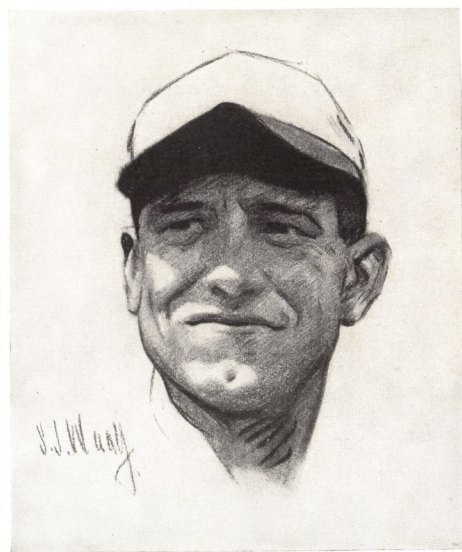


FIFTEEN CENTS

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine



VOL. V. NO. 13

GEORGE H. SISLER
Pittsburgh never forgave him
(See Page 26)

MARCH 30, 1925



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TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine

Vol. V. No. 13

March 30, 1925

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Mr. Coolidge's Week

☛ To the White House, whither he had come before as politician, as Congressman, as Cabinet officer, came William J. Bryan as a Presbyterian. With him was his brother Charles W. and a delegation from the General Council of the Presbyterian Church to pass the time of day with Calvin Coolidge.

☛ The President, in the closing hours of the special session of the Senate, nominated James Garabaldi Sargent to be Attorney General, Peter Augustus Jay to be Ambassador to Argentina, Jacob Gould Schurman to be Ambassador to Germany, Ulysses Grant-Smith to be Minister to Uruguay, George L. Kreeck to be Minister to Paraguay, four additional members to the Board of Tax Appeals and Thomas F. Woodlock to the Interstate Commerce Commission. All except Mr. Woodlock were immediately confirmed.

☛ Tsuneo Matsudaira presented the President with a pleasing speech and letters of credence as Ambassador from Japan. In reply, the President referred to "your predecessor, Mr. Masamio Hanihara, who so congenially and helpfully represented your Government among us"—a remark perilously near a lie or an opinion by Stephen Leacock.

☛ Charles Beecher Warren, after a sojourn of several days at the White House, packed up his bags and went home to Detroit.

☛ By executive order, the President decreed the abolition of 28 local land offices as of Apr. 30.

☛ Calvin Coolidge, Honorary President of the American Red Cross, telegraphed to John Barton Payne, Chairman of the organization, saying: "Information has reached me of the disaster [see SCIENCE] that has overtaken a portion of Missouri, Illinois and Indiana.

"It is said that many people are homeless and many are injured. I suggest that you put in operation all the

facilities of the Red Cross to assist in the required relief. I am sending a telegram to the Governor of Illinois that you will do so."

☛ The President, and also Attorney General Sargent, Postmaster General New, Speaker Longworth, Everett Sanders, John Hays Hammond, and Edward T. Clark, Rudolph Forster, Judson C. Welliver (White House men) were guests of 115 newspaper correspondents who "cover" the White House. The correspondents gave a good dinner at the new Hotel Mayflower and Mr. Sargent made a good speech.

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Published weekly by TIME, Incorporated, at 216 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions, \$5 per year. Entered as second-class matter February 28, 1923, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

THE CABINET

Controversy's End

The United States of America has a new Attorney General. Here are the bare facts of the story:

1) Associate Justice McKenna resigned from his place in the Supreme Court (TIME, Jan. 12).

2) The President appointed and the Senate, after a bit of talk, confirmed Harlan F. Stone, the Attorney General, to fill Mr. McKenna's place (TIME, Jan. 19 et seq.).

3) The President appointed Charles B. Warren of Michigan to succeed Mr. Stone as Attorney General (TIME, Jan. 19 et seq.).

4) The Senate, considering that Mr. Warren had been connected with the "Sugar Trust," rejected him, 41 to 39 (TIME, Mar. 23).

5) The President renominated Mr. Warren and announced that, if the Senate did not confirm him, he would be offered a temporary appointment without the Senate's consent (TIME, Mar. 23).

6) The Senate rejected Mr. Warren again, 46 to 39 (TIME, Mar. 23).

7) Last week, the President terminated the controversy by appointing John G. Sargent of Vermont, whom the Senate promptly confirmed without a roll-call, without a single opposing vote.

The Major Significance. The Constitution is a politically sacred law and the Constitution says that the President shall have the power to appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, the executive officers of the Government.* So what the Senate did was entirely legal and done by authority long vested in it. But the proceeding was unique, almost as unique as the following hypothetical proceeding (equally legal, and by authority of equally long standing) would have been had it taken place:

Toward the middle of last January, 531 electors, chosen by the people the previous November, assembled at the capitals of their several states. The great majority of them had been elected as Republicans. A smaller number had

*Constitution of the United States, Art. II, Sect. 2, clause 2.

National Affairs—[Continued]

been elected as Democrats. A very small group that met in one state had been elected as Progressives. They assembled with full authority to vote for whomever they pleased. They considered what was fitting and then a majority voted for Henry Ford for President of the United States.

If this had happened, the country would have been in a furor of excitement. Yet such an action by those electors would have been completely authorized by the Constitution; and not only authorized but (if the electors deemed that Henry Ford was a more fitting President than Calvin Coolidge or any other) actually what the makers of the Constitution had intended. More than that, such an action might actually have taken place if, in their wisdom, the makers of the Constitution had decreed that the members of the electoral college were to meet all together instead of in their respective states. For in that case, the Electoral College might have had some prestige in the public eye and in its own eyes and might never have allowed itself to become a mere rubber stamp.

The action that the Senate took last week was analogous to such an unheard of action by the Electoral College. It did not seem so startling because the Senate has long insisted on most of its constitutional prerogatives. But the Senate's action may have far-reaching consequences. It upset the precedent of three generations. If the Senate is to insist on its full power, it has the right to reject a Cabinet appointment not only on the ground of fitness (as in Mr. Warren's case), but on any ground whatever. A Democratic Senate might insist that a Republican President appoint only Democrats to his Cabinet and vice versa. That is an extreme supposition, but entirely within the scope of possibilities as laid down by the Constitution.

Outstanding Facts. There are a number of aspects of the present case which stand out in relief:

1) The struggle that developed was not inspired from without. It arose entirely within the small circle which circumscribes the President and the Senate. The President chose his nominee. The Senate objected to Mr. Warren—objected on its own initiative, for, during the entire contest, no protest against him was filed with the Judiciary Committee.

2) The President, after announcing that his mind was made up—that he would have Mr. Warren with or without the Senate's approval—practically backed down. To be sure, he went through the formality of offering Mr. Warren a temporary or recess appointment (which Mr. Warren declined) before nominating another man. But, inasmuch as Mr. Warren was staying at

the White House during the later stages of the contest and, in some quarters, was even credited with having inspired the President's statement promising a recess appointment if the Senate refused a second time, the President's action can be looked on as hardly more than a gesture. One day, the President said he



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THE ATTORNEY GENERAL
"I will." And he did

had no other candidate in mind and would offer a recess appointment if the Senate again rejected Mr. Warren; two days later, the Senate did so; early the following day, the President named another man.

3) The Senate, after insisting on its right to inspect Mr. Warren with a political microscope, received the nomination of Mr. Sargent shortly after 1 p.m. and referred it to the Judiciary Committee (which met at 2:30 and, in half an hour, heard three Senators speak in Mr. Sargent's favor and reported unanimously in favor of the appointment), received the Committee's report later in the afternoon, considered it just a moment behind closed doors; then opened the doors, had the motion to confirm put and answered in unison with a rumbling "Aye." There is reason to believe that the Senate did not know much about Mr. Sargent when, glad to have beaten the President and eager to go home, it gave its perfunctory assent to the choice of Mr. Sargent.

Political Consequences. Opinions differed as to the immediate effect of the Warren controversy. Some held that Mr. Coolidge would lose in public esteem because he allowed the Senate to get the better of him, because he allowed it to be shown that he could not control the new Senate any better than he could its predecessor. Others be-

lieved that it would strengthen him to have antagonized the Senate, especially since the people would feel that the Senate had played politics, been hypercritical about Mr. Warren and entirely uncritical about Mr. Sargent. Others predicted that all breaches would be repaired and the clash forgotten before Congress assembled again.

Mr. Sargent

John Garibaldi Sargent,* 64, six feet three, about 225 lbs. in weight (he has been nearer 300 lbs., but recently has been ill), low-collared, with stormy gray hair and a wrinkly weather-beaten face, was turned into an Attorney General almost before the country knew it.

One morning last week, the President called him by long distance and asked: "Will you be Attorney General?" "I will," answered Mr. Sargent. That afternoon, the Senate confirmed him. The next afternoon, he had taken office. And was at his desk in Washington.

The last time he had been in Washington was on Mar. 4 when "J. G. Sargent, Ludlow, Vt." registered at the Willard. He had come down on the train with Colonel John Coolidge and his party; and the story is that he had treated the whole party to railroad and Pullman tickets. Although he dined at the White House as the guest of the President, he is said to have preferred to have his meals in the basement of the White House with the Secret Service men with whom he had made friends the summer before at Plymouth. He kept out of the prominent reviewing stands.

The boy Sargent's schooling was delayed and he was still in the Black River Academy at Ludlow when Calvin Coolidge, twelve years his junior, came over from the hill-farm at Plymouth, twelve miles away. They say that the husky senior took care of the little fellow at hazing time.

Afterward, he went to Tufts College, played centre on the football eleven and was called "Jumbo"—a name which Mr. P. T. Barnum had just popularized. Next, he went back to Ludlow, married and read law in a law-office. Three years later, he was admitted to the bar, became a successful attorney. From 1908 to 1912, he was State Attorney General. He won a murder case where the plea of insanity was made, but went when the man was sent to the gallows. At one time or another, he represented the New York, New Haven & Hartford and Boston & Maine Railroads and the American Express Co. in Vermont litigation.

*Mr. Sargent's brothers are John Wesley and John Rudolph. John Singer (famed painter), is, so far as is known, no relative.

National Affairs—[Continued]

He lives in an old-fashioned brick house with 15 rooms, has a big library and (so it is said) 100 pipes—briars, corncocks, clays, calabashes. He likes Oriental rugs, is somewhat of a naturalist (collects birds' nests), owns a maple grove. He bought a tumbled-down place about 15 miles from Ludlow and uses it as a fishing club—he loves fishing. His automobile is good but old—old and paintless. There are nine clocks in the room where he works, for one of his hobbies is repairing clocks. Mr. Sargent is, in Republican state politics, quite a power. He opposed the 16th Amendment to the Federal Constitution (Income Tax), the 17th (Popular Election of Senators), the 18th (Prohibition) and the 19th (Woman Suffrage). Last year, he tried to read Senator Porter H. Dale and Representative Ernest W. Gibson out of the Vermont party organization for voting to override the President's veto of the Soldiers' Bonus Bill. But Senator Dale has forgiven him that.

About 20 hours after his nomination was confirmed, he hopped off a train in Washington, alone, carrying a suitcase and a paper bag holding his rubbers. Rush L. Holland, Assistant Attorney General, and Edward Starling of the White House Secret Service were on hand to meet him with a White House automobile. He asked to go to the home of Associate Justice Harlan F. Stone, his predecessor and friend. There he left his bag and telephoned to the White House. Next, he was driven to the Department of Justice and sworn in, shook hands, saw reporters, was photographed. He unrolled a gorgeous rainbow-colored tobacco pouch, almost a yard long, filled his pipe and smoked on the way to the White House, where he spent half an hour with the President. There more photographs. In the evening, he went back to the White House for dinner—he and Charles B. Warren (TIME, Mar. 23) were the guests.

Rearrangement

Secretary of State Kellogg was called upon to undertake a major rearrangement of Ambassadors and Ministers as follows:

Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, Minister to China, was transferred to be Ambassador to Berlin (post left vacant by Alanson B. Houghton, transferred to London).

Peter Augustus Jay, Minister to Rumania, was transferred to be Ambassador to Argentina (post left vacant by the resignation of John W. Riddle).

Ulysses Grant-Smith, Minister to Albania, was transferred to the Ministry at Uruguay (succeeding Hoffman Philip).

George L. Kreeck, banker of Law-



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MR. BORAH

He goes his own gait
(See "A Political Curiosity")

rence, Kan., was made Minister to Paraguay. The post has been vacant for some time.

☛ The vacant diplomatic posts left by the rearrangement of Ambassadors and Ministers just before the Senate adjourned consisted only of:

- 1) The Ministry to China.
- 2) The Ministry to Rumania.
- 3) The Ministry to Albania.
- 4) The post of agent to Tangier.

☛ Aside from these, the only foreign capitals in which the U. S. is not represented are Moscow and Constantinople—with neither of which the U. S. has had any formal relations since the War. Rear Admiral Mark L. Bristol, with the title of High Commissioner, represents U. S. interests at the latter spot.

☛ Jacob Gould Schurman is a cosmopolite. Of Dutch descent, his boyhood was spent at Freetown, Prince Edward Island. He studied at London, Paris, and Edinburgh, taking a B.A., M.A., and Sc.D. He then obtained a traveling scholarship which took him to Heidelberg, Berlin, Göttingen and finally to Italy and Switzerland. In 1880, he took a professorship in Acadia College, Nova Scotia. Four years later, he went to Cornell as professor, and was President there from 1892 to 1920. In 1892 he became a U. S. citizen. He served as U. S. Minister to Greece and Montenegro in 1912-13. In 1921, having pretty well explored Europe and North America, he was sent as Minister to China. Now he hops around the world again to Berlin.

THE CONGRESS

The Senate's Close

Having been in special session for 13 days, the Senate of the 69th Congress was very anxious to get home. With the matter of the Attorney Generalship disposed of, there was not much to keep it. The day after that was finished, the Senate met at noon. Only a few Senators were on the floor. The President sent in 28 new nominations for confirmation. Among them was the name of Thomas F. Woodlock of Manhattan, nominated to the Interstate Commerce Commission. His name had been submitted to the old Senate and not acted upon, principally because the South argued that it was entitled to the vacant place. There was a flurry over Mr. Woodlock's name, but then it was pigeon-holed in the Committee on Interstate Commerce.

The other 27 nominations were confirmed, as were also 5 other nominations, leaving only 20 postmasters' nominations unconfirmed.

Senator Dale of Vermont rose and in a speech denied that the President had ignored him in presenting the name of Mr. Sargent for Attorney General. Senator Norris made a speech about the "Water-power Trust." Senator Curtis, Republican leader, began to patrol the floor, looking for an opening to move adjournment. Senator McKellar talked about Muscle Shoals. Senator Hefflin denounced *The New York Times* for editorially attacking the President for backing down on the Warren nomination, saying the President had been right in that. Senator Stanchfield of Oregon, with a pile of manuscript, began to read a speech about "home-owning banks," but he skipped a good bit of it. Cole Blease, the new and bumptious Senator from South Carolina, asked unanimous consent to insert remarks in the record. Mr. Curtis objected, so Mr. Blease began to read his remarks, telling why he did not think Democrats should let Republicans make Committee assignments because the latter have a majority. He read for a few minutes and then tossed his speech to the official reporters. The Senate laughed but no one objected.

Mr. Curtis got the floor. He moved to adjourn *sine die*. Senator Trammell demanded a *quorum*. Mr. Curtis said a *quorum* was not necessary. Senator Bingham, who was in the chair, put the motion. There was a loud chorus: "Aye!"

A Political Curiosity

The intelligent layman, the business man and the financier, looking upon politics, are inclined to express surprise when they see the figure of Senator

National Affairs—[Continued]

Borah turning his back on the Administration, while the supporters of the Administration go cordially to shake his hand. And the lay observer is inclined to ask: "Is this the Republican without a party?"

The partisan cartoonist, not curious but bitter, depicts the Republican Covered Wagon just as it has crossed Recent Election River. The perplexed Elephant turns to Driver Cal, asking: "Now, where's that half-breed guide of ours gone?" And Cal replies: "Search me! He was in the wagon until we got safely across the river." But the trenchant pen of the cartoonist* discovers the "half-breed guide"—and what does he wear but the face of Mr. Borah?—hiding behind the brush and whispering to the prowling savages who wear insurgent feathers in their topknots.

In part, the cartoonist is right. But he should not have drawn Mr. Borah lying on his belly. Mr. Borah, when the Charles B. Warren nomination was before the Senate (TIME, Mar. 2), walked quite openly to the side of the Insurgents to oppose the Administration nominee. He boldly led the attack and, but for him, Mr. Warren would probably have been confirmed—his single vote would have been enough to do it at one time. But he encouraged a number of Republicans to side against the nomination; his example woke the Democrats to united opposition that might not have existed but for him.

Yet Mr. Borah is "close" to the White House. Mr. Coolidge wanted nothing more than to have him on the Republican ticket for the office of Vice President. The party organization does not tread on his toes for irregularity. Rather, he is looked up to. But why?

The reason is that Mr. Borah is sincere. It may be that he has a natural preference for taking the opposite side of a subject, for taking a lone stand, but those who work within cannot doubt his conviction. He does not work well in concert with anyone. He does not attend party caucuses. He hardly can be induced to sit in at a committee meeting. He works alone and comes to his own conclusions; and, when he speaks, he states his position so reasonably, with so little partisan spirit, that he arouses no bitterness even in his direct opponents. He is acknowledged the most effective speaker in the Senate for this very reason. It gives him an immense prestige. His independence, his non-partisan spirit, his earnest intention to be fair, were the qualities which brought about his selection, last year, as Chairman of the com-

mittee to investigate campaign expenditures.

