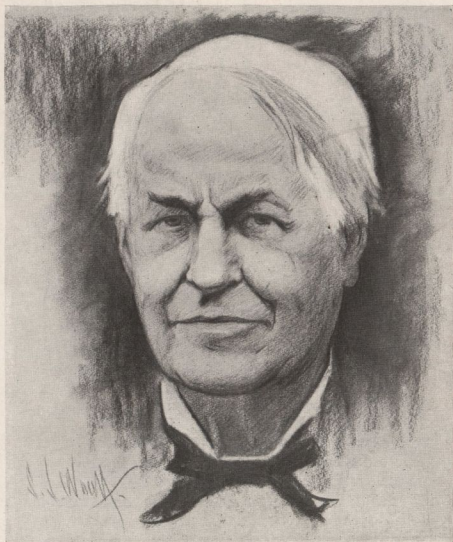


FIFTEEN CENTS

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine



VOL. V. No. 21

THOMAS ALVA EDISON

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(See Page 16)

MAY 25, 1925

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine

Vol. V. No. 21

May 25, 1925

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Mr. Coolidge's Week

☛ The President did his annual dining with the Assistant Secretaries of the Executive Departments. They, dubbed "the little Cabinet," during the administration of President Harding were organized to meet monthly.

☛ It became known that Edward Elwell Whiting, an editor of the *Boston Herald*, had called at the White House, had been refused admittance. Also, that Robert Morris Washburn had suffered a similar disappointment. Both are authors of laudatory biographies of the President. Both biographies were used extensively in the 1924 campaign. Both tell how a Massachusetts legislator once introduced Mr. Coolidge with the words: "Like the singed cat, he is better than he looks."

But exactly why the President is offended (if he is offended), not one politician could tell another.

☛ The Nation's defenders failed to secure the President's approval for the celebration of Defense, Mobilization or Muster Day on Armistice Day. It was suggested that July 4 might do.

☛ In the East Room of the White House, with Cabinet officers, General Pershing and other notables standing by, the President distributed appropriate lauds and shiny Roosevelt Memorial Medals to Miss Martha Berry, Gifford Pinchot and George Bird Grinnell (see EDUCATION).

☛ The President, on the advice of the Secretary of Labor, appointed onetime (1915-25) U. S. Congressman Harry E. Hull of Iowa to be Commissioner General of Immigration in succession to W. W. Husband, promoted to be Assistant Secretary of Labor in charge of Immigration.

Capitalizing Coolidge

"The word was Rayon". . . Calvin Coolidge, Washington, D. C., April 6, 1925.

This legend appeared on the cover of a pamphlet circulated by Bonner, Brooks & Co., No. 1 Wall Street, to

promote the sale of stock in the new American Rayon Products Corporation.

Scrutiny of the President's recent speeches revealed that he had delivered himself of the following utterance to the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers:

"In the course of some researches, preliminary to these remarks, I found myself needing a more accurate definition of a certain trade term, no doubt thoroughly familiar to all of you, than I was able to command. The word was 'Rayon.' But when I pulled down the alleged unabridged dictionary on my desk, I searched in vain for it. I finally found it in a technical handbook."

It was not charged that quotation of the President in this instance amounted to fraud, but it was noticed that this was the second attempt this month to capitalize Mr. Coolidge in a stock-selling campaign. The first attempt was made by the De Forest Phonofilm Corporation, which is now under investigation (TIME, May 18, THE PRESS).

Amoyance at the White House became perceptible.

THE CABINET

No Proof

Last Black Friday—that is, March 13—when the Messrs. Jesse L. Livermore (Manhattan) and Thomas Howell (Chicago) loosed an avalanche of wheat and rye that proceeded right through the bottom of the grain market, Mr. Arthur Cutten (Chicago) was notably annoyed and the U. S. Department of Agriculture was somewhat alarmed (TIME, Mar. 23, 30, BUSINESS).

Mr. Cutten was annoyed because he, the big holder of wheat and rye, was feeling bullish, and his enormous paper profits were being swept rudely into oblivion. Also, Mr. Cutten felt that the catastrophe had been timed purposely to do him injury, since it happened while he was on an automobile excursion, out of touch with his agents. U. S. Secretary Jardine was alarmed because the simultaneous action of the Messrs. Livermore and Howell suggested possible collusion to manipulate grain prices—a practice painstakingly prohibited by the Capper-Tincher Grain Futures Act.

Mr. Cutten could do nothing about it save abuse the Messrs. Howell and Livermore beneath his breath and hope with a great hope that Secretary Jardine would order an investigation, discover collusion, punish his oppressors.

Investigate, Secretary Jardine did. Last week he was still investigating. It was known that the Departments of Justice and Commerce were also sniffing about the Midwestern brokerages. But not one of the investigators had yet run upon any proof of correspondence between the Messrs. Livermore and Howell nor any records of sales in those gentlemen's names executed in other than legitimate "contract" markets. As far as the evidence went, it was mere business acumen that had moved them separately to sell their grain at the same time and keep on selling until it was time to buy again and start the price-swing going upwards.

The Messrs. Livermore and Howell are alleged to have made between them some 22 millions on the operations. Some Europeans lost much money, others saved much by buying necessary

CONTENTS

	Page
National Affairs	1-5
Foreign News	6-10
The Theatre	11
Cinema	11
Books	12
Religion	13-14
Education	14-15
Music	15
Science	16-17
Sport	17-20
Aeronautics	20
The Press	21-22
Medicine	24-26
Law	26
Business	27-30
Milestones	30
Miscellany	31
Point with Pride	32
View with Alarm	32

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National Affairs—[Continued]

wheat shipments when the price was down. From the U. S. standpoint, this latter feature was not creditable to the Messrs. Livermore and Howell as an "economic service," for the U. S. farmer lost a fat slice from prices he had hoped to command this month and next.

Last week, it seemed that the most important result of last Black Friday would be recommendations from Secretary Jardine that the Boards of Trade institute rules limiting the fluctuation of grain futures prices in a single day—rules similar to those found beneficial on the Cotton Exchange.

Money

If the Government of the U. S. were a business proposition, which it has never pretended to be, and if a Certified Public Accountant should come to examine its books, he would find several items marked: "Accounts receivable." By far the largest one, in fact an account receivable larger than any which has ever been known since the Chinese first invented an adding machine, he would find to be in excess of ten billion dollars. As nearly as Secretary Mellon's secretaries can figure, it is \$10,556,804,223.40. Accrued interest is almost two billion more, making twelve. This is the amount owed the U. S. by foreign countries for loans and supplies during the War and reconstruction periods. It is divided—in millions of dollars—as follows:

UNFUNDED	FUNDED
France\$4,210	Great Britain...\$4,554
Italy 2,138	Poland 178
Belgium 480	Finland 9
Russia 225	Lithuania 6
Czechoslovakia 119	Hungary 2
Yugo-Slavia 65	
Rumania 46	
Austria 30	
Estonia 18	
Greece 18	
Armenia 15	
Latvia 6	
\$7,369	\$4,749
Total	\$12,118

Twelve thousand million is twelve billion. Or, assuming there are 30 million people earning a living in the U. S., it is about \$400 per wage earner.

Last week, the diplomatic representatives of the U. S. brought these facts before the Governments of the debtor nations. The State Department is the channel through which the Debt Funding Commission communicates with sovereign Powers.

No one worries about the funded debts—they are being regularly paid, principal and interest, like high-grade bonds, in accordance with agreements made between the U. S. and the debtors.

But the unfunded debts are simply "I. O. U.'s," mostly promises to pay on demand. Demand for payment has never been made. The U. S. has intermittently and circumlocutively suggested that the "I. O. U.'s" be redeemed and the debtors have replied, sometimes po-

lately, "Yes, yes, but at the moment I'm a trifle stony—do you mind?"

Last week's suggestion or, as it was diplomatically phrased, "reminder," was made concurrently to all the unfunded debtors and was slightly more formalized than its predecessors. It was specifically suggested that the debtors send



© International

MR. WINSTON

He visited, then billed

"funding commissions" to Washington.

The text of this reminder was not public, nor is it likely that the public will have immediate knowledge of the replies. In such delicate matters as money, secret diplomacy is not outworn.

The members of the Debt Commission, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of State, a host of minor officials, not to mention the President and various Congressional Committees, all have responsibilities in the matter of these great monies. But they constitute the particular province of the Under Secretary of the Treasury, Garrard Winston. As one of the "younger men," he entered the Treasury under Andrew Mellon. He is now 43.

In April, he hurriedly visited several European capitals, had an especially earnest discussion with Georges Theunis, at that time Premier of Belgium. He was in France just as Joseph Caillaux was returning to power with promises of sound financial reform.

The present diplomatic dunlets may be assumed to be the result of his trip. When the replies come by mail or in person, Mr. Winston will be called upon to read their meanings.

THE CONGRESS

Change Guard

Selden Palmer Spencer, Republican, and junior U. S. Senator from Missouri, died suddenly in Washington, D. C., after an apparently successful operation for hernia.

The Nation remembered him as an irreconcilable opponent of Woodrow Wilson, as chief defender of Truman H. Newberry, who was eventually driven from the Senate, as a leading apologist for the Teapot Dome Lease.

But he meant much more to Missouri. Two years after he had received his diploma from Yale, he went to live in St. Louis and, as Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, associated himself with the Missouri Medical College in the early days of that institution. When only 34, he became a judge, speedily earned a sobriquet of honor: "Iron Judge." In his post-judicial days, he put iron into the feeble Republican Party and was at least partly responsible for Missouri's voting for Republican Presidents in '04, '08, '20, '24. He was one of the few Republicans elected to the Senate from Missouri, and he held his seat (1918-25) longer than any Republican predecessor.

Assistant Secretary of War Dwight F. Davis was considered likely to succeed to the Senate seat by appointment. Mr. Davis' association with international tennis is typical of a new cosmopolitanism in politics. He is not of the Old, but of the Coolidge "New Guard."

Publicity

Efficient as Democratic whip in the sessions of the House of Representatives, William A. Oldfield of Arkansas looked out from his Washington window upon the newsdealers and decided to bend the power of publicity to his purposes. Announcement:

"A number of prominent Democrats interested in the Party's future and having especially in mind the Congressional elections of next year, have made possible the publication of a Democratic weekly newspaper from Washington. It is *The National Democrat*."

"Lack of adequate publicity has been the greatest handicap of the Democratic Party in state and national politics. Special privilege, fostered by the Republican Party, largely controls the press of the country. The Democratic Party is committed to the policy of 'equal rights to all; special privileges to none.' . . ."

"A strong advisory board will direct the editorial policies of *The National Democrat*, and it should have a million readers before next year's elections are held."

Many Democratic editors failed to

National Affairs—[Continued]

exhibit the expected enthusiasm. They reminded that Democratic troubles in Madison Square Garden last July received their due of publicity.

And Republicans, unable to obtain exact count of the fugitive circulation of *The National Republican* which lived strenuously for several years as a weekly, lately changed to a monthly, diagnosed Representative Oldfield as having been infected with the *bacillus optimistius* common to all circulation managers.

Mr. Oldfield's real purpose is, of course, not to obtain circulation, but to create a dynamo. His dynamo is designed to generate high voltage of partisan pride among scattered Democratic editors who, in turn, will supply voltage to the voters. With a circuit working as efficiently as himself, Mr. Oldfield believes the Democratic Party will magnetize Congress in 1926 and the White House in 1928.

PROHIBITION

The War

Some time after May 5, the *S. S. Pellegrini*, big French tramp steamer, left her native waters. She slipped clumsily across the ocean, arrived, last week, at Rum Row. She was heavily laden. It may have been as much as 50,000 cases of liquor that she carried.

During the past four years, the value of a case at Rum Row has averaged between \$20 and \$25. Assuming the *Pellegrini* carried only 10,000 cases—a mere 75-ft. schooner will carry 5,000—the value of her cargo would approximate a quarter of a million dollars.

Her crew set busily to work, preparing the cases for delivery over the ship's sides. Occasionally, a mate would gaze expectantly over the waters, looking for the swift little rum runner which would surely come. Hours passed. Then, suddenly, four small motor craft raced into sight, came up to the *Pellegrini*, but not alongside. They circled around and around—picket boats of the U. S. Coast Guard.

The *Pellegrini*, well provisioned, prepared to stay a month, until this new official nonsense might cease. But, a few days later, she was visited by a Coast Guard vessel on inspection, was notified that war had begun. Her crew offered a case of champagne for a package of cigars, but the contract was not concluded.

A German steamer, half unloaded, decided to leave Rum Row a fortnight ago. Last week, she returned. No rummies came to her side. Two indefatigable picket boats greeted her. Surly, she departed once more.

What has happened?

In accordance with announcements made in March, there were assembled

in the waters of the middle Atlantic, early in May, a score of revenue cutters (Customs Service), a dozen submarine chasers (borrowed from the U. S. Navy) and nearly 100 picket boats and larger vessels belonging to the U. S. Coast Guard under the command of Rear Admiral Billard. All these vessels were put at the disposal of General Lincoln C. Andrews, recently appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury (TIME, April 13). He directed them, under the general supervision of Secretary Mellon.

On May 5, this armada took up a position on Rum Row—a line running about 200 miles from Southwest to Northeast, about 30 miles offshore from Atlantic City, N. J., to New London, Conn.

Along this line were found about 90 vessels, steam and sail, engaged in liquor traffic. One or more U. S. vessels placed themselves a few yards from each of the smugglers. It became impossible for the smugglers to unload their cargoes into launches ("rummies"), with the result that the launches stayed idly at their docks along the shore.

By last week, all but ten or twelve of the 90 laden vessels left the Row.

Contributing quite as much to this result as the presence of the armada itself was the presence of a bolder, more ferocious spirit. Hitherto, U. S. vessels have sighted rum runners scurrying to shore, have urged them to stop, have even fired a wild shot. But the rum launches, faster than the average picket boat, have simply scurried on. The Coast Guard seamen have not been shooting with intent to kill.

When the May war was undertaken, it was made quite clear that if a rum launch would not stop when warned, every attempt would be made to blow it out of the water. Thus rum running became something more than risking a doubtful fine or a short imprisonment—it came to mean the risk of life.

The result of the war on shore was to send the price of branded Scotch whiskey, stamped in the cork and blown in the glass, from \$6 to \$7 or \$8 a bottle.

Hitherto prices have run about as follows: A case at Rum Row, \$25; on the beach, \$40; to the retail bootlegger, \$50; to the consumer, \$70—or \$6 a bottle.

But, of course, the objective of the war begun this month is to drive the price of whiskey *et alii* out of sight. And the question on which every one has an opinion is: "Will it?"

Obviously, if the whole power of the U. S. is brought to bear upon its borders, it could conceivably prevent whiskey from so much as trickling through in teaspoonsful. The cost of such effort is variously estimated up to

\$250,000,000 initial outlay on additional ships, etc., besides heavy annual expenses of a personnel of perhaps 25,000 men at sea (the present Coast Guard force is about 7,000). And it is suggested that Congress will be too parsimonious.

For a blockade to be effective, it must be effective on every mile of border. Last week, five rum-laden vessels appeared off San Diego* and successfully disposed of their cargo at the rate of at least \$10,000 daily.

Furthermore, future battles are likely to prove harder to win than was the May battle at Rum Row. Counter-tactics even to the point of serious armed resistance may be developed by the smugglers.

The war can be won. It is simply a question of price. Will the U. S. pay it?

Court martial, last week, found six Coast Guardsmen on the Rum Row section guilty of smuggling.

SHIPPING

Touchstone

Steel boats—900 bottoms in varying sizes—lie listless in U. S. estuaries. It cost about one billion dollars to make them and it costs the U. S. about \$2-700,000 to keep them from one Christmas to the next.

Many a keen industrialist who keeps his eyes on things has proposed to buy them for scrap at scrap prices. But all was not generally known until the Chairman of the Shipping Board ("T. V. O'C.") made a speech, last week, to some travelers on a boat plying between Detroit and Buffalo.

Mr. O'Connor simply said he had had audience with Henry Ford, from whom he had wrung a tentative offer to take 400 of the listless bottoms at something between \$1 and \$7 per ton (scrap price). At \$3 per ton, the entire listless fleet of 5,700,000 tons would bring about \$17,000,000. Mr. Ford would probably pay about half that for about half the fleet—all is quite vague. Mr. Ford† thought he might use 30 or

*The region of San Diego and San Pedro is infested with hi-jackers, an indication that its rum-running business has not reached a high state of development. Smuggling has three stages. First comes the small individual smuggler. Then comes the hi-jacker, who is really a pirate. He preys on the rum runner, captures the nearly-landed rum or robs the rum runner of his money if the liquor has been landed. Then, finally, to defeat the hi-jacker, comes the highly organized smuggling concern which deals in credit, not money, and which protects its rum with guns if necessary.

†Said Mr. Ford to the press: "Why, do you know it will cost us approximately \$400,000 to get ready to pull the ships apart."

National Affairs—[Continued]

perhaps only 10 for commerce; the rest for junk.

Henry Ford is one of the most inveterate bargain-hunters in the country. Old inns, old sap-buckets, old railways delight him. Particularly, he has been interested in dilapidated things which the Government has vainly clung to. Refused Muscle Shoals on his own terms, he now considers the idle fleet. Selling things to Mr. Ford, however, is no royal road to fortune.

