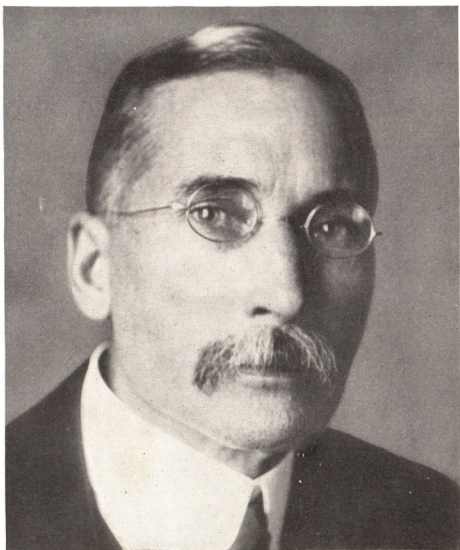


FIFTEEN CENTS

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine

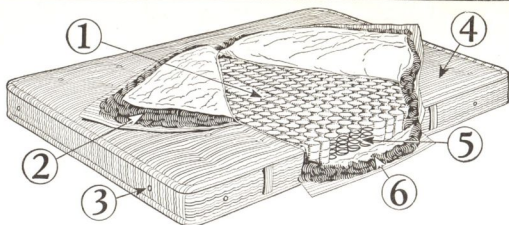


PREMIER OF THE U. S. A.

He prepares to meet his Prince
(See Page 8)

VOL. V, No. 17

APRIL 27, 1925



- 1 810 Premier wire springs in individual pockets support every curve of your body.
- 2 Two deep layers of high-grade, new curled hair are hand-laid and hand-tufted.
- 3 Its perfect ventilation keeps the *Purple Label* always fresh and sweet and clean.
- 4 The finest and most durable cover. Imperial roll-edge dresses the bed when made.
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- 6 Sides, ends and top are of same construction. Canvas base prevents stretching.

A million dollars will not buy a finer mattress than *The Purple Label*, yet it costs only two cents a night

You may like a mattress soft as down. Or prefer one that gives your body firm support. In either case, your first night on a *Purple Label* will give you comfort never known before.

Cradling every tired bone and muscle are three layers of *Purple Label* luxury. The top and bottom of this wonderful mattress are two broad, deep cushions of high-grade curled hair, hand-tufted to a heavy canvas base.

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tempered coil springs in separate fabric pockets. Each spring acts independently, lightly carrying its own load. Combined, the luxury of these three buoyant cushions lures tired bodies to complete relaxation and rest.

See the world's finest and most economical mattress today. Your favorite furniture store can supply it. Only by comparing and testing the *Purple Label* can you realize how much zest and energy it will add to your life for as little as two cents a night.

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TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine

Vol. V. No. 17

April 27, 1925

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Mr. Coolidge's Week

¶ The President received two one-time Governors: Henry J. Allen of Kansas, Frank O. Lowden of Illinois. Later, Mr. Allen expressed the fear that Mr. Coolidge's economy talks were creating an unwarranted "buyers' strike," thereby injuring business. Mr. Lowden pointed out that there is still distress on many farms.

¶ "By virtue of authority vested in me by act of Congress approved August 1, 1914 . . ." the President put the ports of Newark and Perth Amboy, N. J., under the authority of the Port of New York, thus eliminating much interstate red-tape.

¶ Protests against "anonymous government," arising from the President's refusal to be quoted directly in newspaper interviews, were anonymously ignored. Foreign governments, said a White House "spokesman," disregard all but official communications, are not disturbed by tactless remarks bearing no signature. Anonymity will continue.

¶ The President set a new hand-grasp, torso-tug * record: 65 per minute for 16 minutes, total 1,040.

¶ In the daily line of 700 to 1,000 handshakers were Evangelist "Billy" Sunday and his wife. "Stay to lunch," said the President. They did. (See RELIGION.)

¶ The President's son, John, made application for military training at Camp Devens, Mass., in August. He attended in 1923; but not in 1924 because of his brother's death.

Dawesology

In Chicago, the Vice President told a story. In Boston, he created a room-day commotion and dominated a solemn evening jubilee.

The Story. Jack, Charlie, Bill,

* Mr. Coolidge has lately adopted the following style of handshaking: Standing next to a queue of visitors and facing them obliquely as they approach, he extends his hand, grasping that of the first man in the line. Shaking the hand, smiling at the visitor and saying a word, he draws his arm back, pulling the visitor past him. Any inclination to linger on the part of the visitor is forestalled as the President extends his hand to the next and draws him, likewise, past. This practice is said to result in an economy in time of 50%.

whose surnames were respectively Pershing, Dawes, Bryan, were accustomed to eat together at Don Cameron's lunch counter in Lincoln, Neb. Said Mr. Dawes:

"Of the three, John was known in the community as a representative of the proletariat, I as one of the bourgeoisie and Bryan as a scion of the organized, predatory plutocracy. For Bryan lived in a two-story house on D Street, I in a one-story cottage and John paid \$10 a month for a room in the third story of a down-town business block."

The Commotion. Boston business men assembled at lunch—1,000 of them—to honor the new President of their Chamber of Commerce, Owen D. Young and Jeremiah Smith Jr., ("King of Hungary" (TIME, Feb. 23, HUNGARY), were star guests. So was Charles G. Dawes, of whom a speech was demanded:

It was the way I said it ["Senate Rules"] not what I said, that gave rise to irritation in Washington. My grief over that irritation is somewhat tempered by a remark of George Bernard Shaw, that no offensive truth

is properly presented unless it causes irritation.

And now I am going to say a few things. And I am going to say them because Senator William M. Butler is here to listen.

I am going to appeal to you as part of Senator Butler's constituency to express your opinion on this subject of Senate rules. . . . Did our forefathers have in mind when they framed the Constitution the lodging with any one of 96 Senators a power greater than the veto power of the President of the United States? Would they have said, when our laws must have the concurrent action of two houses of Congress, when they must be subject to the veto power of the President, and yet again subject to review by the Supreme Court of the United States, that a further check was needed in the shape of power, placed in the hands of one Senator, to block all legislation—power that he might sometimes use for his own personal gain?

I want Senator Butler to know how you feel about it. All of you who think the Senate rules ought to be changed, stand up. Come on. Get up and say so right now.

With more than human unanimity, all rose up, all roared, all sat. Said the Vice President: "I knew Senator Butler would stand up. Senator Gillett would stand up, too, if he were here. He told me so."

Pulling undemonstrative Senator Butler from his seat, Mr. Dawes concluded: "I want to hear what Senator Butler has to say about this."

Mr. Butler briefly recited the credo of reform, merely adding that his short experience at the Capitol had taught him that a new Senator must walk humbly in the sight of his seniors.

Solemn Jubilee. Mr. Dawes sat on the platform of the Old North Church near two lighted lanterns. Introduced by Mrs. Pauline Revere Thayer, he rose to pronounce an oration on two beacon-lights: The Constitution, The New England Character:

. . . And so today in the United States, above all matters of business and material advancement, the one thought which should be uppermost in the minds of us all is: "What of our character?" It is this alone which counts in the long run.

What man, no matter how great has been his power and success, does not realize it in those last days of life when, before his failing sight, appears the darkness of our shadow of the valley? The ebbing away of blood in the human body has no more marked a relation to its weakness than the darkness of our shadow has upon a people. In the coming century, American civilization must meet its highest test—this is whether or not it has followed those beacon lights of personal character which our New England forefathers lifted up for the guidance of our people.

Then Paul Revere, great-great-grandson of the rider, carried the lanterns down the aisle, up narrow stairs into the belfry. Mr. Dawes went out

CONTENTS

	Page
National Affairs	1-5
Foreign News	6-10
The Theatre	11
Books	12-13
Music	13
Cinema	13
Art	14
Education	14
Religion	15
Science	16
The Press	17-20
Aeronautics	20-21
Business	22-25
Miscellany	29
Sport	29
Medicine	30
Milestones	31
Point with Pride	32
View with Alarm	32

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National Affairs—[Continued]

across narrow Salem Street, glanced up at the flaming jets, thought of his ancestor, William, who also rode to Lexington and Concord.

SHIPPING

Many Years After

Just seven years ago, Bainbridge Colby, personal friend of President Wilson, invited two steel men to lunch at Washington. Mr. Colby, later Secretary of State, was then a member of the U. S. Shipping Board. At lunch he begged one guest, Charles M. Schwab, to become Director General of the U. S. Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation. The other guest, Eugene C. Grace, admonished Mr. Schwab, his business associate, to refuse.

At 2 p. m. they were to see the President. As they drove to the White House, Mr. Schwab was heeding the words of Mr. Grace.

The President, confident in Mr. Colby's power of persuasion, greeted Mr. Schwab with both hands, earnestly thanked him for his acceptance of the job, praised his patriotism.

Mr. Schwab was drafted. He went back to his office, wrote a letter stating in no uncertain terms that as Director General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation he would have nothing to do with any transactions between the U. S. and any company in which he was directly or indirectly interested. He named 13 companies.

Then—it was April, 1918, and the U-boats were sinking about 1,000,000 tons of Allied shipping per month—Mr. Schwab raced across the country from one shipyard to another. Tons of shipping slid completed from the ways.

Meanwhile, his own companies were making vast profits for part of which the U. S., last week, filed suit in the Federal District Court of Philadelphia for "upwards of \$11,000,000." The suit attacked Mr. Schwab because he forced other companies to keep within a 10% profit, but failed to interfere with profits of his own concerns—"Bethlehem."

Other concerns signed contracts to build ships at "cost plus 10%." Most of the Bethlehem contracts were "cost plus fixed fee, plus a percentage of the savings on the estimated cost."

The U. S. claims against Bethlehem are chiefly 1) for "excessive, unreasonable and unconceivable profits" derived from fixing too high an estimated cost and 2) for sums expended on permanent improvements to Bethlehem plants. Simultaneously, the Bethlehem companies, through the famed law firm of Cravath, Henderson & De Gersdorff,

"The suit pointed out that Mr. Schwab was in a position to estimate with fair accuracy the cost of ships.



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AN EX-DIRECTOR GENERAL

His was the name that launched 1,000 ships

filed suit for \$9,744,899.94 for sums due from the U. S.

Mr. Grace, now President of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, from the vantage point of "I-told-you-so," issued a statement berating the Government's suit. Defending Mr. Schwab, he said: "Bethlehem was very successful in keeping down costs, and on its entire program of 86 vessels built under that form of contract it effected savings below the estimated costs aggregating about \$30,000,000 of which about \$16,000,000 insured to the benefit of the Government and \$14,000,000 increased Bethlehem's profits.

"Insofar as has been ascertained:

"1) No other shipbuilder was successful in effecting substantial savings below estimated costs.

"2) No other shipbuilder built ships of like designs so cheaply as those that were built by Bethlehem."

Prolix

A fortnight since, the Pacific Mail S. S. Co. secured a temporary, and asked for a permanent, injunction against the sale of five "President" ships by the U. S. Shipping Board to Captain "Robbie" Dollar and his son, Stanley. (TIME, Apr. 13).

The Pacific Mail complaint was "in violation of the rules of the court in that the bill is lengthy, prolix, verbose, full of scandalous and impertinent matter, conclusions of law, opinions and other matters repugnant to the rule of the court." So, at least, said Chauncey G. Parker, counsel for the U. S. Shipping Board, in his answering brief.

The Pacific Mail's complaint was that

the Dollar bid was less advantageous to the U. S. than theirs, that sale to the Dollars is against the country's interest because it would create a monopoly on the Pacific (TIME, Apr. 13). Counsel for the Shipping Board denied all this, demanded dismissal of the injunction suit on two grounds:

1) The Pacific Mail has no equity in the proceedings. [A person cannot go to law in a matter which does not concern him.]

2) The court lacks jurisdiction to review a discretionary act of the Shipping Board.

An uninstructed jury would probably not agree with the first point—the five ships are the only ships which carry the Pacific Mail ensign across the ocean. But the second point was sufficient. Last week, the suit was dismissed. The sale would go through unless the Pacific Mail should appeal to the Supreme Court.

The three members* of the Shipping Board who voted against the sale came to Court to fight it.

The fight caused tremors to the extremity of the ships' course. From Manila, the Philippines, came a cablegram addressed to the War Department, signed by Governor General Leonard Wood, in which he protested against the sale. "Monopoly," he, too, cried.

The fight also disturbed the peace of the national executive mansion, but for a different reason. The President wrote a letter to T. V. O'Connor, Chairman of the Shipping Board, who had voted for the Dollar sale. The letter asked officially for the names of members of the Shipping Board who had opposed the sale and for their reasons. It seemed that the President disliked the idea of Government servants going into court in support of a private concern against a Government decision. He was about to apply the axe, said some.

SUPREME COURT

Three Oracles, Nine Priests

"What is the law?" is the recurrent question asked by a republican nation. With deliberate speed—though the summer holidays approach—with majestic instancy, nine remote men make answer in thousands of decisions, mostly technical and dull.

Ever and anon a case dustily tagged *U. S. v. Jones & Co.* is odorous of destiny. The Justices, sniffing the issue, settle deeper into their chairs, drop lower their traditionally half-closed eyelids, put more innocently their oc-

*Vice Chairman Plummer and Commissioner Thompson submitted affidavits; Rear Admiral Benson set forth his objections to the sale by word of mouth.

National Affairs—[Continued]

casual question to distinguished counsel standing below the rail.

After each case has been publicly presented, each of the Justices masters the printed record and arguments; the Justices consult the oracles in the stillness of their various studies, or under the foliage of Rock Creek Park. The Oracles:

The Past. They ponder the Constitution of 1789, the immemorial principles of English Common Law, Roman Law, social ethics dating from Moses, previous decisions of the court. This is the oracle of Precedent.

The Present. They examine a recent law or statute, guess what the law-makers meant or would have meant if they had thought of the question in dispute. This is the oracle of Interpretation.

The Future. They consider "public policy." And this oracle is so variable that a law which was held unconstitutional in 1850 may be eminently constitutional in 1950.

The court then meets in private and discusses the case; each Justice, beginning with the senior, gives his opinion in turn. If agreement is reached, the Chief Justice appoints one of the Justices to write the decision of the court; if agreement is not reached, one or more Justices may express their dissent in a dissenting opinion or in several such.

The judgment of the court and the opinion in which that judgment is expressed are not synonymous. The judgment is always the judgment of the majority and the sole legal decision. The discussion, showing the method of thought pursued in reaching that conclusion, is the opinion.

The past year has been fairly replete with big cases:

Those decided:

1) Industrial Relations Court of Kansas was shorn of its power (TIME, Apr. 20).

2) The N. Y. State statute prohibiting the night employment of women in restaurants in large cities was upheld.

3) A clause in the Clayton Act requiring a trial by jury for contempt proceedings was upheld.

4) A state can tax shares in a National Bank.

5) The Michigan Motor Vehicles Act, making motor vehicles for hire subject to regulations for Common Carriers, was held to be an unreasonable burden on Interstate Commerce.

Those to be decided:

1) Has the President the power to dismiss Federal office-holders without consent of the Senate (TIME, Apr. 20 for arguments)?

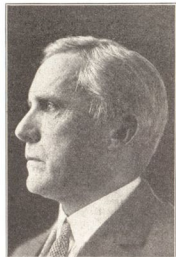
2) Is the Oregon Law against private (parochial) schools constitutional (TIME, Mar. 30 for argument)?

3) Can income taxes put on public

men be published in public prints (see below)?

4) What, in detail, is the Income Tax Law (see below)?

William H. Taft is better known to his contemporaries than any Chief Justice in U. S. history. Due to the in-



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REED OF MISSOURI

He would not be so kind

creasing intricacy of the connection between fundamental law and business, the decisions made by him and his fellows affect the lives of his contemporaries more immediately than the decisions of any of their predecessors. When they seek summer rest—Mr. Taft at Murray Bay—they will have finished a record year of "big" decisions.

Tax Publicity

Fifteen minutes remained before the U. S. Supreme Court closed for the day. Solicitor General Beck, a bit snappish, a trifle over-worked, was ready with another case. On behalf of the U. S., he appealed against the decision of the Federal District Court of Western Missouri which upheld the right of the *Kansas City Journal-Post* to publish lists of income-tax payments.

Senator Reed, anti-League Democrat, was present to argue for the newspaper. Would he be so kind, asked Mr. Taft, as to join his case with the case of *The Baltimore Post*, exactly similar? All present in the crowded court room glanced at Newton D. Baker, matchless pro-League orator, counsel for the Baltimore newspaper. Senator Reed politely declined the offer. Old antagonism flashed and van-

ished as the law ground on.

Justice Stone withdrew from the bench because he had handled the case as Attorney General.

Senator Reed asked for an extension of time. Experience in the Senate, he said, had not qualified him in compressing his remarks, and the case was great. Mr. Taft gave him 30 minutes extra.

