

FIFTEEN CENTS

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine

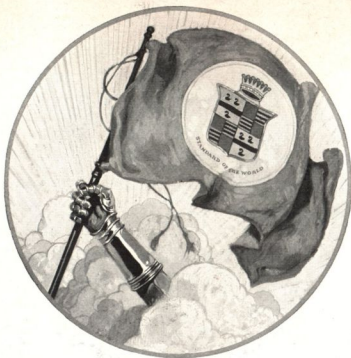


GEORGE GERSHWIN

He rhapsodizes blues
(See Page 14)

VOL. VI. No. 3

JULY 20, 1925



THE PLEASANT COMPULSION OF DOING WELL

No man who serves Cadillac either in the factory or in the sales-field, owns himself. He ceases to be a free agent as soon as he assumes the responsibility of that association. From that moment forward he is under the ennobling tyranny of high public expectations.

He is under the compulsion of giving the very best that is in him, because nothing less will be accepted by the public from Cadillac.

The admiration accorded Cadillac is something much more than a fine feeling. Maintained in the minds of millions, it is a standard below which Cadillac may not fall.

It is expected of the car that it shall surpass—and the same thing is expected of the personal efforts of the craftsmen who build it, of the engineers who design it, of the ex-

ecutives who shape its policies, and, finally, of the men who distribute it to the public.

The heads of most business institutions obey an inward monitor in striving after the thing vaguely called high quality.

Cadillac is fortunate in that it must not only follow this inward ideal, but has imposed upon it a command from the outside world which it dare not disobey.

The same compulsion operates upon every vendor who comes to Cadillac to offer materials or accessories of any sort whatsoever. He *knows* that ordinary standards will not do—that he must give Cadillac greater measure of intrinsic merit.

These facts constitute an assurance of value to the buyer of the Cadillac beside which the inducements for consideration offered by any other car are unimportant.

CADILLAC

Division of General Motors Corporation



TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine

Vol. VI. No. 3

July 20, 1925

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

At Swampscott

It developed that a report which newspaper correspondents had sent out to the effect that the President had seen rum runners anchored in front of his house at Swampscott and had asked General Lincoln C. Andrews (see PROHIBITION) to clean up the Massachusetts coast was based on the facts 1) that some vessels which were observed on the bay might have been rum runners, 2) in a cottage near White Court previous to the President's arrival, a liquor cache had been discovered. The President denied that he had made any request of General Andrews.

The chief events at White Court were calls by notables: Athletes from Harvard, Yale, Oxford and Cambridge called; Senator and Mrs. Edge dropped in as they motored up to Bath, Me., and left cards; Representative Edith Nourse Rogers, recently elected (TIME, July 13, WOMEN), paid a visit. Italian Ambassador Giacomo and Signora Antonietta de Martino left cards on their way to the Italian summer embassy at Beverly, Mass.

Correspondents snapped up a morsel of information that the President let drop. He favored reduction of normal taxes, surtaxes and inheritance taxes if the prospective Treasury surpluses were large enough.

President Coolidge denied absolutely that there was any verisimilitude in the rumor that Andrew W. Mellon might soon resign as Secretary of the Treasury.

Recently, President Coolidge received his first plumber's bill in two years—as the result of calling a local plumber to fix water pipes in White Court (TIME, July 6). Last week, it was reported that, for further repairs to his summer plumbing, he had had two skilled mechanics, part of the crew of the *Mayflower*, visit White Court.

The President named Edgar Bernard Brossard of Utah to be a member of the U. S. Tariff Commission. Mr. Brossard has served the Commission as an economist since 1923, and is repre-

sented as a high tariff advocate. Senator Smoot recommended him. This is President Coolidge's third appointment to the Commission—all three, including one Conservative Democrat, are high-tariff advocates. With Chairman Marvin and Mr. Glassie, who are of the same opinions, the high-tariff advocates control the Commission five to one. A year ago, a low-tariff group of Democrats and Progressive Republicans controlled the Commission.

Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge motored to Lake Attitash, 35 miles away, to attend an outing of Essex County newspapermen and politicians. A Mr. Bauer, candidate for Mayor of Lynn, was host. Governor Fuller was there. So was Senator Butler, candidate for reelection. It was a get-together meeting of Senator Butler's followers and those of the late Senator Lodge—hitherto hostile. Mr. Coolidge circulated through the

crowd shaking hands, and climbed a 40-ft. wooden observation tower, issuing a warning for not too many people to follow him lest it collapse.

On returning to White Court, Mr. Coolidge found Secretary of State Kellogg and Assistant Secretary Grew waiting for him on the piazza, where they had been sitting for an hour and a quarter. At once, all three fell to a two and a half hour conference on the state of Chinese affairs (see CHINA).

Mr. Coolidge declined an invitation from John G. Hibben, President of Princeton University, to act as an honorary official at an international track meet—Princeton-Cornell vs. Oxford-Cambridge at Atlantic City (see SPORT). Said Mr. Coolidge:

"I cannot let the occasion pass without expression of my hearty approval of such friendly international contests. They are certain to further the best relations and promote friendly acquaintance between the countries concerned."

Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge invited newspapermen and their wives for an afternoon's cruise on the *Mayflower*. The yacht made its way to Nantasket Roads and the President led a party ashore to visit Fort Andrews, an old defense of Boston, now dilapidated and garrisoned by 3 officers and 17 men. Going through a machine shop, Dick Jervis, bodyguard of the President, fell into an elevator shaft and dropped five feet with a crash. On the return voyage, tea was served, and Mrs. Coolidge called to her for a chat Cabot Lodge, grandson of the late Senator, serving as a correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*.

Sunday morning, a blazing hot day, the President with Mrs. Coolidge, Secretary Kellogg and Mr. Stearns motored to Salem to church.

Colonel Clarence O. Sherrill, in charge of public buildings at Washington and of the summer renovation of the White House, announced that, when the President returns to the Capital, he will have no longer the gilded metal bed which has been in his bedroom, but a handsome early American one in which to take his rest.

CONTENTS

	Page
National Affairs	1-6
Foreign News	7-12
Books	13
Music	14
Theatre	15
Art	15
Cinema	16
Education	16-17, 28
Science	18-20
Medicine	20
Religion	20-22
Aeronautics	23
Business & Finance	24-25
The Press	26-27
Miscellany	28
Sport	30-31
Milestones	32
Point with Pride	32
View with Alarm	32

Published weekly by TIME, Incorporated, at 216 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions, \$5 per year. Entered as second-class matter February 26, 1921, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

National Affairs—[Continued]

THE CABINET

Postal Deficit

Last week, Postmaster General Harry S. New gave out the data for Post Office receipts in June. The reason they are of any special interest is because, early last spring, after a great fight, Congress passed a bill which increased the salaries of postal employees (to the tune of about \$68,000,000 a year) and increased revenues in a way to furnish an equal amount of additional revenue (TIME, Mar. 9).

Said Mr. New:

"Although the receipts of the 50 selected post offices for the month of June, 1925, show an increase of 14.72% over June, 1924, and those of industrial cities, with 16.45%, show even a better average, it is fair to state that June, 1924, with which the comparison was made, was a very poor month, and showed a loss of 1.17% in receipts of June, 1923. In contemplating the increase, this fact must be taken into consideration, as well as the further fact that, in June, 1925, there was one more business day than in June, 1924.

"Of course, any estimate based on these figures as to how nearly the postal receipts will balance expenditures for the current year is the merest guess. But the figures quoted would indicate a deficit of something like \$40,000,000, which is due, of course, to the legislation passed by the last Congress affecting both pay and rates."

If Mr. New's merest guess proves correct, Congress made a grievous miscalculation.

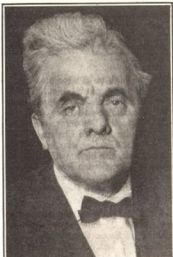
In the year which ended June 30, 1924, the Post Office ran a deficit of \$12,000,000. The annual deficit had been decreasing since the War. When Congress passed the pay and rate increase measure last spring, there was a prospect of a \$3,000,000 surplus this June. Because of the new law (pay was made retroactive to Jan. 1 and increased rates did not begin until April), the Post Office showed a deficit at the end of the year (June 30). The deficit, not yet calculated, is estimated at \$23,000,000.

And Mr. New "merely guesses" that next June 30 will show a deficit of \$40,000,000. If so, it means that the Treasury's estimated surplus of \$290,000,000 next June must be reduced to \$250,000,000. It means, also, that there will be more squabbles and more tinkering with postal rates and that, if any change is made, the rates will probably be revised upward.

Smaller Fry

Where the big fish swims, there follow the little fish. When France and

Italy and Belgium, with debts to the U. S. of four billions, two billions, half a billion dollars respectively, expressed their intention of funding their debts, the nations with smaller debts—Czecho-



© Henry Miller

SENATOR NORRIS
"Party ties rest lightly"

Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania—followed suit.

Last week, Dr. Charles L. Seya, Minister from Latvia, expressed his country's intention of funding its debt to the U. S.—\$6,352,000—hardly of international proportions.

Now seven nations are preparing to fund their debts, and the Debt Funding Commission under Secretary Mellon will be busy for some weeks.

THE CONGRESS

Wanted: A Leader

Recently, Death loomed up and two of the leaders of the Progressive movement left forever the scene of their labors—Senator LaFollette and Senator Ladd (TIME, June 29).

In the extreme left wing of U. S. politics there were few leaders remaining—possibly only three Senators—Brookhart, Frazier and Norris. Although Senator Brookhart was apparently reelected last fall, his title to a senatorship is not yet clear (a recount will be undertaken July 20), and his prestige suffered severely from his close escape. Senator Frazier does not appear as a possible leader of his group. Senator Norris, therefore, was Mr. LaFollette's logical successor—by elimination if for no other reason. (Senator Wheeler, Mr. LaFollette's running

mate last year was not generally considered a likely possibility, 1) because he is a Democrat and the LaFollette movement is largely a Republican offshoot; 2) because he has his hands full, at least temporarily, with the charges which the Department of Justice brought against him.)

But last week Mr. Norris wrote a curious letter formally renouncing this place. It was in answer to a letter from one Warren Shaw Fisher of the "Progressive Political League" of Manhattan:

I have received quite a large number of other letters similar to yours, from other sections of the country, in which the writers make the same statement that is made in your letter—that is, that I have "assumed" the leadership of the Progressive Party. I do not understand how this idea became so prevalent over the country.

In the first place, I would consider it improper for me to "assume" the leadership of any party or faction. As you perhaps know, I was not in favor of the organization of a Third Party, and did not join the movement. I never questioned the sincerity or patriotism of those who went into the Third Party movement, but it seemed to me that what the country was suffering most from was too much partisanship.

Party ties rest very lightly upon me, and, as I have said, my idea is that one of the great evils of government is that so many people tie themselves up to a party, when as a matter of fact it seems to me they ought to be independent of all parties. Under existing conditions, I presume parties are necessary, but it is a mistake to regard a party as anything but an instrumentality of government.

I expect to work in the future, as I have in the past, for those things in government that I believe to be right, and I will support them regardless of whether they originate with Democrats, Republicans, Progressives or men bearing any other party label.

I shall be glad to work in union with anyone, regardless of his party affiliation, if he believes in the same progressive principles of government that I advocate, but I do not want to be associated with any political party as its leader.

Thanking you for your letter, I am, very cordially,

(Signed) GEORGE W. NORRIS.

Evidently, Senator Norris believes it more politic to remain in the Republican fold—as far as he can—"with party ties resting lightly."

But who will lead the extreme left?

1) Will there be no leader, and will the LaFollette following disintegrate?

2) Will someone from the Progressive left—Borah, say, or Shipstead—eventually rally the LaFollette followers to his banner, or go over to their more extreme position?

3) Will a new leader rise from the Progressive ranks? The dates have not yet been set for special elections to fill the vacancies left by Senators LaFollette and Ladd. In Wisconsin, there is talk of Mrs. LaFollette and of young Bob LaFollette. But a newcomer in the Senate would hardly be able to pose as a leader of a party. The future is cloudy for the present.

PROHIBITION

Aut Vox, aut Vis

The epic poets, through some chance, in all their accounts of the battles of champions, have neglected to supply the world with an adequate story of a

National Affairs—[Continued]

battle between a crusader and an efficiency expert. Yet that, too, has striking dramatic possibilities; and observers were, last week, inclined to the view that the country is about to be treated to an example of such a conflict—a battle between a man with a cause and a man with simply an aim; between an indignant voice and well-directed force; between Roy Asa Haynes and Lincoln C. Andrews.

For four years, the champion of the Prohibition Army has been a crusader—Commissioner Roy Asa Haynes. But now an efficiency expert has arisen to fight with him for leadership. Lincoln C. Andrews, new Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of Prohibition enforcement, looked upon the work of the crusader and found it ineffective. Mr. Andrews is a General (a title he acquired in military service) and promptly he set out to reorganize the Prohibition Army. He decreed 22 new district commanders in place of the present 48 sub-commanders (TIME, July 6), a policy to which Crusader Haynes could little object, as it was aimed directly at the capture of the Holy City.

But when General Andrews proposed to do away with the corps of trumpeters and heralds and replace them with combatant troops, then the old crusader rebelled, crying that no crusading army had ever done battle without music and proclamations. And the efficiency expert made answer that the crusade was nothing, but the capture of the Holy City was everything. All this came to pass last week.

To begin with, General Andrews demanded the resignation of Miss Georgia Hopley, whom the crusader had brought with him from Ohio. Miss Hopley's resignation was demanded because she was receiving a salary of \$2,500 a year and expenses for going among women's organizations and with a silver tongue creating a sentiment for Prohibition enforcement. Previously, Secretary Mellon and Commissioner of Internal Revenue Blair had indicated that, although they had no objections to Miss Hopley, they did not believe her job had any place in the department. Last April, Mr. Blair insisted that Miss Hopley resign. Her resignation was not forthcoming. But when Mr. Andrews came upon the scene, he simply announced that Miss Hopley had to go.

Mr. Haynes protested. Most of Ohio's politicians protested. For Mr. Haynes and Miss Hopley are close friends of the Anti-Saloon League, whose home and stronghold is Ohio. Hoke Donithen, Coolidge pre-Convention manager in Ohio, protested; C. C. Crabbe, Attorney General of Ohio, voiced his disapproval. Senator Willis, ponderous Ohioan, who hopes some day



© Paul Thompson

ROY ASA HAYNES
Indignant crusader

to follow the exalted path that the late Senator Warren G. Harding trod before his death, paid a personal call on Mr. Andrews. Anon, all the protesters came out by the same door where in they went.

A second conflict followed upon the first. Last winter, Mr. Haynes secured from Congress an appropriation of \$50,000 to be expended in the dissemination of information concerning, and appeals for observance of, the Volstead Act. He has had handsome posters designed with appropriate slogans, urging citizens to beware of bootleggers and their poisons. Last week, he took his posters to Mr. Andrews who is understood to have cast them figuratively into the waste basket, with the observation that \$50,000 could be expended much more effectively.

This second controversy is perhaps not ended yet, but the week's struggle for ascendancy ended with the efficiency expert having the upper hand over the crusader.

But the road of efficiency was not all clear for General Andrews. He had proposed, in reorganizing the Prohibition Army, to replace the 48 state directors of enforcement (with salaries up to \$5,000) with 22 district administrators, with salaries up to \$10,000 (an effort to get men of better caliber). Last week, Controller General McCarl

ruled that the most he could pay his administrators was \$7,500. Believing that large amounts of industrial alcohol are being diverted to bootleg channels, General Andrews also wished to have charge of issuing permits for withdrawals of such alcohol. Commissioner Blair, who has charge of this business now and collects the tax on it, insisted that control of industrial alcohol be vested, as heretofore, with him. Secretary Mellon will probably have to decide this question.

But, meanwhile, the efficiency expert is going busily about his plans for converting the crusading army into an expeditionary force with modern military methods.

WOMEN

Workers

The Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor gave out the results of an investigation into the question of women wage earners. In all, about 8,500,000 women in this country earn their own living, but their ages and vocations are considerably different from those of men:

AGES*	% OF ALL WORKING WOMEN	% OF ALL WORKING MEN
Less than 20.....	20%	10%
20 to 24.....	23%	12%
25 to 44.....	41%	48%
More than 44.....	17%	30%

Under 25, most women are engaged in manufacturing and clerical work, the next greatest number being in domestic service.

Over 25, most women are employed in domestic service, with manufacturing ranking next, except that over 65 years agriculture is second.

More women are engaged in domestic service (although the total number has decreased since 1910) than in any other one occupation; but of these women over three quarters are more than 24 years old, and nearly one third are over 44.

Native white women predominate among working women in every occupation except in agriculture, where Negro women predominate, and in domestic service where both Negro and foreign born white women are greater in number.

The greatest proportion of women working in any one state is in South Carolina, where more than a third earn their own living. The least proportion of women working is in West Virginia, where about one ninth of all women earn their living.

The highest median wage for women in any of the states investigated is \$16.85 per week in Rhode Island. The lowest median wage is \$8.80 in Alabama.

In general, where wages are lower, hours of work are longer, and vice versa.

* Figures given here are approximate.

National Affairs—[Continued]

TAXATION

Reducing

Some ladies protest. Say they: "I can reduce my diet but I can't reduce my figure." Some gentleman have scoffed. But the ladies may justify their assertion with some show of cogency by pointing to some figures issued by the Treasury last week.

In 1924, the Federal Government greatly reduced taxation. The result should have shown in the revenue for the fiscal year just ended (1924-25). It showed—but showed very little. Taxation had been reduced—but taxes had decreased very little. The figures for the taxes paid during the last two years, before and after tax reduction:

	1923-24 (in millions)	1924-25 (in millions)
Income tax.....	\$1,842	\$1,762
Miscellaneous taxes.....	954	822

Total\$2,796 \$2,584
The reduction amounts to only about 7½%.

COAL

Preliminaries

In heroic days, now several centuries past, when two opposing armies debouched upon a field of battle, each advanced a herald to warn the other of its aims, the intendment of its purpose, the justice of its cause, the dire results to be expected if the other did not summarily yield and to hold forth the promise that all would be well if its demands were immediately complied with.

This procedure is still observed between coal operators and coal miners when they are about to join battle over a wage scale. It was observed, last week, at Atlantic City. There the miners came, headed by John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, to present their demands, drawn up a week before at Scranton, Pa. (TIME, July 13), for a new wage contract to replace that which expires on Aug. 31. The miners ask 1) a two-year contract; 2) increases of 10% for contract miners and \$1 a day for day workers; 3) the check-off (collection of Union dues out of miners' pay by the coal companies).

John L. Lewis himself first came forward as herald for the miners to proclaim their cause.

He said he wished that he could parade along the boardwalk the 1,000 miners killed during the last two years, the 40,000 miners injured and their widows and orphans. He went on:

"Every bit of anthracite produced is smeared with blood. That is a gruesome thought, but harsh words may be necessary to awaken public opinion and a more or less somnolent industry to a

proper degree of responsibility in the premises. . . .

"It may be that the operators may again suggest to the mine workers the arbitration of points of differences. The mine workers position on that question, if and when presented, will be just the same today as yesterday, the same in 1925 as in 1923. Why? Because, when a man who toils in your collieries agrees to let some third party say what shall be his conditions of employment, he gives to that agency and commission the power to determine the character of his home, the food he shall eat, the degree of education he will give his children and to determine his standard as a citizen. Such a commission may determine what price a man may die for, what he will get for a broken back or a fractured limb. I don't know any man who works with his hands who will arbitrate such a question."

Next spoke the herald of the operators, Samuel D. Warriner, veteran in Labor negotiations, famous known the stand of the operators, surmised but not stated before.

He said that, if anthracite prices were increased, consumers would turn to other fuels; that they are already doing so, using soft coal, oil, gas, coke, electricity. He referred to the soft-coal industry as an example:

"When the present wages in that industry were agreed to, some 66% of all bituminous coal was produced by Union miners and 33% by the non-Union fields. Today I am informed about 70% of all bituminous coal is produced in the non-Union fields and only about 30% in the Unionized fields; that large Union operations are entirely shut down and that more than 200,000 Union miners are out of regular employment. There is no escaping from the meaning of these facts. The Unionized mines cannot survive under the scale of wages attempted to be imposed upon them and the non-Union operators are taking the business.

"The real issue," he said, "is the extent to which labor rates and costs can be reduced. We must have a substantial reduction in labor costs. If this can only be had by a reduction in existing wage scales, we believe we should have such a reduction. . . .

"Anthracite miners are enjoying higher annual earnings than any other workers of which we have found a record. They are higher than those paid railroad workers, machinists, electrical workers, printers, bituminous and metal miners.

"The average annual earnings of all anthracite employes is upward of \$2,000. The contract miners average over \$2,

500, or \$1,200 more than the average for all industries."

He also rejected the demand for the check-off.

The heralds having finished, it was announced that the joint sub-committee would take up the negotiations in secret. Six representatives of the miners and six of the operators are on this committee. Five of the six miners, including Mr. Lewis, took part in similar negotiations two years ago. It happens, however, that all but one of the operators' representatives are new to this work. After one brief session, the negotiating committee adjourned until four days later.

