascon; but when he has a subject in hand to discuss, he begins willingly and almost invariably prefaces his remarks with "Let's get down to business." His aunt says of him: "I always wait until Ferdinand has chewed his third cigar before I look for him to come out of his thoughts and talk to us."

Like his comrade General Castelnau (whom many say is the greater soldier), Marshal Foch is a devout Catholic, but unlike him he does not mix in politics. M. Castelnau has been an administrator, a tactician. Foch is the theorist, the strategist. Castelnau organized the mobilization system that worked so wonderfully for France at the beginning of the War; he saved Nancy, which Foch was apparently unable to do; he saved Verdun, which Pétain could not do. Foch became the greater general because, although a Catholic, he kept his political opinions to himself, which Castelnau did not.

Hirsute

Georges Clemenceau, 73, France's best known ex-Premier, staggered all Paris last week by attending a giddy revue at a well-known Paris theatre. The aged ex-Premier said he went to watch the effect of a new invention in calcium lights upon the chorus.

At any rate, M. Clemenceau was so excited that he forgot to give the usual *pourboire* to the female attendant who conducted him to his front seat in the *fauteuils*. Next morning he remembered this slip and, summoning his chauffeur, bade him take a ten-franc bill to the usher woman.

"But how shall I know her?" asked the chauffeur.

Replied the "Tiger": "She has a fine black moustache. Tell her to get a shave."

Hit

Conflicts between Socialists and Communists took place in Paris at two meetings. At one, Millionaire Deputy Léon Blum, Socialist, was hit in the face by a wine glass and knocked practically senseless. Several of M. Blum's colleagues were also roughly treated. A Communist, armed with the legbone of an ox, stamped around the meeting room, shouted that he wanted "the whole world to bleed."

Foreign News—[Continued]

GERMANY

Funeral

To the deep roll of muffled drums, the coffin bearing the body of President Friedrich Ebert of Germany (TIME, Mar. 9) was carried down the steps of the Presidential Palace in Wilhelmstrasse, placed in the waiting hearse, covered with the black, red and gold flag of republican Germany.

A great, solemn procession of statesmen, relatives, soldiers marched behind the coffin to Chopin's dread funeral music and between two dense, black, sorrowing files of people who lined the entire route of the cortege.

Down the Wilhelmstrasse and Unter den Linden across the Pariserplatz and through the centre arch of the Brandenburg Gate—through which, during the Imperial régime, only the Kaiser could pass—went the long company of mourners. The tense excitement of the populace was severe and the involuntary surge of the crowd as it tried to prolong its last look at the majesty of the funeral pomp caused women to shriek and faint. (U. S. newspapers attributed this erroneously to "the bursting of emotion pent up beyond endurance." Berlin crowds, as is well known, are not so hysterical.)

Through the Doric columns of the Brandenburg Gate, the prancing horses of the cavalry led the procession to the right along the fringes of the Tiergarten to the Reichstag Building where, before the massive statue of Bismarck, Reichstag President Löbe paid a feeling tribute to the dead first President of Germany.

The cortege then wheeled, pressed along the Friedensallee, packed with people even to the tree-tops. On the left, the Brandenburg Gate was re-passed as, the next moment, the procession marched solemnly and slowly down the Budaerstrasse to the Potsdamerplatz where is situate the Potsdamer Railway Station.

In this square, the coffin was placed upon a black-draped platform, great, smoking funeral pyres at its corners. Here the corpse of Ebert remained in state for several hours while troops marched past to the strains of Chopin's and Beethoven's solemn music and while sorrowing Berliners took their last look at the remains of their late chief.

At 6:30 in the evening, the coffin was placed upon the funeral train which steamed out into the black night for the President's natal town.

Next morning, the arrival of the funeral train at Heidelberg was signalled by the tolling of every church

bell in the town, the tolling continuing for three hours.

As Heidelberg is occupied by French troops, the funeral procession was deprived of any military pomp. A vast crowd of notables, who had arrived in



HOLLAND'S QUEEN

Both newspapers were misinformed

43 special trains, formed a long and impressive queue of mourners. Among them were Frau Ebert, two Fräulein Ebert, Ebert's only son, a brother and a sister, Chancellor Luther, Reichstag President Löbe, ex-Chancellor Marx.

At 11:30 A. M., the tolling-bells were drowned in a roar of gunfire—the body of Friedrich Ebert had been lowered into its last resting place, following a Catholic burial service.* Then, all was quiet except for the shuffling of unwilling and retreating footsteps and the thump of the earth as the diggers began to fill in the grave.

A Wreath

At the Ebert funeral appeared a large wreath of lilacs, bearing a ribbon with a crown and the initial "W." The *Acht Uhr Abendblatt* was overjoyed. "From ex-Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm," the newspaper reported. The *Deutsches Tageblatt* was certain that it was the ex-Kaiser who had, with characteristic thought, sent the wreath.

At the Presidential Palace in Wilhelmstrasse, an official said both newspapers were misinformed. The wreath in question was from her Majesty

*The late President Ebert was brought up in the Roman Catholic religion, but, arriving at man's estate, he became, to say the least, an indifferent churchgoer.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.

The *New Berliner Zeitung* thereupon wanted to know: "Why didn't Wilhelm II offer condolences?" and quotes the *Prague Tagblatt* as saying: "One would think that Emperor Wilhelm would today somehow feel himself still connected with the fate of the German people and would join in the mourning when that Nation is overtaken by a loss for which Frenchmen and Englishmen express their sympathy. The Governments of Paris and London have condoled, but the German at Doorn remains silent."

Although the "German at Doorn" may have sent a wreath—and if he did, it probably was returned—yet, if he did not, it would seem that he lost a great opportunity to play an important political card.

Pre-Election Notes

Acting President. Dr. Walther Simons, former Foreign Minister in the Cabinet of Chancellor Feilerbach (1920-21) and lately President of the German Supreme Court at Leipzig, was last week elected by the leaders of the big political parties President of Germany *ad interim*.

The agreement to this effect was doubtless made to relieve Chancellor Luther of the onerous task of discharging simultaneously the duties of President and Chancellor. As the forthcoming Presidential election may not be over until the end of April, the strain of occupying two important offices over such a stretch of time would necessarily impose an intolerable burden upon the Chancellor. Moreover, it was pointed out by *The New York Times*, that, if the Government were forced to resign before a President were elected, Chancellor Luther would be in the same sort of situation as was the Pooh-Bah in Gilbert & Sullivan's famed *Mikado*, viz: Luther as Chancellor would be obliged to tender his resignation to himself as President and having accepted his own resignation would have to find a successor for himself as Chancellor.

Date. The date on which the Presidential election is to be held was changed from Apr. 26 to Mar. 29. If no candidate receives an absolute majority of the votes of the populace, as seems likely, a second election will be held in April; and the candidate receiving a relative majority will be declared President of the German Republic.

Catholics. The candidate of the Centre or Catholic Party is ex-Chancellor Wilhelm Marx, a priest. Herr Marx cannot be elected President by his own Party but must count on a heavy Socialist vote. It seems unlikely that the Socialists, who are Protestants, will vote for a Catholic priest; but the Catholic Party tried to bring pressure

Foreign News—[Continued]

to bear on the Socialists by reminding them that it was mainly by virtue of the Catholic vote that the late Herr Ebert was appointed President.

Socialists. The Social Democratic Party (Socialists) ignored the Catholic pleas and nominated Herr Otto Braun, ex-Minister President of Prussia, as their candidate for the Presidency. This probably means that the Catholics, many of whom are Monarchists, especially those from South Germany, will be driven, through lack of support for their own candidate, to vote for the Monarchist nominee. The same applies to the Democrats, who are not going to nominate a candidate of their own.

Monarchists. The Monarchist Parties (principally the Nationalists and German People's Party) made no nominations. Some names suggested: ex-Emperor Wilhelm II, ex-Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, Prince Eitel Friedrich, Chancellor Luther (who, although loudly boomed, was expected to step down in favor of Herr Jarres), Grand Admiral Alfred von Tirpitz, General-Feldmarschal von Hindenburg, ex-Minister of the Interior Jarres. The last named seemed the likeliest candidate as, although a Monarchist at heart, he belongs to the German People's Party and is known to favor the continuance of a Republic for the present. As a matter of fact, any Monarchist candidate would be obliged to endorse the Republic to secure his election, even the ex-Kaiser or the ex-Crown Prince, both of whom are ridiculous possibilities in more ways than one.

Communists. With the usual fanfare of red talk and red flags, the Communists were prompt to nominate one Comrade Thalman as their candidate for the Presidency but, as far as could be discovered from despatches, no anti-Communist was worrying.

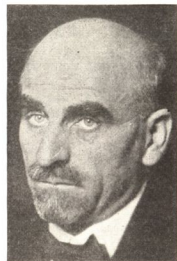
CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

Birthday

President Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, "Father of the Czecho-Slovak Republic," celebrated his 75th birthday and with him celebrated the entire nation, which adores him and has reason to do so.

Aside from countless messages from foreign lands and official congratulations from the Senate, the feature of the day of national festivities was the parade of 1,000 boys and girls, chosen from 300,000 children, to the Presidential Palace at Prague. The children from each region presented the President with a simple present and each child was presented with a small present from the President. Among the gifts the President

received were: national emblem from Bohemia, basket of painted eggs from Moravia, a doll in Slovak costume from Slovakia, decorated plates from Silesia.



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OTTO BRAUN
Into Ebert's boots?
(See col. 1, SOCIALISTS)

RUSSIA

Progress?

