

FIFTEEN CENTS

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine



LINCOLN C. ANDREWS

The weak must walk the plank
(See Page 4)

VOL. VI. No. 5

AUGUST 3, 1925

A PROTEST AGAINST FRICTION

ROLLS-ROYCE

"BUT friction cannot be eliminated," said a prominent automotive engineer . . . "if it could, a motor-car would almost last forever."

The amazing long life of a Rolls-Royce demonstrates beyond question that friction can be reduced to an almost undreamed-of minimum. A child of five years can push a Rolls-Royce limousine on a level street. Jack up the rear wheels. Notice how they move *apparently of themselves*. Why? Because the slight weight of the tire valve alone more than equals the friction of the wheel bearings, propeller shaft, differential gears and transmission.

Because friction has been so nearly eliminated, our three-year guarantee for every mechanical part costs us only \$2 per car to make good. When you know that twenty years of service, practically no up-keep cost, and over 600,000 miles of motor comfort await you, you realize that this is not only the most comfortable car in the world, but a common-sense investment.

You should take the 100-mile trial trip. Select any roads you desire. Let us show you an ideal of motor-ing you have never thought possible before.

BRANCHES AND MAINTENANCE DEPOTS IN LEADING CITIES

TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine

Vol. VI. No. 5

August 3, 1925

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Mr. Coolidge's Week

¶ The President, pursuant to a resolution of Congress, ordered the balance of the Boxer indemnity,* amounting to \$6,137,552.90, remitted to China for educational purposes.

¶ Not the least striking event of the week at Swampscott was a session which the President had with the news correspondents. The import of the meeting was variously garbled, camouflaged or ignored in press dispatches. The plain fact was that Mr. Coolidge raked the correspondents over the coals. He said that their "hot weather reporting" was pretty poor stuff. He suggested that some of them might well give their daily reports a serial title: "Faking with the President." He intimated that it would be better not to send out fake reports oftener than every two weeks—not to report that he was expecting an anthracite miners' strike since he was not; not to report that he was going to call a conference of miners and operators at Swampscott, since he had made no such plan; not to report that he was planning to call a special session of Congress because of the coal situation or any other reason, since he does not intend to; not to report that he personally was taking part in debt negotiations with foreign diplomats, since he was not; not to report that he had seen any evidence of bootleggers or rumrunners operating near Swampscott, since he had not; not to report that the heavens were about to fall every time a Cabinet member or Senator came to White Court, since all members of the Cabinet and all Senators now at the Capital had been invited to come to Swampscott and spend a week end if they liked, to get away from the heat, to discuss if they cared to, in a general way, the program for next winter; and especially not to report oftener than once in two weeks that Secretary Weeks had resigned or was about to resign—which the Presi-

ANNOUNCEMENT

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dent has several times denied—not to indulge in this rumor too often, if for no other reason, for the sake of the feelings of Mr. Weeks, who is recovering from a serious illness.

¶ John Coolidge, the President's son, arrived at White Court for a few days before going into a summer military camp. He "flunked" a French course

at Amherst College last spring and must be re-examined in that subject in the fall. Said *The New York World*:

"Poor John Coolidge. The woods and the fields beckon, the girls buzz around, the water is right for swimming. But these things mean nothing to him. He flunked French, and this is his vacation:

*Je suis. Vous sommes.
Tu es. Vous êtes.
Il est. Ils sont.
Où est la plume?
La plume est sur la table.
Où est la table?
La table est ici."*

¶ The President's secretary received, among messages of equal importance, a telegram from Mrs. Ella O. Guilford of the Women's Peace Union denouncing "theatrical advertising in which the sentiment of womanhood was outrageously exploited for the sake of the Ziegfelds." A group of chorus girls from Ziegfeld's *Louie the 14th* had danced "the Charleston" on the steps of the City Hall in Manhattan in the interests of a recruiting drive for the U. S. Army.

¶ Representative J. William Taylor, Republican National Committeeman from Tennessee, called at White Court on a matter of patronage and announced to reporters that "if he [Coolidge] is a candidate again, he will carry Tennessee, as did Harding."

¶ The date when Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge will return to Washington has not been definitely decided. They had expected to return about Sept. 1; but, because redecoration of the White House will probably not be completed, their return may be postponed until after Labor Day (Sept. 7).

¶ Robert Woods Bliss, U. S. Minister to Sweden, called at White Court and told Mr. Coolidge: "The relations between Sweden and the United States are as happy as possible."

¶ Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge went to church of a Sunday at the Congregational Tabernacle, Salem, where the Rev. Charles H. Beal of Milwaukee was preaching. Said Preacher Beal in his sermon:

"The greatest fact that the human

"Tennessee was the only state carried by Harding in 1920 which Coolidge did not carry in 1924. Coolidge, however, carried Kentucky, which Harding lost.

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* Following the Boxer revolt in 1900, put down by foreign powers including the U. S., an indemnity of \$335,000,000 was extracted from China. The share of the U. S. was about \$24,500,000. In 1908 the U. S. remitted some \$12,000,000 of this amount to be spent by China for educational purposes. The balance is now disposed in similar manner.

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National Affairs—[Continued]

mind can contemplate, apart from the being and presence of God, is the stupendous movement that has been continued for countless ages, from energy to atom, from atom to molecule, from molecule to the masses of matter that form the physical universe—from matter to life, from simple to complex forms, through vegetable to animal, from beast to man, from savage to barbarian, from barbarism to civilization."

President Coolidge telegraphed to Mrs. William Jennings Bryan expressing his sorrow at the death of her husband (see Page 6).

The President directed Secretary Kellogg to make an official announcement of Mr. Bryan's death, and announce a day of mourning at the time of his funeral.

Mr. Coolidge received a message of good will from the Governor General of Australia (See ARMY & NAVY) saying "the visit of the U. S. fleet will strengthen the friendship between our peoples." To this the President made answer: "I am sure that our aims will always be similar."

Embarking on the *Mayflower* on a stormy day, the President was whirled across Massachusetts Bay to Pemberton Point, where Louis K. Liggett,* contributor to many Coolidge campaign funds, was having a grand outing for his druggist employees from the entire country. The arrangements were badly bungled. Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge were not met at the pier, Mr. Coolidge and his party having gone to the wrong pier by mistake. Afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge were so badly jostled by the crowds of eager druggists that naval and military aids had to use force to protect them.

The Submarine S-1 showed up to take part in the entertainment, and riflemen punctured and disarmed eggs, glass balls and other bric-a-brac cast into mid air. From this entertainment the President did not get home until 7 p. m.

*Louis Kroh Liggett is an able, self-made man. At 14 he was working for a firm of dry-goods brokers. At 27 he was selling a line of druggists' goods. Conceiving the idea of cooperative buying and manufacturing, he induced 40 druggists to put \$4,000 each in the project. At 39 he is head of the United Drug Co., doing a business of almost \$1,000,000 a week with a group of 8,000 privately owned stores in the U. S., Canada, England and elsewhere, and with 190 stores owned outright by the Liggett companies. He did it get ahead without setbacks, however. In the panic of 1907 he was hard up, held a cash auction and within an hour had checks and orders for \$22,000 in his silk hat. In 1914, again in difficulties, he started his one-cent sale department that now does a business of several million dollars a year. Besides his business ability, his other attainments are attested by an anecdote: At a druggists' convention in St. Louis some years ago, a bout between two professional boxers was part of the entertainment. The winner of the bout offered to take on any one of the spectators. Louis K. Liggett stepped into the ring. After two rounds, the professional declined to continue.

THE CONGRESS

No Hope for Dawes?

Tireless, if footsore, is Vice President Dawes in his advocacy of a majority cloture rule for the Senate. Having



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LOUIS K. LIGGETT

The arrangements were badly bungled
(See column 1)

previously spoken in Alabama and in New Hampshire, last week he turned up in Colorado with his proposition:

"It is absurd to maintain that the original rules 8 and 9 of the Senate providing for majority cloture, which were in effect for the first 17 years of its existence, and which were abandoned only because the small membership of the Senate made them unnecessary, did not accord with the spirit of the Constitution or of American institutions.

"They did accord with them, and if these rules had continued in force, the system of legislative barter would not have grown up and the will, at times, of an individual Senator or a minority of the Senate could not be substituted for the will of the people as expressed in the manner and by the method prescribed by the Constitution.

"To reestablish the majority cloture provided for in the rules of the Senate during the first 17 years of its existence, and thus check the intolerable evils which have arisen because of its absence, would be a return to the first principles of the American Government and of American institutions and not a departure from them."

Even before these words were out of Mr. Dawes' mouth, it was indicated that he had found another opponent to his

proposal. A good part of the Senate has been firmly if not rabidly against it. President Coolidge had maintained a cool aloofness.

Last week, before Mr. Dawes' speech was uttered, correspondents at Swampscott announced that the President did not look with favor upon the proposal, that he felt it would stir up dissension in the Senate, split the Republican ranks, endanger the Administration's programs of tax reduction and farm relief, if not jeopardize Republican success in the Congressional elections next year.

Some observers professed to see afar off in this utterance a desire on the President's part to squelch Mr. Dawes' program, thereby injuring the chances of Charles G. Dawes as a presidential candidate in 1928, and making Calvin Coolidge a more outstanding candidate. Most observers were inclined to say of Mr. Dawes' proposal: "Now there is no hope."

Postal Rates

Last spring (TIME, Mar. 9) Congressmen decided to increase the pay of postal employes an aggregate of \$68,000,000 a year. Congress was then in a nice quandary. How could it increase revenues that amount without offending everyone concerned? It patched up some kind of law and passed it, promising that it was only tentative and would be revised at the next session.

Last week a special committee which is to draft the revised measure opened meetings in Washington. To see how the tentative increases in postal rates had worked out, it summoned Postmaster General New to testify.

He told them plainly that he did not know how the new rates would work out. They have not done well so far. He hopes they will do better. On the basis of recent figures, he guessed there would be a deficit of \$40,000,000 in receipts (TIME, July 20, THE CABINET).

But he did give a few specific facts. In May, the receipts from second-class mail fell off 4.68% from May of the year previous. This class of mail (newspapers and periodicals) had been the largest burden (loss) to the Post Office. But publishers howled so bitterly in protest against a raise of rate, and the politicians were so afraid of them, that second-class rates, although juggled a bit, were not really increased—as the above result shows.

The rate on private post cards had been doubled (from 1c. to 2c.) with the result that many people used Government post cards or letters—and revenue from that source fell off 22.5%.

Money order fees increased 15½% under higher rates.

Higher rates on registry, insurance,

National Affairs—[Continued]

special delivery, C. O. D. mail, etc., brought an increase of 14%.

Third class mail showed an increase.

Fourth class mail showed a decrease.

The result was a net monthly revenue only \$4,131 better than a year earlier. Mr. New shrugged his shoulders.

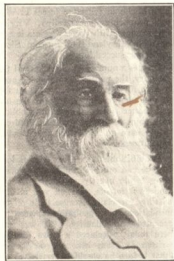
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Meanwhile, the American Farm Bureau, smarting under the 2c service charge imposed on parcels post—which many farmers use—suggested solving the problem by applying "Coolidge economy" to the Post Office, specifically suggested charging other Government Departments with the \$7,000,000 annual cost of Government mail sent out free under frank.

...

Evolution

There is no issue that is an issue that soon or later does not get into the halls of Congress. Evolution vs. Fundamentalism seems in a fair way of becoming an issue. Several disciples of



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THE LATE WHITMAN
Poet-Atheist

the late Mr. Bryan have already proposed a national anti-Evolution act or Constitutional Amendment. But the prospect of such action is remote as compared to the prospect of bringing the measure into Congress.

Last week one Loren H. Wittner, clerk in the Treasury Department and professed atheist, applied for an injunc-

tion to stop payment of salaries to the Superintendent of Schools in Washington, and the head of the Biology and Chemistry Departments of Washington high schools. He based his action on a rider to the District of Columbia appropriation act for this year which provides: "... that no part of this sum shall be available for the payment of the salary of any superintendent, assistant superintendent, director of intermediate instruction or supervising principal who permits the teaching of partisan politics, disrespect of the Holy Bible or that ours is an inferior form of government."

The rider was attached to the law by Representative John W. Summers of Walla Walla, Wash., and passed without receiving any attention to speak of.