Meanwhile, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Warriner carried on their debate for the benefit of the public. Mr. Lewis attacked the figures of Mr. Warriner as to the earnings of miners, said that the U. S. Coal Commission had found that, of 46,000 "outside day men" employed at the mines, almost 44,000 received less than \$2,000 a year, and the few who received \$2,000 or more had to work up to 470 days a year (figuring overtime).*

Mr. Warriner, countering the miners' assertion that the operators wish to force a temporary strike in order to sell their coal stocks at high price, said:

"The operators wish to have it clearly understood that they are opposed to a suspension under any circumstances. Because the parties in any dispute cannot agree by a given date is no reason why they should go to war. In this belief, we are pressing the proposal that, if our respective committees are unable to agree upon any issues, such issues shall be referred to impartial arbitration, upon the understanding that production shall be continued at the present wage scale until the arbitrators render an award."†

FARMERS

Grain Marketing

Farmers may be perennially willing to buy bad oil stocks, but they will not apparently purchase securities of "co-operative marketing" enterprises.

In 1921, the U. S. Grain Growers obtained the backing of all the farm organizations in the West, yet it perished in 1922. The next scheme, entitled the National Wheat Growers, arrived in

* No direct contradicting of Mr. Warriner's figures. Mr. Lewis did not contradict the latter's figure of \$2,500 a year for contract miners; and Mr. Warriner's average figure of \$2,000 was not for outside day men, but for all miners, including the higher paid contract miners. Each merely gave those figures appearing most favorable to his side.

† By coupling "continuous production" to arbitration, the operators practically insured the rejection of their proposal since the miners had announced in advance their refusal to arbitrate.

National Affairs—[Continued]

1922 and departed in 1924. Last year (TIME, July 28) the \$26,000,000 Grain Marketing Co. was incorporated amid shouts of applause by professional rather than vocational "farmers." Now the Grain Marketing Co. has apparently in its turn reached the end of its tether, and faces dissolution.

The Grain Marketing Co. undertook to operate the leading Chicago terminal elevators on lease. Now, however, being unable to fulfill its obligations under the lease, the constituent companies will be turned back to their original owners. Already the Armour Grain Co. and the Rosenbaum Grain Corporation are leaving the temporary merger, with others possibly to follow suit shortly.

The Grain Marketing Co. was favored by a huge rise in wheat prices during its incumbency. Yet it failed to remove speculation from grain trading, as some had claimed it would, and also failed to prove any very profitable enterprise from a commercial standpoint. The only value in the experiment of letting farmer-representatives try their hand at running the terminal elevator business, apparently, has been to prove to them that it is not quite so simple as they had thought. Now, perhaps, individual companies in this field will be less hampered than formerly by legislation passed in the supposed interests of the grain farmers.

power of negotiation again into its own hands.

At the time the 20 bids were opened, none from Henry Ford appeared, although he said he had sent one. Since then he has made a bid which will be



© Wide World

HARRY M. DAUGHERTY

*He declined
(See below)*

considered in the final award.

Some observers predicted that this action would result in the President's requesting Congress to dissolve the Shipping Board. For long the Administration has regarded the Board as ineffective, muddling, unbusinesslike, and has wished to transfer control of the Government's fleet to the Emergency Fleet Corporation. The Board has steadily fought to retain its powers, seeking by lip service to the President to convince Congress that there was no need to have it shorn of its powers. Sooner or later, say observers, there will be a showdown.

POLITICAL NOTES

"Two Outstanding Acts"

The Ohio Bar Association held its annual meeting, invited, among other dignitaries, Harry M. Daugherty, one-time (from 1921 until the oil rumpus) Attorney General. He was obliged to decline, but wrote instead a long letter which since has been given circulation among his friends. Extracts:

"For obvious reasons I hereby take the liberty of calling to your attention two outstanding acts of the Department of Justice during my administration as Attorney General:

"First, the securing of the injunction in the shopcrafts railroad strike, for

which my impeachment was attempted by the Radicals and Reds; and, second, my refusal to surrender the confidential files of the Government upon the demand of an unauthorized, Red-controlled, so-called investigation committee of the United States Senate.

"For the performance of the latter duty the radicals and Reds demanded my resignation. . . .

"In fact, the very life of the Government depends upon the principles involved in these two official acts. . . .

"Your newspapers and your daily mail warns you of the activities of the Radicals and Reds, and the Department of Justice is again the especial object of their attack. I call upon you to continue, at all times, your loyal support of the Department of Justice and the Attorney General of the United States, whoever he may be."

A Biography

Every statesman and every near statesman nowadays has his biographers. But it is not often nowadays that a bishop turns biographer to a politician. Yet recently appeared a brief biography* of the late Senator from Massachusetts, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, by the Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, Mr. Lodge's college classmate,† who retired last month, as Bishop of the P. E. Diocese of Massachusetts.

The Bishop wrote about the Senator, calling him familiarly "Cabot." The Banker Bishop (so-called because of his inherited wealth, his financial successes on behalf of his Church), cousin of President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard, wrote sympathetically—too sympathetically to some many people. For, praising Mr. Lodge, he offered something less than half-praise to Woodrow Wilson.

Speaking of Woodrow Wilson as President of Princeton, the Bishop remarked: "There was a well-founded rumor that ex-President Cleveland, respected by the whole country for his rugged integrity, had been the first trustee to break with the President, not on grounds of policy, but because his word could not be trusted. Only a few thousands knew this, however; and misunderstandings with men of strong temper (and Mr. Cleveland had one) were always possible."

A Little Nonsense . . .

One night last week, there opened in Manhattan the third edition of Earl

* HENRY CABOT LODGE—Houghton, Mifflin (\$1.75).

† Harvard, 1871. Other potent members of that Class: the late Charles Joseph Bonaparte (Secretary of the Navy, 1904-06, Attorney General, 1906-09), the late Hamilton McK. Twombly (non-in-law of William K. Vanderbilt), Edward F. Whitney (J. P. Morgan interests).

SHIPPING

Almost Sold

Recently, the Shipping Board invited bids for the purchase of 200 of its tied-up steel ships for scrapping. While the offer was out, at President Coolidge's urging, the Board agreed that henceforward the disposal of Government ships should be in the hands of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. The reason was that the Corporation, headed by one man (Admiral Leigh C. Palmer), was in a better situation to conduct negotiations decisively and effectively than the Board, with several members. The Board merely reserved the right to pass on the offers for ships which Admiral Palmer recommended for acceptance.

Two weeks ago, 20 bids were received for the purchase of the 200 ships offered for scrapping. Last week, Admiral Palmer recommended that the high bid, that of the Boston Iron and Metal Co. of Baltimore for \$1,370,000, be accepted. Promptly the Board rejected the bid and reopened negotiations, hoping to get a better price—practically restoring the *status quo* by taking the

National Affairs—[Continued]

Carroll's *Vanities* (see Page 15). It was briefly reviewed in *The New York Herald Tribune* with the remark that "it's aim is fleshly and ribald."

It so happened that on that same evening the Governors of four states were sojourning in the city of Wall Street



© Keystone
FLORIDA'S GOVERNOR
Trying to look beneficent

and Broadway, and by preference chose to spend their time and money on Broadway. They were present at the opening. The comedian Julius Tannen, informed of their presence, dragged them up on the stage. Governor Martin of Florida, a broad-shouldered young husky, was first up, trying to look beneficent. Governor McMullen of Nebraska followed, very serious, worried. Governor Trapp of Oklahoma was grandiose in evening clothes. Governor Smith of New York was last up, grinning and apparently finding it great sport—being more used to such manners. Said critics:

Quinn Martin—"... the gentleman from Florida, Nebraska and Oklahoma looked and acted as if they were a long way from home and why the Devil did we ever agree to do it."

Percy Hammond—"There were evidences on Monday night that the Governors, at least those from out of town, made fools of themselves."

N. Y. vs. N. J.

Where great masses of humanity congregate for their enrichment, enlightenment and pleasure, there always devel-

ops a great amount of offal which must be disposed of if their enrichment, enlightenment and pleasure is to continue. And the problem of offal often breeds trouble.

Recently, the War Department reprimanded Chicago for drawing too much water from Lake Michigan for the purpose of flushing away its offal. Chicago was ordered to construct incineration plants and use less water.

Last week, it was the turn of New York City to be reprimanded. In 1917, one of that city's garbage-reduction plants was destroyed. A special permit was granted by the War Department to dump garbage at sea. Great scows heaped with offal are towed out of New York Harbor, out beyond Sandy Hook, to a point 14 miles from the coast of Long Island and 22 miles from New Jersey. There the offal is consigned to Father Neptune.

But it appears that Father Neptune, scorning the tribute, casts it back upon the shores of New Jersey. And the Governor of New Jersey, equally scornful and twice as indignant, proclaimed to the War Department that offal had destroyed the beaches of his resorts, polluting their waters and making them unsanitary. He suggested that the dumping be farther at sea. But already the offal barges must travel 42 miles to their dumping ground and are able to make but one trip in 24 hours; they cannot go farther and still accommodate the existing volume of their traffic.

Dwight Filley Davis, Acting Secretary of War, wrote to the Mayor of New York City, demanded that the city hasten its construction of planned incineration plants so that it may cease to trouble the great sea—and New Jersey—with its offal.

...

Bolt

From the cerulean empyrean*—a bolt. Liberty quivered, stood shaken but still unconquered, undamaged, poised on the golden dome of the Capitol.

William Tyler Page, Clerk of the House of Representatives, within the building, felt the shock remarked: "It happens every now and then."

ARMY & NAVY

At Pago Pago

Cruising, cruising, the U. S. fleet (Time, July 13) steamed on and came

to Pago, Pago,* Samoa. Anchors were tripped. The first lap of the journey to Australia was completed. Refueling was undertaken, and again the fleet took to the high seas.

The voyage from Hawaii to Samoa was broken by frequent maneuvers. The only incident of note took place when an officer, Lieutenant Harry J. Noble of the Medical Corps, aboard the destroyer *Ludlow* became ill. He diagnosed his case as appendicitis. The *Ludlow* turned on its course and ran back 30 miles to the hospital ship *Relief* (which had fallen out of formation because of machinery trouble). The water was too rough to launch one of the destroyer's boats, but an ambulance boat



© Keystone
WILLIAM TYLER PAGE

"It happens every now and then"

was sent from the *Relief* and the sick man lowered into it. Aboard the *Relief*, he was operated on and reported recovering.

On the green before the Pago Pago School, Chief Tupelos, barefooted and dressed in a huge brown helmet, batwing collar, four-in-hand tie, brown poncee coat and a cigar in his mouth, led 500 droning singers and nimble dancers for a sava (song and dance contest) for the amusement of the fleet. Despite his 250 lbs., the chief danced most gracefully. In a brilliant, colorful fatiguing pageant the natives danced themselves half dead the while reciting endlessly the history of Samoa.

* Not to be taken literally. As everyone knows, the sky is not blue during a thunderstorm.

* Scene of *Ruin*, famed play which is now running in London.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE LEAGUE

Notes

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, accompanied by the Misses Belle Baruch and Evangeline Johnson, called at the Palais des Nations, home of the League, and was received by Miss Florence Wilson, League Librarian, "a distant relative of the late President."

Herr von Eckardt, who headed the German delegation to the recent Arms Conference (TIME, May 11 et seq.), signed the convention for the control of international commerce in arms.

With shining morning face, who should walk into the Palais des Nations but Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University. Said he, before he left, the U. S. should send a minister to the League, "to observe its work and report its activities to Washington."

The 25th U. S. committee to become affiliated with the League of Nations became affiliated last week.

The committee is to assist the League's International Commission for Intellectual Cooperation. Members, whose headquarters are to be in Washington: Elihu Root, George E. Hale, Charles H. Hastings, Herbert Putnam, Virginia Gildersleeve, Lorado Taft, James H. Breasted, Charles W. Eliot, Vernon L. Kellogg, Augustus Trowbridge, Charles R. Mann.

At Paris, the French Senate grudgingly ratified a bill to provide funds for the home of the International Commission for Intellectual Cooperation, which has been permanently fixed at Paris.

At Warsaw, Polish capital, where the Ninth Congress of the League of Nations Union met last week, a resolution was adopted which concerns the U. S.:

"Recognizing that at present the United States is unwilling to sign any international obligation of a general character, the Assembly believe the United States would help considerably in the cause of peace if it could at least promise its friendly neutrality toward the countries which would act against a State if the latter started an aggressive war."

COMMONWEALTH

(British Commonwealth of Nations)

Beecham's Pills

A short time ago, an advertisement appeared in *The Times* and other newspapers stating that Sir Thomas Beecham would not be responsible for his wife's debts. Last week, Lady Beecham, who was former Utica Welles of Newark,



© Paul Thompson
SIR THOMAS BEECHAM
Friendly, erratic, pleasing

N. J., applied unsuccessfully to restrain her husband from so advertising. She admitted that she had taken a lease of No. 15 Grosvenor Square, but was surprised to find that Sir Thomas had also rented a nearby house "for a lady," reputed to be Lady Cunard,* former Maude Alice Burke of Manhattan.

Her reason for moving to the Square was that her son is coming into \$2,500,000 left to him by his grandfather and that it was necessary that he should maintain himself in a style befitting his coming station in life. But she thought that, if Sir Thomas could afford to rent a house for another woman, he could certainly afford to support his wife in comfort.

Sir Thomas, son of old Sir Joseph, pill maker, who died in 1916, unfolded anew the extravagances of his wife and informed the court that his income was only \$75,000 a year after taxes had been deducted. On that amount, he said, he could not afford to permit his wife to pledge indiscriminately his credit. The Court agreed.

Sir Thomas is conceded to be one of

* She married Sir Bache Cunard, grandson of Samuel Cunard, founder of the famed steamship line.

the most erratic men alive, but of a friendly, pleasing disposition. In the position of pioneer and patron, he founded in 1907 the New Symphony Orchestra of which he was the conductor. He delved into the literature of music from which he "unfolded treasures that only learned students of art knew to be in existence." In 1908 he formed the Beecham Symphony Orchestra; turned soon after to opera, for which, from 1909 to 1919, he did more than any man in London. In 1915, he became conductor of the London Philharmonic Society. Spruce, brisk, genial, he is a good conductor, cultured impresario. He gave enormous amounts to Music, but, despite the immense wealth that his father left him, he was forced to retire temporarily in 1919 to untangle his finances, which were in a precarious condition.

The money which enabled Sir Thomas heroically to champion Music was realized from the sale of the world-famed Beecham's Pills. Sir Joseph, the first baronet, began life as a farm boy, ended it the "third richest man in England," leaving a fortune of \$140,000,000.

As a lad, he had taken a great interest in the ailments of animals, which eventually led to interest in human ailments. At the age of 20 he left the farm, began a travel, peddling pills of his own manufacture as he went. Sales grew fast as his fame spread to the four corners of the earth.

He was one of the first Englishmen to recognize the value of advertising and the praise of Beecham's Pills was sung in thousands of newspapers, thousands of magazines, on thousands of car-cards and posters throughout the world in numerous languages. His methods were often called vulgar and probably his most famed advertisement was:

*Hark! the Herald angels sing
Beecham's Pills are just the thing.
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Two for a man and one for a child.*

His slogan was: "Worth a guinea [about \$5.00] a box," but the British Medical Association, which analyzed them and found them to consist of aloes, ginger and soap, declared that they cost him only 1/6c to make and a little more to sell.* The wrapper, written in English, Italian, Spanish, Swedish and Yiddish, which is found around every box, tells the purchaser that "constipation has been called the penalty for being civilized." And after a gruesome description of the effects of this condition, in which the large intestine is compared to a sewer, the wrapper proceeds: "Everyone knows what happens when a sewer is clogged or stopped up." A Beecham pill dropped upon a wood floor from a height

* The usual price—12 pills, 10c; 40, 25c; 90, 50c—at all druggists.

Foreign News—[Continued]

of three feet will bounce as high as 14 inches.

Sir Joseph was always a kindly man and the enormous amounts of money which he made out of the public, he returned to it in a thousand different charities. His best customers were the poorer middle classes; but, as he proudly said when he visited the U. S. in 1912: "My pills are taken by dukes and lords, who conceal the fact from their family doctors. Medical men take them on the quiet, too." This was the talk of the born advertiser, of the man who was used many times by novelists, notably by William J. Locke in *Septimus*.

Parliament's Week

House of Commons:

☉ Sir R. W. Hamilton (Liberal) asked the Government if it intended to intervene in the Moroccan War and, if so, would it permit debate before military and naval operations were begun. Foreign Secretary Austen Chamberlain replied: "I cannot give that assurance. If the Government comes to the conclusion that there is a serious menace in the Tanger zone* its hands must not be tied."

☉ A Cabinet committee, headed by Lord Birkenhead and created to consider the Admiralty's plea for six new cruisers, approved the construction of four.

☉ Captain G. M. Garro-Jones (Conservative) asked the Government if it were insisting on *pari passu* treatment with the U. S. in the matter of War debt payments, and if France and Italy had not defied Britain's contention that they should not make separate settlements with the U. S. Lieut.-Col. Walker Guinness (son of the stout and beer manufacturer, Lord Iveagh), Financial Secretary of the Treasury, replied: "The gallant gentleman is under a misapprehension."

"We have never said that they should not make separate agreements. In fact, it is the natural procedure that they should agree with each one of their creditors separately. We have only said we should be paid *pari passu*, and on equally favorable terms." †

☉ Lady Astor asked, amid cheers, that a committee of inquiry be set up for the purpose of repealing the law under which the police arrest women for soliciting. She observed that, if a man were charged with annoying women, evidence of the persons annoyed was required to effect his condign punishment.

* Internationalized Tanger commands the Strait of Gibraltar. This Strait is at present dominated by Britain at "the Rock" (Gibraltar), and it is a fixed tenet of British policy to brook no rivals. The "menace" referred to by Mr. Chamberlain referred to reports that Abd-el-Krim was preparing to attack the Tanger zone.

† "The honorable and gallant gentleman" was guilty of redundancy. *Pari passu* means simultaneously and equally.

With women it was otherwise, and a number who were not prostitutes were daily arrested on the sole evidence of the police. She asked that these sex discriminations be removed.

☉ Premier Stanley Baldwin, fearing the miner's threat of a general strike on Aug. 1, appointed W. C. Bridgeman, First Lord of the Admiralty, to mediate between employers and employed. Mr. Bridgeman was, however, unsuccessful, and the Government named a court of inquiry to make an investigation into the causes of the mining industry dispute.

House of Lords:

☉ Their lordships debated the important subject of Britain guaranteeing a treaty between France and Germany for the maintenance of the territorial status quo between them (TIME, Mar. 16 et seq., INTERNATIONAL). Lord Balfour for the Conservatives, Lord Oxford and Lord Grey for the Liberals, and Lord Haldane for the Laborites gave their blessings to what is called the peace pact.

☉ Lord Birkenhead, Secretary of State for India, made a long statement on Indian affairs. The subject was whether or no the 1919 Government of India Act (conferring limited responsible government) would be revised before the stipulated date of 1929. The Cabinet, said Lord Birkenhead, had not reached a decision; but he could say that "the door of acceleration was not open to menace, and still less could it be stormed by violence."

The Act of 1919, he continued, had not failed—it had never had a fair chance.* He insisted that if Britain were to leave India, Moslem and Hindu differences would immediately disrupt the Empire. "When we see everywhere among the responsible leaders of Indian thought, the evidence of sincere and genuine desire to cooperate with us," the Secretary for India told their lordships, "we shall not be niggardly bargainers if we meet the generous friendship which is near and dear to our hearts. We no longer talk of holding the gorgeous East in fear, but ask India to march side by side with us in fruitful, harmonious partnership which might create the greatest and proudest days of Indian history."

☉ Lord Darling, who, until he retired in 1923,† was the wittiest and the most sarcastic Judge of the King's Bench, introduced a bill to regulate press reports of law cases. The bill calls for a maximum fine of \$2,500 or imprisonment for three months, or both, for the publica-

* "The noble lord" was wrong. With the exception of Bengal and the Central Provinces, the Act has had a fair chance which is proved by its success.

† Lord Darling returned last year to the King's Bench to aid his colleagues.

tion of any indecent matter which is revealed in court. The measure is aimed particularly at divorce cases and under the proposed laws—as in France—news-papers are to be limited to publishing the purely legal aspects of the proceedings, provided, of course, that it does not violate the general clause banning indecent matter.

Anti-Yankee

The Hon. E. L. Patenaude, Conservative politician, urged a Conservative mass meeting at Lachine, Que., to unite to fight annexation of Canada by the U. S. He declaimed:

"I have no fear of annexation by treaty, still less of annexation by conquest, but I do fear the insidious daily penetration of Yankee foodstuffs, Yankee clothing, Yankee cereals, Yankee periodicals, Yankee 'movies,' Yankee ideas and Yankee ideals...."

"The 49th degree of latitude is a line that exists only in the imagination, and it looks as though it were going to cease to exist even there. The border-line exists by virtue of a treaty that is respected by both sides, but when your mines are ruled, your water powers exploited, your timber limits seized upon—all for the benefit of the alien living on the other side; and when, after taking all your natural resources, shipping them to the United States and selling them back to us as manufactured products, the hearts and souls of your children are turned American by the influence of their art, their literature and constant close association, it is time to ask ourselves what we are coming to."