Mr. Baker said that, if his case might immediately follow Senator Reed's, he could do with half the allotted time. Part of the court smiled.

Mr. Beck arose. His points: 1) The section of the 1924 revenue law which opens tax returns to public inspection does not conflict with Section 3167 of the Revised Statutes which forbids the publication of the returns. For a newspaperman to discover a fact is one thing, to print and publish it quite another; 2) Congress intended that the Commissioner of Internal Revenue should have control over the tax lists, and he had not authorized their publication in newspapers.

The Court went home.

Next day found seven Justices in their chairs ready for Senator Reed. "Freedom of the press," was the Senator's text. Any man can see the income tax list, can gossip to his neighbor about it, can broadcast it by radio—by what logic can a newspaper be restrained from publishing it? The Senator also reviewed the history of publicity legislation to prove that Congress had moved progressively—in 1913, 1915, 1916, 1918 and finally in 1924—towards complete tax publicity.

The Court seemed to agree with the Senator. The Chief Justice and Justices Sanford, Van Devanter, McReynolds, Holmes began to ply Mr. Beck with embarrassing questions.

"I do not care two straws," said Mr. Beck. He does not care how the case is decided, provided the Court remove the question, once and for all, from the controversy.

Argument ceased, pending consultation of the three oracles.

What Tax?

Questions of infinite variety, born in the complexity of the Income Tax Law, are posed almost daily to the Supreme Court. No matter how detailed they may be, the Court addresses itself to them.

Four questions on which answers are hourly expected:

1) The Republic of Cuba granted a subsidy to the Cuba R. R., a U. S. corporation. Is such subsidy taxable income? (The District Court decision had cost the Railroad \$20,239.)

2) E. Palmer Gavit received income from a trust fund whose principle he can never touch. Is it taxable income?

National Affairs—[Continued]

(The District Court previously gave a decision saving him \$30,104.70.)

3) Henry C. Frick, ironmaster, left \$434,629.52 in insurance policies taken out years before income taxes were in vogue. The U. S. levied a tax of \$108,657.38 on this insurance. Had it the right to do so? (A district court has said: "No.")

4) The Phelps-Dodge Corporation made distributions to its stockholders in 1917. Are they taxable at the 1917 rate, or the lower rate of 1916, or at no rate? (The estate of James Douglas, a recipient, regards them as non-taxable distribution of capital. A District Court has held them taxable at the 1916 rate.)

¶ Three questions answered last week:

1) If a man inherits an estate, can he deduct his Federal inheritance tax in computing what he owes to the state inheritance-tax collector? "No," said the court in handing down the decision (*Stebbins v. the Controller of the State of California*). The Stebbins estate pays \$37,699 more to California than it would have if the court had said: "Yes." This decision was taken to be in line with President Coolidge's opinion that inheritance taxes are the special preserve of the state. Forty-eight tax collectors rejoiced.

2) If a business firm rents property under circumstances which make necessary the expenditure of money on upkeep, can such expenditures be deducted from Federal income tax return as operating expenses? "No," said the Court. Such expenditure is really additional rent, claimed the Central R. R. of New Jersey—in vain.

3) If a man bought a share of stock for \$100 today and sold it tomorrow for \$90 he could, under the present income-tax law, deduct \$10 from his current tax return as capital loss. The present law sets Mar. 1, 1913, as the date for computing values of property previously acquired. Question! A man bought a share for \$90 in 1912. It is worth \$100 in 1913. He sells it in 1919 for \$95. Can he deduct \$5 as capital loss? "No," said the Supreme Court, although Justices McReynolds and Sutherland dissented from the unalterable "No." The taxpayer (in this case, Harriet Flannery) had not suffered an actual loss, said the Court.

OIL

At Stake

On Jan. 10, 1923, following his election to the U. S. Senate but before he was sworn in, Burton K. Wheeler accepted \$2,000 from one Gordon Campbell, Montana oil man. On Feb. 16, 1923, he accepted \$2,000 from Mr. Campbell. Were these fees for services rendered in advancing the Campbell oil

interests with the U. S. Department of the Interior? Or were they fees for services rendered in litigation in Montana?

That this question may be answered, Senator Wheeler was, last week, brought to trial in the Federal Court, Great Falls, Mont., before Judge Frank Dietrich.*

No penalty will descend upon Senator Wheeler for having served his client in Montana. But if he appeared before the Department of the Interior on behalf of his client, he can be fined \$10,000, or imprisoned for two years, or both.

The Government case was conspicuous for the absence of two witnesses and the presence of one. Neither George Lockwood, former Secretary of the Republican National Committee, nor Blair Coan, sleuth, was present. A year ago Mr. Lockwood sent Mr. Coan to Montana to "get something on Senator Wheeler." The U. S. District Attorney in the present case simply said: "There is no reason to call them."

The District Attorney then produced the Government's "mystery-witness," a Manhattan lawyer who testified that in March, 1923, Senator Wheeler asked him to appear in his (Wheeler's) place before the Department of the Interior.

When the Government had concluded its case, Senator Walsh, counsel for his indicted colleague, said all charges would be disproved.

Miners, ranchers, shop-workers throughout the Northwest followed the case with tense solicitude. A conviction would carry with it not only the penalties of the law, but the blasting of a brilliant career of a radical, fighting politician.

PROHIBITION

Picture-takers

U. S. N. dirigible *Los Angeles* swam through minor altitudes above the mid-Atlantic Coast, returned to its Lakehurst, N. J., berth. Chattering reporters casually gleaned from chattering air-sailors that the day had been spent in taking aerial photographs of 24 rum ships. Captain George W. Steele, commanding, admitted that orders to scout and photograph had been received weeks ago from Secretary of the Navy Wilbur. Mr. Wilbur, at Washington, protested he knew no more than the news-gatherers.

The Navy Department has cooperated with revenue cutters in scouting and capturing dope-schooners on the Pa-

*He was made a Judge in 1907 at the suggestion of Senator Borah. For this reason, Mr. Borah was not expected to appear in defense of Mr. Wheeler.

cific, but it has not generally taken official cognizance of liquor-transports.

Beer Palace

Ontario recently went wet to the extent of 4.4% alcohol.

Twenty miles from the Ohio shore, in Lake Erie, is Pelée Island, Ontario. It is having a real-estate boom. One J. A. Baxter and the Manhattan financial firm of Mills Moyer & Co. announced plans for "the greatest pleasure resort within easy reach of the U. S." Work on the Pelée Island hotel of 350 rooms is to be started at once. Golf links, tennis courts, bathing beaches, 4.4% beer and wine will be there. Still another diversion was proposed. Said Mr. Baxter: "This Monte Carlo stuff is the bunk. Gambling is against the laws of Ontario. There will be a dancing casino, but not a roulette establishment."

WOMEN

Speeches

The National League of Women Voters met at Richmond, Va. President Belle Sherwin recorded the general chagrin that the 1924 Presidential vote was only 50.92% of the total voters—a less than 2% gain over 1920. The League had aimed to get out a 75% vote—or approximately 15,000,000 more voters than actually did their duty.

President Sherwin then met squarely the general criticism of women's organizations, which resolves itself into three charges:

- 1) Communist programs.
- 2) Hasty endorsement of legislation.
- 3) Interest in Federal to the exclusion of local legislation.

The first charge is due, she said, to sloppy definitions of communism by the critics; the second and third, to critics' ignorance of the facts.

Other speeches had other themes—World Court, Preparedness, Child Labor, Man. Officers were elected. Mrs. Borden Harriman and others were applauded. Sixty-five college girls from 36 colleges paraded. To the California league went a silver loving cup for winning the increase-the-vote contest.

Switzerland, Siám

To qualify for the U. S. diplomatic service, to achieve a "Third Secretaryship" of an embassy or legation, are not feats which demand more than mortal powers.

But Berne, Switzerland, a quiet town a few hours from magnificent scenery, overnight from livelier capitals, is a choice appointment. Last week, Miss Lucille Atcherson of Columbus, Ohio, was assigned to Berne

National Affairs—[Continued]

to serve under Minister Hugh Gibson* and Second Secretary Alan Winslow.*

As another "first woman," Miss Atcherson became an object of interest. It was learned that her father was a reputable local office-holder; that she was graduated from Smith College, was Secretary to the President of the University of Chicago; and, since passing her diplomatic examinations, served in the Latin-American division of the State Department. She is 31. (She was not, as erroneously reported, a hail-fellow student of Ohio State University, nor Secretary to President Thompson of that Institution.) She did post-Armistice work in France, was decorated.

Republican Committeewoman Lucy Patterson of Winston-Salem, N. C., signified her desire to be made Minister to Siam to succeed the Harding appointee (Minister Brodie of Oregon) whose resignation has not yet been accepted. Mrs. Patterson, wealthy, ran for Congress in 1922. A Confederate veteran, Major Stedman, defeated her.

D. A. R.

Five thousand Daughters of the American Revolution met in Washington to hear speeches, elect officers, be entertained.

President Coolidge addressed them: "There is only one way in modern civilization . . . to avoid the constant interposition of Government into practically all the affairs of the people and that is for the people to adopt a correct course of action. . . . If they do not want government through public action, they must provide it through private action."

President-General Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook addressed them: "It is only an absurdly small minority who live and disport themselves where the lights are whitest. . . . There need be no fear about social conditions in our republic these days."

Credit

Everybody works but Mother is a satirical song-hit yet to be written. But a panoramic catalog of material for the lyric has now been supplied by the prominent women of Chicago under the leadership of two McCormicks and Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen.

At the White House, Mrs. Coolidge pressed a button. On Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, flags unfurled, doors opened upon the Women's World Fair (TIME, Jan. 26).

Attention was first called to the radio voice of Calvin Coolidge, then to the visible evidence of women's work. It

was proved that women engage in painting, architecture, poetry, law, medicine, banking, manufacturing, commerce, that they compete with men in at least 70 trades. Evidence was also presented of a woman deep-sea diver, a woman plumber, a woman steer-thrower, a



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MRS. ROCKEFELLER MCCORMICK
No cult, no faction but her own

woman ceramist, a woman weight-reducer, a woman pajama-maker, a woman oil-producer, a woman chain cigar-store proprietress. It was proved by her bodily presence that the Governor of Wyoming (TIME, Jan. 19) is a woman, that other women are famous.

Executive head of the fair was Mrs. Medill McCormick, wife of the late Senator from Illinois. She exhibited a prize cow of her own raising, milked it.

Mrs. Bowen was President and presided.

Credit for origination of the fair was variously assigned. Overtopping all others was the name of a curiously engrossing personality—Edith Rockefeller McCormick, sister of John D. Rockefeller Jr., onetime (1895-1921) wife of Harold F. McCormick. Sapiient in the acroama of psychoanalysis, lavish in support of opera, eccentric in her choice of good works which include a zoo, Mrs. Rockefeller McCormick adheres to no party, cult or faction but her own. She has, of late, taken up women. And whether or not she originated women's first all-woman fair, it is certain that she was its preeminent prophetic. She wrote: "The Women's World's Fair marks the passing of the drooping, useless hot-house lily of Queen Victoria's reign and glorifies that nonetheless beautiful flower, the red rose of modern woman, eager, joyous, purposeful."

POLITICAL NOTES

Judge Lindsey Wins

In Denver, it is announced that a recount of the votes cast in the recent election for Judge of the Juvenile Court gives Judge Ben B. Lindsey a majority of 35. The recount was made necessary by ouster proceedings brought against Judge Lindsey by Royal R. Graham, his defeated opponent (TIME, Apr. 13). Judge Lindsey had first been declared elected by 117 votes.

Rumor Killed

In an after-dinner speech, Tsuneo Matsudaira, Japanese Ambassador, put one fact definitely on record: Japan has no secret treaty with Russia. He added: "Secret diplomacy, gentlemen, is a thing of the past."

Visitors

The Stars and Stripes flew, solitary, on one of the four flag poles which protrude over the Hotel Plaza's Fifth Avenue entrance, Manhattan.

Emile Daeschner, French Ambassador, came from Washington to Manhattan, put up at the Hotel Plaza. Up went the tri-color on a second flag-pole.

Axel Wallenberg came from his native Sweden to be Minister to the U. S. Up went the yellow cross on its light blue field.

Came from Washington General Machado, President-elect of Cuba. Up went the blue and white stripes, the single star.

A fifth flag-pole was hastily constructed. Giacomo di Martino, Italian Ambassador, drove up, found King Emanuel's colors mingled with the rest. "What is it?" asked he, "the home of the Allies?"

Three of the guests came to make speeches. M. Daeschner went to a Wall Street luncheon, spoke, was told by General John J. Pershing that France would not default. He later addressed an *Alliance Française* luncheon at his hotel. Said he: "In a few years, America will know whether she was right or wrong to loan money to France."

The Italian discussed trade at lunch. The Cuban was most fêted. At Washington, he had lunched informally with President and Mrs. Coolidge and some 30 guests including Dr. Nicholas M. Butler, Mrs. Butler, Miss Butler. He had dined with Secretary of State and Mrs. Kellogg. He had placed a wreath on Washington's tomb. To him the Cuban Ambassador had given a ball which nearly eclipsed the polo ball earlier in the week.

The New York Mayor gave him the freedom of the city. He was to stay two weeks.

* Assigned to duty at the forthcoming Geneva Arms Conference.

FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

Cat or Kitten?

The turmoil of French politics subsided as quickly as it began. The events of last week, incomprehensible though they seem, were, viewed in the glowing after-light, the outcome of logic and political wisdom, no matter how salutary in effect they may be.

Ex-Premier Aristide Briand failed to form a Cabinet. He wanted the support and representation of the entire *cartel des gauches* (Left bloc), but the Unified Socialists refused to accept such conditions.

President Gaston Doumergue did not, contrary to expectation, invite M. Briand to take another shot at Ministry-making; instead, he called for the second time upon ex-Premier Paul Painlevé who, during the crisis, had been botanizing in the Bois de Boulogne, who subsequently succeeded in forming a Cabinet:

Paul Painlevé.....Premier, War
Jules Steeg.....Vice Premier, Justice
Aristide Briand.....Foreign Affairs
Joseph Caillaux.....Finance
A. Schrameck.....Interior
Emile Borel.....Marine
Charles Clauzet.....Commerce
André Hesse.....Colonies
Antoine Duralour.....Education
Anatole de Montle.....Agriculture
Pierre Laval.....Public Works
Jean Duran.....Agriculture
Louis Antonin.....Pensions

UNDER SECRETARIES:

Jammy Schmitt.....Liberated Regions
Jean Ossola.....War
Charles Danielou.....Merchant Marine
Laurent Fyrmac.....Air
Yvon Delbos.....Fine Arts

The new Cabinet was conspicuous for the inclusion of MM. Briand and Caillaux. The former is moderate and has seven times been Premier of France. His foreign policy is not likely to differ from that pursued by ex-Premier Edouard Herriot who was his own Foreign Minister, except that he is likely to be firmer on all points.

The return of Joseph Caillaux for many years predicted, was almost the sole topic of conversation in the capital. It was, above all, considered extraordinary that he and Briand should be in the same Cabinet, for it was the latter who, in 1916, authorized the Italian Government to arrest Caillaux for giving vent to his Germanophile credo, thereby endangering France's alliances, or so it was said.

It is only a few months since Caillaux, a hawk-nosed, bald-pated man with an aristocratic bearing and a pair of dark, shrewd, inquisitive eyes, was liberated from the banishment to which he was sentenced in 1920 by the Senatorial High Court (TIME, Dec. 1). He immediately went to Paris and began forthwith to pull political strings. He

*Previously members of M. Herriot's Cabinet.

reminded the enthusiastic Radicals and Socialists who greeted him as a prodigal son that he was and always has been a moderate Republican. It was a shrewd bid for power, for Caillaux knew that he could never appear before the Senate with any hope of victory unless he gathered the Moderate Right to his standard. He made friends by declaring himself against a capital levy; he stimulated confidence by shutting up like an oyster on the religious question; and for these two reasons he has massed a sufficient number of Senators who are prepared to give him a trial.

Apart from the fact that a considerable feeling is still evinced by a large section of the French public against M. Caillaux and that any Government of which he is a member is certain to be short-lived, all Paris and doubtless most of France were on pins and needles to know what this great financier, the man who introduced the income tax in France, proposed to do about the 70,000,000,000 francs of debt that the Treasury must meet this year. Curiosity was dampened by M. Caillaux himself:

"Neither exceptional measures nor extraordinary solutions must be expected. I will content myself for the present by taking immediately necessary steps and realizing possible accomplishments, which must not be considered definite solutions."

The new Government's program was awaited with much interest, but not a Minister was disposed to let the cat prematurely out of the bag. Indeed, from all the signs and portents, the cat is likely to be a kitten.

Notes

President Doumergue received a delegation from Wellesley College at the Elysée. To it he was reported to have said: "I am now learning English just as your Ambassador, Mr. Herrick, is learning French."* He went on to thank Wellesley for its War aid to France and mentioned the fact that General Pershing's wife was a Wellesley girl.