The same qualities make him "irregular." They make him a great asset to whatever cause he espouses because his fighting is fearless and above ordinary politics. He was one of the 12 Republican Senators who voted against the Bonus Bill last year, one of the 17



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ACTRESS FISKE

*She wears not far nor feathers
(See WOMEN)*

who voted to sustain the President's veto. He was one of the three Senators to vote against the Postal Pay Bill in its original form. He voted also to sustain the veto of that bill and against the bill which passed a few weeks ago, providing postal pay and rate increases.

He votes for or against any bill just as he alone sees fit. He espouses a lost cause fearlessly, if not with pleasure. It does not matter to him whether he opposes or supports any party or any group. His mind may be curious in its functionings, but it is honest, honest above all others in the Senate. That is the tacit and sometimes spoken opinion which his colleagues have formed of him and doubtless it is the most reliable. So they let him stand in a place apart and he does as he wills without criticism from his fellows in the Republican Party.

Foreign Relations

Senator Borah, following the adjournment of the Senate last week called attention to the fact that, between Dec. 12 and adjournment, the Senate had ratified 19 treaties and conventions—a record, he said of diligence:

- ☛ A treaty of friendship and commerce with Germany.
- ☛ Two treaties fixing the status of

- 1) the Isle of Palmas with Holland
- 2) the Isle of Pines with Cuba.

☛ Three treaties with Great Britain: two regarding our common boundary, etc., with Canada; one concerning U. S. rights in Palestine (British Mandate).

☛ Two conventions with the Dominican Republic regarding U. S. relations to San Domingo.

☛ A treaty of arbitration with Sweden.

☛ A convention with Guatemala for a special commission of inquiry.

☛ Three treaties for extradition of criminals, two of them general: 1) with Rumania, 2) with Finland; and a special convention with Great Britain regarding violators of the narcotic laws.

☛ Four treaties to prevent liquor smuggling: three of them with 1) Panama, 2) France, 3) the Netherlands; one regarding border cooperation with Canada, with Great Britain.

☛ Two conventions, with Latin American republics: one regarding trademarks, the other a general sanitary convention.

WOMEN

Beastarians

☛ Recently, reports from San Diego, whether originating in the fertile brain of the press, or having some basis in fact, related how the great warships of the U. S., plowing the Pacific, encountered a school of whales, and, eager to find targets for their gunnery, released from their guns the steely messengers of death. The aim was true. Fragments of cetaceous blubber bounded high in the air. The school had learned its lesson. And *The Christian Science Monitor* commented: "War preparedness is bad enough in itself without adding thereto such barbarous activities."

☛ Recently, in Africa, a huntress, one Mrs. Green of Ireland, parted the tropic foliage, took aim with her rifle at a horny rhinoceros. The bullet sped, but only wounded. Seven more times she fired; seven more wounds were inflicted. The enraged beast turned and charged. Mrs. Green went down, was trampled to death. Properly speaking, no odium could be attached to the great beast. He had been sought out for slaughter. He had been invited to a duel to the death. According to his lights and the law of the jungle, he had done well. Even according to the law of civilization, his was a justifiable homicide, committed in self-defense.

☛ Last week, quite a different scene from either of those above-related took place in Washington. A luncheon was given in honor of Mrs. Minnie Madden Fiske, famed actress. The guests included William K. Horton, President of the American Humane Association; Mrs. George Barnett, wife of the Ma-

*Jay N. Darling or "Ding," who lives in Des Moines and whose cartoons (drawn for the *Des Moines Register*) are syndicated throughout the U. S.

National Affairs—[Continued]

for General; and others who, for want of a better term, may be called beastarians (by analogy with humanitarians). Presumably, the luncheon was entirely vegetarian. It was given in honor of Mrs. Fiske because, during the last 25 of her 60 years of life, she has devoted herself to the cause of suffering beasts. She has worn no furs, no feathers; her stage ermine has been cotton batting; no flesh has she eaten. She spoke of our responsibility toward our dumb fellow creatures, which civilization has met "without intelligence, without justice and without mercy."

Said Mrs. Fiske:

"It is nothing more nor less than the persistence of that prehistoric savagery that makes it seem necessary, in this modern day, still to clothe ourselves in the skins of the animals and to eat their flesh. Society is so organized as to make it seem necessary for thousands of shouting, cursing men to stand knee-deep in blood, dealing ferocious blows right and left upon millions of shrieking animals in order that we may be fed."

"Nowhere in all the history of crimes and crudities is there anything for cold-blooded genius in the invention of torment—nowhere is there anything to compare with that little machine of Hell on earth, the steel trap. The steel trap has no place in anything even remotely desecrating itself as civilization and to abolish it we shall rely upon the modern woman."

Inspired by her words, a committee was created to campaign against the use of steel traps to capture "shrieking" animals.

SUPREME COURT

Oregon and Oregonians

Nine grave Justices lent their ears to the argument for and against the school law of the State of Oregon. Oregon has a law requiring all children between the ages of 8 and 16 to attend the public schools. This, of course, is equivalent to the suppression of all private and parochial schools and military academies devoted to primary education. Against the law are aligned the two plaintiffs, 1) the Sisters of the Holy Name of Jesus and Mary and 2) the Hill Military Academy, backed by the North Pacific Union of Seventh Day Adventists, the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, the Protestant Episcopal Society and the American Jewish Committee. Defending the law were the attorneys of the State of Oregon.

The argument of the parochial and private schools is that the law was an invasion of constitutional rights, religious and otherwise. The State's argument is that the law was a legiti-



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GEORGE E. CHAMBERLAIN

Blunt nose, shrewd eye

mate extension of the State police power of compelling attendance at school. The law had been declared unconstitutional by a lower court and was carried to a higher court on the State's appeal.

The argument brought once more into the national arena a figure once prominent there, for one of the arguers of the State's case in the support of the law was George E. Chamberlain.

Mr. Chamberlain, now a man of 70, is a Mississippian by birth, a graduate of Washington and Lee University—in short, a man reared in the traditions of the South. His mature life has been spent in Oregon. It is perhaps significant that he taught school in Oregon until he could secure a law practice. He served in the State legislature, became State Attorney General, from 1902 to 1908 served as Governor.

Being a Southerner, he is a Democrat. The State, during his governorship, was predominantly Republican, but, in 1908, the Republican legislature elected him to the U. S. Senate and the U. S. public inspected him for the first time. He had a retiring chin, a blunt nose, shrewd eyes and, at that time, a fine head of dark hair beginning to be streaked with gray. He was reserved, goodnatured, low-voiced, quiet, yet had the courage to precipitate a party row and fight it through—as afterwards developed.

He served until 1921, during the War doing good service on the Senate Military Affairs Committee, of which he became Chairman. He pushed the Selective Draft Bill; he introduced a bill, early in 1918, for a War Cabinet and

criticized the War Department freely. This brought him into contest with Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, and drew the wrath of Woodrow Wilson upon his head.

In 1921, he succumbed to the onslaught of the Republicans, and Senator Stanfield was elected to succeed him. He served for a time on the Shipping Board and then retired—only to emerge once more on behalf of Oregon and her school law.

OIL

At Cheyenne

At Cheyenne, the Government's civil suit to cancel the lease of the Teapot Dome Naval Oil Reserve to Harry F. Sinclair (TIME, Mar. 23) wound to an ineffectual close. The Government charged conspiracy and attempted to connect up the lease with payment of alleged bribes to ex-Secretary of the Interior Fall. A payment of \$25,000 in Liberty Bonds in 1923, after Mr. Fall had resigned from office and was in Mr. Sinclair's employ, was established. But the defense argued that this was a legitimate loan and had nothing to do with the Teapot Lease. The main part of the Government's case rested on a charge that certain Liberty Bonds—several hundred thousand dollars' worth—which were bought with the profits of an oil deal in which Mr. Sinclair and others took part, had later appeared in Mr. Fall's possession. The Government argued that there was no motive for anyone, other than Mr. Sinclair, to have given those bonds to Mr. Fall. But there were many missing links in the Government's chain of evidence, because the "others" who figured in that transaction have gone abroad—beyond the reach of subpoenas; and Mr. Fall's son-in-law, who was supposed to have carried the bonds, refused to testify on grounds of incrimination. The defense promptly moved to strike out this evidence on the grounds that it was immaterial, and that there was no direct connection between the parties to the alleged conspiracy—Sinclair and Fall.

The defense did not even take trouble to rebut this evidence, contenting itself with producing witnesses who testified that the lease was in the interest of the Government.

The Government counsel, Messrs. Owen J. Roberts and Atlee Pomeroy, were plainly at a disadvantage for lack of conclusive evidence; and, if the evidence of the alleged transfer of bonds were ruled out, their case was even weaker. When Judge T. Blake Kennedy finally takes the case, he will probably take two months or so to make a decision—and that decision will probably be appealed.

National Affairs—[Continued]

TAXATION

The Drive Begins

That taxes will again be reduced next fall seems at the present time a practical certainty; and, foreseeing the reduction, the Administration, last week, began a drive (which will probably continue all summer) to get the kind of tax reduction that it wants.

The two chief points on the Administration's program are:

- 1) Reduction of surtaxes, a reduction that will take them down to 25% maximum.
 - 2) Reduction of Federal estate taxes far below their present 40% maximum.
- This is the approximate aim. The program may well be submitted on a bargaining basis as:

- 1) Reduction of maximum surtaxes to 15%.
 - 2) Abolition of Federal estate taxes.
- The slogan of the drive, conceived in the form of a campaign of education, is already adopted: "Not just tax reduction; tax reform!"

Shortly after the closing of Congress, Representatives William R. Green of Iowa, Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, issued a statement foreseeing tax reduction—surtax reduction in particular. Last week, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon and Under-Secretary Winston spoke before the Bankers Club of Richmond further outlining their program.

Said Mr. Mellon: "From the 68th Congress, there emerged the Revenue Act of 1924. This Act abolished some taxes, reduced some rates and followed in the main the recommendations of the Treasury as to administrative changes. In its failure to reduce the maximum surtax below 40% and in its increase of estate taxes to a maximum of 40%, the Revenue Act violated certain principles of taxation which I feel to be fundamental to any sound reform of the tax system. This may be tax reduction. It is not tax reform."

"... we are in a better position today to make the reform comprehensive. . . . Now we are approaching a fiscal year with an estimated surplus of \$368,000,000. This, mind you, is after we have absorbed the losses of revenue brought about by the 1924 Act. . . ."

The new plan for tax reduction, in detail, cannot be made out until the Treasury is satisfied how much revenue the present act will bring in. It may then be made known not as another "Mellon Plan," but be allowed to transpire as the product of the House Ways and Means Committee. In that way, the political consequences, the violent effort of party opponents to destroy anything that savored of the administration's name in the last tax bill, may be partially avoided in the new.

If the Treasury had its way, it would probably like to have reductions made

entirely in surtaxes and Federal estate taxes. But of course Congress will feel that something has to be given everybody. It is quite possible that there may be no reduction whatever in in-



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CUBA'S AMBASSADOR

"In Latin America it would not be possible!"

heritance taxes against which the Progressives are violently opposed. But the Treasury will doubtless ask all that it wants and a bit more, and be grateful for whatever concessions Congress grants.

POLITICAL NOTE

The Bryans ad Interim

It is strange that the two brothers, William J. and Charles W. Bryan have gained the greater part of their reputations as politicians *for*, after all, they have not held many political offices, nor held those for very long. As business men they have a much more noteworthy record.

In 1896, William was a newspaper editor and Charles a cigar salesman. Both have given a large part of their time and attention to politics and yet—doing business casually with their left hands, as it were, while their attention was engaged elsewhere, doing not a little expensive traveling—they (especially the elder) are today well to do, not to say wealthy.

They had their paper, *The Commoner*, which in its day must have made not a little money. William also made a good bit from his Chautauqua oratory and from his writings for newspapers and magazines.

Last week, the brothers went up to Washington (Charles had been visiting

with William at the latter's home in Miami) and re-emerged for a moment into the National spot light, prompting the question: "What are their present activities?"

Charles appears to be temporarily out of a job, following his retirement as Governor of Nebraska. William has been conducting Sunday School services every Sunday out of doors in Royal Palm Park, Miami. For this he receives, presumably, no—or little—pay. Operating at Miami, there is, however, a concern known as the Coral Gables Miami Riviera Co.—needless to say, realtors. This concern has "developed" 4,000 acres and recently purchased 6,000 acres more for "development" at a publicly estimated cost of \$100,000,000. In connection with this development, there is a "Venetian Casino," containing a Venetian swimming pool, lounges, etc. Over one end of the pool has been constructed a platform; upon it, every day except Sunday, there appears at noon Mr. William Jennings Bryan to speak. The subjects of his talks are announced beforehand by advertisements in the papers. Often nearly 1,000 people attend. He does not speak on religion. He touches only humorously on politics. He is not required to speak on real estate. However, he occasionally utters something like this: "We are nearer to two thirds of the people of the United States than any other winter resort of the Western Coast is to one third. We are closest to the richest two thirds. The reason that brought us here will bring increasing thousands."

The Coral Gables publicity department says that he is the highest paid lecturer in the U. S.

Last week, William Jennings left the Coral Gables long enough to make a journey to Washington on behalf of the Presbyterian Church and in company with his brother. The two visited the President and also gave a dinner. William devoted his efforts to religion, Charles to politics. Charles said to reporters: "I see no plan which will give the Democratic Party the support of a majority of votes in the East without setting it up against the desires of the voters of the West and South."

Perhaps that sentence explained the dearth of Eastern Democrats at the dinner of 60 plates which the Bryans soon gave. Many prominent Democrats from West and South were present. The dinner was distinguished by the presence of three men who, last fall, were candidates for Vice President. Dr. Cosme de la Torre, Ambassador from Cuba, was present, humorously remarked as he saw the smiling faces of Charles G. Dawes, Burton K. Wheeler and Charles W. Bryan:

"In Latin America, it would not be possible. There would be some shooting."

FOREIGN NEWS

COMMONWEALTH

(British Commonwealth of Nations)

Council of State

Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary drove around the corner from Buckingham Palace to Victoria Station. The morning was cold and misty, but a large crowd was abroad to cheer its Sovereign and his Consort. Many times the King was obliged to lift his "bowler" in acknowledgment of the ovations. Ten minutes later, the boat train with a royal coach attached steamed out of the glass-roofed station, taking their Majesties on their first and well-earned vacation since the accession.

The King and Queen went to Dover and crossed over to Calais. They refused the French Government's offer of a special train and proceeded by *train de luxe* to Genoa, where the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* waited to take their Majesties on a Mediterranean cruise.

Previous to his departure, the King held a Privy Council at Buckingham Palace at which he nominated a Council of State of four to rule in his name during his temporary absence. The four chosen were Prince Henry, Their Majesties' third son (who, rumor has it, is to become Duke of Edinburgh on the King's next birthday), the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord High Chancellor (Lord Cave), the Prime Minister (Mr. Baldwin). They, or any two of them, were empowered to transact all the business usually transacted by the King, except the granting of titles or the dissolving of Parliament. And, "all and singular, archbishops, dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts, bishops, barons, baronets, knights, citizens, burgesses and all our officers, ministers and subjects," were enjoined to "help and counsel" these four.

This is the first Council of State to be held in the present reign. One was held during the reign of Queen Victoria and many during the reign of King Edward, who was prone to wander at fitful intervals all over the Continent.

Usually, one or more of the great officers of state, the Archbishop of either Canterbury or York and a member of the Royal Family, are chosen to be members of the Council (a special committee of the Privy Council). Prince Henry was chosen in this instance as the Prince of Wales was on the point of departing on the African and South American tour, the Duke of

York was in East Africa and the Duke of Connaught (King's uncle) on the French Riviera.

Parliament's Week

House of Commons:

¶ J. Beckett, Labor, asked Foreign Secretary Austen Chamberlain if any understanding existed between the U. S. and British Naval authorities, and if the possibility of the U. S. using the Singapore naval base had ever been discussed. Mr. Chamberlain, replying to the first part of the question, said that he would find it easier to answer if he could be confident that he understood it. He confined himself to saying that there was not, and he hoped there never would be, any misunderstanding between the U. S. and British naval authorities. As regards Singapore, the answer was decidedly in the negative.

¶ William Clive Bridgeman, First Lord of the Admiralty, defended the increased naval appropriations (TIME, Mar. 23) in a spirited speech. He went over a lot of old ground and became interesting only when he arrived at the tail end of his speech and found himself at Singapore. He saw no offense to Japan in building the base. He accused the Labor Party of dropping the project as a gesture to get other countries to cooperate in universal disarmament. He quoted an American as saying: "When you cooperate with people, you find they do the operating while you do the co-ing." "There was a good deal of operating going on in other places," said Mr. Bridgeman.

Sir Alfred Mond, Liberal, asked: "Are the right honorable gentleman's remarks likely to assist in the proposals which are now coming from America?"

Replied Mr. Bridgeman:

"I have said nothing provocative. Other countries are building ships, but that is not provoking as any more than our building a floating dry dock at Singapore is provoking them. We had to look at facts. In February, 1924, the shipbuilding program of the world was 228 building or projected. In February this year, the number was 352."