British Blood

At a banquet given in his honor in Winnipeg by the Caledonian Association, Field Marshal Earl Haig, who is touring Canada as head of the British Empire Service League (veterans' association), said:

"It is very distressing to me, coming from the Old Country and meeting delegates from overseas, to hear of millions of acres where there are no settlers at all; and to hear also that, in some parts, instead of getting some of the good old stock, they are bringing Teutons and some of the people from Central Europe."

"The future of the British Empire depends on its own flesh and blood. The grit and determination of our fellow citizens are what have made the Empire what it is. We have to get the right blood out amongst you."

Australian Loan

Surprise was evinced in some circles that Australia contemplated raising a loan of \$100,000,000 through the House of Morgan at Manhattan. This is the

Foreign News—[Continued]

first time that the Commonwealth of Australia has proposed to borrow from the U. S.

In "the City," London's financial district, opinions were divided. Some thought the move perfectly natural, as the London market was heavily depressed by industrial insecurity, slack trade, swamped by War loans and made expensive for borrowers by the recent return to a gold standard. Others naturally could not bear to see the U. S. taking the place of banker to the British Commonwealth of Nations. Neither was Australian opinion unanimously behind the move.

Irish Lace

In Manhattan, before the U. S. Federal Trade Commission, witnesses testified that Irish lace was a mere trade name. Large quantities of the lace were made in France and China and it was pointed out that the adjective "Irish" designated a type and not the country in which it was made.

One Lindsay Crawford, representing the Irish Free State, said that a determined effort was to be made against calling any product "Irish" that was not made in Ireland. The effort, he continued, is to be directed against those who sell "Irish" poplin, mackerel, butter and other products.

Returning to lace, he went on:

"The statement that the amount of lace imported from Ireland during the last few years was so small as to be negligible is not accurate, because most of the Irish lace went to England and was shipped from there as an English product. In England, the trademark laws are so strict that no one dares to misbrand any article, and so we felt safe enough so far as the English trade was concerned.

"Ireland now has a stable Government, statistics are being kept and, before long, we will be able to make accurate reports concerning our imports and exports. In the meantime, we intend to prevent merchants from calling inferior goods by an Irish name. This injures us and restricts our market."

Irish Dinner

A dinner at which prominent men from Northern Ireland and from the Free State assembled was given last week by the Irish Club in London. Sir James Craig, Premier of Ulster, was unable to attend on account of the death of his brother; President (Premier) William T. Cosgrave of the Free State was unable to be present; but Governor General "Tim" Healy of the Irish Free State, "Tay Pay" O'Connor (the only Irish Nationalist member of the House of Commons—known as "the Father of



© Wide World

TIMOTHY HEALY

"Squat and square as the first Napoleon"

the House"), and the Duke of York, among others, were present.

The Duke of York twitted "Tay Pay." He had, he said, heard only one complaint about him and that was that he was willing to do everything for Ireland except live there.

Governor Healy, "squat and square as the first Napoleon," rose amid cheers to pay tribute to King George for the part he played in the Irish settlement.*

"The turmoil and stress which used to prevail in South Ireland so wrung his Majesty's heart that, for him, no approach to a truce or settlement would have been possible."

FRANCE

Dans Le Parlement

Chamber:

¶ Premier Paul Painlevé introduced a bill providing for the conscription of wealth during wartime or other national emergencies.

¶ The Chamber ratified the Washing-

* It is common knowledge that King George insisted upon going to Belfast in 1921 against the advice of his Ministers. Moreover, he wrote his own speech—the speech which called for peace and settlement and which committed the British Government to making an agreement with the South (later the Free State)—and, so rumor has it, told Premier George, who threatened resignation, that that was the speech he would utter whatever he (the Premier) might do. Lloyd George has never denied this story, perhaps from a desire not to oppose the King; but the chief truth of this bold version of the King's action is that His Majesty played a leading part in the Irish settlement, as is well proved by numerous tributes from eminent men.

ton eight-hour working day convention, negotiated at Washington in 1919. The convention does not become operative for France until Germany ratifies, but M. Durafour, Minister of Labor, promised the good officers of the Government to hasten Germany's action. Four years have already passed since the pact became effective (July 1, 1921).

Senate:

¶ A bill to increase the French Navy by one cruiser, three destroyers, four torpedo boats, seven first-class submarines, two mine-laying submarines, one mine-layer and two airplane carriers was unanimously passed by the Senate. The rapporteur of the Naval Commission observed.

"Our foreign policy is essentially peaceful and, on the other hand, we must think of economizing. But there is a minimum of new building which we cannot go below. Our fleet is very inferior to the Italian fleet. Germany is authorized to own a fairly important fleet and is not limited as to new building. We must take account of this and also of the Russian fleet."

Moroccan War

A terrific heat wave greatly interfered last week with the prosecution of the war in Morocco (TIME, May 11, et seq.). Minor engagements were reported in the Spanish sector in the south, but nothing decisive was effected by any engagement. In general, the Rifians continued to dominate Fez* and Taza behind the Wergha River and a new offensive against the former was developing.

At Madrid, Franco-Spanish conversations, inaugurated several weeks ago by French Deputy Louis Malvy (TIME, May 25), came to an end with the signing of two accords: one to begin a land blockade of the Rif territory, the other a political agreement designed to secure the coordination of aims and policy.

The most important part of the political accord, aside from an agreement not to conclude a separate peace, was the offer of peace terms to Abd-el-Krim, "Sultan" of the Rif State, which are to be presented to him at his capital, Ajdir, by Horacio Echevarrieta, millionaire shipowner who has several times negotiated with the Rif Chief on behalf of his Government. According

* Fez is sometimes called the capital of Morocco, whereas it is more correctly a capital. Morocco has four capitals, depending on where the Sultan maintains palaces. They are Fez, Marrakech, Meknes, and Rabat, the last of which is the most important; for it is there that the Sultan spends most of his time and where the Resident General resides.

Foreign News—[Continued]

to Mr. Malvy, the plenipotentiary of the French Government who returned to Paris from Madrid, Abd-el-Krim is offered autonomy of the Rif area under the nominal sovereignty of Sultan Mulai Yusef, with an agreement to demarcate the frontiers in such wise as will guarantee the "province" full economic and political security.

"I am naturally afraid," admitted Mr. Malvy, "that Abd-el-Krim has become very difficult to satisfy. People with whom he has surrounded himself since his recent military successes have certainly stimulated him to desire things entirely beyond reason. However, when he becomes apprised of the fact that, among other things he is being offered the fullest possible liberty for commercial development and every reasonable opportunity to utilize to the best advantage the resources of his country, I believe he will think twice before inviting upon himself a real war in which France and Spain will call no halt until a decisive victory shall have been achieved."

General Stanislas Naulin, the recently appointed director of military operations in Morocco (TIME, July 13), was to take up his new duties on July 18. He will be under Marshal Louis Lyautoy who, apart from being French Resident General, is Minister of War to the Sultan.

General Naulin is 55 years old and was educated at Saint-Cyr, school founded by Mme. de Maintenon, wife of Louis XIV, and now the West Point of France. As lieutenant and captain, he saw service in Morocco under the famous General d'Amade. At the beginning of the War, he was a major and was rapidly promoted to be General for his brilliant work. At the last German offensive on Rheims, he had under his command the U. S. "Rainbow Division" (42nd) as well as the 2nd and 36th U. S. Divisions, whom he commended in army orders for their valor, spirit, ardor.

Circumstances forced Premier Poincaré to go before the Chamber of Deputies to ask for a new war credit. "How much do you need?" jeered the Communists. The Government asked for and obtained 183,000,000 francs (\$9,150,000) by a vote of 411 to 29, the Socialists abstaining and the Communists alone forming the opposition.

A Lafayette Escadrille was formed in Paris for service in Morocco. Granville A. Pollock of New Orleans and Charles W. Kerwood of Philadelphia

volunteered to pilot bombing airplanes, and Charles Sweeney and Paul Rockwell, U. S. veterans of the Foreign Legion, volunteered as observers.

Much comment was heard regarding the efficient and up-to-date methods by



© Keystone
MADAME CAILLAUX
Dislocated hip and broken kneecap

which Abd-el-Krim is conducting his campaign. His staff work seems of a high order, each attack evidently being planned with great care and almost invariably at the weakest point of the French positions, made weak, of course, by the staff's strategy.

The greatest work is done by what is called "infiltration," which is used with considerable success to stir up the Moorish tribes in the rear of the French lines or actually in them: A single Rifian regular crawls in the night past the French outposts, visits villages in the rear to urge war upon the French and to promise rewards from his Chief, Abd-el-Krim. The visits are repeated nightly; and if kind words fail, threats are used, and occasionally an assassination is committed to terrorize the petty chieftains into submission.

The Valley of the Wergha, along which the fighting is taking place, is noted for its rich iron deposits; and in the views of some the war is in reality for their possession, Abd-el-Krim supposedly being under the thumb of Germany, who has promised to import all the ores which the Rif chief can deliver.

Rive, Paris comic paper, takes a slightly different view. In a double

cartoon called *Tracts et Tractions* (Ideals and Deals), it shows a Communist in Paris holding the Communist paper *L'Humanité* and shouting *Le Rif aux Rifains* (the Rif for the Rifians). In the other picture is an Englishman in conference with a Rif and the inscription beneath runs: "... et, bien entendu, les mines de Ouergha à une société anglaise!" (... and, of course, the Wergha mines for an English company).

A story which made considerable bruit in Paris: The ferocity of the Rif attacks was accounted for by the part played by tribeswomen who, hands smeared with henna, race after their warriors shrieking hysterically and smearing any who hold back or in any other way display cowardice. After each attack, the men are examined and those with henna stains upon them are summarily shot.

M. Charles Maurras, writing in the Royalist newspaper, *l'Action Française*, urged the use of poison gas against the Rifians. By dropping poison gas bombs, he said, France would have the Rifians begging for mercy within a few weeks—and "think of the expense in life and material that would be saved."

One thing that the war has done is to give an impetus to the French aerial medical services. Numberless lives have been saved by the transference of wounded soldiers (most of the French troops in Morocco are natives) by airplane from the front line to the base hospitals in the rear.

Caillaux Elected

In an election made possible by the resignation from the Senate of his good old friend Dr. Gigon, Finance Minister Joseph Caillaux was chosen Senator for his native Department of Sarthe by 641 votes out of a possible 739. This completes M. Caillaux's "return to politics." He becomes a member of that body which, in 1920, sentenced him to banishment for endangering France's alliances.

The triumph of the new Senator was not unclouded; for shortly after the election he was informed that Mme. Caillaux, slayer* of Editor Calmette in 1914, had been severely hurt (dislocated hip and broken kneecap) when her auto-

* Mme. Caillaux shot M. Gaston Calmette, editor of the *Figaro*, in his office for attacking her husband in his newspaper. Despite the fact that premeditated murder seemed established, the court before which she was tried acquitted her on the grounds that Calmette would not have died had he received proper medical attention.

Foreign News—[Continued]

mobile skidded into a tree on the way from Marners, where the Caillaux estates are situated, to Le Mans, capital of the Department of Sarthe. Her first words on recovering consciousness were: "Was Joseph elected?" Apprised of the result, she uttered a cry of joy and was whisked off to a hospital, where an operation was performed. Senator-elect Caillaux rushed to his wife's side at the first opportunity. Later, she was said to be out of immediate danger.

The significance of the election of M. Caillaux, who is not a Deputy,* is that, with the fall of the Poincaré Ministry, he will not be obliged to retire from politics, as his enemies had hoped.

Notes

U. S. Ambassador Myron T. Herrick, accompanied by Ahd-el-Krim, his dog, left France for the U. S. on board the *Paris*.

At Versailles, the wind blew—blew so hard that it uprooted a fine willow that had been weeping for Napoleon for nearly 100 years. In 1832, this tree was planted at Versailles from a cutting, obtained under British fire, by a Lieutenant Drouville from Napoleon's grave at St. Helena.

Trade negotiations between France and Germany, reported ruptured (*TIME*, July 13), are to be continued on Sept. 15.

French coke output for May was greater by 10,000 tons than the monthly average for 1913. The figures were: May, 255,000 tons; 1913 monthly average, 245,000 tons.

The brow of one M. Raphael Duflos clouded. On the porch of his country house was a trunk. He approached gingerly, opened it. Ah! then he was just in time, for the trunk was filled with his valuables. After tapping his hip pocket to gauge his courage, M. Duflos let himself into the house. Placed conspicuously on a table was a letter addressed to his wife, Mme. Huguette Duflos, once a *Comédie Française* beauty about whom half Paris raved and about whom the other half would have raved had it not been raving about other beauties. M. Duflos, visibly agitated, tore open the letter, read:

I did not go so far as to steal your things, madam, and will confess to you why.

When entering here I saw to you I did not know whose house it was. Passing by chance, I thought it looked like a nicely placed to contain nice things. You will be able to see I am a man of good taste. While confining my inventory, I happened to come across pictures of the woman whom I admire most in the whole world, both in the theatre and on the screen. Imagine, my surprise. I am sincerely sorry to have disarranged the charming interior and make every apology

and abandon everything I coveted to take along. My companion cannot understand what he terms "sentimental nonsense." I will indemnify him. But allow me, madam, to take your pictures. Your radiant beauty, which seems to me also to speak of great goodness of heart, will excuse this petty larceny. Some day I will write and tell you my life story. Perhaps it will be you, madam, who will prove to be my redeemer.

At the Lycée Louis-le-Grand in the heart of the Latin Quarter, where he had gone upon invitation to distribute prizes, ex-Premier Edouard Herriot rose to address the assembled boys. He got no further. Young Royalists of the organization Action Française whistled, howled, cat-called. In vain, the police attempted to restore order and in the end the ex-Premier was forced to leave. Outside the Lycée, the same demonstration was carried on. Several arrests were made, but to no avail and it was not until he entered the Chamber of Deputies that he was cheered: "Vive Herriot! Down with the Action Française assassins!"

GERMANY

Notes

For the first time since the War, ex-Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm strutted about Potsdam in uniform. He, his eldest son and his brother Eitel, attended the centenary of the founding of the non-commissioned officers' school, after which a war memorial was unveiled and the troops paraded once again before a scion of the House of Hohenzollern. Monarchist flags were everywhere.

Said, so rumor averred, ex-Kaiser Wilhelm to ex-König Friedrich August of Saxony, who was visiting the ex-All Highest at Doorn: "Here's hoping." Echoed the ex-König: "Here's hoping." Each was hoping that the other would regain his throne.

An amazed Reichstag groaned as he beheld, in the place of a bust of Field Marshal Moltke, the victor of Sadowa and Sedan,* a bust of Friedrich Ebert, first President of the German Republic. Pale with rage and horror, he rushed through the Reichstag like one possessed, telling his friends of the sacrilege he had seen. His friends rushed off to verify the tale and found to their horror that not only had Moltke's bust van-

* Sadowa or Königgrätz (1866): battle in the Austro-Prussian War which ended the old German Confederation (composed of both German and Austrian states) and resulted in the North German Confederation, the nucleus of the German Empire.

Sedan (1870): battle in the Franco-Prussian War in which the Emperor Napoleon III was taken prisoner. There was declared to be a "vacancy of power" in France, and the third Republic (the present one) was set up.

ished, but also that of Bismarck. *Der Teufel!* This was too much. In a body, they stormed the Reichstag's Decoration Committee, demanding loudly and angrily to be told why the great heroes of the Empire had been deposed in favor of an upstart Republican.

"Calm yourselves, gentlemen," said the spokesman of the Reichstag Decoration Committee, "President Ebert's bust was merely put there to see how it looks. Moltke's will be back soon. So will Bismarck's."

But the irate Monarchists were not to be appeased until the Committee had promised not to remove the statue of Kaiser Wilhelm.

ITALY

Cabinet Changes

Signor Alberto de Stefani, Minister of Finance, called upon Premier Benito Mussolini, to whom he said, in effect: "Certain people in the Party have criticized me for balancing the State budget at the expense of municipal finance. In vain have I defended myself; and in order to silence these hostile voices, I offer you my resignation." With expressions of regret the Premier accepted the Finance Minister's resignation.

Shortly after, Signor Cesare Nava, Minister of National Economy, called at the Palazzo Chigi, where the Premier resides. Ill health obliged him to resign and he hoped that the Premier would at once release him. The Premier, no doubt with a muffled sigh of relief, accepted the resignation; for it was known that Signor Nava, a Populist or member of the Catholic Party, was not entirely welcome or at ease in an otherwise all-Fascist Cabinet.

Within a day, Premier Mussolini appointed Count Giuseppe Volpi Minister of Finance and Prof. Giuseppe Belluzzo Minister of National Economy, thereby making his Cabinet all-Fascist. The only member of the Premier's original Cabinet, excluding himself, is Signor Luigi Federzoni, Minister of Internal Affairs, who, next to Mussolini, is the strongest man in the Fascist Party and who may one day succeed the Premier.

Stefani, Alberto de Stefani became Minister of Finance in 1922, since when he has worked miracles for Italian finance, turning a heavy deficit into a surplus. Opposition to him crystallized last spring when he issued certain decrees regulating Stock Exchange transactions which, however brilliant in theory, were disastrous in practice.

Nava. Signor Cesare Nava was merely a political pawn. Mussolini needed him at one time for his pro-Vatican policy but, as it is now clearly recognized that that policy has been ad-

Foreign News—[Continued]

vanced as far as possible, Nava became an anomaly in the Cabinet and was virtually removed to make room for a Fascist.

Count Volpi. Count Giuseppe Volpi, scion of an old Venetian family, was born some 50 years ago. As a young man, he interested himself in Levantine trade and little by little became a recognized expert on Near Eastern affairs. He was nominated as negotiator of the Italo-Turkish peace treaty which ended the war of 1911-12. In 1922, Premier Giolitti appointed him Governor of the colony of Tripoli, where he did invaluable work in modernizing the port of Tripoli town. When Fascism appeared, he wholeheartedly embraced it and became one of Mussolini's faithful henchmen.

Belluzzo. Prof. Giuseppe Belluzzo, aged 48, studied engineering at Milan Polytechnic, where he was graduated in 1898 and where he became a professor in 1901. He wrote many books, invented a number of useful offensive weapons for use during the War and has held, during the past few years, a number of important positions. His appointment as Minister of National Economy was acclaimed by all sections of public opinion and one of his tasks will be to give effect to Mussolini's policy of making Italy independent of cereal and coal importations by developing the colonies and the water power of Italy.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

Hussite Hullabaloo

In the year 1415, Emperor Sigismund, the perfidious ruler of the Holy Roman Empire and the last of the Luxemburg dynasty, had burned at the stake one John Hus, protestant against the Catholic Church (he is alleged to have intimated that the Antichrist might be found at Rome), and a hero of Bohemia.

Last week, on the 510th anniversary of John Hus's death, Czecho-Slovakia celebrated her first "Nation Day" by commemorating Hus. Up went the Hussite flag over the Presidential Castle and loud and strong were the cries from Rome. The Papal Nuncio was recalled and the Czecho-Slovak Minister to the Holy See was ordered to return to Prague. The situation had the earmarks of a first-class row.

To be sure, the Hussite celebrations were only part of the causes of Catholic hostility. In Catholic eyes the Czecho-Slovak State was formed by a group of heretics and, as a matter of fact, the leaders of the nation are today mainly Protestant or "liberal freethinkers." One of the first things done when the new Republic had caught its wind was to seize Church property, much to the discomfiture of Rome, and then to make a

bold bid for a National Church. The Hussite celebrations were the sparks which caused the explosion.

To make the picture still more extraordinary, three fourths of the people are Roman Catholics. The Government, which is predominantly anti-Catholic, cannot last without Catholic support and hence, while the Socialists are demanding a break in diplomatic relations, suppression of religious teaching and complete separation of Church and State, the Catholics, as the greatest political force, have to be mollified.

In a Slovak village—the Protestants are mainly Czechs—a priest rashly called President Masaryk a heretic. Gendarmes arrested him after a struggle with the people in which many were wounded, one killed.

CHINA

Diplomatic Moves

The general situation in Eastern China remained, as it has for the past few weeks (TIME, June 15 et seq.), pregnant with ugly possibilities. The Chinese did a great deal of agitating. Foreigners took many steps to secure safety of life. Both sides engaged in desultory conversations which had no outcome. Strikes were maintained in practically all the seaboard cities. At Wukingfu, Kwangtung Province, one male and two female missionaries were beaten and knifed.

Diplomatically, however, a number of important moves were made. A short time ago Washington proposed, somewhat nebulously, that an international conference might soon be called to reconsider the attitude of foreign Powers toward Chinese domestic affairs. It is now common knowledge in diplomatic circles, although it is not admitted, that Washington obtained the previous agreement to this proposal from London. At all events, the effect was that last week France ratified two Nine-Power Treaties signed in 1922 at Washington, thereby clearing the stage for concerted action by the nine Powers (the U. S., Britain, France, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, Portugal, Belgium and China).

One Nine-Power Treaty related to Chinese customs. The other and more important contained Mr. Elihu Root's resolutions that the Powers agree to respect the sovereignty, independence and territorial and administrative integrity of China, and at the same time agree to maintain the principle of equal opportunity for all nations in commerce and industry. Under these general terms lay specific proposals to call an international conference (which was virtually called last week by President Coolidge) to consider the abrogation of extraterritoriality (trials by consular courts), the setting up of mixed courts, withdrawal

of foreign troops and retrocession of leaseholds.