His offer aroused little enthusiasm among the other members of the Shipping Board. It was received with some favor by business men, one of whom hoped that the Shipping Board would follow the boats into the junk pile: "Let the tail go with the hide." Futively, ship-owners, native and foreign, prayed for the demolition of the ships because, bad as they are, they constitute a vaguely potential threat of competition.

ARMY & NAVY

37 Years

A 40-year hard labor sentence for Private 6,346,392 (Paul Crouch) and one of 26 years for Private 6,112,765 (Walter Trumbull), stationed in Hawaii (TIME, Apr. 20), were reduced to three years and one year respectively.

The technical crime: Disrespect to the U. S.

The real crime: Communistic sympathies.

The evidence: A letter to Moscow intercepted by Army Intelligence Officer Eugene M. Fisher, Colonel. Also alleged dicta such as "Damn the U. S.," reported by the colonel.

The trial and original sentences were by court martial; the review and reduction were by Major General William R. Smith, commanding Schofield Barracks, Honolulu. The case was then referred to Judge Advocate General John A. Hull, Washington.

Said Private Crouch: "Our 'propaganda' consisted largely of letters to a local newspaper correcting absurd misstatements about Russia, such as a story that Trotsky had banished Kremlin,* the War Minister."

Early to War

Crazy Horse, Lame Deer, Spotted Eagle, Elk Horn, Broad Road, Natchez and, most bloody of all, Geronimo the Apache and, most formidable, Sitting Bull—down they went, years ago, before Big Chief Bear Coat.

Last week Bear Coat, better known as Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles,

U. S. A., took his grandchildren to Ringling's circus, at Washington. "You know I never miss the circus," said he to Mr. John Ringling (TIME, Apr. 6, THE THEATRE), whom he met at the Big Tent's door. He, his grandchildren and their maternal grandmother took seats in the third row not far from Mrs. Coolidge. Round the big ring slipped the introductory pageant of horses, elephants, clowns. The old man, Bear Coat, suddenly fell backward. A physician at hand caught him, carried him beneath the seats, took him outdoors. He was dead. There was little commotion. Mrs. Coolidge continued absorbed in the acrobats.

The first big day in the life of General Miles was in 1861 when, aged 22, he left the counting house of a Boston merchant and went to fight. Other big days:

Age 25—shot in the stomach at the battle of Chancellorsville, a most bloody engagement, by a man who years later was glad the bullet had missed his heart.

Age 26—commissioned Major General of Volunteers after having fought with the Army of the Potomac in every battle except one. (The Chancellorsville bullet kept him away from Gettysburg.)

Age 26—Saw Lee surrender to Grant.

Age 30-45—Bloody pursuit and extermination of Indians.

Age 56—appointed Commanding General U. S. A. by President Cleveland.

Age 58—Represented the U. S. at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

Age 59—Polished off the Spanish-American War and was made Lieutenant General, the sixth in U. S. history.

The General reached the age limit and retired in 1903, after several disagreements with Mr. Roosevelt. Since then, it has been the privilege of younger men at Washington to make the General's acquaintance; and of the public to applaud him on patriotic occasions.

The General married a daughter of General Sherman. His son is a major; his daughter the wife of a colonel.

POLITICAL NOTES

Mrs. Bushbaum

A Polish woman came to Ellis Island, N. Y., three years ago and was found to be admissible except on one point: she could not read nor write. Her case was taken into court; she was released on bond; went to Brooklyn; studied. Last week, the courts decided against her; she was ordered deported. That

she can now read makes no difference. She is Mrs. Jacob Bushbaum of Brooklyn.

Estate

Inventory of the estate of the late Senator Medill McCormick (TIME, Mar. 9) was filed; it was estimated at \$4,000,000.

Lepers

Further impetus was given, last week, to Governor General Leonard Wood's plea for \$1,000,000 for the leper colony on the Island of Culion, the Philippines.

The story was told of the retreat founded by Dr. Victor G. Heiser. In a commandeered Government vessel, he went from port to port, herded the wretches on board, took them to Culion. There they led normal lives, received the expensive treatment of ethyl ester. Their children were born "clean."

But, in the 1916-21 period of Filipino political control, under the Jones Act, 300 infant children contracted the dread disease, and the colony went from bad to worse.

As soon as General Wood arrived—in 1921—he drew on emergency funds, increased the staff of physicians from 2 to 18; and within a year 1,000 patients were once more receiving treatment. When it was rumored that the General was about to return to the U. S., a pathetic petition signed by more than 1,000 lepers begged him to stay. Meanwhile, the Filipino politicians were trying to oust him. Culion was made an issue, and the Filipino Legislature cut the Culion appropriations by one-third.

Under such circumstances, it is characteristic of the General not to go. He has called for a million dollars and, it seems certain, will get it.

War Without End

Imagine a drove of king lions, all supreme in their native wild, all meeting on terms of equality. Imagine, then, a congress of Chiefs of Police.

Such a congress did in fact assemble in Manhattan, last week—some 400 Chiefs from cities of the U. S. and an odd 100 from nearly every country on the globe's crust.

And, truth being stranger than fiction, they behaved themselves in most pacific manner, resembled a gathering of learned pedants.

The opening oration was delivered by the New York City Chief, Richard E. Enright:

"Throughout the ages, nation and nation, races and classes, castes and creeds, have been pitted against one another in open warfare; but when the strife is over and treaties are signed

*Not the name of a statesman: *Kremlin* means the citadel of a town or city, more specifically the large Moscow inclosure containing palaces, cathedrals, an arsenal; now the seat of the Soviet Government.

National Affairs—[Continued]

they sit down together, forget their past differences.

"But the open warfare declared upon society by the criminal is never ended. There is no armistice, there is no peace or hope of peace. It is an irrepressible conflict."

He was followed by Herr Johann Schober, the Viennese Chief. After relating how he once became Premier of Austria for a year, he reported:

"We have in our Police Administration in Vienna 270 academic men—I mean men educated at the university who had taken the examinations for the bar and other professional pursuits. The influence of these men has been great on the education of our policemen on the streets."

Later, the congress listened to the man whom Sir Basil Thomson of Scotland Yard called "the best scientifically equipped man in the police profession." This was Dr. Salvatore Ottolenghi, who established the first police school in the world.

Roman traditions go back to the last century when Lombroso advanced his theory of the "born criminal type" and practically originated the science of criminology. Ideas have gone far since then, but the concept of the criminal as fit subject for scientific examination and treatment has persisted. Dr. Ottolenghi is an outstanding exponent. "Even today," said he, "many estimable authorities do not recognize the intimate relation between criminology and pathology. . . . A pickpocket who for future identification is merely 'finger-printed' may, if properly examined, be found to have highly developed homicidal tendencies. The same may be true of any mere misdoer—just as a patient brought to hospital because of a minor disorder may be found to be suffering from a serious contagious disease of which his obvious condition was a premonitory symptom."

But the Manhattan hosts interrupted the academic calm as best they could. They took the delegates—including Shu Tze of China—to examine a complete museum of bandit instruments. They called upon Shinzo Uno of Japan to show cinemas of police work during the Tokyo earthquake. They passed resolutions on coordination of finger prints and demonstrated the telephotograph. By this means, three finger prints were flashed to Chicago and in five minutes two criminals' names were telephoned back. (The third was not in the Chicago files.)

Nor were parades forgotten. One was for the local police led by red-haired John F. Hyland, the city's

mayor. Another, for safety, was put on by Barron G. Collier.

Indeed, an event of this kind in Manhattan has come to be incomplete without Mr. Collier, the boy from the South who has collected a fortune from his



© Wide World

MR. COLLIER

Crooks think him a pessimist

control of street-car advertising. With befitting splendor, he played host to all 500 chiefs at Luna Park, dined them, sent them forth to seek amusements under the gaudy arc lights—free of charge.

Nor did any Chief leave the congress without learning of the latest, distinctively U. S. contribution to the war on crime. It is an experiment for which Mr. Collier will personally expend \$50,000. It is a series of advertisements which are to dominate the traction lines and billboards of New York and perhaps be extended to other cities.

In drawings, the posters will "sell" two ideas. One is the "Ready"-ness of the police. They are strong, keen, fearless, victory-or-die men backed by the mighty fist of society.

The other is that crime cannot pay dividends commensurate with its risk. The yegg at the safe, the thug at the hold-up, the gangster in his running fight—always he must have all the luck on his side if he is to escape the gloomy, bitter penalty of the law. So say the advertisements under their challenging caption:

YOU CAN'T WIN

This caption was not only a new idea in crime prevention; it was also a highly original use of the word "you." When advertisers use the second person, they have reference to any and all. Of

course, Mr. Collier was addressing himself only to criminals, past-master and incipient.

The conclusions of the congress were three:

1) Advocacy of a Federal Police Bureau to synchronize the work of local bureaus.

2) Advocacy of an International Police Bureau to make the Fiji Islands as dangerous for an escaped criminal as Pasadena.

3) Formation of a committee to study the codification of recorded finger prints, of which there are about 5,000,000 in the U. S. alone.

No Office, No Guilt

Onetime (1923) Governor J. C. Walton of Oklahoma was impeached, two years ago, removed from office (TIME, Oct. 15, 24, Nov. 5, 26, 1923). He was brought into court on the criminal charge of diverting public funds. Last week, he was pronounced not guilty.

Jolly Deacons

They took Hubert Rampley out and flogged him. They did not think he should keep company with Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Skidmore, who had not yet secured her divorce. The floggers, sentenced to seven months in jail, were five, deacons all of the Atkins Avenue Baptist Church, Cedar Grove, Ia.

One of them was Choir Leader Oliver, recently convicted for the whipping of a man who permitted his daughter to wear knickers and ride a bicycle. Mary Elizabeth Skidmore is now Mrs. Hubert Rampley.

Conquest Reconquered

The Eleventh Connecticut returned to the Tenth Louisiana Regiment (Tigers) the standard they had captured in the sanguinary affair of Cold Spring Harbor. Fraternalization at New Orleans was rampant.

At 4:30 a. m., June 3, 1864, General Grant gave the command to attack. His soldiers were led by Generals Sheridan, H. G. Wright, W. F. Smith, Burnside. The village was defended by Generals Hoke, Kershaw, Pickett, Field, Early, under General Lee.

So hopeless was the attack that Union soldiers pinned their names and addresses on their backs before starting. Eventually they withdrew. Said Lee: "Our success, . . . under the blessing of God [has been] all that we could expect." Union killed, wounded, missing were nearly 13,000 out of 100,000. Confederates lost about 2,500 out of 65,000.

This battle was one of the few blots on General Grant's record and badly affected the morale of his troops.

*Receding foreheads, massive jaws, prominent chins, unsymmetrical skulls, long ears, rectangular noses, thick hair and thin beards—by such physical marks Lombroso would have identified born criminals.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE LEAGUE

Armaments

For the most part, the Arms Traffic Conference at Geneva (TIME, May 11, 18) fired on all its cylinders, but there were several cases of ignition trouble, and it was felt that the engine was untrustworthy and might at any time develop more serious defects.

Business for last week:

☛ A U. S. proposal to strike revolvers from the list of controllable weapons was passed *nem. con.*

☛ A British proposal to exclude warships, submarines, air- and seaplanes and airships from control was passed by a small majority. The U. S. voted to exclude.

☛ An Italian proposal to exclude tanks was defeated. The U. S. voted to exclude.

☛ An Italian proposal to exclude armored trains was tied three times. The U. S. voted to exclude. The proposal was subsequently approved in committee.

☛ A U. S. proposal, interpolating in the definition of "arms" the words "designed for use in land, sea and aerial warfare," was passed.

☛ A Turkish proposal to make it obligatory for a Government to grant licenses for the export of arms to any recognized Government was opposed and referred to committee.

☛ The U. S., through its representative, Congressman Theodore E. Burton of Ohio, announced its willingness to sign a convention providing for the publication of all armaments statistics. The offer was received with mixed feelings. Poland and Rumania dissented because of their proximity to Russia (unrepresented at the Conference). The matter was ultimately referred to committee.

☛ A Hungarian proposal to exclude *flammenwerfer* (flame projectors) from the list of controllable weapons was carried. Hungary pointed out that these weapons were already barred by International Law. The U. S. immediately moved a resolution to control all component parts.

☛ A U. S. proposal permitting any Government to ship arms to any other Government was passed. Britain thereupon introduced an amendment giving Governments the right to search ships suspected of carrying arms designed to foment trouble against them, citing the case of India where arms-smuggling was the cause of constant strife on the Northwest Frontier. The amendment was badly received and discussion was adjourned.

☛ The Conference missed on five of its six cylinders when Mr. Burton in-

troduced a U. S. amendment, the significant part of which read:

"Upon the coming into force of the convention, the powers mentioned in Article 32 and [blank for number] other powers shall nominate representatives to form the central international office. These representatives shall, in accordance with provisions of the convention, determine the organization and functions of the central international board, including election of their successors at the end of their terms, which shall be three years."

It was noted that the "League of Nations" nowhere appeared in the text, which seemed purposely designed to free the functions of the central office from the jurisdiction of the League. Not a nation, with the exception of Canada, could accept the amendment; and, after some lengthy polemics, the question was referred to committee. As a compromise, it was finally decided to have no central international office.

COMMONWEALTH

(British Commonwealth of Nations)

"Die-Hard" Dead

In the Army, it is well known that officers who rise from the ranks make the most severe disciplinarians. Lord Milner, who died last week from sleeping sickness at his country seat, Sturry Court, near Canterbury, rose from the professional class. He usurped the seats of the mighty. He became more reactionary than the average "die-hard" Tory.

Alfred Milner was born 71 years ago, the son of a modestly fortune country physician. Educated in English, in German schools, at Oxford, he became a barrister. From law, he turned to politics. He ran, or, as the English say, "stood" for Parliament as a Liberal—and was defeated. So he became private secretary to the then Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Soon satellites began to revolve around him and he became, if not popular, at least "well thought of." His political ascent was rapid.

South Africa. His big chance came when, in 1897, he was sent to South Africa as High Commissioner. His send-off is a landmark in the history of the Liberal Party.

He had been sent to Cape Colony to seek a solution of the grave difficulties with the Boer republics. Yet in speech he showed himself an Imperialist and did not mend matters by referring to the South African British as "helots." He foresaw war with the Boers, undoubtedly hastened its advent, which he believed inevitable. He stayed in South Africa throughout the South African War (1899-1902), was rewarded for his

services by a viscountcy and the Governorship of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony.

The House of Lords. In 1905, he returned to the House of Lords as a Conservative and just as much at his ease as he had been in the bosom of the Liberal Party. He became a stern enemy of Lloyd George's radical budgets and, in 1909, advised the House of Lords to reject the year's Finance Bill and "damn the consequences." The House did. Two ensuing general elections brought their lordships face to face with the problem of whether they should pass a bill to abolish their financial veto or should reject it and cause King George to create a batch of peers sufficient to carry the bill. Even such confirmed Tories as the late Lord Minto frowned on the latter alternative, but Lord Milner stuck to his guns and advised the House to resist to the end. It did not, and he was beaten.

The War. In 1914, he again came to the front, serving on several advisory committees. In 1918, he became Secretary of State for War, remaining in that post until after the end of the War. It was largely owing to his influence that General Foch was appointed Generalissimo of the Allied Armies in France.

The Post-War Period. After the "khaki elections" of 1918, he was made Secretary of State for the Colonies. He, studious Imperialist, had acquired an amazing knowledge of the Dominion Colonies and Dependencies. The War had convinced him that only by a system of preferential tariffs could the British Commonwealth of Nations be welded into an economic unity and, as in everything else, he never wavered in this conviction.

His last great act was unfolded in the ancient land of Egypt. He was sent to that country after the revolt of 1919 to report on a "form of constitution best calculated to promote Egyptian peace and prosperity." The constitution that he recommended is now in effect and not a bit liked by the Egyptians.

In 1921, having a year before returned from Egypt, he resigned, was awarded the Most Noble Order of the Garter for his illustrious services and, in the same month, married the widow of Lord Edward Cecil.

On Canada

Two voices, quite different, quite typical, spoke, last week, in England.

Canadian Voice. The Vice Chancellor of Oxford University sat attentively in a reserved seat, surrounded by the more or less hoary Doctors, Proctors and Heads of Houses. Supported in the rear by a begowned mass of the lesser learned, Sir Robert Falconer, President of

Foreign News—[Continued]

Toronto University, delivered a professional lecture.

His address was on Canada and her nationalist spirit, was delivered under the title: *The United States as a Neighbor*. He voiced the attitude of his country, often taken for granted or ignored in the U. S., the attitude of a nation conscious that it has grown to its majority:

"Today the United States does not stand on these Americas as the leader of young nations who look to her for protection against Europe. It is doubtful if the Latin Republics of the Southern Hemisphere would willingly accept her as a protector-ess. . . .

"Over against the United States now stands in friendly intercourse the Britannic Commonwealth with rapidly developing members on these American continents—Canada, the British West Indies and British Guiana. . . .