The bank note issue of the Bank of France reached 43,004,762,000 francs, being within 1,995,238,000 francs of the new legal limit of 45,000,000,000 francs.

The Quai d'Orsay announced that it intended shortly to ratify the Nine

*Mr. Herrick has been U. S. Ambassador to France for seven years. Did M. Doumergue speak as reported, it was a gratuitous insult, or a proof that he is not yet able to say what he means in English.

Power (Chinese customs) Treaty signed at Washington in 1921.

The Paris Law School, ordered closed in consequence of the students' riot (TIME, Apr. 6, 13, 20), was ordered reopened. The suspended Dean, Dr. Louis Barthélemy, was expected to be reinstated.

COMMONWEALTH

(British Commonwealth of Nations)

Labor Conference

At venerable Gloucester, assembled a conference of the Independent Labor Party, which is the mother of the Parliamentary Labor Party headed by ex-Premier Ramsay MacDonald.

With the leaders fully convinced that, in 1929, the Labor Party will again score a heavy election victory, debate on whether the Party should or should not accept office with a minority in the House of Commons (as was the case with the last Government) assumed a seriousness out of proportion to the imminence of the subject. Ex-Premier MacDonald reserved his judgment. The extremist, John Wheatley, was of the opinion that the Government should not accept office except with an absolute majority of the House.

On the final day of the short session, an indecisive debate was held on whether, when any industry or other concern is nationalized, the owners should be recompensed or suffer expropriation. Animated discussion left the matter in the air.

Two resolutions were then moved; one calling upon the Government to accept the offer of C. R. Das, a leader of the Indian Swaraj (home rule) movement, to cooperate with the Indian Government; the other, a motion expressing the belief that the Sudan question (TIME, Oct. 6) should be settled by the League of Nations and that Britain should give Egypt full independence.

No. 10

No. 10 Downing Street, official home of Britain's Prime Ministers for nearly 200 years, is falling down. In fact, the discovery was recently made and last week advertised that the house and No. 11, official home of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was crumbling from dry rot. The Office of Public Works stated that one of the walls had subsided, that there was no imminent danger of collapse. Crowds flocked to see the historic building. It was mooted that it would have to be rebuilt.

In the 18th Century, the little cul-de-sac of Downing Street and its row of houses, built by a Harvard man,

Foreign News—[Continued]

George Downing, fell into the hands of the Crown. In 1732, George II offered No. 10 to Sir Robert Walpole, usually regarded as the first modern Prime Minister.* Sir Robert accepted the offer of the Premiership in perpetuity and took up his residence there in 1735, seven years before he resigned and became the Earl of Orford.

Since 1735, many great men have resided at No. 10—the Pitts, North, Canning, Goderich, Wellington, Melbourne with his erring wife, Peel, Russell, Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, Salisbury—in all, 39 Prime Ministers, including Mr. Baldwin.

Of the 39, 6 were Scotch, 3 Irish, 1 Welsh (Mr. Lloyd George), 1 Canadian (Mr. Bonar Law), 28 English. Twenty-five were peers or the sons of peers, 8 were country gentlemen or members of well-connected families, 5 came from the so-called middle-class: Addington, son of a doctor; Disraeli, grandson of a merchant; Gladstone, son of a ship-owner; Asquith, son of a manufacturer; George, son of an itinerant teacher. The remaining one, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, was born in the humblest circumstances, his relatives being fishers and farm hands.

Satire

Max Beerbohm, surnamed by the immovable literary megalith, G. B. Shaw, "the incomparable," last week again popped out of his bottle.

He depicted the Prince of Wales in Manhattan, evidently in that holy of holies *le grand monde*. The Prince is surrounded by a mob of females of the heavily bejeweled ladder-climbing variety. One says:

"Prince, you were right through that great war, you know what a life and death struggle is and all I ask is that you'll win me mine for the social leadership."

Another:

"Don't you heed that plebeian Prince. You've read your C. Darwin and know what's meant by the survival of the fittest. I'm the fittest. Snatch a kiss right here in the eyes of all and that'll settle the survival."

This is crude satire on U. S. society which, whatever it is, is what it is and at that not vastly different from other societies. What, it may be asked, is the use of the *corps diplomatique* straining its brains and buttons to preserve the international amenities when at one fell blow they are violated without

pomp or ceremony by a pictorial incitement to popular mutiny. It remains a shining platitude that all the efforts of suave diplomatists to weld Anglo-Saxonism into a case-hardened ideal are as a potato to a sitting hen in the face of the deft strokes of irre-



© Keystone

MAX BEERBOHM

All else was potato

sponsible, irrepressible caricaturists and others. Charles Dickens, to use the words of Carlyle, caused "all Yankee-doodle-dom" to blaze up "like one universal soda bottle," when he ventured to criticize some aspects of 100% American democracy. Such are the repercussions of a single act.

Max no doubt meant nothing to which exception could be taken—he is always a good casuist in defending himself. His latest caricature may cause an explosion or two, but statesmen's hair will hardly turn prematurely grey over night, nor will an epidemic of Anglophobia convulse the U. S. More chuckles than anything can be expected to ruffle the Atlantic. Nonetheless, the danger is latent. Anglo-American friendship rests on the good feelings of each people and that disposition is not shown by the diplomats but by the artists and authors.

Royal Ambassador

The Guest. Wales, on his princely progress in Nigeria (TIME, Apr. 20), left Lagos on the seaboard and sped into the heart of the country.

For 44 hours, the royal train puffed and grunted its way through native hamlets, through bushland and sterile desert. At all peopled spots, natives, in riotous colors either knelt beside the

railway and murmured *bamka da zurea* (a blessing on your coming) or, with shining, oily faces, voiced raucous enthusiasm.

For 23 miles, the Prince himself drove the train. Later, he received 20c in Nigerian money for his services, signed a mileage allowance form as a receipt.

At Kano, 705 miles from Lagos, the Prince was received by an assemblage of native chiefs in solemn pomp. Many gifts of the purest gold were made and after a stay of two days, during which he played tennis and polo, the Prince returned to the sea and the *Repulse*, which, amid the cheering hullabaloo from the shore, turned her bows toward the south and churned her way to Cape Town, the *point de départ* for an extended tour of the Union of South Africa.

Hosts. In South Africa, the scene was set for the reception of the Prince. At the head of the receiving line of a nation of 7,000,000 blacks, yellows, semi-whites, whites, stood three veterans of government—Athlone, Smuts, Hertzog.

Governor General the Earl of Athlone, royal uncle of the Prince, represents His Majesty the King, aloof from local wrangles, immaculate symbol of British sway. He presides at the capital city of Pretoria* and is expected at Cape Town for the Prince's arrival.

General Jan Christian Smuts, of Dutch descent, acquired fame in the Boer War, and a share of immortality as joint-father of the League of Nations. He, an "Imperialist," in the sense of keeping South Africa in the British Empire, is already at Cape Town where he is leader of the Opposition in the Dominion Legislature.

For the present, however, more in the foreground than either of these gentlemen is James Barry Munnik Hertzog who, in June of last year, succeeded General Smuts as Prime Minister of the Dominion. Hertzog fought without distinction as a Boer General against the British in the South African War (1899-1902), but in negotiating the Peace of Vereeniging, he rose to equal prominence with Generals Botha and Smuts, his brother officers. For a decade, he worked with these two.

Botha and Smuts dropped General Hertzog in 1912. He became once more a Republican, stood passively aside in 1914 when a rebellion against the Government's decision to participate in the Great War profoundly disturbed the country. After the War, in 1918,

*There is no single capital of South Africa, owing to the fact that, at the time of the Union, British and Dutch jealousy made it imperative to establish two capitals, one at Pretoria, one at Cape Town. In this respect, South Africa is unique.

*The Prime Ministers are still dependent for salary upon holding some other position, usually that of First Lord of the Treasury, and it is as such, and not as Prime Minister, that they are entitled to a seat in the Cabinet. In 1905, however, King Edward VII granted the Premiership constitutional recognition by granting the holders precedence next to the Archbishop of York.

Foreign News—[Continued]

he came boldly to the front, advocated secession from the Commonwealth in his famous two-stream policy.*

But it is a far cry from 1918 to the present day and the South African lion has been tamed by the greatest of all tamers—Government responsibility. In June of last year, he succeeded Premier Smuts (TIME, June 30) and with the help of the Labor Party mustered a majority in the House of Assembly. To get Labor's help, he was obliged to renounce any immediate effort towards secession; becoming Premier, he has buried this bugaboo, in many speeches has pronounced its funeral oration. It is therefore certain that he extends a welcome to the Prince of Wales not only in his own name but in the name of the Union.

The Visit. The Prince's coming unquestionably has an object of the very highest importance to the country and to any Government, whatever its complexion, that is in power. This object is less a formal visit to the last unvisited Dominion, less a question of London policy, still less an attempt to reconcile Boer and Briton, than a national rally to combat the greatest peril of the white man in South Africa.

Conditions of the soil in the Union make the crop yield low. Possibly less grain is grown to the acre than in any country in the world. This makes cheap labor essential to the farmers and cheap labor is invariably black or yellow. The same can be said of the great Rand and other mining industries where white working men are employed almost exclusively as overseers.

The concomitant of these conditions is revealed in the census reports of 1904 and 1921:

	WHITE	COLOR
1904	1,116,806	4,959,018
1921	1,519,488	5,409,092
INCREASE	402,682	1,350,074

This prodigious increase in the native population is the real problem of the country. White men are driven to the cities and even out of the country by cheap colored labor, and the blacks, no longer engaged in inter-tribal warfare, are now increasing six times as fast as the whites.

That the whites contribute to this condition is evident from the story of a Boer farmer (the Boers consider themselves the aristocrats of the country) and his several sons who ruefully gazed at their crops being choked by

weeds. No black labor was obtainable, but it never occurred to the farmer and his sons to do the weeding themselves.

In a nutshell, the problem: 1) A demand for colored labor is far in excess of the supply; 2) the colored, particu-



©Wide World

JAN CHRISTIAN SMUTS
He is a colonial imperialist

larly the indigenous Negro, is growing more and more resentful of the high wages paid to the whites and to the protection of the skilled trades; 3) the class of poor whites who cannot find employment is growing larger.

Premier Hertzog went into office with his segregation policy—a term which was well understood. The policy is generally called General Hertzog's, but differs little from that of the late Premier Botha and ex-Premier Smuts. In essence, it divides the country into large tracts, some for the whites, some for the Negroes. Each in his own territorial sphere is to be allowed independently to work out his own salvation; but the matter of employing whites or Negroes in either of the several tracts is to be self-determined. When segregation becomes a *fait accompli*, the native (the Cape Town native already has the franchise) is to be enfranchised.

The visit of the Prince of Wales is therefore to signal, not so much the invisible, inaudible welding of Dutch and British ascendancy, as an attempt to strengthen the morale of the whites—to secure the whites against the "rising tide of color." Premier Hertzog, faced by this difficulty, doubtless feels a genuine welcome towards the symbol of empire, as he prepares to meet his Prince.

GERMANY

Presidential Campaign

Nominations were closed for this year's second Presidential election. Candidates:

Ex-Chancellor Wilhelm Marx.....*Republican*
Generalfeldmarschall Paul von Hindenburg,
Pro-Monarchist
Stedure Herr Ernst Thaelmann.....*Communist*

Considerable propaganda was circulated in Germany and abroad, mostly against the candidacy of Von Hindenburg, and it seemed evident that domestic and international pressure was being brought to bear to prevent the election of the 78-year-old soldier.

The main speech of Herr Marx was at Berlin and was characterized by a total lack of personal criticism aimed at Von Hindenburg. The chief point in his speech was the nailing of the Austrian Union plank to the Republican platform. The union of Germany and Austria has for 100 years been the dream of German Imperialists and, with Austria allegedly no longer able to subsist in its present shadow of its former self, the dream has come within an ace of reality. The main obstacle is Czecho-Slovakia, although there is considerable, but not insuperable, opinion against the move in Austria. However, Herr Marx's plank was received with wild joy and termed a courageous dictum.

Field Marshal von Hindenburg's most important speech was made at Hanover. For 90 minutes, he stood with evident fatigue, while thousands of roaring Monarchists marched by, some goose-stepping it. His speech, which lasted for 15 minutes, was moderate and uninteresting. He refrained from attacking anybody but deprecated the distortion propaganda that had been circulated about him. He called for German unity, voiced a determination that through peaceful means Germany would be steered to her place in the sun, scored "the blatant falsehoods about military reaction having inspired my candidacy."

ITALY

"Words of High Praise"

Called upon Premier Benito Mussolini Thomas W. Lamont, partner of J. P. Morgan.

Called upon Premier Benito Mussolini U. S. Senator David A. Reed.

Called upon Premier Benito Mussolini Frank W. Stearns, Boston merchant, friend of U. S. President Calvin Coolidge.

At a dinner given by the Italo-American Society in Rome, the above three visitors were present. Premier

*In a speech at Grahamstown, General Hertzog once said, "The national life in South Africa flows forth in two streams, each stream having its own language, manners, great men, heroic deeds and noble characters; that this is so is due to history and nobody is to be blamed and each has his right to the appreciation of the other. When we have developed such a national spirit that we consider these matters as common to both sections, both English and Dutch will say: 'Your language, heroic deeds and great men are ours because we are both "Afrikanders."'

Foreign News—[Continued]

Mussolini had to cancel the engagement owing to pressing affairs of state. Among others present: Senator Tomaso Tittoui, President of the Senate; Admiral Thaon de Reval, Minister of Marine; Signor Rocco, Minister of Justice; Senator Schanzer, ex-Foreign Minister; Senator Contarini, Secretary General of the Foreign Ministry; Signor de Stefani, Minister of Finance; Commendatore Pace, Director General of the Treasury and one of Italy's leading bankers; U. S. Ambassador Henry P. Fletcher.

After a few words of welcome by Baron Sardi, Vice President of the Society, Mr. Lamont rose to speak. He paid the necessary compliments to those present, to the Premier, the Government, Ambassadors de Martino and Fletcher and ex-Ambassador Prince Caetan; then turned his attention to Italian finances, called Signor de Stefani's balanced budget "a wonderful feat." "I note, too," he said, "Italy's material advance in industry. I see no signs of public unrest or clamor. On the contrary, tranquillity everywhere prevails."

In toning down his words of high praise, Mr. Lamont reminded his rapt audience that he did not mean that all Italy's difficulties had been overcome:

"One of the handicaps to which I allude is the falling off of immigrant remittances to Italy from her sons working on foreign soil. In the past, these remittances constituted a distinct factor in your invisible international balance. May I suggest that you try to offset the loss from this item by increasing legitimate income from American tourists, who should be encouraged on a broader and more practicable scale than ever before to come to Italy and prolong their visits here."

"You may not want us here as much as we want to be here, but nevertheless our visits in increasing measure may prove an economic factor of some value for Italy."

Finance Minister de Stefani, in replying, thanked Mr. Lamont for his flattering remarks about his financial policy, which he admired anew. He was also glad that such prominent American figures as Messrs. Lamont, Reed and Sterns had come to Italy to find out the true state of things for themselves.

Mr. Lamont went to Italy "for nothing more than a vacation," but bankers' "vacations" have come to possess a special and technical significance—something akin to the sudden "illness" of diplomats. Bankers leave Manhattan loaded with golf-clubs, but closely followed by earnest-faced secretaries even more heavily loaded with brief cases and portfolios.

Italy, however, has for long not been



© International

THOMAS W. LAMONT

He noted, saw, suggested

keen on the U. S. money market; so, of course, there could be no *arrêpense* behind Mr. Lamont's rhapsodies on the Italian landscape. Moreover, financial rehabilitation and gold currency are terms that have not yet been coined in Rome. Clearly, Mr. Lamont was on a vacation. Yet the impression in Wall Street was to the effect that Mr. Lamont was not in Italy simply to admire local sunsets and that he may return to Manhattan with something beside good golf scores to show for his "vacation."

RUSSIA

Stalin's Word

The cardinal principle of Communism is the abolition of private titles to property in favor of the community as a whole. If that goes, communism is no more than a name.

M. Stalin, chief of the Communist Party, and a member, with Kamenyev and Zinoviev, of the so-called Bolshevik Triumvirate, last week addressed peasants' representatives, promised to grant land leases to the peasants for at least 20 years, perhaps 40 years, perhaps in perpetuity, which means unconditional return to private ownership.

The peasant representatives, who had threatened not to sow crops or to improve the land unless long leases were made and guaranteed, were flabbergasted, as well they might be. They asked if this new policy did not run counter to the Bolshevik Constitution and received in reply from Stalin: "We

wrote the Constitution. We can change it also."