According to the Russian Information Bureau at Washington,* considerable progress in industry, as reflected in trade figures, was made by Bolshevik Russia during the fiscal year which ended Oct. 1, 1924.

Production. Commodities showing decreases: grain products, salt, goloshes, tires, tobacco products.

Increases were: lumber (20%), coal (40%), petroleum (18%), martenite† (80%), iron ore (112%), copper (60%), manganese (45%), textiles (35%—50%), flax fabric (35%), matches (30%), rolled iron (50%), pig iron (122%), steel (35%), hides (3%), raw sugar (40%), cotton crop (800% within a two-year period.)

Trade. Imports increased 100%; exports 150%. Foreign trade at pre-

*Much in the report should be discounted. The figures quoted relate to the gains or losses made during the fiscal year 1923-24 over the previous fiscal year; to be noted is the fact that industry as a whole is only about half what it was before the war (see above). Moreover, decreased taxation does not argue for increased prosperity but rather against it; for, under present conditions, it is impossible to collect more, although the need for higher taxation is admittedly acute.

†A hard, brittle substance of the nature of a solid solution, consisting of iron with 2% or less of carbon.

War price was 25% of the pre-War figure. Two fifths of this trade was with Britain, but exports to the U. S. increased 500%.

Agriculture. Sown area was 10% greater; gross value of crops increased 4.5% at pre-War prices and 150% at current prices; hog and cattle increased 64% and from 5% to 10% respectively.

Currency. Russian currency was put on a firm gold foundation, the chervonetz (new currency) remained stable and was for the most part quoted at slightly over par on European exchanges. In the first three quarters of the year, however, 180,000,000 rubles (gold value) were issued without gold security.

Population. The 1924 population was 75% of that of Tsarist Russia, the loss being accounted for by the loss of Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and east Poland.

Taxation. Taxation was seven gold rubles per capita against eleven gold rubles pre-War.

Industry. Heavy industry reached from 40% to 60%, light industry from 60% to 80% of the pre-War figure.

LATIN AMERICA

Tacna-Arica Award

President Coolidge of the U. S., arbitrator of the Tacna-Arica dispute between Chile and Peru, handed down his award last week after 15 months of consideration by the U. S. State Department.

The Provinces of Tarapacá, Tacna and Arica, were seized by Chile in the Chile-Peruvian War. According to the Treaty of Ancon (1883, ratified 1884), which ended the war, the fate of the latter two Provinces was to be decided in 1894 by a plebiscite, after they had been under Chilean authority for ten years. If the Provinces reverted to Peru, the latter was to pay Chile \$5,000,000; if the plebiscite favored Chile then Chile's right to the Provinces was to be considered absolute.

When 1894 came along, Chile was having boundary difficulties with Argentina; Peru was turned upside down over the election of a successor to President Morales Bermudez. A plebiscite was then impossible. In after years, several unsuccessful attempts were made to settle the dispute; and an ugly situation was rapidly being created when U. S. President Harding suggested that the case be brought to Washington and submitted to arbitration. This offer was accepted and President Coolidge has made his award.

The dispute raged around Chile's contention that the question must be settled

Foreign News—[Continued]

by plebiscite; Peru said that, owing to the fact that the population had been changed during the past 30 years, a plebiscite was no longer fair.

President Coolidge's award:

1) That the dispute be settled by plebiscite.

2) That a special commission, composed of one Chilean, one Peruvian and one U. S. citizen, be appointed within four months and assemble at Arica within six months to fix the date of the plebiscite. The conditions under which the plebiscite is to be held are partly favorable to Chile, partly to Peru, but all of them are designed to permit free and fair expression of the will of the people of Tacna and Arica.

3) That the northern boundary of the two Provinces is to be that claimed by Peru; that the southern boundary is to be fixed by a special commission along the old Peruvian inter-provincial boundary lines.

The President's ruling is final.

JAPAN

Agitators

One evening last week, after Premier Kato had returned, dead tired, to his house from the Diet, five men called, demanded to see the Premier. A secretary appeared, told the visitors that the Premier was tired, too tired to see them. Whereupon the five men fell upon the secretary. Servants in the office joined in the fight. A policeman rushed in; another rushed to a telephone. A few minutes later, arrived 20 more hooligans. The fight promptly ended. The five men were taken to the nearest police station, examined, proved to be agitators employed by reactionaries to coerce the Premier into abandoning the Universal Manhood Suffrage Bill.

CHINA

Emperor's Plight

Word came from China that Hsuan Tung, alias P'u-yi, alias Henry, nicknamed "Harry," once Son of Heaven or Emperor of China*, was marooned last week at Tientsin, city a few miles south of Peking and a convenient jumping-off spot for Japan.

"Harry" was ousted, last November (Time, Nov. 17), from the For-

*P'u-yi was born such in 1906. At the age of two, he ascended the throne, became what the Chinese used to call the Son of Heaven, or, plainly, Emperor of China. On becoming Emperor, he took the personal name of Hsuan Tung and after his abdication in 1912, he called himself Henry in admiration of Henry VIII of England. Hence, journalists have naturally referred to him as "Harry."



© International

"HARRY"
Marooned

bidden City by General Feng, Chinese Christian Soldier. He obtained asylum in the Japanese Legation at Peking and, later, under Japanese escort, went to the Japanese Consulate at Tientsin, apparently the initial trip on the longer voyage to Japan. Japan, however, could do no more for fear of offending the Chinese Government, and informed "Harry," last week, of that fact.

CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Denial. Claire Windsor is the latest to succumb to the current screen fashion of portraying, in one film, a young girl in her teens, and a woman of 45, thus putting screen art above mere good looks. In her latter manifestation, she dreams herself back to her girlhood—stilled by her mother—living again the romance of the Spanish-American War, learning not to cramp her own daughter's style of loving. Lewis Beach's stage play, *The Square Peg*, here transferred to the screen, has had some of the acrid tang carefully sponged out of it. But enough remains to vitalize this study of the iron-bound mother determined to be good to her family, let the chips fall where they may.

Introduce Me. Douglas MacLean takes his smile for an airing on the Alps. As in his earlier picture, *The Hotentot*, Mr. MacLean is again a timid young man harried into rash deeds for the sake of a maiden fair. Constructed along formulaic lines, his gallivanting around the dizzy cliffs yet has its comic urge.

On Thin Ice. The crook world has a woman's pure love showered on it again. This cinema unfolds the manner in which an artful dodger, Tom Moore by name, has his seedy character disinfected by artless Edith Roberts. To regain some lost bank loot through her, a gang of robbers plant Moore in her confidence as her long-lost brother—and romance becomes imperative. Still, it's much better than it sounds.

The Isle of Vanishing Men. Again, a savage island picture, the most glamorous part of which is its title. The cannibals revealed in it, a prey to the devouring diseases of civilization, are akin to Barnum's dog-faced man. Their vanishing, from the samples shown here, will not make them missed. Wildly advertised orgies have been emasculated, till all that remains is a form of nocturnal shimmying by the tribe.

The Goose Hangs High. Another transcription of a Lewis Beach play, this picture is primarily notable for the appearance over the Hollywood horizon of Constance Bennett, daughter of Richard Bennett. She shows much promise, fertile grace and panomimic adaptability. The burden of the story is well sustained on the screen, to wit, that if you but scratch the brass of the heedless young brood of today, you'll find true gold.

THE THEATRE

New Plays

Louie the 14th. Leon Errol's legs straddle this musical comedy like those of the Colossus at Rhodes. Florenz Ziegfeld's latest musical pageant and village carnival has been produced on a scale of towering magnificence. It outlines a Mardi Gras festival and the *Follies* combined. But unless the book had Mr. Errol's legs to uphold it, it could hardly stand on its own feet.

The tumbling Errol is the principal object of art in some extremely decorative snap-shots of musical-comedy France. The comedian seems a bit less springy than formerly, for constant falls have not taken the jar off his spine. But he is as potent as ever in his tipsy dizziness, his skittish gallop. Beneath its bald dome, his elastic face is still fluent with its infantile grimaces.

His rôle is that of a dawdling cook, left behind in France after the armistice, who is bagged as the 14th guest at a gold-plate dinner of superstitious, rich Americans. He disrupts the party, in accepted operetta vein, with goofy behavior. Eventually he performs a rowdy dance with Ethel Shutta, the latter seeming, in looks and behavior, to be Nora Bayes stretched to the nth degree.

Another Errol specialty vouchsafed is the cluttered, fumbling attempt to gather an armful of packages. Ripe pantomimic art raises this above the level of the five-a-day variety. Mr. Errol's groping hands are beautifully pusillanimous.

The inescapable romantic element centers about Harry Fender, collar advertisement masquerading as a U. S. lieutenant. He loves Doris Patston, French flower-seller with an English accent. She is gracious, with a cool, reassuring voice, nimble limbs, modish good looks. The diligent Sigmund Romberg has drained off another resonant score to match his *The Student Prince* (TIME, Dec. 15). There is a military chorus to boom close harmony and rumble rifles. Florenz Ziegfeld has window-dressed the scenes far above the usual art-calendar level. The book has been only partially translated from the lumbering German. It would lose momentum but for Errol's hind legs.

Starlight. Nothing is more tempting to most actresses than to vibrate in the rôle of a celebrated actress, perfumed with a past. Nothing is more likely to bark the temperamental shins. Actresses' lives are admittedly artificial. To paint them up additionally with wire-strung acting is to paint the lily. So, when Doris Keane, in Gladys Unger's play, essayed a

rôle faintly redolent of Bernhardt, she invited the lightning.