Mr. C. G. Ammon, Labor:

"That is in accordance with the Washington agreement."

Mr. Bridgeman:

"So is the Singapore base. To talk about this country's being provocative is sheer nonsense. Out of 352 warships building or projected, our contribution is 20. We have no lust of conquest; we have no desire for more territory; all we want is peace

to protect and develop our trade and the territory we have got. No gesture is needed to show that Britain is a peaceable country."

"What could she possibly gain by aggression against anybody? War has no attraction for us. In recent years, we have seen too much of the misery."

Ex-Premier Ramsay MacDonald, Sir Alfred Mond and Viscountess Astor followed. The first dwelt on the psychological effects of the Singapore base on the Japanese; the second called the naval estimates a sham; the third thought that the Army and the Navy should be strong enough to secure peace.

Great Imperialist

Of an undefined malady, aggravated by congestion of the lungs, requiring the attendance of an urologist, George Nathaniel Curzon, Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, Earl of Kedleston, Viscount Scarsdale, Baron Ravensdale, Lord President of The Council, died last week in his London residence on Carlton House Terrace in the 67th year of his life.

At the beginning of the month, Lord Curzon went to Cambridge and, while dressing for a public dinner, collapsed. All his immediate engagements were canceled and he was removed to London, where he underwent a serious operation. His condition remained serious and with little improvement for about a week, when he took a turn for the worse, dying at 5:35 a. m. on the 15th day of his fatal malady.

During his illness, he repeatedly asked for his favorite newspaper; but the doctors, fearing to let him see the unfavorable bulletins which they had issued, did not accede to his demand. Finally, on the eve of his death, a morning newspaper* consented to halt its presses and print a single copy of a special edition, called by the British press "the bedside edition," wherein was described his "great improvement" and the certainty of his early convalescence—but all in vain; the "bedside edition" was hardly wet with its ink before Lord Curzon had expired. It was a considerable and sporting gesture.

The death of Lord Curzon removes from British public life a great imperialist, great in name and great in ability. As plain George Curzon he went to Eton where Escher, Minto, Balfour, the Bessfordes, Middleton, Rose-

*The paper was said to be *The Daily Graphic*, daily illustrated paper equivalent to U. S. gum-chewers' sheetlets. Lord Curzon was, however, particularly fond of *The Morning Post*, owned by the Duke of Northumberland, and possibly it was this paper which printed the special edition.

Foreign News—[Continued]

bery—all men who have left their mark on the pages of Britain's recent history—were closing the chapters of their Eton life. From Eton he went to Oxford's scholar college, Balliol, where like Lord Oxford and Asquith, he carved a brilliant academic career.

Having traveled far and wide on the continent, he went, after his Oxford days were over, to explore Central Asia. His visits to Persia, Siam, the Pamirs, Indo-China and Korea were not the fitful visits of a tourist, but the premeditated acts of a scholar who traveled to discover and store a fund of knowledge that books could not give him.

On his return to England, he received—like several of the then rising generation—his political apprenticeship as assistant private secretary to the great Lord Salisbury. Once embarked upon a career of statescraft, he rose rapidly and held many of the more important cabinet positions. He did not become Prime Minister for the all-important reason that, since Lord Salisbury's third term of office (1895-1902), no British Premier has been a member of the House of Lords, and it now seems to be an established custom that Premiers must henceforth be members of the House of Commons.

George Curzon at Eton and Oxford was noted for a bluntness of speech and an arrogance of manner that won him few close friends; but those he won were those that understood him and could appreciate the inner qualities of a remarkable character. As he tobogganed down the easy road of his life and grew just as easily to fame, not many of his enemies could refuse to admit the brilliance of his intellect. He was learned in an exceptional degree, courageous in his opinions and could do three ordinary men's work with comparative ease and great enthusiasm.

Probably History will set down his term of office as Viceroy of India (1899-1905) as the greatest episode of his career. He created a new Northwest frontier province, introduced extensive schemes of irrigation, reformed the entire administrative functions of Government, worked assiduously to broaden the educational system of the country. Under Lloyd George, he was Foreign Secretary in the most momentous period of Europe's history; but, as Mr. George was largely his own Foreign Secretary, Lord Curzon had to keep much in the background. Under Bonar Law and later in Mr. Baldwin's first administration, he was Foreign Secretary in the full sense, but there was no notable change in Britain's foreign policy and Lord Curzon's long term in that office was distinguished by a lack of cordiality abroad which was

partly the outcome of his pragmatic utterances.

His faults were grave and they were faults of both mood and tense. In his childhood, he had suffered an incurable injury to his back which doubtless accounted for much of his irascibility. On the other hand, he was often tactless



MARGOT
She was shocked

to a degree, pompous in his bearing, quick to give and take offense and often almost boorish in his treatment of inferiors. His passion was imperialism and no toe, no matter to whom it belonged, escaped his heel if its owner got in the way of his policy. Few men were a match for him in withering invective; none surpassed him. He was a statesman of the old Victorian school, which had much to commend it but which is now something of an anachronism.

Lord Curzon married first Mary Leiter, daughter of Levi Z. Leiter of Washington, D. C.; a widow, he married Grace Hinds, daughter of the late J. Monroe Hinds, onetime U. S. Minister to Brazil, widow of Alfred Dugan of Buenos Aires. The marquise and earldom now become extinct. Richard Nathaniel Curzon, nephew, succeeds by "special remainder" to the Viscountcy of Scarsdale. Lady Mary Irene Curzon, eldest daughter, and granddaughter of Levi Z. Leiter, becomes, also by special remainder, Baroness of Ravensdale in her own right.

Successor?

Premier Baldwin took himself solemnly to his study in No. 10 Downing St., sat down, puffed his pipe, thought

over selecting a successor to the late Lord Curzon as Lord President of the Privy Council.

He thought of Lord Balfour, the eldest of Britain's Elder Statesmen; Lord Derby, a popular figure in politics; the Duke of Devonshire, austere, rotund. He thought of slightly reshuffling the Cabinet by making Lord Cecil, who is Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, or Lord Salisbury, who is Lord Privy Seal, Lord President of the Council. But he came to no decision.

III

Field Marshal the Earl of Ypres who, as Sir John Denton Pinkstone French, commanded the British Expeditionary Force in France during 1914 and 1915, underwent a prolonged and serious operation. His ailment was unspecified. A series of bulletins pronounced his condition satisfactory.

Prince George, youngest son of the King and Queen, was parted from his tonsils on an operating table in Buckingham Palace. His recovery was rapid.

The Countess of Oxford and Asquith (Margot Asquith) suffered from shock—an automobile in which she was riding crashed.

Fire

Fire broke out and partly destroyed the famed waxwork exhibition in Marylebone Road, London, known far and wide as Madame Tussaud's. Reconstruction is to begin at once.

The original Mme. Tussaud was a Swiss and, during the French Revolution, was in Paris, with her uncle who had a waxwork salon. She made many replicas of the guillotine victims. In 1802, she went to London, founded the exhibition which still bears her name.

For a shilling, one is permitted to view the wax effigies of Nelson, Napoleon, Wellington, Lincoln and many another celebrity. At the door, stand two policemen who are standing jokes. Bobby No. 1 is asked a civil question, but declines to answer. Sometimes the inquisitor gets angry before he discovers his mistake. The other bobby is less life-like. A visitor goes up to him, winks to show that he is not taken in and, with much self-assurance, just to show how certain he is, prods him in the abdomen. "Move on there, move on, please," booms the bobby without a smile, while the prodder writhes in the last agonies of a pricked balloon.

For an extra sixpence, the Chamber of horrors can be visited. Amid blood,

Foreign News—[Continued]

treadmills, gallows and guillotines may be seen most of England's famed criminals, some in the act of the crime, some just after it, some being executed. It is probably the best value in thrills that London can offer.

Blizzard

Western Canada was, last week, the scene of the "worst blizzard experienced in years." For a whole day, the wind drove snow with blinding violence. Road and railway traffic were delayed.

FRANCE

The Great Quarrel

All France continued to experience the mighty shakes of religious quakes (TIME, June 30 et seq.).

Chamber. In the Chamber of Deputies, the Cardinals' manifesto (TIME, Mar. 23) was debated. The assembly became combustible when the Premier said that the policy of withdrawing the French Embassy to the Vatican could be criticised, as it had been by M. Briand (TIME, Feb. 2), but that the Government's policy had nothing to do with religion. He went on logically to denounce the organized Sunday demonstrations against the Government and the *lois laïques* governing the relations between Church and State. The Assembly exploded when the Premier said: "Throughout history, the laity has never misunderstood Christianity, while that Christianity was not the Christianity of bankers."

From this time for two hours, with two suspensions, the Chamber was in an uproar. A dozen fist fights ensued between the acrimonious Opposition and the enraged Government Parties. The noise was so appalling that Premier Herriot was twice obliged to leave the tribunal. Ballot boxes were hurled through the air. Peacemakers suffered grievous injuries of a temporary nature. No insult was insulting enough to be hurled at an opponent.

At one period, Deputy de la Ferronnais, Nationalist, was ordered to leave the Chamber. He refused. Chamber President Paul Painlevé called in a small detachment of the *Garde Républicaine*. M. de la Ferronnais stood firm in the minute of silence that stood out like an oasis in a limitless desert. The officer of the *Garde* began "Au nom de la loi..." M. Ferronnais thought better of his position, seized the officer's hand in a hearty handshake, walked out of the Chamber.

After much more pandemonium, the Chamber voted confidence. Two motions were taken:

1) The Chamber, affirming its attachment to the principles of laïcité (secularism) on which the Republic has

founded liberty of conscience for its citizens and liberty of religious cults defined by the Declaration of the Rights of Man, resolutely maintains the regime of separation of Church and State, which can alone assure the supremacy of the civil power.

2) Reproving the appeal to violence, which declares as propitious for such an agitation a moment when the country is called upon to face the greatest international and financial difficulties the Chamber puts its confidence in the Government to continue, without weakening, a firm and loyal application of secular law.

Premier. When Premier Edouard Herriot issued his political program last year (TIME, June 30), he probably did not realize the depth and width of the religious quarrel he was engendering. Or did he?

Vatican. He promised that the French Embassy to the Vatican would be withdrawn through a suppression of its credits. As a Socialist, and concomitantly anti-clerical, he was bound to oppose having the French State represented at the Holy See. As a statesman, he could see no advantage to France in maintaining apparently insignificant relations with the Pope. As a politician, he had to remember that his parliamentary support was dependent on an effective anti-clerical policy.

Congregations. He also promised as part of his Government's program that the *lois laïques* referring to the suppression of congregations (religious orders) should be enforced. Premier Poincaré has declared that, during his term of office, these laws had not been infringed, but it is undeniable that they have been badly stretched since 1919.

Alsace-Lorraine. Also as part of his ministerial policy, the Premier had promised to bring the two provinces of Alsace and Lorraine under the laws governing France, instead of permitting them to be governed by special laws.

Results. The result of attempting to put into practice these policies was to enflame the whole of Catholic France. Sunday demonstrations became the fixed order of the week and, at some of these parades of protest, blood was shed.

Alsace and Lorraine, swearing their unswerving loyalty to France, but deeply conscious of the religious freedom they enjoyed under Germany, protested vehemently against the suppression of the Vatican Embassy. On their side, they had a solid phalanx of Catholics from the other French provinces. They also objected to the design of the Socialist Government in Paris to stop religious teaching in the schools—a practice which is not permitted in the rest of France; and they naturally insisted upon keeping their religions orders.

Premier Herriot's policy committed him to include the two provinces in the centralized administration of France. It was impossible to have one law for one part of the country and another law for another part. He could not, therefore,

allow Alsace and Lorraine the religious freedom which was denied to the rest of France. A far-sighted statesman would not have attempted to rush the country headlong into a religious dispute of the first magnitude; but Premier Herriot's hand was forced; he had either to go down to certain defeat or to pursue his anti-clerical policies.

Issues. Two main issues have sprung from the Government's actions: One is the hostility of Alsace and Lorraine to any kind of interference with their religious liberty. As an Alsatian recently said: "We came back to France to regain our liberties, not to lose them." In the Chamber of Deputies recently, 21 of the 24 Deputies of the two provinces voted against the Government. The second issue is the unified protest of an overwhelming body of French Catholics to the suppression of the Vatican Embassy, which has been obviously used as a pretext for all kinds of religious agitation.

France has not been so shaken by religious discussion for 20 years.

GERMANY

Presidential Campaign

Within the past week, Minister President Held of Bavaria girt up his loins preparatory to running in the Presidential election (scheduled for Mar. 29) for the Bavarian People's Party, while General Erich von Ludendorff, succumbing to the urge of his master, Adolf Hitler, would-be imitator of Mussolini, threw his helmet into the ring for the "Völkisch" Party, extreme Monarchists.

As things stood, there were seven candidates:

Dr. Karl Jarres, Nationalist, representing the opportunist Monarchists (supported by Chancellor Hans Luther and Foreign Minister Gustav Stresemann).

Dr. Otto Braun, Socialist, Republican.

Dr. Wilhelm Marx, Centrist, Catholic leader, opposed to both Socialists and Monarchists and holding the key to the German political situation.

Dr. Willy Hellpach, Democrat.

Dr. Held, Bavarian People's Party.

Ernst Thaelmann, Communist.

General Erich von Ludendorff, Völkisch (Popular) Party.

The effect of seven candidates running for the Presidency has done little to alter the situation (TIME, Mar. 23), except to make it practically certain that none of them will obtain a plurality of the total vote. Therefore, it seemed probable that there will not be an elected President of Germany until Apr. 26, when a second election requiring

Foreign News—[Continued]

only a relative majority will be held.

At the second election, it is expected that Socialists, Democrats and Centrists will join forces to elect a purely Republican Candidate. Ex-Chancellor Wilhelm Marx seemed their probable choice; but it would be rash to predict that he will win, for the attitude of the Socialists toward a Catholic candidate is not likely to be unanimous and the monarchically inclined parties were considered just as likely to coalesce in the last effort to snatch a victory. It seems a fair assumption that either Marx or Jarres will be Germany's next President.

As regards the campaign, the most notable speech of the week came from Candidate Jarres and the most significant parts of that speech were:

Presidency: "The German President on assuming office must swear fidelity to the Constitution. A German man keeps his oath. Every man of honor sees in this oath the obvious duty to protect the Constitution and the State by force, if necessary."

Constitution: "Having made this statement, I shall not in any way attempt to conceal my inner conviction that the present German Constitution is not my ideal and that some parts thereof demand reform."

Monarchy: "We repudiate the suggestion that this election means a decision as to whether Germany will be a Monarchy or a Republic. In the last analysis, it is not the form of government which counts, but the substance. In view of the troubles besetting our country, other questions hold precedence."*

Flag: Candidate Jarres went on to say that the black, red and gold flag was the constituent flag of Germany, but it would not do to use it for partisan purposes. He and his followers demanded the right to honor the old Imperial flag—"the symbol of the glorious past."

Notes

A civic rumple broke out in Berlin over renaming a street after the late President Friedrich Ebert. The Republicans, particularly the Socialists, want the Budapesterstrasse called Friedrich Ebertstrasse. The Budapesterstrasse runs from the Brandenburg Gate along the back of the palace gardens facing on the Wilhelmstrasse where the Foreign Office is situated. The Monarchists think this is too much honor for the saddle-maker President and a sug-

gestion was made that a street in the Berlin suburb of Treptow, where Ebert used to live, be renamed after him.

At Dessau, Frau Becker, laborer's wife, gave birth to her 27th child, a boy, in the 47th year of her life. On the same night, Herr Becker's eldest married sister gave birth to twins.



MUSSOLINI
"Evviva! Evviva il Duce!"

ITALY

Well Again

For more than a month, Premier Benito Mussolini had been confined, sometimes to his bed, always within the intramural spaces of the Palazzo Chigi. His illness was influenza complicated by grave internal trouble.

Last week, on the sixth anniversary of the founding of Fascismo, a vast concourse of Romans assembled before the Palazzo in the soft, warm radiance of a sunny day. It was prearranged that the assembled Fascisti below the celebrated balcony window, which has so often quivered from the vibrations of the Premier's stentorian tones, should be brought to attention by hughes, should salute, Roman fashion, with arm and palm outstretched before them, the first appearance of *il Duce* (the Leader).

A French window was heard to grate as it was opened by an unseen hand and, a moment later, Signor Mussolini stepped out into the sunshine. He was dressed in the Black Shirt of the Fascisti and, although somewhat paler than usual, appeared to be in perfect health. He stood at the Roman salute, an imposing figure against the drab background of the Palace. Below, the hughes sounded their flourish—but the

people did not salute. For ten minutes they cheered, roared and gesticulated a welcome that outdid any of their previous acclamations. Not a man there, he be even an intractable enemy of Fascism, but could say that the Premier had scored his greatest personal triumph.

Quiet descended. Ears were at attention. The Premier began a bellicose speech which lacked none of the old fire of his dominant spirit. His jerky gestures were as energetic as ever and there was the old flash in his eyes. He began by saying that his appearance must give the lie to the fantastic reports which had been circulated about his health. He added: "Tis Spring, and now the fun begins." He continued, with a shaking fist for emphasis:

"This meeting marks for me and for you a total and integral resumption of Fascist action against all of our enemies."