Mr. Wittner contends that the teaching of evolution and other allied subjects constitutes disrespect to the Holy Bible.*

Mr. Wittner's case is not taken seriously. It was believed that it will be dismissed for legal reasons on the grounds that he had no right to ask such an injunction. But when the next District of Columbia appropriation bill comes up next winter the question of whether or not the clause will stand must be discussed. Political observers believe generally that it will be discussed and reaffirmed—because the Fundamentalists are militant and the Evolutionists are amused.

A secondary sensation followed upon the first. It was found that Mr. Wittner, in taking his oath of office, had not only stricken out the word "swear" and left "affirm" (which is an offered alternative since certain sects regard swear-

* Among the things taught in the public schools which Mr. Wittner alleges involve disrespect of the Bible are:

- 1) That it is impossible for a living person to overcome the force of gravity and ascend beyond the limit of vision, whereas the Bible teaches that Elijah went up alive to Heaven, Christ rose from the dead and did the same and the dead shall rise and go to Heaven on Judgment Day.
- 2) That after a body disintegrates it cannot be reindowed with life, whereas the Bible says that the bodies of the dead will be resurrected on Judgment Day.
- 3) That one element cannot be changed into another nor can something be made out of nothing, whereas the Bible says God made man out of dust and the whole earth out of nothing.
- 4) That life has existed on earth for millions of years, whereas the Bible teaches that the earth was created less than 6,000 years ago.
- 5) That the sun in the centre of the solar system which the earth moves around, whereas the Bible declares that the earth is the centre around which the sun, moon and stars revolve.
- 6) That speech is the gradual outgrowth of the development of intellect in human evolution, whereas the Bible says that all men had one speech until God confounded them to stop the building of the tower of Babel.



© Henry Miller

L. H. WITTNER
True Atheist

ing as blasphemous), but had also stricken out the words "so help me God" which conclude the oath.

The oath is prescribed by law and it was suggested that the Treasury Department might undertake to oust him on the grounds that he had not taken a proper oath.

"Without precedent," exclaimed officials, throwing up their hands in surprise. But there is something that approaches a precedent. Walt Whitman, now regarded by many as the chief fount of American poetry, was, shortly after the Civil War, ousted from the Treasury Department because atheistical tendencies were discerned in *Leaves of Grass*.

Said Mr. Wittner of his own case:

"I am not worried about losing my job. I can make a living anywhere, but of course to be thrown out of employment just at this time would handicap me in fighting this case.

"I do not believe in the existence of God and therefore I did not swear to God. I affirmed and you can be held for perjury on affirmation as well as on an oath.

"I do not believe that any court will hold the oath constitutional, because swearing to it virtually means that Government clerks must accept the definite religion of Christianity. That would be a violation of the first article of the Constitution. As I am a true atheist, I could not conscientiously sign an oath

National Affairs—[Continued]

containing those words, for that would have demanded that I lie."

Said Congressman Thomas L. Blanton of Texas:

"You ask for my opinion. I never straddle the fence and will give it. I am against any teacher in any Government school maintained by the tax money of the people of the United States teaching 'disrespect for the Holy Bible,' and I was for Dr. Summers' amendment on May 3, 1924, am for it now and I will be for it whenever it forms another issue before the House."

ARMY & NAVY

Shore Leave

A chill westerly wind and heavy rain—bleak January weather, according to the notions of the Northern Hemisphere—prevailed one fine July morning as the U. S. fleet in two detachments approached the harbors of Sydney, New South Wales, and Melbourne, Victoria.

The harbors were plowed with small craft filled with eager observers. The headlands were freighted with watching multitudes gathered from miles around. The Victorian Parliament adjourned for three weeks in celebration. In Melbourne, street-car men postponed a strike until after the fleet's departure. All officials were profuse of words. Said Admiral Coontz:

"During these many years we all have been looking forward to revisiting your people and your country, whose wholehearted hospitality is so deep and lasting."

"During the 1908 visit to Australia my duties as executive officer of the Nebraska made it impossible for me to spend as much time ashore as I would have liked, but during this visit it will be my privilege and pleasure more fully to come to know your splendid land."

Said Premier Bruce of Australia:

"The great Republic of the United States and the Commonwealth of Australia stand for the same ideals and same traditions. Facing similar problems under vastly different circumstances, both desire maintenance of the world's peace and the limitation of the burden of armaments."

"We all trust our reception will show the feeling of amity and good will Australians have for America and Americans. The future prosperity and peace of all countries bordering the Pacific are best assured by mutual intercourse, understanding and sympathy."

Parties without end were planned; Governor General Baron Forster announced a ball; others offered luncheons, dinners, dances, picnics, motor parties, baseball games, fireworks, rifle contests. Admirals Coontz and S. S. Robinson will reciprocate with a recep-

tion and dance on the *Pennsylvania*, luncheons on the *Seattle*, dinners and dances on the *California*. The *Seattle*, flagship of the combined fleet, will also hold a party celebrating its 19th birthday. She is the oldest ship making the cruise.

The Y. M. C. A. planned to receive 4,500 sailors on shore every day, provided 1,500 beds and continuous meals. The newspapers published "Home News for the Fleet"—items wirelessly from KDKA (Pittsburgh) on a 63-meter wave-length, by arrangement with *The Melbourne Herald*, secured through the U. S. representative of *La Nacion* (Buenos Aires). Every evening at 6 p. m. the items are flashed from Pittsburgh and are received in Melbourne at 8 a. m. almost instantaneously, but by calendar a day later.

At Melbourne, on the day following their arrival, 2,000 sailors paraded, and were reviewed from the steps of the Federal Parliament House by Governor General Forster, the Earl of Stradbroke and Admiral Coontz. It was reported that 150 spectators collapsed (although it was a mild day) either from excitement, or from long standing and going without lunch. The parade was halted at one point while sailors rescued spectators injured as a street canopy on which they were standing collapsed.

In Sydney, 800,000 onlookers of the city saw the landing of the fleet. The bars of the city were reported swamped with gobs, but there was little drunkenness. Signs prominently posted carried the reminder: "Beer is thicker than water, Mister Gob."

PROHIBITION

Reorganization

General Lincoln C. Andrews took the office of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of Prohibition some four months ago (*TIME*, Apr. 13). He took charge of Prohibition enforcement as a captain takes charge of a ship, purposed to navigate it like an old New England skipper. Finding that the one of the chief obstacles in his way was his crew, he set out to remove it. Plans were laid, and last week he announced that the weak must walk the plank, and traitors hang from the yard arm:

"The present appointment of all unclassified employees will be terminated not later than Oct. 15, 1925, and unless reappointed they will end their connection with the service. In the case of Prohibition agents and inspectors who may not have been selected for retention any leave which may be due them on Oct. 15, 1925, must have been taken before that date."

"In the meantime, selections will be made and the men appointed to their

new offices in the organization. These appointments will be made for merit only, and on a distinct understanding that the appointee will hold office so long, and only so long, as his services are satisfactory."

So far so good. But he then had to pick a prize crew to man the ship he had taken. He tried it, found that there were altogether too many volunteers.

Last week for the first time since taking office Mr. Andrews was obliged to change his course because of the obstacles ahead. He had to postpone the effective date of the reorganization with which he proposes to make Prohibition enforcement efficient. The effective date was set forward from Aug. 1 to "about Sept. 1."

The things that delayed his progress were several:

Politics. Mr. Andrews had announced his intention of abolishing the 48 state enforcement districts and replacing them with 22 districts coinciding with Federal Judicial districts. This, of course, badly disturbed arrangements for patronage in the Prohibition unit. Senators protested. A few changes were made in the districting. Indiana was grouped in a district with northern Illinois and eastern Wisconsin instead of with Michigan (Senator James E. Watson protesting successfully), Virginia was grouped with West Virginia instead of with Maryland (C. Bascom Slemp protesting successfully).

Besides a number of objections to this category, the political group made great trouble for Mr. Andrews by the number of men they recommended for the new and better jobs. President Coolidge took pains to declare that Mr. Andrews would have an absolutely free hand in appointments.

Prohibitionists. The Anti-Saloon League and other Prohibition organizations, while overtly approving of Mr. Andrews' intents, showed not a little hostility especially because their recommendations for appointments were not accepted with alacrity. "It was said here today," declared a news dispatch written as from Mr. Andrews' office, "that before he would undertake to enforce Prohibition with an outfit composed of one part fanatics and one part politicians, he would give up his job." The spirit was amplified by Mrs. Mabel W. Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney General in charge of Prohibition cases (a job parallel to Mr. Andrews' in the Treasury Department):

"Since I have been in office I have come to believe that continued disregard for Prohibition Laws can be as much laid to the door of well intentioned Prohibition enthusiasts as to the ranters against it."

The feeling which such statements en-

National Affairs—[Continued]

gender in professional supporters of Prohibition was perhaps typically expressed by Dr. B. E. P. Prugh, national chairman of the Prohibition Party, in a letter to Mr. Andrews:

I am frank to say that I have been unable to convince myself that "the acid test of enforcement," inaugurated by the Administration is a genuine effort to make good, but do not mean for a moment to question your own sincerity as to your part in it.

The decreasing of the number of men employed under you "in the interest of efficiency" has also disquieted me somewhat because I have not noted that places of those dismissed are being filled by friends of the law. I have long known the need of weeding out, for the appointment on the recommendation of politicians, of saloonkeepers, ex-hardenders and other wets has been shameful and in some sections almost to the exclusion of friends of the law.

Fill up the full quota of those dismissed by friends of Prohibition.

Go to the bat at the home base of enforcement, let the politicians do their dirtiest, and you will win out in the end.

Office Seekers. Besides those whom politicians and Prohibitionists sought to have appointed as officers of the new régime, there were hundreds of other applicants including clergymen and women, and one college boy who wanted a Prohibition job in the day time so that he could go to night school. The number of applicants was estimated by one source at 5,000. Of these applications, some effort had to be made to separate the goats from the sheep.

Salary. General Andrews had hoped to pay maximum salaries of \$10,000 a year to the administrators of his new and larger districts. The Comptroller General ruled that \$7,500 was the most that the law allowed. This reduced the chances of getting the type of men desired. Mr. Andrews conceived the idea that he might get some men of the dollar-a-year type at the lower salaries, but according to reports last week he had been unsuccessful at this. Another obstacle stood in the way of his plans.

But postponement did not mean abandonment of Mr. Andrews' program. He has two eager allies in the persons of William J. ("Wild Bill") Donovan, assistant to the Attorney General, and Mrs. Willebrandt. The three are substantially one in purpose. It is supposed to have been Mr. Donovan, a former Army officer of the same type as Mr. Andrews, who induced Mr. Andrews to give up a lucrative civil job for a thankless political one.

They are going ahead. While all other activities of the Government are looking forward to more economy next year, they are looking for more funds*

*The present appropriation for Prohibition enforcement is now almost \$30,000,000, divided as follows:

Prohibition unit	\$11,340,000
Coast Guard	9,000,000
Department of Justice	8,000,000



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"WILD BILL" DONOVAN

... same type as Mr. Andrews

to carry on their work. They hope by the time that Congress convenes to show a record of enforcement that will justify larger appropriations.

...

Anecdote

The following anecdote came out of Washington as a news report: A man on the street recognized the flashy automobile of a well-known bootlegger. Wishing to order some refreshments, he hailed a taxicab to overtake the car. The car pulled up at a Government building as the taxicab came alongside. The thirsty one called to the driver of the bootlegger's car: "Can you deliver me a case of Scotch today?" The driver turned around towards the questioner, disclosing his face—the face of Prohibition Commissioner Roy Asa Haynes. Mr. Haynes had taken advantage of a recent ruling that dry agents may use confiscated cars.

COAL

Anthracite

Another week went by at Atlantic City (TIME, July 20, 27) and the anthracite coal miners and operators managed to sandwich in four sessions of conference. They have until Aug. 31 (when the present wage contract expires) in which to come to an agreement on wages after that date. Otherwise a strike is in prospect.

Increased wages and the check-off (collecting Union dues from the miners' pay by the operators) were discussed quite fruitlessly. The miners were sup-

posed to be "presenting their case." This presentation will probably take a week or two longer. After that the operators will probably take about the same time to present their case: reasons for decreasing wages, refusing the check-off.