The sparks that it struck off were only feeble glints of starlight. From



MISS KEANE
Her larynx gets scope

a Montmartre dive in girlhood to stage triumphs, Actress Aurelie Bourgevin (Miss Keane) runs the gamut of 100 emotions, 60 years, 14 costumes, several husbands. Harking back to *Romance*, she is allowed rapid shifts in mood and attire. Her laryngeal versatility is given scope by screaming in childbirth, yearning in bed and scrubbing her child in its bath tub. Her make-up, modeled after the Divine Sarah's, seems authentic. Sartorially it is striking, but dramatically its fine feathers droop.

At times, it is a rabid effort at the sensational. It gives little real opportunity to Miss Keane, except to show her gifts as a quick-change artist. Amid the lustrous costumes, she is a cake of soap, foaming and floating among its own prismatic bubbles. A large and untiring cast utter the feverishly banal dialog incessantly.

Sky High. This show is like a pair of renovated shoes—its polish is new, its cracks are old. It flashes through a series of pedal acrobatics—farandoles, shuffles, clogs, hornpipes, jigs. Many light-legged ladies agilely provide that atmosphere of devilry

which always overwhelms the very old and the very young at the sight of 20 or more female limbs rapidly manipulated to music. Occasionally William Howard, comedian of the monologue school, advances to the footlights in order to lure back those holders of seats who have begun to make determined, surreptitious exits on all fours up the centre aisle. He imitates Harry Lauder, Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor; he sings, with extraordinary results, a philosophic anthem entitled *Let It Rain*; he surmises that a talkative lady "must have been vaccinated with a phonograph needle"; when confronted by a man who professes to have sprung from a long line of peers, he says: "And I've leaped from a few docks myself"; when asked if he knows the King's English, he replies that so was the Prince of Wales. There is a Victor Herbert waltz; Dorothy McNulty dances with graceful velocity; Miss Joyce Barbour contributes a patrician presence; Vannessi, the stupidest-looking beautiful woman on the U. S. stage, rolls her eyes.

Michel Auclair. This play, sponsored by the Provincetown group, is a pledge of lost hopes, a souvenir of misshapen direction. The author (Charles Vildrac) is a sort of French Barrie, here perverted into a casual Bierce. He makes a pretty world for himself out of nice books and brotherly love, ruling out the flesh and the devil. His hero is a young man who is both those Siamese twins of psychology, Dr. Coué and Dr. Frank Crane. The idealist returns from a year in Paris to his village and, finding his fiancée the wretched wife of a doltish sergeant, fulfills his philosophy by helping them to untangle the kinks in their jarring nervous systems.

The cast play it in a shuffling fashion. Edgar Stehli as the idealist, Walter Abel as the sergeant and Helen Freeman as the wife were like mushrooms nodding underground. The slight piece would make a shimmering curtain-raiser, if the cast were whipped up into playing it more smartly.

Pierrot the Prodigal. Not for over a year has the voice of Laurette Taylor been heard on the stage, nor was it heard when, after this long silence, she returned last week to play the title rôle of this pantomime by Michel Carré, to the music of André Wormser. Through three acts which deal with the fragile adventures of poor Pierrot who runs away with one Phrynette, returns home in tears, no player speaks a word. Miss Taylor's face is a painted mask of eternal, baffled laughter, of moon-blanced sorrow; her gestures are eloquent, her insight unerring. George Copeland, famed pianist, upholds the glittering pattern of gesture with subtle rhythms.

BOOKS

Sturly*

A Gobbet of Gelatine Makes Manifest the Life-Stream

The Story. After the mysteries of a certain wedding, consummated over a moss-bed in the headwaters of a French river, an imperceptible gobbet of gelatine floated down the river into the sea. The gobbet sank, down, down into pelagic depths, attached itself to a rose-colored seaweed and swooned away.

When the gobbet awoke, it had a skin. It could not swim, except vertically, like a puppy treading water, until its head grew heavy. Then it took on a tight, corrugated armor-corset. Blue flint chippings—teeth—hedged the emery-paper tongue. Filiform barbels, for probing mud, sprouted under the chin. By this time, the gobbet was recognizable as a fish, a young Sturgeon, Sturly.

From minnowhood, Sturly was curious. Feeding shoreward, along the Continental Shelf, he hailed all creatures—from poor groping Shrimps to surly Shong, the Hun Sturgeon. Curiosity became an unrest, a driving instinct to plumb Life.

One day, on a Mediterranean shoal, Sturly pricked his nose against a crawling globe with reddish spines. The globe chuckled, softly. It was old Echinus, the Sea-Urchin, the male-female, ancestor of the oceans, in whom are all the joys of love and all human knowledge. Sturly was respectful of his counsel.

"The wise have no need of movement," Echinus would say. "Their active thought supplies its place." Or: "The world was chaos; suddenly there shone a great golden egg; it whirled in space. . . . And then there came the first dew upon the first morning of the world, which was the benediction of God and filled the hollows of the egg with heavenly water. . . ."

"Father," interrupted Sturly, "why did God create Life?"

"To exist. . . . He made it with black and white, with south and north, with positive and negative, with good and evil."

But Sturly did not comprehend. Now grown a mail-clad Titan of 500 pounds, he sounded back into the black-glimmering, life-bearing abysses where it seemed all truth must be hidden. He searched the shimmering shoals and sea-gardens of all the oceans, as it is a Sturgeon's destiny to do. He knew all the fish, which

ate which, and observed how the vast submarine cosmoplasm is also a vast necropolis.

He met false gods everywhere—an impious Mullet; a stertorous Turtle, like an island; a Siren, scaled in emerald, with a pearl loin-robe and breasts of mother-of-pearl. She told Sturly that Beauty was God, but vanished when he asked her to reconcile



STURGEON STURLY
"Curious from minnowhood"

Life with Death. (The wreck of a Corsican mail packet heightened this central paradox; for the long pilgrim Sharks came and a Cuttlefish lifted a lady's dress, seeking his dinner.)

Echinus told Sturly also of Love; but after Sturly had mated for several years, even that illusion was manifest. It was not communion with God, but merely Life's ruse for perpetuating the species. Sturly grew old.

When he died, battered ashore by tempest, there was a sweet singing from a spring in the sand. It told Sturly that Death cannot be the end of Life. It sang of reincarnation and the cycles of Life. It sang that Life is its own end.

The Significance. Aesop moralized upon Nature, Fabre scrutinized, dramatized, "civilized" her. Melville made her whale an effigy of the wrath of Yahveh. Maeterlinck superimposed upon her an improbable mysticism.

The author of *Sturly*, in 126-pages, without slighting his ichthyology, not only constructs an intimate natural biography; he also evolves a crystalline artistic metaphor—simple, lofty, profound—for the entire theory of bio-chemical metabolism and the Life-stream. To the layman, whatever his philosophy, it will be an arresting book; a re-readable book.

The Author. Pierre Custot, modest Frenchman, offers *Sturly*, not to scientists, not to novel-readers, but "to those who like to meditate beside the sea." He has spent years voyaging in strange waters, years pondering fish in books, tanks and hotel bedrooms as well as in their less accessible homes. For reproducing an English *Sturly* in the finest nuances of submarine color and motion, Author Custot owes thanks to Translator Richard Aldington.

For Detectives

THE LONG GREEN GAZE—Vincent Fuller—Huebsch (\$2.00). Reading a detective story, did you ever want to be the detective? Here is your chance—unless you gave up cross-word puzzles for Lent. A rapid murder story unfolds—rich old lady, priceless emerald, circle of relatives, mystical Babn—soluble only through the answers to eight puzzles discovered near the crime-scene. For quitters and non-detectives, the an-

swers are sealed in the back of the book.

Georgian

THE LORING MYSTERY—Jeffrey Farnol—Little, Brown (\$2.00). Out of his early Georgian property room, Mr. Farnol brings another grand collection of Hessian boots, shirt frills, snuff boxes, rapiers, gleaming dirks. These he disposes as skillfully as of yore. The plot lurks excitingly—how young David Loring came from Virginia to inherit his father's English estates and was tangled, at the peril of his life in the cunning of his Uncle Nevil, diabolical usurper. Murder creeps by night; Anticlia Loring (foundling, not blood-cousin to David) has flaming red hair and a high temper; wedding bells peal over the bad uncle's grave. The minor characters do not quite catch their Dickensian accent, but Farnol is Farnol through the thickest of thick and the gayest of thin.

Trivia

THE SHALLOW END—Major Ian Hay Beith—Houghton, Mifflin (\$3.00). This book is dedicated to "the average British crowd"—God bless its sensible heart! Stimulated by the thought that "the shallow end is often much deeper than we think," the gallant Major considers, among other trivia: Midnight Revels (at home and abroad), Legal Cruelty (English courts), Universal Uncles (radiators), A Rest Cure (English billiards), Grown Images (Madame Tussaud's famed wax-works), Royal and Antient (droll golf talk), The Springs of Laughter (Musical comedy). The vein employed is gentle satire of patent absurdities. Manners are mildly abused; the reader mildly amused. The soundings of the shallow end remain about as charted.

*STURLY—Pierre Custot. Translated by Richard Aldington—Houghton Mifflin (\$1.50).

Opera Comique

Last week, in Manhattan, the Little Opera of America, Inc., presented an Opera Comique, *Mandragola*. Those who attended were familiar with the Little Opera's contention that the U. S. public will pay to see productions which have the music of grand opera without the latter's grandeur, the charm of musical comedy without its undue levity.