French ratification of these treaties cleared the way for the Powers concerned to give effect to their good resolutions concerning China. Unfortunately, the Powers, Britain in particular, have been unable to see the Chinese woods for the trees. British Foreign Secretary Austen Chamberlain in numerous speeches made it evident that the cause of the present Chinese unrest is due to Bolsheviki influence, which, of course, Bolsheviki Foreign Minister Georg Tchitcherine indignantly denied. Unbiased reports from China—that is, the average of biased reports, for all communications from that once celestial land are more or less colored—seem unanimous that the root of the disturbances is due to the foreign Powers which exploit China economically and dominate her politically. Bolsheviki influences, which are obviously existent, found rather than caused a situation of deep discontent, which was naturally receptive of Moscow's virulent propaganda.

But if Bolshevism is not at the bottom of the Chinese anti-foreign movement, it is a menace capable of endless trouble in China which can be offset only by the unified action of the Powers. The greatest danger is that the Chinese Government, being met with nothing from the Powers (mainly Britain) but chilly demands for justice with indemnities for the Shanghai outrages (TIME, June 15 et seq.), will listen readily to the friendly advances of Moscow. Undoubtedly with this in their minds, the U. S., Britain and Japan agreed to a compromise at Tokyo aimed at calming China, while at Swampscott President Coolidge insisted on a scrupulous observance of the Nine-Power Treaties, the respect for foreign lives and property by China and virtually called an international conference for the fall.

The signs in Peking were that the Chinese Government would do its best—and what that is remains to be seen—to restore quiet. How far the nationalist students will support the central Government is another speculation which appears equally impossible to hazard. Said *The New York Times*: "When do Chinese students study?"

LATIN AMERICA

Bloodless

Last week, there came revolution to Ecuador. Troops in Quito, the capital, and Guayaquil captured the civil and military authorities at both places, jailed them. General Francisco Gomez de la Torre was proclaimed Military Chief of Government. The people were given to understand that the coup had been planned to end maladministration. There was no bloodshed, little excitement.

B O O K S

Cad*

"Thou Shalt Not Tamper Life"—Louis Hémon

The Story. Monsieur Ripois rid himself of his palling mistress quite as simply as she would have shed her soiled blue wrapper. He yawned at her solicitude, snapped at her tenderness, sneered at her complaints, assumed high dudgeon when her desperation became vindictive. His sooty little conscience glowing at her quick repentance, out he marched, free to take a new lodging, walk the London streets after work and supper, fondle his mustache, boldly scrutinize passing women and wait, thinking himself a very audacious chap of the world indeed, for further chances to cheat life of amorous adventures where the women gave all and he, Amédée Ripois, gave nothing.

Winifred was next. A starving florist girl, she was so innocent she thought she had to go home with him because he gave her tea. She haunted his doorstep long afterwards, before turning prostitute.

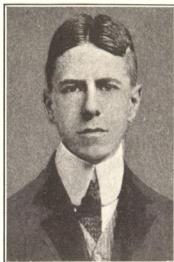
He obtained Mabel with a clever mirage of Marriage, that sole, safe landmark on the foggy horizon of an English waitress.

Then Nemesis tricked him. He lost his job in the City; his few shillings went. Shivering nights on the Embankment and hunger's fang stirred him to a violent design. He would get a harlot to take him home, then rob her. At this crux, his tears accomplished what his nerve funk. Marcelle kept him that winter as "her man," a pathetic sop to her vestige of womanly honor. When Marcelle was jailed for soliciting, Monsieur Ripois was most adroit. He stole her savings and decamped to Cricklewood, where it occurred to him to advertise French lessons under a grandiose name.

Ella beheld Monsieur Ripois on Dollis Hill, stretching his arms to the spring sunshine in thanksgiving for his well-being, in vague supplication for something pure and fresh, possibly a new woman. Later, when he approached her, an erect, full-bosomed child-virgin, she did not see a little cad of 30-odd with a pale, muggy face, but remembered the man whose gesture had expressed the wonder she awaited in life. She made a dream of him, managed their whole affair in calm unquestioning ecstasy—quite the best affair he had ever had, thought Monsieur Ripois, until she told him they would marry now, for the child. At that Monsieur Ripois stole off and tried to materialize his greatest chance of all,

incipient with Aurora Barnes, a rich, neurotic Francomaniac.

Mr. Barnes and his solicitor tripped that scheme. Monsieur Ripois' pupils dwindled away. Again poverty sniffed



THE LATE HÉMON
He created a cad

under his door. He decided he had loved, really loved, Ella. He would go back, say he was sorry, marry her.

He went. Ella's blind uncle proudly told him that the lorry had crushed her by accident. Monsieur Ripois knew better—much better. Pilfering meanly from life, he had failed to perceive and accept its rich free gift. The grief that came upon him, the suffering through another that he learned, was too great for even his cynical, acquisitive ego to shake off. Returning to France to beg on the roads, thought he: "How careful you have to be."

The Significance. What Amédée Ripois, as a moral exemplar, may mean to you or your brother matters little. But the way he enters your consciousness as an actual being, a vessel of forces, which simply cannot be tampered with in impunity, is perfectly astonishing. If you doubt that "realism" in literature is more than a word, read here. To add that the drab tale is spun with utmost delicacy is to belittle the reputation of the author of *Maria Chapdelaine* and *Blind Man's Buff*.

The Author. The late Louis Hémon, born in Brest in 1880, soon drifted out of the life of law and diplomacy for which his father, inspector-general of the university, trained him. He married, lived, wrote, in England, until, a widower at 31, grief drove him over the sea to Canada. In the Lac St. Jean

country (Quebec), he worked on railroads. The hardy, simple French settlers, wearing out their lives "making land" out of stumps and rocks, appealed to him so strongly that he hired out to one Farmer Samuel Bedard at \$8 per month. Farmer Bedard appeared as the father of Maria Chapdelaine in the novel that Hémon mailed, in 1913, to the Paris *Temps*, before shouldering his pack and heading west again. A letter from the *Temps* accepting the book returned to Paris marked "dead." Trudging the ties, Author Hémon had failed to hear a train.

Ruminant

HERE COMES THE BRIDE—Irvin S. Cobb—*Doran* (\$2.00). With the air of a man rolling a cigar in his mouth, savoring it, puffing, chewing the butt, spitting forth smooth smoke-curls and rich juices as the philosophical fruits of his rumination, Humorist Cobb draws on and on about intoxicants, ancestors, being homely, the zoo, national holidays, Christmas presents "and so forth." Very different from "chewing the rag." He is the delight of a vast audience that relishes: an elaborate Southern simile—(false teeth that clattered) "like a fox-trotting horse with a loose shoe crossing a covered bridge;" an unexpected wisecrack—"King George the Fifth and Queen Mary the Four Fifths;" a sensible suggestion—floor lights, clothes ockers, tractable windows, longer blankets for Pullman cars, wash suits for city men in summer.

Watch

DRUMS—James Boyd—*Scribner* (\$2.50). "Watch James Boyd," declared John Galsworthy—a hortative which, unless it was addressed as a warning to some gentleman who had contemplated inviting Mr. Boyd to dinner, has a decidedly complimentary turn, and is reproduced on the dust-jacket of this 490-page novel of the American Revolution concerning the adventures of John Fraser: how his father was a Tory, his lady a revolutionist; how he, torn between two personal voices and not particularly concerned with the wider issues of his country's dilemma, went to England, France, Scotland, looking for a fence to sit on; how he heard men declaim in taverns and ordinaries, breaking their clay pipes with the passion of their rhetoric; and how, by a somewhat fatuous coincidence, he came at last to march with Greene's army through North Carolina. Mr. Boyd writes the language laboriously and without zest. He is not concerned with unities or nuances. He pays his subject the high honor of regarding it as more important than his treatment. The device of having the hero waver between two camps has enabled him to reveal every eddy and overtone of the abrupt little upheaval by which these colonies obtained their independence.

* MONSIEUR RIPOIS AND NEMESIS—Louis Hémon—Macmillan (\$2.00).

MUSIC

Gershwin Bros.

Maneuvering around two grand pianos which took up most of the available floor space of a small Manhattan apartment, a young Jew last week went about the business of packing a suit-case. Old newspapers—the inseparable, useless adjuncts of this operation—lay here and there in crumpled disorder, but two, each containing an item which had been circled with a pencil mark, reposed on a table. The first item related how Composer George Gershwin, famed jazzbo, had recently returned from Europe; the second stated that this Gershwin, when he had finished the piano concerto which Dr. Walter Damrosch has commissioned him to write for the New York Symphony Orchestra (TIME, May 4), will compose the score of a new musical comedy for the producers of *Lady, Be Good*. Soprano excitement abruptly galvanized the telephone at the young man's elbow: he began to address its black aperture. "Yes," he said, "this is Gershwin. . . . No, no, it's too hot. . . . I'm going away for the week-end. . . . I can't see anyone." Smiling, he hung up the receiver, tossed a last striped shirt into his bag. It was sometimes a nuisance, but he could not honestly pretend that it bored him, this growing public interest in his movements, his past, his plans.

George Gershwin, 27, was born in Brooklyn. At an early age, he contributed to the music of a rickety, rollicking, tenement street, at first with infantile muling, later with a stout, pubescent chirrup. He skinned his knees in the gutters of this street; he nourished himself smeamy with its bananas; he broke its dirty windows and eluded its brass-and-blue clothed curator. When he was 13, his mother purchased a piano.

It was not that Mrs. Gershwin detected any seeds of musical talent in her grubby young son. She bought the piano because her sister-in-law had one. There it stood, big and shiny; it had cost a lot of money, and no one in the Gershwin family—not even Ira, the oldest, who was certainly a smart boy—could make music on it. George would have to learn. For some time the neighbors suffered; then they advised him to study in Europe. His first teacher died when he was still torturing Chopin's preludes. Max Rosen, famed violinist, told him he would never be a musician. When he was 15, he tried to write a song. It began decently in F, but ran off into G, where it hid behind the black keys, twiddling its fingers at Gershwin. Discouraged, he went to work as a song-plugger for a music publisher.

He plugged songs on tin-pan pianos—those renegade instruments that stay up

late, every night, in the back rooms of cafés, in the smoky corners of third-string night clubs, till their keys are yellow, and their tone is as hard as peroxidized hair. Gershwin's fingers



IRA GERSHWIN
His the words

found a curious music in them. He made it hump along with a twang and a shuffle, hunch its shoulders and lick its lips. Dimers applauded.

"What's the name of that tune, honey?" asked a lady of Gershwin one night.

"No name," said Gershwin. "It has no name."

The ditty in question, afterward entitled *I Was So Young*, and *You Were So Beautiful*, became Gershwin's first hit. Within a few years, he had written *Swanee*, *I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise*, *Yankee Doodle Blues*, *The Nashville Nightingale*, *Do It Again*, *I Won't Say I Will*, *Somebody Loves Me*, *Lady, Be Good*, *Fascinating Rhythm*. Last year, he composed his famed *Rhapsody in Blue*, a jazz concerto constructed after Liszt. It took him three weeks to write it. He played it through twice with Conductor Paul Whiteman's celebrated jazz band. It was acclaimed in Carnegie Hall by a huge audience, hailed by daring critics as "the finest piece of music ever written in the U. S." Conductor Willem Van Hoogstraaten asked Gershwin to arrange it for a Symphony Orchestra. Next season he will play his concerto with the New York Symphony in Manhattan, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia. It is to be more serious than the *Rhapsody*, unconventional but in strict form. In

the winter, he expects to write still another musical comedy, in collaboration with his brother.

Ira Gershwin writes the words to George's songs. Quieter than his more brilliant brother, he once tried to be an author. He spent two days polishing a poem, submitted it to a magazine. It was accepted. Ira Gershwin received a check for \$1.00, abandoned literature, took to composing words for George.

Abroad

In Vienna, Soprano Maria Olszewska—she who, annoyed by Maria Jeritz's loud interruptions at a performance of *Die Walküre*, assailed the latter with a shot of saliva and was forthwith dismissed from the Vienna Staatsoper (TIME, May 25)—last week was reinstated. Offered part of her back pay, she accepted it but announced that, rather than use any of the management's "dirty" money for herself, she would give it to charity.

In Stockholm, relatives, admirers, supporters, gathered at a pier to welcome the Stockholm University male chorus, home after a month's "triumphal" tour of the U. S. Einar Ralf, director, waved his hat.

In Brussels, there was a bustle after the departure for the U. S. of Soprano Elizabeth Day, who recently sang songs in various languages—first in French, then in Italian, English, Spanish, Hebrew and finally, for the first time since the War, in German. This daring feat was received with applause.

Swipes

BARBER SHOP BALLADS—Edited by Sigmund Spaeth—Simon & Schuster (\$2.00). That summer nights may be less hideous and rancid discords less frequently pollute the fine free atmosphere of club porches, tonsorial parlors, moonlight bays, locker rooms and shower baths, Singer Sigmund Spaeth and the Weber-and-Fields of the publishing business present the first collection ever wilfully made of those mauling melodies *Mandy Lee*, *Sweet Adeline*, *I've Been Working on the Railroad*, *Some Folks Say That a Nigger Won't Steal*, et al. There is a foreword by Ring Lardner, alleged basso. There is whimsical but practical explanation of the broad technique essential to impromptu cantatas—"swipes," "seventh heaven," "amen corner," Russian depths and breath control. Most important are the actual scores of a dozen much-mangled tunes and the standard words, disputes over which have rent asunder the closest of harmonizers. Slipped into the covers of the volume are two cheap 5-inch phonograph records.

THEATRE

New Plays

Vanities. Two years ago, Earl Carroll started this series off with Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Joe Cook and a lot of vaudeville actors. He had a good show.



EARL CARROLL

This year he has only the vedevl actors

Last year, he had Mr. Cook and vaudeville actors—fair show. This year he has only the vaudeville actors and the show is a dire display.

On the opening night, it commenced at eight and ran till morning hours. The following night, he had clipped out an hour or more of the worst proceedings. The remainder was still pretty stupid. Mr. Carroll will juggle the piece for about a month in an effort to make it salable. By then it may be fair.

He has strained for novelty. There are no footlights. The stage comes graded down to a half moon of front-row tables. These are ostensibly sold to patrons at \$11.00 a seat. Ginger ale is served. Off to the left where the boxes were sits a jazz band—not an orchestra. The chorus spends a good deal of time in the audience. Before the show begins and during the intermission, the audience dances on the stage.

Julius Tannen, Ted and Betty Healy, Bobby Folsom are reported to be headliners in vaudeville—Mr. Tannen has occasionally assisted other revues. None seem to matter much. The chorus is only mildly exhilarating, the scenery slipshod. A tune or two stands out.

All Wet. Weary reviewers approached this one cautiously. After pawing it a bit with their pens, they passed

on, rejoicing that they had seen the last play until the August rush begins. Last of the season, and one of the least.

It was a farce. No producer would risk it, so the actors gave it themselves. Three married couples and a butler set out to nationalize women in Yonkers. One of the couples is just leaving home after quarrels; one is just arriving after an elopement. Opposed to the butler's Soviet theories is a heaving sea captain with a notion to hammer anyone mistreating a woman. All this loudly played, and not amusingly.

Ziegfeld Follies (Summer Edition).

Once more the patriarch of song and dancing has operated on his current show. New blood for its failing veins he has purchased, new cooling costumes for the chorus, new backgrounds, new times. Since this year's *Follies* was one of the smartest ever staged, these changes seemed scarcely necessary. They advance the show's excellence sufficiently to make it worth while on second visit.

W. C. Fields, Will Rogers, Ray Dooley, Olsen's Band, Vivienne Segal remain. Added are Edna Leedom, Lina Basquette and various ladies fair.

ART

Stout Houses

Recognizing, like the Metropolitan Museum of Manhattan, the compact, grainy beauty of the homes of colonial merchants, militiamen, farmers, Indian fighters, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts recently began an American Wing. It has removed ten rooms from ten stout New England Houses, among them:

Elizabeth Derby's House, Peabody, Mass.—a fine example of the early Federal period. Over the mantel in the living room are two pictures of New England village life, done by that forgotten but once fashionable Italian, Corré of Naples. The first is called *Saturday Night*; the second, *Sunday Morning*.

George Jaffrey Jr.'s House—the first 18th Century mansion ever built of wood in Portsmouth, N. H. Its owner was graduated from Harvard in 1702.

Samuel Colton's House, Longmeadow, Mass.—"the finest mansion in town," built in 1755. The Museum has secured its fine front doorway, for which Merchant Colton paid, he records, \$29.

Opinions

Homer Saint-Gaudens, Art Director of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh and son of Augustus Saint-Gaudens, doughty and prolific chiseler of historical personages, last week stepped off a

boat in Manhattan, recited some opinions on European Art.

Modern German Art. "Because of the fact that paintings are not really purchased in Germany any more . . . artists are creating essays on the neurasthenic horrors of existence. . . ."

French Artists "are attempting to turn a perfectly natural desire for decoration into an intellectual exercise, which it is not. . . ."

Modern British Art. "I believe that the English show a more genuine interest in Art than any other group in Europe. . . . A visitor to the London Royal Academy, or the English Art Clubs, or the new Chenil Gallery venture, invariably finds them filled with visitors capable of comprehending what is hung before them on the walls. . . . Artists who will be represented in our exhibition: John, Orpen, McEvoy, Paul Nash, Philpot, Ernest Proctor.

Modern Italian Art. "Italian Art has grown rapidly in importance. . . . Not only will Italy be represented by



© Keystone

HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS
Not uneasy

such of its more widely known men as Tito and Mancini, but by others of the younger school . . . Casorati and Carona . . . and Romagnoli, who won the second prize at the Carnegie Institute last year."

Exhibiting no uneasiness about the validity of these generalities, Director Saint-Gaudens went on to describe the annual International Exhibition which will open in Pittsburgh in October. In addition to paintings from Spain, England, France, Italy, Sweden, there will be shown, for the first time since the War, a group of German and Austrian pictures. On the Jury of Awards will sit Anglada y Camarasa, Spanish painter; Ernest Laurent, French impressionist; Algernon Talmage, English landscape man.

CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Marriage Whirl. Corinne Griffith has taken so many thousands on the barb of her attraction that it is doubtless idle to intimate that this adventure is one of the worst of photoplays. It is a story of the younger generation, married and very fond of gin. Great parties in expensive country houses and great scowls on the faces of the stern fathers. Nita Naldi, slimmer these days, is very wicked.

Marry Me. The vogue of the light comedy is assuming permanent proportions. Florence Vidor is involved in this one which tells the tale of a rural maiden engaged to one John Smith. She writes her acceptance on an egg shell which is delivered to the wrong John Smith in a distant city. The latter is interested in matrimony but more particularly in proving, through the lady, the unconscionable period which a cold storage company had kept the egg.

The Woman Hater. Another one that you should arrange to miss. The great actress, toast of Paris (French toast), comes to the U. S. About to marry a very rich young man, she is interrupted by an elder friend of that hopeful's distracted family. Elder friend becomes enamored for himself.

The Lucky Devil. In the days of Wallace Reid, they had a habit of putting him in a racing automobile whenever ideas dried up. The people went home happy. Applying this same formula to the mildly similar Richard Dix, one finds that human nature still reacts feverishly.

Night Life of New York. Dorothy Gish, Rod LaRocque and Ernest Torrence are a noble trio to begin with, and their current fabule gives good opportunity. It is another light comedy, the tale of a Western youth cast loose along Broadway with adequate funds. It brings in, by picture and by name, all the actual night clubs of the district, a comely telephone operator, a father who fails to impress upon his son the ultimate delights of the domestic fireside.

Pretty Ladies. Another bit of accuracy is here dealt round on the general subject of Broadway. *The Folies*, with Will Rogers, Eddie Cantor, Ann Pennington, Gallagher and Shean, and even Mr. Ziegfeld adequately included, is the subject. It seems that the low-comedy actress had never had a lover. It was the trap drummer that finally succumbed. They were very happy until the luxurious prima donna leered her way into their lives. Then a strange ending, so swift and so sincere as to be almost out of place.

EDUCATION

Young Prexies

When Editor Glenn Frank of *The Century*, aged 38, and Dr. Clarence Cook Little, aged 37, were summoned to the presidencies of the University of Wisconsin and the University of Michigan, respectively (*TIME*, May 25, July 13), people said: "And such young men!"