It was a short, abrupt, moderate speech, whose high point came when he asked: "Will you follow me?" It was a well-chosen phrase, minus none of the histrionic art of which the Premier is a first rate preceptor. The crowd went mad. One hundred and fifty thousand arms shot out and the same number of throats roared: "Sì! Sì! Sì! Evviva Mussolini! Evviva il Duce!" Hats, sticks, handkerchiefs and other articles were thrown high into the air or waved in a gigantic paroxysm of fervid enthusiasm. Then, Mussolini was gone as quickly as he had appeared.

All over Italy, enthusiastic demonstrations took place in honor of the anniversary. More than 1,000,000 Fascisti were said to have taken an oath of fealty to their leader.

TURKEY

Embassies

Most of the Ambassadors and Ministers accredited to the Turkish President, Mustafa Kemal Pasha, reside in their old embassies at Constantinople, although the new capital and the Turkish Parliament is at Angora (about 240 miles southeast of Constantinople, in the heart of Anatolia).

Last week, the Turks invited the Powers to transfer their embassies and legations to Angora, reminding them that facilities existed for the construction of new buildings.

For hundreds of years, Constantinople was the capital of the Ottoman Empire. Most Powers have costly embassies in that city which they cannot easily dispose of; and, if they do, it must involve large losses, owing to the depreciation in the value of real estate in the former Capital. Moreover, Angora presents other difficulties. Aside from the cost of erecting new diplo-

*Notwithstanding Candidate Jarres' words, the big campaign issue is between monarchism and republicanism. He means that the Monarchists have no immediate intention of restoring a Monarchy, but that does not alter their ultimate aims. To most of the Opposition parties, they are Monarchists. The Opposition parties believe that they are fighting monarchism.

Foreign News—[Continued]

matic edifices—there are no buildings in Angora that could accommodate an embassy—communications to and from the capital are extremely bad and the climate is not so healthy as that on the banks of the Bosphorus.

GREECE

Exhumation, Reinterment

At Naples, Italy, arrived the ex-Dowager Queen Sophia of Greece, sister of the ex-Kaiser, wife of the late ex-King Constantine of Greece. She had arrived to exhume her husband's body, take it to Florence, rebury it in the tomb of the Hellenic royal family.

At Rome, a number of royal princes and princesses boarded the train. Officials of the Hellenic Republic were conspicuous by their absence. Finally, at Florence, after an Orthodox Church service, the body was recommitted to the ground until such time as the Government at Athens permits it to be buried there.

CHINA

At Peking

At Peking, the body of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, who died a fortnight ago (TIME, Mar. 23), was removed to the Rockefeller Hospital, embalmed, transferred to the hospital chapel for a private Christian burial service.

The body was then taken to Central Park, where it will lie in state for two weeks waiting for a special casket from Moscow; it will then be interred at Nanking. Military honors were paid to the dead leader at the funeral procession. Hundreds of people, including all the Ministers of foreign powers, were present.

Meanwhile, ugly rumors went about Peking. General Feng Yu-hsiang, "Chinese Christian Soldier," was reported to be planning to attack the Chief Executive, Tuan Chi-jui, on the score that the latter is as corrupt as his predecessors.

Chang Tso-lin, Super Tuchun of Manchuria, was expected to attack the capital from Tientsin, because he was greatly dissatisfied with the Chief Executive. With the ex-Emperor at Tientsin, the rumor of course spread that Tuchun Chang was engaged in engineering a Manchu restoration.

JAPAN

Fire

On the outskirts of Tokyo—a city slowly rising from the ruins wrought by the seismic cataclysm of 1923 (TIME, Sept. 10, 1923, et seq.)—smoke burst into fire in a factory. Greedy, licking flames were fanned by a devil's wind



© Wide World

QUEEN SOPHIA

"From Naples to Florence"
(See GREECE)

and, within a day, a space of one square mile extending into the city lay black, scorching, smoking. More than 1,700 houses had been destroyed, nearly 10,000 people made homeless. Nobody was reported dead, but ten people were listed as missing, more than 100 injured and 50 children, separated during the fire from their parents, began a hectic search for their fathers and mothers. The damage was put at 3,500,000 yen (\$1,750,000).

The Emperor opened a relief subscription list with a donation of 5,000 yen. The Government and charity organizations distributed bread and rice, quilts and blankets. Next day, on the charred and chaotic wasteland, people began to build their rickety Japanese dwellings.

U. S. Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg cabled U. S. Ambassador E. A. Bancroft:

Associated Press reports major conflagration in Tokyo. You may express to the Foreign Office the profound sympathy of this Government that this misfortune has fallen upon a city which was already struggling so gallantly against adversity. You may further make plain our hope that the Japanese authorities will have no hesitation in calling upon us if there is any assistance we can lend.

Present the sympathy of the President to the Emperor and his Government. Ascertain and report at once extent of fire loss and need of relief. American Red Cross instructed to give every desired assistance.

The American Red Cross telegraphed to the Japanese Red Cross:

The entire membership of the American Red Cross expresses its sympathy for Japanese sufferers in the recent fire in Tokyo. Can we be of assistance?

LATIN AMERICA

Chairman Pershing

U. S. President Coolidge appointed General John J. Pershing to be Chairman of the Tacna-Arica Plebiscite Commission which, it was hoped, would end the 40-year old quarrel between Chile and Peru (TIME, Mar. 23).

Acknowledging the appointment, General Pershing said:

"My very deep interest in the welfare of the American republics to the south and my desire for the maintenance of friendly relations among us all make it a pleasure to be of any possible service toward these ends."

NEW BOOKS

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

"Bertie's" Biography

KING EDWARD VII, Vol. I.—Sir Sydney Lee—Macmillan (\$8.00). A detailed biography of King Edward as Prince of Wales (1841-1901), written from a mass of official information by the editor of the British Dictionary of National Biography, authorized by King George V.

The author has been over-reticent in dealing with many of the episodes of "Bertie's" early life; he has been over-fearful of ruffling the supposed Germanophile predilections of the reading public, as is witnessed by his fortuitous depreciation of the ex-Kaiser and his forced attempts to defend the Prince; he has failed to bring out the Prince's personality and has depicted him more as a slave of convention than an independent and vital character.

Romantic Prince

A KING IN THE MAKING.—Genevieve Parkhurst—Putnam (\$2.50). A biography of the Prince of Wales written with enthusiasm by an American. Despite some blunders, a number of princely clichés and a great deal of sentimentality, the book is not without merit as a romantic narrative of the Prince's life.

Victorian Snaps

SOME VICTORIAN MEN—Harry Furniss—Dodd, Mead (\$4.00). Short sketches of some 50 famed Victorians by a recently deceased author. Interesting but hardly diverting.

B O O K S

Pacific Headlands*

The U. S. Has Jeffers, a New Poet of Genius

A night the half-moon was like a dancing girl,

*No, like a drunkard's last half dollar
Shoved on the polished bar of the eastern hill-range,*

*Young Cauldwell rode his pony along
the sea-cliff;*

*When she stopped, spurred; when she
trembled, drove*

*The teeth of the little jagged wheels so
deep*

*They tasted blood; the mare with four
slim hooves*

*On a foot of ground pivoted like a top,
Jumped from the crumble of sod, went
down, caught, slipped;*

*Then, the quick frenzy finished, stif-
fening herself*

*Slid with her drunken rider down the
ledges,*

*Shot from sheer rock and broke
Her life out on the rounded tidal boulders.*

*The night you know accepted with no
show of emotion the little accident;
grave Orion*

*Moved northwest from the naked shore,
the moon moved to meridian, the
slow pulse of the ocean*

*Beat, the slow life came in across the
slippery stones; it drowned the dead
mare's muzzle and sluggishly*

Felt for the rider. . .

Big publishers, too, gave little show of emotion. It remained for a Manhattan inquirer—an imaginative man—to publish *Tamar and Other Poems* at the author's expense.

The Poems. Narratives inform the body of Robinson Jeffers' verse. *Tamar*, of which the above are the opening lines, unrolls a tragedy of incest, Hebraic in origin (*II Samuel xiii*), Greek in treatment. *Tamar* Cauldwell, slender virgin in a rotting house, makes her brother her lover, takes another lover to shade the fruit of her sin. The ghost of old Cauldwell's incestuous sister—returning through the trances of a fat psychic aunt, Stella, and the gibbering of an idiot aunt, "poor Jinny"—torments *Tamar*, tells her a curse is in her blood, inescapable, unclean. *Tamar*, fearless and fire-souled, refines her sin, lays the ghost by seducing her father. All are consumed—sin, protagonists, accessories—when the idiot crone Jinny, childishly embracing her candle for a star, turns the old house into a holocaust.

The Coast-Ranger Christ is of David Carrow, whose innocence knew only love for Christ. David spurned James O'Farrell's wife, fled the War draft,

hid in the hills, praying. O'Farrell's wife, Iscariotwise, led a man-hunt in the dark. When David took his fierce old father's bullet in the breast, a blinding apocalypse came down upon the hills.

Fauna—amorous, honey-spun, Keatsian—allegorizes a northerner's change of heart upon settling in ripe, sun-warmed California.

Point Joe, Natural Music, Point Pinos and Point Lobos, Continent's End and other pieces are religio-philosophical reflections upon the poet's habitat. There are dead men's songs, a War poem, two poems to the poet's house and several spans of pure nature worship.

The Poetry. Poet Jeffers is a simple man, himself more an instrument than a user of instruments. Comparable to Walt Whitman in spiritual stature, he sings, as did Whitman, rather by instinct than by a theory of prosody. Much prose, much "barbaric yawp" result; but the stories stretch taut, life quivers, poetry abounds.

Jeffers, who lives on a promontory at the mouth of the Carmel River, near Monterey, Calif., draws all his imagery from the world about him—cormorants, mustangs, sea-gulls, composit hill-fires, barking seals, giant redwood trees, the good and evil winds of heaven, Indian spirit-gods moving by night, mystical wind-torn cypresses, condors, vultures, flowers and seaweeds, soaring California mountains, the illimitable bosom of the Pacific, the Pacific groundswell, ponderous granite boulders, vast shore plains, the unthinkable bottom boundary of the oceans. He hurls his images or bites them out; he rumbles, casts spells, croons, soothes, claps out thunder, flashes naked lightning, dreams serene or troubled beauty—and with his inmost eye, contemplates the closed, unchangeable cycles of life.

. . . the enormous rhythm of the stars' deaths
And fierce renewals. . .

The Significance. Under and over the chatter of the busy nation, behind business-noise and play-noise, are heard the real voices of the continent—Frost and Robinson in New England, Sandberg and Lindsay in the Midwest. The Far West has been silent since Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, John Muir. Now Jeffers is heard, unmistakably powerful, individual, a true racial poet chanting on his high Pacific headland.

Critics. Mark Van Doren, in *The Nation*: "The most rousing volume of verse I have seen in a long time. . . Few are as rich with the beauty and strength which belongs to genius alone."

James Korty, in *The New York Herald-Tribune*: ". . . Exhibits the maturity of a remarkable talent, which critical opinion will have to take account

of and measure at leisure. . . America has a new poet of genius."

The Poet. Born 38 years ago, "near Pittsburgh," John Robinson Jeffers had a wandering childhood in Europe; studied Arts, Medicine, Literature, Forestry successively at Occidental College (Los Angeles), University of Southern California, University of Zurich (Switzerland) and University of Washington. In 1916, he published *Californians*, narrative poems celebratory of the state he had adopted, but acclamation of this book, as of *Tamar*, was inaudible east of the Sierras. Mr. Jeffers has never contributed to magazines, "thinking that poetry is nothing if it is not individual." Near Monterey, on a stormy ocean cliff, he and his wife live in "a thick-walled house and tower of gray-granite sea-boulders," built mostly with his own hands.

Annette

ANNETTE AND SYLVIE—Romain Rolland. Translated from the French by Ben Ray Redman—*Henry Holt* (\$2.50). Among other notable equipment, the French mind possesses a love of Definition and innumerable definitions of Love. Romain Rolland, who professes that his characters choose him rather than he them, has now been selected by a strong-headed, rich-blooded French virgin (Annette) for the purpose of establishing, beyond all peradventure, certain emotional processes: how she came, after her wild but lovable father's death, to hate her vulgarian half-sister (Sylvie), then to love her passionately; to love an Italian bravo, forget him; then to love burly and brilliant Roger Brissot, then not to love him, then give herself to him, put him aside, become with child and at last find Love within herself. The work is delicate, painstaking; the repetition exhaustive. But the author of *Jean Christophe* craves—and deserves—indulgence. *Annette and Sylvie* is the first movement in another cycle novel, a study, evidently, in cosmopolitan feminism.

Limericks

THE COMPLETE LIMERICK BOOK—Langford Reed—*Putnam* (\$2.50). In a spirit of scholarly dignity appropriate to so solemn an undertaking, Mr. Reed, himself no idle Limericker, has prepared the compendium that was so sorely needed to preserve, immortal and immaculate, to a pure-minded posterity, all the old men of Tobago, Havana, Copenhagen and Siberia; all the nymphs of Birmingham, Nantucket, Joppa, Australia, Bangor and Iquique. Mr. Reed shows quite clearly, despite the dissenting opinions of the Messrs. Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett and Commissioner Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army, that the best Limericks have never, at any time, depended for their wit upon salaciousness.

**TAMAR AND OTHER POEMS*—Robinson Jeffers—Peter G. Boyle (\$1.50).

Michael Arlen

Pleasant, Wise, Kindly

A U. S. reporter on the *Aquilian* rushed up a fortnight ago to Michael Arlen, Armenian-English author arrived in Manhattan to watch rehearsals of his *The Green Hat* and, ripping open his coat, peered curiously at the young man's vest. Mr. Arlen was annoyed. I explained to him that we had looked for checked vests and pink shirts and, instead, found a neatly tailored quiet suit of blue. We had thought, perhaps, to encounter a haughty stare, and found, instead, a pleasant and somewhat puzzled grin. "I can wear pink shirts if I must!" said Mr. Arlen.

Arlen is not dark, as one imagines from his pictures. His hair is somewhere between a chestnut and an auburn, his skin is light and he wears a sandy moustache. In figure he is short, broad-shouldered, with hands that are large and sturdy, like those of a boxer. He has, in fact, boxed considerably as one of his pastimes. In appearance, I should say that he was not impressive; but I noticed that those feminine admirers who seemed disappointed at first glance succumbed to his conversation and dancing. Arlen, when not too tired by the vast entertainment which is showered around him, is pleasant, witty and kindly. He is cordial to all comers, and really likes them. A delegation of Armenians, headed by a priest, met him at the dock; he was embarrassed, pleased and touched. Very nearly run over in the street by a truck, he remarked: "It takes more than a New York motor to massacre an Armenian." The social reporter on the dock asked him if he liked American clothes. He promptly replied: "I have never been interviewed by a more charmingly dressed lady."

Of course, Mr. Arlen is much interested in the progress of his play. When I first met him on the dock, he handed over a small alligator suit-case. "There's *May Fair*," he said, "and the new fourth act of *The Green Hat*. Don't lose it on your life!" *May Fair*, his next book, is a continuation of *These Charming People*; but Arlen has not been contented merely to collect his magazine material. He went to the Riviera recently, shut himself up in a hotel room, and re-wrote the sketches completely for the book. *May Fair* will be published this spring, and another story in the autumn.

The most entertaining of his meetings was that with Robert C. Benchley, whose parody of *The Green Hat* is so well known. They slapped each other on the back, and Arlen laughed and said: "Only you and I know just how bad a writer I am!" He is much

pleased with the cast of his play, finds Miss Cornell a beautiful and real Iris and Miss Ann Harding's blond beauty eminently suited to Venice.

If this trip does not ruin his constitution, if he can find any time to suit, Michael Arlen purposes to return in the autumn, when he will look about him at America's *May Fair* and contemplate our whims. Meanwhile, he is having fun.

J. F.

ART

Metcalf

Said the late Willard L. Metcalf, famed artist (TIME, Mar. 23), in his will: "I instruct my executors to destroy any paintings which, in their judgment, they may deem for the best interests of my estate to have destroyed." Accordingly his executors, Architect Charles A. Platt, Illustrator Wallace Morgan, Art Dealer Albert Milch, last week burned 17 pictures which they regarded as below his best standard, set aside 12 others for future destruction. No adolescent attempts, experiments, unfinished work will mar the reputation of Artist Metcalf, as they do the fame of so many artists, musicians, writers.*

Nadelman

Prudent critics have arraigned the artists and musicians of this latter day, not without some show of justice, for being jongleur who, tongue in cheek, execute their insolent pastiches, sing their thin songs with nothing in their heads but a bitter and windy laughter. These critics have listened to the compositions of Composers Ravel and Satie, whose music laughs at music, have seen the works of Sculptor Nadelman, whose sculpture laughs at sculpture, until the accumulation of all this malign mirth has inspired them to plead: "If we must laugh, let us laugh honestly. This mockery is unworthy of the staunch hearts. Where is the belly-shaking chuckle of Aristophanes? Where in Music, in Sculpture, is the Classic Spirit?"