The Story, based on a comedy by Niccolò Machiavelli, translated into English by Alfred Kreymborg, concerns an old Italian merchant who believes that he is capable of becoming a father but has evidence that his young and beautiful wife, Beatrice, cannot become a mother without miraculous ministrations, therapeutic aid or both. Now Beatrice is loved by an amorous nobleman, also young, who disguises himself as a doctor and comes, at her husband's request, to treat her with *Mandragola*, a root whose properties, the noble leech insists, will permit the aged merchant to realize his ambition, at least to all appearances. Thus the old man soon rejoices in the promise of an heir, and the young couple is also very well content.

The Music, written by Conductor Ignatz Waghall, smacks more of Puccini than of Sullivan, Offenbach or Johann Strauss. A sudden transition or two, a waltz emerging from a cantilena, a trio for three men in the first act, a machine-made quartet in the second—these were enlivening.

Failure

Last week, the Victor Talking Machine Co. (TIME, Jan. 12) announced that no more would the famed opera and concert stars under contract to them broadcast on the radio. These free broadcastings had not boosted but had decreased the sales of Victor phonograph records. Last week, therefore, the Company replaced great artists* on their concert programs with such names as Rudy Wiedoeft, Billy Murray, Hank Burr.

Ovation

Giovanni Martinelli, famed tenor, last week returned to the Metropolitan Opera House, Manhattan, after having been absent, ill with typhoid, for almost three months. When he, as Canio in *Pagliacci*, drove on the stage in the prescribed donkey-cart, stardoes, gallery-devils, box-holders interrupted the orchestra to applaud; in a convenient

*Luceria Bori, soprano; John McCormack, tenor; Frances Alda, soprano; Frank La Forge, pianist; Lucy Marsh, soprano; Emilio de Gogorza, baritone; Renée Chemet, violinist; Toti dal Monte, soprano; Giuseppe de Luca, baritone, functioned in earlier Victor radio concerts.



MARTINELLI
Grateful, he weeps

pause, the musicians themselves laid down their flutes, their fiddles, applauded with the audience; when he finished singing the famed aria *Vesti la giubba* the ovation was taken up again, lasted for five minutes. Martinelli, bowing and bowing, shed tears of gratitude.

Meltzer's Plea

Critic Charles Henry Meltzer was last week quoted in *Musical America* on the perennial topic of opera in English. Said Critic Meltzer:

"Without English, opera will either die here before many years, or remain what it has long been in this country—the privilege of a few. With English text, it may be a joy for millions of Americans, who now know it chiefly through the 'movies' and the broadcast-ers."

He went on to quote Victor Maurel, famed French baritone, who said that Verdi's *Falstaff* "screams for English"; Tito Ricordi, Milanese music publisher, who said that English, next to Italian, was the most "singable" of all tongues; Richard Wagner, who said that he wished his works to be given in English in all English-speaking countries.

Critic Meltzer thereupon presented specimens of operas which he has translated into English for the Edith Rockefeller McCormick edition of modern librettos, now being issued at the expense of the famed Chicago patroness of music.

The translations of Meltzer were

adept, painstaking, vigorous; they paraphrased the originals as closely as it is possible for the verse of one country to paraphrase that of another. Nevertheless, they were abominable poetry. Some of the lines possessed a certain insipid grace; far more of them had the stilted, fustian air that can only be characterized by the adjective "operatic." Such lines as "Naught my sweet-heart from me shall sunder," "Thou'dst best beware," "I know not what I'm saying or what I'm doing" were hackneyed when Alfred Lord Tennyson was a little boy in Lincolnshire and completely outmoded long before he was an old man in Aldworth. Such archaisms as "dight," "say him nay," "fain," such clichés as "balmy breezes," "sunny portals" are all shoddy stuff. They are no easier to sing than good English. Yet the fault was not Translator Meltzer's, for the general run of librettos are concocted out of just such snips, snails, puppydogs' tails of poetry.

The question has often been asked by well-intentioned people: Why do not great poets write librettos, great translators do them into English, so that U. S. audiences may hear words whose beauty matches the music they occasion? Always the reply is the same: In opera, the play is not the thing. Modern singers, it is true, are trained to careful diction; but even to the best of singers, words are no more than so many syllables, dental fricatives, head-tones and gargles. It is often difficult, even for a critic reasonably near the stage and with a command of several languages, to tell what tongue an opera singer is enraptured in, unless he cheats by looking at the program. Great poets are sensitive. To hear their lines thus trifled, gargled, causes them inconceivable anguish; they seldom write librettos. Yet U. S. audiences, hearing opera in French, German, Russian, Italian, care little. They, sensitive to poetry though unlearned in languages, can taste in the language of imagination the exquisite words which should properly accompany exquisite music. Little desiring opera in English, these opera-goers read with indignation Critic Meltzer's plea, looked with scorn upon his competent translations.

Yale Wins

Carnegie Hall, Manhattan, resounded with brisk ditties, martial songs and heroic operas. Fourteen glee clubs sang one after another. They represented Columbia, Penn State, Middlebury, Harvard, Princeton, Missouri, Dartmouth, Syracuse, Fordham, New York, Wisconsin, Yale, Amherst, Wesleyan universities and colleges.

Wisconsin, which won the mid-U. S. contest two weeks ago (TIME, March 9), failed to warble as satisfactorily as some of the others. The judges (Ralph L. Baldwin, Arthur Bodansky, Kent Schindler) came to a quick conclusion that Yale had sung best, Princeton next, Missouri next.

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OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

ART

“Ill Advised”

Zuloaga, famed Spanish artist (TIME, Dec. 29, Feb. 2) offered, some weeks ago, the sum of \$5,000 to start a memorial fund for George Bellows, famed U. S. artist, who died on Jan. 8 of acute appendicitis (TIME, Jan. 19). He suggested that the money—when other friends of Bellows, of Art, had swelled his benevolence—should be used to buy Bellows' *Taco Women* (TIME, Jan. 12) for the Metropolitan Museum. The offer was made on the day of Bellows' death. On that day, Zuloaga and Bellows were both exhibiting in Manhattan. It is stated that 1,000 persons passed each day before the billowing, vehement, satiric canvases of Zuloaga; the sales had reached a huge sum. Fewer sales, fewer observers attended the Bellows exhibit. At the announcement of Zuloaga's gift, U. S. friends and artists talked among themselves. Zuloaga, they knew, had only twice met Bellows. Such phrases of their colloquy as “ill-advised,” “condescension,” “poor taste,” “advertisement” were permitted, not unintentionally, to come to the ears of Zuloaga. Last week, his offer was withdrawn.

Women

In Manhattan, the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors opened their annual exhibition. Observers noted that the main difference between this exhibition and that of any capable group of males was that women show themselves less ambitious to carry out elaborate compositions, more devoted to vivacious first impressions. Partly because of this lack of sustained composition, partly because of a certain modesty of attempt in many of the pictures, there seemed to be in this, as in other women's exhibitions, a note of apology. The most impressive work in painting and drawing was a portrait study in oil and several charcoal heads by Cecilia Beaux, “dean of feminists in Art”; in sculpture, by Malvina Hoffman, who took a prize with her bust of Paderewski.

Borglum's Week

How Gutzon Borglum, famed sculptor, was accused by the Stone Mountain Memorial Association of being a loafer, how his contract to carve the figures of Generals Lee, Jackson and their armies on Stone Mountain was canceled, how he pounded his models into bits with a hammer, secretly, and fled the state, how he was billed through four states, pursued, arrested in North Carolina on charges of malicious mischief, released on a writ of habeas corpus, has been told (TIME, Mar. 2, Mar. 9).

*Miss Beaux, Manhattan artist in her late fifties, is self-taught. In 1896, six of her portraits were hung together in the May Salon—a rare distinction. She has painted Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Mrs. Martina Brandegee, the late President Sharpless of Haverford, all exhibited in Manhattan in 1903.

Last week, Borglum little relaxed his activity.

He rushed to Cleveland, spoke before a large crowd in the Chamber of Commerce Auditorium, declared that he had smashed his models because he had heard that the Memorial Association, headed by Hollins N. Randolph, Atlanta lawyer, had asked his superintendent to complete his sculptures. Said he: "The man they wanted to finish my work is a carpenter, not a sculptor. He would be unable to do a decent line of work." Meanwhile, talk went on in Atlanta that he would be extradited from North Carolina. To effect this, the Memorial Association swore out a new warrant, charging simple larceny and larceny from the house (the latter, under the Georgia law, an extraditable offense).

Borglum rushed to Greensboro, N. C., to meet the habeas corpus proceedings brought in his behalf. There he found that the tumult and the shouting were perceptibly dying. Mrs. Elizabeth Venable Mason, one of the contributors to the Memorial, had been going about saying to influential people things calculated to mollify their feelings. To the press she said:

"The Confederate memorial on Stone Mountain must be built. . . . There is no doubt that Gutzon Borglum loves the memorial. It is the child of his brain and his soul—so dear to him that he has incriminated himself rather than have it marred by a less understanding hand. . . . The work of Gutzon Borglum has a soul. . . . And no one can lift his eyes to the majestic head of Robert Edward Lee on Stone Mountain's breast and doubt it for a moment. . . . I personally am of the opinion that no other living sculptor is so ably fitted to carve this equestrian monument as is Gutzon Borglum.

