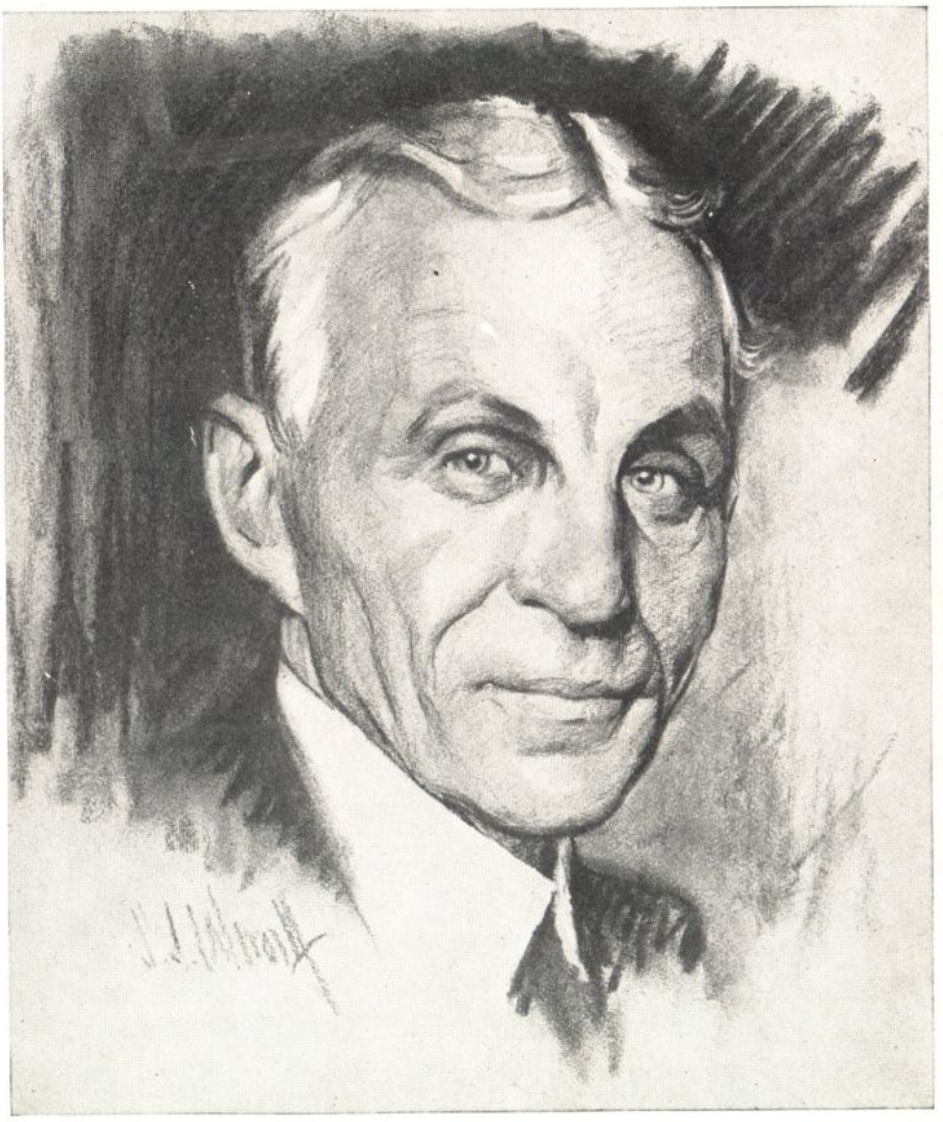
FIFTEEN CENTS

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine



HENRY FORD

Riding in many vehicles—

(See Page 5)

VOL. VI. No. 4

JULY 27, 1925

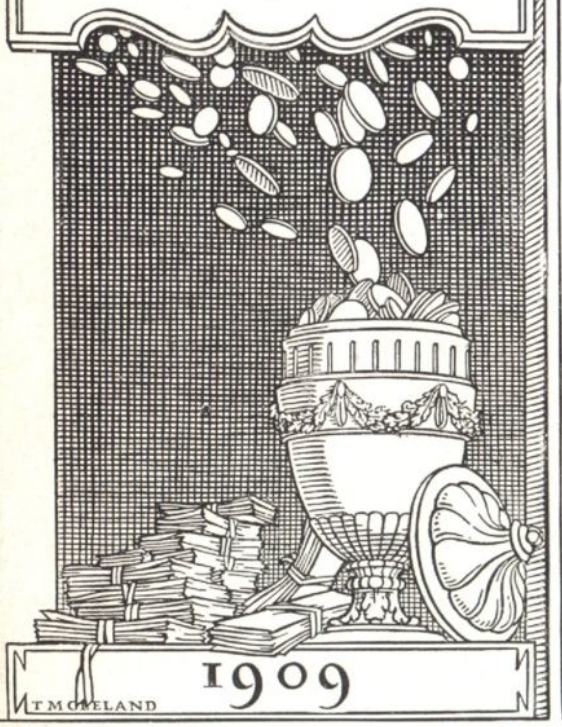
NET SALES
OF GENERAL MOTORS
CORPORATION

1909

$29,029,875

1924

$568,007,459



GENERAL MOTORS

BUICK · CADILLAC · CHEVROLET · OAKLAND · OLDSMOBILE · GMC TRUCKS

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine

Vol. VI. No. 4 July 27, 1925

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

The Swampscott Week

¶ The President took a five-mile walk one morning.

¶ He appointed Floyd R. Harrison to be a director of the War Finance Corporation, succeeding Frank W. Mondell, resigned. Mr. Harrison has been Assistant to Eugene Meyer Jr., Chairman of the Corporation, had previously served as secretary to David F. Houston and the late Henry C. Wallace, Secretaries of Agriculture.

¶ He went on a cruise aboard the *Mayflower* with many-lensed news photographers as his guests—and Melville E. Stone, onetime (1893-1921) General Manager, now Counsellor of the Associated Press, as guest of honor. The cruise extended up the Fore River to the Fore River Shipyards of the Bethlehem Ship Building Corporation. There he looked up at the giant unfinished hulk of the *Lexington*, the Navy's giant, speedy airplane carrier-to-be. There he was saluted by Captain Felipe Fleiss of the Argentine Navy, Commander of the battleship *Rivadavia* which (with the *Moreno*) is being converted from a coal to an oil burner at Fore River.

Landing he spent an hour at Quincy, visiting the homes of John Adams and John Quincy Adams, second and sixth U. S. Presidents.

It was pointed out (not by the President) that, besides these two Presidents and Mr. Coolidge, there has been only one other New England President*—Franklin Pierce. Of the four, Mr. Coolidge had least in the way of early advantages and least in the way of fame when he went into office, but he is the only one who (if he lives to fill out his term) will have served more than four years in the White House.

¶ Diligent newsgatherers observed among the papers on the President's desk at White Court a copy of the poems of John Greenleaf Whittier.

¶ The President gave a luncheon in honor of Count Alexander Skrzynski (pronounced Sh-trin-ski), Polish Foreign Minister. The other guests included Mr. John Hays Hammond, Chairman (1922-3) of the onetime U. S. Coal Commission; J. Butler Wright, Assistant Secretary of State; James C. White.

¶ He received Mahmud Samy Pasha, the new Minister from Egypt, who came to present credentials.

¶ He made ready to have his portrait painted by E. C. Tarbell—commissioned by the Massachusetts Legislature to make the portrait for the gallery of state Governors.

¶ He accepted the resignation as second assistant Postmaster General of Paul Henderson, son-in-law of Congressman Martin B. Madden of Illinois, Chairman of the House Appropriations Committee. Col. Henderson is to become head of the National Airway Corporation.

¶ He had a 45-minute interview with Charles D. Hilles, onetime (1912-16) Chairman of the Republican National Committee, and a power in New York politics—pre-figured in some quarters as the next Secretary of War.

¶ Mr. Coolidge discovered an uninvited guest in the White Court grounds who had escaped the vigilance of the triple guard—policemen, secret service men, Marines. The President called his Secret Service men; they called the local fire department, which removed the trespasser from a high tree, squealing. He was identified by his collar as a monkey belonging to a retired shoe manufacturer dwelling nearby.

¶ James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, arrived at Swampscott before 7:30 one morning and found the President waiting for him. They discussed the possibilities of an anthracite mine strike (see COAL), for over three hours and at the end of the conference Secretary Davis, departing to sail for Europe, said only that their plans were made, that the Government had no power to intervene unless invited and could not well do so unless there was an open break between the miners and operators.

¶ After lunch Mr. Coolidge motored to Camp Devens and reviewed the Massachusetts National Guard (Yankee Division). Senators Gillett and Butler were also in the reviewing stand, but General Clarence R. Edwards, who commanded the division overseas, although present, was not invited into the stand, perhaps through oversight. Veterans were angry. Later the President motored back to White Court by way of Concord and Lexington, taking Senator Butler with him.

¶ Mr. Coolidge motored to Cole's Island, 28 miles from Swampscott, spent three-quarters of an hour chatting with Secretary of War Weeks, who is recovering from a serious illness (the exact nature of which has not been made public.)

¶ Correspondents at White Court were very insistent in their repetition that the President would summon anthracite coal miners and operators to Swampscott as soon as their negotiations became deadlocked, in the hope of averting a coal strike.

¶ Peter Augustus Jay, U. S. Ambassador to Argentina, called at White

*Chester A. Arthur, 21st U. S. President, was born in Vermont, but was a citizen of New York State during his incumbency.

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National Affairs—[Continued]

Court to discuss the Republic of Argentina.

¶ As time wore on and report got abroad that the President was bored at White Court, politicians came—David W. Mulvane, National Committeeman from Kansas; Matthew Hale, Chairman of the late Bull Moose party; Joseph W. Simpson and Senator Frederick E. Hale of Maine; and most magnificent of all, Senator Curtis of Kansas, Republican leader in the Senate, primed for a three-day visit, reporting volubly to reporters that farming was better in Kansas, that the Senate rules would not be revised, that sentiment had not changed on the World Court, that the tax cut next winter would be luscious, might even reach half a billion dollars.

THE CABINET

Summer Wanderings

The members of the Cabinet, well scattered during the hot season at the Capital, are pursuing many types of rest and labor.

Mr. Kellogg keeps himself at Washington, thinking nothing of occasional trips to Minnesota when opportunity offers.

Mr. Mellon shuttles back and forth between his rented summer home at Southhampton, L. I., and the Capital, where debt-funding business requires him again and again.

Mr. Weeks, recovering from a severe illness, abides and probably will abide for some time at his home in Massachusetts, while Acting Secretary Dwight Filley Davis carries on his duties in Washington.

Mr. Sargent summers restfully* at his home in the hills of Vermont.

Postmaster General New labors on at the Capital, snatching such intermittent vacation as he can.

Naval Secretary Wilbur has returned to his habitual residence in California.

Mr. Work has returned to the Capital from five weeks' travels in the West, where he inspected immigration projects, Indian Reservations and other concerns of the Interior.

Mr. Jardine, who has made a grand tour of the agricultural West, completed it last week and went to Wisconsin for a rest.

Mr. Hoover has for some time been at his home in California, but probably will return to Washington in time to handle any emergency arising out of a coal strike.

Mr. Davis last week departed for Europe to study labor and immigration conditions there.

* Said a political writer in the *New Republic*: "Everybody in touch with the Department of Justice knows that Donovan [first Assistant Attorney General] is running the works. John Garibaldi [Sargent] signs on the dotted line and is sufficiently intelligent not to attempt to show initiative."

© *Wide World*

SENATOR CURTIS
He visited volubly

. . .

Commerce Year Book

The Department of Commerce published its Commerce Year Book (for 1924) and Herbert C. Hoover wrote the preface.

His theme was: *The American people have little right to complain about our economic situation during the year* 1924.

He particularized:

Transportation — Increasing efficiency.

Building Construction — Largest volume in history.

Shipping—Improving but not yet stable.

Bituminous Coal—Difficulties due to over-expansion.

Agriculture—Better prices tending up to the general level of commodity prices.

Foreign Trade—10% increase in exports; 5% increase in imports.

Production—60% (by volume, not prices) greater than in 1914, accompanied by an increase of 50% in the amount of power used and an increase of only 25% in the number of wage earners.

Wages—Continued 100% higher than 1913, although cost of living was only 70% greater.

. . .

In Manila

Leonard Wood must have sighed, and the War Department have sighed for him, because the Philippine Legislature opened its annual session—always an occasion for a great bickering between Legislature and executive.

The Governor General read his message. It was hardly worth while, because the party in control of the Legislature has pledged itself to oppose him and his policies in the sacred name of Independence.

He said that railroads, mines and agriculture belonging to the Government should be placed under private control. He said that expenses had been reduced, revenues increased $5,000,000, making it possible for the Government soon to "go upon a cash basis." He said that remarkable progress had been made in teaching English in the public schools, but that more American teachers were needed. He said that the Moros were restive under the rapid Filipinization imposed upon them, and that there might be periodic outbreaks for some time when fanatical leaders came into the ascendency as they do every now and then.

When he had done, it was the inning of Manuel Quezon, President of the Senate, leader of the Nationalist (dominant) Party opposing Wood. **Said he:**

"At the last general election, it was shown that the faith of the Filipino people in their cause of freedom is adamant, and no candidate dared to oppose the cause of independence. With the Washington Administration and Governor General Wood openly opposed to immediate independence, not only was there not a single candidate who dared the outcome with a stand against immediate, absolute and complete independence of our country, but on the contrary they all vied with each other in the vehemence of their adhesion to the sacred cause, giving assurance to the people that they would fight in defense of the people's rights."

THE CONGRESS

Prospective Senator

Two deaths (TIME, June 29) caused two vacancies and two vacancies must be filled. The vacancies are insurgent Republican, the seats of the late Senators LaFollette and Ladd. Now observers are beginning to believe they can see how the seats will be disposed of.

They opine that when a special election is held in Wisconsin in the fall, Robert M. LaFollette Jr. will be elected. They opine further that Governor Sorlie of North Dakota will appoint a successor to Mr. Ladd and

National Affairs—[Continued]

that his legal right to do so will be questioned.

The second of these opinions is largely conjectural. The first is growing stronger every day. There were several *a priori* possbilities: that "young Bob" might get his father's seat, that Mrs. LaFollette might get it, that Governor Blaine of Wisconsin might get it.

Mrs. LaFollette apparently had little inclination to succeed her husband, preferred to have her elder son do so. She has been petitioned to run by various groups, most recently by the National Woman's Party, to whom she replied noncommittally:

"I am gratified that women for whose advancement I have always worked should recognize in me a friend and should want me to serve them in the Senate. It is a great happiness to me, and I feel it is a great honor that so many women have expressed faith in my friendship for them."

Governor Blaine has Senatorial ambitions but it is reported that he has effected an arrangement with "young Bob" whereby the Governor should run against Senator Lenroot next year, and Bob Jr. should run this fall for his father's seat.

Senator Lenroot declared last week:

"I feel confident that a strong candidate, with the endorsement of the Republicans of the state, will easily win the seat in the Senate. Wisconsin has an opportunity to give President Coolidge one more supporter in the Senate, but success can come only through united action."

But young Bob could certainly not be classified as a supporter of President Coolidge. Report has even gone as far as to say that the regulars of Mr. Lenroot's group, supporters of President Coolidge, contrary to Mr. Lenroot's professed confidence, consider it almost useless to make a fight against Bob Jr.

If so—if Robert M. LaFollette Jr. is to be a U. S. Senator before long, what sort of Senator will he be? There are two LaFollette scions: Robert M. Jr. and Philip. Robert Jr. has never held public office. He is 30, the minimum age for entering the Senate.* Philp is 28. He is District Attorney of Dane County (the county in which Madison, the state capital, is situate), the same job in which his father entered on his political career.

Robert Jr. has his father's chubby face. Philip has the shock of hair. Robert Jr. is a practical politician, knows how all the wheels go 'round, the genial type who gains the personal liking of all who have to do with him. Philip is an orator with

YOUNG BOB
He knows the Senate

so many of his father's traits and tricks of speech as to appear almost a mimick. Combined, they make an almost exact replica of their father.

But that does not mean that Robert is only half his father. For several years he had been his father's secretary and so obliged to efface himself. He has almost never made public speeches. It is an open question whether he can speak with his father's fire, whether he can win the favor of a crowd as well as he can win the favor of two or three men in conversation.

Of his other political ability, there is little question. Clinton W. Gilbert, able newspaper correspondent, pointed out:

"He knows the Senate as only a few of the often reëlected Senators know it. He has been behind the scenes in Washington for a long time. And except for having a seat on the floor, he has been practically a Senator for the last three or four years—since his father's health began to fail."

He is Republican State Chairman in Wisconsin. He practically managed his father's campaign for the presidency last year. He has every advantage—except that he has a youthful appearance.

* In spite of the constitutional prohibition, Henry Clay went to the Senate to fill an unexpired term, lacking 3 months and 15 days of the prescribed age, and apparently there was no protest. Of present Senate members, Senators Harrison of Mississippi and Wadsworth of New York took their seats at the earliest age—37 years. The average age of entry is much higher.

LABOR

Eight-hour Oil

The Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, regarded as the parent company of the Standard Oil group, as the leader among the lesser companies which resulted from the break-up of the old Standard Oil Co., made an announcement last week. It gave notice that henceforward the employes of the Carter Oil Co., its chief subsidiary in the mid-continental field, would work 8 hours a day instead of 12.

In the 66 years of the oil industry, it has always had a 12-hour day. The change to the 8-hour from the 12-hour day in the producing fields will mean, since work is continuous, the employment of three shifts instead of two shifts of men. The hourly rate of pay was increased simultaneously with the reduction of hours, so that those employes who formerly received $12 for 12 hours will receive $10 for 8 hours. The change in hours and pay was agreed to by the employes.

Critics saw in the action of the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey a spreading of the same movement which took place in the steel industry in the summer of 1923 (TIME, Apr. 21, June 4, July 16, Aug. 13, 1923, STEEL), and prophesied that it would spread to all the oil companies.

* * *

Two years ago, John Davison Rockefeller Jr., addressing employes of the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey, declared that the 12-hour day was "uneconomic and anti-social, hence bad business."

RAILWAYS

Postponed

Last week the Interstate Commerce Commission announced that it would adjourn "for the summer months" on July 29. Inasmuch as the proposed railway mergers of the Van Sweringen brothers (TIME, Aug. 18, Apr. 6, 27, June 8, BUSINESS) are before the Commission awaiting approval or rejection, the adjournment will probably prevent action until fall. Since the Van Sweringen merger is a "test case," other mergers will probably be postponed accordingly.

Announcing adjournment, the Commission also announced the assumption of new work. Last winter Congress passed a resolution (TIME, Feb. 9, CONGRESS), directing the Commission to make an inquiry with a view to lowering freight rates on agricultural products suffering from price depression. Recently, Western railroads asked for an 11% increase in rates. On Sept. 1, the commission will begin an inquiry in the Western district with three objects: 1) To find out what agricultural prod-

National Affairs—[*Continued*]

ucts need lower freight rates; 2) to determine what reductions may be made in such rates; 3) to ascertain on what products freight rates may be increased to compensate for the reduction in rates on farm products.