Stalin also promised the peasants equal representation with the town proletariat. At present, the peasants elect one representative to the local Soviet for every 40,000 inhabitants, while the cities elect one for every 25,000. Moreover, the peasants are eligible only for local office and are debarred from holding any of the higher positions. All this is to be changed and peasants, according to the authoritative word of Stalin, will in the future be eligible to hold the highest executive positions.

"Tsarist Heaven"

Possibly nothing is more Gilbertian than the absurd quarrels among the Russian émigrés over the succession to the non-existent Romanov throne.

There are two factions: One is headed by Grand Duke Kyrill, cousin of the late Tsar, who styles himself "Tsar of All the Russias"; the other, by Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaievitch, first cousin once removed of the Tsar and former Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Imperial Army, who opposes Kyrill's pretensions on the ground that they violate the wishes of the Dowager Empress Marie Féodorovna and the Romanov family council.

Last week, a formal feud was opened when the "Tsar" announced, according to buzzing émigré circles in the present capital of Tsarist Russia, Paris, that all those émigrés who refused to recognize him as Tsar will be refused admittance by a terrestrial St. Peter when the gates of the Tsarist kingdom are opened.

BELGIUM

Cabinet Crisis

Following the recent Belgian general election (TIME, Apr. 20), King Albert, who accepted the resignations of the Thémis Cabinet on Apr. 5, called the noted Socialist, M. Émile Van der Velde, to the Royal Palace and requested him to form a Cabinet, which he attempted to do.

The position of the parties in the Chamber of Deputies leaves the Socialists, even counting the six Flemish Nationalists, in a minority of 17. But M. Van der Velde was not without hope. Were not the Catholics themselves divided? Yes, indeed. So the Socialist leader, onetime Minister of Justice, set about securing the support of the Flemish and Liberal Catholics.

Several days of negotiations ended with unfavorable results and M. Van der Velde was forced to give up his Cabinet architecture. At best, his support would have been tenuous and his Government would consequently have

Foreign News—[Continued]

been always at the mercy of dissident Catholics.

The Cabinet crisis continued, Premier Theunis retaining power *ad interim*; but the King was hourly expected to call upon a prominent Catholic to form a Socialist-Catholic coalition which, if possible, would command the huge majority of 127 in the Chamber and 107 in the Senate.

PORTUGAL

Revolution

Explosions of bombs, poppings of rifles, whistlings of bullets, clashing of knives and swords filled the streets of Lisbon one morning last week. Many people were killed, President Teixeira Gomez sought refuge in one of the city barracks. Loyal troops, after a considerable struggle, finally put down the revolt. Violent disturbances in the Provinces were also reported.

After a day of this sort of thing, the revolutionary movement, engineered by the pro-Monarchist parties, collapsed. Quiet was restored, arrests were made. Fifteen dead and two hundred wounded were reported. The President returned to the Presidential Palace.

RUMANIA

Stranded?

Peter Augustus Jay, U. S. Minister to Rumania, soon to become Ambassador to the Argentine Republic (TIME, Mar. 30), was instructed by the State Department to make one last wait for money owed to the U. S. and to U. S. corporations.

Rumania owes money to half the countries of Europe. Her debts are notorious. Last year (TIME, Apr. 7, 14, 1924, RUMANIA), Benito Mussolini cancelled a proposed visit of King Ferdinand and Queen Marie to Italy's Royal family. He sent destroyers to Rumania's only port, collected some money.

Undaunted, their Majesties Ferdinand and Marie visited France, England, overstay their welcome, failed to raise a loan (TIME, May 26, Aug. 25, RUMANIA).

Meanwhile at their capital, Bucharest, the Bratiano* brothers further excited the rage of foreigners by passing a bill which amounted to confiscation of U. S. and other property.

Minister Jay presented to the Bratiano brothers, last week, a "sharp note." It pointed out that, while the Rumanian Government had begun negotiations for payment of her debts to other countries, it had ignored the claims of the U. S. It was intimated that

Mr. Jay would remain in Bucharest until he received a fair answer.

The Bratiano brothers received the note, made no comment.

BULGARIA

Balkanitis

1) His Majesty Tsar Boris III of Bulgaria and M. Ilcheff, Director of the Sofia Museum, comfortably seated in an automobile, were being whirled along the white road that lies between Orchanie, a country town, and Sofia, the capital. As the car passed along a narrow strip of road between two high banks, a volley of shots rang out. M. Ilcheff and a servant were killed, the chauffeur was wounded, one side of the King's moustache was clipped. Instantly, the King took control of the car but, failing to turn it on account of the broken steering gear, jumped out and returned the fire of the assassins.

2) In Sofia, General Kosla Gheorgieff, Deputy and one of the leaders of the revolt which overthrew Premier Stambulski, was assassinated.

3) Two days later, a crowd of people assembled outside and the gaudy Sveti Kral Cathedral whose interior is decorated with numerous and immense rainbow-colored portraits painted on the walls and pillars. All had come to pay their last respects to the remains of General Gheorgieff. In a long, solemn queue, the funeral procession, headed by the Cabinet, trailed slowly, mournfully through the grimy Sofia streets and at length drew near to the Cathedral. There was a blinding flash, a terrific roar and the entire south wall and a large section of the roof of the Cathedral crumbled and crashed to the ground; many surrounding buildings were ruined, windows for yards around splintered. The crowd stood still for one ghastly second, then fled pell-mell. Amid cries of the wounded and dying the military threw a cordon around the stricken area, filled with poisonous fumes from the exploded pyroxylin bomb. Surgeons, soldiers and members of the Cabinet—except Minister of the Interior Rousseff and Minister of Justice Bolshersky (dead), Premier Tsankoff and War Minister Vukoff (slightly injured)—rendered first aid to the victims. When the final accounting of the grim tragedy was made, more than 150 persons, including 20 women and 10 children, 12 generals, the Mayor of Sofia and his entire family were found dead; hundreds were injured.

4) The day following, the Chief of the Penitentiary Department was shot dead in front of a café.

5) The bomb outrage at the Cathedral was taken to be a signal for a general uprising of the Bulgarian Bolsheviks against the Government. A strict cen-

sorship was established by the Government, but reports leaked out—of hand-to-hand fights in Sofia, of assassinations, plunderings and terrorism in the Provinces, of ugly skirmishes on the Greek and Serbian borders. More than 1,000 persons were arrested in Sofia. House to house searches were made. Martial law was proclaimed. Some 400 Bolsheviks were summarily executed. A quantity of Red revolutionary evidence was found. Central Europe was alarmed.

These were the five hideous events in last week's Bulgarian news.

Te Deum was sung in the Alexander Nevsky Cathedral for King Boris' escape. Thirty thousand cheering people marched through the palace grounds and, later, a military parade marched past the King. The general belief was that the King was a chance victim of the ambushade which was intended for the Orchanie-Sofia auto-bus, occupants of which were known to be carrying large sums of money.

The assassination of General Gheorgieff and the Chief of the Penitentiary Department were respectively the 38th and 39th political murder which have been perpetrated since Todor Alexandroff, Macedonian leader, was assassinated last August. Alexandroff, who repudiated Moscow influence, was allegedly murdered by Communists; and, ever since, an internecine war has been waged between non-Communists and Communists.

For many months, the Sofia Government has been deluging the Allied authorities with proofs of Bolshevik machinations in Bulgaria and has often and urgently made representations that the Bulgarian Army of the 20,000 volunteers permitted by the Treaty of Neuilly be supplanted by a conscript army of 50,000 to combat the growing Bolshevik menace. The Council of Ambassadors at Paris, guardian angels of the peace treaties, permitted (the week before the present outrages) an increase of 3,000 volunteers, a number which the Government thought totally insufficient, especially as it has repeatedly professed that it can place little reliance in volunteers.

The difficulties in the way of increasing the Bulgarian Army are, of course, enormous, owing to the opposition of Greece, Yugo-Slavia and Rumania.

From London came a report that the Bulgarian government had captured dispatches from Moscow to local communists, establishing beyond doubt that the Third Internationale had planned the revolt—that the documents had been exhibited to the representatives of the powers as proof of a need for more Bulgarian troops.

*Jon Bratiano, hearded, sly, adipsos, is Prime Minister. His brother, Vintila, is Minister of Finance.

THE THEATRE

New Plays

O Nightingale. They say that there are no new stories in the world. Yet there are certainly new tracks on which to run old wheels and these the author, Sophie Treadwell, has found. Her play runs consequently into the rare district where good entertainment lives.

A little girl came to the city for a stage career. A French roué tried his best and worst to help her to it. She selected instead a youthful and engaging sculptor. Novelty came in the wistful naivety of the ingenious heroine. You believed, as did the sculptor, her story.

Martha-Bryan Allen, small Southern lady who jumped from the Theatre Guild to a Ziegfeld revue, is the girl in question. Her solemn, facile charm perfected the part and indicated that the U. S. stage has discovered one more young woman who yet may wear the mantle of Mrs. Fiske.

Tell Me More. George Gershwin is rapidly overtaking even the tireless Irving Berlin as a contriver of jazz melodies. Ever since he wrote his *Rhapsody in Blue* and collected great commendation from serious critics, his every movement is listened to with interest. In this latest, there are two new ones, *Tell Me More* and *My Fair Lady*, which will exercise the springs of many a phonograph. There is also a plot about a girl who pretended she was a shop clerk to see whether her hero's love were real. Emma Haig, Andrew Tombes and Lou Holtz are, next to Mr. Gershwin, the chief contributors.

Caesar and Cleopatra. The most heavily padded entrance of the season has been made. When the uproar of applause was past, the impression began to soak in that the tumult over the first play in the new Guild Theatre was a trifle premature.

It should not be inferred that time has dimmed Shaw's sparkle or that the Guild's production and performance are not competent. Yet the production was a disappointment, falling below the Guild's unchallenged standard.

Failing to obtain George Arliss or Godfrey Tearle for Caesar, the Guild chose Lionel Atwill. His magnificent presence enhanced the rôle's cloutieries; his heavy humor and his cloudy diction deadened them. Helen Hayes, though very lovely and expert, was occasionally caught in her inexhaustible supply of cuteness. Helen Westley, veteran of many a Guild production, seemed to lack entirely the sinister se-

verity of Ftatateeta. The best performance was contributed by Henry Travers as Britannus. The production was magnificent and the new theatre certainly the finest, the most comfort-



MISS HAYES
Was Cleopatra cute?

able and the most beautiful in Manhattan.

These last merited superlatives are a lenient to the above protest, in the interests of truth, against eulogies of the Theatre Guild that have become a fixed habit. *Caesar and Cleopatra* is a brilliant entertainment; but, had it been produced by Lee Shubert, it would not have been equally enlivened.

Heywood Brown—"The man who wrote *Saint Joan* can now condescend a little to the author of *Caesar and Cleopatra*... much slipshodery in the first night performance."

The Four Flushers. George M. Cohan had a formula whereby his hero succeeded in the last act and the play thereby succeeded automatically. This play, by Caesar Dunn, has not George M. Cohan, nor quite the same plot; but it has borrowed his hero. He begins as a shoe clerk; he hears of a huge inheritance and starts to open charge accounts; in the end, readjusting. The play is frank farce of the hokum variety, relying on its hero's energy. It is so terribly breezy that one feels a trifle chilly.

Taps. One should probably get excited when Lionel Barrymore comes back in the first German play of the frankly militaristic régime. Three years ago, the piece would doubtless

have been hissed from the stage. Six years ago, all concerned would have been sent straight to Leavenworth. It is an ancient lot of theatrical twaddle about whether a German corporal can protect the girl he loves against a German lieutenant. The latter thinks not; and there follows a court martial, the only interesting passage in the play. Mr. Barrymore plays the girl's father, a sergeant, and gives one of his good performances, comparable in no way with his great performances, such as in *The Copperhead*.

Mercenary Mary. Just one more musical comedy arrièr under an alliterative title. It borrowed an old farce plot about a convenient divorce in order to obtain a million dollar inheritance. In fact, it borrowed most of its ingredients and reassembled them in only vaguely entertaining style. Madeleine, of the twins Fairbanks, is not an unwelcome sight and there is a good song under the severely original title, *Honey, I Love You*.

Princess Ida. One of the less important Gilbert and Sullivan operettas was placed on display and proved a magnificent venture in melody. Mr. Gilbert's story of the three young men in the University for 100 girls drags occasionally, yet is caught deftly up and swung most pleasantly along by the tunes of Mr. Sullivan. Headed by Tessa Kosta, both cast and chorus were selected to glorify the music. The result: an agreeable evening.

The Sapphire Ring, adapted from the Hungarian of Laszlo Lakatos by Isabel Leighton, is a ponderous colloquy about events one afternoon in a certain bachelor's apartment. Helen Gahagan, as the wife who ventured there so inadvertently, fails steadily to grasp the glitter and twist of feminine defense and inconsistency.

Mismates. This play by Myron Fogan started out to be a domestic wrangle in middle-class life and suddenly became melodrama. Turbulence over collar buttons and lawn-mowers, over a murder and a diamond robbery was none of it very entertaining. The husband was unfaithful; the wife was saved by the inevitable honest lover.

Thrills, by William F. Dugan, tells of a wife who went to a bachelor's apartment in search of excitement. When she found it, she was afraid. Later, she was found out. If the bad writing had been conscious, the piece would have been brilliant burlesque.

BOOKS

High Times*

Mr. Minnigerode Lights a Candle in Some Cupboards

Here are gathered four portraits from the days before P. T. Barnum had interpreted the genius of America.

Merchant Jumel. They slapped their thighs in the Merchants' Exchange; they discussed it in a nervous whisper in the Tontine Coffee House. Merchant Stephen Jumel, the richest man in Manhattan in 1800, had installed one Eliza Bowen in his mansion on Whitehall Street, bought her a fine carriage in which she paraded, the huzzys, to the discomfitment of other matrons who, though formally wedded, had no carriages. She was a bad one, this Eliza. At 19, she had given birth to a brat, insolently christened George Washington Bowen, who for many years started all beholders by the striking resemblance of his features to those of the Father of His Country. In Jumel's house, Mistress Bowen waited for 15 years for New York to recognize her. She twiddled the indiscreet rum-importer out of his money and lands, even lamboozled him into marriage. But nobody ever called on her.

Hero Eaton. "Millions for defense, not one cent for tribute," shouted the U. S. envoy in Paris; meanwhile, the U. S. made large yearly "presents" to a bedizened rascalpion with a glittering eye, that Admiral of the Barbary Corsairs, the Bey of Tunis. To Tunis went William Eaton, blond Midshipman from Connecticut. Said he to the Bey's brother: "I will put you on the throne." The U. S. Navy Department connived. Eaton mustered an army of sheiks and camels, began a staggering crusade along the coast to Derne. He ran out of provisions, plodded on. His army deserted, he bribed it back. After incredible hardship, he reached Derne. The Bey's cavalry fled, disordered; the city fell; then—the U. S. withdrew its support. Eaton, "The Hero of Derne," his fame on every tongue but his hour over, returned to the U. S. At first, millions listened to his story. It became gradually harder to find friendly souls; Hero Eaton found most of them tipplers. In a big sombrero and Turkish sash, he drank himself to death in the taverns of Richmond, Va.

Mistress Burr. There was only one person Aaron Burr ever cared for. She was his daughter, Theodosia. When she was 9, he had her study Greek and Philosophy; at 14 she entertained, in his absence, 14 gentlemen of renown at a dinner for Thyenlanageo, Chief of the Six Nations. She curled her lip

when, in 1804, the riff-raff of Manhattan sang:

*Burr, Burr, what has thou done?
Thou has shooted dead great Hamilton.
You hid behind a bunch of thistle
And shot him dead with a great hoss pistol.*

She was with him through a certain scene in Richmond, later—a great mob of sweating, smoking, spitting men; a jury of eminent Virginians; untidy, courageous John Marshall in the Chair; and Burr, the little Colonel—powdered hair, black coat, pallid visage—on trial for his life. Soon after the trial, she took ship for the North with her trunks, her maid, her little black dog. She was never heard of again, though smugglers still tell a story of how a plundered privateer was found, shivering in the huddle of the seas, with nothing alive on board except a little black dog.

Citizen Genêt. "Louis Capet," said *The National Gazette*, "has lost his Capet." In theatres, audiences rose to sing *Ça Ira* and the *Marseillaise*. Gentlemen everywhere drank toasts to France. How they welcomed Citizen Genêt, Ambassador of the Republic! There was even a rumor that he was bringing the lost Dauphin with him in a trunk. He made the unpardonable error, however, of mistaking the voice of the people for the voice of the Government. The President soon set him right when Genêt announced to him that his administration was being criticized. "Washington simply told me," wrote he, "that he did not read the papers and did not care. . . ." Genêt's popularity made him a suspect; he was accused of inciting the people against the Government, forced to resign. At home, the guillotine waited; in the U. S., a comfortable exile. He died at Greenwich, N. Y., in 1834.