Tick went the telegraph wires; came a message from Governor Walker of Georgia to Judge Bynum, counsel for the Memorial Association. "See," the Governor requested the Association, "that requisition papers are withdrawn." Thereupon Governor McLean of North Carolina telegraphed Governor Walker congratulating him upon the "wisdom and patriotism" displayed by his request. President Randolph and his committee held counsel, withdrew the requisition papers, adding, with arrogant explicitness, that they wished "to give notice that the withdrawal of this application for extradition does not in any way mean that there is the remotest possibility of Borglum ever resuming work on this Memorial. . . . and we desire further to state unequivocally that our assent to the withdrawal of the requisition does not effect the final disposition of the criminal cases against Borglum, which disposition will be left absolutely with the State authorities."

To refute the impression that no man in the U. S. would now have dealings with him, Sculptor Borglum announced a new project, said he had entered a contract to carve the figures of Washington and Lincoln on a mountain in South Dakota.

Dangerous Stories

We have been accused of publishing dangerous stories.

* * *

One critic declared that the chief menace of one of our stories lay in "the sheer beauty of its presentation."

* * *

Beauty is so rare in this world that we welcome it wherever we find it.

* * *

And usually it proves dangerous only to those who are unwilling to think and to feel, to those who are afraid to experience something they have never experienced before.

* * *

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* * *

Thomas Boyd's best story, we believe, appears in the March Scribner's Magazine. It is called "Responsibility."

* * *

Leigh Morton, who stirred up a commotion with her first story in Scribner's, presents another, "Three Moments."

* * *

Luke Thomas makes his debut with "A Young Man's Fancy."

Roger Burlingame, Isa Urquhart Glenn, and Edwin C. Dickenson contribute fiction to the April number.

* * *

"Bachelors on Horseback" is the title of this latest work by the author of the cutting satire on advertising "You, Too."

* * *

"Tropical Heat and White Men" is Mrs. Glenn's new story—and one of her most powerful.

* * *

"Jonesy Gets His Swim" is one of those humorous stories for which Scribner's Magazine is acquiring a reputation.

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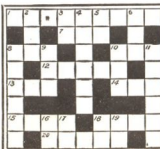
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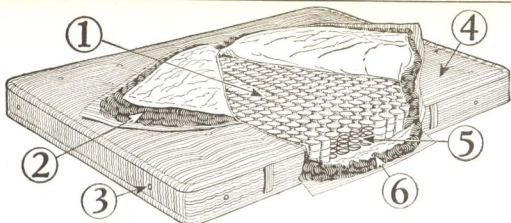
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- 17—Abbreviation for push.
- 18—in that manner or degree.
- 19—Initials of famous president.

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SCIENCE

Beebe Fishing

Wireless reports, coming in every few days from mid-Atlantic, keep the world in touch with the progress of the scientific expedition of the New York Zoological Society, under William Beebe, which is adventuring in the Sargasso Sea aboard the wooden steamer *Arcturus*. Few scientific expeditions, excepting only the Carnarvon progress into the tombs of Tut-ankh-Amen, have had so much and such continued publicity during the progress of work.

Beebe reported continuous rough weather. He described taking his first specimens of marine surface-walking insects—a Sargassum fish with fins like hands—and a mass of its eggs which are now hatching in the aquarium of the *Arcturus*. In spite of the weather, bottom dredging was possible to a depth of three miles. A half-inch cable, containing seven strands of 19 wires each (133 wires in all), was paid out from the drums for three hours, while the steamer drifted in the trough of the swell. The steamer proceeded at about three knots an hour. It then required another three hours to wind the cable back on the drums lifting the dredge alongside the *Arcturus*. The dredge resembles an oyster dredge with runners on top and bottom. Up from the bottom were brought glass sponges (similar to ordinary sponges but with fine glass skeletons) and volcanic rock. A traveling net was likewise used, attached to the cable at varying depths. This brought up a number of large-mouthed fishes (i.e., mouths huge as compared to bodies), a male pipefish with a brood pouch full of eggs, giant red shrimps, several octopi, fish with eyes on the end of stalks and a rare specimen, believed to be hitherto undescribed—a fish with scales resembling hair or feathers.

Hunting

James Simpson
Roosevelt Roosevelt
Museum trip
Will he

To aim at a stag on a Pamir crag while
goiter'd gazelles stand by.

Theodore & Kermit
Roosevelt Roosevelt
Say to the world
Say they:
"Whatever
"The place
"That the wild
"Beasts race
"The Roosevelts,
"Too,
"Will play."

Thus mused a more political than scientific-minded bard on the expedition to be known as the James Simpson-Roosevelt-Field Expedition into the Pamir region of Asia. Taking the poet's points in order:

James Simpson. He furnishes the

funds. He, aged 50, is President and General Manager of Marshall Field & Co., great Chicago merchants. Born at Glasgow, he came to the U. S. at the age of six, had a brief education and, when he was 17, became a clerk in the cashier's office of Marshall Field & Co. Within a year the discerning Marshall Field had made him his confidential clerk. At Mr. Field's death, Simpson,



© Keystone
BACKER SIMPSON
His the funds

then 32, became Second Vice President of the firm in association with such prominent men as Potter Palmer, Harlow N. Higinbotham, John G. Sheild, Henry T. Willing, H. Gordon Selfridge. The towheaded young Scotchman, alert and hardworking, made his way among them. He is not a great talker, but generally says what he thinks. Once in his younger days he went to Mr. Field demanding a raise of pay.

"Young man," said Field, "when I was your age I was getting only \$3 a week."

"Well, Mr. Field," said the canny Scot, "perhaps you weren't worth any more."

Now he has had enough raises to enable him to send an expedition to the other side of the world.

Roosevelt Roosevelt. These are Theodore Jr. and Kermit, sons of the late big game hunter. Colonel Roosevelt Jr., 37, has had the least experience of any of the party in the kind of work that has been undertaken. He said to reporters: "If you must say I am following in my father's footsteps, at least please add that it takes a damn tough man to do it."

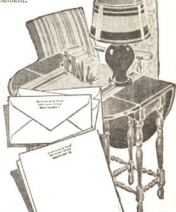
Kermit is 35, and has been on several expeditions, including the "River of Doubt" trip with his father, in South America. The only other white man in the party (there will be but three, because white men require too much luggage) will be George K. Cherrie,

"He got the raise.

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Shredded Wheat



"It's All in the Shreds"

trained explorer and naturalist, some 60 years of age, who likewise accompanied the elder Roosevelt on his South American trip.

The Object. The expedition will go to India this spring, ascend the Indus and establish a base in the Vale of Kashmir about May. Mr. Cherrie is to be the advance agent, preparing arrangements there before the Roosevelts arrive. In early May or June, as soon as the snow melts from the passes of the Himalayas, the party will cross and continue its explorations on the plateau of Pamir and beyond toward the Tian Shan Mountains.

The object will be to bring back specimens of the fauna of that region, still largely unknown. The specimens will go to the Field Museum in Chicago, of which Stanley Field is now President.

The descriptions brought back by Marco Polo several centuries ago furnished the first account of that strange land. The animals sought are the Ovis Poli, or great sheep described by Polo, the yarklandstag, the ibex of Tian Shan, the goitered gazelle, the long-haired tiger, and the markhor (large goat).

A good part of the trip will be at altitudes well over 13,000 feet, some will be in lowland jungles, but all will be in extremes of climate.

Hear what Marco Polo said of this region:*

"Here, between two ranges, you perceive a large lake, from which flows a handsome river that pursues its course along an extensive plain covered with the richest verdure. Such indeed is its quality that the leanest cattle turned upon it would become fat in the course of ten days. In this plain there are wild animals in great numbers, particularly sheep of a large size, having horns three, four and even six palms in length. Of these the shepherds form ladders and vessels for holding their vituals; and with the same materials they construct fences for enclosing their cattle and securing them against the wolves. . . . For twelve days the course is along this elevated plain, which is named Pamir; and, as during all that time you do not meet with any habitations, it is necessary to make provision at the outset accordingly. So great is the height of the mountains that no birds are to be seen near their summits; and however extraordinary it may be thought, it was affirmed that, from the keenness of the air, fires when lighted do not give the same heat as in lower situations, nor produce the same effect in dressing vituals.†

"After having performed this journey of twelve days, you have still 40 days to travel in the same direction, over mountains and through valleys, in perpetual succession, passing many rivers and desert tracts, without seeing any habitations or the appearance of verdure. . . . Even amid the highest of these mountains, there lives a tribe of savage, ill-disposed and idolatrous people."

*For about 405 years, most of Marco Polo's stories were considered pure fairy tales. Recent explorations and discoveries are proving his authenticity.

†Because of decreased atmospheric pressure, water boils before 212° Fahrenheit, and food must be cooked longer.

EDUCATION

Small Boy

"Ever since my father took me as a small boy to visit Hampton . . . Those words, uttered last week, created for those who read them a curious picture. They saw a certain very rich man, old even then, with a sharp, meagre face and deliberate gait, dragging by the hand a small, disagreeable-looking boy in a homely tunic, who cast terrified glances behind him at faces that leered from entries and windows—agreeable faces enough, but black as tar, with large white teeth, white eyeballs, which that backward-staring boy found inconceivably horrible. John Davison Rockefeller and John Davison Rockefeller Jr. were visiting the campus of Hampton Institute (for Negroes). Naturally the good-natured blackamoors stared at this rich old man and his scrawny, trembling son. Last week, this son made a generous gift. He gave \$1,000,000 to Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes "because they provide an education which fits boys and girls to be useful citizens." Said he: "Inasmuch as I have been profoundly interested in these schools, ever since my father took me as a small boy to visit Hampton . . . I shall count it a privilege to participate in the campaign to the extent of \$1,000,000."