Knowing well that a man needs no flowing patriarchal beard to be a college president and that the practice of appointing young men has been tried and proved in the U. S. long before now. *The Detroit News* last week, published a list of U. S. educators, past and present, and the ages at which they assumed presidential chairs:

AGE	PRESIDENT	COLLEGE OR UNIVERSITY
28	Helen H. Taft*	Bryn Mawr
29	John H. Finley	Knox
31	Clarence C. Little	Maine
34	Mark Hopkins	Williams
35	Andrew D. White	Cornell
35	Charles W. Eliot	Harvard
37	Henry N. MacCracken	Vassar
37	Marion LeRoy Burton	Smith
36	Clarence C. Little	Michigan
36	Harry W. Chase	U. of N. C.
36	David F. Houston	Texas Ag.
37	James B. Angell	Vermont
38	Glenn Frank	Wisconsin
38	Kenyon L. Baggerfield	Mass. Ag.
38	Jacob G. Schurman	Cornell
38	William G. Frost	Berea
39	Ernest M. Hopkins	Dartmouth
39	David F. Houston	Texas
39	Albert Ross Hill	Missouri
39	William M. Jardine	Kansas Ag.
39	Albert A. Murphy	Florida
40	Henry Suzzallo	U. of Washington
40	John H. Finley	City College, N. Y.
40	Alexander Meiklejohn	Amherst
40	Nicholas M. Butler	Columbia
40	William H. P. Fausch	Brown
40	David Starr Jordan	Stanford
41	Ray L. Wilbur	Stanford
42	James B. Angell	Michigan
42	William L. Bryan	Indiana
42	David F. Houston	Washington U.
43	Marion LeRoy Burton	Minnesota
43	Stratton D. Brodhead	Alabama
43	Edwin A. Alderman	Virginia
44	William O. Thompson	Ohio State
45	Harry A. Garfield	Williams
45	David Friday	Mich. Ag. Col.
45	Sidney E. Mezes	Texas
45	Benjamin Ide Wheeler	California
46	Marion LeRoy Burton	Michigan
46	Woodrow Wilson	Princeton
46	Charles R. Van Hise	Wisconsin
46	L. D. Coffman	Minnesota
46	John P. McNichols	U. of Detroit

To this list there should certainly have been added the name of Cloyd H. Marvin, stocky, dynamic onetime aviator, who undertook the presidency of the University of Arizona three years ago at the age of 33† Dr. Henry Merritt Wriston, History Professor of Wesleyan University, also qualifies; a fortnight ago, the day before his 36th birthday, he was elected President of Lawrence College (Appleton, Wis.). Also Dr. Charles C. Mierow, 42, from 1923-4

* Miss Taft, the now Mrs. Frederick J. Manning, was Acting President in 1919-20.

† For a vivid account of President Marvin and his work, see the interview granted by him to Editor George Marvin (no relation) in *The Outlook* for July 8.

Dean and Acting President of Colorado College. Last week he was elevated to full presidency.

Old Profs

The more venerable professors of Liverpool University last week grunted wrathfully. They were advised by their Chancellor, his Lordship the Earl of Derby, that those among them who had achieved the age of 65 would straightway be requested to retire. The old gentlemen were unanimous in protesting that, if the rule were to stand, pensions more adequate than the present ones should be arranged.

Librarians

Last fortnight, some 2,500 of the quiet, precise persons whose natural element is card catalogs, rubber stamps, sharpened pencils and orderly multitudes of books, gazed out of the windows of special railroad trains at the Rocky Mountains. At Lake Louise, Banff, Glacier National Park and other places they had located in bold print on the atlas, the travelers emerged from their cars, sighed with admiration, took snapshots, bought and addressed post-cards—"Dear Harriet: Just dandy out here. Wish you were with us. Arrived at 4:37 and leave tomorrow morning at 9:22. Love to all. Edith"—and went to dine in a body at the biggest hotel. When the train moved on, games of double canfield began again; diaries were brought up to date, magazines were fished out, idle moments were devoted to picturing in advance the wonders of Seattle, where all were going; the excitement of the 47th Annual Convention of the American Library Association, which all would attend; the further grandeur and marvels of Alaska, whither 250 of the more adventurous librarians would journey after the convention.

Speakers who addressed their less prominent fellows during the five days of sessions at the Olympic Hotel: Chief Bibliographer Herman H. B. Meyer of the Library of Congress, President of the Association; Director Charles F. D. Belden of the Boston Public Library, sole nominee for next Association President; Librarian Arthur E. Bostwick of the St. Louis Public Library, just back from examining China's library system and making recommendations to that Government; City Librarian Matthew S. Dudgeon of Milwaukee; Librarian Charles E. Rush of Indianapolis; Director George S. Godard of the Connecticut State Library; State Librarian Milton J. Ferguson of California.

Librarian Judson T. Jennings of the Seattle Public Library, onetime (1923) Association President, who had brought

the convention to his city, looked busily to all details.

Some points made: 60 million U. S. citizens have no library facilities; librarians must go into politics properly to serve the public; library wagons and traveling libraries help educate the populace; adult education should begin with anti-evolutionists; the old library idea was "culture," the new is "information"—let libraries enlarge that part of their service which furnishes printed matter dealing chiefly with downright fact, i. e., newspapers, magazines, commercial and scientific books.

The Association elected Director Charles F. D. Belden of the Boston Public Library its new President.

The Newberry Medal, established by one Frederic G. Melcher of Manhattan and awarded annually by the Association "for the most distinguished contribution to literature for children," was presented to Charles J. Finger, author-explorer-sheep-raiser of Fayetteville, Ark., for his *Tales from Silver Lands*.

...

The Great Trial

Scene. In the fastnesses of Tennessee, the quiet of dawn is split asunder by wailing screams from a steam siren. It is the Dayton sawmill, waking up villagers and farmers for miles around. From 5 until 6:30 the blasts continue. The hamlet and the fantastic cross between a circus and a holy war that is in progress there come slowly to life.

Along the main street of the village, where everyone in town sees everyone else within five minutes, peddlers, hucksters, hot-sausage men (they call their wares "hot monkeys" now), pamphleteers, itinerant evangelists, prepare themselves and their goods for another day's trafficking.

The holder of the barbecue concession on the court-house lawn builds up his fire and heaves half an ox on the coals. The field secretary of an anti-Evolution society picks his teeth and adds a note or two of his stock harangue, delivered thrice daily: "Shall we be taxed to damn our children?" An evangelist-book-seller looks proudly up at his billboards: **HELL AND THE HIGH SCHOOLS, GOD OR GORILLA, BRYAN'S BOOKS FOR SALE HERE.**

A preacher from Georgia in a bungalow on wheels drowsily draws on his outlandish costume—alpaca coat, shabby policeman's trousers and an opera hat—and hopes that the new day may bring him an audience for his weird sermon proving that Negroes are not human beings. The barker for a tent show called *The She-Devil* clears his throat.

In a forest clearing outside the town, exhausted Holy Rollers snore under the shrubbery after a night's orgy of in-

sane gesticulation and acrobatics incited by a mouthing, syncopeating professional ecstatic. Sid Strunk, the village policeman, ruminates over his breakfast coffee that it is a good thing they have brought reserves from Chattanooga.

About 8 o'clock, dusty wagons, gigs, buggies and small automobiles come jogging in along the country roads. In them are gaunt farmers, their wives in gingham and children in overalls, who crowd toward the court house to get seats for the day's proceedings in the trial of Teacher John Thomas Scopes, alleged violator of the state's anti-evolution law, bewildered instrument of Science and Faith which have accidentally chosen Dayton as their battleground and in whose wake has come the usual camp-following of freaks, fakes, mountebanks and parasites of publicity.

Smirking, gabbling, cynical minions of the press throng with the farmers—and that is all of the crowd. For all the publicity she has stirred up, or rather because of it, Dayton has not attracted the visitors she expected—eminent scientists, statesmen, politicians, financiers, society figures.

Events. Such was the scene. Two days before the trial, Lawyer William Jennings Bryan, chief of the prosecution, lumbered off a train from Florida. The populace, Bryan's to a moron, yowled a welcome. Going to the house he had rented, Bryan took off his coat, wandered the streets in his shirt sleeves, a panoramic smile of blessing upon his perspiring countenance, an impressive pith helmet covering the bald, pink dome of his head.

He wandered to Robinson's drug store for a strawberry sundae. There sat freckle-faced young Teacher Scopes, in his blue shirt and hand-painted bow tie, grinning with bashful curiosity at passers-by ("like the Prince of Wales," said one fanciful reporter) and listening to his proud father, Thomas Scopes of Paducah, Ky., exclaim: "John was always an extraordinary boy." Father Scopes was proceeding to uncompensated remarks about Lawyer Bryan when the son interrupted:

"Mr. Bryan, meet my father."

The two shook hands; Bryan consumed his sundae and departed, exuding benevolence.

A Florida realtor followed Bryan's motor in another bungalow on wheels, placarded: "Ask us about Tampa! Ask us! Ask us!" Countered Mr. Bryan, himself a Miami, Fla., realtor: "You don't need to ask us about Miami."

Lawyer Bryan addressed the Dayton Progressive Club at dinner, shrewdly comparing Dayton to Nazareth and Bethlehem, calling the trial a "duel to death," exhorting men to campaign with him to "put the Bible into the U. S. Constitution."

Slouching Lawyer Darrow, defense

counsel, arrived. Finding shy young Scopes in the crowd, asked Darrow: "Is Bryan here? Is he all right? It would be very painful to me to hear that he had fallen a victim to synthetic sin."

The Courtroom. Lawyers Colby of Manhattan and Godsey of Dayton having withdrawn from the case (the latter covering before public opinion), there sat with Lawyer Darrow and Teacher Scopes in the courtroom only plump, foppish Lawyer Malone of Manhattan and Judge Neal of Knoxville, Tenn. Fumbling his soiled lavender gal-luses, slowly masticating a quid of tobacco, Darrow squinted across at Lawyer Bryan, rather voluptuous in a black mohair suit, surrounded by assistant counsel.

By the judge's bench, a cotton-topped, curly-headed boy of four played about, waiting to draw the names of veniremen for the jury from a box, a duty assigned to a young child by state law. The Judge himself, John T. Raulston of Winchester, Tenn., after opening the court and calling a special sitting of the grand jury to reindict Scopes so that there might be no mistake, sat back in his chair chewing gum, waving to friends among the spectators, occasionally calling for order when growls of prejudice greeted the cross-questioning to which Darrow and Malone were putting the veniremen.

Jury. A jury was sworn—ten farmers, a shipping clerk and a farmer-teacher, none of whom had ever read a book on Evolution or admitted a prejudice for or against it; all of whom, with the exception of one illiterate, had read the Bible.

Trial. Lawyer Bryan, palm leaf fan in hand, collarless, led the prosecution forces into Court shortly before 9 o'clock. A few of the more courageous clung to their coats, but the heat soon overcame their vanity, with the exception of foppish, double-breasted-coated Dudley Field Malone.

"General" Ben McKenzie, local wit and humorist, dressed in a blue seersucker suit, peered down his nose and through his glasses perched thereon and in a high, rasping, querulous voice began the fight. The Court seemed in considerable doubt as to what he was driving at. But when he sneered at the laws in the "great metropolitan City of New York" and in "the great white city of the Northwest," Lawyer Malone said: "We object. . . I do not consider further allusion to the geographical parts of the country as particularly necessary. . . We are here rightfully as American citizens."

Judge Raulston interposed: "I want you gentlemen from New York, or any other foreign State, to always remember that you are our guests. . . Your Honor," objected Mr. Malone, "we

(Continued on Page 28)

Dark America

☛ In Washington, D. C., the tales of Captain A. W. Stevens, air-map maker (TIME, May 11) for the Brazilian exploration (12 white men, 100 Indians) of Dr. Alexander Hamilton Rice, continued last week.

The trekking-menage sat down to dinner. Such stucculent meats! What were they? Before the white men lay crackly tidbits of wild tapir (pig). The coppery Indian guides gorged on chunks of monkey carcasses, on the crisped torsos of giant lizards.

That music—what was it? In the dank fastnesses of the jungle along the banks of the Rio Parima, towards whose source the white men were hacking their way, stirred unearthly strains. "Debils," groaned the natives. "Station KDKA, Pittsburgh," chortled the expedition's justly proud radio expert, John Swanson. A deep, pontifical voice broke the hot silence. "That," explained the man with the ear phones, "is Judge Elbert H. Gary, of the U. S. Steel Corporation."

☛ Also last week, there sailed into Manhattan another steamer from South America and Dr. Charles C. Bull, Stevens' cartographer, onetime Harvard footballer, geologist of the Rice expedition, continued, with interruptions by recurrent fits of jungle ague, Stevens' narrative.

The travelers had crossed the Sierra Pacaraima from Brazil into Venezuela to investigate the aboriginal legend that the Orinoco and the Amazon have a common source. They came to the Rio Merarwi and here, stars ill-boding, three of their canoes capsized, dumping out five months' provender and sending the party speedily homewards. (Hence Stevens' monkey meat.)

Said Bull of some Indians seen: "Some had the build and faces of Tartars, others of Orientals, others were as Egyptian as Pharaoh."

☛ Finally, last week, looking healthily gaunt, Dr. Rice turned up, having joined his wife in Lisbon and come home on a Cunarder. He filled in the story:

Entering Brazil, the explorers had been delayed by civil war (TIME, July 14 et seq., LATIN AMERICA) and occupied their time establishing schools for the natives on the Rio Branco and Negro. Threading up the Rio Parima, Lieutenant Walter Hinton, trans-Atlantic flier and air-scout for Dr. Rice, had sought trails from the Parima valley into the Orinoco country. He found none, but located a tribe of furtive, stunted "white" Indians, the Shiritanas, who exhibited neither fear nor curiosity at sight of the white men and their aircraft. The Shiritanas favored cocaine as a relish for their diet of plantains. They wore no clothing, carried bows strung

with poisoned arrows, moved in and out between the trees "like jaguars," without making a sound or causing a rustle of the leaves.

Beebe

"With the Atlantic comfortably smooth, we are headed for the Sargasso Sea* and expect to resume our trawling and dredging there, which we had to abandon in March owing to high seas." Such was last week's news of Explorer William Beebe, whose last wireless reports (TIME, May 11) came from the neighborhood of Galapagos in the Pacific.

Meantime, a book appeared in the U. S.:

JUNGLE DAYS—William Beebe—Putnam (\$3.00). A pattern of shot killed a yellow-headed vulture, which had swooped upon a spectacled owl, which had clenched (and been hugged dead by) an anaconda, which had bolted a basha (torpedo-shaped fish), which had snapped up a pok-poke (smoky jungle frog), in whose food canal lived an opalina (iridescent protozoan covered with hair-like flagella). Explorer William Beebe, who fired the shot-gun, indicates this chain of life with his dissecting knife, philosophizing as he studies Nature in the steaming jungle of British Guiana. Other chapters—creeping, rustling, whirring, crashing, oozing with five things—centre on an inverted, deaf, lethargic, odorless, whistling sloth; the falling of jungle leaves; beach-combing at midnight; men and monkeys; a mango tree. His enthusiasm and patness often cast doubt upon Author Beebe's scientific veracity, but insure excellent reading. The style, vivid and highly charged with verbs and adjectives as exotic as the boat-billed toucans on the book's jacket, ranges from the masterly English of *Galapagos* and *Jungle Nights*, to sloppy jargon. In the midst of Author Beebe's spells, one is continually jerked up by the wish that, on his present trawling trip to Galapagos, he may lose the word "adambrate" forever overboard.

Polar Pilgrims

☛ Going. After celebrating Independence Day in Battle Harbor with cannon, rifle, shotgun, pistol, flashlight and races in rowboats, Commander Donald B. MacMillan, Arctic explorer of the

National Geographic Society (TIME, June 29 et seq.), ordered his two ships on up the Labrador Coast. A stop was made at Domino to take on sealskin boots. Bucking a head wind into Hopedale Harbor, MacMillan learned that the ice had gone out of there only four days before; yet the next day, the wind falling, ravenous clouds of mosquitoes filled the sultry air and fattened on the white men as they fished for trout and salmon, shot seals, took pictures, exhibited their two Navy seaplanes and their radio apparatus to curious Eskimos, visited with the Rev. W. W. Perret, head of the Moravian mission of Hopedale.

The *Peary* and the *Bowdoin* steamed on again, picking their way cautiously through rock-strewn channels. They threaded Windy Tickle to lie in the lee of Cape Harrigan while MacMillan and Engineer Jaynes went to Jack's Lane to recover supplies cached there by MacMillan on his last return from the Arctic.

Beyond Cape Harrigan, as far as a powerful telescope could take the eye to sea, vast ice floes stretched—the densest in years, according to local fishermen. At Cape Mugford, the *Bowdoin's* propeller was damaged.

Returned. For "excellent behavior" displayed in fishing his two companions, Lieutenant Dietrichsen and Mechanic Omndahl, out of polar pools into which they slipped while walking over floes from their crippled sea-plane to rejoin Explorer Amundsen, the Cabinet Council of Norway last week conferred a gold medal on Pilot Lincoln Ellsworth, only U. S. member of the Amundsen polar flight which returned in safety a fortnight ago to Oslo (TIME, July 13).

Asked if they would ever again attempt flying to the Pole in heavier-than-air machines, Amundsen and Ellsworth said: "No." Asked if they were interested in the project of Herr Hugo Eckener of trying for the Pole in a super-zeppelin, said they: "Yes, indeed!" Said Ellsworth, whose recent trip was his first polar experience: "I have only just begun . . . Any project for a polar flight by dirigible should plan its route for a flight clear across the Pole, terminating in Japan."

Eckener was known to be seeking their company for a flight next year; was reported to have arranged for a conference this month somewhere in North Germany.

Planning. In Germany, plans were reported maturing for the construction of a polar zeppelin at the famed Friedrichshafen works. An estimated budget of seven million gold marks (\$1,750,000) for the whole trip was to be sought by the International Arctic Research & Exploration Society in levies upon Labor

*An expanse of ocean bounded roughly by 25° and 30° N. and 18° and 40° W. which currents make a back-water accumulating floe-pan. The masses and banks of sargassum weed impeded Columbus for a fortnight on his first voyage to the New World (September, 1492). Improbable tales are told of ships embedded permanently; of sea-monsters that make the spot their home. Smaller sargassum drifts are found north of Hawaii, southeast of New Zealand, southwest of Australia.

**Just
Published!**

**Great
Painters and
their Famous
Bible
Pictures**

A Unique Collection of Great Bible Paintings

Do You Know—

Why Michel Angelo never married?

Who painted the Sistine Madonna?

Why Caravaggio chose the mode for his saints from the streets—and often from the gutters?

The story of Hagar and Ishmael?

Why Dore became a millionaire at 46 and died of a broken heart at 56?

Why the "Smith of Antwerp" forsook hammer and anvil in favor of brush and palette?

Why Rembrandt was buried in a pauper's grave?

The difference between "The Transfiguration", "The Ascension", and "The Assumption"?

Why Blake said he was born in 1757 and had died several times since?

The names of the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"?

Who the Pre-Raphaelites were, and what the term means?

Why Murillo's best work is not to be found in Spain?

Why Jacob had to work fourteen years to win Rachel's hand?

Why Titus's life is compared with the Apostle Paul?

How Moses overcame Amalek?

One hundred priceless treasures of art—presented in an entirely original way — worth millions of dollars in originals — now yours in beautiful reproductions *for the cost of a single book!*

This Rare Collection of 100 Masterpieces Placed in Your Home FREE for Five Days

HERE is a wonderful opportunity for every American art lover to bring into his home the finest examples of paintings that have come into existence within the last six hundred years. To secure for his own library a beautifully reproduced "gallery" of the greatest masterpieces that are to be found in the famous museums of America and Europe.

This book is an extraordinary achievement of publishing—unlike any book or collection of pictures you have ever seen. Here, in this one amazing volume, is art—art as only the greatest of all masters have portrayed it, in paintings that transform the whole glorious story of the Bible into a glowing pictured drama of romance, love, intrigue and tragedy!

Here you will see the "Creation of Man" interpreted in the massive, statuesque proportions that were so masterfully used by Michel Angelo; Moses Breaking the Tablets" wonderfully portrayed by the profound genius of Bronzino. Mantegna tells you of the betrayal of Samson by Delilah. Fra Angelico gives to the "Annunciation" a delicate tenderness. Raphael fascinates you with a lovely presentation of the "Marriage of the Virgin". Leonardo makes of the "Last Supper" a scene of appealing beauty and pathos. Van Dyke moves you by his stirring interpretation of "The Betrayal of Jesus". Botticelli charms you with his fascinating painting of the Coronation of the Virgin". And these are but a few of many—there are 100 masterpieces in all—each a work of unrivalled perfection.

If you would pay \$100,000,000 you could not obtain the originals of these 100 paintings. But now—through this extraordinary offer—you can secure this same priceless collection in beautiful reproductions for the insignificant cost of an ordinary book.

By a special new process they are shown in all their original beauty and perfection. Each

illustration is reproduced on a fine quality of soft dull finish art mount paper. The opposite page is set Venetian style, a page within a page. The small page gives a brief interpretation of the picture and the surrounding page the interesting life story of the artist who created it making a complete and understandable unit of each subject. The book is finished in a binding to match its artistic contents.

Every art lover will treasure this beautiful book a lifetime.

Every Bible lover will find it the most fascinating story of the Bible ever told.

Do not miss this unique opportunity to examine it for 5 days—ENTIRELY FREE.

SEND NO MONEY 5 DAYS FREE EXAMINATION

Simply fill out and mail us the coupon. It will bring at once your copy for 5 days free examination. If you are not delighted with it, return it within the five day period and the examination will cost you nothing, but if you keep it for your own, send us only \$3.95, plus a few cents postage, in full payment for this book which is worth many times its small cost. Wm. H. Wise & Co., Dept. 47, 50 West 47th Street, New York.

WM. H. WISE & CO., Dept. 47,
50 West 47th Street, New York

You may send me a first edition copy of "Great Painters and Their Famous Bible Pictures" for 5 days free examination. Within that period I will either return the book without obligation or keep it for my own sending you \$3.95 plus a few cents delivery charges.