Significance. Trouble on the seas and the world in flux; General Washington, in his yellow coach blazoned with cupids, lumbering, for the last time, from the Capitol; a Corsican swelling in Europe like a wen—such a period inevitably lent a lustre to extravagance and was a nursery of fantastic spirits. It is with this period that Author Minnigerode is primarily concerned. His essays are like the intricate oil-paintings of the time: a little figure in the foreground, and behind, in chiaroscuro, ships, crowds, cannon, marching men. In the interests of his characters, he has prided with a candle into many dusty cupboards. He is witty without being glib, and schooled in that subtlest accomplishment of scholarship—the ability to conceal his labor.

The Author. Meade Minnigerode, born in London, educated at Yale, is the author of numerous short stories which have appeared in popular periodicals. Like an ubiquitous wraith, he haunts

lounge, library, dining-room of the Yale Club in Manhattan. The secret of writing biographical history, he declares is a knowledge of the card-index system of any substantial public library. His other books are: *Laughing House, The Big Year, Oh Susanna, Some Personal Letters of Herman Melville and a Bibliography, The Queen of Sheba, The Seven Hills, The Fabulous Forties.*

Elephantine Cricket

WILBUR THE HAT.—Hendrik Van Loon—*Boni, Liveright* (\$3.50). Wilbur, a hat blown into Kingdom Come, found himself drifting down one of the principal waterways of that monarchy accompanied by a certain cricket. Wilbur saw a pile of debris ("The ancient Gods," said Cricket, "who had meant so much for so long that people could not let them be sold for junk"), the greatest of the world's builders, a whittling man (Stradivari), a place that smelled of onions (the Acropolis), a resigned figure absolutely alone on an island the size of a dollar (Jesus Christ). Irritated with his guide's trick of attempting to make a banality significant by understatement and not over-amused by the fantasies of this rather elephantine Cricket, Wilbur ended his extraordinary expedition, it is presumed, without regret.

Melancholy Marabou

WHAT OF IT?—Ring Lardner—Scribner (\$2.00). Shakespeare has often been called, doubtless with complimentary intention, "the myriad-minded." If to be myriad-minded means to have an intellect which is supremely like the intellect of the myriads, Ring Lardner is the Shakespeare of the U. S. In person, great-nosed, lean—a melancholy marabou of a man—he understands as no one else alive the U. S. buddy hall-player, salesman, cop, yegg, bootlegger and peckah. His wit crackles like static, loud enough to disguise, but never to obscure, the grave or bitter tune that runs behind it. In his new book, he writes a series of satiric squibs about religion, Europe, chorus girls, Finnish dramatists, athletes. They are not in his best manner.

The Browns—Not Sisters

They Have the Home-Made Flavor of New England Itself

Miss Alice Brown has just written a short novel,* announced as a story about a New England spinster who suddenly becomes interested in murder. She thinks most detectives stupid, she loudly affirms that if she were a murderer she could cover her tracks far more successfully than those who wend

*LIVES AND TIMES—Meade Minnigerode—Putnam (\$3.50).

*THE MYSTERIES OF ABB—Alice Brown—Macmillan (\$2.00).

their devious ways through the pages of detective stories. Presently she finds herself accused of murder. What a nice idea it is, to be sure!

Miss Alice Brown, writer of realistic New England stories, of *Children of Earth* (the \$10,000 Winthrop Ames prize play), of several other long and short plays of beauty and dramatic value, is a kindly lady, born in New Hampshire, living on Pinckney Street, Boston, whose sense of humor is constantly present. Gray-haired, with great dignity, with a constant smile, this woman who gives place to few others in the field of the American short story arrived at a "literary party" recently with a catnip mouse for the cat of the household, "Napoleon."

"You know," she said, "I really never have made the most of my opportunities. When Mr. Ames' award was made, a famous manufacturer offered me a huge sum of money to go about the country giving talks on his personality. Think of that!"

She is thoroughly of Boston now, and of the best of Boston. The little group of authors now living there do not need to scramble for recognition; their work demands attention because of its thoughtful quality, its honesty.

Here, too, is Abbie Farwell Brown, loved of children and of many others. Though she is not a relative of Miss Alice's, they are great friends, and constantly taken for sisters. Both are deeply rooted in New England.

"A man came to buy my house the other day," Miss Abbie recounted. "He was one of these modern business men. He said that he would not leave until I had sold him the house; that nothing should stand in his way. Finally, I decided that there was only one way to get rid of him and that was to convince him that I was insane. 'All right,' I said, 'you may buy the house on one condition.' He assured me that conditions were nothing compared with his determination to own my house. 'Well,' I told him, 'there are two wells in my yard. I'm very fond of those wells. You may have the house, but you must arrange it so that I can take the wells with me.' . . . He left."

These two pleasant ladies, writers of distinction and popularity, are in the real spirit of New England. It was Miss Abbie Brown who spoke for the writers of Boston at the recent dinner given there in honor of Miss Amy Lowell, about to sail for England to deliver lectures at various universities and elsewhere. It was a New Englander's speech that Miss Brown gave, and when Miss Lowell rose to reply, her reply was in terms of New England: two poems, one of a New England garden; one, the famous and beautiful *Lilacs*. Here are three women who adequately interpret the best of America, the sternest and the kindest moods of the maligned Puritan tradition.

J. F.

MUSIC

Schumann-Heink

When, in 1898, the waters of Havana Harbor were settling uncertainly over what was left of the battleship *Maine* and thousands of young bankers, brokers, litterateurs and demagogues aban-



© Paul Thompson

SCHUMANN-HEINK
"Isn't it wonderful?"

doned their occupations to become chambermaids to mules, Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, soprano, made her debut with the Metropolitan Opera Company, Manhattan. Her bosom did not tremble nor her knees quiver as she thrilled the assemblage with the resonance, flexibility and persuasion of her voice, for she was, even then, no neophyte. She had done her *Azucena* in *Trovatore* 20 years earlier in Dresden, her *Erda* in *London*, *Bayreuth* and *Berlin*. Manhattan welcomed her. After a number of successful seasons, she retired, with becoming dignity and announced that her future performances would be limited to concert engagements. Last week, after a concert in Kansas City, she divulged to pressmen that she, now 64, would sing again at the Metropolitan. Director Gatti-Casazza, she prettily confessed, had heard a recent recital of hers in Manhattan, forthwith offered her a contract for the season of 1925-26. Said she:

"I am as happy as a child. . . . Think of it! Singing almost 50 years before the public and still able to do my *Erda*, my *Magdalena* and maybe my *Fricka* next winter. You know I am 64 years old and I learned a long time ago not to do more than I am able. And I am able to sing those rôles again. Isn't it wonderful?"

CINEMA

The New Pictures

Tides of Passion. When a young man is so constructed that women simply cannot resist his "Do you love me?" and when such a youth is a traveling man, there are bound to be complications. This young man, traveling the world over, left a trail of bleached and broken hearts behind him. Finally, he is washed up on a rocky island and the real struggle begins. One of the two women has a child by him and the other one hasn't. Finally he dies and the women drown their loneliness in mutual lamentations. One of the more unfortunate productions.

Recompense. Robert Keable's novel has thus been canned in strips. It makes inferior fare. Monte Blue, the actor whose face is so soft you expect it to melt any moment, is the chaplain who tore off his white collar and went to war. Later—to Africa in the wool business—injured—back to London. On convenient pretext, the girl is introduced at every episode. One can afford to be distant both to her and to her story.

Free and Equal. Ten years ago, they produced in California a Negro story. It argued that Negroes were inferior to whites and should not join in Anglo-Saxon competition. It married a white girl to a Negro to prove its point. The producers found their feet suddenly frozen and the picture was put by. It is out again and might just as well go back. It is unpleasant, insincere, ten years old and looks it.

My Son. Nazimova has turned from her task of playing fluffy-headed harlots to the impersonation of an old Portuguese. But she isn't such a very old woman. Two handsome men fall fearfully in love with her. But she is chiefly occupied with her wandering boy who involves himself with a flapper and steals a diamond necklace.

Madame Sans Gêne. Gloria Swanson, husband and all, is back from Paris with this latest, most expensive picture. It is a classic of the French stage and is played before backgrounds of Fontainebleau and Compiègne loaned specially by the Republic. These backgrounds and the costumes are extraordinary. The story cannot match them nor can the performance of the actress. The usually dependable Miss Swanson overplays the little laundress who rose to be a Duchess. She could not remember not to say "ain't" and got herself in trouble with the Princesses, Napoleon's sisters. A great many francs and a lot of actors from the *Comédie Française* went into the manufacture of all this. On its appearance it was, liberally judged, unworthy of the trouble.

ART

Sargent

At 8 o'clock one morning during the past week, a young housemaid went up the stairs of a big London house to awaken her master, John Singer Sargent. She found him dead on his pillow with a volume spread open, face down, on the reading table beside him. Physicians who arrived to pronounce the inevitable, grisly abracadabra, said that he had died in his sleep of an apoplectic seizure. So, at the age of 69, ended the life of an eminent and talented gentleman who has been recognized for the last 30 years as the greatest portrait painter of his period.

John Singer Sargent died once before, in 1899. He was killed in the office of a British newspaper syndicate and had the pleasure, next day, of reading florid obituaries of himself in the English and Continental press. He read how he, the son of a New England physician, had been born in Florence, Italy, studied art in France, painted a portrait of his teacher, Carolus Duran, which was exhibited in the Salon of 1877 and made him famous at 21. He read of the many commissions that were showered upon him from the month of that first success to the moment of his lamentable assassination by the syndicate's reporter. He ran his eye through wads of anecdote apotheosizing his commendable arrogance, his cosmopolitanism, his indifference to money; he scanned columns of doting verbiage in which critics acclaimed him as "The Modern Velasquez," "The Modern Van Dyck," mourned him as a mortal but set him among the gods, his head on Abraham's bosom, his feet in Titian's lap. He smiled.

The epitaphy published in the press of the U. S. last week would have taken him longer to read. Merely a list of his sitters is a comprehensive British and U. S. Hall of Fame of the last half century. Statesmen like Woodrow Wilson, John Hay; men of affairs like Lord Ribblesdale, Theodore Roosevelt; actors, actresses like Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Ada Rehan, Ellen Terry; authors, educators, beauties, generals, industrialists. Though he announced in 1903 that he would paint no more portraits, he occasionally broke his rule, twice to make it possible for future generations to scrutinize the incomparable countenance of John D. Rockefeller.

In his later years, he worked much in charcoal, in watercolor. His murals have manifested his passion for pure beauty in line, form and color. His industry never dwindled; it remained to the last as great as that of an artist who would never achieve anything. This fact was pungently observed by a

woman who came upon Sargent doing a watercolor by a Hampshire wayside, stood, for several minutes, watching him. "Why do people imagine they can paint? There's a man whose hair is turning gray . . ."

It was said, last week, that Sargent was the only contemporary painter who could make an important honor appear silly by receiving it; that there is a picture of his in every museum in the world that has been able to secure one; that the British National Gallery, hitherto reserved for those artists whose respectability has been fortified by death, gave a room to his paintings of the Wertheimer family.

Yet, should he once more regard as unconvincing the gossip of his demise and insult the authority of the press by surviving to criticize his obituaries, it is highly probable that he would smile. His modesty was great; he did not believe that he belonged among the great masters.

He knew that few dead painters and no living ones surpassed him as a technician. He knew that his method was his own, that he had once been jibed in Tory fastnesses as "Mr. Sargent, the arch corrupter of portrait painters in this matter of blatant objectivity." He knew that he could analyze a lump of humanity with the dexterity of a psychologist and present the result of his inquiries with the suavity of a novelist. He knew that he was a very able man who had made himself great. Critics acclaim him far above his own modest opinion.

That posterity can fail to estimate favorably his facility, his intellect, is improbable. But whether the discerning critics of the future will confirm the majestic prestige which is his present investiture will depend upon their opinion of the respective values of critical and creative art. Sargent was not a creative painter; life did not impress him as an impassioned and significant gesture; but as a collision of surfaces whose iridescences it pleased him to reproduce. Those appraisers who try to bracket him with Frans Hals, the robust Dutchman, would do well to remember the book that the little housemaid saw spread open, face down, beside the bed from which she could not rouse him. It was a volume of Voltaire.

Borglum's Successor

"They don't know the difference between a sculptor and a tombstone-cutter," said Sculptor Borglum of the commitment of the Stone Mountain Memorial Association. Impressed by the jibe, the committee held a session, last week, to find a successor to Borglum. They considered, one by one, the names of 100 famed sculptors, warily blackballed all whose reputations disclosed the least hint of tombstone-

cutting, chose, at length, a Virginian sculptor, Augustus Lukeman.

Mr. Lukeman accepted the invitation to complete the figures on Stone Mountain, announced that he would discard all Borglum's designs, make new ones which would include a "Hall of Fame" at the base of the monument. Said he: "I consider that this is the greatest opportunity which has come to a sculptor for centuries." Said Borglum: "Delighted."

Sculptor Lukeman, 54, is famed for his insistence on "100% Americanism." He is, like Borglum, robust. His works include:

Statues of William McKinley for Adams, Mass., and Dayton.

Memorial to the Returning Soldiers, Brooklyn.

Equestrian statue of Kit Carson for Trinidad, Col.

Equestrian statue of General Grege, Commander of the Union cavalry at Gettysburg, for Reading, Pa.

Statue of Franklin Pierce, 14th U. S. President, in front of the State Capitol, Concord, N. H.

Memorial to women of the Confederacy, Raleigh, N. C.

EDUCATION

"Woman-ridden Age"

Recently, the Board of Education at London settled the teachers' salary question by adopting Lord Barnham's proposal that women receive 83% of men's wages. Last week, the National Association of Schoolmasters met at Nottingham, condemned women teachers out of hand, said they were responsible for increase in juvenile crime, demanded that every boy over 7 be taught by men, declared that women were unable to understand or control boys.

The National Union of Teachers, which also met last week and in which women have the most powerful voice, announced that the segregation of boys and girls in schools was "silly and unhealthy and ought to be relegated to the madhouse; a product of war and pugnacious prancings by the National Association of Schoolmasters."

At Penn

The University of Pennsylvania (Philadelphia), anticipating its 200th birthday in 1940, announced, last week, that it would open a campaign next month for a fund of \$45,650,000. Of this amount, \$27,700,000 would be set aside for endowing the various schools and departments; \$17,950,000 would go into land, buildings, equipment. The present endowment of Pennsylvania is only \$10,208,000. Largest endowments (as of the end of 1924):

Harvard	\$64,413,891
Columbia	\$56,407,421
Yale	\$39,697,259
Chicago	\$31,992,620
Leland Stanford	\$27,279,571

RELIGION

Dean of the Depths

The Very Reverend William Ralph Inge,* Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, accompanied by Mrs. Inge, arrived at the Port of New York, a second-class passenger on the Cunarder *Mauritania*.

"Tall—rigid—lean—gray of face—heavy-lidded eyes of an almost Asian deadness—stonelike—impassive—like a figure from the pages of Dostoevsky—like a poor Russian nobleman," so the newspapermen found him, the greatest living Platonist, the world's most provoked mystic. The news-men plied him with their trade-marked questions. He was polite.

"Are you the ecclesiastical crêpe-hanger of England?" "I neither affirm nor deny."

"Do you like colloquial translations of the Bible?" "I can't say I like the specimens I have seen."

"Do you believe in the Virgin Birth?" "I should not say that the belief is a vital part of faith. . . . It is a historical question which must be judged on historical evidence."

"What about sex drama?" "Being hard of hearing,† I do not go to them."

"Do you go to the movies?" He said he took his children, but Mrs. Inge interposed: "You never went but once." Said he: "My wife says only once."

"Are the flappers of today any worse than their grandmothers?" "I don't know their grandmothers."

The Dean proceeded to New Haven, began the Lyman Beecher Lectures to the Yale Divinity School. Dr. Harry E. Fosdick was last year's Barry lecturer.

Characteristic utterances: "Democracy means a victory of sentiment over reason." "Democracy is likely to perish." "The Church has lived by its monopolies and conquered by its intolerance." "There is only one thing against Catholicism—it is an impossibility; and there is only one thing in its favor—it works."

But it was only a year ago, after the

*"If his temper would unbite,
And his most sacred rights infringe,
Or, excommunicated, sing
Where heads forever writhe and cringe
Implying that a drop of wine
Is all they may on their tongues bring
Address him then as Doctor Inge;
But if you prize the proper thing
Be sure you call him Doctor Inge.
(Unless, your ignorance to acquiesce
You temporize with Mister Dean)
But be advised by me, and cling
To the example of the King
And fearlessly pronounce him Inge.
Then rush to hear him face his King
In Paul's, and places where they sing—
From the works of George Bernard Shaw
I said Charles F. G. Masterman of him:
"Music is not only a torture, but a torture,
and he once confessed to me that the long
choral services of St. Paul's were a physical
misery to him, sometimes becoming almost
unendurable."*

death of a little daughter, that people began to understand the mystic whose "life is hid with Christ in God." Sorrow drove him to write out the



© *Wide World*

"MISTER DEAN"

Cling to the example of the King

heart of his religion in a book of devotion: "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts. Hope thou in God!"