For the past fortnight, Sculptor Nadelman has held an exhibition at the Scott and Fowles Gallery, Manhattan. The critics who visited it were prepared for the famed, familiar ribaldries of

this satirist in clay—his grotesquely vicious figures fully clothed, often painted as well, postured in the more ridiculous attitudes of contemporary life. These, to be sure, were there, but the prudent, hurrying over them as if they had been jokes in Holy Writ, discovered, in addition, many heads of classic purity, some exquisite busts of children, a big torso in the antique manner. Upon these things lay the lustre of an immemorial beauty that was, assuredly, Classicism. And because he had caught some glimpse of that elusive, magnificent and lonely shape whose massive sandal was set, long ago, upon the hills of Greece, but who has since confined her excursions to the rhetoric of tuppenny writers, the prudent thought more gently of Sculptor Nadelman, of this age of drollery, as they left the gallery of Messrs. Scott and Fowles.

* * *

Paris Independents

Last week, the Paris Society of Independent Artists opened their annual exhibition. As has been the way wherever Independents are hung, there are exhibited types of the bizarre, the raffish, the grisly. Prominent in the Paris exhibit was a canvas by Gerald Murphy, Boston artist, which took first prize for the most unusual work. This, a "mechanist" depiction of a watch, appeared to the uninitiated to be a nightmare of wheels, ratchets, gages, dials, cogs, coters, springs. Students of modern Art, however, criticized it because it revealed too much preoccupation with the actual mechanism of a watch, instead of considering the entrails of a timepiece merely as so much abstract machinery. Second prize was won by the work of Jean Marcel Paul, eccentric Frenchman who, revolting against the tradition which makes a painting square or round, affects dissymmetry in his frames. His latest work, *The Passions*, has 13 corners, 3 curves, resembling in outline a broken flint. Another, *Carpe Diem*, has the shape of a starfish. Exhibited was work by such U. S. artists as Achsah Brewster, Theodore Butler, Cameron Burnside, Irving Brakow.

TIME, The Weekly News-Magazine, Editors—Britton 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. Inghalls, Alexander Klemm, Dorothy McDowell, Peter Mathews, Wells Root, Preston Lockwood. Published by TIME, Inc., B. Hadden, Pres.; L. S. Martin, Vice-Pres.; H. R. Luce, Sec'y-Treas.; 236 E. 39th St., New York City. Subscription rate, one year, postpaid, \$5.00; 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, Sweeney & Price, 127 Federal St., Boston, Mass.; Western representatives, Powers & Stone, 28 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.; Circulation Manager, Roy E. Larsen. Vol. V, No. 13.

*Said *The New York World*, referring to this fact: "Only recently there has appeared a volume of Joseph Conrad's early stories which bears the stamp of immaturity and which Conrad himself might well have wished unpublished." The unmentioned publisher of this book, *Tales of Heartsease*, is Doubleday Page & Co. The book contains one story, *The Soul of a Warrior*, which is in the famed author's finest manner, three others are mediocre. In presenting the first story, the publishers have rendered an important service to literature; by presenting the others, they have somewhat soiled the immaculate fame of Author Conrad.

THE THEATRE

New Play

THE DEVIL WITHIN is one of those melodramas where the individual auditor is expected to curl up like a piece of burnt leather and crumble away with excitement. On the opening evening, professional observers refused to do this, owing to their long stern schooling in the mystery melodrama. The hide of an accomplished critic will not curl. Ordinary observers were reported to have curled slightly. In the last act, some of them even crumbled.

Leading to this last act were two of the conventional settings in which the wicked and black-browed millionaire was murdered on the eve of his wedding. Of the dozen or two people in the play, nearly every one was suspected at one time or another; but the burden of suspicion fell on a discarded mistress, her two sons, a Kaffir servant and a stout Irishwoman included in the name of comedy. All these and the others were collected in the final scene before the District Attorney, who proceeded to carve out the culprit in time for an eleven o'clock curtain. No notable acting enlivened these proceedings, though the general average was steadily good enough.

Alexander Woolcott—"Doubtless he [the author, Charles Horan, a cinema director] felt *The Devil Within* to be a bit thick for the movies, so he made it into a play."

Quinn Martin—"A mystery melodrama in the pink of condition."

• • •

The Best Plays

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

Drama

THE WILD DUCK—The driving power of Ibsen in an anti-idealistic drama said to be a satire on the playwright's own life story.

WHAT PRICE GLORY?—The mud and salty language of the U. S. marines rewritten by one who learned the lesson of the trenches.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—About California, but human passions and the plight of a farmer whose wife betrayed him are substituted for the sunshine-cinema convention.

SILENCE—The season's single mystery melodrama which has stood the test of ever increasing scepticism on the part of an increasingly blasé public.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS—Eugene O'Neill concerns himself with the bit-

ter contraries of lonely domestic life on a New England farm.

WHITE CARGO—Where the white man mingles with the native after years of African loneliness.

THE DOVE—Highly colored Mexican melodrama veneered with all the Belasco art of accurate atmosphere.

Comedy

CANDIDA—Peggy Wood now replaces Katherine Cornell in this early comedy—some think the best—of Bernard Shaw.

THE SHAD TO KNOW—Grace George gracefully involved with Bruce McRae in an exceedingly polite sex discussion.

THE FIREBRAND—Relates that the ancients (medieval Italy) had their bedroom scenes, their infidelities and their artistic heroes (Benvenuto Cellini).

MRS. PARTRIDGE PRESENTS—A reverse twist on the modern problem of what to do with Joan and little Jennifer when they suddenly decide to embark upon a life of Art.

THE SHOW-OFF—A great volume of hot air emanates from a typical American. He talks incessantly and can never be accused of thought.

QUARANTINE—A quiet fable of a girl who ran away with another girl's lover because she wanted to marry him—and did.

THE GUARDSMAN—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in a delightful continental tale of how to seduce your own wife without her suspecting it.

IS ZAT SO?—Tough prize-fighter talk in the sacred portals of a haughty Fifth Avenue establishment.

THE FALL GUY—More tough talk but this time in a Harlem flat. Ernest Truex is the unfortunate hero who became a bootlegger against his will.

Musical

Singing and dancing is best combined in the following musical diversions: *Ziegfeld Follies*, *The Student Prince*, *Rose-Marie*, *Lady, Be Good*; *Musie Box*.

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Notes

Elsie Ferguson will be seen, next season, in a comedy called *The Grand Duchess* from the pen of Henry Savoir, Frenchman. Miss Ferguson leaves presently for the coast where Henry Miller is about to open his annual repertory season in San Francisco and Los Angeles. He takes with him Margalo Gilmore, Basil Rathbone, Philip Merivale. Their opening piece will be *The Swan*. *The Grand Duchess* will be

tried out with Miss Ferguson as distinguished visitor in the company.

• • •

George Kaufman, co-author of numerous successes (*Dulcy*, *To the Ladies*, *Merton of the Movies*, *The Beggar on Horseback*), has written a play of his own and called it *The Butler and Egg Man*. Gregory Kelly is cast for the lead.

• • •

A massive revival of *The Mikado*, in which Marguerite Namara, Tom Burke, Frank Danforth and Lupino Lane will sing the principal parts, is in preparation by the Shuberts.

• • •

Katherine Cornell will go to Chicago with Michael Arlen's *The Green Hat*. Presumably the run there will stretch into the summer and the piece will be saved until fall for Broadway. After she is finished with this entertainment, David Belasco has written for her and will produce *The Doll Master*.

• • •

William Congreve, English comedy master of the 17th century, has already had one success in Manhattan this season (*The Way of the World*). The experiment turned out so agreeably that the Provincetown Players are rehearsing another, *Love for Love*.

• • •

Laurence Stallings, whose stern and human *What Price Glory?* has decorated the adjacent BEST PLAY column since its opening in September, has written an operetta, also on the marines. The locale is Haiti. Deems Taylor will compose the music.

• • •

Chicago is at present witnessing *Ma Pettinill*, a comedy by Owen Davis based on Harry Leon Wilson's stories. Critics could hardly control the tumble of enthusiastic adjectives. The play comes to Manhattan in the autumn.

• • •

Michael Arlen, urbane and popular composer of successful fiction, has fallen into the hands of the cinema contractors. For \$50,000, he will write two original stories for Pola Negri.

• • •

Except for the return dates of the *Chauve Souris*, Morris Gest has not been importing this season. He is negotiating to bring to the U. S. next year the musical branch of the Moscow Art Theatre. This group, lately founded, aims at individual interpretation of the lighter types of opera. A sample of their product is a completely rewritten libretto of *Carmen*, set to the usual music.

CINEMA

The New Pictures

Déclassé. It was Ethel Barrymore who first laughed bitterly and died as Lady Helen Haden. That was several years ago, and *Déclassé* was a play from the pen of Zöe Akins. It has now completed the cycle and entered its final phase as a cinema. It proves itself flimsy film material. The story tells of a titled Englishwoman stranded in Manhattan with the alternative of going hungry or to the Devil. Corinne Griffith does as much as possible (a very great deal) to pick the story up and put it on its listless feet.

The Bridge of Sighs. Another bad loss was reported by observers of the opening performances of this picture. The plot reveals an idle youth who steals some money. His girl's father is accused and sent to jail. They go to a lot of pretty tedious trouble to get him out again.

Sackcloth and Scarlet. The story of the product of the open spaces ruled East and left with the acute fish-out-of-water feeling in the midst of what is called Society is not new. To strengthen it, the product and the girl who lured him are visited by the stork. The girl has a suspicious cough and a virtuous sister. The Westerner becomes a sturdy Congressman. You can figure out what happens for yourself. If you can't, don't bother to attend. The mystery isn't worth it.

Confessions of a Queen. For those who thought *The Prisoner of Zenda* a great picture, there is a bad disappointment in store. This picture is made on the same lines and has Alice Terry and Lewis Stone for stars. They are King and Queen of a mythical principality on the Adriatic. He drinks and she is virtuous. He drinks so determinedly that revolution rids the country of his services. Then there is counter-revolution and, all of a sudden, he decides to make sense. But they have become used to the simple life in exile and abdicate. Miss Terry is still pretty, but not so pretty as she was. Mr. Stone is able to make a drunken King and a perfect gentleman seem one and the same.

Percy. The single good news item of the week is this melodramatic comedy in which Charles Ray returns after a considerable absence. It isn't such remarkably good news at that, yet worth an idle hour or two. Mr. Ray disports himself as the watery youth whose mother makes him take tonics. He is snatched from her protecting clutches by circumstance and thrust into the midst of a dance hall and ranch-grabbing plot over the Mexican border. Fifty or 60 fights and a dynamite dam suffice to make a man of him.

MUSIC

For Paris

Backed by a group* of wealthy U. S. Semites and Gentiles, a new opera company has been incorporated to give a five-week season in Paris, starting May 18. This company, dubbed the American-Italian-French Grand Opera Company, has secured the services of Mireya Garden and Rosa Raisa, also of Elvira de Hidalgo, Toti dal Monte, Queena Mario, Lucille Chalfont, Grace Moore, Yvette Ruzel, Vanda Nomicos, Eva Clark, Mary Lawrence, Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, Giacomo Rimini, Giuseppe de Luca, Adamo Didur, Georges Baklanov.

Modest Tibbett

Baritone Lawrence Tibbett, he for whom, some weeks ago, there rolled a volley of such shouts, claps, that a revival of *Falstaff* at the Metropolitan Opera House, Manhattan, was stopped until he took a curtain call and taxi-drivers without looked at one another in amazement (Tix., Jan. 12), last week gave a concert in Carnegie Hall, Manhattan, sang songs old and new. Though the audience did not, like that former one, rise to its feet shouting "Tibbett! Tibbett!" through the confusion of the darkened theatre, it forced him, nevertheless, to deliver seven encores. Again Tibbett acquitted himself with modest confidence.

Choir

At Cedar Rapids, Iowa, a choir of twelve women sang *Nearer, My God, to Thee* at an honorary memorial service for Fanny Crosby, hymn writer. The youngest of these women was Mrs. Emma Ankeny, 74; the oldest Mrs. Mary Burke, 92; average age of the twelve was 82.

RELIGION

Goldman vs. Katz

Never has either a jot or tittle of Jewish ritual been discarded without a struggle. When Hosea urged pre-exilic "mercy" and not "burnt offerings," the rabbis gave him black looks. When Jesus cried: "Woe unto you, Pharisees, for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin," he was exchanged for Barabbas.

In spite of generations of prophets and reformers, Jewish ritual with all

*The patrons include Mrs. Clarence Miller, Mrs. Minette Hirst, Dr. and Mrs. Seymour Oppenheimer, William Braden, Edgar J. Kaufman, Colonel Herbert B. Lehman, Perry S. Laneck, Messmore Kendall, Colonel Walter D. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Mr. and Mrs. Eli Winkler, Mrs. Irene Hopper, Robert Gillespie, Sir Joseph Duveen, Frank Stours.

*Belonging to the period immediately preceding the forced exile of the Jews to Babylon under King Nebuchadnezzar.

its shrilly "orthodox" punctilio has lived with few radical changes. In Cleveland, Ohio, some months ago, Rabbi Solomon Goldman, spiritual head of the local "Jewish Center," proposed to rid his congregation of some bits of orthodoxy. In particular, he decided that men and women might sit in the same pews. Here was reform indeed! Not since Solomon built his great temple had the thoroughly orthodox Jew sat with the thoroughly orthodox Jew at worship. She had been relegated to one side of the temple, or to the gallery, or to a seat in the rear behind a curtain. It was custom not merely Jewish, but Pan-Asiatic. Muhammadan women do not squat with men folk in the pit of the Mosque. And even in the new Christian Churches in China, Japan and elsewhere, women have always, until very recently, sat in a special section railed or curtained off for them. Now Rabbi Goldman of Cleveland has changed all this in his congregation.

At once A. A. Katz, one of Rabbi Goldman's flock, cited him to appear before the Union of Orthodox Rabbis of America to answer for his ecclesiastical liberality.

Rabbi Goldman refused to appear. In this, he was supported by his congregation. When the week ended, it was still the turn of the Jewish Fundamentalists to move.

It should be noted that departure from Jewish orthodoxy is not equivalent to becoming a Reformed Jew. The latter class, whose most prominent leader is Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, disavows many customs from which Rabbi Goldman is not likely to depart, among which are:

Blessing. At each service, men are called up before the congregation to say a blessing before and after portions of the Torah, which is read* on all Sabbaths and holidays. In congregations where Jewish customs are meticulously observed, this privilege is auctioned off to the highest bidder.

Music. No instrumentation is permitted. Weird half-shouted chants, led by a slippered cantor, are the only melodies.

Costume. Both men and women must wear hats. The enthusiastically orthodox wear skull-caps, shawls. Men also wear the *talas*, a fringed scarf, draped over the shoulders.

Islam

In Ceylon, it has been customary to speak of "Muhammadan" and "Muhammadanism." Last month, a committee protested to the British Governor that they were "Muslims," that their faith was "Islam" and no other.

*There must be at least ten men present before the Torah can be read.

EDUCATION

Williamstown Speakers

Up the East River, a big liner was recently towed, bearing on board Dr. Harry A. Garfield, President of Williams College and Chairman of the Institute of Politics (*TIME*, Sept. 8). Dr. Garfield had been in Europe securing distinguished foreigners to lecture at the Institute this summer. The following famed men, he said, had consented to attend:

Count Antonio Cippico, Italian Senator and Fascist; Robert Masson, Paris banker, general manager for financial affairs of the *Credit Lyonnais*; Dr. William E. Rappard, member of the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League of Nations, first Swiss lecturer at the institute; three British conference leaders—Major General Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, British General Staff, 1915 to 1918; Lionel Curtis, editor of *The Round Table* magazine. Arnold Toynbee, writer.

• • •

Juvenilia

Too many poor children are criminal delinquents; yet how can good people prevent these ragged jackanapes from practicing their malicious mischiefs, committing their public nuisances? Mark Twain was kindly disposed toward bad little boys; he made good reading of them. Nevertheless, many urchins since have unwittingly assumed the habits of his tattereddemons without their redeeming graces; the U. S. is full of juveniles—some of native, some of alien, some of unknown parentage—who are quick to become dicers, toss-pots and wastrels if steps are not taken to make them demean themselves with proper decorum. Last week, two movements were set afoot which will doubtless greatly further the moral education of these Huckleberry Finns—Polish, Jewish, Italian, Irish and American.

Knights. The National Child Welfare Association has a unique plan for improving bad boys. "We will make knights of them," it decided, thereupon founded the "Knighthood of Youth" (or "The Order of Character"). These knights do not curse and hold wassail; they do not devote themselves to the performance of high-flown absurdities in the interests of their ladies, brawl with one another with dangerous implements; there is no reveling about any table, round or otherwise; no spurring of jaded stallions; no wearing of women's garters on the cap. On the contrary, these are knights in name only. They are encouraged to perform deeds of honesty, kindness to animals,

thrift and purity. Each is furnished with a score-card on which are printed such exercises as: "I respected the rights of animals. I was loyal to my country's laws. I was not 1) vulgar 2) profane, in speech. I did not take



© Keystone

MR. SCHEFF

He munched a banana

anything without the owner's consent. I tried to do all the health chores," etc. At the end of each day, the knight marks with a check those rules which, after honest self-examination, he finds he has not broken, thus training himself to be more and more like an orderly modern citizen, less and less like a knight.

Endeavorists. Leopold Scheff, Manhattan coconut importer, known as "The Coconut King," last week set aside \$2,500,000 to found a most original organization. It will enroll boys of between 12 and 16, who will sign a pledge to abstain from bad habits, particularly alcohol, to comply with the laws of any country they may happen to be in, to treat their companions kindly, to make themselves better men for the women they are going to marry. If they keep the pledge for two years, they will receive from \$100 to \$200. They will be called "Endeavorists." Said Mr. Scheff: "After two years, they can do anything they like."[†]

[†]Said Mr. Scheff to reporters: "I noticed in some of the papers that they refer to me as Coconut King. Please note, I am not worthy of this title, neither does my firm handle more coconut than others."