"West Is Best"

Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, President of Leland Stanford University and one-time (1923-24) President of the American Medical Association, came to Manhattan from Washington, D. C., where he had been visiting his brother.* Reporters asked him questions. Said he: "The big Eastern Universities are being eclipsed by our Western Universities. Their fault has been that they have gathered a group of preparatory school feeders, which send them the same type of man year after year. "With all due respect to the cosmopolitan East, this has tended to make them become provincial in their thought. Provincialism deals with isolation."

He then discussed the relative merits of the East and the West on the athletic field. Said he: "It has been proved that the supremacy of Eastern colleges in football is a myth."

*Curtis Dwight Wilbur, Secretary of the Navy.

TIME, The Weekly News-Magazine. Editors—Briton Hadden and Henry R. Luce, Associates—Manfred Gottfried (National Affairs), John S. Martin (Books), Thomas J. C. Martyn (Foreign News), Weekly Contributors—Niven Busch, John Farrar, Willard T. Ingalls, Alexander Klemm, Dorothy McDowell, Peter Mathews, Wells Root, Preston Lockwood. Published by TIME, Inc., B. Hadden, Pres.; J. S. Martin, Vice-Pres.; H. R. Luce, Secy-Treas.; 236 E. 39th St., New York City. Subscription rate, one year, postpaid: In the United States and Mexico, \$5.00; in Canada, \$5.50; elsewhere, \$6.00. For advertising rates address: Robert L. Johnson, Advertising Manager, TIME, 236 E. 39th St., New York City. New England representatives, Sweney & Price, 127 Federal St., Boston, Mass.; Western representatives, Powers & Stone, 38 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.; Circulation Manager, Roy E. Larsen. Vol. V, No. 11.



What keeps this family so happy?

WHAT is play in your family? What good fun do you have that is more than merely fun? Do your good times pay you dividends in more knowledge, more resourcefulness, more fitness for modern life?

Here is one American family that has found the answer. Look at the boy in this picture. Every healthy boy likes machinery, and wants to know what makes the wheels go round. Isn't this boy's occupation better for him than just casual loafing around the house, or aimless reading of a dime novel?

He thinks his work is fun—and it is. But all the time his home-made radio set is teaching him something that is good

for his mind, in any event, and that will be of priceless value if he grows up into an engineer, or a manufacturer.

His mother has found something that interests her, too. It is a simple, understandable and authentic book on the great new science of psychology, which all her friends are discussing. And father is smiling over a book on mechanics; it is going to help him in a hundred ways, both in his plant and around the house and garage.

What are these wonderful books that turn play hours into profitable hours? Can you have them, too, in your home? You certainly can—they are the great new Collier set of books—

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

Current Situation

The markets have acted very well under advancing money rates. Yet evidence accumulates that a turn in the trade cycle is at hand. For the first time in nine months, wholesale commodity prices have shown a general tendency to recede. In the basic in-



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He held on

(See "Florida Realty")

dustries, production is high and, while consumption is apparently good, a tendency to create heavy stocks and inventories is undoubtedly present. Easy money, by promising the wherewithal to carry these, is a factor facilitating the creation of a top-heavy business situation.

Undoubtedly, however, the spring trade should be generally satisfactory, and in some departments very good indeed. But what the autumn will bring forth is another question; and one largely dependent upon the crops of the coming year. So far, at least, the symptoms of an early spring are encouraging to staple crop farmers as a class.

The action of the Bank of England in raising its rediscount rate from 4% to 5% indicates the financial supremacy of the U. S. and foreshadows vigorous efforts of the British to challenge it in the near future by getting the pound sterling back on a gold basis this year. Probably the decision to take this step, momentous to trade recovery of the world over, will be taken before summer.

Florida Realty

In current talk during the fall and winter about the speculative profits derived from the stock market by Messrs. Durant, Livermore, et al., some

of the extraordinary profits obtained recently in Florida realty have been largely overlooked. Florida has apparently replaced California as the seventh heaven of the "realtor."

About five years ago, Samuel Untermyer, famed lawyer and capitalist, purchased a 32-acre tract at Palm Beach for \$75,000. Critics at the time declared the price excessively high. Lawyer Untermyer held on till recently, when he vindicated his judgment by selling out his ocean-front property for \$775,000—a profit of nearly 1,000% or so.

The buyer, Mark Raffalsky, was in turn a subject of commiseration until it was learned that, after holding the property only a month, he in turn sold it at auction for \$1,409,378.60—an advance of about 1,800%.

Cheap Light

Few commodities can be named retail or wholesale that today sell for less than they did 40 years ago. One of the exceptions is electric power. The steady development of the industry and the consequent expansion of electric lighting has led to a striking and steady reduction in the cost of the service to the consumer.

A prominent U. S. investment banking firm recently published statistics on the gradual cheapening of electric power for illuminating purposes. The following table shows the candlepower purchasable at different times for \$100:

Year	Candlepower	Year	Candlepower
1887	1,115	1909	7,700
1898	2,160	1912	9,903
1905	2,480	1922	16,200
1908	4,875		

Just as kerosene supplanted whale-oil for lighting purposes, only to be replaced in turn by gas lighting, so today the latter is gradually yielding to the superior form of electric lighting. With the "Super-Power Age" about to be born, it is entirely possible that, in coming years, electric light, although now only about 1/16 as expensive as 40 years ago, may continue to grow still cheaper.

Bank Rate

When the New York Reserve Bank raised its rediscount rate from 3 to 3½% (TIME, Mar. 9), financial London at once showed something nearly akin to excitement. If the pound sterling is to be put back on a gold basis shortly, gold shipments to the U. S. must be prevented; and the easiest way of doing this is to keep London interest rates higher than those in Manhattan. This, of course, tends to attract capital from the U. S. to the British center,

and so support the exchange rate for sterling with U. S. dollars.

At once the Bank of England appeared in the London open money market as a borrower, and succeeded in driving up the market rates for funds. On the following Thursday, when the Bank's directors met, the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" raised her rediscount rate from 4 to 5%. Obviously the move was occasioned by the earlier action of the New York Reserve Bank, and designed to make London a more profitable centre for lenders than is Manhattan.

Historically, of course, Britain has been the leading creditor nation of the world, and the Bank of England rate has been accustomed to leading rather than following. For the time being, however, this former situation has been exactly reversed; and when the Wall Street money merchants snap the whip, Lombard Street must jump. Britons have the same unquestioning faith in the Bank of England as in the monarchical form of government; and to financiers of the older school this episode of London's setting her money rates by those of the U. S. centre is indeed humiliating. Many indignant gentlemen have protested to the leading newspapers. Yet, until British finance is thoroughly reconstructed, the practice will probably continue.

Rayon

Recently, according to President L. A. Yerkes of the DuPont Fibresilk Co., the output of artificial* silk has for the first time in history exceeded the natural silk produced by the worm. In 1924, about 80,000,000 lbs. of artificial silk were produced, compared with the 70,000,000 lbs. of the natural silk. For many years, the output of natural silk has been stationary, while that of artificial silk has increased by leaps and bounds. At present, the artificial product sells for about \$2.00 a pound—less than a third of the price of worm silk.

There has also been a rapid development by manufacturers of the methods employed in spinning and weaving artificial silk fibre, and consequently in the appearance and wearing qualities of artificial silk fabrics. Formerly, fibre silk was used mainly for hosiery, which absorbed half this country's annual output. So widely has the demand for fibre silk spread, that today hosiery makers use only about one-fifth of the U. S.-made fibre silk.

Originally, a British producer controlled this country's artificial silk output through possession of basic patents. In 1920, these patents ran out; and since that time, the U. S. fibre-silk business has experienced an enormous expansion.

*Artificial silk is made either of wood pulp or of linters (the tiny ends of cotton formerly wasted). The manufacturers of artificial silk have united on Rayon as a general trade name for the product.

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S P O R T

Belleair Golf

To citizens of the Eastern U. S., the name of the town of Oshkosh, Wis., is admittedly funny. Indeed, to the citizens of the Eastern U. S., any town west of the Alleghanies with an Indian name seems good for a laugh. The mere allusion to one of these settlements, thrown out with a befitting sneer, rouses roars of mirth in any company and knights the dullest jackass as a wit. About the bulletin board of a golf club in Florida, stood a group of Eastern citizens, sunburnt, risible, reading the list of entries for the annual women's golf championship of Belleair Heights. They read with respect the names of Mrs. Dorothy Cambell Hurd of Philadelphia, national champion; Miss Glenna Collett of Providence, Miss Francis Hadfield of Milwaukee, Miss Dorothy Klotz of Chicago, Mrs. G. H. Stetson of Philadelphia. Suddenly, one of their number pointed to a name, emitted a snicker. Others, following his shaking finger, perceived the joke, began to titter, to cackle. Soon a hysteria of amusement possessed the group; they laid hands upon one another, crowing; they pressed their sides, their eyes watered freely, they

stamped upon the ground; some, more abandoned, slipped limply down and rolled, helpless, among the feet of those left standing. Oshkosh!



© Edwin Levick

MISS WALL

No laughs disturbed her

They had seen the name of Oshkosh. A golfer from Oshkosh, Miss Bernice Wall, was going to play in the tournament. . . .

As play progressed, the mirth of those individuals who dedicated their waking hours to walking around the course after Miss Wall, distinctly lessened. Miss Glenna Collett was put out by Miss Hadfield with a 20-foot putt on the 19th green. The field dwindled. At last there were only two golfers left. One was Mrs. Hurd and the other—Miss Wall of Oshkosh. No laughs disturbed her while she, with alert composure, played stroke for stroke against the veteran in the final round. She had redeemed the name of Oshkosh, but Mrs. Hurd, more experienced, defeated her, "5 and 3."