"If a dispute were to arise with one of the Caribbean republics of such proportions as to demand the intervention of Britain as the head of the Commonwealth of Nations, would the United States step in and assert her sole right to settle it? This was what she did in the Venezuelan matter.* In the future, Canada might have a very great interest in the solution. Foreign policy is rapidly becoming an affair not of Britain alone, but of the Britannic Commonwealth.

"Insofar as the Monroe Doctrine refers to Brazil, the Argentine, Chile and Peru, Canada would probably stand aside. It is the future of the West Indies that concerns her. If it should ever happen that any of the islands now owned by other European nations should become salable, the Canadian might find his own interest leading him to urge Britain to purchase it, and he might be unwilling to admit that the Monroe Doctrine should be invoked to prevent the acquisition.

"All this leads up to another position which has been prepared for but not yet occupied—the appointment of a Canadian representative at Washington."

British Voice. Characteristically different was the attitude of an Englishman, an attitude not infrequently expressed in England of late. An unnamed correspondent, writing for

the *Spectator*, London weekly owned by J. St. Loe Strachey, declared:

"Powerful forces—premeditated and unpremeditated—are at work for a union of the two great nations of the American continent. United



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SIR ROBERT FALCONER

"If it should ever happen . . ."

States capital isn't the least of these factors. More than £500,000,000 of American money now is invested in the Dominion; and it is expected that, before 1925 is out, another £100,000,000 may be added. . . .

"Pan-Americanism, too, is busy. Its elaborate organization in Washington seldom sleeps. It has no direct connection with the American Government, yet American politicians wink at operations of the Pan-American Bureau within a stone's throw of the Capitol. . . .

"They [Canadians] know perfectly well that if they wanted to be independent or to join the United States, they would only have to say so.

"Canada is always clamoring for more British settlers. . . . A quarter of a million British immigrants per annum for the next 50 years would make the Dominion so solidly British that annexation sentiment would have little chance to develop. . . ."

Lord Kitchener

In June, 1916, the British cruiser *Hamphshire* struck a mine and the British Commonwealth suffered the loss of Field Marshal Horatio Herbert Kitchener, Earl Kitchener of Khartum, "the

greatest soldier-statesman of the century."

In London, last week, a book by one V. W. Germains, entitled *The Truth About Kitchener*, was published. In it appears a letter by no less a person than Germany's faded star, General Erich von Ludendorff. Writing to the author, General Ludendorff first apostrophised the late Field Marshal, then proceeded:

"His mysterious death was the work neither of a German mine nor a German torpedo, but of the power which would not permit the Russian Army to recover with the help of Lord Kitchener because the destruction of Czarist Russia had been determined upon. Lord Kitchener's death was caused by his ability."

It was recalled that Germany was the last nation in the War to desire the rehabilitation of the Tsar's army (for which purpose Kitchener started to Russia), and entered into negotiations with the revolutionaries for the express purpose of demoralizing not only the military but the civil power. It is a matter of common knowledge that this insidious bit of *weltpolitik* was only too successful; and it hardly seems possible that Germany can escape the responsibility (as an act of war) for Kitchener's death.

Sir George Arthur, Lord Kitchener's biographer and private secretary, was not slow to add his testimony:

"There is no question . . . that the secret of Kitchener's visit to Russia was betrayed by Russia to Germany, and as a result Germany made special preparations. And we know the name of the officer who laid the mine.

"Whether the secret was given away by Russia to prevent the Russian Army from recovering with Kitchener's help I cannot say, but of the betrayal there can be no question."

Anti-Bolshevism

Rumors permeated the clubs and drawing rooms of Britain that the Government contemplated refusing entry into the country of all foreign Communists for the annual conference of British Communists, to be held May 31, at Glasgow, Scotland.

Sir William Joynton-Hicks, Home Secretary, lent substance to these rumors when he declared, in a speech, that the Union of Soviet Republics (Russia) was a standing challenge to the "civilization, constitution and parliamentary government of this country."

"India," he continued, "is one of the first objectives of the Bolshevist campaign. The East is the main endeavor of the world revolution. English Imperialism is aimed at. The object is to create a Communist party here, with the assistance of Communists outside, to stir up trouble throughout our East-

* In 1895, Great Britain and Venezuela disputed the boundary separating British Guiana from Venezuela. Great Britain declined the U. S. suggestion of arbitration and interpreted the Monroe Doctrine in a way which President Cleveland refused to accept. The U. S. named a commission to settle the dispute, prepared to support Venezuela in the possession of what should be ascertained to be her rightful territory. Great Britain tactfully accepted arbitration and, in 1899, was awarded most of the territory in dispute.

Foreign News—[Continued]

ern empire and to stir up trouble in labor policy in this country. . . .

"The time has come when the Government will be entitled to say, 'We intend to be masters in our own house.'"

Revealed?

Wickham Steed, onetime Foreign Editor of *The Times*, contributed an article to the *Review of Reviews* (London). In his article, he reproduced a letter, published in *The Times* in 1919, signed by "F. S. T." The argument of this letter was that the wealthy classes should set an example to the Nation by imposing upon themselves a capital levy. It continued:

"I have been considering this matter for nearly two years, but my mind moves slowly. I dislike publicity and I hoped some one else might lead the way. I have made as accurate an estimate as I am able of the value of my own estate and arrived at a total of about £580,000. I decided to realize 20% of that amount or, say, £120,000, which will purchase £150,000 of the new War loan and present it to the Government for cancellation."

"F. S. T.," said Mr. Steed, "is Premier Stanley Baldwin and it is well known that he did impose a levy upon himself and that the Treasury acknowledged receipt of £150,000 of the War loan for cancellation." His example, however, only inspired others to the amount of £350,000, a total of £500,000 in all.

FRANCE

La Finance

Finance Minister Joseph Caillaux appeared, one bright morning last week, before the Finance Commission of the Chamber of Deputies. To the gentlemen present he said that the "balanced" budget devised by his predecessor M. Clementel was in reality short on the credit side some three and a half billion francs. It appeared that M. Clementel was banking on receipts from Germany which had not been received—a favorite French practice—and had neglected altogether a mere matter on the debit side of some \$87,500,000.

M. Caillaux made it clear that the budget, which he had revised, would balance without recourse to expectations. He proposed to raise some four billions of francs by:

- 1) A 33% tax increase on tobacco
- 2) An increase (unspecified) on the salary tax
- 3) A special measure to force French insurance companies to reinsure with the Government instead of abroad as at present.

The French public, which half expected a capital tax or the sale of some

colonies, was much relieved at the Finance Minister's moderation and almost forgave him for increasing taxes.

He also said that the receipts from Germany would be utilized as follows: two-thirds for reconstruction work, one-third for payment of the U. S. and British debts. There was no possibility, he averred, of improvement in the position of the franc until France's external debt had been settled.

A day later, Premier Paul Painlevé announced that negotiations with the U. S. would begin in Paris on June 1 concerning a settlement of the U. S. debt.

Nem. Con.*

At Lyons, industrial city of the *mid*i, ex-Premier Edouard Herriot was re-elected Mayor. Fifty-seven votes were cast in the municipal council, 56 for the ex-Premier and 1 blank ballot, cast by M. Herriot.

Mangin

Escaping it on the battlefields of Europe, Asia and Africa, General Charles Marie Emmanuel Mangin, 58, met Death in Paris. He died from appendicitis. Mme. Mangin and eight children survive him.

His funeral was one of great simplicity. His coffin was laid on a gun carriage, covered with the Tricolor and drawn first to the Chapelle des Invalides, then to the Cemetery of Montparnasse.

Ex-Premier Georges Clemenceau telegraphed Mme. Mangin: "He was a great soldier." Major General Robert Lee Bullard, onetime (Oct. 11, 1918—Apr. 15, 1919) Commander of the U. S. Second Corps Area, cabled from his sick bed in Fort Totten Army Hospital: "Good-by, beloved comrade. Good-by, thou undaunted spirit." The General's Negro body servant walked alone and silently near his master's coffin. Many distinguished persons, including Ambassador Myron T. Herrick and Colonel H. H. Harjes of Morgan, Harjes et Cie., were present.

Before the War, Mangin saw service in Senegal, the French Sudan, the Congo (Fashoda) under Colonel Marchand, in Tonkin, West Africa and Morocco, gradually rising to the rank of Brigadier General.

During the War, he was noted for a brilliant attack at Verdun which resulted in the recapture of Fort Douaumont and which earned for him the soubriquet of "the hero of Verdun." The following year he led his

*Nemine contradicente—without opposition.

army into a brilliant but Pyrrhic victory on the Aisne.

Probably his greatest victory was that of July 18, 1918, in which he commanded a force more than half of which was composed of U. S. troops. German guns pounded the lines in front of Villers-Cotteret Forest. A strong first line was pushing a German advantage for all it was worth. Of a sudden, a boom, boor boom crashed in martial note through the air, followed by the appalling noise of drum fire: boor boom, drum, drum, drum, boor boom, etc. Long lines of tanks ambled across the broken lines spitting fire to the accompaniment of the chugging engines. Behind, gre waves of infantry bore down upon the enemy who were driven back to Soissons, their communication severed and the battle ended, the first of a final series which terminated the War in a victory for the Allies on November 11.

The Jehad

Heavy fighting in Morocco was last week reported by the French in the Jehad (holy war) declared by Abdel-Krim, "Sultan" of the Rifian (TIME, May 11, 18).

The Rifians had advanced along hundred mile front to the Rive Vergha on the east. Concentration at either end, which apparently were preparing for a converging offensive with Fez as their objective, were detected.

This evidently decided General Comte de Chambrun to send General Colombat forward to storm the heights of Bibane, midway along the front. The attack was launched with a suddenness that surprised the Rifians; and, in a magnificent action supported by the troops of Colonel Freydenberg, the heights were captured. For the time being, this strategy destroyed the enemy plans for flank offensives and the Rifians began to concentrate in the centre for a counter offensive.

The fighting is complicated (from the French point of view) by two factors. In the first place, the country is mountainous and extremely difficult to fight over; and, despite the fact that the French have had much experience of this type of warfare, the advantage is with the Rifians who are natural mountain fighters.

More serious is the problem raised by the Spanish protectorate over a strip of northern Morocco. According to the Treaty of Madrid (1912) France recognized the right of Spain to administer a zone 200 mi. long on about 60 deep, running from the se nearly to the Algerian border. I

Foreign News—[Continued]

the present war, therefore, the French cannot advance, and airplanes must not fly over the Spanish zone. This, in turn, has meant that Abd-el-Krim's troops could attack at will, but, inside their own territory, could not be attacked. Naturally, such a situation placed the French at a great disadvantage.

To Madrid, however, Premier Paul Painlevé sent Deputy Louis Malvy, onetime Minister of the Interior, banished from France for a species of malfeasance labeled as gross negligence in the performance of his official duties. While in exile, M. Malvy lived in Spain, where he made many friends. He was thus thought the most suitable person to undertake a mission to General Primo Rivera, head of the Spanish Military Directory, for the purpose of obtaining Spanish consent for, or cooperation in, a French advance into the Riff country with the object of subduing their mutual enemy, Abd-el-Krim.

GERMANY

The President's Week

¶ Before the Reichstag went General-feldmarschall Paul von Hindenburg, President-elect of Germany, dressed in frock coat, black satin tie, patent leather shoes—a civilian, but one who looked a soldier from toes to hair. His entrance was greeted by shouts from the Communists, but the old soldier seemed not to be aware of their existence. He then subscribed to the oath of office:

"In the name of the Almighty, All-Knowing God, I swear to devote all my energies to the welfare of the German people; to increase their prosperity, to protect them from injury, to preserve the Constitution and laws of the Commonwealth, to perform my duties conscientiously and to deal justly with all." To this he added *So wahr mir Gott helfe* (So help me God), thus setting a precedent for other (if any) Presidents.

¶ To the German people, the President issued a manifesto:

"True to the oath, I will devote all my energies to guarding the Constitution and laws. . . ."

¶ For the armed forces of the Republic, which he called the *Wehrmacht* (defence force), he had also a message: "The German people have placed me at the head of the Reich. According to the Constitution, I take over this day the chief command of the Wehrmacht. I greet the Army and Navy with pride."

¶ Dr. Stieler, representing Director General Dr. Oeser of the German Railway system, called upon the President. He was gloomy about the success of the Experts' Plan, held out little hope of the railways being able to shoulder

their immense burdens. President Hindenburg replied that he knew of the grave difficulties confronting the railways and expressed his confidence that they would all be overcome.

¶ To offer their congratulations on behalf of the remnant of the Army and Navy came General von Seeckt and Admiral Zenker. To them the President said:

"Melancholy and pride fill my old soldier's heart when I greet you gentlemen, who represent Germany's Army of today. . . ."

"You may look to me with proud satisfaction. Germany's little Army stands today unimpaired by partisan conflicts and political opinions. That little Army is held up by a sense of duty toward the great traditions of our old national Army. . . ."

¶ At the Presidential Palace on the Wilhelmstrasse, the President held a diplomatic levee. Mgr. Pacelli, the Papal Nuncio and Dean of the *corps diplomatique*, began: "*Monsieur le Président*," and went on in French to extend the Corps' welcome, voicing a hope that the President would guide Germany to prosperity and along the paths of peace. The President began: "*Exzellenz*," and in *Echt Deutsch* continued: "I shall exert all of my powers to contribute with earnestness conscientiousness and complete devotion to the solution of the problems of our day and generation. . . ."

Presentations followed.

¶ The President signified his intention of being present at the Düsseldorf festival on June 19, in connection with the celebration of the 1,000th anniversary of Henry the Fowler's victory over the Franks which gave the Rhineland to Germany.

Düsseldorf is occupied by the French. President Hindenburg's name stands high on the Allied list of War criminals. Recently, General Nathusius, also a War criminal, stepped on to French territory to visit the grave of his son, was immediately arrested, tried, imprisoned. These three facts were in the minds of many Germans last week and it was wondered if the French would seize the President when he arrives at Düsseldorf. The French intimated that they would follow a more politic course.

ITALY

Woman's Suffrage

The Chamber of Deputies opened its doors for a short session of perhaps a fortnight. Before it appeared the inimitable Premier, Benito Mussolini, and as usual he had a card up his sleeve.

In one of his soul-stirring orations, he supported the Government's bill to give

municipal votes to woman. The speech was the more remarkable because the Premier was bucking a majority of the Fascist Party. His speech was witty and to the point. More than once female giggles were heard from the gallery, but a certain frigidity was noticed in that region when he said:

"I am pessimistic about this business of women's suffrage. I know it will not bring a cataclysm, but I do not believe it will bring much good, or, in fact, change matters much."

Part of the bill, besides giving women a municipal vote, provides that women are equally obligated with men to serve the country during war, morally and materially, and will be subject to military discipline.

After the usual bout between Fascists and Communists, the bill was passed.

RUSSIA

Recalled

Did M. Voline, First Secretary of the Bolshevik Embassy in Paris, do it or did he not? Bolshevik Ambassador Leonid Krassin swore he did not. French Foreign Minister Aristide Briand swore that if he did it again he must go (TIME, May 11, FRANCE). "It" was giving support to a Communist demonstration in Paris.

Last week, Ambassador Krassin informed M. Briand that M. Voline had been recalled to Moscow. Perhaps he had done it again.

Suicide

General Boris Savinkov, the Terrible, ended his life by jumping from the window of his prison cell in the State Political Department.

Late last summer, Savinkov was caught by the *ogpu* (secret police, successors to the Tsars' *okhrana*) and subsequently brought to trial (TIME, Sept. 8). Although the organizer of many political assassinations, including those of Von Plehve and Grand Duke Sergius, he had become an enemy of the Bolsheviks.

At his sensational trial, he did not scruple to say that his estimates of Bolshevism had been mistaken, but told the court bluntly:

"I know the decision beforehand. I do not value my life and am not afraid to die. I recognize all my guilt. I never sought anything for myself."

Lately, in a letter to Comrade Dzierzynsky, Chief Commissar of the Supreme Economic Council, demurring against his imprisonment, he wrote:

"I thought that two courses would be open to me—either I would be shot immediately, or, if I told all, I would be forgiven and allowed to engage in some work."

When M. Dzierzynsky informed him

Foreign News—[Continued]

that there was little chance of his being released, he vaulted the sill of his cell window.

Return Engagement

The first public appearance of Leon Trotsky since his "return from Elba" was at the opening meeting of this year's Federal Congress of the Soviets at the Grand Opera House, Moscow.

The faded War Lord was received in silence but, at the same time, there was no mistaking the fact that he was the cynosure of the auditors assembled to witness the elections to the Presidium or Standing Committee of the Congress, which, while the Congress is not in session, is the highest authority in the Union. Elections began. "Stalin," sounded a voice. Stalin stood up (cheers) and took his place at a long table on a platform. Kalinin, Kamenev, Rykov, Zinoviev were similarly elected. "Trotsky," boomed a voice and up jumped the ex-War Lord. A tremendous ovation greeted him. Cheer upon cheer shook the walls of the Opera House and made the plaudits for the other leaders seem like the crack of a rifle to the boom of a howitzer.

As Trotsky took his place at the table, it was noticed that he did not sit next to Grigori Zinoviev, his arch enemy, who, apparently, did not leave Moscow, as reliably reported last week.