Name

Address

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

☐ A few De Luxe copies with leather back and cloth sides are available for only \$1 additional. Please check in the square at left if you want the half-leather binding with the same examination privileges.

organizations, community poll taxes, children's pennies, taxes on theatre and cinema tickets.

Lewisite

At Elora, Ind., nocturnal yeggs fiddled at the combination of the vault in the Citizens' Bank. From inside the vault came a faint tinkle of breaking glass. The yeggs gagged, struggled for breath, staggered out of doors, undetected but quite through with safe-cracking for that night. Next morning, the bank officials beamed with delight at the evidence of foiled foul play and the efficiency of a fragile flask of Lewisite* they had had installed in the vault by a Chicago firm. Other bankers hastened to ask questions, order flasks of Lewisite for their own protection. Other yeggs scowled at the thought of having to add to their equipment—jimmy, "soup" (nitroglycerin), oxy-acetylene blowtorch—a gas mask of exceedingly high impenetrability.

MEDICINE

Gulled

Physicians are often gulled by sharpers. Many of them combine a spotless naïveté in business matters with the conviction (bred by their familiarity with physical exigencies) that they are keen men of affairs. Over their stumblings in realms of finance the maternal *Journal of the American Medical Association* keeps zealous watch. Last week it published a warning to those medicos who might be persuaded, by the circulars of a group of flim-flams, to avail themselves of the "Special Subscription Privilege" of purchasing "Banker's Shares" in the Ford Motor Co. of Canada, Ltd. The circulars stated the indisputable fact that \$100 invested in Ford of Canada in 1904 is now \$32,000; it set down the names of officers of this company, all correctly spelled. The fellows who devised this chicanery had gone so far as to buy a small block of Ford Co. of Canada stock at \$490 a share; each share they divided into 100; each one-hundredth they called a "Banker's Share." These "shares" they offered to the physicians of the country at \$10 a "share." Thus the special subscription offered enabled gulled physicians to pay \$1,000 for stock worth less than \$500. Said the *A. M. A. Journal*: "Physicians will be

well to throw these 'Special Subscription Privilege' blanks into their waste baskets."

In Texas

The great body of respectable medical practitioners, the allopaths (as distinguished from the promoters of all sorts of strange and often quack cures and methods), have it as one of the strictest items of their code of ethics that they will not advertise their services in the public press or by any other commercial means. Any doctor who does so is regarded by them as beyond the pale, probably a quack.

But possibly this code of ethics may be modified, if one may judge by the recent action of the Texas State Medical Association. True, the doctors of the great respectable group are never likely to adventure into the public prints each individually boasting of his marvelous powers and miraculous cures. But the Texas State Medical Association created a committee to devise dignified and effective means for advertising for the great body of allopathic physicians. This committee passed resolutions urging county Medical Associations 1) to publish advertisements in local papers of educational nature advising people how to get proper treatment for diseases and avoid false cures, and 2) to publish from time to time in these papers lists of the members of the county Medical Associations, so that the public might know what doctors in their opinion were properly qualified to give adequate treatment to patients.

The President of the Texas Medical Association, Dr. C. M. Rosser, went before the Texas Press Association in convention and explained the new course adopted by the doctors.

One of the first fruits of the new policy was the appropriation of \$25,000 for this type of advertising by the Dallas County Medical Association, planning to insert each week a half-page advertisement in each of the four daily newspapers of Dallas. Three of the four newspapers have also announced their intention, by way of cooperation, of not accepting any further advertisements from unlicensed doctors.

Industrious Secrecy

Some months ago a group of scientists began in London to work upon a series of experiments whose object they carefully guarded. All were eminent specialists and it was known that they had been funded by the Government—two facts which nourished the outlandish conjectures that soon began to rise around the operations they were conducting with such industrious secrecy. Suddenly it was reported that they had made a discovery. What this was, no gossips could accurately say. All agreed, however, that it was something of vast moment—epochal, recondite, revolutionary. Some averred that these men of

science had devised a terrific explosive, others that they had found a way to harness the electron. Wild fellows even declared, in a parched whisper, that they had made a synthetic man.

Months passed. It became clear, for all the absurd extravagance of public rumor, that something unusual was afoot. Last week Mr. John Edwin Barnard, Hon. Secretary of the Royal Microscopical Society, permitted his name to be attached to an announcement: He and his colleagues believed that they had isolated the cancer germ . . . A minute disturbance in a ray of light revealed by the most intricate methods of microscopy ever devised . . . Highly satisfactory experiments upon mice, in whose tissues, inflamed with coal tar, the injected cancer organism produced both sarcoma and carcinoma* . . . Experiments in far too early a stage to warrant any gabble about a cure for cancer . . . Further report to be issued shortly. . . .

Such were the words of Mr. Barnard, a man far too human to say more, too kind to raise the hopes of those men in whose bodies burrow those minute, obscure carriers of death. But to medical men his clipped announcement made the fantastic whispers that had come to them seem duller than the garrulities of a midwife.

RELIGION

Christian Endeavor

Never has the world ceased to marvel at the success which will attend simplicity. Christianity began simply, was simple, flourished. So, too, "Christian Endeavor," from its crowded international convention last week at Portland, Ore., beamed forth its simplicity; the world beamed yonder.

History. Seventy-four years ago in the Province of Quebec, a son, Francis E., was born to an obscure New Englander named Symmes. Two years later he was orphaned, was adopted by his uncle, Rev. E. W. Clark, changed his name, grew up as Francis E. Clark, Dartmouth College and Andover Theological Seminary having graduated him, the youthful parson accepted a call to a tiny church in Portland, Me., and started a diary. Presently he wrote:

Feb. 2, 1881. "The boys and girls take tea with us, about 35 of them, and we form a young people's society."

Feb. 4, 1881. "First young people's [prayer] meeting conducted by the new association. Very successful."

These young people, "about 35 of them" had but recently discovered the awful importance of their immortal souls. Temptations beset them. Religion moved them, but the Devil was

* There are two varieties of malignant tumor: the sarcoma, arising from connective tissues; the carcinoma, arising from epithelial tissues. It is customary to describe them both as cancers.

* Poison gas invented by Prof. W. L. Lewis of Northwestern University while chief of the Defense Division of the A.E.F. Gas Service. Perfected late in the War, Lewisite never saw active service. Shells containing it are said to have been buried deep underground after the Armistice, tanks full towed to sea and sunk. It is said to be so deadly that a relatively small amount would devastate a large area, making it worthless for crop cultivation for ten years.



FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Boston, Mass.

A Business Built On CONFIDENCE

EVERY working day, as a mere matter of course, millions of dollars are handed by depositors to the tellers of the nation's banks. And this confidence in our financial system and institutions is likewise extended to most of our leading commercial institutions.

A wonderful situation! A vast leap from the days of distrust and suspicion, of haggle and barter, of many prices, of "caveat emptor"!

And the credit belongs solely to the American businessman—to the spirit of fair play, integrity and giving value for value received that has made this nation the center of the world in commercial ethics as in industrial progress!

Every successful, long established business owes its progress to the practice of just these principles. During the 76 years we have been in business, there have been many changes in the character of the goods we made; but there has been no change in the policy that has produced these goods!

Whether it is a lead pencil or a filing cabinet; a bottle of ink or a blank book; a letter-head or a loose-leaf ledger—the Mann idea is and always has been to deliver as worthy a product as possible—at a fair price!

The Mann line includes office and bank supplies for all needs; the ever-growing list of Mann customers is evidence of the appreciation of this policy of high quality and fair price. We are always glad to submit samples, prices and complete information on any of the products we sell.

Mann-made Products
include

Blank Books
Bound and Loose Leaf
Lithographing
Printing
Engraving
Office and Bank Supplies

Write for
descriptive folders about

Manco Safety Paper
Manco Check Safety Wave
Paper
Manco Check Books
Mann Machine Bookkeeping
Equipment

WILLIAM MANN COMPANY

529 MARKET STREET

PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

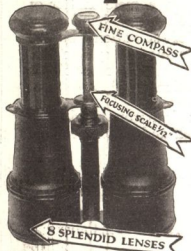
New York Office: 261 Broadway

Established 1848

Paper Mills: Lambertville, N. J.

Only 300 ^{ACT NOW} French Aviators BINOCULARS!

While they last only—\$ ⁹⁵



These are all we have left of a lot of genuine imported Champerle field glasses, bought when the French franc was lowest. "Champerle" glasses are known everywhere for optical and mechanical perfection.

See distant objects as though they were near you. Wonderful at ball games, boat races, horse races, aboard ship, on hikes and auto trips. The ideal binocular for the sportsman, hunter, naturalist, hiker, tourist—everybody! This splendid glass has 8 lenses of finest optical glass, over 1 1/4 inches in diameter. Wonderful light-gathering power and sharp definition. Middle bar graduated from 1 to 12 for quick reference. ONLY GALLIEN GLASS WITH 8 LENSES SELLING UNDER \$30.00

Only 4 1/2 inches high closed, 6 1/4 inches extended. Great range. A good compass is attached to top bar. Each instrument equipped with neck-strap loop and supplied with handsome case and straps. A wonderful bargain. Only 300 more at \$7.95.

ORDER DIRECT FROM THIS AD

We will send you this fine instrument under our absolute money-back guarantee. Examine it without obligation. The glass must satisfy you perfectly or return it and get your money back at once. The next lot of these famous glasses will cost more. Just mail the coupon now, with remittance, before this big bargain offer is withdrawn.

FREE CATALOG OF OVER 200 GLASSES
The world's finest binoculars, 3 to 24 power. Telescopes for sport, observation, target shooting, etc. Most complete line in this country. All our goods are BRAND-NEW. No "salvaged" war glasses or "seconds."

America's Leading Binocular House.

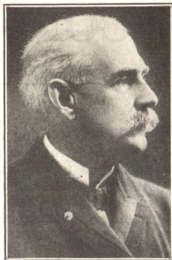
DU MAURIER COMPANY, Dept. 247, Elmira, N. Y.

DU MAURIER CO., Dept. 247, Elmira, N. Y.
You may send me the "Champerle" French Aviator's Binocular as described. I enclose remittance of \$7.95, but you are to return it promptly if I decide to return the glass for any reason.

Name
Address
City State
11 Check this space if you wish us to send catalog only.

never far away. So they banded together, pledged themselves to aid one another in the Christian life.

The idea spread. Hundreds, then thousands, then millions joined their band. In nearly every Protestant church today, he bulletin board announces: "Chris-



© Keystone
FRANCIS E. CLARK
Millions joined

ian Endeavor Meeting, Wednesday [or it may be Sunday] at 7 [or it may be 8]. At the meeting will be prayers by he young members, songs, a sermonette—perhaps also "personal testimony."

And the pledge is repeated:

Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him that I will strive to do whatever He would like to have me do; that I will pray to Him and read the Bible every day; and that, just so far as I know how, throughout my whole life, I will endeavor to lead a Christian life. As an Active Member, I promise to be true to all my duties, to be present at and take some part, aside from singing, in every meeting, unless hindered by some reason which I can conscientiously give to my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. If obliged to be absent from the monthly consecration meeting, I will, if possible, send an excuse for absence to the Society.

Convention. Subjects discussed at the 44th annual convention included:

Is it necessary to be a Fundamentalist to be a Christian?
Can the Church supply enough recreation for the average young man or woman of today?
Does dancing indicate a serious defect in moral fiber?

Is it improper for a young girl to appear in public in a one-piece bathing suit?
Should golf and other sports be engaged in on Sunday?

How can enforcement of Prohibition best be aided?
Can a Christian Endeavor girl wear rolled stockings and use a lipstick?
Must all races mingle on an equality?

Five thousand Endeavor delegates took up the matter of amusement—the old query whether a dancing foot and praying knee could be joined together. There was no final pronouncement on dancing except that no dance may be given under

Christian Endeavor auspices. Then, before the 5,000 was set up a large blackboard, on which amusements were set down under three headings after long discussion:

WHOLESOME

All athletics
Hiking
Socials
Singing
Pageantry
Dramatics
Educational Films
Charades
Fishing

TWILIGHT ZONE

Dancing
Cards
Movies
Theatre
Sunday amusements
Reading

BAD

Gambling
Purse-fighting
Drunkenness

The great moment of the convention came when Francis E. Clark resigned his active presidency of the United Societies of Christian Endeavor (he retains the headship of the World Christian Endeavor Union). Fourteen years ago, he tried to resign but failed. This time, he refused "No" for an answer.

A fund of \$100,000 is to be raised for the Society, the interest of which is to go to Mr. Clark during his life.

Membership was reported as exceeding 4,000,000. Mr. Clark's joy in beholding the fruit of his labors was declared comparable only to that of Sir George Williams, who founded the Y. M. C. A. in 1844 and celebrated its jubilee in Westminster Abbey; that of William Booth, who founded the Salvation Army in 1878 and lived to review brigades in every continent; that of Baden-Powell of the Boy Scouts.

Said the Portland (Me.) Evening Express:

"Portland and Maine have given to the world many noble and great men and women who have added to the fame of the city and state. But it is probably true that all of them together have not carried the name of Portland as far or made it known to as many people as this great apostle of the Christian faith."

Mr. Clark's successor is Dr. Daniel A. Poling, leader in the cause of Prohibition (dry candidate for Governor of Ohio in 1912), associate pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, Manhattan.

Rome

Almost daily, Pope Pius has to do with the U. S.

Last week he appointed Mgr. John T. McInnes, Bishop of Duluth, to be Archbishop of Cincinnati. Mgr. Joseph Charrand was reappointed to the See of Indianapolis.

Did the Pope also hear of the astonishment of New York when Katherine Smith, daughter of the chief executive of that state, told reporters: "The Pope had never heard of my father?"

* This was first put in the "Wholesome" zone. Later it was decided that it might be interpreted to include unwholesome books.

AERONAUTICS

Notes

In London, one F. H. Wallis issued a slogan: "Flying for the million." When pooh-poohed, he told how he had invented an airplane so light it can be lifted by an ordinary man, so small it can be driven by a six-horsepower motorcycle engine, so sturdy it can fly 70 miles an hour, so cheap to manufacture that it can be sold for \$1,000. Next month, hopeful Wallis will test his plans.

...

At Washington, D. C., the National Air Transport Co. (recently organized \$10,000,000 commercial air service company) drafted a committee on Public Relations, appointed Will H. Hays chairman.

...

In Detroit, the National Air Transport Co. (see above) mailed to the Curtiss Airplane Co. the biggest single order for commercial aircraft ever placed in the U. S.—ten carrier pigeon planes. They will be used to carry from city to city, at night, those communications that are too important to delay and not important enough to telegraph.

...

At Mitchell Field, L. I., a report was issued: only three deaths in 31,363 flights, in 25 months.

...

Out of England, in the columns of the *Daily Graphic*, came the preposterous story of one Charles Gligorin, young Austrian inventor, who claimed to have "deeply interested" the British Air Ministry with a design for a monoplane flying on the principle of Herr Anton Flettner's rotorship (TIME, Nov. 17, Dec. 8, Mar. 2, July 6). Replacing wings with rotors, retaining the normal propeller, Inventor Gligorin claimed a 240-horsepower motor would drive his monoplane at 300 miles an hour, would enable it to rise almost vertically like a helicopter. It would, he claimed, cross the Atlantic in 12 hours, be able to land in a city street. The *Graphic* stated that the Air Ministry had offered to build an experimental model according to Gligorin's plan. Awaiting Gligorin's arrival, the U. S. remained highly skeptical.



COLGATE'S

softens the beard at the base

When Confucius Pitkin was President of the Common Council there were more whiskers in the State of Maine alone than it would be possible to find within the borders of the Union today.

Judge Pitkin, who won his title by serving for two years as a justice of the peace, had no more use for a necktie at that time than a fruit peddler has for a blue sash.

But one sunny afternoon, while he dozed in an easy chair, his first-born son, whose fists were full of taffy, climbed upon his knees and engaged in certain playful exercises that caused the judge to become a changed man.

His whiskers had to go; but it was all for the best.

Judge Pitkin, finding comfort in the regular use of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream, looks younger now than he looked in that remote age when it was necessary to enter an automobile by a back door.

Our pictures of him "with and without" show why a clean shave daily has become a business as well as a social requirement.

Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream enables the man with the toughest kind of beard to shave *easily and comfortably*.

The close, wet lather emulsifies the oily coating upon each hair, permitting moisture to penetrate and soften it almost instantly. It leaves the face soothed and velvety after shaving.

Colgate's needs no messy application with the fingers, no mussy rubbing in. Being always creamy, it does not roll off the brush.

Colgate Co.
Established 1805
NEW YORK



Let us send you a trial tube of this wonderful Cream—enough for 12 better shaves than you have ever had. Fill out and mail the attached coupon, with 4 cents.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 328

591 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

To July Investors—

What Value Has Experience?

AN experienced New England banker recently bought a block of bonds of a new Straus issue—his first purchase of first mortgage real estate bonds.

"Previously," said he, "I had avoided participation in real estate bonds, because those offered me did not seem to be backed by sufficient experience. Experience, of course, is one of the most vital things in finance. No one can learn any department of finance in less than 20 years."

"However, when you offered us a participation in your new Straus issue, we decided to accept, as we believe that you are the head of your line; you have had full experience in real estate financing; and your record is the best evidence that your judgment is sound. Your bonds, therefore, are certain to be the best in their class."

If you wish to learn more of the qualifications of S. W. STRAUS & CO. to serve as your investment banker, and find out why Straus Bonds, yielding as high as 6.10%, are "the best in their class", write today for

Circular G-1525

S. W. STRAUS & CO.

Established 1884 Incorporated
INVESTMENT BONDS

STRAUS BUILDING
333 Fifth Avenue
at 43th St.
NEW YORK

STRAUS BUILDING
Michigan Ave.
at Jackson Bldg.
CHICAGO

STRAUS BUILDING
79 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO

43 YEARS WITHOUT LOSS
TO ANY INVESTOR

© 1925—S. W. S. & Co., Inc.

BUSINESS & FINANCE

Current Situation

The summer season is now at hand when production and trade slacken, and when the farmer begins to see where he will probably come out with his autumn harvests. During the past week, attention has thus naturally centered on crops. In general, the outlook is unusually good.

Increased Canadian and European wheat crops, as well as the mishaps attending our own winter wheat this year, will render 1925 a much less profitable year to wheat growers than 1924. Yet a mammoth corn crop is now apparently under way, and also a cotton crop of unusual magnitude. From the standpoint of domestic conditions, corn is our most important crop. Cotton is a good export crop, and lower prices should prove of considerable international significance—particularly to England, whose cotton industry has long been depressed by high raw cotton prices. England needs, more than anything else, a revival of her export trade, in which cotton fabrics formerly composed a tremendously important item. With cheaper and more abundant U. S. raw cotton, cheaper cotton textiles are now likely, attended by increased consumption and an expanding market.

Money remains easy, after the mid-year tightening of rates. But the present outlook seems to be for higher rates in the fall, owing not so much to crop-moving as to expanding industrial and commercial operations.

Bank Prosperity

Publication of the figures resulting in the June 30 "call" on national and other banks by the Comptroller of the Currency made the anticipated showing of prosperous conditions. With the larger Wall Street banks, records fell right and left.

The National City Bank—the country's largest banking institution—showed new high records in both aggregate resources and deposits, the former at \$1,154,730,350 and the latter at \$910,903,905. These compare with figures for the previous call on April 6, 1925, of \$1,103,684,319 and \$828,345,990, respectively. Cash assets were \$300,236,198.

Other similar figures for other large Wall Street institutions were:

National Bank of Commerce:
Resources \$604,431,618
Deposits \$504,567,100

Chase National Bank:
Resources \$560,974,777
Deposits \$490,692,659

Bankers' Trust Company:
Resources \$504,957,550
Deposits \$400,689,511

Reports of the larger banks in Chicago tell the same story of rising resources and rapidly increasing deposits. Deposits of the larger national banks showed an increase of \$67,000,000 on

June 30 over the figures for April 6, while 19 of the large State institutions showed an increase of \$59,700,000.

U. S. Steel Orders

"As the iron and steel industry goes, so goes business in general." Analysts of business are now pondering how much truth there is in this assumption.

At the close of June the forward or unfilled orders of the U. S. Steel Corporation totaled 3,710,458 tons—a 339,342-ton drop from the tonnage of 4,049,800 reported at the close of May. Trade estimates expected a drop, which is seasonal for this time of year, but scarcely such a large one. At the close of February last, unfilled orders of the Steel Corporation aggregated 5,284,771 tons—the highest point reached since August 31, 1923. But during this spring the figure has fallen steadily until it is now lower than since October 31, 1924.

The tonnage statements have not apparently lessened the zest of the investing public for Steel common stock.

Motors-Yellow Cab

For some time, General Motors has had a hankering to enter the profitable business of making auto buses. It has been repeatedly rumored that the big auto concern was out after Mack Truck. Quite unexpectedly, however, came the news that it would take over control of the Yellow Cab Manufacturing Co. shortly, to be re-christened the Yellow Truck & Coach Manufacturing Co.