Sealed Lips

Bishop Brown (TIME, Feb. 25, 1924, Jan. 26) once of the diocese of Arkansas, wrote to the Episcopal Bishop of New York:

It is true that I have been adjudged guilty of heresy and it is quite possible that you concur in the judgment and intend, at the coming meeting of the House of Bishops, to vote for my expulsion from the Christian ministry. But such considerations, it seems to me, are quite irrelevant. Religion, we are both agreed, is deeper than intellectual belief, and the known divergence in our points of view, in case you were to invite me to speak in the cathedral, would emphasize the truth.

Bishop Manning replied:

Acting therefore under the law of this Church and by the authority vested in me as Bishop of this diocese, I hereby inhibit you from officiating or speaking in St. Mark's Parish or any other parish or mission in this diocese.

Bishop Manning wrote to the rector of St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie, Dr. William N. Guthrie:

Your action therefore in inviting Bishop Brown to officiate in your parish is in open contempt and defiance of the authority and law of the Church of which you are a minister. . . . and I hereby admonish you that if you proceed in defiance of the inhibition of the Bishop of the Diocese such action upon your part will be in direct violation of the constitution and canons of the Church, and will be regarded as conduct unbecoming a clergyman under the terms of Canon 28 of the General Convention.

Next day, both Bishop Brown and

Dr. Guthrie gave out that the Bishop of New York notwithstanding, Bishop Brown would speak at St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie.

Crowds filled the pink-steeped church. The ritual of the service topped on. Finally, at the ritual's end, curtains were drawn across the sanctuary. The church, according to Rector Guthrie, was no longer a church but an auditorium.

The old heretical Bishop sat on the dais, folded his black-gloved hands. A fascinated crowd waited the defiant climax when he should rise to utter swift-footed words. He walked to the front of the dais. Cheers resounded. He stretched forth his hand in benediction. He put his black-gloved finger to his lips, signifying they were sealed. He beamed with childish delight, returned to his seat.

Rector Guthrie proceeded to announce that Bishop Brown's speech would be given a few days later in another edifice. The crowd, disgruntled, disintegrated.

Charged with bad faith, Rector Guthrie broke forth upon reporters: "Do you think I'm a damned fool? I don't propose to be tried on another man's quarrel."

Later, the bad bishop said his secret idea had been to address the audience in the park outside the church. He had forgotten that there was no park near that church, that a police permit was necessary.

...

Back to Babylon

Rev. William A. Sunday, Presbyterian evangelist, returned to Manhattan, lair of Liberals, for the first time since the War year when he came to clean up the "modern Babylon." Said he:

Of Liberals: "These modernists are sort of theological bootleggers. They seemingly have no more respect for God and the Bible . . . than the bootleggers have for law. Christianity stands or falls on the virgin birth of Jesus Christ and on the resurrection. . . . The people believe in it. . . . It was the New York preachers who started all this row."

Of the South: "I say there is ten times more respect for God and the Bible and the Christian religion in the South than in any other part of the United States. . . . They have not felt the infiltration of this great horde with their Continental ideas of God and the Sabbath."

Of Cathedral-building: "Bishop Manning is one of the finest fellows going. He is true blue, four-square on God and the Bible. . . . God owns this world. Why worship Him in a lot of little chicken-coop buildings on street corners?"

Beebe

Having broken through the heavy static at the equator after a fortnight of reported failure (TIME, Apr. 20), Explorer William Beebe, last week, employed his radio to tell the U. S. his oceanographic adventures in the South Pacific Ocean. Cruising south from Panama to study the chilly Humboldt Current off the coast of Ecuador (TIME, Apr. 13), thence west to the Galapagos Islands (on the Equator, longitude 92° west), those on board the *Arcturion* had beheld:

■ A gigantic tide rip, scores of miles long, where the El Niño (southbound) (TIME, Apr. 13) met the Humboldt Current (northbound).

■ Great numbers of whales and porpoises wallowing in the foaming brine of this rip.

■ Eggs of the halibut, the only sea-going insect in the world, a long-legged ocean pedestrian similar to the fresh-water skipper or water spiders. These eggs, hitherto undiscovered, were found on the floating feathers of gannets (species of pelican).

■ Square miles of water, colored purple by hosts of jellyfish; hundreds of paper nautilus, attached to one another in long strings; transparent flounders with blue fins; deep-sea mackerel flashing blue and yellow lights.

■ One night—while they were experimenting with a diving helmet outside of Darwin Bay, Tower Island—a weird glare on the horizon. Steaming in that direction at once, the *Arcturion* came to Albermarle Island, largest in the Galapagos group, where two volcanic peaks were flaming with “fiery cascades of lava . . . an unforgettable magnificent spectacle.” The photographers on the *Arcturion* acted. Beebe and a companion, John Tee Van, attempted to approach one of the craters on foot, were driven back by poisonous gases. Forthwith Beebe dubbed the craters Mounts Williams and Whiton, after patrons of the expedition.

At sea, conditions for oceanographic work were “almost miraculous”; deep sea fish had been forced to the surface by the enormous disturbance.

Men, Women, Children

In Manhattan, the Institute of Social and Religious Research published results of “the first tabulation of U. S. census data for villages [250 to 2,500 inhabitants] ever made.” Averages: To each 100 village wives between 15 and 45 years, 157 children, compared to 128 children for city-dwelling wives. In “distinctly farming areas,” 195 children to 100 wives.

In villages, 95 men to every 100 women, compared to 109 farm-men to every 100 farm-women.

In villages of the Far West, where men outnumbered women 105 to 100,

only 22.6% of the women were unmarried. In the Middle Atlantic region, this percentage was 26; in the Middle West, 28.1; in the South, 28.4.

Net-Shell

In Paris, one Albert Jauron announced that he had perfected an anti-aircraft projectile which, upon exploding in mid-air, would fling out a net to enmesh or envelop an airplane as a lepidopterist snares a butterfly. The Japanese Government having recently announced the adoption of just such a shell, Inventor Jauron declared he would sue.

The Diggers

Some of the major discoveries of diggers—archaeologists, paleontologists—recently made or described, include the following:

In Kentucky, diggers from the University of Kentucky unearthed 21 Indian skeletons, sitting up in their graves amid shell and bone implements and ornaments unlike any ever before found. The graves, discovered two feet deep in cultivated fields, were in an area of Mason County, near May's Lick, where mastodon bones were once found.

In Manhattan, excavators for an apartment building turned up bones and “milk teeth” of a baby mastodon, the first of his race to be found on that island.

In Tunis, regiments of workmen obeyed, more and less satisfactorily, the behests of many and various heads of a large Franco-American mobilization whose collective effort is being expended to uncover Carthage—home of Dido, Hannibal, Hamilcar—and contemporary towns of the Punic civilization, buried Ufca, submerged Jerba—the lotus-eaters' island of the ancients.

A flood of reports has been issuing from this complex expedition, a main point being that the Tunisian Government, unlike the Egyptian, has received its guests well, cooperated with them in circumventing Carthaginian realtors whose plans for booming city lots in Carthage threatened to interfere with the scientists' investigations. Finds included babies' bottles, sunken gold, the dust of a dancing girl surrounded with funeral pomp, a hairpin and button factory, urns, tablets, a child's savings bank, a broken flute, a bronze razor, rouge, baubles, etc. The forum of Carthage, said to be the spot where Queen Dido founded the city, is a prime target of the shovellers.

In Babylonian, at Ur of the Chaldees, the joint British Museum-University of Pennsylvania expedition continued to exhumate the architectural works of Nebuchadnezzar, his ancestors and his grandson. The major find was a limestone slab, 5 by 15 ft., decorated with a portrait and biographic scenes of King Ur-Engur, builder of the huge

ziggurat of Ur or Moon God's tower. The date of the slab was put at 2300 B. C., its historic importance being equaled only by its value as a specimen of Sumerian art.

From Mongolia, assistants of Colonel Kozloff, Russian explorer, telegraphed their chief that tumuli (mounds) he had been investigating in the birch and pine forests of the Kentei Mountains, near Urga, had yielded wooden engravings and water color pictures. Explorer Kozloff had already found there figured carpets, silken fabrics, 700 books written in seven languages including Hindu and Chinese, bloodstained women's pigtails that suggested scalping. Earthenware established 200 B. C. as the probable date of the civilization to which tombs made of squared and planed logs, found at depths of 24 to 42 ft. underground, belonged.

From Russia, came reports: 1) Of an unknown seal of King Artaxerxes (I or III) of Persia, rummaged out of a museum storeroom, together with numerous coins of the Golden Horde (Tartars) who set up a dynasty in Russia in the 13th Century; 2) On the slopes of Mount Ararat (Erivan, Armenia, the head of a life-size statue of an early Armenian King, wearing what seemed to be Christian earrings; 3) of Neanderthal skeletons (fourth human era), dug also in Erivan.

In Hungary, archaeologists discovered peasants of the village O-szöny, near Budapest, feeding pigs in Roman sarcophagi troughs, hoarding gems and jewelry dug from their cottage foundations, which were placed on the original foundations of Brigetio, a Roman city of 40,000 inhabitants. Some children scabbled up pre-Roman vessels of solid gold, dated 800 B. C. by the Hungarian National Museum.

In Italy, a perfect cavern-chapel to Mithras, Persian god of light, was found in Santa Maria di Capua. Some 100 other Mithraic shrines had been known in Italy, but none so complete as this. Frescos presented Mithras as a strong youth, in brilliant red tunic with green cuffs and gold fringe, sacrificing a white bull with red nostrils beneath a blue, star-studded sky.

In England, a saucer-shaped depression in chalk cliffs of the Medway Valley was found to contain relics, thought to date from mid-Pleistocene times (50,000 years ago). The relics: a “workshop,” with 4,000 tools in 17 heaps—hand axes of flint flakes, hammerstones of quartz, corepecks and nodules of flint.

From Africa, W. E. Cutler of the British Museum proclaimed the discovery of a dinosaur's shoulder blade, 6 ft. 2 in. wide, in the beds near Lake Tanganyika. The dinosaur had kin in western North America.

In Arizona, an expedition sent by Edward L. Doheny, oil man, found pictures of dinosaurs, American elephants, prehistoric deer and men, scratched in the “desert varnish” (black iron scale) on a vertical, red sandstone cañon wall.

THE PRESS

Ambassadors

There is, in Manhattan, a soft-spoken, smoothly tailored little man, with the warmest of hearts, the mildest of blue eyes, the suavest of manners, the nicest of English accents, and the attitude toward life—so far as you would guess to hear him purring of Señor Zuloaga's portraits or the latest



© International

PUBLISHER NAST

He makes *Vanity Fair*

Negroid cabaret in Harlem—of one sitting comfortably back in a downy, plushy divan. He seems so happy.

Yet he is not altogether happy. Every month he has to worry his head and fret and fuss over what there is new to divert gay, witty, accomplished people; what new to furnish people who would like to be thought gay, witty, accomplished. The little man is an editor, Mr. Frank Crowninshield of *Vanity Fair*.

Editor Crowninshield's employer, Publisher Condé Nast, is not one of your editorial Hamlets. Not that he lacks any of Editor Crowninshield's sensibility and finesse, or his modernity in things aesthetic. But Publisher Nast is more practical. For some time he was advertising, then business manager of *Collier's Weekly*. He now has a string of publications of his own.* His polish is as that of hard ebony beside the soft silk of Mr. Crowninshield.

Manhattan was neither surprised nor puzzled by a socio-aesthetic project of which it was advised last week. The Messrs. Nast and Crowninshield were announced as head promoters of a new type of nocturnal resort, frankly modeled after the Embassy Club of London and intended to cultivate that delectable type of night life so familiar to readers

*Other Condé Nast publications: *Vogue*, *House and Garden*, *Royal*, *Children's Vogue*, *Vogue Pattern Book*.

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We want you to know it, to read it, to examine it critically.

* * *

We suggested as much when we appeared in this magazine for the first time.

* * *

We still mean it. Many of the readers of Time have followed that suggestion.

* * *

We want more to do so.

* * *

We'll admit that the May number, which has just been published, and the June number, published on May 26, might be termed one-sided evidence.

* * *

Variety, substance, wit, sanity, earnestness and lightness in their proper proportion, combine in contributions such as:

Some American Women and the Vote by Katharine Fullerton Gerould; Southern Memories—Sidelights on the Race Problem by Albert Guérard;

* * *

They or We?—A New Spirit in Industry by Olive A. Colton; The Organization Complex in Our Colleges by Ruth Steele Brooks;

* * *

Why Men Disagree by Edward G. Spaulding; Constructing a Novel by Edith Wharton;

* * *

Fiction, poetry, illustrated articles, columns on art and literature, authoritative review of finance.

* * *

All that in the May number of Scribner's Magazine.

We feel inclined to pick up a megaphone and shout about the June number. But we restrain our enthusiasm, believing that you will enjoy the June Scribner's Magazine more by discovering it for yourself.

* * *

Two of the town's most discerning critics have let their enthusiasm for "Fix Bayonets!" by Captain John W. Thomason Jr. of the Marines, be known.

* * *

It leads the June Scribner's Magazine, which also contains: The Last Taboo by Albert Guérard; How Free Is Free Speech? by Robert W. Winston;

* * *

Recent Strides in Federal Authority by William Cabell Bruce, Senator from Maryland;

* * *

A distinctive story "The Bridegroom" by Clarke Knowlton, and other fiction.

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of Author Michael Arlen's novel *The Green Hat*—iridescent conversation, light drinking (presumably, since intoxication was to be frowned upon), the smartest dancing, a *maitre d'hôtel* who would be at once "a master of tact and a genius for cooking." The entire atmosphere of the place would be "gay, spirited, diverting"; above all, "decent." Their club would be "The Embassy Club of New York," to open in October.

Musing over what it would be like, said Mr. Crowninshield: "Entering, we'll say, the home of a duchess [in London] one might be attracted by the

appearance of a distinguished looking man and find him to be a famous pianist. Over in a corner might be a man who had written a play. Cyril Maude, or an actor of his standing, might be observed chatting at another point. And there'd be Lady Diana Manners.

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From
the Standpoint
of the Investor

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The status, from an Inheritance tax standpoint, of various types of bonds, stocks, and other forms of investments.

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We shall welcome the opportunity to place this booklet in the hands of anyone to whom it may be useful.

Write for booklet TM-15

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by invitation, issued to suitable persons* by a small membership committee.

Said persons appreciative of Editor Crowninshield: "How nice of a busy, well-bred cosmopolitan man like that to

ciation and criticism published in Manhattan). This parody was inoffensive enough, being only an effort to attract attention by appearing more sophisticated than the sophisticates. The young

April 15, 1925 The Literary Digest LAMPOON



"SIT DOWN, YOU'RE ROCKING THE BOAT"—By Lutter

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PUBLIC UNION (Noted combined with LITERARY INDIGATION)

Vol. 89, No. 5

April 15, 1925

Price 25 Cents

UNIVERSITY HUMOR

The Boston police were shocked

become an active figure, instead of just an adornment in U. S. society!"

Said persons appreciative of Publisher Nast: "How sensible of the publisher of a magazine for the smart set to project his activities right into its nightly lives!"

Parodies

The cradle of liberty still oscillates. The restless infant tosses within. The stern foot of governance steadies from without.

Last week, undergraduates of Harvard University took two liberties. The editors of *The Harvard Advocate* (monthly organ of literature and opinion) brought forward as their April number a parody of *The Dial* (monthly organ of "advanced" literature, repre-

Advocates "reviewed" the Bible, the Sanskrit Grammar, the Boston Social Register.

The other liberty that young men of Harvard took was more serious. The editors of *The Harvard Lampoon* (fortnightly funny paper) furnished their subscribers and the Boston newsstands with a familiar-looking magazine called *The Literary Digest* (Lampoon). The cover design of this magazine was a travesty of Emmanuel Leutze's famed painting *Washington Crossing the Delaware*.

It was at once obvious to the Boston Police Force that the law prohibiting improper representation of the National Flag had been violated. They also found, on an inner page, a reproduction of a Manet nude, brazenly doctored to show a winking eye and a tipping wine glass. The title of this picture was given as *The Goddess of Liberty*; the

*A rival organization called simply "The Embassy Club," but open to the public, opened its doors last week.

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artist, "Mr. Hotmama"; the caption, "If this be treason, make the most of it." The Boston Police Force did make the most of it. For the first time in *The Lampoon's* 40 years, it was ordered off the Boston newsstands by Law. Therefore, its occasional involuntary suppressions had been commanded by the Harvard Faculty.