Intercollegiates

Thousands of dapper collegians, throwing away their cigar butts, entered a Manhattan Army to watch the annual indoor meet of the Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America. At midnight they emerged, hastily re-lighted their cigars, having seen seven records, including two world marks, lowered, having seen the athletes of Georgetown University pile up 37 points against 24½ for Harvard, 22½ for

Pennsylvania, while 19 other famed institutions straggled after.

All evening cheers had rung out, now for one college, now for another; but a certain drawled, unmoriginal huzzah in particular had been repeated with irritating frequency: "Ha-a-a-va-a-d." That word had been heard over and over. "Ha-a-a-va-a-d, Ha-a-a-va-a-d, Ha-a-a-va-a-d." Indeed, the university whose manner of encouraging her sons had so piqued the representatives of the other colleges had mighty men in her service. There was Albert ("Truck") Miller, 200-pound sprinter; Jeff Fletcher, high-hurdle star; "Soapy" Watters, Olympic middle-distance competitor; Bill Tibbetts, sturdy two-miler. Nevertheless, Emerson Norton, Georgetown, performed ably in two events (pole vault, running high jump); the Georgetown two-mile relay team broke the world's indoor record (time: 7 min., 41 6-10 sec.); her one-mile relay team took first place. Harvard was vanquished. Nelson B. Sherrill of Pennsylvania broke the world's record for the indoor pole vault with a miraculous leap of 13 feet.

Schaefer vs. Hoppe

"My father was a barber . . ." With this curt outline of his genealogy, William Hoppe, billiard "champion of champions," opens his autobiography,* proceeds to tell how he learned to play billiards when he was so small that he had to stand upon a chair; how he won the world's championship, played before kings, statesmen, presidents; how Mark Twain, that voluble billiard-fan, told him a funny story; how he toured the world with Jacob Schaefer, "the Wizard." Hoppe defeated Jake Schaefer, but the old man trained his son, young Jake, to take revenge. Once, indeed, young Jake defeated Hoppe, took the title, but was defeated in turn after a few months. Except for this brief period, Hoppe, now 37, has been champion for 17 years. In the last chapter of his book he asks the question: "How long can I keep my title?"

Last week, in Chicago, the answer to this question, the epilog to this book, was, to all appearances, written for good. Young Schaefer beat Hoppe. Before a gallery that stared with strained intensity at a green baize table spotted with three ivory spheres, the game began that was to be an epilog, an answer. Schaefer won the bank, missed his shot; Hoppe, attempting a difficult around-the-table shot, failed, too; again Schaefer missed. The gallery shifted uncomfortably; gentlemen regarded one another in amazement. Were these scratchers the two greatest billiard players in the world? Hoppe chalked his cue, made a run of 86. This, the gallery thought, was something like it. The game went on.

*THIRTY YEARS OF BILLIARDS—Willie Hoppe. Edited by J. E. Crozier.—Putnam (\$2.00).

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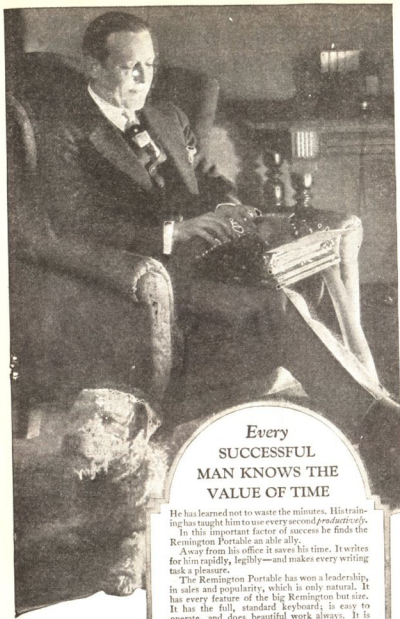
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Neither man was at his best, but Hoppe was the smoother of the two. Then Schaefer got the balls against the cushion, began to run off shots suavely, rapidly. The twitching of his cue was barely perceptible, his head hardly moved; 296 shots he made, stopped. There was no point in scoring any more. He was champion, 400 to 173.

Brothers

In Milan, Italy, Giuseppe Spalla challenged his brother*, Erminio Spalla, for the heavyweight boxing championship of Italy.

Tie

In Fargo, N. D., the girls of the Pingree High School basketball team played the young women of the Kensal High. After the regulation four periods had been played, the score still stood at 0 to 0. Three extra periods went by without the shooting of a single basket. The girls then played four more extra periods, making a total of eleven, and still no one could score a goal. At this point the referee, frightened by the weary, wilted appearance of the young women, ordered them to decide the contest by the toss of a penny. "Heads," cried the captain of the Kensal team in a thin voice. The referee moved the palm of one hand from the back of the other, exposed the stern profile of an Indian. Kensal had won.

Consoled

At Palm Beach, one John Cardegna, tennis professional, played a tennis-golf match against one A. G. Tait, golfer, used a tennis racket and ball for all strokes except putts. For 18 holes, Cardegna lobbed, served; Tait drove, swiped, won—4 up. At the conclusion of play, Cardegna's friends consoled him. Said they: "You would surely win if Tait, equipped with golf sticks, should oppose you on a tennis court."

Challenge

In Manhattan, Herbert J. ("Kid") Yates, 47 years, 165 lbs., President of The Consolidated Film Co., No. 729 Seventh Ave., posted a bet of \$50,000 that he could lick any business man of his age or over. H. A. Hallenbeck, Manhattan publisher, accepted the challenge, deposited his check for the amount. "Kid" Yates let his challenge stand. All over the U. S., other business men, staunch fisticufflers of 47 or more, irritated, (Continued on page 31, col. 2)

*Other famed brothers in sport are: Robert and Emil Meusel, Stanley and Harry Coveleskie, Jesse and Virgil Barnes, James and "Doc" Johnston, baseballers; Howard and Robert Kinsey, tennis players; Stanislaus and Wladek Zhyzsko, wrestlers; Benjamin and Joseph Leonard, Peter and John Zive, Thomas and Michael Gibbons, boxers.

THE PRESS

Early to Press

Julius Fleischmann, famed yeast manufacturer, died recently (TIME, Feb. 16, MILESTONES), as all the world knows, while playing polo at Palm Beach. Hence everyone was astonished to see a large picture of him displayed on one of the 137 pages of advertising in the *Saturday Evening Post*, Mar. 7 issue, as an indorsement of the Royal typewriter. Indignant people saw in this a severe breach of taste, even of truthfulness. The wise knew well that this issue of the famed weekly had been printed a week* before Mr. Fleischmann's death.

Backbite

Skeptics who affirm that no news is printed in any U. S. sheet which might give affront to the advertisers or possible advertisers of that sheet were shocked last week to see in at least two Manhattan newspapers an account which cast terrible aspersions upon that powerful dining-room incorporation, the Horn & Hardart ("Automat") Co.

This item related how a woman, Katherine Purce by name, had entered an Automat, procured a sandwich, eaten the first half of it with impunity. As she began to chew the second half, she felt something in her mouth that seemed to be moving, independent of the action of her teeth and tongue. She screamed, spat vehemently, alarming many nearby customers of the Horn & Hardart Co. When the object she ejected passed her lips it bit her, causing her lip to bleed. A curious insect—or reptile—about a quarter of an inch long, badly mangled by Miss Purce's teeth, lay upon the floor. Miss Purce declared that it was a lizard; the manager of the restaurant held that it was merely a roach, wasp or centipede, that its evil look was due to its own, not to Miss Purce's blood. Miss Purce brought suit against the Horn & Hardart Co., asked \$2,000 for the "mental and physical anguish" she had undergone as a result of the beastly sandwich. The court, explaining that a restaurant is responsible for the quality of its food, awarded her \$1,000.

Skeptics, marveling that they had been permitted to read of this happening, took a vow never to order a sandwich in the Automat, reformed their former low opinion of the honesty of the U. S. press. "There is a big advertiser* gone," they said, wagging their heads.

Prank

Scream after scream issued from a kitchen near Jericho, L. I. The door opened, a man entered, alarm written large upon his ordinarily phlegmatic countenance. The screams continued. He crossed the room quickly to the

*The *Saturday Evening Post* goes to press five weeks preceding publication.

†They were wrong, however. The Horn & Hardart Co. seldom advertises.



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This test is the first successful method of comparing educations. There have been no real educational standards before. This new test applies to all. Bankers will be rated with bankers; lawyers with lawyers; students with students, etc. Now you will know just how you compare mentally with others.

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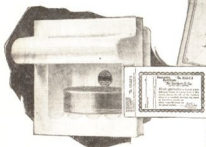
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side of a robust woman who sat bowed over an oilcloth-covered table, screaming. He removed from her clutch a newspaper which seemed to be the cause of her extraordinary perturbation, spread it out so that the light of the kerosene lamp fell upon its crumpled front page. The woman fell silent to watch his face which, as he read, sharpened, paled with incredulous horror. The paper was a copy of the *Daily News*, Manhattan gum-chewers' sheet-let. In huge black capitals across its top leered the headline **QUAKE SHAKES CITY**. Beneath was a picture of the famed skyline of lower Manhattan, evidently taken from an airplane.