Both sides have spent their time largely in jockeying for position in public favor, and experienced observers believe that they have no intention of coming to grips until a strike is in immediate prospect. In the first place, they have never done so before. In the second place, the miners as a group would be inclined to be suspicious of any contract quickly arrived at—believing that their representatives had not done the best that was possible.

It was predicted by John J. Leary Jr., a correspondent who specializes in Labor difficulties, that the final arrangement would take the form of an agreement: 1) To continue present wages; 2) to appoint a semi-public fact-finding body to prepare data for a future settlement; 3) a contract for 18 months to expire Apr. 1, 1927. On this same date, the wage contract in the bituminous coal fields expires, raising the prospect of a joint strike of both hard- and soft-coal producers. This prospect is not without advantages to both operators and miners. To the anthracite operators, it would mean a strike without the prospect of losing any of their market by the public's taking to soft coal as a substitute. To the miners, it would mean a chance to obtain a wage increase, since all coal prices would soar tremendously, and there would be prospect of such large profits to operators that they might more willingly accept a wage increase.

Part of last week's jockeying was in a matter of the personnel of the negotiators. The operators appointed a conference committee this year that is almost entirely new—the former "big guns" being absent. The miners saw or professed to see in this an intention by the operators to hold their "big guns" back for a final assault. As a result, John L. Lewis, President of the Union Mine Workers, left the conference after the opening session, "called away on business," and did not return. Each side accused the other of insincerity in sending "underlings" as negotiators. Each insisted that its conferees were fully empowered to reach an agreement, that it was not stalling.

The operators, jockeying for position, formally proposed that, if no agreement were reached, work should continue and arbitration settle the terms of the contract. As everyone foreknew, the miners refused this, having frequently expressed their abhorrence of arbitration.

Rumors began to get about that the Administration was worried for fear

National Affairs—[Continued]

that Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania would seize the advantage in the public eye of jumping in as mediator before it did. On the other hand, it would be foolish for either Mr. Coolidge or Mr. Pinchot to join the fray before it becomes apparent that there will be a deadlock.

Behind this Pinchot vs. Administration rumor is a bit of inference by political observers. They believe that Governor Pinchot desires to run for Senator next year against Senator George Wharton Pepper in the Republican primary. They even suggest that Mr. Pinchot hopes to step into the Presidency from the Senate, if he gets there. Naturally Senator Pepper does not wish to see a possible rival get credit for saving the country from a hard-coal strike. And Mr. Coolidge does not wish to see one of his firm supporters, such as Mr. Pepper, supplanted by an insurgent, such as Mr. Pinchot, with the prospect of that insurgent being a possible rival for his own place in 1928. But it is quite within the bounds of probability that Governor Pinchot may begin casting about for some means of enhancing his prestige that would advance him to the office vacated less than three years ago by the death of his dear enemy—the enemy who used to snarl his name contemptuously "Pin-shot"—the late Senator Boies Penrose.

Bituminous

Van A. Bittner, representative of the United Mine Workers in West Virginia, wired Secretary of Commerce Hoover that soft-coal producing companies were attempting to break their wage contract (negotiated at Jacksonville, Fla., a year ago last spring). He said that attempts were being made to lower wages 50%, that armed gunmen were being employed to intimidate the miners, that hundreds of miners were being evicted from their homes by their employer landlords, that, if the Federal Government did not take a stand against the breaking of the wage contract by soft-coal miners, the Union miners of hard and soft coal would all go out on strike together.

What he said is just another complication of the coal-mining situation. The cause of the trouble is that production of bituminous coal is quite different from that of anthracite. There are far too many soft-coal mines and miners in comparison with the demand for coal. The result is tremendous competition, cutting of prices and a tendency to reduce wages. The soft-coal industry, unlike the hard-coal industry, is only partly Unionized. A year ago last spring at Jacksonville, the soft-coal operators in Union fields accepted a high

wage contract, thinking perhaps that it would force high-cost mines to close and reduce competition. Instead, it resulted in closing down most of the Unionized soft-coal mines and diverting business to the non-Union fields of Kentucky, Tennessee and part of West Virginia—where operators cut prices by reducing wages. Now Union operators want to get back in business by cutting wages in competition—but their wage contract runs 18 months more (until Mar. 31, 1927). Hence the soft-coal trouble.

K. K. K.

In Colorado

Following the split in the Ku Klux Klan in Colorado (TIME, July 27), Carl S. Milliken, Colorado's Secretary of State, addressed a letter to the Klan formally resigning his membership. He did this, he declared, because the Klan had attempted to dictate to him the removal of a Deputy Secretary of State, a son-in-law of the Internal Revenue Collector in Denver who recently investigated the income-tax returns of the Colorado Klan's "Grand Dragon."

POLITICAL NOTES

William Jennings Bryan

Where is that boy, that Heaven-born
Bryan,
That Homer Bryan, who sang from
the West?
Gone to join the shadows with Altgeld*
the Eagle,
Where the kings and the slaves and
the troubadours rest.

His was a strange career: in politics a swift climax and a slow diminuendo; in religion a growing austerity; and a sudden termination. His invalid wife sent his chauffeur to call him from his rest and found him resting forever, stricken in an afternoon nap by the bursting of a blood-vessel in his brain as he was preparing to launch on another crusade for Fundamentalism against Evolution, dead on the scene of his last combat, at Dayton, with his last great speech unmade.

His was a strange career that began at Salem, Ill., March 19, 1866. A lawyer in Jacksonville, Ill., then at Lincoln, Neb. Elected to Congress in 1890 and again in 1892, he held in the four years 1891 to 1895 the only elective office which he ever gained and that was before his career had really begun.

He left the House of Representatives to run for Senator, but a Republican legislature was elected in Nebraska—

* Altgeld was Governor of Illinois in 1896.
† From "Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan" in
Collected Poems—Vachel Lindsay—Macmillan
(\$3.50).

and from then on he met defeat at the polls. He became editor of *The Omaha World-Herald* (owned by Gilbert M. Hitchcock) and went from his editorial office as a delegate to the Democratic Convention in Chicago in 1896—the beginning of his political ascendancy. He went to speak for the farmers of the West who believed their troubles were caused by a shortage of currency. He went to the Convention demanding the free and unlimited coinage of silver, crying: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

Those echoing words won him the next day the Democratic nomination for President. He began his 18,000-mile speaking tour against McKinley and he lost the election. Then came the Spanish War, and he served as Colonel in the Nebraska infantry, although he saw no field service. When 1900 rolled around he was back in the Presidential arena crying "no imperialism" because of the annexation of Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines. Again he was nominated, again defeated by McKinley.

He started his weekly *The Commoner* and quickly made a success of it. He took to lecturing and writing.

When 1904 came the Democrats decided to try another candidate. They chose Alton B. Parker, who repudiated free silver. Mr. Bryan grumbled but stood aside and saw Parker go down to a bitter defeat before Roosevelt.

In the interval before the next election, Mr. Bryan traveled around the world on a sort of international stamping tour. When he came back he launched out with a speech demanding public ownership of the railroads. Again he was a candidate, again defeated, this time by Taft. But he continued on his career, lecturing for woman suffrage, for prohibition.

In the election of 1912 he won his first victory at the polls—and then he was not a candidate. Bitter, bitter had been the Democratic Convention when Bryan, bit in teeth, prevented the nomination of Champ Clark, secured the nomination for Woodrow Wilson.

For that he was made Secretary of State and served over two years, resigning because he did not approve the President's increasing sternness with Germany following the sinking of the *Lusitania*. From then on his political career dwindled, although he spoke for Wilson in 1916, and was still enough of a factor in 1924 to make it seem worth while to nominate his brother for Vice President. But again the name of Bryan lost.

His personality needs no comment when it is so fresh in the public mind,

National Affairs—[Continued]

but public men inspired by his death spoke nonetheless last week:

Charles G. Dawes: "... He may have been mistaken at times, as we all are, but he was trying always to do the right as he saw it."

John W. Davis: "Not even those who most disagreed with him ever questioned his courage and the deep sincerity of his convictions, whether religious or political..."

Joseph Daniels: "We had been brothers in affection and in service a third of a century. I loved him as I loved no other man..."

Senator Edwards (N. J.): "A great mind has passed."

Elihu Root: "Mr. Bryan was a good and kindly man. He was fairly sincere at all times and very sincere on the points where I most disagreed with him."

Clarence Darrow: "I differed from him on many questions but always respected his sincerity and devotion..."

Alton B. Parker: "I don't care to make any statement. This is too sudden."

William E. Borah: "... The purity of his purposes and the sincerity of his convictions no one who knew him well will doubt."

Er-Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska: "Within the 36 years of my acquaintance with Mr. Bryan he has lived several lives."

"First was the period of youthful idealism during which his eloquence, magnetism and persuasive influence over men were at their height. He had then a very attractive personality and his followers were devoted to him."

"Then came the period of fierce political struggle, during which he gradually became harder and more self-seeking. Then came the period of disappointed hopes and the bitterness of his last campaign. After that he flung away his personal ambition and to some extent his devotion to party. His life then became a strange mixture of devotion to moral and social reforms and a shrewd promotion of personal interests."

"In all of these three lives that he successfully led he sacrificed his health and strength by the most extraordinary exertions. Like LaFollette, he became a victim of overwork. He was nevertheless the greatest moral force of his day."

President Coolidge (to Mrs. Bryan): "I trust that you may be given great consolation in remembering all his worth and in the abiding faith that a Divine Providence has ordered all things well."

Count Von Bernstorff (onetime German Ambassador to the U. S.): "He was the most honest pacifist I ever met."

John Thomas Scopes: "Whether one agreed with his ideas and principles matters little at this time. Honor must be paid to Mr. Bryan for his fearless

stand on issues that he thought were right."

Eugene V. Debs: "The cause of human progress sustains no loss in the death of Mr. Bryan. It is customary to speak only good of the dead, but I prefer to speak the truth regarding men, whether living or dead."

...

Miscellaneous Mentions

It was announced from Cincinnati that Nicholas Longworth, Speaker-elect of the House, had bought the Robert B. Roosevelt* house at No. 2009 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, would move in this fall.

...

Too many chairs, too many clocks; too much sitting, too much clock watching—so diagnosed Secretary Work in the Department of Interior. He ordered a clearance of surplus furniture. In one day, 250 chairs, numerous stools, desks, wardrobes, clocks—two van-loads of stuff valued at \$6,264—was carted away from the General Land Office to the General Supply Office, saved.

...

Legal occupation and remuneration takes men from public life. It had been announced that Charles E. Hughes was retained as attorney for the receivers of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R. Last week it appeared likewise that John W. Davis, onetime Ambassador to the court of St. James's, onetime Democratic candidate for President, is acting as attorney for Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney (TIME, July 6, MUSIC), defendant in a breach of promise suit for \$1,000,000 started by Evan Burrows Fontaine, famed cabaret dancer.

...

From August, 1923, to June 1, 1925, the state of South Dakota retailed gasoline. On June 1 it gave up the practice, the State Gasoline Commission having reached an agreement with dealers that they would maintain a fair price. Last week Governor Carl Gunderson ordered 24 gasoline stations opened by the state, chiefly in county-seat towns. He argued that gasoline is now selling at about 25c. a gallon that could profitably be sold for 21 or 22c., that citizens can save \$3,000,000 a year if state gasoline stations are reopened.

...

Andrew W. Mellon, onetime (1905-11, 1917-23) U. S. Senator Joseph S. Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, Charles M. Schwab and their associates on the Warren G. Harding Memorial Committee announced last week that they had fulfilled the function placed upon them of choosing a design for the \$500,000 memorial to be erected at Marion, Ohio. The winning architects were Henry

* Robert B. Roosevelt is a cousin of Mr. Longworth's wife's late father.

Hornbostel and Eric Fisher Wood of Pittsburgh. Their design calls for a circular mausoleum, 49 ft. high and 80 ft. in diameter. It will be supported by Doric columns and within will be an open court. In the court, two black marble slabs shaded by a single willow tree will cover the sarcophagi of the President and Mrs. Harding. A stair will lead down to a marble-lined crypt. The memorial will stand in a ten-acre park for which A. D. Taylor of Cleveland will be landscape gardener. They hope to open the memorial by Nov. 2, 1927, which would have been the 60th birthday of Mr. Harding.

...