The illicit magazine did, however, penetrate beyond Boston. Reading it, many felt that apologies to the National Flag and to public purity were by no means all the debt the *Lampoon's* editors had incurred. They had roundly insulted the real *Literary Digest*. They had insulted the publishers of the real *Literary Digest*. They had insulted, moreover, the readers of the real *Literary Digest*—that large portion of the public* that is grateful to the *Digest* for its weekly service of clipping, collating and publishing, at exhaustive length and with admirable lack of editorial color, a significant mass of opinion on news and issues of the day as expressed in hundreds of newspapers in every part of the U. S., Canada, South America, Europe and Asia, which collation is further supplemented with numerous topical cartoons upholding both sides of important questions and with several special departments in which are published ample extracts from the public prints on many interesting subjects, such as "Letters and Art," "Religion and Social Service," "Science and Invention," "Current Poetry," and "Personal Glimpses."

Typical of the burlesque reading matter which the *Lampoon* editors published:

GENERAL TWITCHELL DROPS SOME BUMS

"If the Ultimatum dropped by General Twitchell," says the *Chicago Herald* of March 22, Page 12, Column 2, "can upset the enemy as much as it has the digestion of the admirals, soda clerks and statesmen, there will be no danger of any rise of airplanes, at least over the United States." "General Twitchell," says the *Milwaukee Weekly Squire*, "is a man of action, who wishes only to see the recent speculation in safety pins put to a stop." This characterization is upheld by the opinion of *La Vie Parisienne* (Paris) of March 24, which says, "Le Général Twitchell a raison. On peut acheter ici à Paris beaucoup de bananes à très bon marché."

According to H. B. Warner in the *Walla Walla Morning Glory*, General Twitchell has a mission—"a mission," it continues, "unlike those founded by the Spanish ladies in that the style shows decided Gothic tendencies. . . ."

The credit lines of the parody cartoons in their efforts at humor did not stop short of blasphemy—"Bung in The Eye," "Hitting in The Clutches," "Feeling in The Pockets," "Kryste in The Foothills." . . .

In Manhattan, newspaper representatives hastened to interview Wilfred Funk, of the Funk and Wagnalls Co., to learn if action would be taken against *The Harvard Lampoon*. Said Mr. Funk: "We are undecided."

"The *Digest's* total alleged circulation for 1924-25: 1,433,000. This includes: 51,798 physicians and surgeons, 51,463 lawyers, judges and justices, 38,870 school teachers, 13,933 dentists, 14,852 college professors.

AERONAUTICS

Runaway

The British airship *R-33*, sister ship of the famous *R-34* which crossed the Atlantic in 1920, repeated, last week, the feat of the U. S. airship *Shenandoah*, which, last year, went on an unintentional voyage (*TIME*, Jan. 28, 1924). The *R-33* was moored to the mast at Pulliam airdrome in Norfolk, England, during one of the worst gales known to the wind-swept English coast. Under the terrific pull of a 50-mile-an-hour wind, she tore away the arm of the mooring mast. The damage inflicted was even worse than in the case of the *Shenandoah*. The first of the 18 sections of her duralumin framework was completely broken, the sixth badly damaged; the outer envelope was rent badly for one-sixth of the distance along the hull and hung in great folds as far aft as the letters painted on her hull. As an additional handicap, she had suspended from her cables two half-ton artillery carriages used as ballast at anchor.

When the *R-33* broke loose, she plunged wildly down by the bow, then nosed up with equal violence. To on-lookers from the ground, the great ship appeared doomed. Fortunately, she had an efficient crew of 20 men on board and two days' fuel. Lieutenant Booth, the officer in charge, had never commanded an airship before. Within two minutes after the accident, he had two engines running, the wireless in operation, and the airship in complete control. With the British gunboat *Godetia* to guide her, with every vessel in the North Sea alert, the airship fought a tremendous fight for 30 hours. In touch by wireless throughout this period, she sent in reports every few minutes, followed meteorological instructions carefully and even found time to thank the landing party at Rotterdam, when it was apparent that she would not have to land in Holland.

After the first shock, the crew settled down very quickly. The envelope was dented along its whole length, the bow was hanging in shreds and there was danger in the fierce wind that it would rip still further. Men went aloft in sailor style, lowered a rope ladder over the bow, gather up the loose ends of the flapping cover and bunched them together. They made untidy balls but prevented the fabric from ripping further. In the first burst of the gale, the ship traveled stem first for many miles, rolling constantly and threatening to head down into the water while the crew worked in life belts. Even when the return journey was possible, she sailed painfully at not more than ten miles an hour over the rough sea. When the airship got home, looking like an uncomfortable inflated toy pig, a perfect landing and housing were made. The wild journey was another

evidence of the wonderful airworthy qualities of these apparently fragile giants of the air.

Cost \$14,400

Like their colleagues overseas and on the same day, airship pilots of the U. S. Army Air Service had their troubles with a huge gas bag, in this case the TC-3, a non-rigid twin-motored airship of only 200,000 cu. ft., scarcely one-tenth the volume of the R-33. Sailing from Scott Field, Ill., the TC-3 broke her rudder at Caseyville, Ill., soon after going aloft. For two hours, she drifted at the will of the wind, then negotiated a landing at Black Walnut, Mo., little the worse for wear.

All the damage that Lieutenant Douglas Johnson had to report was financial. To make a landing, he had to valve his helium; the cost was about \$14,400, since the gas is valued at approximately \$80 per 1,000 cu. ft. Totally deflated, the TC-3 was ignominiously brought back to Scott Field on an Army truck.

French, British

A flight without landmarks and a twist without stalling were significant achievements of the week:

In France: From St. Ingelvert, near Calais, to Istres, near Marseilles; from the northeastern tip of the country to the southern shore, Army officers flew under the worst conditions of visibility without sighting a landmark. They relied on maps, compasses, derivometers (drift-indicators). They strayed scarcely a mile from the course.

In England: When an airplane is forced to too great an angle to the wind, it loses speed and lateral control, stalls. A spin, an accident, is likely to result. Officials of the British Air Ministry watched a pilot mount in an Avro biplane fitted with Handley Page slots. He twisted into the worst wind-angle, came almost to a standstill. But here the ailerons (auxiliary wing-tips) interconnected with the slots (which provided an auxiliary passage for the air at the front portion of the wing) maintained control until the pilot resumed a normal progress.

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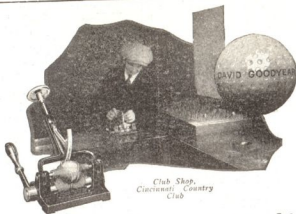
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BUSINESS

The Current Situation

A month ago, liquidation in the grain and security markets became pronounced, after an optimistic winter of steadily advancing prices. The question arose as to the real significance of the March setback in the speculative markets. Some held it to be the "peak" of a major business cycle. Others considered it merely a temporary readjustment of speculative dreams to hard realities, and thus a movement of secondary importance.

It is still too early to interpret the recent break in prices with entire accuracy. Yet, in last week's developments, the party of the second part seems to have received partial confirmation of its views in the gradual firming of grain and security prices.

Certainly there is nothing to worry the money market. Interest rates on call loans, in some ways the reliable barometer, and the general trend of money rates have eased perceptibly. Good commercial paper is scarce, since concerns are not borrowing extensively.

The business of the country in general seems in a fairly prosperous and stabilized condition. The leading factor which is likely to improve or depress it is in all probability the 1925 staple crops. Accordingly, Wall Street today is watching and analyzing weather maps and agricultural reports as never before.

Fifth Wheel?

When the Transportation Act of 1920 showed Congress favorably inclined to railroad mergers (TIME, Feb. 4, 1924), three Eastern systems—N. Y. Central, Baltimore & Ohio, and Pennsylvania—sat down and attempted to arrange just how they would absorb the rest of the roads in their territory. Unfortunately, everybody wanted the fat and nobody

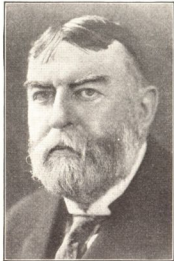
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the lean roads. Meanwhile, the Van Sweringens quietly annexed the Nickel Plate, C. & O., Erie, Pere Marquette and Hocking Valley (TIME, Aug. 11, 18, April 6), and became a fourth party at the prospective feast. Now, while the four cannot agree on details



MR. LORÉE

He would not stop at the Mississippi

of distributing small roads among them, a fifth would-be claimant appears—Mr. Leonor F. Lorie, Chairman of the Delaware and Hudson R. R.

Mr. Lorie has long been nationally known as an expert railroad operator, and also on occasion an expert fighter. He now appears in the new rôle of expert consolidator of railroads. His proposed fifth Eastern system would stretch from New York to the Gulf as well as to the Great Lakes. It would consist of the Delaware & Hudson, and also the Kansas City & Southern, the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, the Washash, the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western or Lehigh Valley or both, and perhaps other small roads.

Mr. Lorie's suggested merger differs from its four rivals, actual and prospective, in that it does not stop at the Mississippi River. While in no sense a transcontinental, it would through the K. C. & S. and the M. K. & T. extend into the Southwest, and to the Great Lakes through the D. L. & W. It is thought that this new combination would be most inimical to the New York Central, since it would provide a new and direct route through the Lake territory of the latter road, especially between Detroit and New York.

Railroad Dividends

In the upstart lately enjoyed by the railroad industry, some enthusiasts have been led to talk as if, until the past year or so, American railroads were barren investments. A financial scribe

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compiled, last week, a list of the American roads with long dividend records which throws an interesting light on the subject.

In respect to unbroken dividend records, the Pennsylvania undoubtedly leads. Since 1846, it has paid a dividend to its stockholders every year, although the amount has in different years been raised or lowered; on each \$50 par share of stock, \$225 has been paid in dividends so far. Illinois Central has paid steadily ever since 1860, and its dividends per share now aggregate \$446. The similar figures for other leading roads follow:

	SINCE	AGGREGATE
New York Central	1870	\$322
Chicago & Northwestern pfd. 1878	1878	351
Chicago & Northwestern common	1878	288
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western	1880	745
Delaware & Hudson	1881	330
Great Northern pfd.	1880	223
Canadian Pacific common ..	1892	251
Michigan Central	1893	181
Canadian Pacific pfd.	1896	117
Norfolk & Western pfd.	1897	110
Union Pacific pfd.	1898	107
Atchafalaya, Tonawanda & Santa Fe pfd.	1899	128
Baltimore & Hudson	1899	191
Louisville & Nashville	1899	222
Northern Pacific	1899	165

Nickel Plate

The Van Sweringen brothers are patient men, and apparently their patience is about to be rewarded in the actual realization of their plans for the great Nickel Plate merger. Arguments for further delay made by minority Chesapeake & Ohio stockholders have been denied by the Interstate Commerce Commission, which has begun to consider the merger officially. Its approval will remove the last important barrier to effecting the consolidation.

So far, the Van Sweringens seem to have played their cards well. Directors and stockholders of the constituent roads, and state railroad commissions (even that of Virginia) have been led to approve their plans. The only hostile faction to it consists of the minority C. & O. stockholders and perhaps the Pennsylvania R. R.

It was at the latter that Thomas C. Powell, Erie Vice President and star witness for the merger promoters, apparently aimed his telling testimony. In order to prove that the merger would increase competition rather than monopolize, he pointed out that the new Nickel Plate will touch 28 cities of over 75,000 population, whose aggregate population is 17,465,000. The similar figures for rival and competing systems are: New York Central, 30 such cities with 17,655,000 total population; B. & O., 19 cities with 17,266,000; and Pennsylvania, 35 cities with 19,876,000. The implication was that the Pennsylvania was already the largest and most favored system, and therefore should be least inclined to grudge the acquisition of new lines by its competitors.

Ford and Rubber

Many rich men get into the habit of collecting things. Thus far, however, most of the things which Henry Ford has picked up have a way of paying

fat dividends. Thus, considerable curiosity has been occasioned recently by the Detroit manufacturer's acquisition of some 12,000 acres of land along the Ogeechee River near Savannah. On the land stands Strathly Hall, a fine old rice plantation—Mr. Ford showed his fondness for old traditional buildings when he bought the Sudbury Inn.

Nevertheless, it is believed that much of the purchased land will be used in an experimental attempt to grow rubber. This has long been a hobby of Harvey S. Firestone, President of the tire concern of that name and intimate friend of Henry Ford. Firestone has viewed with alarm the British crude rubber monopoly, and has urged the acquisition by this country of its own sources of supply. It is considered that Mr. Ford's previous purchase of a large tract of land in Florida is linked with this more recent purchase, and that both indicate his intention to cultivate rubber plantations there.

Thus far the Ford office at Dearborn, official mouthpiece of the Detroit billionaire, has proved noncommittal when asked about his Southern purchases. It merely stated that Mr. Ford was following an old policy of acquiring tracts of land in various states for "various agricultural experiment."

Straw Hats

The old legal adage *de minimis non curat lex* never fitted U. S. legal proceedings very well, much less U. S. business. Accordingly, the National City Bank of New York has recently undertaken an analysis of the straw-hat business of this country, shortly to come into its liveliest season.

About \$30,000,000 is invested in this

country in facilities for producing straw hats, out of a total investment in the hat business of about \$100,000,000. Some 300 factories in this country make hats, and 96 of them specialize in straws. Annual output is valued at \$116,000,000, consisting of \$32,500,000 worth of straw hats, \$75,000,000 of "fur felt" hats and \$8,500,000 of "wool felt" hats.

Of the 96 straw-hat factories, about half are in New England and the Middle States. From 1904 to 1923, U. S. population increased 33%, but annual value of straw hats produced increased from \$10,000,000 to \$32,500,000—or 225%.

The straw in our hats is mainly obtained from special varieties of wheat in China, Japan and Italy, which are pulled before ripening, bleached and braided by hand labor. The braids are then exported to the U. S. and turned into hats by our factories.

In 1923, materials for straw hats were imported to the value of almost \$8,000,000, Japan furnishing \$3,000,000 of it, China \$2,250,000 and Italy \$1,000,000.

TIME, The Weekly News-Magazine. Editors—Brison Hadden and Henry R. Luce. Associates—Manfred Gottfried (National Affairs), John S. Martin (Books), Thomas J. C. Martyn (Foreign News). Weekly Contributors—Niven Busch, John Farrar, Willard T. Ingalls, Alexander Klein, Dorothy McDowell, Peter Mathews, Wells Root, Preston Lockwood. Published by TIME, Inc., B. Hadden, Pres.; J. S. Martin, Vice-Pres.; H. R. Luce, Sec'y-Treas.; 236 E. 39th St., New York City. Subscription rate, one year, postpaid: In the United States and Mexico, \$5.00; in Canada, \$5.50; elsewhere, \$6.00. For advertising rates address: Robert L. Johnson, Advertising Manager, TIME, 236 E. 39th St., New York City. New England representatives, Sweeney & Price, 127 Federal St., Boston, Mass.; Western representatives, Powers & Stone, 38 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.; Southern representative, F. J. Duossott, 1502 Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.; Circulation Manager, Roy E. Larsen. Vol. V, No. 17.



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LETTERS

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

Pure Food

TIME Woodhaven, N. Y.
New York, N. Y. Apr. 8, 1925.
Gentlemen:

In TIME of Apr. 6, Page 15, under "Carnivora," is said: "King Darius the Mede fed up his lions on Christian men. This king lived 500 years before Christ, how did he get the Christians?"

It seems he deceived the lions by false pretensions on the bill of fare and at this time there was no pure food law.

MORRIS SCHAYE.

Subscriber Schaye appears to be in all respects correct. The lines TIME quoted, *Darius the Mede was a king and a vegetarian,*

His eye was proud and his voice was thunder;

He kept bad lions in a monstrous den;

He fed up the lions on Christian men,

are from Vachel Lindsay's *Daniel*, published in his collected poems.—Ed.

Cleopatra Selene

TIME Upper Montclair, N. J.
New York, N. Y. Apr. 13, 1925.
Gentlemen:

In your issue of Apr. 13, Page 18, column 2, you ask derisively: "Who was Cleopatra's daughter?"

This noble and historic character was brought up at the Roman court in a manner befitting her royal parentage and became the wife of Julia II, King of Mauritania. She appears to have been a worthy mate to this of Arts and Letters and one of the most celebrated geographers of antiquity. The classics are full of allusions to her.

WM. M. CARPENTER.

This daughter, Cleopatra Selene, was one of Cleopatra's three children by Mark Antony.—Ed.

Marines

TIME Norfolk, Va.
New York, N. Y. Apr. 15, 1925.
Gentlemen:

In the Sea School at Norfolk for marines trained to serve aboard ships in the Atlantic and Caribbean, there is a reading room. On its tables are *The New York Times*, *Boston Transcript*, *Norfolk Virginian Pilot* and last, but by no means least, *TIME*. Reading *TIME* saves time and adds to the efficiency of a marine.

We use the daily newspapers for local go-up, and *TIME* for personal information.

LOUIS ESTELL FAGAN,

Captain, U. S. M. C.