SPAIN

Grandee

The Duke of Alba, young grandee, was smitten with the idea of Democracy, probably on his last year's visit to the U. S.

Last week, he ordered two of his large estates to be divided and distributed among his tenants on a deferred payment plan. He hoped that other grandees would follow suit. His tenants prepared to hold a series of festivals in his honor.

Agrarianism is all the mode in Europe, but it is far more rare as a doctrine of the landowner than as a doctrine of the tenants. This case denotes a change of opinion by part of the oldest aristocracy, for the present Duke of Alba, 17th of his line, is descended from the famous first Duke, who was compelled, at his King's command, to apologize to the Pope for defeating him, whose ghastly "Court of Blood" in the Netherlands was one of the outstanding horrors of the 16th Century and who boasted that he had sent some 18,000 people to the executioner.

The present Duke is a descendant of another famous soldier, the Duke of Berwick, illegitimate son of James II of England, whose title he still possesses, being the tenth Duke. The first



International

ALBA

Grandee, he turned Agrarian

Duke of Berwick saw service under his father and later under Louis XIV of France. Montesquieu in his *Eloge* cites that so great was his courage and ability that all parties were anxious to have him on their side. Before his death, he became a French subject and a Marshal of France.

The Duke is also a descendant, through the Larreategui family, of Christopher Columbus.

BULGARIA

The Cost

The court martial sitting at Sofia to try persons accused of complicity in the Sveti Kral bomb outrage (TIME, Apr. 27, et seq.), sentenced eight men to death:

Marco Friedmann, lawyer, Communist. He knew of, but said he was not connected with, the persons who hatched the bomb plot. Sentence: Public execution.

Georgi Koeff, for harboring Captain Ninkoff (engineer of the outrage, killed while resisting arrest). Public execution.

Peter Zadgorsky, sacristan of Sveti Kral, for accepting a Communist bribe to permit the plotters to place bombs on the roof of the Cathedral. Prison execution.

Five others — Petrini, Kossofsky, Grancharoff, Ahadjieff, Dimitroff — who are all at large — sentenced in absence. Public execution.

The three condemned men were granted a reprieve of four days in order that they could appeal to the King, who, it was hinted, refused to sign the

death warrants; and it was believed that the sentences would be commuted to imprisonment for life.

Meantime, the *Pravda*, Moscow journal, grew livid over the absence of any protest from the world bourgeoisie:

"The bourgeoisie of humanitarian Europe already have spent all their efforts in crying against the Red Terror, and with smiles on their faces fully endorse the new and ugly sight at Sofia."

BELGIUM

A Cabinet

Belgium, which has been governed during the past six weeks by the resigned Theunis Cabinet, was apathetic when M. Van de Vyvere accepted the King's mandate to form a Cabinet. Recently, it had become a weekly custom for the King to call this and that leader and request him to form a Government. But when M. Van de Vyvere succeeded in forming a Cabinet, the Belgians were most surprised. The Cabinet:

Premier, Finance.....M. Van de Vyvere
Justice.....M. Leon Theodor
Foreign Affairs.....M. Paul Hymans
Economic Affairs.....M. Moyersoen
National Defense.....General Hollebaert
Science and Art.....M. Noll
Industry and Labor.....M. Tschoffen
Agriculture.....Baron Razette
Colonies.....M. Carton
Interior.....M. Poulet

The new Government, like the old one, is a Catholic Liberal coalition.

CHINA

Chang

As spring turns into summer, flowers begin to bloom in all the world, and, in China, with the propitious season, war usually commences. A rumor descended upon Peking, last week, like a spring rain:

Marshal Chang Tso-lin, Manchurian Tsuchun (War Lord), was marching upon the Capital. General Feng Yushiang, "Chinese Christian Soldier," discovering that many of his generals were "neutral," decided that he would not fight Chang.

Last autumn, after the defeat of President Tsao Kuo and General Wu Pei-fu (TIME, Nov. 10), Chang, one of the victors, retired to Manchuria with words of peace, promising to keep his army out of politics.

For some time, however, Chang has let it be known that he is sorely disappointed, that he is dissatisfied with the conduct of the Government in Peking, because the Chief executive, Tuan Chi-jui, has been unable to remit China under one Government at Peking. Presumably, therefore, he is once more on the march—for the remification of China.

*Also in the Theunis Cabinet.

THE THEATRE

New Plays

A Bit o' Love. Most significant, most discouraging was the Actors' Theatre production of John Galsworthy's *A Bit o' Love*. It has become something of the mode to misprize Galsworthy. No surer example of the justice of this attitude has recently appeared. Mr. Galsworthy has attempted an emotional justification of Christian Faith. His curate hero has recently lost his wife in the ancient thicket of infidelity. He turns the other cheek and refuses to chastise the offending male. He refuses even to make a fuss about it and injure that unworthy's reputation as a rising doctor.

His chatterbox rural parish discovers the affair and turns against him as a defender of evil. He loses his church and is about to hang himself when a small child and an ancient farmer remind him that love and courage are enduring loyalties in life.

It is quite true that Mr. Galsworthy is not without theatrical or historical precedent in this attempted justification. Channing Pollock's precedent (*The Fool*) converted many strips of printed cardboard into negotiable currency. Mr. Galsworthy is superior to Mr. Pollock—just enough better to make the result half trash and half sincerity.

These things should be done in a tent with a sawdust trail down the centre aisle. *A Bit o' Love* was treated to the directive delicacy of Robert Milton. It had to be; under sawdust severity, it might have dropped apart. For this reason, its vigor seemed a simulation. Even excellent acting could not save it.

Taken in full, *A Bit o' Love* seems imply a pale copy of what some preacher once said to Mr. Galsworthy in church.

His Queen. The old story of the young and beautiful American suddenly seated on the throne of a mythical European kingdom has again been dusted off and set out in the show window by John Hastings Turner. The story is varied slightly in that the young and beautiful is not a man but a girl. It is further varied by the death of the young and beautiful just as the curtain falls.

This last twist was a severe surprise to the initial audience who had sat through two hours of shoddy sentiment and were all ready to don their rubbers and go home with "Victory" and "I love you" ringing in their ears. For the Queen had become involved with the hardboiled revolutionary leader and it seemed almost inevitable that they would join forces. There was no excuse for

the bloody ending (she was shot). It was probably furnished in the idea that death indicates honest tragedy. It was as out of place as a hearse on a hay ride.

Francine Larrimore, seductive and technically inefficient actress, was involved. Minute inspection indicated serious flaws in taste and execution of her duties. Yet what the entertainment might have stumbled to without her is not convenient to conjecture.

The Big Mogul. There is probably a wide public for the type of entertainment in which an Irish tenor sends the show out for recess every now and then and sings a couple of ballads. This one even takes time to tell a funny story when the plot begins to lag. Fiske O'Hara is his name. In this play, by De Witt Newing, he is not a poor Irish lad arriving in this country but a full-blown business man. The notion of Elbert Gary suddenly holding up a conference of the Steel Corporation to sing about shamrocks is interesting but illogical. *The Big Mogul* is seldom interesting.

Garrick Gaities. The students of the Theatre Guild have suddenly burst all decorum's bonds and produced an impudent revue. It is full of youth, energy and fine flashes of wit. Costumes and scenery it overbooks. It is a trifle amateur in spots. Special Sunday performances will be given until the subscribers and the less incurious public have completed their inspection.

The Bride Retires. This product, adapted by Henry Baron from the French of Felix Gendrea, was chiefly valuable for its reintroduction of Lila Lee to the speaking stage. She used to be a child actress and spoke her various pieces from many a vaudeville rostrum. Then came long years in the cinema and now the real ambition given scope. Unfortunately, the scope is somewhat limited, due to the ineptitude and the immaturity of the material in hand. It came from France and did not wait long to submit its witticisms to inspection. The general impression was that these witticisms could not stand the shift of language. They sounded heavy and a trifle sour. Miss Lee is beautiful enough but not the accomplished soul to sell this doubtful cargo.

She plays an innocent bride who wants to run away with someone else. Meanwhile, her husband plans similar escape. Then, naturally, they fall fearfully in love.

CINEMA

The New Pictures

Welcome Home. Significant character study is the hardest thing to find in the cinema. This picture, adapted from Edna Ferber's and George Kaufman's play *Münch*, is another fruitless search. The central character is an old man come to live with his married son. The subtleties of old age in the middle classes escaped even the directorial discernment of James Cruze.

The Crackerjack. Johnny Hines is said suddenly to have become popular through the country to the extent of becoming a First National star; also, this picture is his best. He manufactures pickles, sells them by thousands to South American revolutionists, discovers that the jars are jammed with cartridges. All this with the characteristic Hines rapidity.

William Tell. The first Swiss film has arrived with a lot of good scenery. The actors are blonde and somewhat unappealing to our svelte and darker tastes. The story is about the apple, etc. For sheer majesty of background beauty, the film would be hard to surpass. Dramatically you may justly prefer Zane Grey.

Barce, Son of Kazan. is another example of the dog wagging the actress, or something of the kind. Anita Stewart is the lady in the same old dog story: childhood attachment, rescue of the heroine, etc. The subtitles are terrible but the dog is a grand actor.

My Wife and I. Irene Rich is the chief excuse for this sombre study of domestic difficulties. Her husband starts tripping after the same girl who has tossed her son because the same father had cut off his allowance because he was spending it on the same girl. There is, too, a villain after the wife. She gets a good cry out of it but the spectators really did not care much one way or the other.

Black Cyclone. One more good animal actor was herewith added to the lists. He is Rex, called the wild horse and looking the part. He gets himself a wife, fights for her with The Killer, bites into a puma and a pack of wolves and is in general vicious and attractive.

BOOKS

Cold Pastoral*

Miss Kaye-Smith's *Ploughmen Plod on Feet of Clay*

The Story. The George was King George III. The Crown was Queen Anne's Crown. They faced each other across the only street of Bullockdean in Sussex—the one a dilapidated pub for sharks and such, the other a tavern frequented by the county quality.

Tom Shearer, whose wife, sharp of nose and tongue, came from Pêche à Aneque in the island of Sark, ran the George. Daniel, his son, was the friend of Ernley Munk, the heir to the Crown.

When Belle Shackford, the lovely, tawdry, easy daughter of a failing tenant farmer, became engaged to Daniel after Ernley had thrown her over, she was only following precedent. People who were not good enough for the Crown went to the George. But, one day, just as she was about to sit down to victuals in the George, she swooned; and when her swain brought her to with a nip of the house's brandy, she told him that she was going to bear Ernley's child.

Daniel pleaded with her to marry him "noneless." She bade him "adone." It seemed beside the point, she indicated, for her to marry anyone but the child's father. Although Daniel was too ashamed and too proud to inform Ernley of her plight, the fellow learned it from her parents; married her like a gentleman.

There was no comfort for Daniel in Bullockdean with the girl he loved in another man's bed across the street. So he said good-by to his mother, who had never cared much for him, and went to live with her people, the laughing citizens of Sark. One night, on a haymaker's holiday, he visited a dance hall, found there a girl who was about to go on the streets. Reflecting that she might as well appropriate the tatters of his own dereliction, he took her to wife in a cottage fronting the golden fields, walled by the knightly cliffs, of Brittany. Incredible happiness kindled his life until she died in childbirth and he returned to England to lay the ghost of his new grief with the kindness of an old, companionable sorrow.

The George had succumbed to creditors and the Gambling Laws, but the Crown, onetime tavern, had turned into a thriving hotel; Belle, onetime wanton, into a good mother; Ernley, onetime lover, into a paunchy philanthropist. As Daniel supported himself cleaning out the local Rector's pigsty, he felt that his past was coming back to choke him. Belle, outraged by her husband's unfaithfulness, conducted Daniel to a lodging house in Newhaven. He real-

ized that it was anger that had made her surrender herself. She expected him, that night, to kill the last of her love for Ernley. In the morning, she would wake up empty of love, a wanton again. Daniel Shearer sat by the window, wrestled all night with his soul. He was, he realized at last, the kind of man whom women sacrificed. Aghast at her angry love, he sent her back to Ernley. Things like love were for the Crown; marriage was enough for the George.

The Significance. Two of the world's oldest peasantries mingle their blood in Daniel Shearer to produce, not a figure of earth, but one whose brogans plod in the path of righteousness, leaking clay at every seam. Miss Kaye-Smith is deeply sensitive to the countryside of Sussex and Brittany; she has skillfully turned to her use the brooding decay of the one, the rugged gaiety of the other. Yet these old lands seem merely to have influenced the characters; they should have created; they are backdrops painted in oils against which rustics, less adeptly created, posture in a polite charade, salting their phrases with "by gar!" "howsomever," "an," "ud," "adone," stepping out of sight now and then, to sprinkle dirt on their overalls.

The Author. Sheila Kaye-Smith (wife of a Sussex clergyman, the Rev. Theodore P. Fry) was born, reared in St. Leonard's, Sussex. She is fond of clothes, food, manners, that are fine-grained. She has set herself to write a novel as notable as Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. Her books include: *Tamarisk Town*, *The End of the House of Alard*, *Joanna Gadden*, *Green Apple Harvest*.

Boswellized

TABLE TALK OF G. B. S.—Archibald Henderson—*Harper* (\$2.00). Last year, Mr. Shaw "granted an interview." Unto him there entered his Boswell, brisk Prof. Henderson of the University of North Carolina; and a book, instead of a column in the newspapers, now emerges. Here indeed is proof of pundithood.

Cinema? "Development must come from the centre, not from the periphery." Nobel Prizes? "The prize-winners are like the modest hotels in Backeek—well spoken of." American "bustle"? "George [Washington] did not run around like a mouse in oxygen as the modern American does." Sex in literature? "When Linnaeus first wrote on the fertilization of plants, botany was denounced as corrupting to morals. . . . If a man holds up a mirror to your nature and shows you that it needs washing—not white-washing—it is no use breaking the mirror. Go for soap and water." Alleged pro-Germanism in

Wartime? "The Germans eagerly quoted me to show that the moral case against them was a trumped-up one, which it was."

Harnessed

THE SPRING FLIGHT—Lee J. Smits—*Knopf* (\$2.50). When geese went north in the night, when lurid shafts of light played in a forbidden alley, when girls looked longingly at his curly, black hair, Kenneth Farr of the Middle West could not help feeling that there was more in life than his mother had told him about between family prayers. When he grew older and found he was right, he pitied himself for not having been told; posed alternately as "misunderstood" and "no good." As is usual in such cases, he wrote bad verse. He sought liberation on the stage, in journalism, in writing advertising; but found it only, invariably, in willing women. Eventually that escape became familiar; unnecessary. Kenneth settled into his harness, comfortably drawing a wife and two children. Another account of mediocrity in search of an image deserves attention only because Author Smits can, indubitably, write.

Revolution

THE NEWER SPIRIT—V. F. Calverton—*Boni, Liveright* (\$2.50). This author applies to contemporary letters a new theory of criticism. The approach is sociological, the method scientific. "Revolutions in aesthetics," he says, "are due to revolutions in ideas, but every revolution in ideas is due to a revolution in the social structure." It was the invention of the steam-engine that made people interested in the tragedies of factory girls, the amours of merchants, when only those of monarchs had before satisfied them. His attack is directed chiefly against those critics who subscribe to Stuart P. Sherman's affecting doctrine that "beauty has a heart full of service." Analysis serves, he says. He hails Sherwood Anderson, "the voice of the proletariat," denounces H. L. Mencken, "vaudeville critic," as "the Great Man illusion," asserts that geniuses can be made in the laboratory by sensitizing the perceptions of infants. Critic Calverton's own contribution to aesthetics is a style as rigid as a schoolmaster's ferule.

Note

The American Booksellers' Association met in Chicago, determined to organize a system of telegraph delivery like that which has long been a prop of the florist trade. "Books telegraphed anywhere," is the slogan. Booksellers hope that this will stimulate those whom life has parted to use books for the expression of a thought, a sentiment, as they now use flowers.

*THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN—Sheila Kaye-Smith—*Harper* (\$2.00).

RELIGION

La Petite Fleur

Some 30 years ago, a young girl died of tuberculosis at the Carmelite Monastery of Lisieux, which is on the Paris-Cherbourg railway line. She had written an autobiography—a simple story of her spiritual life. She was credited with saying that "God would permit her to remain on earth until the end of time"; that she "would spend her Heaven on earth doing good"; that she would "let fall a shower of roses." After these things was she forgotten by that great mass—the outside world.

Then, the roses began to fall. Her autobiography was read by one person, another and another, until thousands had read it, until it had been translated into most known tongues.

Soon letters began to descend upon the Carmelite Monastery at Lisieux. They came first one at a time, then ten, a hundred, a thousand. These letters told of the good that the departed girl-nun was doing in her Heaven on earth. There were stories, attested by doctors, priests and numerous other witnesses, of miracles: deadly diseases cured, sinners converted, moral and material help rendered, etc., etc. Never was such a bed of roses prepared for mankind.

In the War, French poilus died with her name on their lips, fought under her banner, prayed to her on the blood-stained Marne, before the rain of steel at Verdun and in the hour of victory. After the War, soldiers went to her grave at Lisieux, covered it with their medals and swords.