How much is a vote worth? "Not much," decided about half (some 25,000,000) of the U. S. citizens eligible to vote, who failed to vote (TIME, Nov. 24) in the election for President last fall. But on Aug. 4 Virginia is to hold her Democratic Primary for Governor—a hot-fought election between two state senators, Mapp and Byrd, hinging largely on questions of personal integrity. Last week three Virginian women were in Florence, Italy. One of them took train, hastened to Paris, got a ballot from the U. S. consul, voted by mail, and hastened back with two other ballots so that her mother and cousin might vote by mail from Florence.

...

Chicago *en fête*, led by its Mayor, Deyer, one of the Illinois Senators, Deeney, and three railway Presidents, Rea of the Pennsylvania; Holden, of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy; Markham of the Illinois Central, celebrated the opening of its new \$60,000,000, 1,200,000 square feet, eight-story (potentially 21 story) Union Station—one of the very largest in the world and certainly the world's most modern and most complete large station in all respects."

...

Mr. and Mrs. Dawes, having filled their engagement at Denver, went to Cheyenne (scene of the recent Teapot Dome oil suit) and took part in many astounding events: Mr. Dawes acted as director *pro tem*, in the filming of a Western picture, *The Pony Express* (James Cruze and Betty Compson). He reviewed a Frontier Days parade, was made a member of a Sioux tribe, abandoning his regular pipe for one two feet long with eagle feathers, was christened "Great White Father No. 2" (at the same function, Governor Ross was made "Princess Nellie Taylor"). He entertained a banjo-accordion-saxophone-violin orchestra in his rooms, and later played the piano for them for an hour. He reviewed the troops at Fort D. A. Russell, lunched with Senator and Mrs. Warren.

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

European Security

In answer to a note addressed to her by France, acting also on behalf of Britain and Belgium, Germany last week advanced the cause of European security.

Early in the year Germany intimated to France that she was willing in the interests of peace to guarantee the *status quo* of the frontier dividing Germany from France and Belgium, but specifically left for peaceful negotiations all questions relative to the boundary which separates the Reich from Poland and Czechoslovakia. Britain later agreed, subject to parliamentary ratification, to guarantee the powers on both sides of the Franco-Belgo-German frontier against unprovoked aggression.

After lengthy conversations involving considerable delay, M. Aristide Briand, French Foreign Minister, replied to Germany that she must become a member of the League of Nations before anything could be done; that whatever was done must in no sense modify the Peace Treaties; that arbitration treaties (proposed by Germany to guarantee "a peaceful settlement of juridical and political conflicts") ought to be signed not only with France but with Belgium and, by implication, with Poland and Czechoslovakia. Under no circumstances shall room be left in these treaties for coercive action except "when such action shall be undertaken consistently with the provisions of the treaties" now in force.

It was a reply to this note that the Germans last week despatched to Paris. The German Government made categorical answers to the principal points raised by the French:

League. While not of the opinion that Germany's entrance into the League would be indispensable to a realization of the aims of the proposed security guarantee, the German Government "will, in principle, not raise any objection against the linking up of the two problems." Special exemption for Germany, as an unarmed State, from military duties under Article XVI of the Covenant of the League* was claimed.

Peace Treaties. The German Government professed itself unable to under-

stand the meaning which France desired to express with regard to the inviolability of the Peace Treaties. "The German Government considers as self-evident that it is not meant to exclude for all future time the possibility of adapting existing treaties at the proper time to changed circumstances by way of peaceful agreement." Meaning that Germany was still intent upon securing modification of her boundary with Poland.

Arbitration Treaties. The German Government, confessing "considerable doubts," asked for "further elucidation" concerning the arbitration treaties which she was asked to sign with Belgium, Poland and Czechoslovakia. Germany's "doubts" concerned the right of the Allied Governments, even under the terms of the Peace treaties, to take coercive action without first submitting their case to some international body. Unless such an arrangement were made, "real pacification, as aimed at by the German Government in concert with the Allied Governments, would not be reached." A regular procedure to regulate coercive action was asked.

The universal opinion of the German note was that it marked the beginning of a new spirit of peace and goodwill in Europe and left the door wide open to a frank discussion of the issues involved in a parley to be called probably in August.

At Williamstown

In the U. S., at Williamstown, Mass., in the Berkshire Hills, there assembled last week the world-wide host of experts, theorists and empiricists that made up the fifth session of the Williamstown Institute of Politics.

President Harry A. Garfield of Williams College, formally opening the Institute, uttered words of God: "Let there be light." The words stood for the keynote of the Institute's month of sessions to follow. Whereas the past four Institutes had examined past and present, now the future was to be scrutinized, predicted, perhaps shaped, through candid interchange of aims and beliefs in a polyglot gathering, wherein

breaking and the nationals of any other State, whether a member of the League or not. It shall be the duty of the Executive Council in such case to recommend what effective military or naval or air force the Members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect the covenants of the League. The high contracting parties agree further that . . . they will afford passage through their territory to the forces of any of the high contracting parties who are cooperating to protect the covenants of the League.

at least a portion of the 232 men of theory were men of action as well.

Lionel Curtis, editor of *The Round Table* (London), led off for the visiting speakers with a concrete proposal for speedy mobilization of the opinions of nations on issues of international import: Let every nation establish its national telephone exchange. At an emergency, let all accredited national institutes be called up by expert publicists from the nation's capital. Let the consensus of these opinions be laid before the world.

Senator Count Cippico, speaking *à la Fascismo*, declared that war was a "cruel necessity." "Each nation," said he, "has to defend its own right to exist, to remedy the defects of its geographical, political or economic situation in the world, to make good its own individual civilization as opposed to the inferior civilizations of other peoples."

Major General Sir Frederick Maurice (with monocl), former Director of Operations on the British Imperial General Staff, observed that European statesmen feared their own armies as the potential instruments of their downfall or as the probable cause of a greater war. Reduction and limitation of armaments was the problem which Europe had to face.

"Poppycock," was the virtual animadversion passed by U. S. Rear Admiral W. W. Phelps. "Disarmament talk is foolishness while economic conflict remains. War is a continuation of national policy."

Dr. L. J. Reed, Johns Hopkins University biometrist, presented charts showing that "When there are 200,000,000 people in the U. S., some will go hungry unless tropic soils are exploited or artificial foods contrived."

And so on went prescient minds lighting the darkness that was future, hoping their words fell not upon deaf ears.

Tourists

This year all evidence agrees that the U. S. tourist rush to Europe is unprecedented in numbers and cost. Europe's industries in general are depressed, but her long-established and highly organized tourist industry is now booming. Steel makers and coal miners may complain, but hotel keepers are cheerful.

The Holy Year at Rome has drawn many tourists to Italy, and expenditures this year by tourists is estimated at three billion lire—or, at market rates, about \$111,300,000. Estimates in France as to 1925 tourist expenditures there range between five and six billion francs—or about \$250,000,000. Tourists are

* Art. XVI: Should any of the high contracting parties break or disregard its covenants . . . it shall thereby *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all the other members of the League which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the covenant-breaking State, and the prevention of all financial, commercial or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-

Foreign News—[Continued]

even pouring into Holland, where the thrifty Dutch calculate they will this year leave behind them 50,000,000 guilders—or \$20,060,000.

THE LEAGUE

Peonage

Last week, the League of Nations Temporary Commission on Slavery discussed peonage (employment of peons or laborers). The Commission "tended" toward the conclusion that peonage in the Philippine Islands and in some Central American republics "almost" amounts to forced labor and "may" therefore be construed as "partial" slavery.

Said critics: "Had not the U. S. been mixed up in the indictment, the Central American republics would have been denounced roundly. Diplomatic language varies according to the strength of the country to whom it is addressed."

COMMONWEALTH

(British Commonwealth of Nations)

Cabinet Rumpus

Last week history almost repeated itself. One half of Premier Stanley Baldwin's Cabinet was at daggers drawn with the other and the Premier himself was in a ticklish position between the points.

First Lord of the Admiralty William Clive Bridgeman and the First Sea Lord, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Beatty, threatened to resign unless more warships were built. They based their stand upon the indisputable fact that the existing fleet would in a few years be obsolete unless replacements were made more rapidly.

Chancellor of the Exchequer Winston Churchill, who strenuously fought the Admiralty chiefs, did not even offer to resign. Doubtless he remembered that his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, had written *finis* to his political career in 1886 when, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he suddenly made good his threat to resign, ostensibly because he also would not agree to the shipbuilding demands of the Admiralty. And who should be in a better position to learn the lesson which Lord Randolph neglected than his father's biographer, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer?

There was more to it than that. Behind Mr. Churchill were assumed to be Foreign Secretary Austen Chamberlain and the Secretary for India, Lord Birkenhead, all ex-coalition Ministers. Nasty things were said about Mr. Churchill; he was credited with a desire to oust Premier Baldwin and, with the aid of his coalition comrades, to install himself as Premier.

Between these two groups stood Mr. Baldwin, vainly attempting to mollify

both and save his Cabinet. When everything seemed at the nadir of hopelessness, the King summoned him to Buckingham Palace and was reported to have informed his Premier that, if he valued



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ARTHUR J. BALFOUR

He suggested they compromise

his advice, he would see to it that the Admiralty's demands were met. This was all very well. More ships meant more money and Mr. Churchill was holding the purse strings and seemed determined to keep on holding them. How could he induce the Chancellor to accede to the King's wishes. He confided in the Lord President of the Council, Lord Arthur James Balfour, who suggested, as a compromise, that the money needed for the naval replacements should be furnished by economies in the three fighting services. Mr. Churchill accepted and the Cabinet was again happy.

In Parliament, Premier Baldwin outlined what he called "requirements for fleet replacement." In October two cruisers are to be laid down; in February, two more. Beginning with the next financial year (Apr. 1), three cruisers a year are to be built together with nine destroyers and six submarines, a total of 18 warships annually.

...

"A Sick Industry"

Gloom. Gloom. Gloom. Ahead, rapidly drawing closer, was the spectre of an unparalleled industrial crisis. On Aug. 1 the coal miners would strike, unless a last-minute agreement were

"The Cabinet post of Lord President of the Council is a sinecure. An experienced statesman whom the ministers may consult is usually accorded the place.

made. With the striking miners would be the transport workers and railwaymen, who decided not to handle any coal once the strike began. Numerous other workers would surely walk out in sympathy while, owing to a shortage of coal, many industries would be forced to shut down and discharge their employees. *The Times* struck the keynote of pessimism:

"The country is threatened with a disaster wholly unprecedented in its history, and one from which it would not recover for a generation, if ever."

The Archbishop of Canterbury issued a solemn appeal:

"It is not seldom in the past 50 years that the people of this country have been confronted by the prospect of widespread industrial strife. But never, so far as I can judge, has the danger been so grave and so urgent as today. The wisest thinkers warn us that at this moment there is an almost unparalleled crisis in our national life."

Near Durham, Bishop Weldon, Dean of Durham Cathedral, was roughly handled when he attended a miners' fête. Apparently, the miners resented his trying to give both sides to the dispute; for, the moment his presence was noticed, horny hands seized him and raucous voices yelled: "Throw him in the river." The 77-year-old bearded and silk-hatted gentleman was rushed toward the river. Cooler heads, however, came to his rescue, after which the Bishop merely commented: "I lost my new hat and umbrella."

This gloomy situation was engendered last week when the mine owners had bills pasted at the pitheads announcing their irrevocable decision to end the present wage agreement (*TIME*, July 27) on the last day of July. Employment for most grades would be at the same rates of pay for a longer working day. As a counter-move, the Miners' Federation instructed the miners to cease work on July 31. Preparations to this effect were made and compromise arrangements were made to safeguard the mines from flooding. In the background the objects of a proposed Labor alliance, embracing 3,000,000 miners, railwaymen and workers in the shipbuilding, transport and engineering trades, were stated to be:

"To create by means of an alliance among the specified organizations the means of mutual support, to assist any of the allied organizations in defending hours of labor, wage standards, in securing advancement of the standards of living or to take action to secure acceptance of and defend any principle of an industrial character which may be deemed vital by the allied organizations."

The Times blamed both sides: "The remedy for the present state of the industry proposed by the owners is longer hours and lower wages and the miners will not hear of either. They have made

Foreign News—[Continued]

no proposals of their own and their attitude is purely negative. They simply will not listen to the terms put forward by the owners who decline to offer any others. This means that both sides are marching steadily and deliberately to battle."