Some of the more important decisions of the Commission during the past year include:

1) Refused to abolish the railway surcharge of 50% on Pullman car tickets or to reduce it. (Saved the railways $40,000,000.)

2) Refused to order the railways to issue interchangeable (good on any road) mileage books at a 20% discount. (Saved the railways $60,000,000.)

3) Refused a reduction in Western grain rates. (Saved the railways $20,000,000.)

4) Refused an application to reduce rates of California fruits and vegetables. (Saving indefinite.)

COAL

Debate

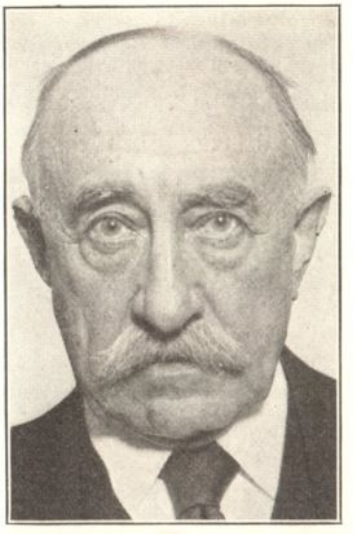
Leisurely if not languidly a battle was carried on at Atlantic City—a battle between mine operators and mine workers over the terms of the next wage agreement with the miners' union. The second week of battle brought little more progress than the first. Everything was discussed except the main point, the miners' three chief demands: 1) 10% more pay for contract miners and a dollar a day more for day men; 2) a two-year contract; 3) collection of union dues from miners' pay by the operators (the check-off).

John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, was called away and was not present when the week's negotiations opened. Each charged the other with delaying the proceedings in hope of a strike. As a result, two sessions of conference were held every day instead of one. Many minor issues were discussed and a few tentatively settled. The operators charged that the miners were restricting output in certain districts. The miners denied this and charged that the operators had increased costs by paying excessive salaries to their officials. The operators retorted that the cost of the pay of officials came to less than one cent a ton, but that the wages of miners came to $4.60 a ton. The miners suggested that the operators join them in petitioning the Interstate Commerce Commission to reduce freight rates on coal, any reduction to be divided 50-50 between lower prices to consumers and greater wages to miners.

The railroads of the East promptly objected through their "public relations" officials.

. . .

John Hays Hammond, Chairman of the late Coal Commission which two years ago made a survey of the coal



© *Paul Thompson*
JOHN HAYS HAMMOND
"There will not be a strike"

industry costing $600,000 (it has never been officially published for lack of a $30,000 appropriation), declared:

"Looking at the situation from the point of view of the public, I should advise the public to buy their winter's supply of coal now. The prices are now about as low as can be reasonably expected. . . . I think there will not be a strike. . . . If there is one it will not last long."

. . .

Secretary of Labor Davis, sailing for Europe to be away until August 25 (six days before the present wage contract expires and the strike, if any, will begin), remarked:

"We have two men at the conferences between the operators and the miners. These men, Dewey and Rogers, the latter a coal expert, are keeping the Government closely informed. That is the only thing we can do.

"We shall attempt to bring all the pressure possible to bear on both sides [if a strike is called] to force them to permit mediation by Government-appointed referees. I do not know of anything else that we can do."

. . .

The Department of Labor in its July *Labor Review* gave the trend of anthracite prices in the last 12 years:

Year	Jan. Price	July Price
1913	$7.99	$7.46
1914	7.80	7.60
1915	7.83	7.54
1916	7.93	8.12
1917	9.29	9.08
1918	9.88	9.96
1919	11.51	12.14
1920	12.59	14.28
1921	15.99	14.90
1922	14.98	14.87
1923	15.43	15.10
1924	15.77	15.24

It also gave comparisons of several factors entering into the cost of producing anthracite:

	1913 PER TON	1923 PER TON
Mine cost	$2.23—$2.50	$5.75—$6.32
Labor cost	$1.56 (70%)	$4.12 (71.1%)
Supplies	$ .35	$ .71
General expense	$ .32	$ .92

It added that freight charges take from 16c. to 30c. of every dollar the consumer pays for coal.

PROHIBITION

Liquor-in-Port

The Neptune Association is an organization of deck officers on merchant ships flying the U. S. flag. It went to law recently, asking an injunction to prevent British ships from entering U. S. ports with liquor under seal. British ships do this by virtue of the treaty with Great Britain granting this privilege in exchange for allowing U. S. coast guardsmen to search and seize rum runners within an hour's sailing distance of the U. S. coast. The Neptune Association protested because British* ships by this arrangement may serve liquors eastbound as well as westbound across the Atlantic and thus have an advantage in competition for passenger traffic over U. S. ships, which can do neither. The Neptune Association contended the treaty was unconstitutional since the 18th Amendment forbids the transportation of beverage liquors.

Last week, Federal Judge Julian W. Mack in Manhattan refused the injunction because it is beyond the power of the courts "to compel Federal officers to enforce the law." He declined to pass on the constitutionality of the treaty.

. . .

False Search Warrants

In San Francisco, Federal Judge John S. Partridge threw out evidence obtained against an alleged bootlegger in a raid. He did so because the raid was conducted under a search warrant sworn out by a Prohibition agent under an assumed name. Said the court: "No sworn affidavit that deliberately misstates facts will be recognized by this court." Federal agents have been swearing out search warrants under assumed names in order to hide their identity and thereby maintain their usefulness. The action of Judge Partridge will probably result in the dismissal of several hundred cases against alleged bootleggers in which warrants were sworn out by agents under other than their true names.

. . .

Successful Blockade

In May, the coast guard established a strict blockade along the Atlantic coast

*Also French, Danish, Norwegian, German, Italian, Swedish, Dutch, Panaman ships, by reason of similar treaties.

National Affairs—[Continued]

to break up the rum row that stretched from New London, Conn., to the New Jersey coast. It succeeded. Rum row practically disappeared. But it has reappeared in the Gulf of Mexico, furnishing gulf ports with many kinds of dangerous drinkables. Last week the Coast Guard announced that it would extend its blockade in that direction, operating from Biloxi against the rum runners from Bimini.

• • •

Protuberant Jails

A year or so ago when Attorney General (now Associate Justice) Stone came into office, he ordered that every effort be made to clear up the large number of Prohibition cases in arrears before the courts. The effort was made. Many convictions resulted. Now the result is being felt. The Federal prisons at Atlanta, Leavenworth and McNeill's Island are badly overcrowded. Some prisoners have been "boarded" by the Federal Government in local jails—an expensive business for the Government. In order to reduce the crowding, the board of paroles has been ordered to expedite its work. Ordinarily a bootlegger sentenced to a year in jail cannot get out on parole under six months. Now many are being paroled in four months.

KU KLUX KLAN

In Kolorado

There is disruption in the ranks of the Ku Klux Klan in Colorado, internal dissension arising out of dissatisfaction of the national officers of the Klan with the local officers.

The matters at stake are of course not completely open to the public, but it transpired that recently William Zumbrunn, attorney for the Klan, visited Denver and requested the resignation of Dr. John Galen Locke, Grand Dragon of Colorado. Grand Dragon Locke announced this fact at a meeting of the local Klan and added that he had tendered his resignation. The meeting rose up and gave him a great ovation. His resignation was not accepted.

Here politics came upon the scene. For U. S. Senator Rice W. Means and Mayor Benjamin F. Stapleton were suspended from the Klan for partaking in an alleged plot to unseat Locke and make Senator Means Grand Dragon.

For a time there was quiet. Suddenly last week Hiram Wesley Evans, Imperial Wizard of the Klan, directed the Colorado Klan to hold all the Klan's funds and property subject to his orders. This property included a $60,000 interest in a cotton mill. Again a large body of local Klansmen rose up in protest. At a meeting at which Dr. Locke was not present, they turned in their Klan membership cards, and took out membership in "The Minute Men of America,"* an organization which was described as fostering similar ideals.

Attorney Zumbrunn and two national officers of the Klan were reported as

© *International*

SENATOR MEANS

Means to be a Dragon?

starting from Washington for Denver by airplane to look after the Klan's interests and protect its property.

POLITICAL NOTES

Ford Speaks

"No other man ever achieved so much publicity and talked so little for publication." This is a broad, unverifiable statement—but who will doubt it?

"No other living man in private life can lay claim to so widely known a name." This is another broad statement—but what artist in any art, what business man in any business, what scientist in any science can rival him?

"No other American except the President of the U. S. can command such instant attention for any public statement." This is a third generalization—but what politician does not envy him that?

And all because his name has been printed in "tin" on the running-boards of 12,200,000 flivvers.

Last week he opened his mouth. Occasionally reports of his remarks have appeared in *Collier's Weekly*, but rarely has he given interviews to newspapermen. Four years ago he gave an interview to correspondent Wilbur Forrest. Nowadays Mr. Forrest lives in Paris—as correspondent of *The New York Herald-Tribune*. But he has been home on vacation. So he traveled to Dearborn, Mich., and elaborated two days' interviews into four articles that appeared last week.

His interviews with Mr. Ford were not confined to any particular subject; they were general interviews embracing all matters on which Henry Ford had opinions and about which he could be induced to talk, and there were a good many. For example, when the correspondent was there a corner of Mr. Ford's laboratory had been canvased off, he had imported a dancing master, Benjamin B. Lovett, from Massachusetts, and was having him teach classes old fashioned reels, the *Portland Fancy*, *Money Musk*, the *Fisher's Hornpipe*, *Pop Goes the Weasel*, waltzes, polkas, the ripple, quadrilles, barn dances. Mr. Ford does not like modern dances, thinks the old ones will come back, is preparing a book to show why. He has also written a pamphlet against cigaret smoking and a discourse on why English should be a universal language. He collects American antiques. He has built a golf course for his employes and plays on it. He has opinions on politics; opinions and a hand in business. Age (62) cannot wither his infinite variety. He is always riding in many vehicles.

Some of Mr. Ford's deliverances:

Aeronautics. "I experimented twelve years with my motor car before I was convinced that it represented a lasting and stable product for the public. I have now only started to experiment with the airplane. And let me tell you that the commercial airplane is as yet a considerable distance of being a success. . . .

"The airplane motor is still unreliable—a delicate, quivering mechanism. Its vibration is so intense that there is little guaranty under such strain that it will remain intact over considerable distances. The airplane game depends greatly at present upon the flying ability of the man in the pilot's seat. Our daily trips to Chicago and Cleveland are about 90% skill of the men at the throttle. Stunt flying, as I see it, is about 98% of the same element. . . .

"We have discovered by careful reckoning that the net costs of transporting air freight are from 13 to 15c. a pound. There is obviously a commercial profit if you can charge more than that and get the business. Come back in two years and we will tell you more about commercial and practical aviation."

Business and Politics. "The nation is on the most solid basis it has en-

* Not to be confused with the Minute Men of the Constitution, an organization fostered by Charles G. Dawes, and of which he was President until recently.

National Affairs—[Continued]

joyed for years, under the leadership of a President whose ability and balance are beyond question. President Coolidge should and likely will be reelected to another term in the White House when his present term expires."

Shipping. "Ford ships on the high seas and lakes now number five,* and they will increase as our needs require. They are carrying Ford products overseas and returning with cargoes of any profitable character.

"We have determined that the $100 minimum wage, even with the large crews which we carry, leaves us a substantial profit, and all talk that this is a blow to the American merchant marine or other shippers is bunk. The big shipping companies do not pay decent wages merely because they do not have to. They are interested in keeping their men away from conditions in which they might enjoy the advantages that good wages bring. They want their sailors to remain in ignorance of the better things in life in order that there will be no demand for better wages and conditions."

Language. "Speech is one of man's most marvelous tools and there is a direct relation between the kind of speech which he uses and the kind of work he does. A good and experienced engineer can tell what language a machine has been built in just by looking at it. There are some languages in which a machine cannot be built at all. There are some languages in which it would be impossible efficiently to manage a factory.

"The English language is the world's tool of industry, colonization and the bringing of prosperity to every kind and degree of man. It is the world's language."

* * *

Said John Erskine, author and Professor of English at Columbia University:

"This report of Mr. Ford's rather fantastic ideas makes good hot-weather reading, but in one respect they are to be taken seriously. They will be quoted undoubtedly in other lands and will provide another unfortunate illustration of the self-sufficiency which seems to be the ideal just now of many otherwise able Americans.

"In the field of business I thought it was money rather than English that talked, and in the realm of the spirit perhaps greater progress is made in other languages."

Said Prof. William E. Wild, onetime Professor of Economics at Christian College, Allahabad, India:

"Mr. Ford is right in his historicity but not in his reasoning. English is becoming the dominant language of trade because English-speaking people have developed industrially and commercially, not because English is a better or more forceful language than any other. Arabic, for example, is a far more flexible language than English, but the Arabs have not an industrial development that forces their language to include scientific terms.

"In the colleges of the Orient, scientific subjects are taught in English—not because English expresses the ideas better but because the textbooks have been written in English. Mechanics and engineering, being comparatively new, are in the languages of their discoverers. In India, China, Syria and Turkey, the teaching of science is in English, but it is not so in Japan.

"A few English words will become universal. Take the Ford car, for example. In India they refer to any car as the 'motor gari' and the Ford is the 'Fordt motor gari'."

© *Wide World*

JAMES J. DAVIS

John Weeks has the levelest head of any man he knows

* * *

Notes

Secretary James J. Davis, going out of the White Court grounds after seeing the President (see Page 1), remarked to reporters:

"I am going up to Gloucester to see John Weeks before dashing to New York to take the steamer. I think John Weeks has the levelest head and can see further into a business situation than any man I know. I admire him tremendously. Wish you Boston newspaper men would print that."

* * *

Charles E. Hughes, onetime (1910-16) Justice, onetime (1916) candidate for President, onetime (1921-25) Secretary of State, was reported last week to have accepted a new job—that of counsel for the receivers of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R. R. before the Interstate Commerce Commission.

* * *

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, widow of the President, joined the Needle Guild of America and made a little speech to the branch of Farmingdale, L. I., of which she became a member. She reminded them that the Guild was not a sewing circle and each member must present two knitted garments a year to some hospital patient unable to knit. She spoke on the seventh anniversary of the death of her son Quentin in France.

* * *

It was announced that U. S. mints are stamping out gold coins at the rate of a million dollars a day. The law requires that gold certificates in circulation must be represented to a third of their value by actually minted coins. The circulation of gold certificates has grown to $870,564,000.

* * *

A fire swept through a garage in Washington devouring costly motor cars. When the conflagration was over, it was found that the official automobile of the Vice President of the U. S. had been destroyed. Congress will be obliged to appropriate $8,000 to buy Mr. Dawes a new car.

* * *

The Secretary to the President is onetime (1917-25) Congressman Everett Sanders of Indiana (returned by preference, not by the electorate). Mr. Sanders is married. He and his wife are spending the summer at Swampscott. The voracious photographers of the press petitioned Mrs. Sanders to let them take her picture. She consented—in golf togs—posed on the golf course of the New Ocean House. A golf ball was dropped in a hazard. She took a firm stance, faced the camera and was snapped—with her club grounded on the sand behind the ball.*

*The *Oneida*, now unloading at Bordeaux to bring back a commercial cargo; the *Onondaga*, in the Caribbean returning with 1,600,000 ft. of lumber from Seattle whither she took Fords; the *East Indian*, being reconditioned at Chester, Pa.; the *Henry Ford II* and *Benson Ford* (named after a young son of Edsel) in the neighborhood of the Soo Canal, one carrying Ford products, the other returning with a commercial cargo. All carry the "Bluebird" ensign chosen by Mr. Ford himself; *cf.* Maeterlinck.

* *Hazards and Casual Water.* Rule XXV: When a ball lies in, or touches a hazard, nothing shall be done which can in any way improve its lie; the club shall not touch the ground. . . .

FOREIGN NEWS

COMMONWEALTH

(British Commonwealth of Nations)

Parliament's Week

House of Commons:

¶ Foreign Secretary Austen Chamberlain informed the House that, contrary reports notwithstanding, there was no crisis betwen Britain and Russia over anything.

¶ The Foreign Secretary's understudy, Mr. Ronald McNeill, stated that His Majesty's Government regretfully "found themselves unable to accede to the request that diplomatic status be accorded representatives of the customs division of the United States Treasury Department."

¶ For many weeks haggard M.P.'s have been hearing about it and invariably going out by the same door wherein they went. "It" was the Summer Time (daylight saving) Bill which, if passed by the Lords, will now make it permanently legal for the clock to be put ahead by one hour on the third Sunday in April and moved back on the first Sunday in October.

. . .

Coal Strike?

From outer appearances Britain drifted silently toward a battle between the public and the workers.

The court which the Government set up (TIME, July 20) to inquire into the causes of the dispute* in the mining industry was boycotted by the mine workers who declined to recognize its competence unless the mine operators first withdrew their wage-agreement notice. The operators remained adamant. The court was adjourned temporarily after one ten-minute session.

Meantime, a meeting of trade-union executives was held in London. Two important decisions were made:

1) Not to call a strike without first taking a ballot.

2) To support a union of miners, railwaymen, engineers, shipbuilders and transport workers.

The last, if passed by the respective unions, will be a move of great significance; for it will mean that whenever there is a dispute between any one of the unions and a second party, the alliance of unions, embracing millions of workers, will hold the general public up by a national strike.

. . .

By-Election

Politicians live and politicians die; therefore politicians come and politicians go, while by-elections go on forever.

Sometimes a by-election is important; but, when a Government such as Mr. Baldwin's has the support of an overwhelming vote in the House of Commons, a by-election rarely casts a shadow over the political world, and the man-in-the-street is left stone cold.

Last week a graduated howl arose from Britishers. The Forest of Dean constituency of Gloucestershire preferred A. A. Purcell, extremist Laborite (or Communist in all but name), to a Liberal candidate. Ex-Premier Ramsay MacDonald and most of the moderate Laborites frowned; for was not Purcell's victory also a victory for John Wheatley, the extremist opponent of Mr. MacDonald, whom Mr. Wheatley fondly hopes one day to oust?

. . .

Game of Golf

On his way to British Columbia, Field Marshal Earl Haig stopped off at Jasper and visited the great national park there.

A game of golf? That seemed a good idea and in due course a member of the Earl's party drove a straight, low ball over the fairway. The sight of this small, white object skimming over the grass and then bumping its way along attracted the attention of a neighboring bear which promptly gave chase. Along the fairway galloped the bear, both beady eyes fixed upon the white spheroid rollicking on ahead.

At this moment a second bear gave a grunt of ecstatic delight and lumbered off full speed after the first. The ball gave a dying flop and settled in a rut. The first bear fell over it and the second bear fell over the first. Then began a battle for the ball which was "torn to shreds" in the melée.

From the comparative security of the first tee, the Earl and his party gazed down upon the struggle, resolutely determining to play with no bears.

. . .

Notes

The Duke and Duchess of York gave their first official party at St. James's Palace. Some 600 guests were invited.

. . .

The Duchess of York, former Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, opened at London an international conference of women engaged in scientific research. Lady Astor, beaming, was in the chair.

. . .