Right Side Up

TIME New York, N. Y.
New York, N. Y. Apr. 15, 1925.
Gentlemen:

In your issue of Mar. 23, 1925, Page 18, was an article entitled "For Reference" relating to the shape of the earth.

A young man this morning asked me: "Allowing that the sun stands still but that our Earth is revolving around every 24 hours, at night or some time during that 24 hours, why are we not ourselves upside down?" Can you in simple words answer him?

H. E. SMITH.

There is no such absolute direction as "down" (or "up") in the universe at large. "Down" is the direction of the pull of the Earth's gravity. The rotation of the Earth has no effect on the

*COLLECTED FORMS.—Vachel Lindsay—Macmillan (\$3.50).

"up" or "down" direction of any person or object on the Earth's surface.—En.

Rubber

General Electric Co.,
Schenectady, N. Y.
TIME New York, N. Y. Apr. 14, 1925.
Gentlemen:

I notice in your issue of Apr. 13, Pages 26-27, some very interesting data regarding the rubber plantation industry. This data gives the viewpoint of the rubber consumer.

In 1922, the British Parliament decided to limit rubber production in the region to save the plantation industry from ruin as, at that time, millions of British people had invested in this industry hundreds of millions of pounds sterling. Many had waited from five to seven years before receiving any return from new plantations.

In 1921, the average price obtained throughout the year by one well-known company was only about 18c per lb. for its rubber, and, as many companies could not produce at this price, it meant that within a short time most of the plantations would again become jungle. If this had happened, tens of millions of people in this country would have been deprived of the use of automobiles.

If these companies had gone into the hands of receivers, there is little doubt that the American consumer of rubber would have bought up these plantations at a cost which would have been a great sacrifice to the original investors. The British Parliament decided on the restriction of rubber production to save the rubber plantation industry. The following average prices of rubber over a period of years are taken from the report of a well-known rubber plantation company, dated April, 1921:

YEAR	AVERAGE PRICE
1919	2/3½d.
1920	4½d.
1921	9½d.
1922	11.15d.
1923	11.25d.

Before the War, the price of 50c per lb. for rubber was not considered high. It is now about 44c per lb. I think I am correct in stating that the output of rubber from the British territory is now 60% normal and not 50% as stated in your issue; also that the production at the end of this month will be increased to 70%.

B. P. COULSON JR.

Home Again

Portsmouth, Va.
TIME New York, N. Y. Apr. 13, 1925.
Gentlemen:

In your issue of Mar. 9, was published my letter calling attention to the improper spelling of the past tense of the verb "to broadcast." Just returning from abroad, I have noticed the publication of letters in *TIME*, Mar. 23 issue, from two grammaticasters, viz: Mr. G. C. Miles of Princeton, N. J., taking direct issue, and Mary Adla Reade of Oak Park, Ill., talking beside the point.

Authority for using "broadcast" as the past tense of the verb "to broadcast" may be found on page 279 of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, 1920. Also, usage by Great Britain and a dozen magazines representing the current radio air. The verb form was adopted 15 years ago by the U. S. Navy when a word was needed to denote wide dissemination of radio information to ships at sea.

If Mary Reade is joking, I chuckle with her. If not, she might refer to page 939 of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, 1920, giving one definition of the adjective "grammatical" as: "not, or pertaining to, grammar." Therefore to use the word "broadcast" as the past tense of the verb "to broadcast" is properly referred to as a "grammatical" error.

A. H. MILES.

TIME's use of "broadcast" as the past tense of the verb "broadcast" was called a grammatical error by Subscriber A. H. Miles (above). Subscriber C. H. Miles (not related) subsequently upheld *TIME* on the grounds that "broadcast" was a weak verb and Subscriber Reade then chuckled: "A word may be ungrammatical, or it may be an error in English, but it can hardly be both grammatical and erroneous."—En.

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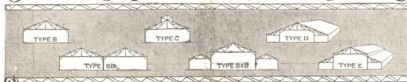
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This remarkable book is a restatement of Mrs. Austin's "The Man Jesus," first published in 1915. Margaret Deland writes: "It is extraordinary how in Mrs. Austin's book the story of Christ suddenly becomes a living document." \$2.00

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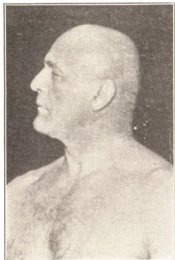
New York, N. Y.

See Harper's Magazine for announcements of the better Schools and Colleges.

Big Munn

A Titanic column of brawn astounded sportsmen, last January (TIME, Jan. 19), by downing the mighty Ed ("Strangler") Lewis in Kansas City, thus acquiring the world's heavyweight wrestling championship.

Last week he, Wayne ("Big") Munn, then the greatest wrestler in the world,



© Keystone

STANISLAUS ZBYSKO
He had no tonsillitis

faced Stanislaus Zbyszko, 38-year-old Pole, who weighed 50 pounds less (210) and stood not higher than his shoulder. In days that were, Zbyszko himself had been a champion, but those days were past. Philadelphians gathered to the match with the steadfast mien of people attending a wake. They admired Zbyszko's courage* but deplored his bravado.

For a while, the Pole acquiesced to the embraces of his prodigious opponent. After eight minutes of wrestling, however, he picked up the opposing Hercules, twirled him around his head, hurled him to the floor. Another fall followed in even shorter time. Mrs. Bessie Kaufman, wife of Munn's manager, fainted, with a little gasp, into the lap of Mrs. Edna Munn.

Munn was revived in his dressing room. Zbyszko went away in an automobile with a police escort. Said sport correspondents, according to their dispositions: "Able Zbyszko," "Unable Munn."

In the next day's press, Munn announced that he had been sick . . . "temperature of 102," "acute follicular tonsillitis with a touch of bronchitis."

*Last February, Munn easily defeated Zbyszko.

MEDITERRANEAN SUMMER CRUISE



THE most complete Mediterranean route ever devised. Thirty ports and cities, including Rome, Venice, Pisa, Naples, Granada, Tangier, Algiers, Ragusa, Cattaro, Athens, Constantinople, Jerusalem, Cairo, the Riviera, etc. The ship (S.S. "Oronsay"—20,000 tons)—brand-new, splendidly modern, with all rooms on sale* outside rooms—is the largest Summer Mediterranean cruiser. Sailing from New York June 27, the cruise will continue for fifty-three days in summer weather that will be conspicuously auspicious for unprecedentedly varied and comprehensive Shore Excursions. Cherbourg and Southampton will be reached on August 18. The rates are \$675 and up.

MIDNIGHT SUN CRUISE

THE 5th Annual Raymond-Whitcomb "Midnight Sun Cruise" leaves New York June 20 for Scandinavia—a region better known by Raymond-Whitcomb than by any other American Travel company. In 31 days the 20,000-ton Cunarder "Franconia"—one of the best-known cruise-ships—will visit Iceland, the North Cape, the Norwegian Fjords, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, France, England. This engrossing summer voyage is always popular with young folks. \$725 and up.

ROUND THE WORLD

ON October 10, the 1925 Raymond-Whitcomb Round the World Cruise will sail from New York on the brand-new, 29,000-ton Cunarder "Carinthia". A "Six-Continent Cruise" visiting the great Asiatic countries and—for the first time in cruise-history—Australia, New Zealand, etc. \$2,000 and up.

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MISCELLANY

"TIME brings all things"

Identified

In Paris, an artist, one René Berger, was attacked by an assassin, mortally slashed. As he lay dying, Artist Berger pulled a pencil from his pocket, drew on the blood-stained floor a front view and a full-length silhouette of his slayer. The police identified the pictures as those of a murderer.

Heat

In San Francisco, arrived from Shanghai a steamship with 3,000 cases

of Chinese chicks consigned to the Hemingway Produce Co., which forthwith used the Pacific Mail Steamship Line, operator of the ship. The chicks, stored too near the engine-room, alleged the Hemingway Co., had been shipped from Shanghai as eggs.

Third Rail

In Manhattan, one Clarence Peterson, six-foot-six blackamoor, carried a long ladder across a railroad yard, tripped over a third rail whose voltage was three times enough to kill a man, fell down, picked up his ladder, stalked on, struck the rail again, fell into a mild swoon. Incredible vitality, said the ambulance surgeon, had saved his life.



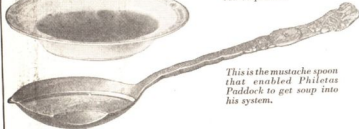
This is the mustache that flared from the features of Philetas Paddock.



This is Philetas Paddock peering from behind his facial cross-purposes.



This is the soup that sustained Philetas Paddock's red corpseles.



This is the mustache spoon that enabled Philetas Paddock to get soup into his system.

MUSTACHE SPOONS never were brought within reach of the proletariat. Only the elite could afford such devices for the protection of starched fronts and the gratification of luxurious tastes.

The mustache spoon illustrated here was bought as a souvenir at the San Francisco Mid-Winter Exposition in 1894. It is made of silver, has an engraving of the setting sun in the bowl, and an embossed group of Exposition buildings on the mustache guard. Notice the small hook at the end. This enabled the user to hang his spoon daintily across the top of his soup-plate while he engaged in polite conversation.

Mustache spoons, as well as mustache cups, have gone out of fashion. Clean shaving has made them obsolete.

COLGATE'S Rapid-Shave Cream

makes a wonderful lather which softens the beard at the base, where the razor's work is done. It makes clean shaving easy, and leaves the face soothed and velvety.

Daily shaving has become a business, as well as a social requirement. See coupon attached.

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"Americanitis"

At Chicago, last week, Dr. William S. Sadler reported to the Gorgas Memorial Institute confirmation of "the hitherto only suspected fact" that, of all white peoples, those of the U. S. have the highest death-rate between the ages of 40 and 50. The causes: heart disease, apoplexy, Bright's disease, high blood pressure. Dr. Sadler grouped these conditions under the title "Americanitis"—resultant from "the hurry, bustle and incessant drive of the American temperament." The number of U. S. citizens annually hurrying, bustling, driving themselves to death was set at 240,000.

Longevity

Excluding people below the age of 40, one may divide the population of the world into two classes of people: 1) Those who worry about whether they can get something to eat; 2) those who, having enough to eat, worry about what is the right thing to eat.

The problem of this second group was treated, last week, by the classic monogramarian of the U. S., in almost classic, although not scientific, language. Chauncey M. Depew, approaching his 91st birthday (Apr. 23) wrote for *Collier's Weekly*:

"Drinking was never really the curse of America. Eating was and is. I found that I ate too much when I was this side of 60. One day, I discovered that I felt unwell, very much below par. . . . Beefsteaks and roast butcher's meat figured too much in my diet, I concluded. Out they went, never to return. I'm not a vegetarian; wouldn't be one—that's going to extremes—but I don't need red meat and don't eat it. For 30 years, the only meat I've eaten has been poultry.

"At about 65, I had another bad day. Instantly I analyzed the cause. My secretary, who had charge of my office regimen, told me that cigars came and went with too much rapidity—proved that I had the habit of smoking 25 cigars a day. . . . I've never smoked since.

"And I'm not an anti-tobacco advocate. I merely believe that every human organism is capable of absorbing so much of a pleasurable poison and no more. By the time I had reached 65, I'd absorbed my quota of nicotine.

"Much later, about three years ago, when I was about 88, I had another bad day. This time the analysis showed that alcohol was the trouble. . . . I had made it a habit to drink a pint of champagne a day. It was tonic, stimulating, just as cigars were tonic and stimulating. But, at 88, it interfered with health and efficiency. Reluctantly but decisively I cut out the wine. Now I take a glass when a cold threatens—and I'm extremely susceptible to colds—but, apart from that, I'm a total abstainer."

Engaged. Mrs. Matilda R. Dodge, widow of the late John F. Dodge, founder (with his brother Horace) of the Dodge Bros. Automobile Co. (TIME, Apr. 13, BUSINESS), to one Alfred G. Wilson, Detroit lumber man. He is a deacon in the First Presbyterian Church where she is President of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society.

Engaged. Miss Elizabeth Brandeis, daughter of Justice Louis D. Brandeis of the U. S. Supreme Court, to Paul Rauschenbush, son of the late Walter Rauschenbush, Baptist theologian and sociologist.

Engaged. Miss Muriel Vanderbilt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, great-great-granddaughter of "Commodore" Cornelius Vanderbilt, to Frederic C. Church, Jr., of Lowell, Mass.

Engaged. Princess Bertha Cantacuzène, great-granddaughter of Ulysses S. Grant, 18th U. S. President, to one Bruce Smith of Louisville, Ky.

Engaged. Miss Frances Bainbridge Colby, daughter of Bainbridge Colby, onetime (March, 1920—March, 1921) U. S. Secretary of State, to one Robert C. Rogers, of Santa Barbara, Calif.

Married. Miss Irene S. du Pont, daughter of Irénée du Pont, Wilmington powder man, to one Ernest N. May of Boston; in Wilmington, Del.

Married. James Stillman Rockefeller, grandnephew of John Davison Rockefeller, to Miss Nancy Carnegie, grandniece of the late Andrew Carnegie; at Dungeness, Cumberland Island, off the coast of Florida.

Died. Charles H. Ebbets, 66, President and owner of the Brooklyn National League baseball team; in Manhattan, of heart disease.

Died. Elwood Haynes, 67, automobile pioneer; in Kokomo, Ind., of influenza. On July 4, 1894, he drove his first "horseless buggy" into Kokomo at the rate of eight miles an hour. When he took it to Chicago, he was ordered to "get that contraption off the streets." His original invention is now in the Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

Died. Godfrey Charles Isaacs, until last fall managing director of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co., brother of Rufus D. Isaacs, Earl Reading, Viceroy of India; in London, of a clot of blood on the brain.

Died. John Singer Sargent, 69, famed artist; in London, of apoplexy (see ART).



Americans will not wait

Accustomed to instant communication by telephone and telegraph, our military authorities realized in the late war that the American Expeditionary Forces could not depend on the communication services of Europe.

The necessary plans, materials and engineers were sent over in ship loads. A world record was made by the Signal Corps in establishing lines of communication indispensable to every branch of the army. In a surprisingly short time, every American general in France had at his disposal the communication facilities to which, in America, he had been accustomed.

Europe was sometimes startled by the amazing methods of the telephone workers from overseas. The American-trained Signal Corps units invariably sought the shortest way, overcoming all natural obstacles to extend the needed means of communication.

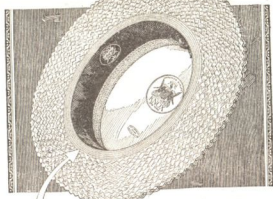
The Americans were not content to wait. They expected and demanded the same ever-ready telephone connections which they had at home. The Bell System has set a world standard for prompt attention and continuous service.



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feature of conforming to the exact shape of every head.

POINT with PRIDE

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

A melancholy marabou. (Page 12, column 3.)

The girl in question. (P. 11, col. 1.)

Straw to the value of \$30,000,000.
(P. 25, col. 1.)

An extremely susceptible monitor.
(P. 30, col. 3.)

An army of sheiks and camels. (P. 12, col. 1.)

An uncomfortable inflated toy pig.
(P. 20, col. 3.)

A yellow coach blazoned with cupids.
(P. 12, col. 2.)

A collision of surfaces of reproducible iridescences. (P. 14, col. 2.)

Her Erda, her Magdalena, her Fricka.
(P. 13, col. 2.)

Napoleon. He snatched a Duchess from the laundry. (P. 13, col. 3.)

A contraption removed from the streets. (P. 31, col. 1.)

VIEW with ALARM

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

A great hoss pistol. (Page 12, column 2.)

Turbulence over collar buttons . . . murder. (P. 11, col. 3.)

A ladder supporting heavily jeweled climbers. (P. 7, col. 1.)

Brokers, chambermaids to mules.
(P. 13, col. 2.)

All Yankee-Doodle-Dom popping out of one universal soda bottle. (P. 7, col. 2.)

A Corsican swelling like a wen.
(P. 12, col. 2.)

The darkness of the shadow of the valley. (P. 1, col. 3.)

The digestion of admirals, soda clerks, statesmen. (P. 20, col. 2.)

Crimson blasphemy. (P. 20, col. 2.)

Gas at \$80 per 1,000 cu. ft. (P. 21, col. 1.)

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THOS. L. RAYMOND, Director

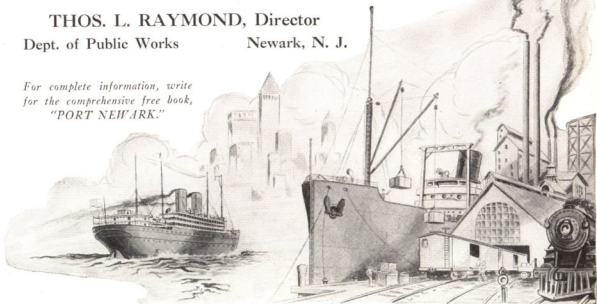
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