At the last moment the miners, who had previously declined to meet the owners, agreed to do so. This meeting and the publication of the finding of the Government's Court of inquiry remained the only portents of a peaceful issue of the dispute. The King, from Buckingham Palace, asked for the fullest information concerning the crisis.

Miners of South Wales did their best toward solving the complex problem by suggesting that wages should be regulated, in the lower ranks of the coal industry, by the size of a man's family. An example: If a worker gets \$5 per diem and has a wife, he would draw an additional shilling and 3d; 5d for the first child, 4d for the second, 3d for the third and 2d for the fourth.

Death of Jemmett

Where the polished sands of Biarritz proffer their parquetry for the brawling cotton of the Atlantic surf, an Englishwoman, one Mrs. Williams, and her daughter went swimming last week, were caught where the tide prodded around sunken rocks, cried for help. A lifesaver dragged the elder woman to safety, went back for her daughter. Weakened, he was drowning, when out of a crowd on the beach stepped one W. B. Jemmett, artist, 6 ft. 9½ in. tall, cast off his gaudy beach cloak, braved the tides. Six minutes later, Death in the whitely smiling seas had taken the girl, the lifesaver, had dashed the skull of Giant Jemmett once, twice against the rocks.

W. B. Jemmett, a competent though not a celebrated painter of miniatures, was known rather for his dandyism than for the skill of his huge fingers with tiny pictures. To the decayed art of fine dress, the perfection of a gesture at once startling and urbane, he devoted his considerable talent and adorned for many years the bars of London and Paris, leading always by a string a white Russian wolfhound, wearing always in his buttonhole a fresh-cut posy.

Once when Jemmett was striding down Bond Street King Edward issued from a shop. Appalled by the incredible size of the passer-by, the King halted. A member of his suite presented Jemmett.

"What height are you, young man?" asked the King.

"Six foot nine," growled Jemmett, made savage by embarrassment.

"And a very good height, too," replied



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THE LATE KING EDWARD

"What height are you, young man?"

Edward, patting the giant on the hip.

Last week, friends of Jemmett spoke of him as they toyed over cool glasses in the rendezvous he once startled with his hound and flower. They agreed that his death was an epigram which well became one whose life also had been consecrated to the elegance of the spectacular.

Curzon's Will

Although faced by the gray dawn of a national strike (see above), the British public turned with interest to the publication of the will of the late Lord Curzon, Marquis of Kedleston.

Lord Curzon was twice married. His first wife, who bore him three daughters, was Mary Victoria Leiter, daughter of L. Z. Leiter of Chicago. His second wife, widow of one Alfred Dugan, daughter of J. Monroe Hinds, former U. S. Minister to Brazil, bore him no children, but had three of her own by her first marriage.

By the terms of his will, his widow is left an interest in the London residence, a jointure worth about \$5,000 annually and the residue of his personal property. The children by his first wife (Mary, Cynthia, Alexandra) having benefited "by the wills of their grandfather and grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Leiter," were left "laces, fans, dresses, furs and personal belongings of their mother with the exception of the peacock dress* which she wore at the Delhi Durbar in 1903."

The three children of his second wife "are similarly provided for by their

*The dress created a tremendous sensation at the Durbar. It was willed to the Kedleston estate.

father's estate." "But," the will, written in Curzon's handwriting, continues: "I bequeath to each of them the sum of \$25,000 as proof of my affection."

Among other bequests were: The famous Tattershall Castle in Lincolnshire and Bodiam Castle in Sussex—to the British nation; his collection of Oriental treasures—to the Victoria and Albert Museum in Kensington (London); portrait of General Lawrence by Sir Joshua Reynolds—to the Victoria Memorial Hall, Calcutta; his famous Napoleonic library, containing hundreds of books—to Oxford University, or, if refused, to the British Museum; his confidential papers relating to his resignation of the Viceroyalty in India (over a feud with the then General Sir Herbert Horatio Kitchener)—to the British Museum, with injunction "to exercise sound discretion as to the time and manner and degree in which they are to be made accessible to students."

His nephew, the Viscount Scarsdale, is enjoined to preserve the estate and tradition of Kedleston. In words which recalled the famous Oxonian jibe: "I am George Nathaniel Curzon, a really most superior person," he urges his nephew and successor, the present Viscount Scarsdale, to preserve the estate of Kedleston and the traditions of the family:

"It is from no motive of pride or vanity that I desire to keep Kedleston estate intact and the mansion with its contents well cared for, but because, attaching as I do a high value to the survival of the landed aristocracy of Great Britain and believing they may still continue to be a source of stability to the State, I desire that my family, which has owned and resided at Kedleston for over 800 years, shall continue to live there and maintain the traditions of a not unworthy past. I have sought to assist my successors in doing this with dignity but without extravagance."

Hardly had British Babbitts sighed their last sigh over this funeral news, served to them with an emotional relish, than *The Morning Post*, as it sometimes does, astounded all London by declaring that his late Lordship, in a codicil to the will, had made some strong, searching and uncomplimentary comments on a former colleague, believed to be none other than ex-Premier George.

This codicil, or "literary testament," as the *Post* called it, was submitted to the Probate Court but withdrawn after a "high personage in the political world" had advised that no considerations of whatever sort should be allowed to withdraw the veil of secrecy enshrouding the testament.

"Garbage?"

Captain Peter Wright, author, in a recently published volume entitled *Portraits and Criticisms*, declared that W.

Foreign News—[Continued]

E. Gladstone, four times Premier of Britain, allegedly the greatest figure in the annals of the Liberal Party, "founded a great tradition since observed by many of his followers and successors with such pious fidelity—in public to speak the language of the highest and strictest principle and in private to pursue and possess every sort of woman."

The anger of the gods was aroused. Lord Gladstone, youngest son of the late and great Premier, retorted:

"Your garbage about Mr. Gladstone in *Portraits and Criticisms* has come to our knowledge. You are a liar. Because you slander a dead man you are a coward, and because you think the public will accept inventions from such as you, you are a fool."

Observed another son, H. N. Gladstone, marginally on his brother's letter: "I associate myself with this letter."

Rejoined the maligned author, icily polite:

"I attributed to Mr. Gladstone the character of a hypocrite in his conduct as good as any that exists about events in the past. I wrote what I did write on the authority of the late Lord Milner."

"To use Milner's own phrase, Mr. Gladstone was 'governed by his seraglio.' This foible had considerable political effect. One affair turned Mr. Gladstone from being a friend of Turkey and an enemy of Russia, as he was in the '50s, into being a friend of Russia and an enemy of Turkey, as he was in the '80s."

Irony

Under the pseudonym "Student of War," a well-known British publicist delicately prodded the U. S.

He was scoring the Admiralty for wanting more cruisers at a time when "there is less danger of our being involved in a serious naval war than at any time in the last 50 years."

"No naval war," he added, "is conceivable except with Japan, and that is America's concern rather than ours."

Continuing, he said: "The Admiralty are building against Japan; more fools they, seeing that our obvious policy, if and when the United States and Japan are at war, is to write leading articles in America's favor for the first two years of the war and to be too proud to fight until the third year, by which time we shall have had time to construct an overwhelming fleet of the most modern ships."

"Should the United States be at war with Japan, there is no doubt on which

side we should ultimately be, but is it unreasonable in the meantime that our policy should be 100% British?"

Notes

In the grounds of Buckingham Palace, two royal tea parties were given by the King and Queen. These simple, democratic functions, inaugurated after the War, are said to do the King more good than a stiff Scotch and soda. Peers, Ambassadors, Princes of India, clergymen, social leaders of every strata—some in toppers, patent leather shoes and formal afternoon attire, others in humble headgear, stouter footwear and business clothes—all rubbed shoulders. The King smiled. Americans were present: Mrs. Joseph R. Lamar, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. E. M. Townsend, New York; Mrs. John Lowell, Boston; Mrs. N. T. Bacon, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. A. Crittenden Smith of Nebraska; Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Heinz, Pittsburgh; Condé Nast and Miss Natica Nast, New York; Miss Louise Berid and Colonel and Mrs. Robert Roos, San Francisco; Mrs. R. F. Tucker, a daughter of Colonel and Mrs. E. M. House; Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas and Mrs. Capper, Representative Cordell Hull of Tennessee and Mrs. Hull, and many another.

The season's entertainment—that is from about the beginning of June until about the end of July—is alleged to cost the King no less than \$400,000.

At the first Garden Party, as the tea parties are called, the King wore a gray top hat and a gray morning suit. The Queen wore a mauve dress and hat. At the second Party, an enormous number of men wore gray toppers and morning suits while the women radiated mauve.

At her town house in St. James's Square, Lady Astor gave one of her brilliant dinners, followed by one of her equally brilliant dances. Her guests were, as usual, a mixed lot. Present were:

The Queen of the Belgians, the Queen of Rumania, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Infanta Beatrice of Spain, the Archbishop of Canterbury, J. H. Thomas (controlling engine driver and Colonial Secretary in the Labor Cabinet), the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Garvin (he is Editor of *The Observer*, London Sunday newspaper), the Foreign Secretary and Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Winston Churchill, Prince and Princess Obolensky, the Colonial Secretary and Mrs. Amery, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, Sir Edward and Lady Grigg, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Beatty with Lady Beatty, Sir James Barrie, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Patricia Ramsay (former Princess "Pat," daughter of the Duke of Connaught) and, popular bachelorette he is, the 77-year-old Lord Balfour.

By the will of the eighth Duke of Rutland, who left an estate valued at

about \$4,500,000, the Dowager Duchess, "best and dearest woman ever born," received the Arlington Street house (which she has been forced to sell to meet the heavy death duties amounting to about \$1,300,000), an automobile, a horse, carriage and about \$100,000. Each of his daughters, including Lady Diana Duff Cooper, famed beauty, received about \$100,000. The Duke was unable to leave anything to charity "as the heavy taxation and intolerable supertax render impossible any such action." He hoped that his son, now the ninth Duke, "will not spend his money to purchase unnecessary collections," but will "take care of his properties and the welfare of his tenants."

Two young Danes, Neils Ventegott and Emil Ullskov, both of the Viking Club of Copenhagen, surprised the London Rowing Club by landing at their quay, having popped over from Denmark in a row boat. Said one of them:

"It was thrilling to follow the path our Viking ancestors took a thousand years ago when they came to England and plundered in battle with your Kings."

According to *The Daily Graphic*, London illustrated journal, American capital is to provide London with the "largest underground freight subway in the world."

FRANCE

Moroccan War

It may and may not have been a coincidence, but the fact remained, plain and evident, that from the moment Marshal Pétain took over supreme command of the French armies in Morocco, the war with the rebellious Rifians (*TIME*, May 11 et seq.) took on a more favorable aspect for the French.

Heavy engagements were reported in various sectors of the fighting line. French Spahis, crack Algerian cavalry and other cavalry detachments hurled the enemy back from their recently acquired positions. Tanks were also employed in driving the Rifians from their entrenchments. At the western end of the Werghia Valley, the rebels were driven back into the Spanish zone where, in conjunction with the French, Spanish troops were preparing to deal with them. After these engagements, undertaken in an appalling heat wave, the war became less hectic. A calm that precedes a storm settled on the front.

In Paris, Premier Painlevé was inclined to listen sympathetically to the rumors of peace which reached him; for Marshal Pétain had told him that vic-

Foreign News—[Continued]

tory in Morocco was impossible in less than six months. Foreign Minister Aristide Briand was also pleased at the prospects peaceful; for, with many international problems on his mind, the war in Morocco was an intolerable strain upon him. Finance Minister Joseph Caillaux, last of the triumvirate ruling France, was more relieved than anybody, for every centime spent in Morocco makes balancing his next budget more difficult.

On top of this news came the report that Marshal Pétain (whom a U. S. correspondent called "France's military pinch-hitter") would make an early return to France, leaving General Naulin in supreme command of military operations in Morocco. It appeared that the Marshal had been sent to France to make an expert survey for the Government.

Prince Aago of Denmark, nephew of Queen Mother Alexandra of Britain, was wounded in the hand while fighting the Rifians in the French Foreign Legion.

Aviator Sadi Lecointe, famed speed pilot, volunteered for service in Morocco.

Col. Charles Sweeney, Lieut.-Col. Kerwood, Majors Pollock and Parker, Captains Rockwell, Weller and Buffum, all U. S. aviators, left Paris for Morocco.