Lord Cecil of Chelwood, better known as Lord Robert Cecil, was appointed President of the Board of Conciliation which is to deal with Norwegian-Danish disputes that cannot be settled through the usual diplomatic channels.

. . .

Viscount Grey's *Twenty-Five Years: 1892-1916*, which is to be published in the U. S. in the fall, was reported to have fetched the highest price in years for a book of memoirs. Lord Grey was Sir Edward Grey, Foreign Secretary from 1905-16.

. . .

Rumor had it that ex-Premier MacDonald is to visit Canada this autumn. He may extend his visit to the U. S.

. . .

Another rumor had it that ex-Colonial Secretary J. H. Thomas had bought *Reynold's Illustrated News*, Sunday newspaper. The Labor Party has only one newspaper in London, *The Daily Herald*.

. . .

A font at which the present King is said to have been baptized, together with a bottle of water from the River Jordan, was offered to be sold for charity. The water was brought from Jerusalem by the late Dean Stanley of Westminster who accompanied the late King Edward on a visit to the Holy Land in 1862.

. . .

Colonel John Buchan, famed historian and novelist, acted in the novel rôle of representative of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, when he presented to the British Museum a replica of the Great Seal of the Confederacy.

. . .

Australia, not without much comment, raised successfully through the House of Morgan $75,000,000. In the South African Parliament the question was debated whether or not the Union should raise a loan in Manhattan or London. Ex-Premier Smuts favored London and the debate ended inconclusively.

FRANCE

Moroccan War

The hills about the Wergha Valley awoke. Abd-el-Krim, leader of the Riffian tribesmen, began his long-awaited offensive on Fez, the northern capital. Guns roared, shells screamed and cracked in vivid detonations, spluttering the ground with jagged, death-dealing steel. Bombs dropped from airplanes whinnied as they tore down to earth where they burst with staggering force. Grenades rasped their ugly barks and poked the earth with their deadly

* The operators are not seeking to reduce wages but to increase the working day. They have given notice that the present wage agreement must terminate at the end of July.

Foreign News—[Continued]

stings. Rifles snapped and bullets spat death. Men lived and men died. The Moroccan War (TIME, May 11 et seq.) entered its most serious phase.

Slowly the French were compelled to retire on Fez, fighting every inch of the way against impossible odds. At one point of the offensive, retreat was cut in the rear, and their position, desperate to say the least, was eased only by a glorious counter-offensive in which the hottest fighting of the war occurred. Two days' fighting drove the Riffians back into the hills and once again relieved Fez from imminent danger.

. . .

At Paris, the French Government surprised everybody by sending Marshal Henri Philippe Benoni Omer Joseph Pétain to Morocco "to assure in the best possible condition utilization of the reinforcements sent to Morocco and confer with Marshal Lyautey on all eventualities and on measures to be taken in order to insure success."

The Marshal, 69 years of age, a lean and comparatively young looking man, immediately left for Morocco, crossing the water by airplane.*

Marshal Pétain is the third senior Marshal of France and as such outranks Marshal Lyautey, the French Resident General in Morocco, who will continue to be the supreme French civil authority in the Protectorate. "My duty," said Marshal Pétain, "is to coördinate the reinforcements which are being sent to Morocco continuously. Those going from France will land at the Casablanca and those from Algeria will proceed directly to Taza. The question is to use them actively in the area."

. . .

The Government announced that 80,000 reinforcements were on their way to the front and darkly hinted that another 300,000 men might be mobilized.

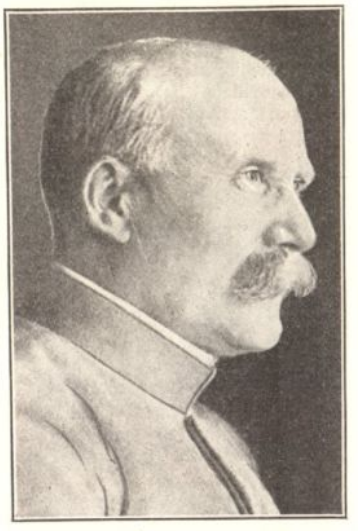
. . .

General Naulin, recently appointed director of military operations, also arrived in Morocco. He will take orders from Marshal Pétain.

. . .

Adjournment

The 1925 budget, passed by the Chamber of Deputies (TIME, July 13), was also passed by the Senate. Parliament then adjourned for the summer recess, and for three months the Painlevé Cabinet will have a free hand in the governing of France.



© *Keystone*
HENRI PHILIPPE BENOM OMER JOSEPH PETAIN
Recognition . . . promotion . . . honors

. . .

"Battered and Spent"

President Gaston Doumergue left Paris for Cherbourg, where he reviewed "what of our fleet is left to us." Speaking on board the cruiser *Paris* at a luncheon of honor, he stressed the imperious necessity of a well-equipped navy for the protection of France and her vast overseas empire.

Continuing, the President said:

"Our navy came out of the War gloriously, though battered and spent, but its wounds and losses have made it all the more dear to us.

"It is, therefore, only natural that within the limit of our resources and within the limit laid down by the naval accords, we should wish to put it back in such a condition of repair and efficiency as will assure security in the defense of our coasts.

"That is a legitimate desire, which no one in the world would be so unjust as to deny us; for no country in the world has in the past half century given such proof as France of faithful attachment to the ideals of peace.

"If, during the War, she showed she had lost none of her military virtues and courage and endurance, ready for any sacrifice, no one has the right to suppose because her spirit is intact that she has any dangerous ambitions against the peace of the world."

. . .

Vaporing

Writing in *L'Eclair*, Paris journal, *le marquis* Boni de Castellane, once the erring husband of Anna Gould (now Marquise de Talleyrand-Perigord, Duchesse de Sagan), urged France to sell her colonies in order that she might gain strength as a nation. He held that some of the colonies may be lost anywhere and that it is but common sense to sell them, as Napoleon I sold Louisiana (for 60,000,000 francs*), before their loss was an established fact.

The foppish little Marquis, who last year laid bare with nauseating crudeness the sordid story† of how he won and lost Anna Gould, is *non est* at Paris and consequently nobody paid much attention to his vaporing.

. . .

Notes

Mistinguett, famed *danseuse avec les jambes divines*, left London for Paris, announced that she would manage *Le Moulin Rouge*, famed music hall. All Paris made a note of it.

. . .

The hunting box built by Louis VII in the latter part of the 12th Century and added to by subsequent kings, which came to be known as the Palais de Fontainebleau, was in danger of being destroyed last week by fire. Yokels, burghers, firemen, policemen, guards, women, children and troops, helped to put out the fire before any material damage had been done.

. . .

In a *billet* not too *doux*, M. Charles Maurras, Political Director of *L'Action Français*, Royalist journal of Paris, told Minister of the Interior Abraham Schrameck that a few thousand "patriots" would "shoot him like a dog" if he did not cease interfering with Royalist organizations. The matter went to court and last week M. Maurras was sentenced by default to two years' imprisonment. Appeal was entered.

* Marshal Pétain, commissioned from St. Cyr (French West Point) in 1878, specialized in staff work at the Ecole de Guerre. At the beginning of the War he was only a colonel, but his great military genius, first recognized by General Castelanu, rapidly won him merited recognition, promotion and honors. His greatest claim to fame rests upon the heroic defense of Verdun and his skillful handling of mutinous French troops in 1917. Possibly had there been no Pétain, France would be paying Germany an indemnity.

* This amount ($11,250,000) was paid in cash; in addition, the U. S. assumed the claims of her citizens against France to the extent of 20,000,000 francs ($3,750,000). With interest, the total cost was $27,267,622.

† HOW I DISCOVERED AMERICA — *Knopf* ($5.00).

Foreign News—[Continued]

GERMANY

Ruhr Evacuation

Aug. 15 is to be a red letter day for the Rhineland, for on that date the Franco-Belgian occupation of the Ruhr is to come to an end. On that date the last soldier leaves, in accordance with the terms accepted by the interested parties at the London Conference (TIME, Aug. 18, 1924, INTERNATIONAL).

Last week French and Belgian poilus sloped arms and marched off with the first flush of dawn from several important points. The inhabitants, finding alien troops conspicuous by their absence, grew wildly jubilant. Many steins of beer were consumed in celebration.

• • •

Notes

Beer, according to a bill before the Reichstag, is of three strengths: "Simple" (6.5% alcoholic), "full" (11 to 14%), "reinforced" (16% or more). If the bill passes, only these categories of beer will be sold in Germany.

• • •

According to a Berlin financial agency, the Stinnes firm, founded by the late Herr Hugo Stinnes, has disposed of eleven of its holdings: Three banks, two iron works, the Heinrich August Schulte Aktiengesellschaft (joint stock company), an oil company, a real estate company and several hotels.

POLAND

To Williamstown

Arrived in the U. S. tall (6 ft. 3 in.), handsome Count Alexander Skrzynski (pronounced Sh-trin-ski), Polish Foreign Minister. At a Manhattan pier a swarm of his fellow-countrymen greeted him. To them the Count addressed Polish words.

To reporters he waxed cheerful over conditions in Poland. Asked about finances, he was able to reply in a prolonged burst of optimism that they never had been better. On Russia as a neighbor, he was not less eloquent, but he thought that "the Russian people are worse off and more unhappy" than they were before Bolshevism bowed behind the footlights of the world's stage.

Count Skrzynski came to the U. S. upon the invitation of the Williamstown Institute of Politics (see Page 14) to lecture upon Poland and conditions in Central Europe. But he had, as he himself explained, "a sentimental mission" to the American people. "We still have to discharge," he added, "the debt of

© *International*

COUNT SKRZYNSKI
Tall, handsome

gratitude* which we feel we owe the American people for the part played by them in Poland's restoration to independence and for their aid and sympathy."

ITALY

Addresses

Count Antonio Cippico, Italian Senator and delegate to the League of Nations, stepped ashore at Manhattan and rolled off on his sea legs to Williamstown, Mass. (see Page 14), where, when his legs get accustomed to dry land, he will fire volleys of salutes at Benito Mussolini, Premier of Italy.

The real subject of his address will be: *Italy and the Mediterranean Area.* "My first lecture," he said, "will deal with the history of the Mediterranean until Columbus discovered America and the Mediterranean lost much of its importance. The second will deal with the big struggle for hegemony in the Mediterranean, first with Spain and France and then with England.

"The third will deal with the central problem of both Europe and the Mediterranean—which is Italy, with her growing population, the lack of raw materials and her want of colonies. The fourth will discuss the imperial problems of both France and Great Britain in the Mediterranean.

"The fifth lecture will deal with the historical background of Fascism and the rise of the Fascist movement, while the sixth lecture will be about the present National Government of Italy in action.

"Italy's importance in the Mediterranean has not yet been generally understood by the outside world, and I hope to tell America, through the Institute of Politics, what the new Italy actually means and stands for. The population of Italy is growing at the rate of 500,000 a year.

"We had hoped that the Great War—the war for democracy and justice—would have solved this crucial problem, but all the colonies were divided among Great Britain, France and Belgium. Therefore, the problem of population remains the outstanding one for the future of Italy. Nations which cherish peace should try to find a just solution of this great and vital problem."

• • •

Notes

King Vittorio Emanuele broke precedent and "scotched" rumor when he last week invited Premier Benito Mussolini to spent a holiday on his estates at San Rossore. Never before has a Premier been invited to stay with an Italian King as a personal guest. And stilled were the wagging tongues that spoke of a growing estrangement between the First Minister and his Monarch. Later, it was announced that King and Premier will in August review the Italian home fleet from the royal yacht *Savoia.*

• • •

According to an unusually well-informed person who is persona grata at the Quirinal, who has the Pope's ear and who has sources of information denied even to Premier Mussolini—according to this great unnamed mystery man whose ways are more incomprehensible than those of the cats in Trajan's Forum, the Queen makes cheese for the King.

• • •

Prince Gelasio Caetani, onetime Italian Ambassador to the U. S., was nominated by Premier Mussolini to be President of the Italian Red Cross in the stead of *il Senatore* Circalo, who resigned after the completion of his second term of office.

• • •

Deputy Giovanni Conti and Signor Curseio Suckert pricked each other's faces with swords until blood blinded them and physicians stopped the duel. The first gentleman had objected to an article which the second gentleman had written. The fight followed a recent reaction against sword-duelling which was called a "silly survival of Romanticism."

• • •

Two weeks ago a football match—a summer sport in Italy—was to have

*Arrangements for funding Poland's $178,000,000 War debt to the U. S. were made last year—payments over a period of 62 years, interest first at 3%, later at 3½%.

Foreign News—[Continued]

been held at Turin to decide the championship of Northern Italy. Unfortunately, the contending teams from Genoa and Bologna and their supporters arrived simultaneously in the city and a riot was with difficulty prevented. The game was postponed for two days. Meantime, feeling ran high, higher, most high. Insults became deadly, deadlier, most deadly. Threats became bloody, bloodier, most bloody. The Prefect, alarmed, said there would be no game this year in Turin.

RUSSIA

Notes

Jubilation at Moscow. The Dobrolet and the Dobrochim celebrated their second birthdays. The first is a voluntary aeronautical society; the second, a voluntary chemical society. Soon they are to be fused into the Aero-Chemical Society. As such the Society will promote Red aviation, production of gases for Red defense and for Red industries.

. . .

M. Christian Rakovsky, Bolshevik Chargé d'Affaires at London, left Moscow and, after bumping across the continent and plowing through the North Sea, landed at Harwich. His brief-case contained orders for $75,000,000 worth of machinery, textiles, etc. British manufacturers smacked their lips, rubbed their hands and passed pleasant remarks about the weather. Rakovsky said that he could not pay cash and was about to explain about the wonderful harvest prospects when it became obvious that his audience was no longer interested.

. . .

Did or did not the 17-year-old Grand Duchess Anastasia, youngest daughter of the Tsar and Tsarina, perish with her foully murdered parents and relations at Ekaterinburg? Has or has not the real Grand Duchess, now 24 years old, been discovered in Berlin? These are questions that were being elucidated in the German metropolis, not without much excitement among the émigrés.

. . .

Ill at Sorrento, Italy, Maxim Gorky, "The Bitter One," famed Russian novelist, became morbid, cabled Dr. Alexander Kaun of the University of California to commission him to write *The Life and Times of Maxim Gorky*. Dr. Kaun left immediately for the author's bedside.

PORTUGAL

No. 2

Last week, the second revolution of the year broke out in Lisbon. No year —or very few—passes without at least one such ditsurbance. The revolt was unsuccessful. Following the modern movement in revolutions (see ECUADOR), few shots were fired; little damage was done, there were few* casualties, but a lot of arrests and possibly much bad language.

EMPEROR YOSHIHITO
He saw 10,000 fireflies
(See below)

JAPAN

Love Lights

A letter from Tokyo related that the Iseniyama Temple on Lake Biwa, near Kyoto, sent His Imperial Majesty Emperor Yoshihito (122nd ruler of Japan, who was forced into retirement in 1921 owing to a mental affliction) no less than 10,000 fireflies.

To the Japanese, fireflies are the souls of departed lovers lighting the paths of living swains. Whereas in Occidental climes a robust suitor will kiss a flower and toss it to his sweetheart with truculent self-possession, a Japanese lover reverently presents a firefly encased in a small wicker basket.

Emperor Yoshihito was much touched at the superfluity of illumination that the Temple had sent him. He smiled and sent half of them to the Japanese Pragger Wagger (Crown Prince) who, in his garden at Tokyo, liberated them. The Prince, being but recently married, found enough light in the eyes of his Princess Firefly.

* Three dead, 15 wounded.

CHINA

Static Crisis

Beyond the bare announcement of a civil war in Szechwan, largest Chinese Province, which is situate at the extreme west of the Tibetan border, nothing of a positive nature occurred in China or about China or out of it. The crisis, which has been for some weeks in existence (TIME, June 15 et seq.) was still present, but was rapidly taking on a traditional Chinese aspect and becoming stolid, static.

. . .

Writing to *The New York World*, General Feng-Yu-hsiang, "Chinese Christian Soldier," said: "We Chinese have been butchered ruthlessly by the British," who "have treated the Chinese people as though the latter were lower than hens and dogs."

LATIN AMERICA

In and About Mexico

Down Aguascalientes' Main Street walked Harold G. Bretherton, U. S. Vice Consul. From behind rang out a shot which wounded the Vice Consul slightly in the back. The cause of the outrage was unknown, but it was believed that the bullet was intended for somebody else.

. . .

A few days previously, Richard H. Cole of St. Louis, the man who obtained U. S. recognition for Presidents Madero and Carranza, and who is now U. S. agent for the President-aspirant, Adolfo de la Huerta who was last year beaten by President Obregon (TIME, July 14, 1924) in the most recent of Mexico's civil wars—this man Cole called upon President Coolidge at Swampscott, failed to find him at home.

It was alleged—nobody could find out for certain—that Mr. Cole left data to prove that General de la Huerta was preparing an attack on President Calles who was certain to be overthrown during the next few months. Documents were also laid before the U. S. President containing evidence of a number of outrages inflicted upon Americans by President Calles' "Red" Government, thereby inferring that a Huerta victory would be well merited and to the interest of the U. S.

. . .

The City and State of Vera Cruz sent a joint claim to the Federal Government at Mexico City requesting collection

from the U. S. Government of 1,645,000 pesos ($822,500) for damage incurred during the U. S. ocupation of 1914.*

. . .

New Government

All was serene in Ecuador. Following the recent, peaceful, bloodless revolution (TIME, July 20), impenetrable calm settled upon the country. A new Government was formed:

Modesto Larrea Jijon, President.
José Rafael Bustamante, Foreign Affairs.
Pedro P. Garaicoa, Education.
Francisco Bolona, Labor.
General Moises Oliva, Public Works.
Luis Napoleon Dillon, Treasury.
General Francisco Gomez de la Torre,† War and Navy.

NEW BOOK

The Profession of Politics

THE PUBLIC LIFE—J. A. Spender—*Stokes* (2 vols., $10.00). Public life, as defined by the author for his purpose, is the profession of statesmen and politicians. This profession he exemplifies by some monographs on famous statesmen and politicians—Bright, Cobden, Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, Chamberlain, Campbell-Bannerman, Asquith, George—by analyzing the parliamentary duties of politicians, by contrasting the British parliamentary system with the systems of the U. S., France and Germany, by conducting a brilliant inquiry into the problems of statecraft, by examining the relations between people and press, press and government and by descanting on political ethics.

Mr. Spender, who recently wrote a biography of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman,** is a Liberal journalist of great repute. It will not be overpraise, taking due account of some Liberal bias and a few untenable observations, to say that *The Public Life* is the most important work of its kind which has been published in a decade.

These books are to some extent a continuation of Bryce's *Commonwealth*. The author begins where Bryce left off and accounts succinctly for recent developments in U. S. politics. But more important is the service which has been rendered to the people, no matter of what nationality, who wish to understand the workings of the body politic in Britain, and there is much to be derived from that recital of body politics in general. These are no textbooks requiring a scholarly mind to disentangle their sense, but rather are they full of trenchant observation, clear analysis and an ofttimes sparkling wit, written in the common tongue wth charm, force and a liberal supply of aphorisms.