[†]Mr. Scheff went one further. He ordered his astonished secretary to make a list of all his employees in the Scheff Build-

Exams

In November of this year (*TIME*, Nov. 10), a meeting was held at Fessenden School (near Boston) with a view to setting up a set of entrance examinations for secondary schools similar to the College Entrance Examinations already well established in many colleges. Eighteen schools entered the arrangement: Andover, Arden, Bancroft, Buckley, Chestnut Hill, Exeter, Fessenden, Grotton, Hill, Hotchkiss, Lawrenceville, Loomis Institute, Milton Academy, Pomfret, Rivers, St. George's, St. Paul's (Concord), Tome Institute.

This month, anxious parents saw for the first time the program of this year's Secondary School Entrance Examinations made plain in a catalog, with the requirements for each subject. Examinations in English and Mathematics will be given on June 2, in Latin and French on June 3. There will be three examinations in each subject—for seventh, eighth and ninth grades. Each school will administer its own examination and correct its own papers. "What the child must know," is set forth in detail for each subject in the catalog:

[Latin, rule four.] Conjugation of the active and passive indicative of regular verbs of the four conjugations, including *to verbs* of the third conjugation; the infinitives, active and passive; the indicative and the infinitives of the irregular verbs *sum* and *possum*.

[English, rule five.] Principal and subordinate clauses, including adverbial clauses of time, place and cause and adjective clauses, but excluding restrictive adjective clauses and substantive clauses.

The commoner uses of nouns and pronouns.

[French, rule one.] The conjugation of the present indicative, the past indefinite, the future and the imperative of the regular verbs and the more common irregular verbs; verbs of the first conjugation with orthographical peculiarities; pronominal verbs.

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Birthdays

A very old man, President Emeritus of a Massachusetts University, celebrated a fortnight ago his 92nd birthday. No enormous cake glistening with petals of pink fondant marked the occasion; no 92 candles shone in the old man's eyes, no speeches were made, no toasts drunk. On the contrary, this aged onetime University President passed the day reading, studying, strolling in the morning sunshine, answering his correspondence. Once the intimate friend of Bryant, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, Aldrich, Longfellow, he can still read with ease and operate a type-

ing, Duane Street, Manhattan. Irrespective of the length of Service each man and woman received a bonus—the highest was \$5,000, the lowest \$500.

After the day's work the Scheff employees marched out into the darkening street, found genial Mr. Scheff standing before his building munching a banana. To their furtive greetings and halting words of gratitude, he responded amiably.

writer. In 1874, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, then working to perfect the telephone, was a member of his faculty. This old man is Dr. William Fairfield Warren, President Emeritus of Boston University.

Another elderly man, one year younger than Dr. Warren, also President Emeritus of a Massachusetts University, likewise celebrated his birthday, during the past fortnight, as he has done every year for 91 years and rarely, it is believed, without due notice from the press. What he (Dr. Charles W. Eliot, erst head of Harvard) did on his birthday, was set forth in detail in newspapers throughout the land.

SCIENCE

Tornado

It was an unusually warm day in the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys. A warm breeze blowing up from the south had raised the temperature to 60°-75°. A cold wind was approaching from the northwest. Any meteorologist could have predicted that a storm was due—but none predicted what took place. Shortly after noon, Death came from the skies. It struck first in Missouri, touched Biehle and Annapolis, hurled the Mississippi River into Illinois, and struck about five miles inland at Murphysboro. For the next 30 miles, it seems to have swept on most fiercely through De Soto, Bush, West Frankfort, Parrish, passing about five miles north of Herrin. Then it seems to have stopped again, 20 or 30 miles to McLeansboro and Carmi, crossed the Wabash River into Indiana, promptly demolishing Griffin and razing half of Princeton. Apparently this was done by one tornado or a recurrent one, because the path of the storm is a mathematically straight line on the map. Subsidiary storms invaded Tennessee and Kentucky, not without death and destruction.

In all, the dead numbered some 800, the injured almost 3,000 and those made homeless nearly 10,000. The customary freaks of nature were evident. Roofs were torn from houses, half-houses torn away from their mates. Some well-constructed buildings were wrenched from among weaker neighbors and destroyed. Men and property were wafted into the air and deposited at a distance. Small objects, such as letters and tax receipts, were found miles from their sources.

From Murphysboro to Parrish, little remained in the track of the tornado. Parrish was completely wiped out. Murphysboro, a town of about 11,000, was more than half destroyed. Several schools, filled with children, were wrecked with heavy loss of life. Fire succeeded the storm in many places;

and, still later, gangrene set in among the wounded.

The effects of the storm were felt by miners 500 feet below the surface. The tales of the survivors on the surface were pitiful. One, that of a laborer who was traveling in an automobile and jumped out when he saw the storm coming, is an example:

"The machine turned over a couple of times and I never saw it again. I walked the rest of the way to my home, a mile and a half. The place was a complete wreck. I found my daughter-in-law sitting up, dazed, and she died while I tried to talk to her. Her two daughters were 25 feet away, dead. My wife and mother were there, too, dead. Nearby was my 21-year-old son, Fred. He was dead. Near him was my daughter Margaret. She was 16 two days ago and she was dead. My other daughter, at school, was the only one saved. I was only scratched."

In a general way, the physical causes of such catastrophes are scientifically known, but the exact conditions under which they arise are not known or predictable. They occur only in two parts of the world—or, at least, are very extraordinary elsewhere. The Mississippi Valley and Southeastern Europe are their habitats.

They come about when a layer of warm air occurs under a layer of cold. The warm air ascends in a spiral, spreading out as it goes up. In the rising warm air, moisture is condensed from the top down, so that the funnel-shaped cloud appears to descend. This funnel-shaped cloud is the chief phenomenon for observation as the storm passes. It is described as resembling the trunk of an elephant or a rope dangling from the clouds overhead. Its path along the ground is comparatively narrow, but it has a great raising force, for all the air is ascending. The low air pressure created near the ground frequently causes buildings to collapse outward, the walls being pushed out by greater pressure within.

In the case of the recent storm, the most considerable in many years, there was 1) a warm southerly wind blowing most of the day, 2) a cold wind coming down from the northwest. The northeasterly direction of the storm fully accords with the direction of these winds, the tornado moving along the line of contact between the warm and cold winds. With the winds described, the point of contact, first taking place in Missouri, would move rapidly northeast.

Beebe's Progress

William Beebe, with his marine expedition aboard the steamship *Arcturion* (TIME, Feb. 16, Mar. 9, Mar. 16), having perused the Sargasso Sea amid high waves, and drawn up from great depth small fishes—red, black, silver, transparent, luminous, stalk-eyed, snake-jawed; but being continuously disturbed

by high waves which scattered the Sargasso weed, secured in one haul in his last day there five *Amphioxii* (believed to have been the intermediate stage between invertebrate and vertebrate life). They have a cartilaginous backbone. The value of the catch is that hitherto *Amphioxii* have seldom been known far from shore.

Then Mr. Beebe sailed towards the Caribbean and, within the Leeward Islands, began to investigate Saba Bank in shallow waters 36 to 2,700 feet deep. A green and yellow octopus, an iridescent bronze colored fish found living inside a giant red sea-cucumber, butterfly fish, trigger fish and porcupine fish were procured as well as whole colonies of coral and sponges.

The *Arcturion* is soon to go to Panama to coal; will cross into the Pacific to investigate marine life in the Humboldt Current before returning to the Sargasso Sea in July, when calmer weather is hoped for.

Roosevelts Blocked?

The Roosevelts—Kermit and Theodore Jr.—who had planned to make an incursion into Turkestan to hunt wild animals for the Field Museum of Chicago (TIME, Mar. 16), suffered a setback in their plans because the Viceroy of India objected that a large Swedish party had already gone through Hunza Pass and had taken nearly all of the available native carriers. Permission is to be sought to use another pass through the Himalayas to Turkestan and the Pamir region.

Notes

A new cable from New York to Italy was officially opened last week. By the use of permalloy, a nickel-iron mixture, around its copper core, the cable is able to transmit about 1,700 letters a minute as compared to some 250 a minute by ordinary cable.

Press reports declared that Anton Flettner, inventor of the rotorship (TIME, Nov. 17, Dec. 8, Feb. 16, Mar. 2), was about to erect a windmill on a tower 650 ft. high with two arms, each 150 ft. long.

A London report declared that one J. L. Baird, inventor, had perfected "Television," a device to enable a person talking over a telephone to see his antagonist. It may be so, but Thomas Edison's experiments in that direction were not successful.

Sperry Bright

Nero himself, given to lighting displays, would have envied the white-haired, alert inventor, with snapping eyes and snapping speech, who could

burns, for an evening's divestment a billion and 200 million candles. Surely an Emperor's diversion!

Yet the inventor with no imperial regalia sent aloft into the night sky a great kite, turned a switch and the great beam of his 1,200,000,000 candle-light, pricking the darkness upward 30,000 feet, circled and swung and caught within its unblinking gaze the kite, too high for the ordinary eye to see. Was there then wassail and revelry in celebration?

Far otherwise. Elmer A. Sperry merely announced that he was now prepared to produce a 1,200,000,000 candle-power light, capable of penetrating 30,000 feet of darkness, weighing only 1,500 pounds, so built that it can be surrounded with sand bags and made immune to all airplane bombing except a direct hit and electrically controlled so that it may be operated from a distance, where the operator's eyes are not blinded by its glare.

But the chances are that the name of Sperry will not be remembered for this feat. It will be remembered for other and greater achievements which Elmer A. Sperry, now a man of 64, and his almost equally brilliant son who died two years and more ago accomplished.

Elmer, the father, got his technical training at Cornell. When he was 19, he produced an arc lamp and soon after secured patents on motors, generators and their regulators. At 20, he established the Sperry Light Co. in Chicago to produce apparatus of his invention. At 23, he built for the Chicago Board of Trade the first high-powered electric beacon, consisting of 20 arc lamps of 40,000 candlepower on a steel tower 303 feet high.

He turned his genius to the application of electricity to mining machinery, improved storage batteries, electrical automobiles. At 30 he began the work which brought him fame, the production of a commercial gyroscope. First, he developed the gyroscopic compass. It was a difficult task that for a long time took his whole attention. He developed a small revolving wheel that would take the place of the magnetic needle in a ship's compass until we now have an instrument that automatically corrects for a ship's speed and direction and, unaffected by the rolling of the vessel, unaltered by heavy gunfire, by differences in the magnetism of the ship, by the proximity of iron, points always to the true north and guides from 1 to 35 other compasses scattered around the vessel from its master mechanism. Delicate, complicated, expensive—but reliable—it has supplanted the magnetic compass on all warships and on many a merchant vessel.

Having succeeded with this marvelous bit of mechanism, Mr. Sperry turned his attention to the development of the gyroscope on a larger scale—to have a revolving wheel which, instead of keeping a needle pointing in one direc-

tion by its centrifugal force, would keep a whole ship steady amid the pounding of waves. The gyroscopic stabilizer has proved successful, not only with ships, but also with airplanes. For these achievements, he has received



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ELMER A. SPERRY
He needs no candles

many medals, honors, prizes, including the first prize of 50,000 francs in the aerial security contest at Bezons, France, in 1914.

His son, Lawrence B. Sperry, at 17, built and operated an airplane. In 1914, he demonstrated his father's stabilizer at Bezons, having a mechanic walk out on the wing while he left the machine entirely under its own control, then an unheard-of feat. The tiny plane *Messemor*, which he built and used for commuting between his home and the Sperry Gyroscope factory on Long Island, was used in the Army during the War. He himself served as a Lieutenant. He was the first to loop the loop in a hydroplane, the first to land in city streets, the first to experiment in night flying, the first to make contact with another plane in air, a pioneer in parachute development. In 1922, he landed "on the steps of the National Capitol" with a baby plane of 20-foot wing-spread, and weighing only 500 lbs.

In 1923, he went to England with a baby plane and used it electioneering for the Liberal Party. In mid-December, having business in France, he started to fly across the Channel. Something went amiss in the air and he turned back, but soon turned around and headed to sea once more. His plane was seen to crumple and fall (*TIME*, Dec. 24, 1923). The machine minus the engine was recovered, and later, young Sperry's body.

The Sperry name does not need one billion, 200 million candles to illuminate it.

LETTERS

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

Employee

TIME, New York, N. Y., Philadelphia, Pa., Mar. 18, 1925
Gentlemen:—Mar. 16 was received and read, it had been my intention to renew my subscription to *TIME*, as I had previously entertained a good opinion of the paper and felt a moderate pride in being an Original Subscriber. The short article headed "Failure" on Page 16 of the above issue has entirely changed my feeling toward *TIME*, however.

It happens to be a more or less humble employee of the Company referred to in that article and cannot but resent the gratuitous (?) "knock" which you have given it. The only charitable explanation I can think of for your publishing it is that you have fallen a victim to the same malicious propaganda that has been noticed in other directions.

At any rate, if the contents of your weekly are to be judged by the material contained in the article referred to, my confidence in anything that *TIME* may publish has been shattered.

H. S. TYRRELL.

EX-Subscriber Tyrrell is employed by the Victor Talking Machine Co. The item in question described how the Company had discontinued sponsoring radio concerts by Lucrezia Bori, John McCormack, Frances Alda, etc., had replaced these famed artists on their concert programs with such names as Rudy Wiedofit, Billy Murray, Hank Rudy.—Ed.

"Baleful Charge"

TIME, New York, N. Y., Pasadena, Calif., Mar. 11, 1925
Gentlemen:—I wish to state my disapproval of the aspersions you cast upon the life-principles of "George Sherwood Eddy, famed preacher," in *TIME*, Feb. 21. In the same breath with which you accredit Mr. Eddy with having "in almost every land exhorted for peace, brotherhood," you fling at him the baleful charge: "He bullies men's consciences, he stirs their emotions." Is your method of procedure in matters concerning religion constructive or destructive? If the latter, as these words seem to imply, you would in my opinion, do well to omit the column on Religion from your publication.

ELMA L. LERCH.

"Bulies" was doubtless an unfortunate word; it was intended to convey an impression of the moral strenuousness for which Mr. Eddy is justly famous. "Jolts" would have been better—"prods," "pounds," "lambs," "whacks," "scourges," "belts."—Ed.

Airedales

TIME, New York, N. Y., Terrell, Tex., Mar. 5, 1925
Gentlemen:—In the Feb. 23 issue of *TIME*, you give an account of a dog show and speak of Pointer vs. Airedale. Could you please tell me where and when the name of Airedale was given to this breed of dogs? In the Standard Dictionary, there is a whole page given illustrating the various breeds of dogs, but the Airedale is not among them. The word is not found in the Dictionary, nor could I find it in Webster's. I would like to know if this is not a new breed of dogs and I would like to know how they came by this name. If it is not troubling you too much, I would thank you for this information.

HENRY A. HOWARD.

The Airedale terrier was first bred in

the valley of the River Aire (tributary to the Ouse), in England. The old English Terrier, a strong, fearless dog, good for vermin and dead game, lacked a good sense of smell. So the people of the Aire valley crossed it with the Otter Hound, making it keen-scented and giving it better watermanship. Other crosses were made to improve the breed. The dogs were first known as Waterside Terriers. The Airedale Agricultural Society, at a farm show, held the first exhibition of this class of dogs in 1879, and decided to give them the name Airedale in honor of the event.—Ed.

there from 1918 to 1921. To my knowledge, no French troops ever were stationed there; the nearest they came was Ludwigshafen on the left side of the Rhine.

Will you oblige a puzzled subscriber by investigating the case?

R. J. HAFRICHER.

Heidelberg was first occupied by French troops in March, 1923.—Ed.

"Biggest Colleges"

TIME, New York, N. Y. Lynchburg, Va.
Gentlemen: Mar. 5, 1925.
In your issue of Feb. 16, on Page 17, under "Education," you give the five largest colleges exclusively for women. The last one

on the list is Mt. Holyoke with 722 students. Randolph-Macon Woman's College in Lynchburg, Va., is exclusively for women and its enrollment for 1923-24 was 772 and for 1924-25 is 816. A re-statement of the facts would be appreciated.

W.M. BLACK.

TIME had quoted from an article in *School and Society* by Dean Raymond Walters of Swarthmore College. In response to a letter from TIME, Dean Walters wrote: "The authority for my classification of Smith, Wellesley, Vassar, Goucher and Mount Holyoke as the five largest exclusively women's colleges is in the reports I have from

From an Ex-Captive

TIME, New York, N. Y. San Francisco, Calif.
Gentlemen: Mar. 10, 1925

As you seem to get a "kick" out of the letters of criticism and praise that are sent you by your readers, I'll add my little contribution. In your account of the Linchburg raid of May 6, 1923 (TIME, Mar. 2, 1925, Page 10) there were a few inaccuracies. It was the Tientsin-Pukow express and not the "Peking-Shanghai" express that was derailed. Not nearly 200 Chinese were carried off into captivity. Nearly 30 would be nearer the truth. And the 24 foreigners captured were not all taken to their impregnable lair. All of the women captives were released on the very day of their capture except the young Mexican bride who refused to leave her husband, and two of the men made their escape on the same day. That left a balance of only 18 who made the journey into the mountain lair of these bandits. Miss Alfrich did not lag behind and eventually so far behind that she was enabled to escape. She was set at liberty by her captors before she had been in their hands 24 hours, together with the other women captives, as before stated. The only ones who lagged behind so far that they were enabled to escape were the wives of two Army officers, who were the last of the foreigners to leave the train. Mrs. Robert Allen and Mrs. Roland Finger. These inaccuracies incline one to doubt the accuracy of the statement that Miss Lucy Alfrich had \$50,000 worth of jewelry which she buried in the ground and so miraculously recovered. Would any sensible woman be traveling anywhere with that much jewelry on her person?