Mules from Missouri also helped to fight the Rifians. Many carloads of them were landed in Morocco.

French forces in Morocco were said to rival kaleidoscopes in the diversity of their hues, varying from fairest white to darkest black. White Frenchmen from the North and olive Frenchmen from the South fight shoulder to shoulder with coffee, chocolate and black Annamites, Senegalese, Hindus, Algerians, Tunisians, and, as despatch most aptly put it "the mixed grill of the Foreign Legion."

Debt Missions

Behind the political scenes at Paris a fierce controversy was waged over the composition of the French debt mission to the U. S. which is to sail in September. M. Franklin-Bouillon, Chairman of the Chamber of Deputies' Foreign Relations Committee, a famed and able diplomat, was most eager to head the

delegation. He was supported by Premier Painlevé and by many other good friends, who pointed out that his marvelous English vocabulary and diction, equaling his French eloquence, made him preëminently suitable. Stolid, squat



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SIGNOR AMENDOLA
He locked himself in
(See ITALY)

Aristide Briand, Foreign Minister, agreed; but he did not and would not agree to the people M. Franklin-Bouillon wished to take along with him.

Three attachés of the French Treasury—MM. Barnaud, Roussel and Thion de la Chaume—left Paris to represent France in discussions at London of the French War debt to Britain. The commission of three was expected to function at once. Finance Minister Caillaux expected to be in London as soon as he could tear himself away from preparing next year's budget.

ITALY

The Opposition

A considerable number of moons have lit the stark ruins of the Coliseum at Rome since the Socialist members boycotted the Chamber of Deputies and established headquarters on the Aventine Hill (TIME, Jan. 19).

The abstention of the Socialist Deputies from the Chamber proceedings merely aggravated a state of enmity between them and the Fascisti; and, with lack of constraint on both sides, it is nothing short of a wonder that more

blood has not flowed sideways through perforated veins.

Deputy Giovanni Amendola, leader of the Aventine Opposition, took it into his head last week to take the waters at Montecatini, near Lucca in Tuscany. But it never occurred to him that that section of Tuscany was homogeneously Fascist. Not long after he had entered the hotel, swarms of Black Shirts scooted down the mountains, congregated before Signor Amendola's hotel, groaned, booed, hissed. Finding little satisfaction in this, the crowd began to surge backward and forward, like a busy battering ram, in an effort to break the police cordons thrown round the building. Eventually several Fascisti dashed by the police, entered the hotel, chased Signor Amendola up to his bedroom on the fourth floor where he locked himself in. His secretary received a black eye for being heavy of foot and stiff of limb. At this point, Fascist Deputies prevented further insurrection by urging the local Black Shirts to remain calm and Signor Amendola to leave town.

In a car, accompanied by his secretary and two guardian Fascisti for safety, Deputy Giovanni Amendola left Montecatini for the nearby town of Pistoia amid a bombardment of sibilant Italian hisses. In the open country two automobiles barred the road. The Amendola car stopped, instantly the party was set upon by about 15 stalwart Fascisti and soundly clubbed. At Pistoia, a few minutes later, the Deputy was found to be suffering from shock, numerous contusions and some nasty cuts. Nothing dangerous developed and he was shipped back to his home in Rome.

The day following, Deputy Roberto Farinacci, Secretary General of the Fascisti, told a cheering audience in Naples that he could not deplore the attack on Signor Amendola. "It is time," said he, "anti-Fascisti should know that this comedy cannot last longer." This "comedy" was attacking the Fascist Party.

The *Popolo d'Italia*, Mussolini's organ, was longer-winded:

"We declare that we deplore the violence against Amendola. . . . If Amendola proudly declares that he always opposed Fascismo, nothing is more natural than that some one would cross his path."

The paper continued by asking that, if the Fascisti do not represent the bulk of Italians, and if they are hated by them as the Opposition claims, how it was that nobody lifted a finger to help Amendola? "Must one believe," it went on, "that the Opposition is suffering from a bad case of collective cowardice?"

Except for President of the Chamber of Deputies Casertano's calling at the

Foreign News—[Continued]

Amendola house to express the sympathy of Parliament, official circles ignored the incident.

Columbus Day

One of the first decree laws to be issued since Parliament was adjourned (TIME, June 29) established Oct. 12, the day on which Columbus is supposed to have discovered America, as a national holiday.

The measure was ignorantly alleged to be an act of courtesy toward the U. S. Government. This seemed far-fetched: 1) because Columbus, on his first trip west, did not discover the land which is now called the U. S.; 2) Italians have always been at some pains to insist that Columbus was an Italian.

DENMARK

U. S. N. Visit

At Copenhagen, Danish capital, arrived four U. S. torpedo-boat destroyers. A reception by King Christian, by U. S. Minister John D. Prince, were among the honors accorded the officers, while the Danish damsels greeted the gobs as they are everywhere greeted.

PORTUGAL

Premier Out

Following the second revolt of the year in Portugal (TIME, July 27), Premier Antonio da Silva presented his resignation to President Gomes, whom he advised to dissolve Parliament.

President Gomes accepted the Premier's resignation. He did not dissolve Parliament; instead, he tried to find another Premier.

POLAND

Land Reform

The Diet (Parliament) decided last week that there shall be a great partition of property throughout the land.

No owner may own near a city or industrial centre more than 150 acres and in the eastern border lands more than 750 acres. All surplus property, under the meaning of the act passed by the Diet, is to be purchased from the landlords by cash and 5% bonds and sold to the peasant on credit terms extending over 40 years.

TURKEY

While Bathing

While bathing in the Danube, profigate Prince Abdul Kadir, a son of the late ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid, expired. Too much water in the lungs was the cause of his death.

His father, Abdul Hamid, was one of the astutest and most brilliant of the 36 rulers of the Turkish House of Os-

man. Had he been less brilliant, the Young Turks might not have thrown him into prison in 1908.*

His son, Abdul Kadir, was also brilliant, and his radiance attracted more ladies than even a self-respecting Turk allowed in his harem. After his father was banished to a luxurious prison in what is now Greece, Abdul Kadir migrated to Budapest where women, wine and Tsiganic music swelled his collection of unpaid bills. He married the Hungarian equivalent of a Ziegfeld Follies beauty, but eventually abandoned her and the small, red heir to which she had just given birth.

A few days later the Prince walked into a Budapest court in answer to a summons. The police were amazed. Further investigations were made and it was discovered that the Abdul Kadir who was drowned was not a Prince but a merchant.

Constantinople Casino

Where Sultans sat with their Sultanas, gamblers are to sit with their winnings.

The Yildiz Kiosk or Palace, former house of the Sultans of Turkey, was allegedly leased last week to a foreign amusement syndicate for an annual tribute of 300,000 Turkish pounds (about \$165,000).

The Kiosk is to be turned into a casino on the lines of those at Monte Carlo and Nice. Hotel accommodations, cinemas, amusement parks, are also to be constructed. The Turks hope many people will come to Constantinople.

CHINA

Murder, Theft

Various diplomatic sorties ended last week in a semi-official statement in Tokyo that the U. S., Britain and Japan were in entire agreement on all points of policy regarding China. A conference on Chinese customs at an early date was thereby approved as well as the creation of a commission to consider how and when extraterritoriality (trial for foreigners in their own consular courts) can be terminated.

Meantime, anti-foreign feeling continued to run high in most of the eastern Provinces. Strikers remained out and a bloody clash took place between two Chinese factions at Canton. In the same place terrorists frightened the sexton of the foreign cemetery to flight by threatening to dig up the dead. In

*After Abdul Hamid came Muhammad V (1909-18), Muhammad VI, the last Sultan (1918-22).

divers places stories of shots fired at foreign transports were reported and lost nothing in being recounted. Despite many difficulties, indications were that Chinese unrest was slowly ebbing.

This favorable impression was quickly dissipated when news came from Manchuria that Morgan Palmer, U. S. citizen from New York State, had been killed while helping the inhabitants of a village near his ranch to beat off a horde of brigands. At the same time the brigands seized the person of Dr. H. J. Howard, eye specialist of the Rockefeller Hospital in Peking, who was visiting Mr. Palmer at his ranch, dragged him to their mountain lair, since when nothing has been heard of him. Mr. Palmer's mother, Dr. Howard's son, one Harold Baldwin (formerly of Derby, Conn.), together with wife and child made good their escape.

A strong protest to the Chinese Government at Peking was made by the U. S. Legation. An indemnity for the Palmer family and punishment of the bandits was presumed to have been demanded. No change in regard to the policy of the U. S. toward China was expected. The killing of Mr. Palmer and kidnapping of Dr. Howard was in no way connected with the anti-foreign movement further south.

LATIN AMERICA

Notes

Argentina. Like the flash that precedes the thunder, the Prince of Wales' chauffeur arrived in Buenos Aires to study the capital preparatory to driving his royal master about it. The Prince is expected from Uruguay on Aug. 14.

Panama. At Cristobal in the Panama Canal Zone, the arrival of U. S. General John J. Pershing, traveling as President of the Tacna-Arica Plebiscite Commission (TIME, Mar. 16, 23, 30), was enthusiastically signalled. Later, the General went to the city of Panama, paid his respects to President Rodolfo Chiari who was in mourning for a near relative. General Lassiter, Panamanian soldier, gave a reception in honor of his U. S. comrade.

Nicaragua. Proselytism is usually more dangerous for the proselytizers than for the proselytees, as a party of Protestant missionaries discovered last week in Catholic Granada, Nicaragua. From the outset the local Catholic Bishop was distinctly adverse to having the Protestant Central American Mission ensconced in his diocese. But the Protestants came, presumably to proselytize, and the Catholics grew irate, made angry noises, threw stones, then threatened violence, death. The missionaries—two females and one male—asked the Nicaraguan Government for protection. A commission of inquiry and 50 soldiers were sent.

THE THEATRE

A New Play

What Women Do? The tag end of the season brought to Manhattan one more little wanderer who should never have been allowed out of manuscript. Probably you cannot keep people from writing these things. About three times a year one of the writers has enough money to put his platitudes into the mouths of actors. Often the audience laughs at the wrong time.

These actors were generally incompetent and their story about the same. It was about a doctor whose wife deserts him because he does not love her. Four years later she returns with a baby in her arms. Sick baby. He refuses treatment. She tells him the child is his. Four nurses and two doctors, all in white, gather round the tiny form. The wife staggers around the edges sobbing: "Will he live? Will he live?" Here the audience laughed.

...

The Best Plays

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

Drama

WHAT PRICE GLORY?—The stunning story of what really happened when the marines went to France for love and war. (The last month.)

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS—Eugene O'Neill's rocky narrative of loneliness and infidelity on a New England farm. Has had the longest run of any of his plays.

WHITE CARGO—A shrewd theatrical deduction on what might happen if a white man became too lonely among the native maidens of sandy Africa.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—In which a San Francisco biscuit shooter transfers to a farm and an old Italian husband. The handsome farmhand sneaks up on their happiness.

Comedy

IS ZAT SO?—Ragged slices of most amusing slang sandwiched between Fifth Avenue affluence and the lightweight championship of the world.

THE FALL GUY—The trials of a flat-dweller in Manhattan who could not hold his job and nearly went to jail in the last act.

THE POOR NUT—Undergraduate absurdities made entertaining by a good performance and a general indisposition to take the task seriously.

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

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA—Shaw com-

edy with Helen Hayes as the flapper Cleopatra.

Musical

August evenings may be well spent in expensive thoughtlessness at: *Rose-Marie*; *Lady, Be Good*; *Ziegfeld Follies*, *The Student Prince*, *Artists and Models*, *Engaged*, *George White's Scandals*, *Garrick Gaieties*, *Grand Street Follies*.

...

Coming Plays

Herewith detailed are some plays for the coming season. It is obviously impossible to present an exhaustive schedule. There is nothing so severely unimportant as an unimportant play. This list includes those which seem in the lottery to have the highest probabilities of success:

August

Spring Fever—A golf comedy by Vincent Lawrence, already played in Chicago under the title of *Kelly's Vacation*. With James Rennie and Marion Cookley.

Cradle Snatchers is a play in which Mary Boland will attempt to repeat the success of *Meet the Wife*. Assisting her, Edna May Oliver.

It All Depends—Comedy; locale, America; time, the present. Presenting Norman Trevor, Violet Kemble Cooper, Katherine Alexander.