Excerpts:

Oratory: "A good House of Commons style is much applauded and . . . is a high accomplishment. But it abounds in jargon . . . consecrated phrases and sentences which mean nothing but occupy the time while the House is emptying or filling. . . . 'Mr. Speaker, Sir, the honourable member who has just sat down has charged my Right Honourable friend, the President of the Board of Trade, with having misrepresented the speech which the honourable and learned gentleman, the member for Colne, made earlier in debate. Sir, as I shall presently prove, the honourable member himself is guilty of misrepresenting the speech of my Right Honourable friend, the President of the Board of Trade. For what did my Right Honourable friend say?' etc., etc. That is quite a typical opening. . . ."

Diplomacy: "The dispatches of these times [Bismarck's] are full of secret signals and ciphers, the clue to which has been lost in subsequent times, and not a few of them missed fire even in their own time because their meaning was so elaborately concealed that nobody could discover it."

Cabinet Secrecy: "He [Gladstone] held strict notions of Cabinet secrecy. . . . He had a code of his own about disclosures. If he wrote a letter with no mark on it, the recipient of it might presume that it was intended for publication. If it was marked 'private,' it might be shown to anyone but not published; if it was marked 'confidential,' it might be shown to colleagues and not withheld from wives; if it was marked 'secret,' it was not to be shown to wives, or, without the writer's consent, to anybody."

The Press: "In a modern community, the newspaper is an esential part of government by the people. Without newspapers, Parliament would be a secret debating society. . . ."

The U. S. Press: "To this day, the editorial has not recovered the place of power which it enjoyed at the time of the Civil War, and for some years later. But no one can have read American newspapers during the last few years without being conscious of a strong reaction from sensationalism to a serious and a careful handling of public affairs. With its immense headlines and splashing display, the front sheet of an American paper still retains its shop-window appearance [British newspapers have advertisements on their front pages], but turn the page and you will generally find a succession of long and serious articles written in a manner which the editor of an English popular newspaper would almost certainly consider far above the intelligence of his readers."

* On Apr. 21, 1914, a U. S. fleet landed sailors and marines at Vera Cruz. The customs house was seized and the city was occupied, after some fighting, for the purpose of exacting an apology from Mexico for the arrest of U. S. gobs.

† It was this man—General Francisco Gomez de la Torre—who precipitated the peaceful, bloodless revolution.

** Reviewed in TIME, June 23, 1924.

THEATRE

The Best Plays

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

Drama

WHITE CARGO—The discouraging effects of African sun and an African female on the character of a lonely Nordic.

WHAT PRICE GLORY?—The Great War reduced to terms of personalities, jealousies and jest.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—California domestic sunshine slides behind a cloud of infidelity when the hired man and the boss's wife break a commandment.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS—The same commandment shattered, also on a farm. This time New England and tragedy unrelieved.

Comedy

IS ZAT SO?—A rowdy and benevolent adventure whereby a certain pugilist wins the lightweight championship of the world and the hand of a pretty serving maiden.

THE FALL GUY—Tenement talk and a tale of a feeble character that stiffened when the law was catching up with him.

THE POOR NUT—A youthful adventure on the campus of Ohio State University in which the hero is a Phi Beta Kappa man and still a hero.

THE GORILLA—A preposterous and obvious bundle of burlesque on the subject of mystery plays.

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—Shaw comedy with Helen Hayes as the flapper Cleopatra.

Musical

Warmer evenings are best forgotten in the contemplation of the following musical diversions: *Rose-Marie, Ziegfeld Follies, The Student Prince, Lady, Be Good, Engaged, George White's Scandals, Garrick Gaieties, Grand Street Follies.*

CINEMA

The New Pictures

Rugged Water. Cape Cod and its amiable natives who make their living from the sea, or more profitably from the summer visitors, is the background against which Joseph C. Lincoln wrote the novel of this name.

What knack he has of local flavor and of briny personality the cinema seems to have missed. The story is of an old salt possessed of religious zeal and physical fear. A handsome life guard wins his lovely daughter.

. . .

Tracked in the Snow Country. Best of all the cinema dogs is Rin-Tin-Tin. He is herein occupied in joining a pack of wolves with whom he is presumably related and tracking the fanged fury who killed his master. All in the cold countries. Good if you like canine romances.

. . .

Lightnin'. Until a month or two ago *Lightnin'* was the most popular play ever displayed for U. S. theatregoers. Depending on the durability of the story, the picturemakers stuck to it. Again the theory is proved that a good play does not necessarily withstand the canning process. *Lightnin'* is fairly amusing, fairly vibrant to the widely known heart strings. The performance of an unknown, Jay Hunt, in the Frank Bacon part counterfeits that characterization carefully.

. . .

Under the Rouge. Crook stories carry on. This one deals with a lady pickpocket, protected by the hero. He goes up to the health farm and marries her. And if you like Tom Moore the acting is good enough, too.

. . .

A Slave of Fashion. Norma Shearer has blossomed so suddenly as a lady of large electric letters that it seems idle to deny her powers of performance. Admitting her undeniable attraction, it must be here recorded that she is not yet an able actress. She plays a country girl who takes a rich Park Avenue apartment under false pretenses and charms the owner into marrying her. Mildly worth while.

. . .

The Street of Forgotten Men. "The Bowery, the Bowery, we won't go there any more," etc. But you can't keep the cinema away. This is about a beggar with a home in the country and a lovely ward who does not know how he makes his expenses. Percy Marmont gives an especially good performance, the detail is excellent, the entertainment fair.

ART

Hill Faun

STORIES OF OLD IRELAND AND MYSELF —Sir William Orpen, R. A.—*Holt* ($3.50). ". . . In Paris I rushed to the Louvre. When I entered the Salle Carrée, there before me was the *Mona Lisa.* That was a shock. I not only did not like it, I hated it. It made me

© *Keystone*
SIR WILLIAM ORPEN
He rushed to the Louvre

feel sick. . . . I rushed out. . . . I went back. . . . I was still horrified at thinking her so horrible. The slimy paint, like that of the Yiddish School of the present day! I listened to what people were saying. . . . 'That expression!' . . . 'Leonardo has here expressed womanhood in all her moods!' . . . 'The eternal circle!' . . . 'The masterpiece of the world!' And there was I, unable to see anything except a slimily painted, bloated woman, with a slightly dirty-looking face and a rather nasty sensual expression. . . . I suppose I must be all wrong."

Beside Sir William Orpen, R.A., Paddy's pig is a Spaniard. Though he has had no old ones, this is a book about his young days, before they shot to kill in Dublin and before England knighted Orpen for mocking some of her greatest lords in sharp colors with an impish brush. It was a time of talent in Dublin, with George Moore mooning about, John M. Synge writing his plays, James Stephens his poetry, quiet young James Joyce his sketches and energetic Sir Hugh Lane slaving to make Dublin a European Art centre.

Besides anecdotes, the book has sketches of such folk—quirky pen-and-inks that bring home to you what a man Orpen is for line as well as for clean modeling and Velasquez-like depths of air. Also among the 34 plates are some very fair reproductions of oils unfamiliar to most U. S. enthusiasts—the leer-eyed *Gypsies on the Hill of Howth;* two allegories that only a slant-headed little faun from the hills could have painted—*Sewing New Seed* and *A Western Wedding.*

. . .

Beaux Arts Prize

The U. S. was to have a new Capitol —a summer-resort Capitol high up in the mountains, on the edge of a lake with good fishing, canoeing, hot and cold water, bellboy service. To design it, 85 youths were commissioned. They made preliminary sketches. Of these, five were chosen. They made complete plans. Last week the five waited on a fire-escape in Manhattan while inside a group of judges, headed by patrician Whitney Warren, famed architect, sat to find out which was the best. One Percival Goodman, 21, was presently informed that he had designed the pleasantest home for tire filibusterers, won thereby a scholarship of $3,000, two and one-half years at the École des Beaux Arts, Paris.

. . .

Another Cliff to Carve

They would not let Gutzon Borglum finish his Confederate Memorial in bas relief on Stone Mountain, Georgia. The committee in charge quarreled with him or he quarreled with them—it all came to the same thing—but he broke up his clay models and fled and they hired a new sculptor—a not un-Benvenuto Cellinesque affair (TIME, Mar. 9, 16, Apr. 27, May 11). But Mr. Borglum is to have another charge.

In Rutherford County, N. C., not many miles from Asheville, a brawling mountain stream cascades down through a narrow little valley in the mountains. On one side the mountains rise, on the other runs a stone cliff 400 ft. high and 2,000 ft. long. This cliff terminates abruptly as the stream debouches abruptly upon a plain, and at the cliff, a giant shivver of it, detached from the main mass, rises the full height of the precipice, like a giant terminal column. It is called Chimney Rock and is one of the scenic spots of North Carolina. Beautiful views of the cliff and rock can be obtained from the modern road across the little valley.

Last week Governor McLean of North Carolina and a group of "influential citizens" offered Mr. Borglum the cliff adjoining Chimney Rock for another memorial to the Confederacy. Mr. Borg-

lum inspected, professed extreme pleasure.

The spot chosen for the North Carolina memorial has long been a resort which has lately been "improved" and modernized with the addition of golf links, etc. With the appearance of Mr. Borglum's giant sculptures this spot will become indeed civilized, although situated in the ruggedest country. Special means for "drying" the great cliff wall will probably have to be taken since (at least at certain seasons of the year) it is wet with moisture draining from above and not far above the spot where the proposed memorial is to be built a stream cascades down into the valley below.

"We are losing no time in doing preliminary work and before I return to Raleigh I expect to have completed preliminary outlines of this memorial," said Mr. Borglum.

The sculptor has taken up his residence at Raleigh, and North Carolinians, booming their state almost as vociferously as if they were Floridans, urged him with his plans.

MUSIC

New Instruments

Pipers who desire, in these times, to be paid by those who dance, vie with one another to find new pipes.

In Milan, one Lino Pagani has invented a new instrument—the mandolinarpa, strange Siamongrelute. From a mandolin neck bulges the warped body of a baby harp, edged with scrolls.

On radios has rung the chiming voice of the swinging harp, from which one Captain C. H. Longbottom beguiles a sound like a fluid bell.

In Paris, Futurist composers have written parts for new instruments, equipped their orchestras with droners, groaners, gobblers, ululators, strideurs, éclateurs, bourdonneurs, glouglouteurs, hululeurs. Critics commend the crepiteur for the clarity of his saccades.

. . .

Abroad

In London, a drab, a troll, a dutz, broad, hoiden, Jezebel, hussy, or Don Goren flot—recently all came down to the same thing. That thing was Carmen as played by one Gladys Parr, British soprano. Departing from the manner of other Carmens—the frozen passion of Célestine Galli-Marié, the deathless bravado of Emma Calvé, the angry pathos of Geraldine Farrar—she made the Spanish cigaret-girl a swaggering, leering, vulgar, drab, troll, etc. London—a city which through most of the year cannot support even one permanent opera—has been recently crowding two: the Royal Opera at Covent Garden, the Royal Carl Rosa Company (that of Miss Parr) which is presenting opera in English.

At Milan. "A great tradition blasted . . . an affront to the nation at large . . . damnable . . ." So said the ultra-nationalist press of Italy, speaking of a famed musician's tribute to a great masterpiece. Toscanini—director of La Scala—he was the damnable affronting blaster. He ended his opera season with Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, sung in French. Never before had an opera in any foreign tongue been sung in Italy. Therefore, the black-shirted press inanely fulminated. But those who had listened, bewitched, to the golden, climbing clangors of the opera had other things to say of Toscanini's musicianship, his daring.

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TOSCANINI

"An affront to the nation at large"

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BOOKS

Anatole at Ease*

Careless Words Trickle Down an Old Beard

The Book. A figure beturbaned with a flowered silk handkerchief, swaddled in layers of woolly night-garments, growls among the bolsters of a four-poster like Little Red Riding Hood's grandmother. Josephine, the grumbling cook and masterful mistress, who dominates the progress of physical events in the Villa Said, draws the blinds and scoffs her master's self-pity for a feverish night. He swallows his chocolate, demolishes brioches. To this mistress, later his wife, Anatole France is a dithering old goat-beard, incapable of putting on his own underdrawers.

Mail is dumped on the great man's coverlet. He rummages, hurls books to the floor. "To the bath! To the bath!" (An enormous tub is filled thus almost weekly; a secondhand bookseller empties it, giving 50 francs a bath, verse or prose.) Letters all go into the fire. No, here is one from a madwoman, addressed in blue, crimson, green inks. "She begs me to save my soul, poor crazed thing!"

The last touch of dressing is to choose a cap from the basket Josephine produces. M. France holds them out on his fist, one by one—papal bonnets, velvet skull-pieces, pagoda-caps, purple choir-wafers, mandarin hats. He fits on one in red-current Jouy cloth. The day begins.

He is working at his *Joan of Arc* with a new secretary. Josephine brings the notes and manuscript, bundled in a sheet. Safety-pins undone, a torrent pours on the carpet—notebooks, envelopes, visiting cards, tradesmen's bills, time-tables. "Burn it, tear it to pieces, blue pencil it. I don't want to look at it. . . . The first thing to do, I think, must be to divide up the work." In a score of inkwells scattered about, there is no ink. Josephine fills them with coffee. The pens scratch and splutter. *Joan of Arc* is postponed.

This cluttered journal proceeds with all the ingenious disorder of its subject's existence. Had he been a woman, the title could have read: "Anatole France with her hair down"—bodily hair, mental and spiritual. He asks the secretary, in a study crammed with sacred art-works and in the tone one uses to inquire after another's liver: "Have you been liberated from religious beliefs?" There are appalling dinner conversations, loquacious walks about Paris, disconnected imperies, prodigious ex-

*ANATOLE FRANCE HIMSELF—Jean Jacques Bronson (translated by John Pollock)—*Lippincott* ($5.00).

clamations on a thousand passing matters—the necessity for affection, archaeological finds, the shrewd drinking of Rabelais, the greatness of Louis XV as a voluptuary, "kisses for lepers" (charity to the sick), an "innocent game" with an old, false-toothed witch in her carriage.

The Significance. "What pleasure," asked "the last of the French giants," of his secretary, "can you find in picking up the careless words that trickle down my old beard?" The secretary knew what Florianet and the Abbé Ledieu (French Boswells) had done for their masters, Voltaire and Bossuet. The formal biographers, already marshaling facts, will come here to make their pictures mobile.

The Secretary. Fresh from his province, little Jean Jacques Brousson gulped with awe, despite bracers of cognac, on the morning of his first interview. He hid behind France's library ladder, fled unnoticed among other callers. France sent for him, took to his shyness. "How much do you earn?" "Nothing." "I will double your salary." And the master was rewarded for his kindness by modesty, honesty, devotion. Translator Pollock is admirably literal.

. . .

Kind Pains

MR. BISBEE'S PRINCESS—Julian Street —*Doubleday Page* ($2.00). When you know that Booth Tarkington is one of his major literary heroes, you know Author Street for a kindly, unpretentious person. When you know that he devotes months to the perfection of a type of story that most *Saturday Evening Post* writers concoct in a fortnight, you add conscience to his qualities. It is thus that you find him, and have pleasure in his work—a shrewd, painstaking etcher of his fellows, who dilutes the acid of irony with the milk of human kindness.

Mr. Bisbee's Princess, the genuine article, brightly illumined the existence of that portly and proper small-town jeweler when he made her acquaintance on a train. Gossips beheld the illumination as the lurid glare of scandal. Bisbee's wife wailed and railed. Bisbee's business boomed. Long after, when the princess wrote for a pair of patent spectacles, Bisbee postured, privately but gallantly, with a paper cutter.

A Speaking Likeness of her honest, polite, industrious, thrifty father gave May Gates courage at last to take a stand against the penny-loose arlstocrats into whose midst she married.

Syringas, charming and skilful, tells how Romance, once foregone out of caution, came back to Rosina Beckwith and chose her daughter.

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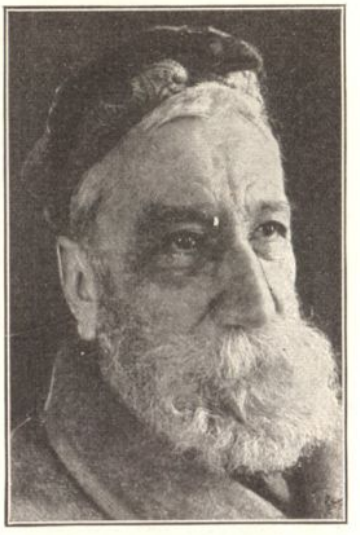
Hero Dispute

CAPTAINS AND KINGS—André Maurois (translated by Lewis May)—*Appleon* ($1.50). As one would have guessed, he French psychologist who wrote the



ANATOLE FRANCE
Appalling, loquacious, disconnected

first unprejudiced life of Shelley (*Ariel**) can conduct a philosophical argument with delicacy, wit and penetration. From his interest in Shelley, one would also have guessed that M. Maurois accepts the latter half of Plato's apothegm: "There are two kinds of causes; one necessary, the other divine," and agrees with Vauvenargues: "Genius depends largely on our passions." The three compact dialogs of the present volume, between a young platonist-aristocrat lieutenant and his old rationalist-radical tutor, run widely and vigorously over the pros and cons of the proposition: A leader of men is born, not made.

. . .

Strong

FAME — Micheline Keating — *Putnam* ($2.00). A tangle of love, libertines and the pursuit of happiness among stage folk and artists, including an Œdipus twist where the high-strung heroine and her father, not knowing their relationship, nearly wed, is pretty strong stuff for a person of 18 to attempt in a first novel. Yet, for all her stock phrases, young Miss Keating has more than a smattering of stage lore, and accomplishes her broad effect with the naive directness of one to whom the ancient tatters of passion are shining raiment bright.

*Reviewed in TIME, June 9, 1924.

EDUCATION

At Edinburgh

Through the gusty streets of Edinburgh, where (except for U. S. trippers, itinerant golfers and English merchants seeking financial advice) you seldom see aught but Scotsmen, there walked last week a Chinaman and a Swede, a Dane and an Italian, a Swiss, a Greek, a Frenchman, a Hungarian, a Belgian, a Czecho-Slovakian, a German, a Persian. Americans were there. Colonials from Canada, India, Rhodesia, were there; swarthy sons, also, of Spain and of Hayti. Almost all pedagogs, they awaited the gavel-tap of the Rt. Hon. Sir John Gilmour, His Majesty's Secretary for Scotland, indicative of the opening of the second biennial conference of the World Federation of Educational Associations. Founded in the U. S. in 1923 (TIME, July 2, 9, 16, 1923), headed by Dr. Augustus O. Thomas of Maine, this body promotes world peace by congregating, for handshakes, headshakes and joint resolve, the educators of the world.

. . .

To Williamstown

Boston & Maine trains, moseying up the Hoosac Valley to Williamstown, Mass., carried a curious freight this week. In the winter their usual load is milk cans and traveling men; in the spring and autumn milk cans and college boys; in the summer milk cans. But this week big, all-steel specials swept up that dreaming valley, bearing to Williamstown financiers, lawyers, editors, college presidents, diplomats, army and navy officers, savants from all parts of the world, assembling at the invitation of Dr. Harry A. Garfield, President of Williams College, for the annual session of the Institute of Politics.