Her fame swept throughout the world. At Paris, special permission was sought from the Pope to name a church after her—*L'Eglise de La Petite Fleur*. Welsh Catholics placed their Apostolate of the Faith under her protection. President Cosgrave of the Irish Free State planted the Irish standard before her tomb. The Bishop of Alaska confided his scattered Indians and Eskimos to her charge. A Catholic cathedral in the newest diocese in the U. S.—Monterey-Fresno—is to be built in her honor.* Two years ago, the Pope beatified her; more than 60,000 persons went

to Rome. At the beatification triduum at Lisieux, 100,000 persons were present; the Pope sent a Legate and there were no less than three Cardinals, 14 Bishops and 500 Priests. In the past ten years, some million and a half persons have made pilgrim-



SAINTE THERÈSE

The Devil's advocate lost his case

ages to her tomb. In short, she is the greatest woman of our times.

Who is she? Sister Thérèse Martin, one of the nine children of a jeweler of Alençon, a provincial town to the south of Lisieux. At the age of 16—that was in 1889—she decided to join the Carmelite Order, but was rejected because of her extreme youth. Taken on a visit to Rome, she threw herself at the feet of Pope Leo XIII, "the greatest of modern Popes," imploring him to sweep away the barriers which prevented her becoming a nun. His Holiness replied: "If it be God's will, it shall be done." It was done.

For eight years, Thérèse lived with the Carmelite Sisters at Lisieux and in 1897 she expired. No great words had she uttered. No supernatural acts were credited to her. No weighty theological thesis had flowed from her quill. Outside the Carmel walls her name was unknown.

Last Sunday, His Holiness Pope Pius XI celebrated the rites for canonization for Sainte Thérèse, *La Petite Fleur* (the Little Flower), in St. Peter's Church, Rome. The ceremony began at 8 o'clock in the morning and ended at 2 o'clock in the afternoon; but long before, at 4 o'clock in the morning, street cars, taxis and private automobiles began to move a vast number of pilgrims to St. Peter's. Nearly 70,000 persons

crowded into the basilica, being the greatest number that ever assembled there since the coronation of Pope Pius X, 22 years ago.

In full Pontifical robes, the Pope was carried the entire length of the Church in the *sedes gestoria* amid scenes of emotion. Owing to the installation of a loud speaker—a great innovation for the conservative Catholic Church—His Holiness' voice was distinctly heard throughout the long service into the recesses of the basilica.

Supported by all the Cardinals in Rome, including Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia, who led 15,000 Americans to Rome for the event, the Pope began the mystic ceremony of making the Blessed Sister Thérèse, the Blessed Sainte Thérèse. Outside the Church, hundreds of people knew that the great moment of the ceremony had arrived. Silver bugles were sounded from the dome of the Church. Their clarion notes cut the still air with peculiar sweetness. A few seconds later, from the north, south, east and west, the bells of Rome's 400 churches tolled their joy.

At night, the dome and portico of St. Peter's and the obelisk in St. Peter's Square, which Caligula brought from Egypt, were illuminated for the first time since 1870, when the Papacy was deprived of its temporal power. The illumination was done not with electricity but with thousands of tallow torches and candles, many of which were encased in saucer-shaped lanterns, giving the impression of a blazing building. It took 300 men a fortnight to prepare the pyro display. Many thousands of frantic people cheered in polyglot tongue: "Long live the Pope!" "*Vive la Sainte Thérèse!*" "*Viva la Chiesa Romana!*"

Shape

Gradually extra-creedal Christianity begins to put its substance into shape. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick has long preached the "religion of Jesus" in contrast to the "religion about Jesus," and the public is beginning to acquire a fair idea of what he means.

Last week brought forth the first concrete lesson in Dr. Fosdick's idea of a church. He will accept the pastorate of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, Manhattan, on one major condition: it must be "inclusive." This general idea, translated into specific requirements, meant:

1) That membership must be open to all who profess themselves Christians according to the so-called "evangelical" manner—i.e., Baptist, Congregationalist, Methodist, Presbyterian and the like.

2) That rites or doctrines which distinguish Baptists from other evangelicals are not to be *de rigueur*. (Of these, the most picturesque is the Baptist belief that the body of a convert must be totally immersed in water—

*In the formality preceding beatification, a postulator (solicitor) appears before a tribunal (commission of Cardinals) of the Congregation of Rites, of which the Pope is supreme judge. The postulator must prove:

1) A reputation for sanctity.
2) The heroic qualities of the virtues.
3) The working of miracles.
An *advocatus diaboli* (devil's advocate) appears to point out the weaknesses of the case, which must be proved in each of the three particulars, when a decree *de tuto* is issued. At it is then ready for the ceremony of beatification—raising the candidate from the rank of Venerable to Blessed, a step to canonization. This last always takes place in the basilica of St. Peter's and is one of the most important ecclesiastical functions of the Pope.

E D U C A T I O N

either running water such as the River Jordan or a pool constructed in the church. Most other churches from Catholic to Calvinist are content with symbolical sprinkling of water on the forehead.)

"Inclusiveness" was acceptable to the retiring pastor, Dr. Cornelius Woelfkin, to John Davison Rockefeller Jr., to other deacons and trustees of the church.

Dr. Fosdick made minor conditions which were also accepted: his salary is not to exceed \$5,000; he must continue his teaching at Union Theological Seminary; a larger church, seating 2,500, must be built in the neighborhood of Columbia University, several miles from the residential district in which the church is now located. And also, as a graceful gesture, Dr. Fosdick could not accept until the Presbyterian General Assembly officially refused to permit the First Presbyterian Church, Manhattan, to take him back into its pulpit. It was thought that the church members would follow their leaders in accepting the Fosdick conditions.

British Debate

Dean Inge has often remarked that Anglo-Catholics are "unchurchd" by Roman Catholics* and attempt to unchurch everyone else. Their present objective is to include in the Prayer Book much matter which is offensive to other Englishmen, Nonconformists as well as Anglicans.

Particularly, they hope to insert two festivals for permissive observance—the feast days of Corpus Christi and of The Falling Asleep of the Virgin Mary (which corresponds to the Catholic "Assumption").

Last week, Sir Thomas Inskit, leader of the "Low" or "Broad Church" party, issued a manifesto hotly attacking the Anglo-Catholics. It is admitted the Prayer Book will stand revision, for it has scarcely been altered since the days of Queen Bess when it was finally adopted as a compromise between the High and Low Church parties of the day. But that it should be revised Catholic-ward is unthinkable to the majority of Britishers. The possibility of such an event arises chiefly from the fact that Parliament has relinquished much of its control of the Church to ecclesiastics, and among the latter Anglo-Catholics are comparatively strong.

The Church congress meets for decision in the autumn. Meanwhile, much strenuous religious debate—quite different from the Fundamentalist controversy, which England has long since abandoned—may be expected in the Kingdom of His Britannic Majesty and, indeed, in his Dominions Beyond the Seas.

*The Roman Catholics will not have them because this historic church accepts no one except on its own terms.

In Nomine T. R.

"For Distinguished Service," read the golden, three-inch medals awarded by the Roosevelt Memorial Association last week, presented by President Coolidge,



© Wide World

MARTHA BERRY
Statesmen waited

to Governor Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania, George Bird Grinnell of Manhattan and Miss Martha Berry of Pocomtrot, Ga.*

The Pinchot award was for long service in the preservation of natural resources and domain. Mr. Grinnell was honored for "conspicuous success" in securing Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks to the public.

Miss Berry had been summoned because, in 1902, she, a young lady polished by Boston schooling for the social world, received six mountain ragamuffins in her log cabin on Mount Berry, read them Bible stories, taught them, added to their numbers, built up the present Berry School, an industrial institution with 95 buildings and 650 pupils, boys and girls.

These mountaineer children of all ages above 15, live in simple quarters built by the boys themselves, and care entirely for their own needs, so that teachers' hire is the only expense. Farming and dairying, cooking and sewing are the arts which the young mountaineers take home with them.

In 1910, just returned from Africa, President Roosevelt spoke at the Berry

*The 1924 awards: To Elihu Root (lawyer, public official); Oliver Wendell Holmes (jurist); Charles W. Eliot (educator). The 1925 awards: To Louisa Lee Schuyler (social worker); Henry Fairfield Osborn (natural historian); Leonard Wood (soldier).

School, told how Miss Berry had gone to him at the White House to get introductions to philanthropists: "When Miss Berry turned up . . . there were a good many statesmen in the room with her. I looked at the letter of introduction, then glanced at the pamphlet; then I saw Miss Berry at once, and when they tried to interrupt me, I said: 'Let them wait.'"

Light vs. Darkness

In the remote fastnesses of Tennessee, where a high-school professor is arraigned under that state's new anti-evolution law for having "taught evolution" from a biologic text-book previously approved by the state authorities (TIME, May 18), the forces of light and darkness ranged themselves for conflict. George W. Rappleyea, Dayton coal man and evolutionist, who preferred charges against Prof. Scopes to test the law's constitutionality, marshaled funds for the defense, announced that, in addition to many eminent scientists who had offered assistance and testimony, the services of Herbert George Wells, British outline of history, would be sought. Counsel for Prof. Scopes accepted offers of legal aid from Lawyers Dudley Field Malone (suave Manhattan lawyer) and Clarence Darrow (Chicago criminal extirpator).

The prosecution found a voluble champion in William Jennings Bryan, "great commoner." Last week, Mr. Bryan was going the rounds of Eastern lecture platforms, emotionally crying that evolution is the arch foe, not only of Presbyterian Fundamentalism, but of "all religion." He wanted to make the trial, at which he will speak, an onslaught on that system of education "that destroys the religious faith of our children."

On this question, he seemed likely to debate alone. The issue of the trial as taken by the defense was not to be the futile question: "Is evolution true?" but: "Can the human mind be limited by law in its inquiry after truth? May freedom of teaching and freedom of learning be forbidden by law?"

Solicitude

Representatives of every state in the Union met in Manhattan. Their mission: the Child Welfare Conference (TIME, May 18). Their motto: "A home for every child—preferably with his mother."

Four governors were there—Moore of Idaho, Smith of New York, Winant of New Hampshire, Brandon of Alabama. U. S. Secretary of Labor Davis was there, a politician or two, notables various, such as William Jennings Bryan, Mrs. W. R. Hearst,

Miss Margaret Wilson. The sessions were to last five days.

Chairman Sophie Irene Loeb, President of the Child Welfare Board, began the speechmaking, all of which bore upon uniform national laws concerning child protection and widows' pensions. Her point: Though many local groups agitate for the desired laws, no national body directs or helps these groups. That direction will be the task of the Child Welfare Committee.

Governor Smith: "Laws can be passed only after public conference and after the public makes up its mind what it wants."

Secretary Davis: "Shame to a state which will permit a child of a normal mother to be taken away or which will allow brothers and sisters to be auctioned off to the highest bidder..." (The Secretary's metaphoric reference was to institutions for orphans which can care for applicants only according to the extent of their facilities, the size of their endowments, and to adoptions by well-to-do foster parents arranged by bureaus.)

Mr. Bryan: "No home with money is even a fair substitute for the love and parental guidance which a child gets in his own home."

Commissioner of Public Welfare (N. Y.) Coler: "It is easy enough to get a society woman to be photographed with a nice clean-looking baby. But to get the same amount of attention for defective, diseased children is quite another matter."

President Frank?

Last winter, Dr. Edward Asahel Birge besought his Board of Regents to relieve him of the presidency of the University of Wisconsin, where he has been in service for the past half century. The Regents pondered, invited Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard University Law School. Dean Pound accepted, then lent ear to Harvard entreaties and changed his mind (TIME, Feb. 2, 9).

More pondering at Wisconsin. Advises from Madison, seat of the University, told, last week, that at a special meeting Regent Michael Olbrich arose to nominate "one of America's great men," a college president's onetime secretary, a noted merchant's onetime associate, now a distinguished editor, thinker, liberal reformer in Church and State. Regent Olbrich nominated Editor Glenn Frank of *The Century Magazine*, salting his eulogy with the pertinent fact that Editor Frank, only 38 years old, should have much life left in him to give to the University of Wisconsin at \$12,000 a year.

Regent Zona Gale was instructed to ask the Madison, Wis., telephone operator to connect her with Editor Frank in Manhattan without further delay. A deputation of the Regents was appointed



EDITOR FRANK

Four years with the "Century"

to pack suitcases, entrain and wait on Editor Frank in person.

Awaiting these advances, of which the press advised him, Editor Frank must have reflected on his position. He knew that his four-year secretariat in Northwestern University had furnished him with a practical background in pedagogical administration. He recalled three active years with Edward Filene of Boston in commercial research and organization. He well knew that, since 1921, he had spurred the *Century* out of dry-as-dust respectability to a commendable, if not commanding, place in the magazine field; had buttressed the prestige of its editorial page with able leaders on large issues.

He must have been conscious that the time had arrived when the embrace of an editor's chair was too constricting for powers and ambitions such as his; that an audience of some 30,000 readers was hardly sufficient for the voice that he felt was in him. A long time now he had been in the habit of roaming over the country to lecture, now to business men, more often before educators.

It was this latter fact (if not some private understanding) that had encouraged the Wisconsin Regents to call Editor Frank. They, and many another, were quite confident that he would accept.

For some of the educational policies and conceptions they might expect from Editor Frank, Wisconsin had but to hark back to a speech he made, last summer, at the University of Michigan: "I dislike to speak of education, religion and politics as if they were three distinct fields. They are, or should be, an indivisible unity. . . . The professor, the parson and the politician are at work on the same job . . . the achievement of 'the good life' for the citizen and for the Nation."

Last January, he had written in the *Century*: "The politics of the future ought to be simply humanity's technique of bringing the world's knowledge to the service of the world's life." And in the *Century* for May: "Politics should be the point at which knowledge meets life and becomes socially effective. . . . Theoretically, at least, a state university should be the rallying ground and repository for the knowledge needed for the wise management of the life of the state. . . ."

MUSIC

Spittle

Fricka, wife of the King of the Gods, in the earthly simulacrum of a Polish soprano named Olzewska, stood in the Vienna Staatsoper, lifting a curve of song that flashed over the dark orchestration like a silver simitar. Another voice was also audible. Through the cadences of Wagner's music, the brandished curve of Olzewska's voice, it issued from the wings, rising and falling in charming periods, punctuated with little ripples of laughter, like "the voice of a woman telling a funny story."

The character of Fricka seemed to become momentarily less goddesslike. Strutting in a manner little indicated by her rôle, she approached the wings, hissed a plea for silence. The voice went on. Fricka then took from her bosom a word that Austria has defended with the lives of 10,000 duellists, hurled this after her plea. The voice went on. It was a moment for desperate shifts. Queen Fricka, somewhat forgetful of the proprieties, spat a jet of saliva which, soaring through the group around the noisy raryatton, settled on the shoulder of a Valkyrie.

"I am sorry," said Mme. Olzewska, "I meant it for that farmyard animal. . . ."

"So?" shrilled the charming voice, quite loud enough now to be recognized as that of Maria Jeriza, famed Baroness Von Popper (TIME, Dec. 15, Jan. 5, Feb. 9). "You shall hear of this!"

That night the directors of the Vienna Opera sat in consultation. They knew that the temperament, the popularity of Mme. Jeriza, had long galled the other singers. Fricka's spittle criticism was the outcome of a tiff that had been flaring ever since Mme. Jeriza, roseate from her U. S. triumphs, came to fill a spring engagement in her native metropolis. Who, the directors debated, was the mightiest: the wife of Wotan, or the wife of the Baron Von Popper?

The latter, they decided. Mme. Olzewska, forthwith ousted for "unseemly behavior," brought suit against the management. Meanwhile the public reacted in her favor.

SCIENCE

Wizard of Menlo

One day last week, a large boulder obstructed traffic on the Lincoln Highway at Menlo Park, between New Brunswick and Metuchen, N. J. The boulder was not directly on the cement, nor did it lean menacingly over it. Motorists could have passed by comfortably, save that before the boulder, ranged in rows upon the highway, were some 600 chairs of the folding variety used for church socials, political meetings and open-air exercises.

Upon the chairs sat notables, upon a platform more notables. Across the boulder rippled two U. S. flags, behind which, fixed in the stone, a bronze tablet mutely announced: "On this site—1876-1882—Thomas Alva Edison began his work of service for the world. . . . This tablet is placed by the Edison Pioneers. . . ."

Near Mr. and Mrs. Edison on the platform was John W. Lieb of the New York Edison Co. He dedicated the tablet and presented it to Governor George S. Silzer of New Jersey as a state monument, the latter accepting after Mrs. Edison had unveiled it. President John G. Hibben of Princeton then perorated, with interruptions by a rumbling freight train and a youthful Edisonian who leapt to the fore to declare he would never go to college.* Samuel Insull terminated the speech-making.

Mr. Insull, when he came to this

* Inventor Edison, no college graduate, frequently deprecates the value of a college education.