The purchase of Yellow Cab will be made without the use of cash, by a judicious plan of exchanging securities. First Yellow Cab will change its name and capital structure, having then 150,000 shares of 7% preferred stock, 600,000 shares of class B stock and 800,000 shares of common stock. The latter issue will then be issued to General Motors in payment for stock of the corporation to which property as aforementioned will be transferred. The class B stockholders will then receive a 25% dividend by having issued to them the 150,000 preferred shares as a consolation for parting with control.

Both class B stock and the common will have voting power, and will participate in net earnings and dividends after all cumulative dividends on the preferred have been paid.

Mack Trucks

Ever since the auto bus began to be developed as a serious competitor of railroad and traction companies, there has been a vivid interest in Wall Street in Mack Trucks, Inc. Earnings on the stock have been sensational, and prices

for it have soared on the anticipation that soon a big "melon" would be split for the special benefit of the shareholders.

The Company, however, has needed money development too much for this. Last August the stockholders were permitted to subscribe to one new share for every five shares held, at \$80 per share, thus increasing the outstanding common stock from 283,110 to 339,732 shares. Incidentally, at present prices every share purchased at \$80 shows a profit of over \$100.

Recently, the Company decided to own its service stations and thus be able to give service on its products during their entire life. A subsidiary called the Mack Trucks Realty Co. was therefore organized. It will be financed by a \$3,000,000 serial 6% note issue. But, meanwhile, the parent Company needs additional capital for expansion. Accordingly, all stockholders of record July 20 will be given the privilege of subscribing to one new share of common for every five shares held, at \$100 a share. With the stock already selling at \$184 a share, this means that the new "rights" are worth \$14 a share on each old share—a handsome return to shareholders. This financing will bring about \$7,500,000 of fresh capital into the Company, and increase the outstanding common dollar from 339,732 to 407,678.

Dollar Rubber

True to fears of consumers and the hopes of producers, crude rubber has reached \$1.00 a pound—a rise of 400% from its price of 20c a year ago. It is estimated that, at the present rate, tire buyers will spend an extra \$3,000,000 this year, because of the effectiveness of curtailment of production by the British rubber growers in the East.

The efforts of Harvey S. Firestone and others to grow rubber in Florida, Liberia and other places can have no speedy effect on the market for crude rubber. Undoubtedly present high prices will stimulate output in the Dutch East Indies, and to some extent lead to the utilization of wild rubber in Brazil, yet increased supplies from these sources are not expected to be in important amounts.

There remains the alternative of curtailed consumption, and this has been recently adopted as a definite policy by the American Rubber Association. As far as possible, the manufacture of odd-sized tires will be abolished, and the practice of ordering tires in the winter for spring delivery (known in the trade as "spring dating") will also be largely discontinued. Also, plans for utilizing reclaimed rubber have been announced, but without effect on crude rubber prices so far.

The gist of the matter is, from the British angle at least, that the great balloon tire craze inaugurated a year ago was supposed to benefit tire makers to sell more rubber. This style of tire has been largely responsible for the fact that the consumption of rubber during the first six months of this year reached a new high record, about 20% over consumption for the same period of 1924.

LETTERS

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

"Mighty Achievement"

TIME
New York, N. Y.
Sirs:

Albany, N. Y.
July 11, 1925

I have just finished reading the derogatory, fault-finding letters of several of your self-styled "letter subscribers." They have roused my ire—me, a mere newcomer to the ranks of TIME readers. I feel it my duty to mount the rostrum of Free Speech, to defend TIME, once more to proclaim the independence of the Press—its inalienable right to be frank with its readers and itself. Truth is the only legitimate censor of the Public Press. Errors (not lies) and their way into the printed page as they do in the spoken word. In speech, they are excused as "slips of the tongue"; in print, they are inexcused and hastily defamed as "libel." Why the two standards? TIME is to be patted upon the back for printing the letters of its readers pointing out its errors; it is to be more heavily patted for not trying to excuse its faults as "typographical errors" or the result of "conditions over which it exerted no control," as the average Press so often does.

TIME is frank with itself; TIME is likewise frank with its readers. Frankness breeds discontent at times; discontent brings complaint, sometimes valid, more often invalid. TIME, in its unique way, says things at times that hit home with a bang—its criticisms are harsh—its adjectives ever are pointed as daggers—it portrays the world a bit cynically yet interestingly—it sees good in some, bad in others, worse in a few, and in so doing pacifies the thinker and makes the glibbly thing. That is a mighty achievement; certainly it should overshadow the minor errors that too often arouse petty sentimentalists, to complaint.

Keep up the good work, TIME; you are the quintessence of Life.

JEROME H. WALKER*.

Official Title

TIME
New York, N. Y.
Sirs:

Franklin, Mass.
July 13, 1925

In TIME, July 6, Page 18, in a footnote you say the official title of the Roman Catholic

* Subscriber Walker is Managing Editor of the Albany Sunday Telegram.—Ea.



Church is "Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church." This would be quite correct and altogether true but for the omission of one most significant and necessary word. That word is Roman. The official title then of the Roman Church is "The Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church."

Authority: A Manual of Prayers For Use of the Catholic Laity, P. 413, 415, John Murphy Co., Baltimore, Md., 1889. Will you please make this correction for the truth's sake?

CHAS. F. WESTMAN
(Original Subscriber)

P. S. "Easter Sunday," Page 18, col. 2, should be "Easter Even" or "Holy Saturday." There is no such day as "Easter Sunday."

TIME believes that if Original Subscriber Westman will inquire of the John Murphy Co., he will find that the manual was technically incorrect and that TIME was correct.—Ea.

Howie Scored

TIME
New York, N. Y.
Sirs:

Cornado, Calif.
June 30, 1925

It is human nature to enjoy appreciation; therefore I am giving you visible evidence of mine. Your weekly makes what is often a dull affair (keeping up with the news) a positive pleasure. This is undoubtedly due to your style of rendition, preserving, withal, the unbiased truth. Such objections to the contents of TIME as that of Mr. John McP. Howie (issue June 22, Page 26) do not, I take it, cause you sleepless nights. Can this be the gentleman mentioned in the May number of the *American Mercury*? One of the fattest, punchiest men I know is a hotel proprietor—also one of the most humorless. If a sense of humor and a punch are closely allied, as some claim, Mr. Howie could probably do with a bit of a punch himself.

Since my initial contact with TIME I have discontinued a subscription to a more bulky periodical and have become a subscriber to TIME in thought as well as deed.

P. N. JACKSON.

Lawrence Scored

TIME
New York, N. Y.
Sirs:

Hobson, Mont.
June 30, 1925

TIME came this morning and, after enjoying the first columns, I encountered the book

* Yes. The *Mercury's* comment was favorable, as follows: "Buffalo's Touraine, of the god 'Howie'—gay and generous, for all he be a Scot."—Ea.

Insure it!

FOR just a few cents you can give yourself North America Parcel Post Insurance protection.

Wrap a coupon with every package and you are insured against its loss, damage or destruction in the mails.

Mail the attached memorandum for information, and rates.

Insurance Company of North America PHILADELPHIA

"The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company"

Insurance Company of North America
Third and Walnut Streets
Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. T-720

Name

Street

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

Wants information on Parcel Post Insurance

reviews on Page 13 (issue of June 29). Just why did the editors find it necessary to review *St. Mauer*? Since they make no attempt to review every book published, what was the idea in selecting that collection of nastiness? We who live out in the w. k. open spaces find it not only uninteresting but disgusting. We breed our animals, if it is true, but we do not make it a dinner-table topic nor do we romance about it in novels. We have some good breeding stock in Montana and once in another state I knew a farmer who owned a red-gal stallion, but never in all my experience have I seen one that spotted a "dark invisible flame." Just how did they know he did it, anyway?

The critic says the author would lead men back to the birthday of the species "lest they forget the elements of their nature." Lest they forget! Rot! Believe me, they'll not forget as long as Dave and his kind keep 'em stirred up!

Let us hope Lou found the place where she could "be very still," so that still that David Lawrence will not find it necessary to write a sequel to this horse book.

St. Mauer can make a wiser selection than *St. Mauer* and *That Nice Young Couple*, why not cut out the book reviews for her?

CASSANDRA* O. PHELPS.

D. H. Lawrence is not an inconsequential figure in the literary world. TIME felt that his book merited a review.—Ed.

Proper Credit

TIME, New York, N. Y., July 12, 1925
Sirs:

This is my first opportunity to pick a flaw in TIME, simply because, after two years of careful reading, it is the first which has come to my attention.

On Page 10, column 2, of your issue of July 6, you state that Edward G. Chandler of the University of California won the Intercollegiate Tennis Championship from Cranston Holman of Stanford. Mr. Holman is a student at Leland Stanford Jr. University at Palo Alto, California.

We Californians get more pleasure from winning any athletic event from Stanford University than from any other college for two reasons. In the first place, the universities are traditional and dearly loved enemies. In the second place, it's a mighty big honor to beat Stanford. So, will you give California the proper credit, please?

RALPH P. STEICH,
University of California, 1921

Paper Money

TIME, Lake Placid Club, N. Y., New York, N. Y., July 12, 1925
Sirs:

TIME, June 22, Page 2, gave four ways to decrease the rapidly growing cost of \$1 bills, but omitted the most desirable.

The chief wear on bills is from crumpling them up in pockets and wallets. Very few carry big wallets that will take a flat. Women wad and jam them into their tiny purses. Most men and boys merely stuff them in pockets where they are quickly worn. Expert studies for 50 years have proved that cards or slips can be handled much faster if about the standard size of an international card, say 3 1/2 x 5 1/2 in. (just under 3 x 5 in.).

We all know what a nuisance are the bed-quits Blank of England notes. Our smaller size is vastly more convenient. If this were done space for all needed printing would be much reduced in handling, much more compact in money drawers and much more easily kept flat. would wear five times as long.

The original paper card catalog was on 1/2 sheets of foolscap. Experience showed it to be very wasteful of both time and space. Why can't we profit by it, and use only one sheet of paper currency at once better and cheaper? During the Civil War, we had shillings of even smaller size. They were made on a cheap folder that kept them flat and made them most convenient and durable. If the Treasury can't be induced to reduce the size of 20 bills, it might at least give us \$1 and 50c bills of postal size.

MELVIL DEWEY.

* * * The original Cassandra, legendary daughter of King Priam and Queen Hecuba of Troy, tricked Apollo for a sign of omphurephry. In revenge, Apollo ordained that none should believe her. In vain Cassandra prognosticated the ruin of Troy, in vain the death of Agamemnon.

THE PRESS

Once Upon a Time

Thirty years ago, the following editorial, written by an editor 27 years old, appeared in a Kansas newspaper which that day printed 485 copies:

"In the first place, the new editor hopes to live here until he is the old editor, until some of the visions which rise before him as he dreams shall have come true. He hopes always to sign 'from Emporia' after his name when he is abroad, and he trusts that he may endear himself to the people, that they will be as proud of the first words of the signature as he is of the last words. He expects to perform all the kind offices of the country editor, in this community for a generation to come."

The new editor had just bought the paper with \$3,000 worth of borrowed money.

Last week the above editorial was published in the same paper by the same editor. The paper is the *Emporia Gazette*; the editor, William Allen White. The circulation is 5,000.

Pathos

The newspaperman of fiction is either "hard-boiled" or a cub in the seventh heaven of innocence. But the newspaperman in life is generally a man whose chief interest is his own business of gathering news and an amazing admiration for those who adhere to the fundamentals of that business. He is likewise susceptible to the most fundamental pathos.

A good example of the combination of these traits occurred last week. The following dispatch appeared in *The New York Herald Tribune*:

KINDERHOOK, N. Y., July 10.—Sought by state troops, Boy Scouts and posers of citizens since his disappearance Wednesday, James Wynkop Roney, nine-year-old son of Garner P. Roney, an assistant city editor of *The Herald Tribune*, was found drowned in Kinderhook Creek here to-day.

Early Thursday, however, Boy Scouts searching along the creek came upon the bicycle and clothes on the bank. Divers at once went to work to locate the body, and boy's hours of effort it was found by Frank Gearing, chauffeur for Mrs. Franklin Townsend of Albany, who repeatedly risked his own life in attempts to bring it to the surface. So slightly was the body compressed in under-water weeds. A rowboat and grappling iron were brought overland from Kinderhook Lake and the body was secured.

As an introduction to these words the *Herald Tribune* printed:

Garner P. Roney is a newspaperman by instinct and by virtue of long training in the practices and traditions of his profession. He recovered from the shock of the finding of Frank Gearing near Kinderhook yesterday; but even while he was broken by the greatest sorrow of his life, he realized that he was finding Frank's body was news and that his paper should have it. So he went to the telegraph office and wrote the story for what it was worth. Roney wrote it as calmly and as dispassionately as if the boy had been a stranger instead of flesh of his flesh and blood of his blood.

This pathetic action is in the eyes of newspapermen one of the heights of nobility—a height to which all aspire if they should ever be thrust into a similar situation. For them, it ranks with the heroism of the telephone girl who sticks to her post in a fire, is parallel to the devotion to duty of the old Ro-

man who executed his own son for disobeying military commands.

Presidential Presses

It was not much more than a year ago (TIME, Feb. 25, Mar. 3, 1924, THE CONGRESS) when Banker Frank A. Vanderlip startled the country with hints of scandal when he spoke of the "strange" circumstance of two "unknown" young men acquiring ownership of *The Marion Star* from President Harding. The two "unknowns," Roy D. Moore and Louis H. Brush, sued him for libel. The case was recently settled out of court.

Messrs. Moore and Brush have been busily collecting a string of Ohio newspapers. They own, besides *The Marion Star*, the *East Liverpool Tribune* & *Review* and the *Salem News*.

Last week, they added another historic paper to their collection. They purchased *The Steubenville Herald-Star*. The *Herald* part of it was started as a weekly in 1806, and eight years later was bought by James Wilson, grandfather of Woodrow Wilson. He ran it for 24 years, and his son Robert Wilson ran it for seven years more. In 1896, it was amalgamated with the *Evening Star* (founded 1889). Now the Wilson paper and the Harding paper are both the property of "two unknown young men."

Scandal Quenched

J. Frederick Essary is Washington correspondent of *The Baltimore Sun*. Recently, he traveled south to Asheville, N. C., where the Southern Newspaper Publisher's Association was holding its annual convention. He went a knight from the Faery Queen to cleave off the ghostly head of rumor and of scandal. Said he:

"I wish that straight news—legitimate news—were the only product which proceeds from Washington, but I know that it is not, just as you know it. The Capital is the great germinator of gossip and of scandalous whisperings regarding the great and the near great. . . .

"For some reason wholly mysterious to me, more stories of an amazing character were told and believed regarding Woodrow Wilson than any other great American of my time. There has perhaps never been in Washington a high public official more rigid in his personal attitude than the man now dead. . . . One of the most absurd of these rumors was to the effect that he had become violently insane.

"It was while these reports were current that a friend of mine from out of town walked with me past the White House. He told me what he had heard regarding the insanity of the President, but said that he had refused to believe a word of it until there had been pointed out to him a bedroom in the northeast corner of the house across the window of which iron bars had been placed. He solemnly directed my attention to these

bars, undeniable evidence to his mind of the truth of the insanity story. . . .

"Those bars, I told him, had been across those windows since the days of Theodore Roosevelt. They were placed there when the Roosevelts made a nursery of the room and for the sole purpose of keeping the energetic young Roosevelt boys from precipitating themselves to their death on the concrete pavement below. I hated to spoil a good story, but what else was one to do?"

"As for the Harding White House parties, they were innocence itself. The late President was one of the most companionable of men. He loved to have his intimate friends about him. And he loved a friendly game of draw poker. He played it not because there might be a little money involved. He played it because it was a form of relaxation which he most enjoyed. He played it as some people play bridge, or dominoes, or chess, or croquet. He played it without secrecy or apology. And he played it often and sometimes late. And yet these quiet little games have been made to appear, in some minds, as scandalous orgies staged in the official home of the very head of the Government itself."

Contradictory History

Myth gathers quickly around fabulous events, and already newspaper myths are gathering around the origin of the first newspaper appearance of the famed Scopes case (see EDUCATION).

At first, it was labeled as a press-agent stunt for Dayton, Tenn., but that theory seems to have been disregarded. Last week *Editor and Publisher* and *The Fourth Estate*, two trade journals of the newspaper world, printed diverse accounts of the origin of the Scopes story in the press.

Editor and Publisher Version: When Scopes was arrested, a lawyer, Wallace Haggard, said to E. F. Robinson (proprietor of the drug store where Scopes was arrested, President of the Dayton School Board, and correspondent in Dayton for *The Chattanooga Times* and *Nashville Banner*):

"Let's telephone the story to the *Times*."

Robinson refused to waste 30c, so Haggard made the call. Next morning a three-inch item appeared in the *Chattanooga paper*—and then the news spread, and more and bigger stories were demanded.

The Fourth Estate Version: The American Civil Liberties Union, an organization fighting illegal arrest and other invasions of civil liberty, sends out from time to time a bulletin containing a score or more of mimeographed items, three or four lines long, telling about cases that interest it. These bulletins go to newspaper offices where many of similar kind are received and cast on the floor. One of the bulletins contained the story of Scopes' arrest. In the Manhattan office of the Universal Service (a press association), an editor who happened to be a Tennes-

sean picked up this bulletin from the floor. He knew about the Tennessee anti-evolution law, and from the little item in the bulletin wrote the first story to go out on the wires of a national press service. Next morning, it appeared on the first page of *The New York American* (Hearst). Universal Service sent out stories on the case for four days before other national press services decided the case was worth taking up.

Tropic Isle

The seductions of Florida—long capitalized by realtors of that commonwealth—have penetrated even into the propaganda-hardened hearts of editors.

Last week it was announced that three of them—Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of *The Review of Reviews*; Arthur Brisbane, Hearst columnist and editor; John H. Perry, President of the American Press Association; together with two "movie" men, Will H. Hays, President of the Motion Picture Producers' and Distributors' Association, and Charles H. Christie (of Christie Comedies)—had bought an island off the coast of Florida. The island is Innerarity, onetime stronghold of pirates, near Pensacola.

It was reported that they originally intended to buy the island as a land speculation, but changed their minds and decided to build winter homes on its 400 acres of tropic expanse.

PECK & PECK

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



NEW YORK • CHICAGO
SOUTHAMPTON • PALM BEACH • FRENCH LICK
MIAMI • NEWPORT

FIK



Time to Re-tire
Get a Fisk

Trade Mark Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.

FISK Balloon Tires have strikingly proved that it is not necessary to sacrifice mileage to gain full Balloon comfort.

In recognition of the outstanding superiority of Fisk Balloon Tires, many prominent car makers, as well as tens of thousands of car owners, are using Fisk Balloons in preference to all others.

You, too, will ride easier, safer and more economically on Fisk Balloon Tires.

There are Fisk Balloon Tires for both regular and small diameter rims.

BY WAY OF
INTRODUCTION

Mayfair House

610 PARK AVENUE
AT 65th STREET

TO PEOPLE who are living in luxury and dying of responsibility, we present MAYFAIR HOUSE where luxury will not be complicated by the worries of ordinary apartment living.

Edward H. Crandall

OCTOBER OCCUPANCY

Furnished or Otherwise

Negotiations Now

Representative on Premises

Brown, Wheelock:
Harris, Vought & Co., Inc.
Agent



**MARTINI
&
ROSSI**

Non-Alcoholic
VERMOUTH
THE IDEAL APPETIZER

Bottled in Turin, Italy

Sole Agents for the United States

W. A. TAYLOR & CO.
22-24 Clarke St. New York City

TIME, The Weekly News-Magazine. Editors—Bruton Hadden and Henry R. Luce. Associate—Manfred Gottfried (National Affairs), John S. Martin (Books), Thomas J. C. Martin (Foreign News). Weekly Contributors—Niven Busch, Elizabeth Armstrong, Willard T. Ingalls, Alexander Klemm, Dorothy McDowell, Peter Mathews, Wells Root, Preston Lockwood. Published by TIME, Inc., B. Hadden, Pres.; J. S. Martin, Vice-Pres.; H. R. Luce, Sec'y-Treas.; 236 E. 39th St., New York City. Subscription rate, one year, postpaid: In the United States and Mexico, \$5.00; in Canada, \$5.50; elsewhere, \$6.00. For advertising rates address: Robert L. Johnson, Advertising Manager, TIME, 236 E. 39th St., New York City. New England representatives, Sweeney & Price, 127 Federal St., Boston, Mass.; Western representatives, Powers & Stone, 38 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.; Southern rep., F. J. Dumesnil, 1502 Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.; Circulation Manager, Roy K. Larsen. Vol. VI. No. 3.

EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 17)

want it understood that while we are in this courtroom we are here as lawyers, not as guests."

A long fight then began concerning the differences between the caption of the act under which Scopes was indicted and the act itself. Attorney General Stewart led off for the State. He claimed that the Constitution in no way discriminated against religious beliefs. Lawyer Clarence Darrow dominated the proceedings and aggravated in doing so a small rent in left shirt sleeve into a gigantic tear.