Among the distinguished gentlemen invited to make that journey were: Count Alexander Skrzynski (pronounced Sh-trin-ski), Polish Minister of Foreign Affairs, who came to the U. S. to deliver two addresses before the Institute on the policy and economics of Poland (see POLAND); Count Antonio Cippico, famed Facist, Italian Senator and friend of Mussolini, to speak on Italy, the Mediterranean area (see ITALY); Robert Masson, French banker who is the virtual head of the Credit Lyonnais and during the War performed much the same service for France that Robert Morris rendered revolutionary America; eloquent Dr. William E. Rappard, member of the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League of Nations; deliberate, scholarly E. F. Gay, onetime (1920-24) President of *The New York Evening Post,* now Professor of Economic History at Harvard; amiable Archibald Cary Coolidge, Editor of *Foreign Affairs;* Sir Frederick Maurice,

equally an author and a soldier; Professor Arnold Toynbee, authority on the Near Eastern question; L. S. Rowe, Director General of the Pan-American Union; Professor Timothy A. Smiddy, Minister of the Irish Free State, and many another.

Large in the discussions of the Institute will figure, as always, such subjects as the problems related to the self-governing dominions of the British Empire, agriculture and population increase, the economic recovery of Europe, mineral resources as a factor in world affairs, limitation of armaments, international justice, inter-American relations, political problems of Europe and the Mediterranean area.

. . .

The Great Trial

"Oh, yes, oh, yes, the Honorable Circuit Court is now open, pursuant to adjournment. Set down, keep quiet." Bailiff Kelso Rice drew his lean neck back into its high celluloid casing, settled his police-man's cap at a rakish angle, stowed a generous "chaw" of tobacco into the recesses of his oral cavity, dragged the spittoon into range with a clatter.

The trial of John Thomas Scopes (TIME, May 18, et seq.) alleged teacher of Evolution, continued at Dayton, Tenn.

Having besought Judge Raulston to quash the indictment brought against Scopes lest it ignite a conflagration of bigotry in the land, and because the act under which it was brought was unconstitutional (TIME, July 20), Lawyer Darrow, shambling, leonin counsel for the defense, next besought His Honor to dispense with, as being prejudicial, the long prayers (by visiting and local Fundamentalist clerics) with which the sessions were being opened. Hot words from the prosecution. Hotter words. In the course of this debate, Attorney General A. T. Stewart snapped at defense-counsel Arthur Garfield Hays: "Willyoupleasekeepyourmouthshut?"

His Honor overruled the objection and evaded another defense suggestion that Modernists be invited to pray. This wrangling occupied a day's sessions.

Then came His Honor's delayed pronouncement upon Darrow's motion to quash. Mr. Stewart had apologized to Mr. Hays and the courtroom tension had lowered, but when Defense-Counsel Malone heard the quasher denied he rightly forecast: "This is going to be a scrap from now on; a knock-down and drag-out."

His Honor denied the quasher on the grounds that the statute under which it was brought was wholly constitutional, technically and by construction and intent. Defense demurred.

The next phase of the case was its crisis. Maintaining that the farmer-jurors, admittedly unfamiliar with the theory of Evolution, were unfit to decide whether or not it "denies *Genesis*" until they had heard an explanation of the theory, the defense sought to put scientific experts on the stand for the farmer-jurors' instruction. At once the prosecution objected. The jurors, who had so far spent most of their time wandering around outside the court house, trying to avoid hearing the loud-spoken radio echoes of arguments within the court over what was and was not fitting for them to hear, were again banished from the scene.

The legal aspects of this introduction of testimony were swiftly forgotten. "General" Ben G. McKenzie, rustic wit of the prosecution counsel, offered his view of Evolution: ". . . they [Evolutionists] want to put words in God's mouth and have Him to say that He issued some sort of protoplasm, or soft dishrag, and put it in the ocean and said: 'Old boy, if you wait about 6,000 years I will make something out of you!"

Attorney General Stewart, reaching his arms heaven-ward, shaking with emotion: "Would they have me believe that I was once a worm and writhed in the dust? . . . I want to go beyond this world!" etc.

William Jennings Bryan, grim, impassioned, breaking a silence of four and a half days with theatrical effect: "The people of this state passed this law, the people of this state knew what they were doing . . . The moment that law became a law anything in these books [indicating the Biology text used by Teacher Scopes] contrary to that law was prohibited . . . The facts are simple, the case is plain, and if these gentlemen [counsel for the defense] want to enter upon a larger field of educational work on the subject of Evolution, let us get through with this case and then convene a mock court, for it will deserve the title of mock court if its purpose is to banish from the hearts of the people the Word of God as revealed."

Noisome applause greeted this oration, but even louder salvos, from auditors of both persuasions, greeted the next speaker, Lawyer Malone of the defense. Adopting Bryan's revivalist technique, yet retaining logic in his argument, Malone pleaded for freedom of the mind, chided Bryan for having given the case its large significance and then having refused —by objecting to scientific testimony —to fight out its deepest implications. Lawyer Malone begged His Honor at least to hear the scientists himself, to discover whether or not their testimony was proper for the jurors to hear.

After drowsing through these speeches, His Honor held with Lawyer Bryan that the only question before the court was to decide whether Teacher Scopes had taught Evolution. Experts would not be needed to come at the truth of that matter. The defense might, if it liked, put its experts on the stand, but only for the purpose of furnishing the record with data for the edification of a higher court.

This was a blow. The prosecution gloated and inquired whether, if such affidavits were read, it would have the right to cross-examine the experts. His Honor said yes. Another blow. The defense decided to withhold its experts and prepare instead a 12,000-word outline of Evolution in the record.

Lawyer Darrow leaped up in fighting mood, shoulders hunched, rocking on his heels.

HIS HONOR: "Yes, sir, always expect this court to rule correctly."

DARROW, crisply: "No, sir, we do not."

Darrow asked why it was that every request of the prosecution was granted and every request of the defense overruled.

HIS HONOR: "I hope you do not mean to reflect on the court."

DARROW, deliberately: "Well, Your Honor has the right to hope."

HIS HONOR: "I have a right to do something else, perhaps."

DARROW: "All right. All right."

But no thunderbolt—citation for contempt—fell then. Court was adjourned over the week-end. The lawyers retired to their respective camps on opposite sides of the valley and bombarded one another with resounding statements to the press. On the Monday when Darrow entered court, he was informed by Judge Raulston: "He who hurls contempt at my court insults the great Volunteer State, . . ." and requested to make bond for $5,000 pending a hearing for "contempt and insult."

That afternoon, however, Mr. Darrow apologized. He said that he had received only courtesy and meant to return the same, that he had spoken in anger. Judge Raulston then forgave him with a Biblical quotation.*

The afternoon's session was held out-of-doors and a great crowd gathered. A treat was had by all. Mr. Darrow called the opposing counsel Mr. Bryan as a witness to prove that the Bible need not be taken literally, questioned him about Jonah and the whale, Joshua and the Sun, whence Mrs. Cain, the Deluge, the Tower of Babel. Mr. Darrow bellowed his purpose to "show up Fundamentalism, to prevent bigots and ignoramuses from controlling education in the U. S." Mr. Bryan shook his fist, roared back his purpose "to protect the Word of God from the greatest atheist and agnostic in the United States."

* "Come unto Me and receive Eternal Life."

An earthquake in California . .

Lincoln Quarberg, United Press manager for Southern California, Frank Bartholomew, United Press staff correspondent, and Thomas F. Kelly, United Press telegraph operator, transmitting the story of the Santa Barbara earthquake from an emergency office of the United Press located in the ruins of a garage.

UNITED

. . or a revolution in Greece —*it's News*

In Santa Barbara—

For 38 hours Tom Kelly, United Press telegraph operator, sat at the corner of a broken table amid the ruins of Santa Barbara and "sent" the story that carried the news of the disaster to United Press newspapers all over the world.

Refusing to accept relief Kelly stuck at his post and the steady, unwearied throb of his sounder beat through the long night following the shock, all the next day and all the next night. At times the earth trembled with the recurrent shocks. Bricks fell. Nearby walls crashed. Twice the emergency "office" had to be moved. Hour after hour Kelly whipped his key as United Press staff men brought in their copy. There were thrilling stories to be written—stories of swift disaster—sudden death and desperate rescue.

Carefully noting the facts, painstakingly searching out the detail, rejecting baseless rumors of tidal waves, looting and disorder, and then with quick, broad strokes painting a vivid word picture of the scene so that all who read might see, United Press men gave the waiting world the story of Santa Barbara.

Antonios Papayannakis, United Press correspondent at Athens, walking with John Metaxas, leader of the Constitutional Party of Greece, near the Parthenon on the Acropolis.

and in Athens, Greece—

A premier fell. A cabinet resigned. A revolutionary dictatorship took its place. Every capital in Europe buzzed.

Four hours before direct dispatches from Athens were received by other newspapers

UNITED PRESS newspapers were giving their readers a full detailed account of the coup. In closest touch with impending events Antonios Papayannakis, United Press correspondent in Athens, had again been far ahead in giving the world the latest news from Greece.

Buy the newspaper that carries the credit-line *By United Press.* There is a United Press newspaper in almost every important city in the world.

PRESS

RELIGION

Condensed

At the triennial convention of the Episcopal Church in New Orleans in October, the following condensed version of the Ten Commandments will be proposed:

1. Thou shalt have none other gods but Me.
2. Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in Heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth; thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.
4. Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath Day.
5. Honour thy father and thy mother.
6. Thou shalt do no murder.
7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
8. Thou shalt not steal.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.
10. Thou shalt not covet.

The reason: "To shorten the service."

. . .

Where There Was Blood

Beyond the pale of theology and over the boundaries of sects lies Herrin, Ill.—and is glad to be there. A man walked out of the town last week, and all Herrin shook hands with itself in delight—not that he had gone, but that he had come. For the man who went away was an evangelist, and Herrin had got religion.

He was a little ex-newspaperman from down Mississippi way. He himself was converted only two and one-half years ago by Gypsy Smith Jr. Said he:

"I have thought it right to go out in the world and sell Christ to others. I am a salesman of Christ and a salesman must know his goods. Here in Herrin, during the last few weeks, hundreds who have hated one another, dozens who have been drunkards and adulterers, scores who have been bootleggers and pistol-toters, crap-shooters and booze hounds have hit the trail. . . .

"Humanly speaking, I would not dare to try to place the blame for Herrin on any individual or organization. It was simply that sin was here and had to be eradicated before the town could be cleaned up. There is only one antidote for sin. That is Christ."

What he said about the gun-toters was literally true. Many of the most notorious got up and "weeping like babes," foreswore their holsters. The sheriff's right-hand man was among the converts. The sheriff himself attended, but did not hit the trail. On the last day, the evangelist called on the 5,000 in the tabernacle to acknowledge the sheriff as the symbol of the Law. Several hundred including men who had a mortal feud with him rushed up and shook the sheriff's hand.

The most vivid account of the event was from one who saw it as Herrin saw it—the editor of *The Herrin News*.

His editorial:

When it comes to giving credit for the pioneer work of guiding us back to normal ushering in the era of good feeling which always follows a social and political upheaval such as has been ours, the name of Howard S. Williams, the little layman-editor-evangelist from Mississippi, will come in for big mention. . . . History will characterize him as the man who persuaded God back to Herrin. That's a mighty strong statement to utter, but not a bit sacrilegious. For if God was anywhere about when we were grabbing at one another's throats a few months ago we don't know where He was hiding.

Modern History does not reveal a community so completely God-forsaken as was Herrin and Williamson County before Williams came. This was a wilderness of hate, a veritable jungle of jealousy. God might have been in His Heaven all the time, but no one was pointing to Him there, and it was not at all well with the world we lived in here; neither was it safe, as 10 widows and some 20 orphans now bear witness. A man on the streets the other day put it well in his rough observation when he remarked, "That fellow Williams would go to Hell to save a soul." And we think that he would almost risk his life in the task.

Practically every business house in the city for the last six weeks has been closing up from 11:30 to 12 o'clock noon for the midday prayer meetings, many of which were held in the principal places of business. In the very room where S. Glenn Young and Deputy Sheriff Ora Thomas staged their final and fatal battle hangs from a coat rack on the spot where Young fell a big poster advertising the Williams meetings. And this historical little cigar store, which is known all over the land by the many pictures published of it, opened its doors at noon along with many other places for a noontime prayer meeting.

The preachers of Herrin cooperated splendidly, save just one, Rev. Story, pastor of the Christian Church. His excuse was that his people had concluded not to join in. However, most all of them attended the meetings regularly and his own family came often. Every other minister in the entire county was in the meeting giving assistance from time to time.

Williams has handed us an accurate compass, and, believing in the brotherhood of man, the fatherhood of God and with that compass pointed to the star of Bethlehem. . . .

. . .

Begin

Death, the Black Pontifex, came last week to Louis Nazaire, Cardinal Begin, Archbishop of Quebec and Catholic Primate of Canada. Magnificent in scarlet stole, guarded by a detachment of the Papal Zouaves, his body lay in the chapel of his palace in Quebec while thousands of those whose souls had been in his custody passed humbly before him, one by one. Then he was carried underground.

. . .

Louis Nazaire was born on a farm near Quebec, won a prize at the University of Montreal, went abroad to be ordained. He studied Hebrew in Rome, went to Innsbruck to learn polity from the Jesuits, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. In Canada he carried on a Holy War against modernism, denounced jazz, dancing, said that cinemas offered "serious dangers, if not approximate occasions, of mortal sin," forbade the clandestine sale of liquors.

. . .

Two Men

The week's news from Italy told of the doings of two men named Ratti:

Achille Ratti, better known as His Holiness Pope Pius XI, received 90 pilgrims from Detroit, addressed them in English.

Enrico Ratti, papal cousin in Milan, was run into by a bicyclist, suffered grievous injuries. The Supreme Pontiff at Rome was notified of the accident.

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.

In 1884

TIME
New York, N. Y.

Madison, Wis.
July 14, 1925.

Sirs:

In your edifying article on Sir William Osler (TIME, July 13, 1925), you say that at the Barrie Grammar School he "threw a cricket ball 115 yd.—' a throw never beaten, at least by an amateur.' " I beg, modestly, to offer a correction. At the field day sports, University of Wisconsin, in 1884, I threw a baseball 384 ft. 1 in., or 39 ft. 1 in. farther than the Osler record. Chicago, Milwaukee and Madison papers of that day published the fact; and before me is a copy of *The Colonel's Daughter*, a novel by Captain Charles King, on the yellowing flyleaf of which the author—now Brigadier General Charles King of Milwaukee—penned the following:

"To O. D. Brandenburg, University of Wisconsin. Souvenir of the longest baseball throw ever made by any collegian. Distance 384' 1". Date 1884. With the regards of his old friend and former member of the faculty."

It is but fair to add that a cricket ball may be very slightly heavier than a baseball, the rule specifying that it must weigh "not less than 5½ oz. nor more than 5¾," while a baseball must weigh "not less than 5 oz. nor more than 5¼." In circumference, the balls are the same. The utmost possible difference of ¼ to ½ oz. in weight should not, I am reasonably sure, noticeably affect throwing distance—at any rate not 39 ft. and over. Probably, with a cricket ball, slightly heavier yet with no more atmosphere resistance, I might have thrown even farther. Field day exercises were held on the old state fair grounds, now Camp Randall, the throw down the level racetrack, on a day devoid of wind, in the presence of a large assemblage. If this record ever has been equaled by amateur or collegian, I never have heard of it. However, unlike young Osler, I never slaughtered a pig with a stone behind the ear, though in boyhood at Baraboo I let fly a potato at a bibulous shoe merchant just as he was turning into a saloon far down the alley, hands crossed behind back; and had he but shut the outer hand opportunely, he would have found himself in unexpected possession of a perfectly good tuber. It is needless to observe that, during the rest of my boyhood, I had to register absent whenever that surprised worthy appeared in the offing.

O. D. BRANDENBURG.

. . .

Unusual

TIME
New York, N. Y.

Chicago, Ill.
July 15, 1925.

Sirs:

In your issue of June 29, Page 19, your statement concerning Emanuel Swedenborg is so fair and illuminating that it moves me to acknowledge the spirit in which it was written.

It is very unusual to find anyone not a professed follower of Swedenborg with so clear an appreciation of his place in history.

EDWIN A. MUNGER.

. . .

"Honest & Strenuous"

TIME
New York, N. Y.

Chicago, Ill.
July 15, 1925.

Sirs:

In your issue of June 1, Page 10, you mention "Karl Radek, notorious Bolshevik propagandist."

When TIME loses enough provincialism to make casual reference to "Calvin Coolidge, notorious economy propagandist," more readers may welcome its honest and strenuous efforts to bale the news.

CARL HAESSLER.

. . .

Overall Pocket

TIME
New York, N. Y.

Pittsburgh, Pa.
July 14, 1925

Sirs:

As a colored man and an Original Subscriber, I am taking the liberty to let you

know that TIME is making its impression among unusual readers. A week ago, a Negro sat down and proceeded to draw out of his overall pocket a copy of TIME and read steadily for over a mile. I finally asked him where he had gotten a copy of TIME and he explained that he subscribed for it, because to him it satisfied his desire for world news better than any other magazine. He was a combination of a fireman and porter in an office building.

I thought this might interest you.

JOHN T. CLARK.

TIME does not consider the humble fireman-porter to be an unusual reader. Fine clothes do not an intellectual make, nor are all men who earn their livelihood by honest toil necessarily dull fellows.—ED.

. . .

Tapir

TIME
New York, N. Y.

New York, N. Y.
July 18, 1925.

Sirs:

On Page 18, July 20 issue, you define the tapir as a pig, thus: "Before the white men lay crackly tidbits of wild tapir (pig)." As this appears under the heading of "Science," a protest seems justifiable. However, you seem to be unnecessarily hard on yourselves in using the subtitle "Dark America."

As a matter of fact, the closest living relatives of the tapir are the horse (cow) and the rhinoceros (giraffe).

HORACE ELMER WOOD II.

As everyone knows, a tapir is no pig. Nor did TIME say that it was. The word (pig) indicated merely that tapir meat much resembles pig in taste.—ED.

. . .

Predicts

TIME
New York, N. Y.

July 19, 1925.
Leonia, N. J.

Sirs:

A friend, with justifiable enthusiasm, has been reading to me from your remarkable magazine. I marvel how, in so small a space, you can give so complete a reflection of current life and thought and yet retain both the depth and the sparkle of it. . . .

. . . I know of nothing else in the periodical line that so much needed to be done and I predict a million circulation for you and that before long.

Will you put me on your subscription list at once, please?

FRANCIS B. ATKINSON.

. . .

Makes a Suggestion

TIME
New York, N. Y.

Paris, France
July 1, 1925.

Sirs:

May I make a suggestion for your cinema department? I would appreciate it very much if you would indicate when a cinema production had been made from a novel. For example, some time ago you ran a review of a film entitled *I Want My Man*. You never suggested where it came from and, had I not met Mr. Struthers Burt personally and learned the facts from him, I should never have known that it was taken from his novel *The Interpreter's House*. In the issue of June 15, Page 13, you review the film *I'll Show You the Town*. I presume that that had been made from Elmer Davis' book by the same name, but you do not suggest that it was.