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MR. INSULL

He went back to the beginning

country from England in 1881, became the private secretary of Mr. Edison. Today he is a living example of the revolution which Mr. Edison has made possible in modern living—for he is President of the Commonwealth Edison Co., which furnishes all of Chicago's electric light, master of a great group of public utilities in the West—many of them grown up out of Mr. Edison's inventions—President of the Chicago

Civic Opera Company and in general a magnate of the Middle West. He, with others—aids and witnesses of wholesale changes wrought by Edison inventions—did honor to the inventor. Though it all a big white head nodded modest appreciation, a pair of bright blue eyes twinkled with pleasure.

To the assemblage, no recital of Inventor Edison's history was needful. Too well known was the story of the Ohio youth inept at books, fond of dabbling with chemicals, both green-grocer and publisher in his teens, boxed on the ears (and deafened for life) by a furious conductor because a stick of phosphorus started a fire in the mail car in which he traveled with his printing office and chemicals (he was selling magazines on trains at the time and had a laboratory in one end of the mail car), and later of the young telegraph operator with the itch for invention.

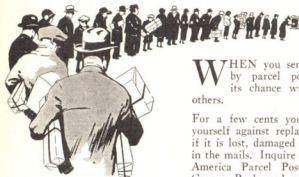
The accomplishments of his life speak for him:

Improvements for the telegraph and for Dr. Bell's telephone of 1875; the electric pen or teleprinter; and the mimeograph; the megaphone; an instantaneous vote-recording machine which Congress rejected because "one of the greatest weapons in the hands of a minority to prevent bad legislation . . . is the roll-call"; the microtensimeter, for detecting slight changes of temperature; the world's first "talking-machine"; carbon filaments for incandescent electric light bulbs; the "Edison effect," an electric valve; the motion-picture camera; metal filaments for bulbs; the taximeter; an electric street car and numerous minor contrivances that have brought the number of U. S. patents in his name to over 1,000.

During the War, he enlisted his mechanical ingenuity as Chairman of the Naval Consulting Board; his chemical knowledge by producing, in large quantities, carboric acid and other substances essential to the drug and dye industries, for which the U. S. had been dependent upon Germany.

From Ohio, where he had been born, the scene of his early life, his first experiments and his days as a telegraph operator, Mr. Edison removed to Newark, N. J., in 1873; then to Menlo Park, later to Orange, N. J., where his home and large factories now are. Outside "the old man's" office, a placard advises visitors that he is so busy that he finds it "impossible to grant any personal interviews." Within, an absorbed, absent-minded, gracious, tireless, cheerful individual carries on his work, with the calm open-mindedness of a scientist, from one day to the next of his 79th year. Well might his motto be the one which is the heritage of the Princes of Wales—"Ich dien" (I serve).

Works. With but three of his inventions, "the Wizard of Menlo Park" has modified human life more extensively



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than any man of his time. Most recent figures, for the U. S. alone:

ELECTRIC LIGHTING	
Number of customers	13,400,000
Number of employees	300,000
Incandescent lamps per customer	39.83
Residences wired	10,500,000
PHOTOGRAPHS	
Number of photographs manufactured per year	981,635
Number of films made per year	98,104,279
Number of records	23,503
Wage earners in the industry	23,503
CINEMA	
Feet of film made per month	65,000,000
Miles of film made per year	130,000
Cinema houses in the U. S.	17,836
Proportion of U. S. population estimated as attending cinemas regularly	68.2%

Cork Houses

At Deal, England, steel skeletons of houses were arising last week, were being fleshed with compressed cork, tegumented with an inch and a half of concrete from "cement guns." Slow to burn, sound proof, cheap and quick to build with unskilled labor, 25% easier to heat than brick, stone or timber, the cork abodes were hailed as a solution of the housing problem in industrial areas.

S P O R T

Sale

A face known to all followers of U. S. sport peered over a fence in Lexington, Ky., with a certain wistfulness apparent in the droop of the long-veined nose, the expression of the black-circled eyes. It is true that the owner of this countenance has for some time been leading a life of considerable luxury, but it was in no way responsible for the melancholy that saddened his visage. His regret was caused by the fact that his father and mother were at that moment being sold at auction in a meadow three miles away. No one was so heartless as to describe that scene to him: the 3,000-odd onlookers, bidders, the group of old stallions, sway-backed mares, shaggy, spindling colts—remnants of the famed stable of the late August Belmont, being sold by a red-faced auctioneer. No one told him of the prices: how his father, Fair Play, went to Joseph E. Widener for \$100,000; his mother, Mahubah, brought a miserable \$8,000; his friends Dona Rocca and Blue Grass \$40,000 and \$27,000 respectively.

Derby

The animated group that had witnessed the bartering of Man O' War's parents and friends left the meadow at twilight and motored back to Louisville. The auctioneer, they agreed, had been lucky. He never would have got such prices for Belmont's nags if it had not been the afternoon before Derby Day when everyone was feverish and even the yellow dogs of Kentucky, feeling the spring of the year, carried their tails gay.

Many a supper table, that night, kept

*In the world there are approximately 47,000 cinema houses.
?Man O' War, often called the greatest living race-horse.

Action, Humor, Beauty

Action, humor, and beauty incarnate—"Fix Bayonets!"

It is that remarkable narrative by John W. Thomason, Jr., Captain U. S. Marine Corps, man of action, artist, author.

The June Scribner's Magazine features it.

A vivid, moving portrayal of the American spirit, a story full of excitement, written with instinctive art and profound feeling.

The grinning Marine in the background—beaten grim humorously or savagely, as the case requires—is taken from Captain Thomason's sketchbook which was begun with burnt matches on the edge of Belleau Wood. His narrative is illustrated by many of these sketches—vivid, deft, human.

"Magnificent!" breathes Alexander Woolcott.

"With the exception of 'What Price Glory' I have run into nothing descriptive of the American soldier in the field which seemed to me so completely to recapture the smell and the feeling of the A. E. F."

Great as "Fix Bayonets!" is, it has worthy companions in the June Scribner's Magazine.

Robert W. Winston, former Judge of a Superior Court, leaves not a shred of respectability about the idea of "constructive" contempt of court in "How Free is Free Speech?"

Senator William Cabell Bruce of Maryland in "Recent Strides of Federal Authority" neatly plants a pebble or two in the giant's forehead.

"The Last Taboo" is Albert Guérard's article in black and white.

Alfred F. Loomis writes a highly enlightening article about the San Blas Indians and the attempts at "fraternization" made by Panama.

Mrs. Wharton completes her essays on fiction.

A College President, who retains anonymity, contributes "Nowisky, Otherwise Volstead."

As for fiction, read "The Bridegroom," by Clarke Knowlton, a distinguished story.

May 26 is the date. The coupon below, signed and mailed, will bring you this and eleven other numbers of a rapidly striding Scribner's Magazine.

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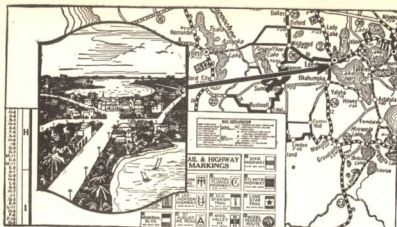
City

T.S-25-25

its candles wagging until the company came back to blow them out and sit down to Derby breakfast with day broad at the windows; many a pretty gentleman cut cards and drank his glass who might not have a penny by sunset. It dawned cloudily; the morning was bright and dour in fits, with little spurts of rain and a rattle of distant thunder like uneasy hoofs. On the sidings of the railroad waited eight and a half miles of Pullman cars. Airplanes were neatly parked near the grandstand. Innumerable financiers, editors, sportsmen, presidential candidates and sharks, who

knew a horse when they saw one, tried to see one, elbowing one another, as 20 nimble three-year-olds paraded to the barrier.

Of the caracoling or sedately marching 20, there was one that the knowing jostlers chiefly desired to ogle—Quatrain, winner of the New Orleans Handicap and the Louisiana Derby, favored in the odds at 2 to 1. He was liked, not because he had been personally trained by his owner, Frederick Johnson, Manhattan turfman, but because Earl Sande, famed jockey, winner of the 1923 Derby on Zev, had offered



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Jockey Bruening \$2,000 and 10% of the winnings for the privilege of riding him, and Bruening had refused. A. A. Kaiser's Captain Hal, who had turned in the best trial times, and Kentucky Cardinal, also impressive in trial, were popular. Sande was up on Flying Ebony, stable mate to G. A. Cochran's Coventry, Preakness winner. The Whitney-Greentree Stables' entries had been weakened by the loss of Chantey, a last-minute scratch.

A sprinkle of rain fell; thunder stamped in Heaven; the webbing went

up. "They're 'rorf," shouted William Gibbs McAdoo, Marshall Field, Knote Rockne, Harry F. Sinclair, Walter J. Salmon, many Elks, Knights, a haberdasher, a sculptor, 75,000 assorted odd fellows and their ladies.

Out of the smother at the first turn, flashed a horse ("Singlefoot," screamed Coach Rockne), fell back before another ("Captain Hal," howled Owner Kaiser). Where was Quatrain? Waiting for an opening. Where was Kentucky Cardinal? Nowhere. Another horse was out now, pressing at the with-

ers of the gallant Captain Hal, at his shoulder, at his muzzle, was cleat humping himself like a black white rabbit. Only one man now believe that Quatrain had a chance: he was Sande, bent to the shoulder of Flying Ebony. He could outrun Captain Hal



© International

MASTER ALEKHINE

His queen survived

(See below)

he thought, but Quatrain was the best horse in the race, the horse he had wanted to ride; Quatrain could catch him. He was running between solid lanes of people; the finish was almost upon him. With a tremendous, unnecessary effort, he lifted Flying Ebony down the last half furlong. A length and a half behind came Captain Hal. Four lengths back, Singlefoot led the struggling, straggling pack. Sande found himself with a gold cup in his hand, a bunch of roses in his arms, on the back of Flying Ebony, smiling into the cameras that make the world's press.

Battle in Baden-Baden

In Baden-Baden, Germany, the kings gathered for their last stand. Some in black, some in white, their swart or pallid queens beside them, they saw their knights rally into the ruffle and broil of the encounter to win a momentary conquest, or to fall, dying the death that is reserved for privilege in defeat. It was a lean day that did not see a dozen monarchs overcome. Upon the neat battlefields, the gods of the nations were at war: Sir George Thomas for England, Spielmann for Austria, Rosselli for Italy, Jacques Mieses for Germany, Colle for Belgium, Alexander Alekhine for Russia, Niemzowitsch for Denmark, Richard Reti for Czechoslovakia, Frank J. Marshall for the U. S. and twelve more who had qualified for the International Chessmasters' Tournament.

Minds battled like searchlights fencing in a night sky. Reti of Czechos-

Swordsman—Lover— Debauchee!

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Here is your chance to
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Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini

You have read something of this extraordinary man, friend and boon companion of Michael Angelo—protégé of many Popes—duelist, carouser, perfect artist in metals, sculptor of Hercules in marble and bronze, and designer of the great "Medusa" which has thrilled generations of artists.

Read Cellini's own life, as he tells it himself, his pen freed from all modern inhibitions.

Live with him through hundreds of extraordinary escapades, where life hangs on the flickering flame of a candle, or is staked on toss of a coin. Sit in his studio while he models the grim features of Cesar Borgia, or the gracious limbs and throat of the frail *Bona Roba* of Florence.

Go with him to that amazing party in honor of Michael Angelo, where each guest brought the most beautiful girl he knew, and where Cellini snatched the prize by introducing a boy in women's robes, his hair dressed by the waiting lady of a queen.

All this in one handy volume

Old-fashioned editions of this master work, by no means available in all libraries, comprise two or three bulky volumes. But now you may have it in a single beautiful book, complete and unexpurgated—just as it came from Cellini's pen.

Here's a book *everyone* should own. A medieval history, an interpretation of the Renaissance, a swashbuckling romance and one of the world's great autobiographies—all in one volume.

You have seen, perhaps, in New York, "The Firebrand," a popular play with Benvenuto Cellini as hero. Not only in drama has this amazing book been immortalized, but even on the operatic stage. A vivid picture of the most vivid period in art, and in social and political history. Everything Cellini, insolent, sensual, proud, did or failed to do during his long life is crowded, as jewels into a treasure vault, into this flashing volume.



Photograph from "The Firebrand."

Joseph Schildkraut as Cellini and Nana Bryant as the Duchess in the play, "The Firebrand."

"She was the most beautiful lady in Italy, age, in the whole world. I accomplished the portrait ordered by Meuser, Rothschild; and on the evening of the day I completed it, descending from the model throne, she threw herself into my arms."

Are you interested in Art? Here is a priceless manual of the age of Michaelangelo. In History? Here are

Italy and France from 1500 to 1562 pictured by one who swung a sword with his own hand in the sack of Rome. In Sociology? Here is the XVIIth century, violent and licentious, lived before your very eyes. In Literature? Here is a masterpiece of narrative, written by a braggart and a murderer, a sculptor and musician.



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Slovakia, who can play 25 games blind-folded, made an "oversight" which cost him a game in a few moves. Marshall of the U. S. held his own. But there was one man who played as if an immobile, enormous shape, looming unseen behind him, directed with gargantuan fingers the movement of his smaller hands upon the Lilliputian kings. Once, it is true, he made a misplay, uncovered his queen. The watchers sucked in their breath. Surely now this Merlin was done for. But his opponent, Spielmann, did not see the opening; the next move set it right. He was safe, and so he stayed until the last day. Then it was found that Marshall of the U. S. had tied for fifth place; that a Ukrainian, Bogoljubow, had taken fourth of Poland second, and this undefeatable one, Alexander Alekhine of Russia, first. His victory makes him unquestionably the logical challenger of the world's chess champion, José R. Capablanca of Cuba.

Scholar Capablanca, secure in his title, remained far from Baden-Baden.

AERONAUTICS

Tested

The Loening Amphibians to be used in the MacMillan expedition (TIME, Apr. 20) passed their tests last week, after a highly satisfactory flight from Mitchell Field, L. I., to the Naval Air Station at Anacostia, Washington, D. C., and were formally accepted. In acceptance trials, the OL-1, as the Amphibian is officially designated, attained a height of 14,000 ft., made a speed of 125 mi. per hour and climbed more than 5,000 ft. in ten minutes. Fully loaded, the plane weighs 5,200 lb., and carries a crew of four men. With its inverted engine giving the pilot clear vision ahead; its retractable gear allowing the plane to alight on ship deck, on land, on sea, or to roll up a beach under its own power; with its photographic, wireless and heating arrangements, the Loening is the last word in airplane construction.

Scholars

As to the use of the airship, the Navy decided to educate the U. S. public, beginning at the top. It took aboard the *Los Angeles* 33 leading citizens of the Philadelphia district and flew them around for seven hours. A first-class luncheon was provided.

Among those present: Irénée and Pierre S. du Pont (powder); George Horace Lorimer (magazine*); Eldridge R. Johnson (phonographs); Atwater Kent (radio).

On the earth below, Mrs. Kent was driving in an automobile equipped with radio. Of a sudden she heard her master's voice.

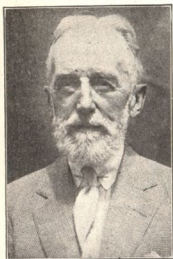
Next day, the lesson was issued to the rest of the public through the vicarious press.

*Editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

THE PRESS

In Philadelphia

Newspaper magnates have found it profitable, of late years, to buy rival sheets, not to add to their collections, but to amalgamate them with their own, making one of two (or three or four)—reducing competition. But to buy a rival paper, amalgamate it out of existence, and promptly set up another—that is not so usual a procedure. Yet it was



MR. CURTIS

He amalgamated and created

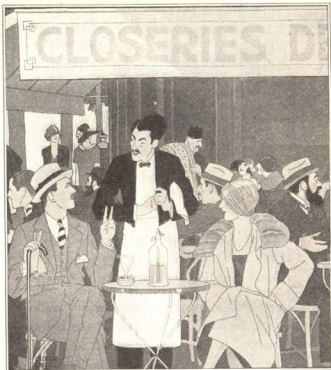
done last week, apparently with cogent reasons, depending on a given set of circumstances.

The Situation. When Cyrus Hermann Kotschmar Curtis strode into journalism, in 1913, bought the staid, sanctimonious Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, the eyes that swirled in his direction widened and awaited a new stroke of genius from the employer of Editors Bok* (*Ladies' Home Journal*) and Lorimer (*Saturday Evening Post*).

For Publisher Curtis announced loudly, and at great expense, that the *Ledger* would become "*The Manchester Guardian of the U. S.*" in morning and evening editions, which should have meant that it would be a liberal newspaper of lofty tone, sound information, independent politics, fearless action and international distinction.

Lofty tone the *Ledger* already had, but did not cling to. Sound information the Curtis coffers tried to purchase by establishing a wide foreign service and high-priced U. S. correspondents. Independent politics were a little difficult to maintain, because Cyrus Hermann Kotschmar Curtis lunched at the Union League Club and had a reputation for highly respectable conservatism. Fearless action, too, was difficult; for instance, the large-advertising Philadelphia department stores might be offended. As for distinction, typical attempts at it were some editorials by William Howard Taft, some political correspondence by Col. Edward M.

*Now retired.



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A day at the races with every mannequin in Paris looking her very smartest. Dinard, Deauville, Le Touquet, Biarritz—and all the chic world of three continents spending millions to make a spectacle for you.