The Patsy—Another comedy. By Barry Connors with Clairborne Foster. Goes to Chicago for a run.

The Straight Shooter—Another comedy. This one by George Abbott and Winchell Smith. With Mr. Abbott.

The Pelican, in the form of a London success by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood, will alight with Margaret Lawrence.

The Five O'Clock Man—French comedy, with Arthur Byron and Janet Beecher.

Alias Santa Claus—A play long in Belasco's hands, originally intended for David Warfield. New star unselected.

The Heart Thief—Adapted from the French of the late Sacha Guitry. Starring Billie Burke.

Oh Mama!—Also a French formula for fun, which will serve to bring Alice Brady back after vaudeville and idleness. Normally emotional, she will try farce.

The Jazz Singer—The story of a Hebrew singer of blackface mammy

songs. With George Jessel and Phoebe Foster.

The Sea Woman—Blanche Yurka and salt water.

The Enchanted April, from the novel by "Elizabeth." With Helen Gahagan, Elizabeth Risdon, Alison Skipworth.

September

The Fall of Eve—A comedy in which a very nice young wife gets cock-eyed. Ruth Gordon acting Eve.

The Green Hat—Everybody knows about this one.

The Vortex—Outstanding hit of last-year London. By and with Noel Coward.

All Dressed Up—By Arthur Richman. Polite wit.

Pomero's Past—By Clare Kummer. Brings back William Gillette.

The Advocate—E. H. Sothern's return without Julia Marlowe. From the French of Brieux.

First Flight—A story of Andrew Jackson's youth by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings. (*What Price Glory?* authors).

The Buccaneer—Based on certain oddities in the life and character of Sir Henry Morgan. With William Farnum and Estelle Winwood. For Boston. By the same Anderson and Stallings.

Most of Us Are—More foolishness from the genial pen of Frederick Lonsdale. Ina Claire may play it.

The Happy Man—A piece by Philip Barry in which Arthur Hopkins is striving to interest Laurette Taylor.

October

Applesauce—A comedy by Barry Connors which entertained Chicago through much of last season. With Allan Dinehart.

The Butter and Egg Man—Satirical fable of the theatre by George S. Kaufman with Gregory Kelly starred.

The Passionate Prince—Designed by Achmed Abdullah and Robert H. Davis; will serve the ornate talents of Lowell Sherman.

The School Mistress—By an Italian, Dario Nicodemi. The school-mistress is Ann Harding.

The Carolinian—Adapted from Sabatini's novel. For Sidney Blackmer.

The Enemy—A very earnest burst of Channing Pollock anti-war sentiments. With Fay Bainter.

These Charming People—Michael Arlen's second play. Based on bits of the book. With Cyril Maude.

B O O K S

Chicago*

A Charming, Able Resident Reconstructs It

The Story. At the end of this book, two portraits hang in an old city house. Out of one frame, in white muslin and blue sash, looks a beguiling red-headed Civil War nurse as she was just before she sacked an Italian count, married an ardent young mechanic and quit her par-troon relatives to live in the quiet West.

The other canvas, called *Bitter Fruit* by an old friend of the subject, is the same Ann Cortlandt Smith as a great-grandmother. The ropes of pearls are luminous, the velvets urbane. The dame's expression is that of one who has found life out.

Midway between the two portraits glimmers a mirror over whose forgetful surface have played the intervening years, as reflected in Ann's face and figure—Peter Smith's pioneering in steel; the "partnership" they were to have had in this as man and wife; his reticence and absorption in the business; their first quarrels, his prosperity, their children; the great fire and his phoenix-like rise therefrom.

Ann had placed in Peter's care the wealth she got from her uncle. How incapable of "partnership" he was had been apparent when, in the business panic, she had rushed down to tell him he could use her bonds—and found he had already done so. The disunion had hurt her worse than dishonesty. She had slept in the guest room, gone abroad. In Paris she had nearly, not quite, succumbed to an animated young tenor—who came to tea years later, patently, professionally, perplexed as to who she was.

Having lost a son, Ann was braced against bereavement when Peter, retired from business and lost without it, passed also. She kept up the old house in a now-unfashionable part of the city, stubbornly opposing her grandchildren's suggestions that she take an apartment, just as Peter had opposed his lawyer about joining the Steel Trust.

The Significance. There is much more to the story of the Smiths, and it is a good story. They and colorful contemporaries live in the book, continuously and visibly. Their author does not psychoanalyze or otherwise distort them. She has employed, with notable poise and richness, the formula of Galsworthy's *Foray Saga* against a thoroughly U. S. background, Chicago. Residents of that vigorous community will discredit their citizenship by failing to read this excellent chronicle of its child-

hood. Other non-readers will miss a sound, satisfying novel.

The Author. Janet A. Fairbank (Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank) has written of New York City (*The Cortlandts of*



JANET A. FAIRBANK
Poise, richness, charm

Washington Square). Washington is far from unknown to her since her War work and suffrage activities. But Chicago—where lived her distinguished lawyer-father, Benjamin F. Ayer, where she was born, where she is known for a charming hostess and able politician—is her home and her debtor.

Idyll

THIS OLD MAN—Gertrude Bone—*Macmillan* (\$2.50). Young David Niven, with notable talent, carves his soul into wood. Old John Dutton's soul is with his wife of 48 years, with his ancient pony, his thatched cottage, his simple daily round as carrier in a pocket-village of fertile England. Young Elizabeth Niven's soul is nowhere until she bears her son. Then it is abroad, seeking more to give the child than life, which she sees go into the grave of old Mary Dutton. Young David, translated by his work, is no help to her. It is old John, in the wisdom of bereavement, who leads her whither he has picked his way, beyond life to the Giver thereof. As he cured his pony of shying at puddles by leading him slowly, so he goes with Elizabeth. He first shows her a dead whitethroat.

To take up slack in her idyll, which is a lovely one, Mrs. Bone, wife of Etcher Muirhead Bone, sister-in-law of

Captain David Bone, S. S. *Tuscania*, stations in the background one Helen Ross, brainy middle-aged virgin, as interlocutor.

Queer Quadrangle

SEIBERT OF THE ISLAND—Gordon Young—*Doran* (\$2.00). Arresting things have been said about this book: that it is a ripping adventure story, a throbbing love tale, a novel of surpassing form written in remarkable English. Stevenson has been mentioned in comparisons; even Conrad. Most of which is rot. It is merely an eventful chronicle, told rather slowly but with a steady eye on characters more self-controlled than colorful. A quixotic South Sea pirate (the hero of Author Young's *Hurricane Williams*) creates a situation—involving two half-native girls, a gentlemanly vagabond and Williams' amiably sardonic lieutenant—which alters, and is altered by, barrel-chested, sweating, heavy-handed Adolph Seibert, a German planter of Puloto, who married one of the girls, was loved by neither and got caught in a queer quadrangle when both girls loved the vagabond.

Jap Lothario

THE TALE OF GENJI—Lady Murasaki (translated by Arthur Waley).—*Houghton Mifflin* (\$3.00). There were other weapons in Genji's 11th Century Japan but none so invincible as the writing-brush. Thus, in a day when cultured Anglo-Saxons were beseeching ladies' favors with the haft of a halberd, this informal son of a Nipponese emperor wrote: "Since first he saw the green leaf of the tender bush, never for a moment has the dew of longing dried upon the traveler's sleeve."

How your handwriting curled and crinkled made a vast difference, indicating your rank and accomplishments. Even how you folded the paper was portentous—with the ingenuity of devotion or a seductively casual grace. None excelled Genji at the art, and as he was extremely handsome and amiable, his otherwise indolent young life consisted chiefly in sleeping by day and traveling secretly by night in all directions from the palace.

Flowers stir fragrantly, thin partitions slide furtively, high passion whispers delicate vows in poetic acrostics, silks shimmer and fall softly to immaculate floors in innumerable ladies' chambers. The one incongruous note is heard when Genji steals home at dawn—the crazy axle-squeak of his bullock-cart.

Lady Murasaki's 11th Century classic might well have waited more hundreds of years for a translator of Mr. Waley's sense and sensibility.

*THE SMITHS—Janet A. Fairbank—*Bobbs-Merrill* (\$2.00).

MUSIC

In Hollywood

Just as the presence of one literary lion redeems, for an ambitious hostess, the most supine soirée, so the presence of a single preeminent conductor enraptures the patrons of summer musical seasons in the U. S. The "catch" of the Hollywood Bowl is Sir Henry J. Wood, famed British conductor. Recently he put his two feet together on the dais, made his prettiest bow to an audience that was probably the largest of his expansive career—an audience that bulged over acres of ground and crowded into the aisle down which, as Sir Henry bowed, a platoon of Welsh bagpipers marched with a strump of drums and a squealing strathspey. Behind Sir Henry's head the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes beamed at each other. He lifted his baton.

"Now," thought sophisticates, "he will exaggerate." And truly it would have been easy, in the blue evening, to mis-gage the acoustics of the gargantuan Bowl. But Sir Henry, wiser than his critics, made his effects as precisely as if he had been in a concert hall; brilliantly he conducted a rare *Andante* of Mozart's, an unfamiliar suite by Purcell, the first Los Angeles performance of three movements from *The Planets* by Gustav Holst. Sir Henry had been encouraged to give some modern English music; he chose Ethel Smyth's *On the Cliffs of Cornwall*, a scene from *The Immortal Hour* of Rutland Boughton.

A chubby little boy named Wood used to persuade the sextons of vast, dim London churches to let him climb up on the organ bench and poke his fingers into the triple-tiered keyboard. Later he studied at the Royal Academy, tried to be a composer, but it was not until he was engaged to conduct a series of Promenade Concerts in the new Queen's Hall in 1895 that his name began to command space in the newspapers. It was then considered impossible to play good music for audiences at Promenade Concerts; they wanted to hear *Goodbye, Dolls, I Must Leave You*, or the airy ballads that squat Dan Leno was yodeling in the Empire Theatre. "But God bless my soul," said Henry J. Wood, "if they don't like Wagner, why God bless my soul I'll play him until they do." Soon he went further, began to make the British public interested in Russian music. When people clapped, he made his orchestra rise and bow behind him—a practice new to British music.

In 1911 he was knighted. In 1918 the Boston Symphony Orchestra asked him to become its permanent conductor. He



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SIR HENRY J. WOOD
... wiser than his critics

refused. Sir Henry is adept at riding on the bicycle, punting, playing billiards, painting.

Bayreuth

The 16th revival of the Bayreuth festival, the second since the War, opened last week with *Die Meistersinger*. *Paraisif* followed, then the *Ring*. Wagnerites crowded the town to capacity, enthused over the general excellence of the performances. New hope was born in Manhattan opera-goers with the appearance of Tenor Lauritz Melchior, an able actor with a good voice, who will come next year to the Metropolitan Opera House to help relieve the nasal Tenors Rudolf Laubenthal and Curt Taucher.

In 1872, when Bismarck's iron masterpieces were seeking quiet kennels wherein to rest after their leap on France, Richard Wagner looked for a place to make a home for his old age. He chose Bayreuth—a village three hours by train from Nürnberg, visited by few tourists. With the help of Ludwig, King of Bavaria, he built his theatre—an enormous mousetrap to which the world soon began to beat a path. Nearby, he built his house.

Brave days are still remembered in that house. Along its corridors goes Cosima Wagner, his widow—a grim, gaunt woman with the eyes of a sick eagle and the mouth of a field marshal; up and down she parades, while her petticoat rustles. The whisper of memories, ludicrous, pathetic, stirs to the swish of the old woman's skirt along the empty hall. . . . A shaggy little

man contorted over the piano, begging his wife to walk up and down the room because he "so loves the rustle of silk. . . ." A swollen little man, throned among his friends, shouting: "Go away. Go to the kitchen. That is the place for women. You are talking rubbish when you are talking music. . . ." The old woman sits down, begins to tap the floor with her long foot, thinking of Siegfried Wagner, sapless shoot of a strong tree, who went to the U. S. but failed to raise money for Bayreuth (*TIME*, Aug. 4, 1924); of the night King Ludwig of Bavaria drove alone up the black highroad to Bayreuth to pay tribute at the grave of the dead Wagner; of the multitude of famed musicians, soloists in their own right, who accept a bare living wage at Bayreuth to offer their Art to the Master; of the beer profiteers at the *Festspielhäuser*; of the shaggy, the swollen little man, lying on his back in the garden, with earth in his beard and the roots of flowers in his eyes—thinking. . . .