One of the captives,

ROBERT A. ALLEN.

Dartmouth's Place

TIME, New York, N. Y. New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen: March 18, 1925

In column 3, Page 16 of your issue of Mar. 16, I noticed that you state Missouri took third place in the intercollegiate glee club contest at Carnegie Hall recently. Such was the result announced over the radio that evening. But, according to a newspaper account subsequently published, a *New York Herald-Tribune* reporter, on looking over the judges' lists after the contest, found that the official announcer had made an error and that Dartmouth, not Missouri, won third place. Which is correct?

A. E. HADLOCK JR.

Dartmouth was third. All thanks to Original Subscriber Hadlock, Dartmouth graduate!—Ed.

Screech

TIME, New York, N. Y. Fremont, Neb.
Gentlemen: Mar. 16, 1925

I am not accustomed to doubting TIME—it has for me an absolute value in spite of Einstein. But one of your news items caused me to raise my eyebrows, open my mouth and give forth a faint screech.

The item reads: "As Heidelberg is occupied by French troops, the funeral procession was deprived of any military pomp" (TIME, Mar. 16, Page 11).

Heidelberg is my Alma Mater. I studied

Away from Formula

Rules, once formulated, should not inspire too much awe, says Edith Wharton in "Telling A Short Story" in the April Scribner's Magazine.

The magazine itself is an example of editing unhampered by formula.

Ranging from this excellent discussion of the scope and technique and purpose of the short story to the panorama of American life; from the office of a country editor in Colorado to a road in Normandy; from love in the Philippines to philosophy in Princeton, the contents of this new number of Scribner's Magazine is selected with the sole aim of providing interest, stimulation, refreshment, and entertainment for the person who sees his world through eyes capable of appraisal and enjoyment.

The source of power over time and place in which the "whole American people is rioting"; the "radio mind"; "moral blizzards" and other American phenomena attract the frank comments of H. A. L. Fisher.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—the most-performed play in the world—is presented in all its vicissitudes by J. Frank Davis.

The inimitable William Lyon Phelps chats of books and people in his friendly, comfortable fashion.

That's a part of the April number of Scribner's Magazine.

But the month of May, to quote the galley slaves, is quite another set-up.

We will forget how we made up the April number, and place in the new issue those articles, essays, stories, opinions, ideas, which are most fresh, most vigorous, most timely, most interesting.

And the month after that—well, see for yourself! Just perform the rite on the coupon below.

Will Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, send me Scribner's Magazine for one year and a bill for four dollars.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____

T 3/30/25

about 160 colleges and universities on the approved list of the Association of American Universities. . . . I have signal reports from registrars of all these universities to back the figures given. Please note that they are all of the date Nov. 1, as have been all the figures given in these series for many years."—Ed.

"Truth in Advertising"

TIME, Church Mission to the Deaf,
New York, N. Y. St. Louis, Mo.
Gentlemen: Mar. 9, 1925

Renewal memoranda enclosed. Was about to write you in any case. Herewith is an advertisement (by the Dictograph Products Corporation) clipped from TIME, issue of Feb. 25. I believe you believe in truth in advertising. Could anything be more contrary to actual facts than the import of the following quotations taken from the advertisement:

"When deafness comes heavy goes,"
"which immediately restores good hearing, even to the poorest ears."

The advertisement is cleverly worded but it claims too much. My acquaintance with people having "the poorest of ears" runs into the thousands, not one of whom has been helped by the "aid" advertised. Some 1,500 children with hearing more or less defective attend the schools for the deaf in various parts of the country—several being located in and near New York. There are 30,000 graduates and former pupils of these schools living in this country who would know of the aid if it was worth what is claimed for it. The vendors of the "aid" could go to the schools, the churches, the clubs and the associations for the deaf and show the deaf that its claims are true. But they won't. Why not advertise the actual facts and let it go at that?

J. H. CLOUD.

A copy of Original Subscriber

PECK & PECK

are showing
the most exclusive
and complete assortment
of hosiery and
sportswear for every
occasion.



NEW YORK CHICAGO
SOUTHAMPTON PALM BEACH FRENCH LICK
MIAMI NEWPORT

Cloud's letter was forwarded by TIME without delay to the Dictograph Products Corporation. Said they:

TIME, New York, N. Y. New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Mar. 14, 1925

We acknowledge receipt of your letter of Mar. 12 in which you very kindly give us an opportunity to comment on a letter from a TIME subscriber.

He criticizes the Acousticon advertisement and says: "My acquaintance with people having 'the poorest of ears' runs into the thousands, not one of whom has been helped by the 'aid' advertised."

First, we hope you will ask your subscriber to analyze our advertisement and see that it offers an absolute free trial of ten days, we paying the transportation charges. Would it not seem impossible that a business concern could live and grow for over 20 years, doing business on this basis, if this product were not really of immense benefit to the hard of hearing people?

There are deaf people who cannot hear with anything. If the auditory nerve is dead, sounds mean nothing. But, for hundreds of thousands of people who do have some hearing, the Acousticon is just the difference between despair and success. The users of the Acousticon are people in every profession, business and occupation.

Just the other day, an eminent specialist of New York City sent us a letter from a patient, a Bishop to whom he had recommended the Acousticon. The Bishop said in the letter:

"I have given the SRFD Acousticon a fair trial during the past six days and I am aware of distinct improvement in my hearing, not only when using it, but when I lay it aside in my home. I find that I hear best with the lever of the transmitter on the stop next but one to the 'soft' end of the scale."

If your subscriber is really interested in learning what has been done for the past 20 years for the deaf people, and what is being done now, there are numerous sources to which he can apply for the information.

We suggest, for instance, such eminent ear specialists as Dr. Thomas J. Harris, Secretary of the American Otological Society, and past President Dr. James F. McKernan of New York City or any other eminent authority.

Lastly, our advertisement urges the deaf person to try the Acousticon. When he has tried it for ten days, he is capable of using his own judgment.

If he can give you any further information or make any further comment, please consider us at your service.

EDGAR LOWE,
Vice President.

There are 44,885 deaf mutes in the U. S.—425 per million population. Total deafness, however, is rare. Even among these unfortunate mutes, from 15 to 20% have a useful amount of hearing. Affliction of the ear, found in innumerable forms and degrees, is commonly caused by scarlet fever, measles, tooth-cutting, catarrh, loud noises, old age. There have been occasional cases of apparent total deafness, arising from an unknown cause, which disappeared after a few years in a manner equally mysterious.

There is no "cure" for deafness. Science does what it can, but the fact remains that the human ear, the most delicate, most inaccessible of physical contrivances, once injured, can never be entirely repaired.

It has been claimed (in the press) that totally deaf people have gone for rides in airplanes, found themselves cured. This is a myth. The roar of the motor merely stimulates the eardrum so that a person can hear for a few moments after landing. Curious is the phenomenon by which those who

hear are deafened and the deaf enabled to hear by an excessively loud noise. Often in moments of calamity—storms, shipwrecks, wars, railroad accidents, earthquakes—deaf men, around the world by hearing, acting upon orders to which others are deaf. Many deaf old ladies, on the other hand, can hear only those items that are whispered to them.

There are thousands of appliances for the deaf. Some of these are valuable and a real aid to the afflicted. Others are invented to barneyfangle rather than relieve, in the unfounded belief that the deaf are also dense and will clutch at any straw that has been made to look like an ear trumpet. For 15c, the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Chicago, will furnish any asker a large pamphlet exposing fake instruments, quack medicines. Reputable specialists never claim to cure, only to relieve.

Deafness, a severe handicap, may sometimes be an actual stimulant to success, as is proven by the many deaf people who have become famed. Ludwig von Beethoven, who turned deaf in later life, continued to compose, though it became impossible for him to conduct. Thomas A. Edison once stated that he considered deafness one of his greatest blessings. Added he: "Folks who have anything to say worth saying make it brief and to the point if they have to shout." Carolyn Wells, able author, declares that she, while practically stone deaf, can hear treble notes, feel the rhythm of music. This is another phenomenon not uncommon: many deaf people make excellent dancers, for they can feel the time though they cannot hear the tune. Famed are the feats of lip-reading performed by Helen Keller. It is little known that she depends largely upon manual spelling, the sign of the deaf, in order to understand.

At Washington, D. C., is Gallaudet College, only college for the deaf in the U. S., where deaf men are taught trades. Many become chauffeurs. They make excellent drivers, asserted Dr. Percival Hall, President of Gallaudet. Many people who desire privacy prefer them to any other type and procure deaf mutes whenever possible.—Ed.

Rival Traditions

TIME, Ohio University
New York, N. Y. Department of History
Gentlemen: Athens, Ohio,
Mar. 19, 1925

In your issue of Mar. 16, Page 1, you state: "Thomas Jefferson rode to the Capitol, tied his horse to a fence,"—I grieve that you give editorial sanction to this ancient fable. Jefferson walked. See Murry, *The United States of America*, Vol. 1, Page 204.

WILMER C. HARRIS.

Says the Encyclopaedia Britannica: "Instead of driving to the Capitol in a coach and six, he [Thomas Jefferson] walked without a guard or servant from his lodgings—or, as a rival tradition has it, he rode, and hitched his horse to a neighboring fence—attended by a crowd of citizens."—Ed.

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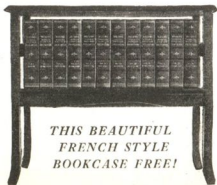
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AERONAUTICS

Plunge

It has always been believed that a person who falls through the air for any considerable distance loses consciousness before he reaches the ground. This theory, it is true, had never been verified, since persons so falling have always lost consciousness upon impact with the ground or street, never to regain it. Last week, two army aviators—Sergeant Randall L. Bose, Corporal Arthur Bergo—set themselves to disprove the belief. At Mitchell Field, L. I., they ascended to a height of 5,000 feet in a bombing plane, leaped out with closed parachutes. A large crowd had gathered below. This crowd saw the two begin their plunge, waited to see them open their parachutes. After descending a short distance, however, the men began to twist, whirl, somersault. Screams of horror went up from the onlookers. Rushing to the spot where the two would fall, these spectators found the courageous corporal, the intrepid sergeant. They were unhurt. When they had fallen 1,000 feet, they had pulled the ripcords of their parachutes, descended easily. Both said that at no time had they lost consciousness.

In Detroit

When Henry Ford examined Lawrence Sperry's Messenger Plane at the Detroit Aviation races of 1922, he pronounced it possible to build such small planes in production more cheaply than his own well-known product. Ever since, frequent rumors have credited the great manufacturer as planning the construction of an army of "flier" airplanes to make flying as popular as automobile. But the Fords are wiser than to imagine that this is immediately possible. They are, indeed, in aviation, but not building airplanes, nor trying to popularize them.

Henry Ford and his son, Edsel, are shareholders and prominent backers of the Stout Metal Airplane Corporation, constructing not "fliers" but large, all-metal passenger planes of the most modern and refined design. Powered with a Liberty motor, the Stout plane can carry eight passengers within its roomy cabin and fly over 100 miles an hour for long stretches. According to a Dearborn announcement, five or six of these planes will be ready this year, and the great Ford organization expects to sell them, without difficulty, on behalf of the Stout Co. The Liberty motor is now getting out of date and, according to the same announcement, the Ford plant will build new and more powerful motors to replace it.

Nor does the interest of the two Fords in aeronautics end there. They are also backing with large sums of money the Aircraft Development Corporation, which is building the first all-metal airship ever planned. The fabric

(Continued on Page 25)

BUSINESS & FINANCE

Current Situation

Liquidation has been halted in both the grain and the stock markets. Yet evidence accumulates that, of late, production of steel and iron, gasoline, copper and other important commodities has been somewhat too brisk for the gradual development of consumption, and the trend of prices is therefore toward lower levels. Gasoline led off in this direction last week by a 1c price reduction.

Yet there is no great apprehension throughout business. Money is still easy, and only in scanty money markets can a swift depletion in commodity prices be readily brought about. Buyers are therefore continuing to buy from hand to mouth, and general business continues fairly prosperous but devoid of inflation or undue stimulus.

Pipe

In the 1924 stockmarket, one of the leading sensations was provided by the astonishing rise in price of U. S. Cast Iron Pipe. At the time, talk of a corner by W. C. Durant abounded. Yet the annual 1924 report of the Company now shows that other than manipulative causes were responsible for the long advance of "Pipe Common." Net profit last year amounted to \$6,587,188, compared with \$4,062,699 in 1923, \$1,583,058 in 1922 and only \$629,429 in 1921. Net for 1924 amounted, after 7% preferred dividends, to \$43.17 a share on the 120,000 shares of common stock against \$21.92 in 1923. Last year, \$5,060,920 was added to surplus, which on Dec. 31 amounted to \$11,101,783, or \$92.51 per common share.

The sudden prosperity of Cast Iron Pipe has resulted mainly from the De Lavand process of making pipe, which has resulted in such large economies as to enable the Company to undersell U. S. competitors with ease. But the competition of France and other European countries has held prices down, and constitutes a future problem.

Wheat

Recent wide fluctuations in wheat prices are believed to be without parallel in the history of the Chicago grain trade, even during War times. May futures broke from \$2.05 a bushel on Mar. 3 to \$1.51 on Mar. 17. Other futures were almost proportionately wild. Rye declined from a high price of \$1.82 in January to \$1.10—an even more drastic liquidation.

Secretary Jardine of the Department of Agriculture has ordered an extensive inquiry into the causes of this huge break. Meanwhile, gossip in the trade persists in ascribing it to a bearish assault by "the Palm Beach crowd"—to wit, Jesse L. Livermore and Thomas Howell of Chicago, famed speculators, upon the bulls headed by Arthur W. Cullen (TIME, Feb. 9). According to

rumor, the huge "bull account" of Mr. Cullen provided a tempting target for the bears, whose assault was made so powerfully that the latter was compelled to sell some 8,000,000 bushels of wheat in Winnipeg, thus helping the decline along and enabling the "bear raiders" to cover easily. The result must have been to demolish much of Mr. Cullen's large paper profits resulting from the long advance of grain prices during 1924.

Mr. Cullen himself has declared he was rid of his wheat and, from his approval of Secretary Jardine's coming probe, it may be deduced that the events of the last few weeks have proved rather expensive to the great bull leader. He attributes the fall in wheat to the manipulative tactics of a "master speculator" in Florida, supported by a powerful group of interests.

Nevertheless, Mr. Cullen has not changed his opinions as to the value of wheat by next June. "I still believe," he stated, "that, in June, cash wheat will be priceless. Europe will pay any price for their supplies, the only question being whether or not it is obtainable. I think the United States has the only important supply of wheat in the world, and that everyone will have to come here for it. The farmers and the public have been robbed of their rightful due, merely because a clique of professional bears thought they saw the opportunity for a coup."

As usual, various groups' sympathies in the Livermore-Cullen battle are being determined by their self-interest. In Europe, Mr. Livermore appears as the savior of bread-eaters by tending to reduce wheat prices. In this country, he will be made into a villain by farmers and other holders of wheat. Similarly, Mr. Cullen, hero of the U. S. farmer, has been considered a user in the necessities of life by Europe. In the end, the Chicago Board of Trade will probably be blamed by everyone, mainly because it has really been innocent of any hand in the matter at all.

The St. Paul

The long-drawn-out debate about the immediate future of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. (TIME, Mar. 23) came to a quick and decisive end last week when the line was suddenly placed in a receivership.

The immediate cause of the failure was the road's inability to meet some \$48,000,000 of its 4% bonds due June 1 this year. All winter, conferences have been held, but the road's bankers, led by Jerome J. Hanauer of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and President Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Bank, Manhattan, evidently refused to float a new refunding loan. In this they were no doubt quite justified, since such a loan could not have been placed below 6%, even if at that figure; and since, on that basis, about \$1,000,000 additional fixed charges would have been added

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on the already over-burdened company. Accordingly, three receivers for the road were appointed, while separate protective committees were also organized for its bondholders, its preferred stockholders and its common stockholders. Undoubtedly the next step will consist of a piling down of the stock and junior bond issues, to effect a reduction of capitalization and fixed charges. The bankers will probably produce a "reorganization plan" effecting these painful but necessary changes when the time is propitious and the road's earnings make a better comparative showing. It is estimated that holders of St. Paul securities have suffered a loss of about \$500,000,000—the aggregate difference between the par and market value of the road's securities on a recent date.