The Riviera with summer prices—jeweled with little red roofed towns and sparkling beaches, banded by the Corniche Road where every turn provides a never-to-be-forgotten view. There is Marseilles, almost a port of oriental North Africa. The French Alps, the Pyrenees, are accessible by means of wonderful motor roads. The chateau country makes romance and medieval fable live again.

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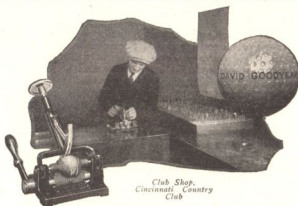
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You'll find Fulname Marking Machines in well equipped shops everywhere in the United States and Canada. Experienced golfers are expected to play Fulname marked balls on these courses. The marked ball promotes orderly playing, eliminates confusion on the greens and congestion on the fairways, develops

caddy control, speeds up the game, insures easy identification.

If your club is not yet equipped with Fulname Marking service, send us the name of proper club official and pro, and we'll explain how complete Fulname Marking equipment can be secured for free trial.

Also ask for copy of interesting booklet,
"Lifting the Game out of the Rough."

The Fulname Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

FULNAME MARKING

House and the installation of an admirable business section.

The *Ledger*, fattening upon Curtis plenty, prospered notably, but locally. It did not become known as "*The Manchester Guardian* of the U. S." In addition to his large ambitions, Publisher Curtis was trying to make his paper straddle two divisions of the Philadelphia public—people who avidly pored over the illustrated society section of the *Ledger* and more people who wanted sensations on the first page, slang in the headlines and, if denied, would read the *Ledger's* morning rival, the *North American*.

The Action. Last week, Publisher Curtis resolved the *Ledger's* domestic difficulty in the morning field by purchasing *The North American** for amalgamation, thus reducing competition. Then he commenced to publish *The Sun*, a new capsule sheetlet of "broad popular appeal for all classes of readers."

A. A. C. W.

At Houston, Tex., delegates of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World made the past week into one inspiring round of sightseeing, conferring, speechmaking. When the week was up, the Manhattan delegates successfully boosted their Mr. C. K. Woodbridge, self-made head of the Dictaphone Corporation, to the Presidency of A. A. C. W.

The world was represented at the convention by persons from Great Britain, Cuba, Peru, Switzerland, Mexico, China, and by an official message from Japan. Some thoughts—religious, poetic, economic—brought forward:

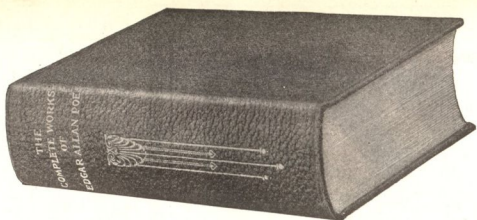
U. S. Representative C. A. Eaton of New Jersey, keynoter—"While we are selling things of a material kind, we must also sell the imperishable things of the spirit. Thus only can the art of advertising continue to be the handmaiden of human progress, leading the weary feet of all nations forward along convergent paths until, by and by, we shall reach the sunlit land of human understanding, complete coöperation, friendship and peace, which will mean the dawning of the Kingdom of God upon earth."

U. S. Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover—"The older economists taught the essential influences of 'wish,' 'want' and 'desire' as motive forces in economic progress. You have taken over the job of creating desire. You have still another job—creating goodwill in order to make desire stand hitched."

A resolution—"War is the foe of trade."

A Chicago cleric—"The world will never be redeemed by the voice only. . . . In the newspaper, the coming generation will find, when Christianity is applied to the newspaper, a great apostle of Christianity. . . . The pulpit and the written word—the press—are twins."

*"The oldest daily newspaper in America," descendant of the *American Daily Advertiser* (1784) and Benjamin Franklin's *Weekly Pennsylvania Gazette* (1728).



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Incredible? Surely—for when was such a book ever known before? A great new advance in paper-making is responsible—*genuine India Paper*. So finely woven that it is almost without weight, yet so white and opaque that the large type stands forth crystal clear.

To this rare paper, book-binders have contributed their art—to make a volume as beautiful as it is convenient—heavily grained covers; gold title and decorations; silk headband and footband; sepia frontispiece. Truly, a book to grace the finest library.

The New "Midnight Edition"

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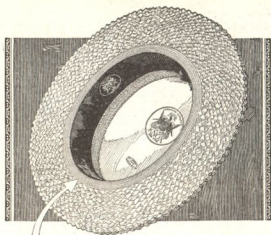
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7 West 42nd Street, New York City.

Gentlemen: With absolutely no deposit required from me, you may send me for one week's examination, your one-volume "Midnight Edition" of Poe's Complete Works, printed in large, clear type on genuine India Paper. I will either send you \$5.45 plus the few cents postage within a week in full payment or return the book at your expense.

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These extra rows of finest flexible straw braid make the brim soft where it touches your head.

A Straw Hat that Conforms!

NO matter how nature and events have shaped your head, the Knox "Comfit"* will rest upon it gracefully. Those patented bands of soft straw next to your head will give you the reason.

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MEDICINE

Scarlet Fever

"Cures" announced in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* are usually worthy of belief. In its last week's issue, Drs. George F. and Gladys Henry Dick report evidence that a toxin which they have discovered will give immunity from scarlet fever for a year and a half.

Infant Mortality

The Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor reported its findings in its study of 23,000 babies in eight cities during their first years. With respect to mortality, it was found:

- 1) More than half the babies who died in the first year, died in the first month.
- 2) Irrespective of all other factors, the infant death-rate varied inversely with the father's income.
- 3) Mortality of males was one fourth higher than that of females.
- 4) Mortality among exclusively artificially fed babies was three to four times higher than that among exclusively breast-fed and about twice as high as that among partially breast-fed.
- 5) Mortality per thousand was: from cause peculiar to infancy (including prenatal and natal conditions), 36.1; from gastric and intestinal diseases, 32.4; respiratory diseases, 19.6; epidemic and communicable diseases, 7.1.
- 6) Those born in June showed the highest mortality; those in August the lowest.
- 7) The age of the mother did not influence the mortality rate except in the case of the first born, among whom the rate was higher when the mother was under 20 or over 40.

Synthetic

If it were unprofitable to grow opium poppies, few would be grown. The opium question is solved: let chemists discover how to make synthetic opium and how to make it more cheaply than the poppy product.

Such was the millennialistic idea put forward, last week, by Dr. Carleton Simon, Special Deputy Police Commissioner of New York City. It struck Special Deputy Police Commissioner Herman A. Metz as such a good idea that he promptly offered a prize of \$100,000 for discovery of the synthetic formula.

In such matters, Mr. Metz is something more than a mere layman. He owns many chemical factories. But laboratory scientists were slow in getting to work. Said Columbia Professor of Chemistry Bogert: "Mr. Metz has risked little by his offer. . . . The making of a synthetic opium that will have all the medicinal qualities, or the good qualities, and be shy of the narcotic, or bad qualities, is something that I do not believe will be done—at least for a very long time."

But Mr. Metz' main objective would seem to be achieved if a synthetic opium

"Why sling any adjectives when the FACTS talk?"

A salesman's story



Tom Kay

FIRST thing I want to say I'm no advertiser. This is my first offence, and I'm doing it under orders. My boss said, "Tom, can't you get in print to men what you tell them by word of

mouth? What we want in our advertising is not flowery language, but FACTS; you've got them at your finger-tips better than any ad-writer; so won't you write them out?"

A Mistake Most Men Make

So here are the facts: My cigars—the boss' cigars, I should say—are *de-nicotized*. Almost all the nicotine is OUT. Maybe, when you hear that, you'll shy off as I did at first, and say: "Not for me!" Like ninety-nine out of every hundred men, I had the same impression you have now. I thought it was nicotine that made a good cigar taste and smell the way it does. WELL, IT JUST ISN'T SO! If you've got an Encyclopedia Britannica, you'll see this written: "The nicotine determines the strength of a tobacco, but not its flavor or aroma." And you'll find similar statements in other encyclopedias.

Now, I admit encyclopedias may be wrong about some things; they are written by men, after all; and I agree with you that if *ten thousand* encyclopedias said taking the nicotine out didn't affect a cigar I wouldn't believe it until I got the cigar between my teeth and let its smoke come through my nose. Taste and smell is what counts, not words.

Things You Ought to Know

Just the same, here are some things YOU ought to know, and every smoker in the land ought to know.

1st. It's the *vegetable oils* in the tobacco—and not another

thing—that give it flavor and aroma.

2nd. Taking out the nicotine—75% to 90% is removed from Noharm cigars—don't affect the flavor and aroma in the *slightest* degree.

3rd. The only effect of taking out the nicotine, is to make the cigars MUCH Milder.

4th. The process by which the boss does this trick—it took twenty-five years of experimenting—is not a *chemical* process; it's done in the *leaf*; and the finished cigars come out as fresh and moist and perfect in smoking quality as John D. himself would want,—if he smoked.

5th. The de-nicotizing process, because it's done in bulk, is very inexpensive, and you're *not taxed a penny more* for your cigars, because they're nicotine-free.

A Fair Square Offer

Now I suspect you will discount this as a lot of bull,—or maybe some real facts *mixed* with bull. I don't expect you to believe these things on my mere say-so. But you *can* believe your senses. You can believe what your *tongue and nose* tell you. And I've got a fair and square experiment to suggest to you that is better than hours of palaver.

I'll send you fifty cigars. Forty-five of them will be DE-NICOTINIZED. The other five, *although made of exactly the same high grade of tobacco*, won't be. And I ask you to smoke a Noharm, then the same cigar NOT de-nicotized. I ask you to do this *five* times.

And if you can find the slightest difference in flavor and aroma—not in *mildness*, but in *flavor and aroma*—between the Noharms and the other

cigars; if you don't agree that the Noharms are the mildest and smoothest smoke you have ever tried—drop us a line, saying you were disappointed, and every penny you have paid will be refunded to you instantly, and without a word of argument.

Can a fairer offer than that be made?

Better Out Than In

One more word: Nicotine is a drug. A drop will kill a cat. It's perfectly true you get very little into your system in smoking. But you do get *some*, particularly if you're a heavy smoker. *Why get any?*—that's what I want to know. Since it doesn't add *one iota* to the pleasure of a smoke, and since every doctor will tell you it's *harmful*, it's better out than in, isn't it?

I think my case, therefore, is absolutely unanswerable. What have you got to lose by trying this fair and square experiment I suggest? Won't you, therefore, send the coupon below?

Maybe, in spite of the fact that I'm a salesman and have an axe to grind—maybe you'll find I'm really telling the truth. *It's mighty important to you, if I am.* One sure thing—you can get your money right back if you are not completely satisfied.

CARL HENRY, Inc.

327 W. 36th St., Dept. 25, New York, N. Y.

Send This Trial Coupon

- ☐ Panatela Shape, Fine Havana Blend, Sumatra Wrapper, Box of fifty, \$5.00 postage paid.
- ☐ Delicosa Shape, Full Havana Filled, Sumatra Wrapper, Box of fifty, \$6.50 postage paid.
- ☐ Perfecto Shape, Full Havana Filled, Sumatra Wrapper, Box of fifty, \$7.50 postage prepaid.
- ☐ Queen Shape, Full Havana Filled, Sumatra Wrapper, Box of fifty, \$9.00 postage prepaid.
- ☐ Noharm Cigarettes, Carton of 100, \$2.50.
- ☐ Noharm Tobacco, one pound box, \$3.00 a pound.

Carl Henry, Inc., 327 West 36th St., Dept. 25, New York.

Enclosed is \$....., to cover my order as indicated above. It is understood that if I am not completely satisfied after full trial, I will receive a refund of my money upon request.

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State



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The Belmont

A medium weight golf oxford built on the same last as one of our smartest street oxfords.

Equipped with "Twin-Grip" golf soles enabling you to change from spikes to studs or vice versa in less than 5 minutes.

Soft toes and trim lines make this one of our most comfortable as well as stylish golf oxfords.

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(1), St. Paul (1), Minneapolis
(1), Kansas City (1) and Seattle
(1). Agencies in other important
cities.



having narcotic qualities were discovered. Such a formula could be controlled by the Government and would serve to destroy the vested poppy interests, as synthetic dyes replaced indigo growing.

L A W

Punctuation

Before a Congressional Commission investigating land grants to the Northern Pacific R. R., one D. F. McGowan, attorney for the Forestry Service, declared that a comma in legal writing may mean as much money as a cipher on the left side of a decimal point.

Specifically, his point was that the omission of a comma in a long sentence in the Land Grant Act of 1870 enabled the Northern Pacific R. R. Co. to withhold land from settlers longer than had been intended by Congress. To support his argument, Mr. McGowan produced a letter giving a grammatical analysis of the disputed sentence, signed by Tucker Brooke (ex-Rhodes Scholar and Editor of *The American Oxonian*), Secretary of the English Department at Yale, and Prof. George H. Nettleton, Chairman of the Department.

Mr. McGowan also read a Supreme Court decision to the effect that Congress was presumed to know the rules of grammar. This inspired Chairman Sinnott to remark (not for the record): "We ought to give this Judge a raise in salary."

Some time ago, in a learned article on legal punctuation, Urban A. Lavery wrote in the *American Bar Association Journal*:

"Indeed, as a breeder of litigation, commas may be compared to the countless wigglers that in our youth we watched coming up to breathe in the family rainbarrel. To carry the simile one step further, if [the comma] should be abolished."

Some years ago, the Missouri Supreme Court reversed conviction because an indictment omitted the word "the."

Court and Press

In Chicago, it was announced, last week, that the judges of the Superior, Circuit and Criminal Courts, following the recommendations of the Board of Managers of the Chicago Bar Association, are considering barring from the court room during trials: cameras, typewriters, telegraph instruments, radio instruments and telephones. Such a ruling is said to be a first step in a course of procedure designed "to reflect in the newspapers a dignified administration of justice."

The Chicago Bar Association has long taken the lead in studying the relation of the press to the courts and the legal profession.

Can an income of
\$10,000
accumulate
\$200,000.

There is a way to do it—
by saving only
one-fourth the income

HOW much a man can save out of an income of \$10,000 of course depends upon circumstances; but, if one-fourth of it is invested and reinvested in bonds yielding 6%, between the ages of 35 and 65, the fund would aggregate \$200,000—\$125,000 of it INTEREST.

If thirty years seems a long time, a period of twenty years' saving would accumulate a fund of \$100,000 or better—quite a tidy sum to have at 55.

There are many other plans available, to suit individual income and circumstances. A number of them have been worked out in detail and presented in chart form in a fascinating little book published by us, entitled: "A SURE ROAD TO FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE."

If you are ambitious to build a competence for yourself and family, or feel discouraged about the slow progress you make without investing, or by investing haphazardly, get this little book. It will prove an inspiration, show you DEFINITELY and how soon you can acquire financial independence by following a systematic investment plan.

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Write or call for Booklet TM-55

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STUART & CO.**
INCORPORATED

BUSINESS

Current Situation

Except for psychological factors, there was little change in business conditions during the past week. The continuance of easy money, of hand-to-mouth buying by dealers, of large consumption of relatively stable stock and commodity prices, made for a condition of prosperity without sensation. Except in a few industries, business was good, and most complaints that were heard were to the effect that current earnings were not the best on record—somewhat cautious and unreasonable criticism.

The state of mind prevalent among business men, however, has recently changed. During the winter, a boom in trade was eagerly anticipated. When, by early spring, this common expectation was shown to be vain, an attitude of alarm spread to some extent. The collapse of stockmarket prices, the St. Paul receivership, the Hindenburg election and other untoward incidents were cited as indicative of calamities to come.

Prosperity has, however, remained, and seems likely to endure. But it is not a very exciting sort of prosperity. The average American engaged in business is restless, mercurial, expectant of change. When nothing much happens, he therefore becomes alarmed, even though the situation and outlook be good. U. S. business has yet to develop a temperament suited to economic stability.

Sumatra Tobacco

The trend in smoking from cigars to cigarettes has hit the American Sumatra Tobacco Co.—producers of cigar wrappers—very hard. For four years, deficits have been piling up, and now amount to about \$4,500,000. As a result, inventories have had to be liquidated and dividends on its preferred stock suspended. Finally, on June 1 next, a 7½% "gold" loan matures. So hopeless was the outlook for funding this issue that the Company was placed in the hands of receivers.

The asset position of the Company, while not good, is at the same time not at all hopeless. The real trouble lies in the apparent impossibility in showing actual net earnings.

On the Stock Exchange, the Company's difficulties were brought to the fore through the peculiar "action" of the preferred stock. Many speculators, deeming the issue of little value, sold it "short." There are, however, only 19,635 shares of it, and few of these are in Wall Street available for trading purposes. In consequence, there followed a signal case of "squeezing the shorts." From under 50, the stock shot up to about 70—not because it was intrinsically worth so much as because so many people had sold it who did not own it. The Stock Exchange is closely watching the stock, in fear of a corner developing. The "shorts" must either



Now! a stronger and better type first mortgage bond—guaranteed by a great Surety Company and yielding **6½%**

ADAIR PROTECTED BONDS, the result of 60 years' experience in the First Mortgage investment field without loss to a single investor, have long been recognized as one of the safest investments in existence.