Lawyer Darrow then began his long argument for the defense, basing it on the diversion of the caption of the act from the act itself and on the ambiguity of the indictment. "I am going to argue it [the case] as if it was serious. . . . The Book of Genesis, written when everybody thought the world was flat. . . . religious ignorance and bigotry as any that justified the Spanish Inquisition or the hanging of witches in New England. . . . The State of Tennessee has no more right to teach the Bible as the Divine Book than it has the Koran, the Book of Mormon, the Book of Confucius, the Buddha or the Essays of Emerson. . . . Who is the Chief Mogul that can tell us what the Bible means? . . . Nothing was ever heard of all that [Christian divisions] until the Fundamentalists got into Tennessee. . . . Here is one thing I cannot account for, that is the hatred and the venom and feeling of people with very strong religious convictions. . . . Joshua made the sun stand still. The Fundamentalists will make the ages roll back. . . . This is as brazen and bold an attempt to destroy liberty as was ever seen in the Middle Ages. . . ."

The trial was continued.

Ramifications of the Scopes trial ran all the way from a proposal by residents of Dayton that a Fundamentalist college be founded there with William Jennings Bryan as president, to expressions of astonishment in the Muslim newspapers of Constantinople at "such antiquated ideas."

In Los Angeles, Calif., U. S. Secretary of the Navy Curtis D. Wilbur advertised an address before the Bible class which he once taught. He tried to reconcile Evolution and the Bible by dissenting from literal interpretation of the latter and rejecting "God in a vacuum."

English newspapers made much of the reports from Dayton, generally referring to Mr. Bryan as having "taken personal charge of God" Even the staid Paris Temps ran a few editorials: "It is the hot season and vacation time, and the interest of the newspapers languishes. It is necessary to find something to talk about."

MISCELLANY

"Time brings all things"

Speed Law

In Florida, Governor John W. Martin signed a new speed law for automobilists—45 miles an hour on the open road.

Hand

In Pulaski, Va., one D. M. Nickels, farmer, preacherman and Bible reader, was offended by the behavior of his right hand. He forthwith laid this member on a chopping block, took a blunt hatchet in his left, hacked it off.

Iced

In Kansas City, one Lionel J. Chapman, rich dairyman, was prostrated by the heat. Alarmed, he caused a refrigerator car to be filled with ice, installed other conveniences, got in himself, started for Canada with his physician.

Suggestion

In Milwaukee, a Lutheran divine, the Rev. Dr. Andreas Bard, rose to his feet before the Luther League of America, suggested that the statue of the goddess Liberty which stands at the gate of New York harbor should be replaced by one of Jesus Christ.

"Bar"

In Fleming, Ky., was reported last week to be dying an old beech tree, upon which, long ago, Daniel Boone cut an inscription: "Har is whar I killed a bar."

Finger

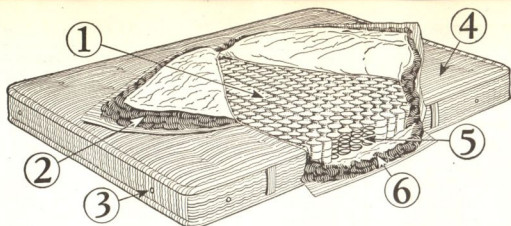
On board the tug Imbricaria in the Pacific, the Chief Engineer, one James Scott, mangled his finger in a flywheel so that white bone grinned through the flesh. Amputation was necessary. The tug's captain downed a pony of whisky, hammered off Mr. Scott's finger with a mallet and cold chisel.

Polyglot

In Bucharest, one Duben Danailoff, Bulgarian journalist, was called upon to address a polyglot gathering. He began, in Rumanian, continued successively in French, Serbian, Greek, Turkish, German, Hebrew, Russian, Bulgarian.

Business

In Manhattan, one William Silberstein, lawyer, dissatisfied with his past, applied for permission to call himself William C. Future. "But why Future?" asked the judge. "Because people like to look to the future. A distinctive name helps business," replied Mr. Silberstein.



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

Not one home in a thousand enjoys the *Purple Label* luxury these great hotels offer the public

In the distinguished new Statler Hotel at Buffalo, 1100 *Purple Label* mattresses are in use in the guest rooms.

Why? Because tests made in earlier Statlers proved to the Statler management that they could save money by giving their guests the most luxurious mattress built in America.

In the Congress Hotel and Chicago Athletic Association, this same wonder mattress has also served 18 years. And almost as long in a score of other leading hotels and exclusive clubs.

Every *Purple Label* is actually three mattresses in one. Two deep cushions of high-grade curled hair—hand-laid and hand-tufted to a non-stretching canvas base—form the top and bottom.

Between them, 810 sensitive, small coil springs are built into a third mattress. In separate fabric pockets, each spring carries its own load, yielding yet firmly supporting weary bodies.

Any dealer in your city can show you this wonderful mattress. Long life makes its luxury a lasting economy.

SIMMONS



Look for the
Simmons Label
before you buy

Purple Label Mattress

~ BUILT FOR SLEEP ~

BEDS · SPRINGS and BEDROOM FURNITURE

Write for "Restful Bedrooms" to The Simmons Company, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

SPORT

Hoover vs. Beresford

Two sculls moved up the Thames. The two scullers were Walter Hoover of the U. S., who had gone to London to bring home the Philadelphia Gold



© Keystone

THE RIVAL SCULLERS
Beresford Hoover

Challenge Cup, and Jack Beresford Jr. of England.

For two minutes oars went back and were pulled forward. Then—bump! Hoover's craft hit that of Beresford. "In the heat of the race," he afterward said, "I judged . . . that Beresford was crowding in to my water and I thought: 'If you think you can get away with that, I'm going for you. And I did. I see now I was mistaken.'"

The craft were speedily disentangled. But Hoover found it impossible to resume rowing until Beresford's boat had cleared out of the way of his oars. Thus did Beresford acquire a lead of over a length. Six min. 48 sec. after leaving Putney Bridge, Beresford won the 1 mile 707 yard race by three lengths.

"The best man won,"* was Hoover's declaration.

International Meet

Five days before their biennial meet against the combined Harvard-Yale track team, the athletes of Oxford, of Cambridge, landed in the U. S. on wobbly sea-legs.

"Why do you come so late?" asked critics. "Because five days is enough time for our men to train in; and if it is not enough, we cannot afford longer."

Beresford is without question the best man. The week previous he defeated Hoover in the Diamond Sculls of the Henley regatta. Previous to this the English rowing authorities had ruled that the Diamond Sculls, and not the Philadelphia Cup, is emblematic of the World's Amateur Rowing Championship.

replied the Britishers. "Why have you no coach?" asked pressmen. "For the same reason: we cannot afford one," said they.

At Cambridge, Mass., blond David, Lord Burghley, heard a pistol pop, took a step, two, three, sailed over a white hurdle, repeated this bounding, this stepping for 120 yards, winning the first event for England.

The 100-yard dash was credited to one Alfred ("Truck") Miller of Harvard, a 200-lb. runner. Angry spectators near the starting line asserted that Miller, though no hurdler, had managed to jump the pistol.

A Yale freshman, one Sabin Carr, with a leap of 13 feet took the pole vault and the fancy of the gallery, which perceived in him a likely intercollegiate champion.

Stevenson, once of Princeton, won the quarter-mile for Oxford.

Captain D. G. A. Lowe of Cambridge was conceded to have small chance of winning the mile against such runners as Ellsworth, "Red" Haggerty, Byron Cutcheon. To begin with, Lowe was tired. He had already spent himself to take the half-mile in the fast time of 1:53 2/5; moreover, it was obvious that the U. S. combination had passed a word around in the locker-room: "Kill off Lowe." First Cutcheon set a parching pace. Lowe seemed tired. Haggerty replaced Cutcheon, looking over his shoulder at the dark-haired, the Arab-skinned Lowe, three yards behind. So they ran until 150 yards from the end. Then Lowe, as if he had strapped the wind to his ankles, ran past the red Haggerty, won the race.

Counting first places only (as is the English custom), the meet was a draw, 6 to 6. Counting second and third places, it went to the U. S. team by 61 points to 47.

Of seven Yale-Harvard Oxford-Cambridge meets, the U. S. universities have now won four, lost three.

On Saturday, July 18, Oxford-Cambridge was scheduled to meet Cornell-Princeton.

Golf

At Greenwich, Conn. Golf is a humbling game, said the players of Greenwich, Conn., when Jess Sweetser, onetime (1922) National Amateur Champion, qualified for the annual invitation tournament at the Greenwich Country Club, the lowest by so wide a cut that he seemed a certain winner. All that stood in his way was a blond striping named Lawrence Lloyd, a Greenwich youth who had a putter. On every green, that putter flashed. Down went straight 15 footers, down went curly 10 footers, down went nasty 6 footers, down went Jess Sweetser, by a stroke on the last green. Golf, chortled the



\$1,000.00 IN PRIZES

Read the current issue of THE SATURDAY REVIEW of Literature for details of the \$1,000.00 prize offer for the best essays on how Conrad might have ended "Suspense," his last unfinished novel which is now being published serially in THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

The contest is open to all, without restrictions. There are five large cash prizes and fifty other prizes.

Copies of THE SATURDAY REVIEW are on sale at your local Booksellers—10c.

Or you may examine copies free at the Public Library. The contest will close October 1st.

The Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

How Far Is It?

Every Kodak and camera user can now eliminate all guesswork in judging distance, and get sharp pictures every time. One glance through the wonderful pocket-size, genuine prism Heye's

will show, by an indicator, exactly the distance of any object—from 1 foot away to infinity. So simple that its use can be mastered instantly.

How Picture Looks Through Meter
At Right: incorrect distance. (Picture would be out of focus.)

Below: Correct distance. (Picture will be sharp.)

Weights only 2 1/2 oz. In business leather case. Fully guaranteed. Money refunded if not satisfied after 5 days use; post paid on receipt of price.

\$5

HERBERT & HUESGEN CO.
18-B East 42nd Street New York

supporters of Lloyd, is a humbling game. Out sallied Lloyd to play in the finals against 18-year-old Eugene Homans, Junior Metropolitan Champion. His putter jerked, his wrists smote the ball over, under and around: Homans defeated him, 4 up and 2 to go. Golf—mused Lloyd, as he saw presented to Homans a silver flagon four feet high—golf . . .

At Saint Albans, England. A great gallery came out from London to see "Long" James Barnes, Open Champion of Great Britain (TIME, July 6), play a 36-hole match against Abe Mitchell, watched him hook, slice, dig, and go down to defeat 7 up and 6 to go, after winning only 3 holes.

At Tarrytown, N. Y. The day before his 86th birthday, John Davison Rockefeller hastily gulped down a bowl of hot milk toast, went out to the first tee of his little 9-hole course, drove off. When he finished the round, he stated that his score was 48—an assertion smirkingly corroborated by his caddy. "The best 86-year-old golfer in the world," said his friends.

Tennis

Mallory. At Providence, Mrs. Molla B. Mallory stepped on a court to play against Miss Eleanor Goss for the Rhode Island Women's Championship. She won the first set, 6-1. Miss Goss stiffened, took the second set, 6-4. The gallery, which had seen Miss Goss eliminate Miss Mary K. Browne in the semi-final and expected an exciting match, became interested. In the third set Mrs. Mallory played hard, Miss Goss played harder. The games stood at five all. Miss Goss won the odd game, prepared to serve. Then the gallery at Providence perceived a flash of the nervous stamina that has made Mrs. Mallory six times champion of the U. S. With the loss of only three points, she won the next three games, the match, the Rhode Island championship. Miss Mary K. Browne and Miss Goss defeated Mrs. Marion Zinderstein Jessup and Miss Edith Sigourney for the doubles titles, 4-6, 6-2, 6-1. Mrs. Jessup and W. W. Ingraham took the mixed doubles.

Tilden. Champion William T. Tilden II lolled through an easy match against Arnold W. Jones of Yale, to take the Men's Rhode Island Championship. Paired with his favorite protégé, A. L. ("Sandy") Weiner, he won the men's doubles, defeating S. Howard Voshell and Alfred Chapin Jr.

Salm. In Vienna, Count Ludwig Salm-Hoogstraten was picked by the Austrian Tennis League to play with some of his fellow countrymen against a German team. Count Salm-Hoogstraten, bored, went to Switzerland instead. Thereupon the Tennis League suspended him indefinitely for "insubordination."

Shady Rest

The wink and scamper of dice . . . the flicker of honed steel . . . the thud

of fists . . . the pumping of great black legs. Is this all that Negro gentlemen know of sport? Last week, those dolts who have derived their views on the colored race from the stale gags of minstrel shows were amazed to discover that at Westfield, N. J., there is a Negro golf club—the Shady Rest Country Club. Broad piazzas it has, sofas, rocking-chairs, lounges, loggias, beds, in which a tired golfer—or one who may in the future play golf—can catch 40 winks. It has a dance hall, a dining-room, a grill, a reception hall, a ladies' room, a croquet lawn, a smoking room, the only colored golf professional in the U. S.—Robert E. Lee. These details appeared in the press when a controversy between the officers of the club (led by George E. Bates, Grand Secretary of the Negro Elks) against a realty company, which has financed the enterprise, was settled in favor of the latter.

New World's Records

60-yard hurdles, for women: Helen Filkey; time, 8 2/10 sec.

Rifle. 200 and 500-yard, prone, 5-man team: Second Company, Governors Foot Guard, New Haven, Conn.; 491 points out of 500.

What about that College you have selected for your boy or girl?

READ

John Palmer Gavit's

COLLEGE

for a complete description of American educational methods and of the state of education in our colleges and universities.

College represents the viewpoint of a practical American with a humanizing experience in journalism. It is of importance to every teacher and parent.

\$2.00

Harcourt, Brace & Co. New York

Your Boy's Crucial Years

are from 8 to 14. Longmeadow, a country day and boarding school uses art, music and directed play in intensive, individualized work with this difficult age group. Small classes. Address, I. Mansur Beard, Longmeadow School, Box T, Longmeadow, Mass.

A Perfect Meal

means a Shredded Wheat meal. Shredded Wheat is perfectly prepared out of whole wheat grain for perfect digestibility and nutriment. Its oven-baked freshness stays crisp in milk or cream—providing just the necessary exercise for healthy teeth and gums. Delicious with berries or fruit in season. Try this wholesome appetite-satisfying whole wheat meal today.

Shredded Wheat

Most food for least money



TUAN CHI-JUI
Indolent

Yours—for the asking and some spare change

Imagine him—dignified, scholarly, venerable Tuan sitting officially on top of the seething pot that is China.

A nation just coming to the boiling point, beginning, in fact, to boil over. TIME, from a safe distance, has scrutinized its temperature, its pressure, its symptoms and complications. And, faithfully, TIME has recorded all week by week.

Not only the story of China, but the contemporary story of every nation is etched in the annals of TIME.

Not only the story of nations, but progress, development, incident in every aspect of human life have cast their unflinching shadows upon TIME's pages.

Volume V of TIME (26 issues—Jan. 5 to June 29—bound in blue buckram) is the complete contemporary chronicle for the past six months. Nowhere else does such a chronicle exist, for no other publication (except a few daily newspapers) even attempts the task.

And the price—to TIME subscribers is simply the cost of binding, handling, mailing, \$1.65. (To others, \$3.)

A few copies of Volumes III and IV (Jan. to Dec., 1924) are also obtainable at the same price.

Please order by coupon or on your own letter-head.

Publishers, TIME, Vol. III ☐
236 East 39th St., Vol. IV ☐
New York, N. Y. Vol V ☐

Gentlemen:

Send me bound volumes of TIME
as checked above. I ☐ am
a subscriber.

Name

Street

City State

MILESTONES

Born. To Pancho Villa, champion flyweight boxer (108 lb.), a son (10 lb.); in Manila.

Engaged. Miss Louisa Fletcher, daughter of Stoughton A. Fletcher, famed Indianapolis banker (Fletcher American National Bank), to Count Ernst Gottfried von Schmettow, Prussian.

Engaged. Ralph W. Ince, cinema director, to Miss Lucille Mendez, chorus girl, daughter of the late President Cipriano Castro of Venezuela. He was divorced a fortnight ago by Lucille L. Stewart, sister of Cinema Actress Anita Stewart, who charged cruelty.

Engagement Denied. Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, to Earl Smith of Manhattan, Yale student.

Married. Lyman D. Wilbur, son of U. S. Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, to Miss Henrietta Shattuck, school teacher, daughter of the late Herbert A. Shattuck, publicity director for inventor Thomas A. Edison; at Leland Stanford Jr. University, Calif.

Died. Mrs. Samuel Gray, wife of Pitcher Gray* of the Philadelphia American League Baseball Club; in Philadelphia.

Died. Clarence H. White, 54, famed photographer (White Studios); in Mexico City, of heart disease.

Died. Dr. George H. Bridgman, onetime (1899-1902) U. S. Minister to Bolivia, later Consul to Jamaica; in Keene, N. H.

Died. Professor Giacomo Boni, 66, archaeologist, who became famed through his researches into the antiquities of Rome and was director of excavations at the Forum; on the Palatine Hill, at Rome, from an apoplectic stroke. King Vittorio Emanuele and Premier Benito Mussolini sent condolences to his family. Signor Cremonesi, Royal Commissioner of Rome (equivalent of mayor), sent in the name of the Eternal City a guard of honor to the mortuary, announced that the funeral expenses would be borne by the city.

Died. Jacob H. Vanderbilt, 70, last of the second generation of financially prominent Vanderbilts; in Tacoma, Wash., of heart disease.

Died. Mrs. Henrietta Page Gaston, 93, mother of Lucy Page Gaston, famed anti-cigarette leader; in Evanston, Ill., eleven months after the death of her daughter.

* Pitcher Gray is one of the mainstays of the Philadelphia staff. He has won 9 games and lost only 2 this year—a record surpassed by none of his team-mates. The Philadelphians are second in their league.

POINT with PRIDE

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

Hundreds of quiet, precise persons. (Page 16, column 3.)

The good Howie—gay and generous for all he be a Scot. (P. 25, col. 3.)

An old Roman who executed his own son. (P. 26, col. 2.)

Yankee foodstuffs, Yankee clothing, Yankee cereals, Yankee periodicals. (P. 8, col. 3.)

Pills that bounce as high as 14 inches. (P. 8, col. 1.)

"Queen Mary the Four Fifths." (P. 13, col. 3.)

Crackly tidbits of wild tapir (pig). (P. 18, col. 1.)

The only colored golf professional in the world. (P. 31, col. 2.)

"The best 86-year-old golfer." (P. 31, col. 1.)

Other yeggs scowling at the thought. (P. 20, col. 1.)

VIEW with ALARM

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

One of the most erratic men alive. (Page 7, column 3.)

The Governor of New Jersey equally scornful and twice as indignant. (P. 6, col. 2.)

The original Cassandra. (P. 26, col. 1.)

Sharps vs. physicians. (P. 20, col. 1.)

"Scandalous orgies staged in the official home of the very head of the Government." (P. 27, col. 1.)

Ladies who cannot reduce their figure. (P. 4, col. 1.)

Every bit of anthracite smeared with blood. (P. 4, col. 1.)

Governors who made fools of themselves. (P. 6, col. 1.)

Vulgar methods. (P. 7, col. 3.)

Men with henna stains (P. 10, col. 3.)

A companion who cannot understand "sentimental nonsense." (P. 11, col. 2.)



"It's the hospital – about Father!"

An accident . . . or maybe serious illness. . . The only support of a family suddenly stricken down. . . Fees for physicians . . . nurses. . . An operation, perhaps. . . Dreary weeks of costly care. . . Long months of harsh privation at home. . . What if you were robbed of your earning ability today?

ÆTNA-IZE



IN FAIRNESS to your family, you cannot ignore the fact that some day accident or illness may destroy *your* power to provide—perhaps forever!

Last year more than 15,000 persons *died* as a result of automobile accidents alone. Constantly, hundreds of thousands of sick-beds are filled with the seriously ill or injured.

Let the Ætนา-izer explain an Accident Policy that gives your family an income when *your* earning ability is cut off—or the Waiting Period Health Policy that gives protection at low rates.

The Ætนา Life Insurance Company and affiliated companies issue virtually every known form of policy—Life Insurance in all its branches; Group Life; Group Disability; Accident and Health; Automobile; Compensation; Liability; Burglary; Plate Glass; Water Damage; Fire; Marine; Transportation; Fidelity Bonds; Surety Bonds, etc.

Ætนา-ize according to your needs—as you prosper and as your obligations increase.

1850—75th Anniversary—1925

WHATEVER your insurance needs may be (and there are many which you may never have suspected), an intelligent Ætนา representative stands ready to serve you well. Get acquainted with this Ætนา-izer in *your* community. He is a man worth knowing. Back of the protection he offers are the unrivaled resources of the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world.

More and more, wise buyers of insurance are making "the man worth knowing" their trusted adviser. See the Ætนา-izer near you, to-day!



"As Quick As A Glance"

INDEX VISIBLE

Card Record Systems

THE INDEX VISIBLE "Rotary" equipment here shown brings the desired data before the eye "As Quick As A Glance". A new card may be inserted in correct alphabetical position in a few seconds. Unlike all other systems the card and its carrier are the only items of equipment.

INDEX VISIBLE gives the executive constant and complete control of sales, costs, credits, shipments, personnel, inventory, accounting and all other phases of business or professional routine. Write or phone nearest office for detailed information on the uses which chiefly interest you.

INDEX VISIBLE, INC.

Main Office & Factory: New Haven, Conn.
Sales and Service Offices in Leading Cities

Canadian Factory: 38 Clifford Street, Toronto



18 RITZMAN
255 NORMAL ROAD
NEW HAVEN, CT 06511