When one has read a certain novel, he may be interested in seeing a film made from that particular tale; but, as the title is often changed, how is he going to learn the facts unless you give them? I depend upon your column for all the information I have of the cinema world. . . .

I am living abroad, and depend on TIME for my knowledge of American events. TIME and green celluloid eye shades are the only things I have to import from America.

DALE CARNEGIE.

Subscriber Carnegie speaks well. Wherever possible TIME will follow out his suggestion. But it is not always possible: A) often the program fails to indicate from what novel the movie came, B) often the cinematized plot has little-or-nothing in common with the novel.—ED.

. . .

Put Down Six and Carry One—

thought in mind.

* * *

Six new stories appear in the August Fiction Number of Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

For a weekend, a vacation, or a lazy hour in the shade—Scribner's Magazine with these stories:

* * *

"Dottie" by McCready Huston—the best of his many excellent ones; the modern woman and the moody Lucius;

* * *

"The Lost Story" by Clarke Knowlton which holds you by its charm, its imaginative quality, its truth;

* * *

"Closed Roads" by J. Hyatt Downing; a first story by a young man who will be heard from;

* * *

"The Madness of Gamaliel Sevenoaks" by Abbie Carter Goodloe, a tale of rollicking contrast between a New England town and a South Sea Island;

* * *

"A Woman of No Imagination" by Valma Clark in which a new sort of dea ex machina emerges;

* * *

"An Uncharted Course" by Harriet Welles—Mrs. Welles at her best in the navy vein.

* * *

And this last illustrated by Captain John W. Thomason Jr., U. S. Marine Corps, author and illustrator of "Fix Bayonets!" in the June Scribner's Magazine.

But—the August Fiction Number of Scribner's Magazine isn't all fiction.

* * *

There are a dozen other features:

* * *

E. M. East's "Heredity and Sex"; Henry Noble Sherwood's "The State and Religious Teaching."

* * *

(Mr. Sherwood is Indiana's Superintendent of Public Instruction.)

* * *

George M. Harper's "Hardy, Hudson, Housman."

* * *

Col. M. B. Stewart's "Youngsters vs. Oldsters."

* * *

(Col. Stewart is Commandant of Cadets at West Point, so he has the dots on the nation's young men.)

* * *

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* * *

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Ends

TIME
New York, N. Y.

New York, N. Y.
July 18, 1925.

Sirs:

In your issue of July 13, Page 6, reference is made to Governor Smith's birthplace as "beneath the island end of Brooklyn Bridge." Are not both ends of the bridge on islands?

JOHN P. BREE.

Yes, Manhattan Island and Long Island. Alfred E. Smith was born on Manhattan.—ED.

Anchors

TIME
New York, N. Y.

Garden City, N. Y.
July 15, 1925.

Sirs:

Vol. VI, No. 2; Page 7—"The Arrow," par. 2, you say: "up-anchored." Should it not be "upped-anchor?"

ROGER B. WHITMAN.

Either "up-anchored" or "upped anchor" is good usage. There would be no hyphen in the second case, since "anchor" would there be the object of the verb. TIME used "up-anchored" as a compound verb.—ED.

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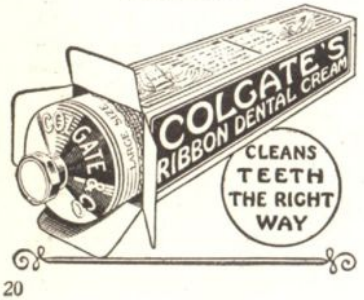

MEDICINE

Cancer

The Lancet. Outside a London newspaper office a crowd gathered last week, at first no more than a small, compact impediment in the current of the Strand's foot passengers, but swelling minute by minute until it bulged, a black protuberance, pulsing with a low, incessant fever and disordering the normal life of the street. Nobody jostled. Men and women stood silent, taken with the sick prescience that infects crowds in the apprehension of some great event —a declaration of war, the birth of a prince.

The event which this extraordinary gathering awaited was the distribution of the latest issue of a medical journal, the *Lancet*. Previous announcements (TIME, July 20), had informed them that in that journal would appear articles by **Dr. W. E. Gye,** a one-time ticket agent, by **Mr. J. E. Barnard,** a prosperous hatter, describing their attempts to isolate the cancer germ. Efforts to obtain advance copies of this gazette by judicious bribing of printers, proofreaders, carriers, had failed. The crowd waited. At 5:30 in the afternoon, the *Lancet* was issued.

. . .

What the Lancet Said. Dr. Gye's report was long and highly technical. It described experiments with the tumors (cancers) of many animals. The conclusions he came to, as reported in the press, are these:

1) That cancer is caused by a virus ultra-minute germ) or group of viruses, and that it is this same virus that produces all kinds of cancers.

2) That the virus alone cannot get a foothold in a living organism and cause cancer.

3) The something else which accompanies the virus when it makes an infection he calls "the specific factor." It is found in extracts from tumors. It may act as an irritant (for chronic irritation is known to promote cancer) or in some similar matter.

4) The peculiar thing about "the specific factor" is that it is apparently the product of the action of the virus growing in a tumor—and it is different for every animal and even for different tissues of the body. So a cancer of any animal, for example, cannot be given to man from an injection of the animal's tumor containing 1) virus and 2 "specific factor" because the "specific factor" is inappropriate. But virus from an animal tumor, and a "specific factor" from a human tumor, will give man tumor.

The Station Agent. Some score of years ago there was a young railroad ticket agent in Derbyshire. He had a great ambition to be a scientist, but he had no money for an education. So he sat and ate out his heart behind a ticket window. His name was Bullock. Young Bullock had a friend named Gye who had some money. Gye liked Bullock and pretty soon Gye died. Having faith in Bullock, he left him a legacy on the condition that he take the name of Gye. So Bullock became Gye. He studied at Edinburgh University under Dr. Bennett, a cancer expert. Then he began research. "For the last two years he hasn't had a holiday—Sundays, Christmas or any other day."

The Hatter. In Jermyn Street there is a hat store and at the head of the store is a hatter who has spent his spare time and recreation studying microscopes. After a dozen years or so he became famed in the scientific profession as a microscopic expert. Dr. Gye came along, who was studying viruses—little germs so small that they cannot be taken out

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of a liquid by the finest filter. He said to the Hatter, whose name was Barnard: "I've got to catch these viruses under a microscope if my experiment is to succeed. Will you do it for me?" And being just about the ablest microscopist in the world, Mr. Barnard did.

The Microscope. The public may not generally realize it, but there is an actual physical limit to the number of times a microscope can enlarge an object. One of the chief factors that determine this limit is the length of the light waves with which an object is seen. The shorter the light rays the greater magnification is possible. Ordinary light waves are about 550 millionths of a millimeter in length and can be used to magnify an object at most 1,500 times. But there are shorter waves (ultra violet) only 275 millionths long that can be used to magnify 3,000 times—but they are not visible.

In 1904 a microscope to use the ultra violet rays was perfected at Jena by a group of German scientists. It had lenses of pure quartz instead of glass. The ultra violet light was provided by an electric spark jumping between two little points of cadmium. And photographic plates were used to catch the invisible light coming up through the lenses with the picture.

The hatter from Jermyn Street learned the high art of using this instrument—a skill so rare that scientists say there is probably no one else in the world who has its equal. Then he made use of his skill.

Dr. Rous' Points. In the U. S. reporters, having heard what the *Lancet* had to report, rushed to Dr. Rous, upon whose work the research of Dr. Gye, of Mr. Barnard, has its foundation. They found him at his home in Southhold, L. I., begged him for an opinion. Said he: "I have as yet read no scientific accounts of the discovery . . . May I make two points? The first is that the reliance of cancer sufferers should still be upon the surgeon. Secondly, there is a great deal of needless suffering because people are afraid of cancer patients. This is unnecessary, as there is no evidence whatever that cancer is transmitted from one person to another. The discovery of the germ, if it has been made, does not alter this fact."

Other Pronouncements. This "I have read no scientific accounts" was typical of the expressions of many scientists in the U. S., in Britain. Pressmen besieged Dr. William Bradley Coley, famed Manhattan cancer surgeon who looks like a man hammered out of white marble—a face of masses rather than lines, chiseled hair. His voice rumbled up out of the depths of is personal stone quarry. Said he: "I have never heard of them. [Gye, Barnard] . . . Even if their discoveries are proved, it does not mean that a cure for cancer will be quickly found."

Said Mr. Herbert W. Carson, surgeon of Harley Street, London: "Don't go wild."

Other non-committal pronouncements were obtained from Dr. Charles H. Mayo at Rochester, Minn.; Dr. Robert Abbe at Bar Harbor, Me.; Drs. Howard Lilienthal and Henry C. Coe, members of the American Society for the Control of Cancer; Dr. Morris Fishbein, Editor of the *A. M. A. Journal;* Dr. Francis Carter Wood, Director of the Institute of Cancer Research, Columbia University; Dr. George A. Soper, Director of the American Society for the Control of Cancer; etc., etc., etc.

Facts About Cancer:

Character. Cancer is multiple in character; its name should be pluralized. It has no relation to venereal disease,

Washington

The Capitol at Washington is a notable example of the beauty of floodlighting. And now the Washington Commission of Fine Arts has concluded one of the most thorough studies of street lighting ever made.

The plan for lighting Washington which the Commission has adopted was prepared by illuminating engineers of the General Electric Company.

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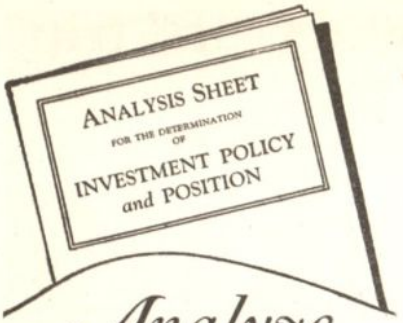

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except that it may arise on the site of a neglected sore. It is not hereditary, not contagious.

Causes. Local irritation of susceptible cells initiate it—a broken tooth which rubs its sharp edges against the tongue, spectacles that chafe the temple, a blow on the breast.

Prevention. It can be checkmated, in its early stages, by deft and thorough operation. If the smallest particle of cancer cell is overlooked, however, the growth will reappear, often in some other part of the body—a cancer of the throat creep down to attack the breast, a cancer of the breast suddenly bulge under the arm.

Symptoms. Any sore that will not heal; any lump that persists in the breast; any unnatural discharge; any continuing indigestion which will not yield to ordinary medical treatment.

Cure. It is occasionally cured by surgery. X-ray operates in a similar manner, destroying the diseased tissue.

Occurrence. It may occur on any part of the body, inside or out. Cancer of the mouth is much more prevalent among men than among women. This is attributed to men's use of tobacco, neglect of their teeth.

Mortality. The latest figures for the U. S. show that cancer ranks sixth among the leading causes of death. The death rate is 89.4 per 100,000, substantially that of nephritis, 90.1, and cerebral hemorrhage and softening of the brain, 90.4; all diseases of middle and advanced age.

At Bath. For further developments, the crowds that gathered outside the drab office of the staid *Lancet*, the similar crowds that would have gathered had the *Lancet* been located in Cleveland, Singapore, Budapest, Rome, Lyons, Tibet or Nome, Alaska—the entire medical profession, and the innumerable, tragic, grey-faced cohorts of the doomed—looked to Bath, England, where Dr. Gye will read a paper before the National Medical Association this week.

. . .

Purified Insulin

Dr. John J. Abel, of Johns Hopkins University, published last week an article, *Researches on Insulin* in a technical journal. He told of purifying and concentrating insulin so that it is several times as effective as the common product, held out hope of obtaining perfectly pure insulin, of learning its chemical constituents (he is inclined to believe it is a sulphur compound) with the possibility of eventually making it synthetically and also of discovering a contributing cause of diabetes mellitus in the absence of certain sulphur compounds from the diet.

SCIENCE

Clamberers

In a certain type of successful small boy there is observed a spirit that cannot brook the presence of a tall tree in front or back yard until he has shinned to its topmost crotch. Among grown men, the same intolerance is manifest where parties of them scramble for the pinnacles of high mountains.

Last week, doughty Canadian and U. S. clamberers under the leadership of Captain A. H. McCarthy, British-Columbian rancher, returned from a successful clamber to the pinnacle of Mount Logan (in the southwestern corner of the Province of Yukon, Canada).

They climbed the steep ascent of Logan, triumphant over gravity, Zero (4° to 32° below), tempests, blizzards, "monstrous ice-cliffs and blocks of fantastic shapes with overhanging masses." Scaling one peak only to find one 600 ft. higher looming beside them, they toiled 1,000 feet down, then hacked footholds up to the true peak. They stood for an hour on a ledge, a yard wide, looking off over a billowing sea of clouds punctured by glacier-streaming peaks. They saw their own shadows moving in a rainbow 19,800* ft. above the seafloors of the world.

Having taken photographs and observations, they clambered down, sore beset by icy hurricanes that seemed blasts of spite from the great peak. Second highest† on the continent, it had never before been scaled.

Digging into the snow by night, mushing painfully on "moderately" frost-bitten feet by day, the clamberers wended down as they had wended up, through their advance camp on a ridge at 18,500 ft. down to a bivouac in Windy Camp, on down through the frosted portcullis of McCarthy Gap to the foot of King Col Massif, to Cascade (Alaska), to Ogilvie Glacier, to Walsh, to Chitina (where bears had robbed their food caches), to Trail End, to Hubrick.

Tired and sore of foot, they there constructed rafts of logs, planks, boxes, and essayed to float down the Chitina River to McCarthy. This feat one raft accomplished without let or hindrance from rock or snag. The other, skippered by Explorer McCarthy, capsized in boiling rapids, left its passengers a 70-mile trudge.

. . .

Six-Wheelers

Six-wheeled motor-trucks, not yet a common sight on the public highway, occupied the attention of California automotive engineers who met last week in Los Angeles.

Engineer Ethelbert Favary pointed out the decrease in road destruction that is obtained by distributing a given

*The height of Mt. Logan as previously ascertained by distant measurement: 19,539 ft.

†Mt. McKinley, highest protuberance upon the North American continent (20,300 ft.), was ascended in 1912 by Hudson Stuck, then Archdeacon of Alaska.

weight over six surfaces instead of four. To save their roads, many states have enacted laws limiting the weight of trucks and the weight of their loads per square inch of tire. Under the California law, 180 5.5-ton four-wheelers would be required legally to carry a load of merchandise that 100 7-ton six-wheelers could handle. The 100 six-wheelers, weighing many tons less than the 180 four-wheelers, would pound up the roads less. They would burn about 1,100 gal. less of gasoline per 100 miles. They would require 80 less wage-earning drivers, to say nothing of costing less at the outset.

• • •

MacMillan

"Slap!" A drowsy man rolled on his side, cursing uncomfortably. "Whack!" Another big mosquito escaped, purring out of hearing only to return like a seaplane disappointed over its landing place. Hordes of his fellows bumbled through the night, making it hideous for the otherwise hardy companions of explorer Donald B. MacMillan sleeping aboard the *S.S. Bowdoin* at anchor in Hopedale harbor, Labrador. Some of the men, their epidermis punctured beyond endurance, clambered to the crows'-nest in vain search of relief.

By day the men of the *Bowdoin* slaved over their vessel's propeller, smashed by floating ice. Hindered by tides, they ultimately accomplished a substitution by placing empty casks under the stern.

The water, which registered 52°, though it had been free of ice only a fortnight (TIME, July 20), was found suitable for hasty plunging, much to the astonishment of gaping Eskimos who, though they gain their living by cruising about in precarious kyaks (canoes), have no skill at natation.

Meantime Lieut. Commander Richard E. Byrd, in charge of the Naval Air Unit assigned as coöperators to MacMillan's expedition to chart unknown polar regions for Science and the National Geographic Society (TIME, June 22 et seq.), reported his plans in detail to Washington:

He would establish an air base between Etah, Greenland (the expedition's intended boat base) and Cape Columbia, Grant Land (intended take-off for flights seeking the Pole and fabulous Crocker Land). Here gasoline, food, a radio-operator, smoke-bombs, an Eskimo and dog (for forced retreat), would be left.

He would send his three planes out, two at a time, on reconnaissance flights before essaying anything "spectacular".

He would rely on sun compasses for navigation, seeing that the Magnetic Pole would be to the south of him and check bearing between planes and ship by radio.

He would further aid his naviga-

A wonderful two years' trip at full pay

—but only men with imagination can take it

ABOUT one man in ten will be appealed to by this page. The other nine will be hard workers, earnest, ambitious in their way, but to them a coupon is a coupon; a book is a book; a course is a course. The one man in ten has imagination.

And imagination rules the world.

Let us put it this way: an automobile is at your door; you are invited to pack your bag and step in. You will travel by limited train to New York. You will go directly to the office of the president of one of the biggest banks. You will spend hours with him, and with other bank presidents.

Each one will take you personally thru his institution. He will explain clearly the operations of his bank; he will answer any question that comes to your mind. In intimate personal conversation he will tell you what he has learned from his own experience.

He will give you at first hand the things you need to know about the financial side of business. You will not leave these bankers until you have a thoro understanding of our great banking system.

When you have finished with them the car will be waiting. It will take you to the offices of men who direct great selling organizations. They will be waiting for you; their time will be at your disposal—all the time you want until you know all you can learn about marketing, selling and advertising.

Again you will travel. You will visit the principal industries of the country. The men who have devoted their lives to production will be your guides thru these plants in Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and in every great industrial center.

Thru other days the heads of accounting departments will guide you. On others, men who have made their mark in office management; on others, traffic experts, and authorities in commercial law and credits. Great economists and teachers and business leaders will be your companions.

The whole journey will occupy two years. It will cost you nothing in income, for your salary will go right along. Every single day you will be in contact with men whose authority is proved by incomes of $50,000, $100,000, or even more.

Do you think that any man with imagination could spend two years like that without being bigger at the end? Is it humanly possible for a mind to come in contact with the biggest minds in business without growing more self-reliant, more active, more able?

Is it worth a few pennies a day to have such an experience? Do you wonder that the men who have had it—who have made this two years' journey—are holding positions of executive responsibility in business everywhere?

This wonderful two years' trip is what the Alexander Hamilton Institute offers you. Not merely a set of books (tho you *do* receive a business library which will be a source of guidance and inspiration thruout your business life). Not merely a set of lectures (tho the lectures parallel what is offered in the leading university schools of business). Not merely business problems which you solve, and from which you gain definite practical experience and self-confidence.

All these—books, lectures, problems, reports, bulletins—come to you, but they are not the real Course. The real Course is the experience of the most successful business men in the country. For two years you live with them. In two years you gain what they have had to work out for themselves thru a lifetime of practical effort.

Send for this famous book

If you are the one man in ten to whom this page is directed, there is a book which you will be glad to own. It is called "Forging Ahead in Business."

If you have read this far, and if you are at least 21 years of age, you are one of the men who ought to clip the coupon and receive it with our compliments.