This picture showed the vertical city in the very moment of its demolition by the earthquake (*TIME*, Mar. 9, *SCIENCE*) to which the headline so meagrely referred. There was the proud tower of the Woolworth Building cracking like a piece of barley sugar; the Hudson River, a sea of incredible ferocity, was hurling its titanic waters upon a scene wherein buildings of granite, steel, cement, riven at their foundations, toppled insanely upon one another or hurled separately through the air to melt into the yawning earth amid great ruin, confusion and desolation. The man who beheld this by the kitchen lamp turned his eyes, glazed with horror, upon the erstwhile screaming woman. They looked at each other with a wild conviction. The City of New York was utterly destroyed!

It was futile, the two perceived, to telephone for information. To attempt to reach a demolished metropolis by wire was a fantastic notion; and that anyone in Jericho could tell them more than the *News* announced was unlikely. They resigned themselves, waited. Next afternoon, earlier than usual, the man walked along the wagon-road to the village, bought his customary copy of the *News*, and, in addition, a copy of a rival gum-chewers' sheetlet known to the scornful as the *Evening Pornographic*, but to its readers simply as the *Graphic*. With trembling fingers, he scuffled the pages of these publications, looking for news about the devastated city. . . .

In the *Graphic*, two days later, he came upon an editorial. It was entitled "An Artist's Dream and An Editor's Nightmare." Read he: "The slight earthquake which occurred last Saturday . . . was certainly news of such a kind the papers were under the strictest obligation to give all the facts and only the facts. . . .

"When the *Daily News* covered its front page with a picture of the skyscrapers of lower Manhattan toppling over in an artist's dream of chaos, while a line across the top of the page announced that 'Quake Rocks City,' it definitely overstepped the bounds that responsible newspapers observe in playing up the news.

"It reflects to the credit of the metropolitan press in general that practically every other paper in New York, in edi-

public that this city is in no danger of being destroyed."

The amazed man of Jericho went on to peruse a letter appended to the *Graphic* editorial, in which a presumed *Graphic* reader, one L. A. Wilson, brought the *Graphic* to "take the lead in criticizing the scare headlines in some papers which use such low-down tactics," referred to "the recent but harmless tremor of the earth," arraigned the *News* for "haunting on its front page a picture of what might have happened to this city in a serious earthquake," prophesied that such tactics "mean ruin in the end for a paper belching forth such rot," stated of the *News* that "no educational thoughts are offered in its pages; it is just a plain money-making scheme."

The man, not knowing—as more constant readers of the *Graphic* know—that this sheet itself is not always above judicious juggling of news, of photographs, placed the editorial in his pocket as a talisman against falsehood, trudged back along the wagon-road to his once-cheerful kitchen.

MILESTONES

Born. To Henry George Alfred Marius Victor Francis Herbert, sixth Earl of Carnarvon, son of the famed discoverer of Tut-an-ah-Amun's tomb, and the Countess Carnarvon (Catherine Wendell of Manhattan), a daughter (their second child); in Newbury, Berkshire, England.

Engaged. Theodore Miller Edison, 26, M. I. T. graduate, son of Thomas A. Edison, to Miss Anna M. Osterhout, 23, Vassar graduate, daughter of Winthrop Osterhout, Professor of Botany at Harvard University.

Married. Donna Josephine Garibaldi, granddaughter of Giuseppe Garibaldi, famed red-shirted Italian Liberator, to Don Manuel Sances de Carmona, Spanish grandee; in Paris. This is united one of the most revolutionary families in the world to one of the most conservative.

Died. Prof. Frank M. Colby, 60, editor of the *New International Encyclopedia* and the *International Yearbook*; in Manhattan, after several months' illness.

Died. John M. Ward, 65, onetime ballplayer, captain (1888-89; 1893-95) of the New York Giants, lawyer, amateur golfer (in 1911, he led the qualifying round for the Metropolitan Championship, Manhattan); in Augusta, Ga., of pneumonia.

Died. Jean Jules Verne, 69, son of the famed French romanticist, Jules Verne; at Mouriillon, France. His hobby was fishermen; he spent much time trying to better their condition.



The Quiet SI-WEL-CLO

THE noise which accompanies the flushing of the ordinary closet is as unnecessary as it is embarrassing. The quiet Siwelclo, which for years has been the choice of the particular householder, cannot be heard beyond the confines of the bathroom.

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In addition to the Siwelclo, the Tepeco Line affords a selection of quality closets at a wide range of prices.

"Bathrooms of Character," S-11 our booklet, will help you

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TEPECO

ALL CLAY PLUMBING FIXTURES



MERIT



WELLING

SPORT

(Continued from Page 28)

began to look to their biceps, their check books.

Records

Man has made a game of his long war with space. It gives him immense amusement and satisfaction, by virtue of some obscure mental deficiency, to measure the speed of his puny limbs against some unit of speed; such researchers he terms "spud," tabulates his results with infinite precision, and rejoices preposterously whenever some new record is brought to his credit. Civilized women, because the width of their hips makes their walk an inevitable, though sometimes a graceful, waddle, have not contributed much to this insectile form of experimentation. Their speed upon cinders, earth, boards, is pathetic; on ice, or in the water, they do better. Last week in Pittsburgh, an unusually swift woman, Elsie Muller of Manhattan, broke the woman's indoor record for a mile on ice. Her time was 3 minutes 19 3/5 seconds.*

*Man's records for one mile:
 Skating 2 min. 35 sec.
 Swimming 22 min. 24 sec.
 Running 4 min. 10 1/4 sec.
 Bicycling 1 min. 43 1/2 sec.
 Horse's records for one mile:
 Racing 1 min. 35 1/2 sec.
 Trotting 1 min. 56 1/4 sec.

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FASHION PLAYS QUEER PRANKS



What a difference a few years make in fashions! It would take a constitutional amendment to make us adopt the grotesque styles to which our grandfathers submitted.

If the purpose back of whiskers that reached from ear to ear, and skirts that left no room for doubt was to eliminate difficulty in telling the sexes apart, its effectiveness can hardly be questioned.

Here a disturbing thought intrudes. Since women have gone in for knickerbockers and bobs and gubernatorial authority, it is conceivable that whiskers may in time have to serve again, as they served originally, to show that men are men.

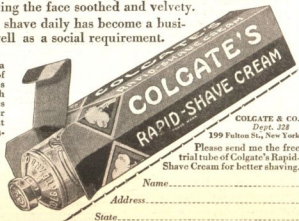
The horror of such a requirement becomes evident when we see how the well-groomed man of today would look with such whiskers as were fashionable sixty years ago.

COLGATE'S for better shaving

Today the middle-aged man looks young because he shaves every morning. Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream makes it easy. The close, moist lather goes to the base of the beard and softens it instantly where the razor's work is done, leaving the face soothed and velvety.

A clean shave daily has become a business, as well as a social requirement.

Let us send you a free trial tube of this marvelous cream—enough for 12 better shaves than you have ever had. Just fill out and mail the coupon.



Please send me the free trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving.

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Address _____

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POINT with PRIDE

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

Good-natured blackamoors. (Page 23, column 1.)

Author Custot, Translator Aldington (P. 15, col. 2.)

A basket of painted eggs from Moravia. (P. 12, col. 2.)

"Three cheers for Jack Garner." (P. 6, col. 3.)

An unusually swift woman. (P. 31, col. 2.)

A floor flooded to the scuppers. (P. 4, col. 2.)

A bald pate, unprotected. (P. 3, col. 2.)

Wedding bells over a bad uncle's grave. (P. 15, col. 3.)

VIEW with ALARM

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

A fine black mustache. (P. 10, col. 3.)

Snips, snails, puppydogs' tails of poetry. (P. 16, col. 3.)

Alarm written large upon an ordinarily phlegmatic countenance. (P. 29, col. 1.)

A root whose properties permitted an aged merchant to realize his ambition. (P. 16, col. 1.)

A snapping husband. (P. 1, col. 3.)

A robust woman who sat bowed over an oilcloth-covered table. (P. 30, col. 3.)

Such names as Rudy Wiebdoeft, Billy Murray, Hank Burr. (P. 16, col. 1.)

A university (Harvard) whose manner of encouraging her sons piqued the representatives of other colleges. (P. 26, col. 3.)



What Sort of Woman Shall I Marry?

"I must be proud of her," he tells himself. "She needn't be beautiful, for beauty of feature fades all too quickly, and is gone. But she must have beauty of manner, the ability to do and say always just what is correct, the poise and grace that grow only more charming with age. She must be a clever hostess, a pleasant companion. She must be that rare and lovely thing—a lady."

Why Every Man and Woman Needs This New Book of Etiquette

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- how to overcome self-consciousness
- how to be a "good mixer"
- how to develop poise
- how to have ease in speech
- how to dress well
- how to manage weddings, parties, dinners
- how to enjoy travelling

What Sort of Man Shall I Marry?

"I must be proud of him," she tells herself. "He must be the kind of man who is able to control a situation, to command respect, to mingle comfortably in any society. He must be able to conduct himself always with a fine savoir faire and calm assurance. His manners must be faultless, his speech cultivated. He must be a clever host, a pleasant companion. He must know precisely what to do and say on every occasion. In a word, he must be—a gentleman."

You may scoff at the idea of a book of etiquette to help you. Ordinary etiquette books, of course, are scarcely helpful, for they concern themselves solely with petty rules and regulations that are based on old traditions rather than on your own personal problems. But this New Book of Etiquette is written for you! Here is information you have always wanted. Here are suggestions you could not acquire in any other way. Here is the knowledge that will give you—almost in one evening—a marvelous new ease, poise, self-possession!

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