To the many exclusive protective features that have been developed by the Adair Realty & Trust Company has been added the absolute guarantee of one of the strongest Surety Companies in the United States that principal and interest will be paid. This final safeguard marks a new era of safety for investors in First Mortgage Bonds.

At the option of the investor, bonds of any issue may be guaranteed. The guarantee may be dispensed with at any time and a greater yield obtained. Investors will immediately recognize the advantages of these exclusive features.

Such a guarantee could not be obtained unless the security behind the bonds was of the very highest character. Realizing this, a great many investors prefer to purchase the bonds without the guarantee.

Investors the country over have been quick to realize that a stronger and better type First Mortgage Bond than has ever before been obtainable has been developed in Adair Protected Bonds, and recent Adair issues have been greatly oversubscribed.

If you are interested in an investment offering greater security and profit, we suggest that you have your name placed upon our preferred list to receive advance information of new issues. Simply sign and mail the coupon below.

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Kindly place my name upon your preferred list to receive descriptive literature and advance information on new Adair Protected Bond issues. Please send me at once a copy of the booklet "What You Should Know About Real Estate Bonds."

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If You Can Answer These Questions

and answer them correctly your investment profits will show immediate improvement.

- (1) Is the trend of stock prices up—or down?
- (2) Is this a time to buy or to sell stocks; what stocks?
- (3) Are long or short term bonds the best investment now?

The coupon is for your convenience in securing authoritative information. If the answers to these questions interest you clip it now. There is no obligation.

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ECONOMIC SERVICE, Inc.

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Please send free Bulletin TM-85

Name

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Complete Facts and Figures

showing remarkable growth of Standard Gas and Electric Company and its operated utilities during 1924 are available in the 44-page certified annual report, just issued.

A copy, together with illustrated booklet, sent on request for ED-307.

H. M. Byllesby and Co.

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buy Sumatra preferred at high prices and get rid of a bad bargain, or else stay short, borrowing the stock and paying a premium of $\frac{1}{2}\%$ or more a day ($\$50$ a day on each 100 shares).

Cigarets

The consumption of cigarettes in this country possesses a double financial significance: 1) to the industry itself; 2) to the Government, since internal taxes upon them constitute an important source of revenue.

Ten years ago, U. S. cigaret production amounted to about 17 billion annually. For the coming year, production was, last week, estimated to reach 73 billion by Commissioner of Internal Revenue Blair, who stated that, this year, the tobacco industry would yield more revenue to the Government than all sources of internal revenue prior to 1914, or about $\$345,000,000$. Tobacco taxes amount to $\$3.12$ per capita. The U. S. leads in the production of cigarettes, and the Governmental revenue derived from them. It is second only to Belgium in per capita consumption.

Over the same ten years, however, cigaret production and consumption has also increased in other countries; in Japan production has grown from 7 to 23 billion, and in Germany from 12 to 23 billion.

In 1919, the tobacco crop was marketed for about $\$500,000,000$ and was raised by some 450,000 U. S. farmers. As a farm enterprise, tobacco in this country is exceeded only by corn, hay, cotton, wheat and potatoes.

"Balloons"

One Alden L. Putnam, employee of the Motor Wheel Corporation of Lansing, Mich., traveled home, last week, from California. Looking out of the car window, he watched the automobiles going by, gaunt roadsters with battered mudguards, smug sedans with shiny spokes, nobby runabouts, sumptuous limousines, frail flivvers. Putnam looked at their tires. So many of them were rolling along on squashy, bulbous "balloons," the latest fashion and economy in motor tiring.

Putnam was sad at heart because he had flown the theory of the balloon tire—low pressure, broad carrying surface, resilient fabric—before the automotive industry as early as 1920, had been laughed at, called "a character." He had persisted in his theory, applied for U. S. patents covering the idea. Now motordom was using balloon tires but he had not got his patents.

Before he reached his home in Detroit, Putnam heard that Washington had awarded him his patents, three basic ones covering the balloon principle and its application to an automobile wheel. He rejoiced and so did his employers. The latter hold the manufacturing rights. Legal ma-

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The well-informed mind has—
TIME

How to Gauge Turning Prices for Any Stock

—is a subject that is discussed from a new angle in a booklet just completed, devoted solely to trading in speculative stocks.

At this stage of the market it is decidedly to your advantage to learn of the new things that our long and careful researches in speculation have yielded.

This booklet is sent to you without cost or obligation, together with recent copies of

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chinery was swiftly put in action to recover millions of dollars in royalties due from tire manufacturers on their sales of the past two years. Newspapers headlined: "Fortune Awaits Flouted Creator of Balloon Tires."

But the press also headlined: "Akron to Declare Balloon Tire War." Officials of the Firestone, Miller, Goodrich and other rubber companies maintained that Putnam's patents could, should, would be successfully protested. They declared that the U. S. Patent Office must be behind the times in its knowledge of the development of the cord tire, first imported from England by Goodrich some years ago and said to embody the basic virtues of the balloon.

International Trade Balance

The Department of Commerce has been conducting a careful investigation of this country's total trade balances with the rest of the world. Last week it revealed an unexpectedly large balance in 1924 "against" the U. S.

Merchandise exports last year were \$4,621,000,000 and imports \$3,641,000,000—or \$970,000,000 in the U. S.'s "favor." But while earnings by ocean freights, and interest and dividends received on foreign investments amounted to \$790,000,000, similar remittances abroad, plus tourist expenditures and emigrant remittances totaled \$1,178,000,000, or a "loss" of \$388,000,000. This reduced U. S. merchandise balance to \$582,000,000. Meanwhile, imports of gold and silver exceeded exports by \$222,000,000—bringing down the credit balance to \$360,000,000.

If trade had stopped there, the U. S. would have been an international creditor. But, respecting the movement of capital in loans and security purchases, the country took in only \$387,000,000 and paid out \$959,000,000, thus running a debit balance of \$572,000,000. When this sum is balanced against the previous \$360,000,000 credit, it is found that in 1924 this country was actually a debtor to the extent of \$212,000,000.

The statistics show that the country is absorbing foreign investments rapidly, mainly in exchange for goods, and that Europe is taking this way of balancing her many past indebtednesses to the U. S.

Building

One of the sensations of the spring has been the recrudescence of building operations. Previously it had been thought, even by mortgage lenders and large operators, that the "building boom" was past its peak, and the evidence of unrented offices and apartments confirmed this view. But the ease in the money market has evidently set the construction industry in motion again.

According to reports of the F. W. Dodge Corporation, made last week, building operations last April were the



Her Household Savings Would Make Them Independent!

HER husband's income, she knew, never would be very large. He was devoting his life to the great cause of education. Yet she had resolved, on her wedding day, that her own married life would not be haunted by the money worries that mar the happiness of so many homes.

Now, in response to a coupon she had clipped from their favorite magazine, this booklet had come—"How to Build an Independent Income." And in it she found the means of fulfilling her resolution. Here was a plan—time-tested, safe and profitable—by which her modest household savings would make their future financially secure.

The surprising results she could accomplish were proven by simple arithmetic—the regular compounding of 7% interest from safe First Mortgage Bonds.

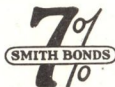
Best of all, the house which sponsored the plan had behind it a record of *no loss to any investor in 52 years.*

* * *

You, too, should send for this booklet and learn how fast your savings will accumulate in safe 7% Smith Bonds. It describes the Investment Savings Plan that enables you to own 7% Smith Bonds even though your savings average no more than \$10 a month. And every payment you make earns the full rate of bond interest.

You may use this plan to buy a \$100, \$500 or \$1,000 Smith Bond by payments extended over 10 months, or for a larger period to accumulate larger sums, such as \$5,000, \$10,000 or \$20,000, through systematic investment and compound bond interest.

Mail the coupon for the booklet now. Let us show you how easily you, too, can attain financial independence.



Smith Bonds are First Mortgage Bonds, strongly secured by improved, income-producing city property, and protected by a definite system of safeguards that has made possible our records of no loss to any investor in 52 years.

Current offerings of Smith Bonds, paying 7%, are available in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000, and in maturities from 2 to 15 years.

We recommend these bonds as the ideal investment for any individual, corporation or institution whose first consideration is safety.

THE F. H. SMITH COMPANY

FOUNDED 1871
SMITH BUILDING - WASHINGTON, D.C.
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Please send me, without obligation, your booklet, "How to Build an Independent Income."

Name 84K
Address



Whether it's a 250-yard drive, or a 2000-mile trip, you can depend on Dunlop. Dunlop golf balls, like Dunlop tires, are made for distance and durability.



An even better Dunlop in 1925

No matter how much distance you have gotten with Dunlops in the past—you can drive farther with this 1925 ball.

You may argue that it was impossible to make the ballsteadier—but we have.

Add to the Dunlop durability a new and better paint and you have in the 1925 Dunlop a ball that's a glutton for punishment. From hide to heart—it's better.

Dunlop Tire & Rubber Co.
Golf Ball Department
125th St. at 12th Ave.
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\$1.00 each

The
DUNLOP
GOLF BALL



largest for any month on record, and amounted to \$546,970,700. The month of April, 1925, thus shows an increase of 14% over March, 1925, and of 13% over April, 1924.

The April totals for contracts awarded include:

\$256,414,300 (47%) for residential buildings.

\$95,432,400 (17%) for public works and utilities.

\$63,988,900 (12%) for commercial buildings.

\$46,567,900 (9%) for industrial buildings.

\$33,154,600 (6%) for educational buildings.

In work contemplated as well as work actually underway, a large gain in April was also shown. New projects contemplated were last month reported at \$760,657,600—or an increase of 25% over the previous year.

The St. Paul

The Interstate Commerce Commission, pricked on by cries of distress, served notice: "It is ordered that a proceeding of inquiry and investigation upon the Commission's own motion be, and it is hereby instituted into and concerning the history, management, financial and other operations, accounts and practices of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co., in order to determine the manner and method in which the business of said company has been conducted, with a view to the making of a report and such order or orders as may be appropriate upon the record."

When the St. Paul went bankrupt two months ago (TIME, Mar. 30), many causes were suggested. It is unlikely that the I. C. C. or any other bureau or bureau of bureaus will alter the number of cents on the dollar which bond and stockholders will receive.

MILESTONES

Born. To William H. Vanderbilt, son of the late Alfred G. Vanderbilt, who lost his life in the *Luxitania* disaster, and Mrs. Vanderbilt, a daughter (8½ lb.); in Manhattan.

Married. Miss Abby Rockefeller, 21, daughter of John Davison Rockefeller Jr., to David Merriweather Milton, 25, attorney; in Manhattan.

Married. Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle, deposed cinema clown, to Doris Deane, cinema actress; in Pasadena, Calif.

Married. Joe Howard, actor who long shared with De Wolfe Hopper

and the late Nat Goodwin the honor of being the husband of five wives, to a sixth, Miss Anita Case, now appearing in a vaudeville sketch with him; in Milwaukee.

Marriage Announced. Fiske O'Hara, famed actor, to Miss Pat Clary, actress, 17 years ago (see THE THEATRE). Because of a clause in the contract with his manager, Mr. O'Hara has been unable to make his marriage public. Recently, he became his own manager.

Died. Miss Amy Lowell, 51, famed poet, essayist, critic and biographer of Keats (TIME, Mar. 2); in Brookline, Mass., of a paralytic stroke.

Died. General Charles Marie Emmanuel Mangin, 59, famed one-armed hero of Verdun; in Paris, of appendicitis. It was in March, 1916, that he led the brilliant attack at Verdun which resulted in the retaking of Fort Douaumont (see FRANCE).

Died. Senator Selden P. Spencer, 63, junior U. S. Senator from Missouri; in Washington, following an operation for hernia (see CONGRESS).

Died. Sir Henry Rider Haggard, 68, famed writer of best sellers; in London. It is estimated that he wrote on an average of one novel a year for 43 years, of which the most famed are: *She, Jess, King Solomon's Mines, Allan Quatermain*. He was an authority on agriculture, was knighted by the King in 1912 for his services as an experimental and practical farmer.

Died. Viscount Alfred Milner, 71, onetime (1918-19) British Secretary of War; at Sturty Court, near Canterbury, of sleeping sickness (see COMMONWEALTH).

Died. Mrs. Louisa Baldwin, 80, mother of Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin; in Worcestershire. She was one of the four daughters of the Rev. George B. Macdonald. Alice married J. Lockwood Kipling, was the mother of Rudyard Kipling. Agnes married Sir Edward Paynter, onetime (1896-1919) President of the Royal Academy. Georgiana became Lady Burne-Jones, wife of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, famed painter.

Died. Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, 86, retired commander of the U. S. forces in the Spanish War; of heart disease, while attending the circus with his grandchildren, at Washington (see ARMY & NAVY).

Died. Charles W. Penrose, 93, High Priest, member of the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (Mormon); in Salt Lake City.

MISCELLANY

"Time brings all things"

Snail

In London, one Prof. Thomas Waddington encountered a snail crawling along a railroad track, crawled after the small creature to observe its habits, was overtaken, after a brief study, by a London train. Both snail and professor were killed.

Hawk

In Pueblo, Col., hawks attacked men working on a church steeple, tore ears, clawed cheeks, pecked polls, forced them to flee. Two detectives, sent in search of the hawks, captured them.

Pigeons

In Washington, D. C., 24 carrier pigeons were prepared for an Arctic expedition to accompany Explorer MacMillan polewards (TIME, Apr. 20, AERONAUTICS; see also Page 20) in June. Although denied all other luxuries, the birds, passionately addicted to tobacco, were provided with "an ample chewing ration."

They Were Seven

In Constantinople, said report, mentioning no names, a respected Bey became, in a single day, the father of seven infants: two of his wives gave birth to twins; the third bore triplets.

Curiosity

In Coney Island, N. Y., one Harry Mann went for a ride on a Giant Coaster. On the rear seat sat a male and female, lovingly. Curious about their activities, Mann drew a mirror from his pocket, stood up in his seat, tottered, fell under the rear wheels, was ground to death.

Crane

In Winsted, Conn., famed as a home of strange events, one Charles Alling beheld a large crane caught by the foot in a wire fence, went to save the pitiable fowl. The crane drove his beak into Alling's left eye, permanently blinded him.

Gentleman's Sport

In Nottingham, England (onetime abode of Robber Robin Hood), three race-track bookies, with bags, brass name-plates, betting tablets, visited a golf course, took up a stand at the starter's tent, made an offer: "Five to one on the field." They were ousted.

Jaybird

In Atlanta, one A. M. Squires, golfing, drove over a water hazard. His ball struck a jaybird who was soaring over the water. The jaybird's life, the ball, the hole were lost.

What of the Facial Whatnot?



Many men have been good or great or both, in spite of whiskers that were as needless as four-wheel brakes on a wheelbarrow.

It is well, therefore, to approach the old plush album in a spirit of reverence. Behind Uncle Zachariah's bewildering begonias there may have been genial impulses that never got the publicity they deserved. Imagine how your own radiance would be dimmed if a tangled mass of whiskers made you look like a partial eclipse.

Fortunately there is no longer any reason why a man should permit a basketful of furniture stuffing to make him seem what he is not.

Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream has made shaving so easy, and has taken discomfort out of it so thoroughly, that whiskers have ceased to crowd into society, and few of them continue to accumulate icicles.

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POINT with PRIDE

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

Gargantuan fingers moved by an invisible power. (Page 20, column 3.)

A big white head. (P. 16, col. 3.)

"The imperishable things of the spirit." (P. 22, col. 3.)

The father's income, Death's enemy. (P. 24, col. 3.)

Regent Zona Gale at the telephone. (P. 15, col. 1.)

Man O' War. He knew. (P. 17, col. 1.)

The voice of "that farmyard animal." (P. 15, col. 3.)

Bulbous balloons. (P. 28, col. 2.)

It duce giggled at. (P. 9, col. 3.)

F. S. T. (P. 8, col. 1)

The modesty of 1 blank ballot. (P. 8, col. 2.)

VIEW with ALARM

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

A railway snail. (P. 31, col. 1.)

Two steeple hawks. (P. 31, col. 1.)

A fence crane. (P. 31, col. 1.)

Receding foreheads, massive jaws, prognathous chins, unsymmetrical skulls. (P. 5, col. 1.)

If. (P. 9, col. 3.)

\$3.12 per capita. (P. 28, col. 2.)

The strife of the wife of Wotan (P. 15, col. 3.)

Stamped cork, blown glass. (P. 3, col. 2.)

A hearse on a hayride. (P. 11, col. 2.)

Hines Cartridges where pickles belonged. (P. 11, col. 3.)

Black Friday. (P. 1, col. 3.)

You want a whole wheat food

to give stomach relief from the heavy foods of Winter—but be sure the whole wheat grains are thoroughly cooked. In making Shredded Wheat Biscuit the perfect whole grains of wheat are cooked in steam, drawn into filmy shreds and baked in ovens. Contains all the body-building elements in the whole wheat including the bran, which is Nature's best laxative. Delicious for any meal with milk or fruits of any kind.

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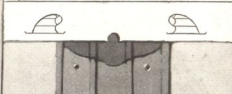
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