The car is waiting; step in

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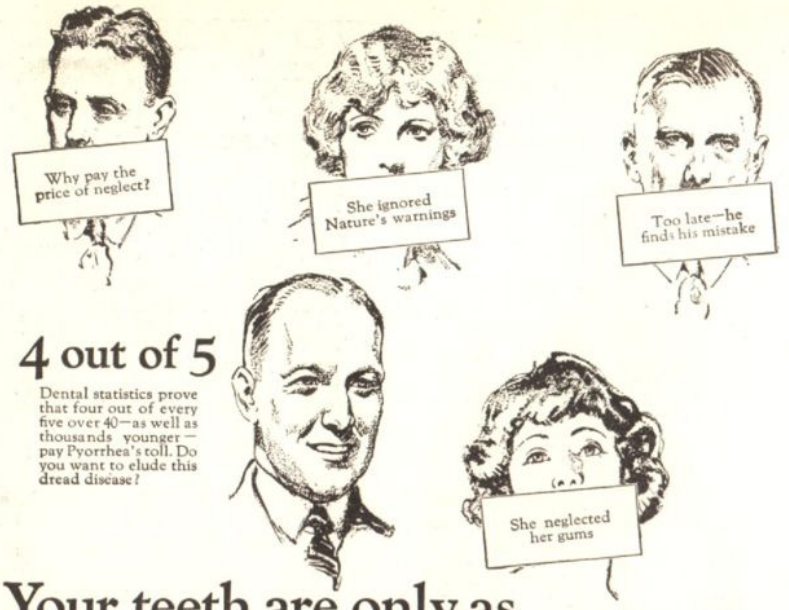

4 out of 5

Dental statistics prove that four out of every five over 40—as well as thousands younger—pay Pyorrhea's toll. Do you want to elude this dread disease?

Your teeth are only as healthy as your gums

The gums are the keys to health. You must keep them firm, strong and healthy or your teeth will begin to loosen and eventually come out. This is one of the penalties of Pyorrhea.

But there are others even worse. Pus pockets form and generate poisons that drain through the whole system, causing rheumatism, neuritis, anaemia, indigestion and other diseases.

Don't wait for tender, bleeding gums to warn you of Pyorrhea's coming. Ward it off by going to your dentist regularly and using Forhan's For the Gums twice a day.

This safe, efficient, pleasant-tasting dentifrice counteracts the effects of harmful bacteria, hardens soft, tender gums, keeps them sound, firm and pink. Furthermore, it cleans and whitens the teeth and keeps the mouth fresh, clean and wholesome.

Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start brushing your gums and teeth once a day with Forhan's.

It is a preparation of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

tors by having them drop, as they fly, minims of potassium permanganete upon the ice-floes. The purple stains moisture would make of these droppings would be readily visible trail-blazers from quite a height, providing no snow fell.

He would allow only two persons in each plane on extended flights, at least one person out of the four traveling in a pair of planes being a skilled mechanic.

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Eastman, Akeley

Presidents have sought game in the wildernesses of the earth, so have Presidents' sons, and frontiersmen, and sportsmen—but rarely have retired manufacturers.

George Eastman, famed maker of kodaks, is in a fair way to set a precedent. Recently he retired from the presidency of his company to gain a "more detached view of life." He planned a visit to Alaska. That is being carried out this summer.

But he is going even further afield. It was announced last week that he would go on a hunting expedition with the famed hunter Carl Akeley into the interior of Africa.

The expedition will start early next year. Mr. Akeley is going, not for mere sport as some hunters go, but to collect museum specimens. He will sail for Africa before the New Year. In March the remainder of the party—including Mr. Eastman—will follow. They will start from Mombasa and travel into the hinterland 24 hours by rail to Nairobi. Six months will be spent in the great game country, where Theodore Roosevelt hunted elephants, hippopotami, rhinoceri, lions, leopards, zebras, giraffes, antelopes and gazelles in 1909. This is Mr. Akeley's fifth trip to the same region. Guns, cameras and scientific eyes will be brought to bear upon African fauna and flora in the interests of Science.

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Short Waves: Long View

"Obsolete." That is the great word of forward-thinking scientists, scientific entrepreneurs, manufacturers of popular scientific inventions. "Obsolete." A new, bigger, better, cheaper product is at hand.

Yet there seemed to be some color in that familiar word as pronounced last week by William Dubilier, President of the Dubilier Condenser & Radio Corporation of New York. He contended that the perfection of short-wave radio devices, by definition consumptive of less power and hence of less capital, would soon render "the million-dollar high-power radio-broadcasting stations

obsolete." Sailing for Europe, Manufacturer Dubilier took with him low-power radio equipment which he estimated as requiring 1/4,000 the power of such long-wave stations as KDKA (Pittsburgh), WJZ (New York), KPO (San Francisco), CFCA (Toronto).

For precedent and seeming proof, Manufacturer Dubilier had the reported performance of short-wave sets taken into the Far North by Explorer Donald B. MacMillan (TIME, July 6 et seq.), which their operators last week declared would (perhaps) reach every properly equipped station in the entire world.

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The Hunter's Sons

Eastward of where the Great Pamir Mountains sprawl their bony length between Bokhara and Chinese Turkestan, two sons of a great hunter trudged the Takla Makan Desert, daily scanning the corrugated horizon for sight of an ancient market city, Yarkand, where they would rest their legs and true their sights before going up in the hills to slay creatures whose existence had brought them half way around the world.

© *Paul Thompson*

KERMIT

"I have laid plans for Indian rhinoceros"

Wrote Kermit Roosevelt from Kashmir: "I have laid plans for Indian rhinoceros, which I hope and believe will materialize. When next I write I hope I shall have an ovis poli [Marco Polo's sheep] to report."

Theodore Roosevelt Jr. wrote of how the caravan—financed by Merchant James Simpson of Chicago for the Field Museum (TIME, Mar. 16, 30)—had been split in two, to enable George K. Cherrie to linger behind, shooting, skinning, curing rare specimens of smallish game.

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In Alabama

Next year there will be a new lake in the state of Alabama. Engineers are now constructing giant harness for the Tallapoosa River which, when reined in, will be called Cherokee Bluffs Lake, a body impounding 530,000,000,000 gal. of water and having a 700-mile shore line. The bits and bridles to govern so much potential power were told about last week by the General Electric Co. at Schenectady, N. Y.: three electric generators, each driven by a 45,000-h.p. water-wheel turbine. Alabama industry will point proudly to the largest power units in the South, the second largest* in the country.

*Largest: The 70,000-h.p. units at Niagara.

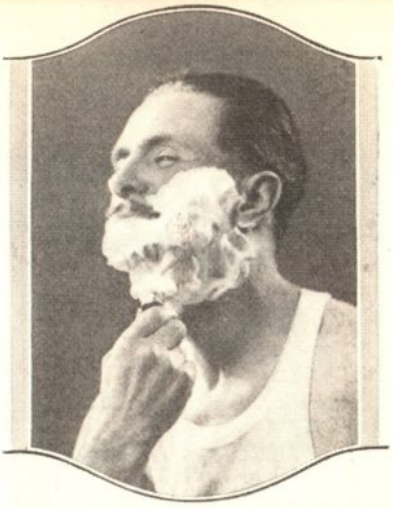
$1,000.00 IN PRIZES

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



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BUSINESS & FINANCE

Current Situation

Stocks and bond prices are high, commodity prices are in general firm or else rising, business activity increases. If affairs follow precedent, the fall should see larger advances of credit for commercial purposes, increased output, a stronger general price level and higher interest rates. The latter, together with a scarcer supply of credit, will presumably turn the stockmarket.

. . .

Market Decline?

Col. Leonard P. Ayres of Cleveland is an admirable prophet. Employing no mysteries or obscure language, he states not only what he thinks of the future, but also why. Thus the reader of his predictions can judge not only his conclusions, but also his methods of arriving at them.

Col. Ayres believes that the long-continued advance in securities prices will be brought to an end within the next few months. Pointing out that bond prices are now higher than they have been for eight years, and that average industrial stock prices are higher than ever before, the Colonel declares that this situation has resulted from easy credit rather than from high current earnings or brilliant prospects, and that therefore rising interest rates this fall will call a halt to it.

As proof of this view, Col. Ayres has charted since 1890 the average yields on 60 high-grade bonds and the current rates prevailing for 90-day "time money" on security collateral, as well as the average price for industrial stocks. As a rule, he discovers that stock prices have risen during periods when time rates were lower than bond yields, and have fallen when time rates were higher than yields.

Recently, time rates have been considerably below bond yields, but with a tendency of late months to seek a common level. Col. Ayres believes that in the fall, with heavier commercial demands for money, time rates will rise. And this, he concludes, will result in a decline in both bond and stock prices.

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Resuscitated

On July 3, as everyone knows, the firm of Dean, Onativia & Co., stock and grain brokers, were placed in a receivership, with liabilities of about $36,000,000 and assets of about $35,000,000. Because of the size of liabilities, the insolvency was declared to be a record for size on the New York Stock Exchange.

The receivership has lasted only a little over two weeks. No suspicion of illegal or unethical practices has existed, the insolvency having been plainly caused by a shrinkage in value in the firm's assets, notably in its holdings of stock in the Rosenbaum Grain Corporation.

By an appeal to the creditors and customers of the firm, new capital to the extent of $2,750,000 has been raised, thus placing the concern in a strong financial position.

The next question faced by the "insolvent" has been in connection with resuming business. This involves readmission to the several stock and commodity exchanges from which the firm was suspended on notice of its insolvency. It is not anticipated that any great difficulties will be experienced here, even in the case of the New York Stock Exchange, although official technicalities might take a few days.

The case of the firm is said to have established a record on the New York Stock Exchange for quick and complete resuscitation after insolvency.

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Food Prices

The Department of Labor made public a report on the trend of food prices in the country as a whole. In June they were greater than a year earlier, 58.5% greater than 12 years earlier.

. . .

Auto Insurance

About three quarters of the purchasers of automobiles pay for them on credit over the course of the following

87 Years of Service and Growth

is the impressive record back of

Louisville Gas and Electric Company

Net earnings for the 12 months ended May 31, 1925, showed increase of over 12%.

Let us explain the attractive investment features of the Company's new

Class A Common Stock

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year. The theoretical risk to the sellers has led progressive Walter P. Chrysler to adopt a plan whereby each purchaser of a Chrysler car will automatically receive a fire and theft insurance policy on it. The cost of the insurance is included in the price of the car. Thus not only is the owner protected, but also the maker. The idea has also appealed strongly to the General Motors Corporation, who are said to favor its adoption on their enormous output.

In many states, however, insurance companies are supervised by the state government, insurance salesmen are licensed. In New York State especially is this the case. Mr. Chrysler's plan leaves it to the automobile salesmen indirectly to sell insurance, thus cutting into business formerly sought and held by licensed local companies. The practice also nullifies the power of state insurance supervisors. Accordingly, in New York State, both the State Superintendent of Insurance and the local insurance companies are up in arms against Mr. Chrysler's scheme.

The State Superintendent has already ruled against it, while prominent New York insurance brokers and underwriters protest on the ground that it deprives the insuring public of the privilege of selecting the insurance company and the terms under which the contracts are written.

The Chrysler Corporation's insurance is to be handled by the Palmetto Fire Insurance Co. of Sumter, S. C. If it were split up among other companies, much of their present opposition would probably disappear.

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Equitable Life

For several years the Equitable Life Assurance Co. has been endeavoring to change itself from a stock company to a mutual organization without stock and controlled by its policyholders.

Originally, the Equitable Life was capitalized at only $100,000, the minimum provided for by New York State law. At first the shares were distributed among its directors for the most part; subsequently, they became concentrated in individual hands, and control of the Company passed in rapid succession from Henry B. Hyde to James Hazen Hyde to Thomas F. Ryan to the elder J. P. Morgan and finally to T. Coleman du Pont. Mr. Ryan placed stock in the hands of trustees for the benefit of the policyholders, and subsequent owners followed his example.

Ever since 1917, the Company as well as its policyholders have desired to acquire all the stock, and in that year General du Pont agreed to turn over his stock to trustees. In February, 1918, all but 23 shares were obtained, trusteed and a "plan of mutualization" was practically accomplished.

Recently, the last eight shares were

Of One Mind in Their Choice of Investments

though they live in all parts of the world

From a missionary in YUNG CHUN, CHINA: "Your long history of safety and of honorable dealings with your clients gives one a feeling of security that is not at all diminished by the 10,000 miles intervening between your office and my domicile."

From PARIS, FRANCE, a U.S. diplomatic official writes: "My own experience, both while living in the middle west of the United States and since I have been living in Paris, has demonstrated to my complete satisfaction the possibility and practicability of investing by mail."

From a woman in JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA: "The purchase of a bond from you was made just as conveniently from this distance of about 10-000 miles via the mail route as if I had been in Washington."

From a pastor in JUNEAU, ALASKA, we receive this message: "Permit me to say a word in expression of complete satisfaction experienced in the purchase of bonds from your house by mail. . . . I expect to invest at least $5,000 in your bonds just as rapidly as I can make the savings."

From an investor in BRATISLAVA, CZECHO-SLOVAKIA: "I am more than pleased with the conduct of your house and the protection given to your clients, and can say with satisfaction that distance offers no handicap to your service."

Investors in 48 States and 30 foreign lands have put their money into Smith Bonds

WHEN investors in all parts of the world, in steadily increasing numbers, turn to one specific form of investment, there must be a definite reason, and a sound reason, for their choice.

Thousands of men and women, in every State in the United States and in 30 countries and territories abroad, have put their money into Smith Bonds. The reason for their choice is the foundation principle of investment success—*safety*. Behind these bonds is our record of *no loss to any investor in 52 years.*

And proven safety is only one advantage. The interest return on Smith Bonds—now 7%—is the highest consistent with the strong protection which these investments afford. Moreover, our Investment Savings Plan enables you to put odd sums of money into these safe bonds, and get 7% interest on every payment. Even as little as $10 a month can now earn 7%.

7% SMITH BONDS are First Mortgage Bonds, strongly secured by improved, income-producing city property, and protected by time-tested safeguards. Through serial maturities, the margin of security for investors in Smith Bonds is constantly increased.

Smith Bonds are sold in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, and in maturities from 2 years to 15 years. Under our Investment Savings Plan, after an initial payment of 10%, you have 10 months to complete your purchase on any terms convenient to you.

Mail the coupon today for our two booklets, "Fifty-two Years of Proven Safety" and "How To Build an Independent Income," telling the facts you will want to know about Smith Bonds and explaining our Investment Savings Plan.

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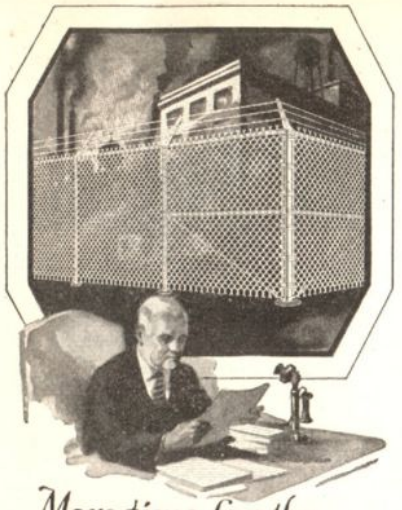

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PROPERTY·PROTECTION·PAYS

acquired from one Jennie R. Morse. The board of directors, receiving the final report of the trustees, terminated the trust and retired the total capital stock. By this action, absolute control of the Equitable's assets is turned over to the policy-holders, and the enterprise is now a complete mutual organization without capital stock.

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Radio Industry

For several reasons the radio industry has of late been depressed. The business is seasonal to a great extent, owing to lack of interest in holding front-parlor concerts during summer, when other attractions intervene. Sales of equipment have regularly slumped over the summer and recovered in the winter.

Furthermore, producers of receiving equipment surpassed even the surprising demand last winter, and piled up this spring large inventories. Finally, the dull and uninspiring flood of stuff poured out on the air by many stations last season threatened permanently to impair interest in radio concerts; here, too, it is now felt that mistakes of the past will not be allowed to recur in the future, at least to the same extent.

Meanwhile, consolidation of small into large companies is steadily occurring, with stronger interests in control. The outlook, therefore, indicates that both production and sales of equipment will come under the management of fewer and more expert hands, with a corresponding gain in stability. The better programs problem has not yet been solved.

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Construction

Construction so far this year has been a pleasant surprise to most students of business. According to the statistics on contracts awarded, compiled by the F. W. Dodge Co.—a recognized barometer* of building activity—June building totaled $540,609,600, or only $7,000,000 short of the hgh monthly record established last April. This figure for June represents an increase of 9% over the preceding May, and a 40% increase over June, 1924. In the first six months of 1925, building totaled $2,660,173,700—or $338,000,000 more than for the similar period of 1924.

In June amounts expended were for the following purposes:

Residential purposes.....	$208,582,500	(39%)
Public works and utilities	$92,915,700	(17%)
Commercial buildings.....	$92,151,000	(17%)
Educational buildings....	$64,584,800	(12%)
Industrial buildings.....	$25,161,400	(5%)

* The Dodge reports cover about seven eighths of the total construction volume of the country. Building during June in New York State and northern New Jersey amounted to $121,996,500—58% of the total reported for the month by Dodge and about 50% of the total construction of the country.

SPORT

Boxing

Dempsey. Last week, Heavyweight Champion William Harrison Dempsey signed a contract with promoter Tex Rickard to fight two bouts with whomsoever Rickard should select—one bout this year, one next He agreed to post a "good faith" guarantee of $100,000. His first opponent will be Gene Tunney, pretty onetime marine, George Godfrey, Philadelphia Negro, or Jack Renault, lumberjack-in-the-box. Then, if not defeated, he will face patient Harry Wills. "Will you retire if you beat Wills?" asked a reporter. Said Dempsey: "Not me! I'm going to fight until somebody knocks me from under the gilded kelly . . . Say, I wish I was as fresh as the day I took Willard! Boy! A dollar a dozen the kind that is around now if I was like I was that day."

Depressing. When Lightweight Champion Benny Leonard retired from the ring (TIME, Jan. 26) in order to sooth the declining years of his mother, the New York Boxing Commission proclaimed a tournament to see who should succeed him. Two men reached the finals. This couple—one James Goodrich (Buffalo), one Stanislaus Loayza (Chile)—fought a depressing bout last week on Long Island. In the first round, Goodrich walked over to the Chilean, hit him in the face with his right fist. Loayza fell down, got up again. Goodrich hit him in the face with his right fist, etc. This operation was continued without relief for three interminable minutes. "Goodrich tires," yelled a hopeful voice from the cheap seats. But Goodrich did not tire. In the second round, he repeated his merciless operations, when suddenly Loayzo began to hop about on one foot with the deranged, sickening absurdity of one whose mind and nerves have become disconnected. A towel flew from his corner; medical examination revealed that his ankle had been fractured. The decision, the World's Lightweight Championship, went to Goodrich.

Disgraceful. A crowd in Newark, N. J., hooted and jeered. Ringside humorists expressed the idea that they had come to see a boxing match, not a pillow fight between a couple of room-mates. In the center of the ring Paul Berlenbach, cloudy-faced Light Heavyweight Champion, stood with his huge arms around Tony Marullo, New Orleans fondler. Now and then they stepped apart, dealt each other coy fillips. The referee warned the fighters against petting. They did not heed. Customers' catcalls grew louder. At length the referee

ended the disgraceful scene, ordered both from the ring.