The basic causes of the St. Paul failure run back many years. In general, they can be summarized as the failure of the road's earnings to sustain its tremendous capitalization. In part, the bankruptcy can be attributed to one of the greatest gambles ever taken in U. S. railroading—the construction of the 1,400 miles "Puget Sound extension" which carried the road from the Middle West to the Pacific Coast, 15 years ago. Previous to this time, the St. Paul had been a prosperous "granger" road in the Middle West. But James J. Hill and others had pressed their lines to the Coast, and the St. Paul faced the dilemma of perishing slowly for lack of through freight, or of entering into transcontinental railroading as a late comer. It assumed the later alternative and, in 1913, assumed the liabilities of the Puget Sound extension, after having advanced \$155,000,000 to construct it.

For numerous reasons, most of them unforeseeable at the time, the step proved dangerous. The War brought prosperity to U. S. industry but disaster to U. S. railroads. The high cost of the extension, the subsequent post-War agricultural depression in the Northwest, the slow growth of population through that region, the severe competition in the other transcontinental roads and even the Panama Canal—all bore heavily on the St. Paul, already staggering under the necessity of earning fixed charges of \$20,000,000 every year. Thus, for several years, the road has been in a most vulnerable position, and only barely able to meet its bond coupons each year, despite able and conscientious management. The necessity of finding \$48,000,000 new money to pay off holders of the 1925 loan, and the unwillingness of the bankers to finance a system already overloaded with debt proved sufficient shock to bring the financially top-heavy company crashing to the ground.

S. S. Childs

As it must to all men, Death came, last week, to Samuel S. Childs, 61, founder and President of the Childs Restaurant Co. Mr. Childs, suffering from a tumor of the small intestine,

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had been taken from his home in Bernardsville, N. J., to Manhattan where, after an operation, he died.

Samuel S. Childs, with ten other Childs children, was born on a meagre New Jersey farm near Bernardsville, where all his relatives now live in handsome houses on a shiny street called Childs Avenue. He, as a boy, desired to wear the uniform of his country, and with this end in view entered the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, changed his mind, became a civil engineer, left engineering, entered the service of one Alfred W. Dennett, restaurant proprietor.

This Dennett owned a chain of 17 restaurants which sprawled across the continent from Manhattan to San Francisco. People called him the "temperance proprietor," because the walls of his liquorless and gruesome eating places were adorned with texts from the Bible. *The Lord Is My Shepherd, I Shall Not Want* confronted those who had money enough to eat in Dennett's. *Be Sure Your Sins Will Find You Out*. Proprietor Dennett failed, in 1901, for \$92,000. Most of his creditors were women and missionary societies. His asset was one \$20 hand-me-down suit. But young Mr. Childs, who had made some money in his employ, had by this time started a restaurant of his own.

It was located in downtown Manhattan—a neat, clean little establishment. Samuel and his brother William (now President of the Childs Co.) believed that they could make money on a small place, flagrantly scrubbed, which sold good food cheaply. They put the name of Childs in white letters on the window. They knew that the sort of U. S.

men who would eat there enjoyed having their food set before them by young females with clean fingernails. Therefore they procured waitresses, dressed them in white.

Now there are 107 such establishments; they serve 50,000,000 meals a year, yield an annual profit of \$2,000,000.

AERONAUTICS

(Continued from Page 22)

covering of the ordinary airship is here replaced by a thin covering of sheet duraluminum, perhaps not more than eight thousandths of an inch in thickness, and weighing scarcely more than the usual rubberized fabric. Such a metal covering would render an airship impervious to weather and constitutes a great progress in the art of airship building.

Why are the Fords interested in aviation? Certainly not to make money at the moment; the airplane and the dirigible company are spending money freely in experimentation, with returns only in the future. It is because they believe that aircraft will revolutionize transportation, and because they want Detroit to be the center of manufacture for the equipment of the air. They have recently donated an airport to the City—a model of its kind. When Dr. Hugo Eckener, commander of the ZR-3 in its trip across the Atlantic, visited Detroit, Henry Ford invited him to bring the huge ship to Detroit. "We'd have no place to tie up. We'd have to have a tower of some kind to tie up to," said Dr. Eckener. "Well, I'll build you one," said Henry Ford. And he is now building a huge mooring tower—the largest and most developed of its kind.



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SPORT

North

A lean figure walked into a Southern hotel, in the latter part of February, confronted the clerk, who surveyed him dubiously. His suit, shabby and worn as thin as paper, had obviously been made by an inferior tailor; his shirt was old and very dirty; and, in spite of the fact that his face had not been shaved for several days, the clerk could tell at a glance that it was not the countenance of an aristocrat. Before addressing the hotel employee, he respectfully removed from his head a felt hat, and requested a room. He volunteered the information that he had left his wife and children, even fishing from his pocket a photograph of them (spotted with marks that were certainly not tear-stains), which he insisted that the clerk examine. He was, he said, a baseball player. His services had been hired by a famed big league team. He had come for spring practice.

Next day, this "rookie," with his team mates, appeared on a baseball diamond. All over the South, fields were crawling with such players. From every cranny of the U. S., they had come, with suit-cases of leather, of wicker and with duffle bags; some of them as unprepossessing as the dismal fellow just described, others; indeed, far worse; many brisk, dapper veterans who scorned the scrofulous looks of such unseasoned players and shouted harsh commands at them. They were the company of men—numbering over 500—who play baseball in the American and National Leagues.

Through the long afternoons, they tossed the ball about as only professionals can in spring practice. Small boys seated on neighboring fences emitted jeering sounds as the famed leaguers juggled, fumbled, panted, struck out. The weeks went by. Mocking-birds sang sweet in the cottonwood trees. The players could hear, in the evening, the strumming of banjo-strings, the warm, drowsy voices of the darkies singing *Old Black Joe* or perhaps *Denn Golden Slippers* in the hotel palm room. The jeers of the small boys changed to cries of "Bravo!" For now a different drama was daily to be seen on the dusky diamond.

The ball snapped like a bullet from glove to glove. With practiced ease, players spat, gripped hats and, stepping to the plate, sent the pitchers' swiftest offerings in long parabolas to the spaces of verdure behind the outfielders. The agile basemen were on their toes to make stops, pick-ups, put-outs and what not. Moundsmen were regaining their speed, sending across curves, fadeaways, fork-balls that baffled the sturdiest batter. Well might loud eureka's issue from the lips of the fence-warmers. The teams, after they had played some practice games against one another, entrained for the North.

More interesting than the standing of any one team at this time of year are



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Shredded Wheat



It's All in the Shreds

the muscles, eyes, tempers and agilities of certain famed players. For, though there are over 500 able individuals enrolled in the two leagues, there is actually only a handful for whom the grand army of snobbish rooters has eyes, for whom hats are thrown, bottles broken, hosannas raised. And of this handful, nine great names are fanfaroned louder than all others on the bugles of the press.

George Sisler, aged 32, baseman and manager of the St. Louis Browns, graduate of the University of Michigan. Suave, courteous, assured, imperially slim, his genius for baseball was observed as early as 1913 by Barney Dreyfus, astute owner of the Pittsburgh club, who put him under contract before he had come of age. Sisler's father repudiated the contract. St. Louis bid for him. Mr. Dreyfus would not give him up. The controversy, a sensational one, was referred to the National Commission, which finally awarded Sisler to St. Louis. Pittsburgh never forgave him.

Such is the tact of George Sisler, such his control, that never in his career has he resorted to rowdiness to intimidate a refractory umpire. He was suspended only once and then, in 1924, because some supporter of his, enraged when an umpire called a close decision against him, discharged a shower of bottles upon the unfortunate official. He wrote a letter to the President of the American League, was restored to standing.

Two years ago, when he was at the pinnacle of his fame—leading the American League in batting, in baserunning, voted its most valuable player—he took influenza, developed sinus trouble, underwent an operation. His sight was somewhat affected. His right and left eyes ceased to focus evenly; their beams, which should have been parallel, wellnigh met. Thus he came near to being crossed in his career by his own eyes. His batting average of .420 in 1922 sank to .305 in 1924. Now he sees perfectly again, he says. Will he, fans wonder, regain his former prowess? Sisler has three children, a wife. She, slyer than he, has never been photographed.

Ty Cobb, 38, now beginning his 21st season in the American League, has hit over .300 in 18 consecutive seasons. He holds the U. S. base-stealing record of 96 in 1915, has stolen more bases than any man in baseball with the exception of one Billy Hamilton. Cobb is cut to a different last than Sisler. No decorous college graduate he, but a "sand-lot" player, a man of fiery mettle. Often the bleachers, true to the tradition of U. S. sportsmanship, have risen in enthusiastic uproar while Cobb stood showing his jaw-fare nearer and nearer to an umpire's quivering countenance, uttering words whose import could only be guessed by his furious gestures. He, who has rightly been called "the greatest player in baseball," declares that this season will be his last.

Rogers Hornsby, like Sisler, plays for St. Louis, but in the National

League. Though only 26, he alone of ball players has averaged over 400 in batting for four consecutive years; and he holds the extraordinary modern batting record of .423, made in 1924.

Edward Collins, six months younger than Cobb, has been in baseball one year less. Famed for his skill in stealing bases, his worshippers cried out, in 1921, that he was slipping because, that year, he stole only 12. In 1923, he regained leadership of the American League with 49 stolen bases, retained it last year with 42. Without the physical strength of Ruth, Hornsby, Cobb, he cannot hit as hard, but he has struck out less than any other great player in baseball.

Ray Schalk, 32, Chicago team-mate of Collins, is a catcher who, though not bulky, plants himself to receive a throw in the direct path of a runner going home, never budes, though many times in a single game he is rolled on his rump. He has caught more games of baseball than has any other big leaguer, past or present.

Babe Ruth, 31, swashbuckler of the huge ash bat, is perhaps the most tooted character in the game. He, with Pugilist Dempsey, is the apotheosis of U. S. manhood, adored of millions. In addition to holding all home-run records, he has pitched the greatest number of scoreless World's Series innings, 29, in 1916, 1918.

Walter Johnson, famed Washington pitcher, 37, intended his remarkable performance in the seventh and deciding game of the 1924 World's Series (which his team won from the New York Giants) to stand as the colophon of his major league career. Frustrated (by Washington interests, it is rumored) in his attempt to purchase a minor league club on the Pacific Coast, he has consented to pitch one more season with the Senators.

Stanley ("Bucky") Harris, 28, manager of the team which Johnson so effectively adorns, is an immense drawing card because of his evident cleverness, his youth, his speed as a second baseman, his ability to hit when hits are needed.

Tristram Speaker, manager of the Cleveland team, is a year and a half younger than Cobb, but looks far older. Grizzled, lined, his batting average has been falling off in the last two years, but he still fields with the grace of a nautch-girl. He was the only player who ever broke through Cobb's years of batting supremacy (1907-1919) by leading the American League in 1916.

Martin vs. Rosenberg

Two little men, naked to the waist, confronted each other in Madison Square Garden, Manhattan. It was easy to see who would win. One was as wan as if he had spent his life loitering with *La Belle Dame Sans Merci* beside her autumnal lake, her birdless woods; his

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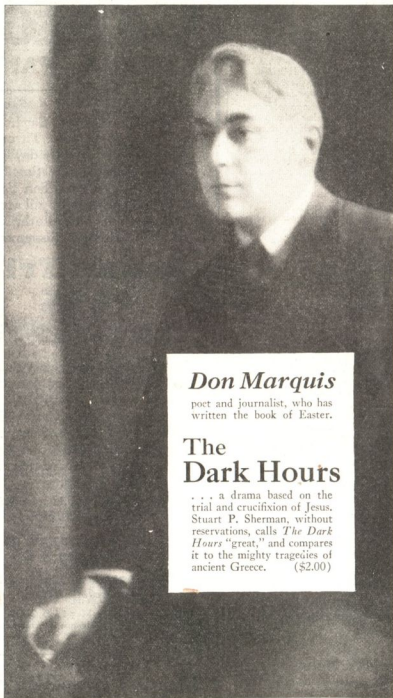
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The Dark Hours

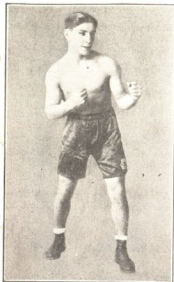
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GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

IN CANADA: 25 RICHMOND STREET, WEST, TORONTO

face was drawn, his body lean almost to emaciation. He was a young Jew, the challenger. Opposite him stood a diminutive but hirsute Italian, his eyes as fierce as the dark lakes of *Il Purgatorio*, his round muscles bulging under his sleek brown skin. He looked truly what he was—the bantamweight cham-



© International
"Cannonball" MARTIN
Again he charged

pion of the world. He charged his pathetic opponent like a volley of round-shot. But what was this? A spattering of left jabs stopped his rush, jerked back his head, made the flesh puff around his eyes. Again he charged, again the haggard challenger flicked him, right, left. For 13 rounds, the sturdy champion took a dreadful drubbing. Then, with that obstinate, fantastic courage that sometimes animates beaten men, he began to lash out furiously, to force his victorious but weary opponent to duck, cover up, retreat. No use; his arms were slack with fatigue. At the end of the 15th round, the referee lifted the hand of the challenger, Charley ("Phil") Rosenberg, thus giving him the title of the champion, Eddie ("Cannonball") Martin (real name Edward Martina).

Leap

Again the world's indoor record for the running high jump was broken by Harold Osborne—he of the old shoe (TIME, Feb. 9). Last week, in Chicago, he once more brought out his dilapidated track shoe, talisman of victory, looked upon it lovingly, leaped from the ground, cleared the bar at 6 ft. 6 3/4 in. at the Central A. A. U. games.

*The world's outdoor record for the high jump is 6 ft. 8 1/4 in., established by Mr. Osborne in 1924.

MISCELLANY

"Time brings all things"

"Purveyors of Death"

At Ann Arbor, Mich., one Dr. John Sundwall, Health Officer, warned against handshaking, declared that disease lurks in friendly salutations, that handshakers are purveyors of death, described how secretions of the nose and mouth pass to the hands. Said he: "The average man's hands are contaminated with these secretions. A man who has the infection and whose hands are contaminated meets and shakes hands with a friend. Shortly after, the other's fingers go to his mouth. The route of transmission is completed."

Teeth

In Atlantic City, met the American Brush Manufacturers' Association, discussed the toothbrush trade. In the U. S., 113,000,000 people purchase only 40,000,000 toothbrushes yearly, whereas at least 330,000,000 should be purchased if U. S. brushers would keep their molars unyellowed, said the bristle sellers. The life of a toothbrush, they affirmed, is no more than three months. Stated their President, William Cortes: "We hear of many instances where the same toothbrush is used from 10 to 15 years."

MILESTONES

Engaged. Miss Frances B. Goodhue, daughter of the late Architect Bertram G. Goodhue (TIME, Mar. 9, ART.), to one Henry Yates Satterlee of Boston. Said the *New York Evening Journal*: "If Miss Goodhue elects St. Thomas's Church, she will pass through the 'bride door,' decorations for which were designed by her father, who cunningly concealed the dollar sign in a maze of Gothic carving, thereby arousing the indignation of many wealthy parishioners."

Died. Samuel S. Childs, 61, famed restaurant man, in Manhattan, after an operation (see BUSINESS).

Died. Charles A. Culberson, 69, onetime (1899-1923) U. S. Senator from Texas; in Washington, of influenza.

Died. George Nathaniel Curzon, Marquess of Kedleston, 66, Lord President of the Council; in London, following an operation (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Died. Dr. Charles Lloyd, 85; in Manhattan, of pneumonia. In 1854, he charged half a league onward with the Light Brigade at Balaklava, in the military bungle immortalized by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

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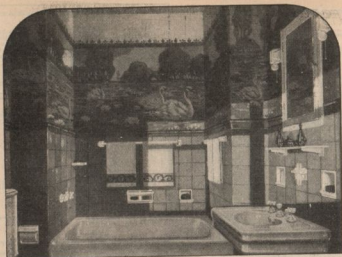
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POINT with PRIDE

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

Hands large and sturdy. (Page 13, column 1.)

The premeditated acts of a scholar. (P. 8, col. 1.)

A diminutive but insatiable Italian. (P. 29, col. 1.)

Frau Becker. (P. 10, col. 2.)

The smiling faces of Charles W. Bryan, Charles G. Dawes, Burton K. Wheeler. (P. 6, col. 3.)

A habitation that great-grandchildren are expected to live in. (P. 12, col. 1.)

Elmer, the father; Lawrence, the son. (P. 18, cols. 1 & 2.)

The courageous corporal, the intrepid sergeant. (P. 22, col. 1.)

VIEW with ALARM

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

Hands that are contaminated with secretions. (P. 31, col. 2.)

The indignation of many wealthy parishioners. (P. 31, col. 2.)

A remark perilously near a lie. (P. 1, col. 1.)

"Ferocious blows right and left upon millions of shrieking animals." (P. 5, col. 1.)

All the old men of Tobago, Havana, Copenhagen and Siberia. (P. 12, col. 3.)

Black looks from the rabbis. (P. 15, col. 2.)

All the nymphs of Birmingham, Nantucket, Joppa, Australia, Bangor and Iquique. (P. 12, col. 3.)

Raggedy jackanapes who practice malicious mischiefs. (P. 16, col. 1.)



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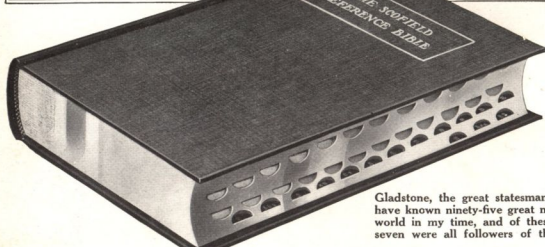
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