Darling. In Paris last week, patient Harry Wills was lionized, called "The Black Prince," "The Darling of Montmartre," showered with confetti, etc.

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Death

Pancho Villa, flyweight boxing champion of the world, lay last week on an operating table in San Francisco while a surgeon dug at a hideous infected sore which gaped under the teeth of his lower jaw. The thing had begun as a toothache a few days before July 4—the day on which Villa had been scheduled to fight James McLarnin at Oakland, Calif. People at the ringside could see a visible swelling along his chin as he rode McLarnin's punches. A doctor had shot his face with cocaine to dull the pain. Some teeth were pulled before the fight, more after it; the infection crept along the bone like a spark in lint. With thrusting, angry precision—three times more exigent than speed—the surgeon dug at the small heavy jaw in vain. A bubble caught in Villa's throat; he writhed, coughed; a harsh respiration left him. He was dead.

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Four children were born, during the early years of the century, to a Mr. and Mrs. Rafael Gellido, natives of the Philippines. Their married life, however, was not happy. One day Mrs. Gellido marched from her husband's home, never to return. She took her son Francisco, a tough little boy of 6. The abandoned Gellido came to the U. S.

Some dozen years later, a young customs official with a sporting turn, one Frank Churchill, saw a tiny Filipino pummel a gigantic stevedore unconscious in the back room of a Manila bar. "Little Pancho Villa," said Churchill (thinking of a certain bandit who had twiddled his fingers at General Pershing in Mexico), "how you can sock." He adopted the youth, taught him how to put one foot behind the other and hit with one hand at a time.

Meanwhile Rafael Gellido was earning his bread in the Barber Asphalt Works at Perth Amboy, N. J. A fellow earner told him about a fighter he had seen at a local arena, showed Gellido a picture of this marvel—one Pancho Villa. "Madre de Dios," cried Rafael, "he looks the same like me." A meeting was arranged.

"Your madre—was she name Augustine?" shyly asked Rafael of the famed pugilist.

"Sí!" replied the other.

"Then look good at me—I am Rafael, your popa," said Gellido.

Villa gave his parent $500, told him to leave the asphalt business. As he made more, he gave away more—to his popa, to his loves, friends, servitors. The glitter of a brave color always won his heart; he bought regiments of silk shirts, closets of fine suitings—tired of them in a week, gave the shirts to the bellboy, the suits to whomever passed. He trounced blond Kid Willams, backed up the murderous Bobby Wolgast, fought three bouts with speedy Frankie Genaro. Twice Genaro defeated him, but Pancho battered Jimmy Wilde, England's "Mighty Atom" (TIME, June 25, 1923), gained the flyweight championship of the world. When he trained he hired a jazz orchestra, conducted it in person, hiring his own ukelele players, discharging them at his whim. Once he composed a serenade. Of the $200,000 which he earned with his good fists, he spent $190,000; he studied no lessons, cared not a whit where we are drifting. Yet of him said Governor General Leonard Wood: "He has done much for the Philippines." Said Rafael Gellido: "He was a good boy."

. . .

"Pepper" Martin. Having thus taken a gallant flyweight, Death laid a bleak forefinger on the throat of

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.

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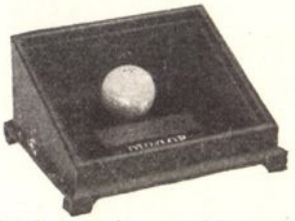

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Vincent ("Pepper") Martin, stopped his breath. Martin—a boring, windmill, hell-for-leather youth—first came to fame as a bantamweight, put on weight, entered the junior lightweight division. A fortnight ago he was beaten by Mike Ballerino, Junior Lightweight Champion. During the bout he whispered to his handlers that he had a pain in his chest. He was defeated, went to a hospital with pneumonia, was defeated again.

. . .

Golf

Western Amateur. Last week at Detroit a bright-gleaming comet flashed across the golfing firmament, followed by a heavy shower of falling stars.

In the qualifying round of the Western Amateur Championship, dextrous Dexter Cummings of Onwentsia (Lake Forest, Ill.), onetime Intercollegiate Champion (1923, 1924), bore witness to his manhood (last month he was graduated by Yale University) by bashing his way around the 6,780-yard Lochmoor links in 68 strokes. After a good night's sleep, he strode forth again and bashed out a 70—138 for 36 holes, a "world's record" for tournament play.

Soon the dirge that is sung (superstitiously) for all medalists, went up. Russell Martin of Chicago dogged Dexter in his first-round match, let him beat himself with three putts at the 18th green.

The dirge swelled and another wake was held at the 19th green, where, of two birdie 3's almost in hand, one fluttered away from defending-Champion Harrison ("Jimmy") Johnston, sandy St. Paulian, and the other nestled in the cup at the cunning behest of rugged Rial Rolfe, former University of Illinois golf captain.

And still they fell in those first and second rounds: deliberate Rudolph Knepper, demon putter of recent Princeton teams, before one L. L. Bredin of Detroit; Chick Evans, onetime monarch of the West, before L. E. Bunning, stout-hearted Chicago business man; James Manion and then Eddie Held, the prides of St. Louis, before Keefe Carter, Oklahoma boy-champion.

Evans may well have marked this Carter wistfully, a lad whose 19 summers nearly matched Evans' age (18) when he won his first Western Amateur title in 1909. And Mrs. Carter, trudging faithfully in the galleries, may well have felt her maternal bosom rapturously expand. Her slight son, unruffled by high winds, undismayed by sodden turf, continued ticking off pars, eliminated Rolfe, then Fred Lamprecht (intercollegiate champion). In the final, the Cummings-conquering Martin had Carter in hand for 18 holes, no more. Three down as he munched his lunch, Carter recovered with a rush, won the title 3 and 2.

Georgia Amateur. The Georgia Amateur Championship, always a contest between South Georgians used to sand greens and North Georgians raised on grass, was played last week in Columbus, in West Georgia. There the greens are of sleek herbage. There last week North Georgians filled three fourths of the semi-final bracket and all of the finals. With a theatrical flourish, 18-year-old Gene Cook of Atlanta won the title from redoubtable Watts Gunn, his clubmate. The B. Jones who reached the semi-final was Benjamin, of Druid Hills Club, Atlanta, and not chubby Robert Tyler Jones Jr., North Georgia's super-golfer. The latter, together with able Perry Adair of Atlanta, busies himself with his bond-selling between tournaments of national scope.

. . .

At Atlantic City

Oxford and Cambridge having suffered defeat in Massachusetts at the hands of Harvard and Yale (TIME, July 20), took a new lease on life, journeyed to New Jersey, defeated Princeton and Cornell 9⅓ to 2⅔ on track and field. Douglas G. A. Lowe and Lord David Burghley, both of Cambridge, led the scoring with two victories. If the scoring had been by the U. S. system (counting first, second and third places 5-3-1) instead of by the English system (counting firsts only) it would have added up to 66½-44½.

. . .

Tennis

At St. Louis. It is not good manners to yell at a tennis match—not etiquette to jostle ladies in the stands, to jump upon seats, toss cushions, straw hats into the air. Yet that is what a crowd did at St. Louis last week and, curiously enough, its indecorum was too inevitable to be reprehended. For 4½ sets Champion William T. Tilden II had been playing George M. Lott, young Chicagoan, for the U. S. Clay Court Championship. The former had been a trifle below form, while Lott had played a glittering, trenchant game, won the first set, the third set, and brought the score to 4 all in the fifth and deciding set of the match. Then it was that Tilden threw down the balls he had been about to serve with and lifted a lean face, whittled leaner by anxiety and irritation, toward the yelling, jostling hooligans in the stands. The umpire besought order; the noise dwindled; again the sping-spung of balls became audible. Lott took the ninth game; the crowd did not whisper now. With wracking caution, Tilden brought the score to deuce. Another game for Lott. Then a sweeping, irresistible rally, three games, the match, for Tilden.

At Brookline. Little men have the name of being compact with greater endurance than big men. It is not always the case. Last week Gerald L. Patterson of Australia, a tall and sturdy fellow whose white flannels are better tailored, whose blazer is gaudier, than those of any other gentleman in tennis, indulged in an endurance test with wiry Takeichi Harada of Japan, discomfited him, 5—7, 7—5, 3—6, 6—3, 6—1, to win the Longwood Bowl.

Miss Wills, playing in her first Eastern tournament of the year, showed all the poise and bright rhythm that have

made her, at 19, the women's singles champion of the U. S. She defeated Mrs. Marion Z. Jessup for the Longwood title, 7—5, 6—2. Once Mrs. Jessup was within a point of taking a set. She whacked a speedy forehand into the left corner of the court—a beautiful passing shot. Two of the linesmen looked at each other with a mute, sleepy question. They called it out.

The Australians Patterson and Hawkes took the doubles from Malcolm Hill and Henry Johnson. In an exhibition doubles match, Miss Wills and Miss Mary K. Browne were beaten by Miss Eleanor Goss and Miss Elizabeth Ryan. The last player, home from England, had not played tennis in the U. S. for 13 years.

At Glen Cove, L. I. U. S. tennis players do not attach much importance to doubles. Britishers, intrigued by the leisured amenity of this form of play, concentrate upon it. The Oxford-Cambridge tennis team, playing at the Nassau Country Club, had no difficulty in taking the doubles matches from a bounding pair from the University of California. The latter won four singles matches, the tournament.

At Sea Bright, N. J. The English youths retaliated, beating a Princeton-Williams team summarily. One John Van Ryn, Princeton freshman, scored a lone victory for the U. S.

. . .

Sea Birds

A sea-gull or two, poised over the ridged seas that beleaguer Scotland, were puzzled last week by a pair of inexplicable water-fowl—larger, whiter, sleeker than they—which never rose into the air, but skirted the wave-tops, their wings petitioning the wind. Through a calm off Bogany Land, round a buoy at Kerry Croy, on the tumbled reach to Blackhouse, one of these birds was always in front of the other. That one was the *Lanai*, U. S. six-metre boat, sailed by Sherman Hoyt, famed Long Island yachtsman.

The other, luffing, jibbing, stepping in and out of the seas in a staunch but hopeless attempt to sail under Hoyt's lee, was the Scotch boat *Coila III*, defending the Seawanhaka Cup, which was won 30 years ago by a British six-metre boat, never regained for the U. S. until a salute-gun boomed, a flag broke out from the staff in front of a yacht club, the *Lanai* crossed the line, left the sea to the toiling *Coila III*, the windy clanging of the gulls.

. . .

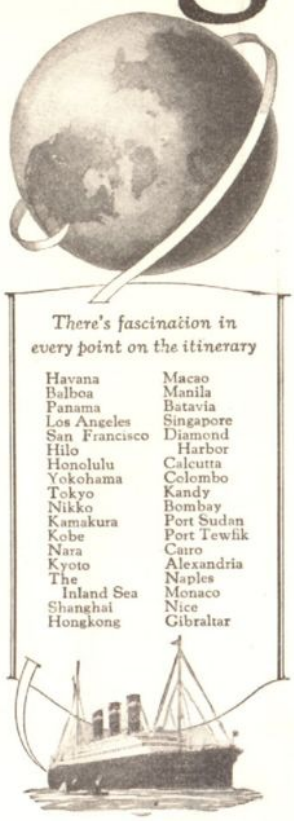
New World's Records

220-yard dash, for women: Elizabeth Nelson of Pasadena; time, 27 1/5 sec.; at San Francisco.

Running broad jump: Helen Filkey of Chicago; 17 ft. ½ in.; at San Francisco.

Belgenland

World Cruise



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MILESTONES

Engaged. William Hoppe, 37, one-time (1908-21, 22-24) world's professional 18.2 balkline (billiards) champion, to Miss Dorothy Dowsey, actress, of Manhasset, L. I. His divorce will become final next week.

. . .

Engagement Denied. Miss Helen Wills, U. S. Women's Tennis Champion (1923-24), to Gerald Stratford, University of California student, 1925 National Intercollegiate Doubles Tennis Champion (TIME, July 6, SPORT).

. . .

Engagement Denied. Miss Mary Eaton, musical comedy actress, to Boxer Georges Carpentier, "gorgeous orchid man of France." Said she: "Preposterous . . . he is married and has children."

. . .

Died. Francisco Gellido (Pancho Villa), 24, flyweight boxing champion of the world; in San Francisco, following an operation on his throat (see Page 29).

. . .

Died. Vincent ("Pepper") Martin,

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Critics and champions alike will answer "The Fetish of Force", which is a brilliant feature of

FORUM

August

Edited by HENRY GODDARD LEACH

35c at news stands by the year $4

27, junior lightweight boxer; in Long Island City, of pneumonia.

. . .

Died. Mrs. Elsie H. White, wife of U. S. Treasurer* Frank White; in Washington, D. C., of cerebral hemorrhage.

. . .

Died. E. W. Wagner, 60, Chicago stockbroker; in Chicago, of a fall from a 15th-story window. In 1921, his firm (E. W. Wagner & Co., of Chicago and Manhattan) failed for $10,000,000, for which 30 indictments were still standing against him, in addition to seven brought since.

. . .

Died. Louis Nazaire Cardinal Begin, 85, Archbishop of Quebec, Catholic primate of Canada; in Quebec, of uremia followed by paralysis.

*The Treasurer of the U. S. is the officer actually in charge of receipts and disbursements from the Treasury, the redeeming of bank notes, etc. He acts also as trustee or custodian of many Government trust funds such as the bonds securing bank notes, the bonds securing postal savings, etc. His signature passes daily through every one's hands, printed on nearly every piece of paper money. His predecessors in the last 25 years have been John Burke (1913-21), C. A. Thompson (1912-13), Lee McClung (1909-12), Charles H. Treat (1905-09), E. H. Roberts (1897-1905). The office has been in existence since 1775, almost 14 years before the Constitution went into effect.

POINT with PRIDE

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

White flannels better tailored . . . a blazer gaudier. (Page 30, column 3.)

A certain type of successful small boy. (P. 22, col. 3.)

A red-letter day for the Rhineland . . . many steins. . . . ((P. 9, col. 1.)

The gavel-tap of the Rt. Hon. Sir John Gilmour. (P. 14, col. 3.)

A portly and proper small-town jeweler. (P. 14, col. 1.)

A font at which George was said to have been baptized. (P. 7, col. 3.)

The second largest power units in the country. (P. 25, col. 2.)

An idea that appealed strongly to the General Motors Corporation. (P. 27, col. 1.)

Six-wheeled motor trucks. (P. 22, col. 3.)

A porter and a fireman. (P. 19, col. 1.)

Droners, groaners, ululators, glouglouteurs, etc. (P. 13, col. 1.)

North Carolinians booming their state. (P. 13, col. 1.)

VIEW with ALARM

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

Drunkards, adulterers, bootleggers . . (Page 18, column 1.)

A crowd in Newark hooting and jeering. (P. 28, col. 3.)

Fire sweeping through a garage . . . (P. 6, col. 3.)

A crowd in St. Louis that jostled ladies, jumped upon seats. . . . (P. 30, col. 3.)

The innumerable, tragic, grey-faced cohorts of the doomed. (P. 22, col. 2.)

A slimily painted, bloated woman, with a slightly dirty-looking face and a rather nasty sensual expression. (P. 12, col. 2.)

A foppish little Marquis. (P. 8, col. 3.)

A lean face, whittled, leaner by anxiety. (P. 30, col. 3.)

A tangle of love, libertines and the pursuit of happiness. (P. 14, col. 2.)

A club grounded in a hazard behind a ball. (P. 6, col. 3.)

Hordes of his fellows bumbling through the night. (P. 23, col. 1.)

A hideous infected sore . . . a surgeon thrusting, digging. (P. 29, col. 1.)

An "innocent game" with an old false-toothed witch in her carriage." (P. 14, col. 1.)

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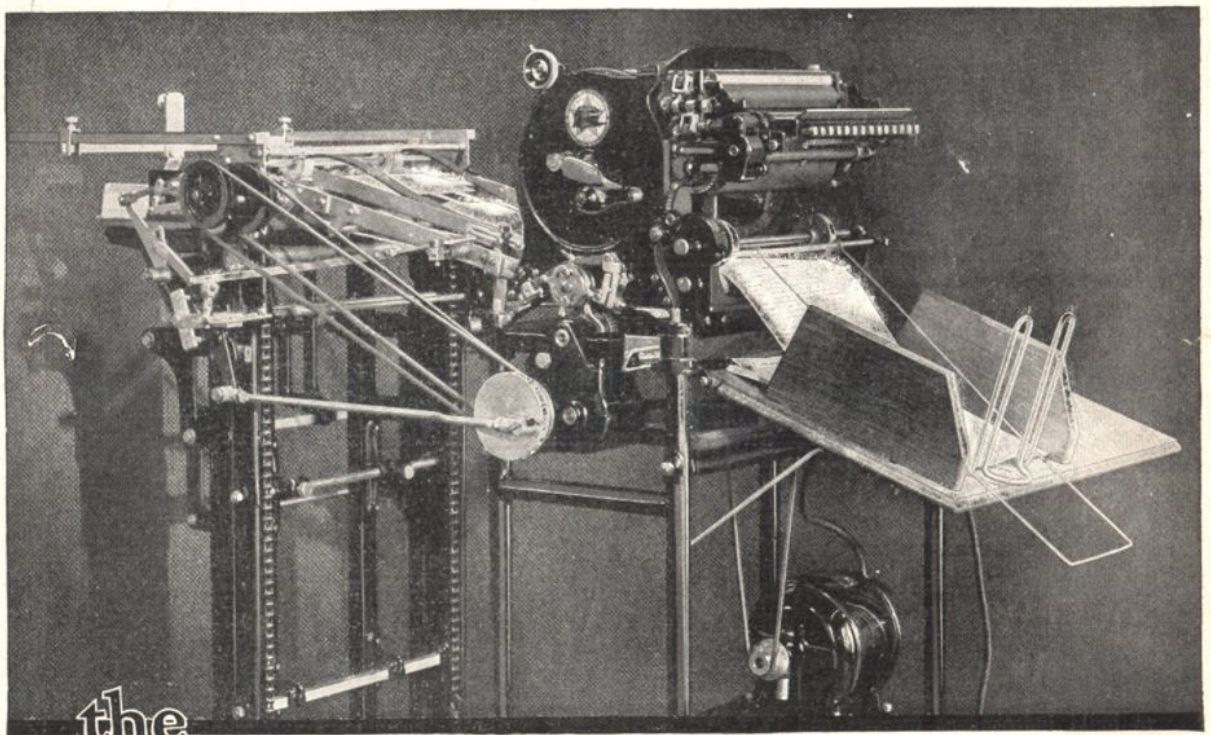

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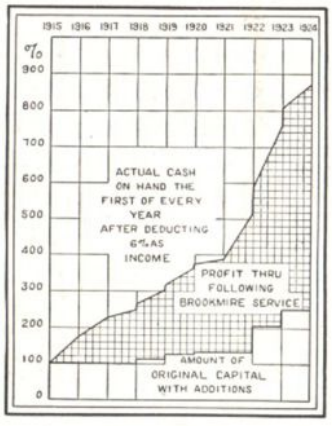

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