ART

Sargent Sale

A sometime King of Portugal was helped to a quiet corner. Sir Gerald Du Maurier stared from a bench, uttering little cries of admiration. Lord Beatty stood up near the pulpit and facing him, packed along wooden forms like rooks on a wire, were all the famed Art collectors, connoisseurs in England. They had come to Christie's auction rooms to bid for the odds and ends that John Singer Sargent left around his studio when he died (*TIME*, Apr. 27). The auctioneer turned suavely to the gentlemen on the forms, nodding at a raised finger that meant 200 guineas, catching a wink that raised the bid by several hundred.

For a while he made about \$1,000 a minute from such winks, nods. Then the company settled down to serious bidding. A representative of Governor Fuller of Massachusetts paid \$35,000 (the highest price of the day) for a small, iridescent canvas: *Vigilio: A Boat With Golden Sails*, bought five other pictures for the Governor's grim home in Malden. Little paintings that Sargent had done when he was studying—Venetian scenes, casual landscapes, watercolors—brought thousands of pounds; \$23,000 for a diminutive canal scene, \$11,000 for a picture of the Doge's palace; \$4,300 for *Man Seated by a Stream*, "undoubtedly the most expensive man," said the *London Evening News*, "who ever sat by a stream."

When, late in the day, Christie's door clicked behind the last bidder, it was found that the take was \$730,000—"a world's record."

CINEMA

The New Pictures

A Woman's Faith. You may not believe in miracles but you cannot deny their adaptability to the cinema. This one is from Clarence Buddington Kelland's novel *Miracle*. Under discussion is the restoration of sight at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré in Quebec. Shortly after, the hero and the girl plot another miracle (to them): their marriage. He lost his eyes in a fight back in the furry wilds. A generally capable hero, somewhat more serious than usual.

...

The Ranger of the Big Pines. The indefatigable Western formulas are followed again to form a moderate melodrama adapted from Hamlin Garland's story *Cavanaugh, Forest Ranger*. The girl's father—an outlaw for murder—returned to save her and her lover in the cabin pistol battle.

...

Eve's Lover. Irene Rich can make almost anything in the cinema seem fairly good. Which may make her a good actress or may prove that routine picture plots are better than they seem. This one certainly seems sloppy enough. It is all about an unloved wife and a Hungarian count. If you have enjoyed Irene Rich doing this sort of thing before, there is probably no reason for warning you.

...

The Half Way Girl. Explosion inspectors found the demise of the *Mandalay* one of the most shattering in screen annals. The producers bought an old packet, buried dynamite fore and aft and set her on fire. Just before the blow-up, they contrived to have Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes evade the leopard that had escaped in the riot, and catch the last life boat. She had been an underworld wench; he was falsely accused of murder. Mostly as usual, except for the disruption of the *Mandalay*.

...

Never the Twain Shall Meet is from Peter B. Kyne's novel of the same name. The shapely bronzes which almost any traveler seems able to acquire in the Pacific Islands in the form of a living household decoration are again discussed. Anita Stewart appears for the defense, lovely indeed, and marvelously marcelled. There is a gentleman from San Francisco and a journalist who waits around for his rival to desert. The display is chiefly commendable for a collection of rarely beautiful exteriors.

...

Not So Long Ago. Old New York and the first automobile cluster quaintly

about a gentle love story of the little scamstress and the town dandy. Fine old costumes and deft direction by Sidney Olcott. Betty Bronson plays the little lady with the thimble. Her exceedingly agreeable activities prove that she was no flash in the *Peter Pan*.

EDUCATION

At Edinburgh

*'Tis education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.*

The World Federation of Education Associations spent an animated week at Edinburgh, Scotland, reaffirming their belief that the proper inclination for trees (future citizens) of all countries is toward a condition of international affairs wherein armed hostilities shall be rendered psychologically impossible through agencies vaguely known as "cosmopolitan culture," "international understanding," "human fellowship," "world literacy."

To a short-sighted man, this desired inclination toward what is commonly called "world peace" may seem a thing, like the tropism of green twigs toward sunlight, so natural and to-be-expected as to render its discussion and "promotion" rather vapid solemnities.

Not so the W. F. E. A. Unafraid that they would generalize their subject into thin air, they deployed last week in polyglot platoons to discuss international teaching of History ("banish war heroics"), Civics and Geography; establishment of standard courses, in the normal schools of all countries, on Internationalism; establishment of a world university and a universal library service; agreement upon a reciprocal arrangement concerning university degrees and credits, whereby students could migrate from one university to those of other countries without interrupting their studies.

A plenary session of the Federation was called to hear the world peace plan written by Dr. David Starr Jordan, Chancellor-Emeritus of Leland Stanford University, which last year won a \$25,000 contest conducted by Raphael Herman, Detroit manufacturer (TIME, Dec. 15, INTERNATIONAL). Dr. Jordan's plan would conscript the world's school teachers, represented by twelve co-operating committees, to work under the supervision of the W. F. E. A.

Said Dr. Augustus A. Thomas of Maine, W. F. E. A. President:

"It will be its [the Federation's] mis-

sion to comb out of the world civilization those virtues which lend themselves to happiness and progress, and foster and cultivate them, and to make determined war upon those elements which retard or misdirect and which are hang-overs of primitive ways."

Said King George V, through his deputy, Sir John Gilmour, Secretary for Scotland: "I follow with interest and sympathy. . . ."

Eminent educators present: President Henry Noble MacCracken of Vassar College; Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart (Frankfort, Ky.), foe of illiteracy; C. T. Wing, President of the National Union of Teachers of England and Wales; Dr. P. Kuo, onetime President of South Eastern University (Nanking, China); Mrs. Laura Puffer Morgan of Washington, D. C., who arose and announced a World Hero Prize Competition (12 prizes, \$100) open to the school-child essayists of the world. Any school might submit essays on twelve heroes. The competition would end on "World Goodwill Day" (May 18).

Before adjournment, Augustus O. Thomas of Maine was re-elected W. F. E. A. President.

Paternal

Secretary James J. Davis of the U. S. Department of Labor has departed for Europe (TIME, July 27, CABINET), but before he went U. S. parents had an intimate communication from his Department.

Secretary Hubert Work of the U. S. Department of the Interior has only recently (TIME, July 27, CABINET) returned to his desk at the Capital, but during his absence U. S. parents had intimate advice from his Department as well.

Folk who abhor paternalism in the Government must last week have leveled accusing fingers at both intimacies.

The Department of the Interior, through its Bureau of Education, allied itself with the National Congress of Parents and Teachers in a "concerted" campaign to admonish the parents of school-children to prepare their offspring, physically and mentally, during the summer, for school in the fall. This pre-school preparation was to be accomplished by physical examinations, instruction in discipline, proper conduct in the home.

The Department of Labor, through its Children's Bureau, took the parental bull directly and single-handedly by the horns. Its Dr. I. A. Thomas issued commandments on child management: "Don't bribe. Don't make promises which you know you cannot or do not intend to keep. Don't threaten a child in order to obtain control over him."

Among threats Dr. Thom doubtless

*Membrship: (some) 900,000.

had in mind: "Be good or the doctor will cut your tongue out."

"The old man with a black bag picks up little girls who don't mind their mothers."

"Steal more jam and I'll whistle for the green-eared boogey man in the hall closet."

Dr. Thom's injunctions were accompanied by literature on the responsibilities of parenthood (including cheerfulness at mealtimes), upon the fostering of juvenile initiative (anti-apron-string), upon the manly ("battle of life") assets to be implanted by judicious denial of childish desires.

...

The Great Trial

The pens and tongues of contumely were arrested. Mocking mouths were shut. Even righteous protestation hushed its clamor, as when, having striven manfully in single combat, a high-helmed champion is stricken by Jove's bolt and the snarling armies stand at sudden gaze, astonished and bereft a moment of their rancor.

The death of William Jennings Bryan (see Page 6) furnished Tennessee's anti-Evolution case with a climax. In the trial itself (TIME, July 6 et seq.), there was no climax. Judge Raulston, having denied the defense an injunction against Teacher Scopes' indictment on the ground that the state anti-Evolution law was quite unconstitutional, and having further refused to admit scientific evidence (save as affidavits* in the record to instruct higher courts) by which the defense would have sought to disprove Scopes' misdemeanor through "reconciling" the Biblical with the scientific account of creation, there remained to the trial nothing but the bald testimony of two schoolboys that Scopes had "taught Evolution." Though the trial lasted a fortnight, costing over \$25,000,† the schoolboys' testimony was practically all the farmer-jurors were permitted to hear in the courtroom. It alone constituted the basis for their verdict of "Guilty."

After the judge had charged the jury, Defense-Counsel Darrow shuffled to the barrier. He could not enter a plea of guilty and retain his client's right of ap-

peal in a higher court. But he could and did tell the jurors he saw no alternative for them but such a verdict. Said he: "We think we will save our point and take it to the higher court and settle whether the law is good, and also whether he [Judge Raulston] should have permitted the evidence. I guess that is plain enough."

The defense having moved to submit the case to the jury without argument, there was no final address by Mr. Bryan. To the latter this was disappointing, since he had prepared an oration which he told friends was to have been "the capstone" of his public-speaking career and the prelude to a nation-wide campaign against what Mr. Bryan suspected was an organized conspiracy among scientists to undermine and overthrow the temple of Fundamentalist religious belief.

The jury withdrew to the shelter of a sweet-gum tree (it was raining) on the courthouse lawn, cast one ballot, returned after five minutes to the box. Called to the stand to state why he should not be convicted and fined \$100 (the minimum penalty), said Teacher Scopes: "... An unjust statute. I will continue in the future as I have in the past to oppose. ..."

The *Baltimore Sun* furnished the culprit his \$500 bond. The defense promptly entered its appeal. The courtroom rang with fresh speeches, all benevolence and good-fellowship (except between "Agnostic" Darrow and "Bigot" Bryan). A reporter thanked the court for its courtesy and hospitality. So did a nondescript tourist from a back bench. The courtroom was emptied of its human contents.

Appeal. In September, the Supreme Court of Tennessee, sitting at Knoxville, will contemplate arguments for and against the two propositions of Appellant Scopes: 1) That the anti-Evolution law, prohibiting the teaching of any theory of creation which denies the account found in *Genesis*, is unconstitutional under Tennessee's Bill of Rights, being sectarian; 2) that if the law were valid, teaching the theory of Evolution would not—in Scopes' case, did not—constitute a misdemeanor since the two accounts—Biblical and scientific—can be shown to be compatible.

With Mr. Bryan dead, the prosecution will continue in the able hands of legalistic, shrewd young Attorney General Stewart and whimsical, shrewd old "General" Ben G. McKenzie. Lawyers Darrow, Dudley Field Malone, John R. Neal and Arthur Garfield Hays of the defense, all of whom were expected to carry on, will be joined by Lawyer Frank Sparlock of Chattanooga, well versed in the peculiarities of Tennessee law. Wrote Teacher Scopes for the *Hearst* press: "Success is ultimately with us."

RELIGION

Fosdick's Pulpit

Down will come some apartment houses and private dwellings near the Union Theological Seminary on Riverside Drive, Manhattan. Up will go a temple. The tearing down and the building up will be largely financed by John Davison Rockefeller Jr. In the temple will be a pulpit. And in the pulpit will be Harry Emerson Fosdick.*

These were things easily foreseen from the fact that the Riverside property had been conveyed last week to the Empire Mortgage Co., a Rockefeller bag.

Long Hair

It is customary that the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the M. E. Church, from time to time, take stock of the moral and spiritual assets of the U. S., issue official evaluations thereof.

It is customary that these evaluations be sober, businesslike.

Last week a report was issued. Soberly it noted the splendid progress of its child, Prohibition. Soberly it analyzed "the new corruption of novel and magazine fiction . . . perverted literature . . . of an appalling character." Soberly it marked the "degradation of the American theatre" and the "conscienceless theatrical manager." Soberly it warned of "sport perversion, characterized by brutality or gambling."

Then, recalling that all these evils have their defenders, the report became at last rhetorical:

"We should not forget that there is a group calling itself intelligentsia which is conducting considerable war on everything typically American, which includes ordinary morality and decency. These people may be intelligentsia but it is strange that they do not even know when the time has arrived for a haircut—these men are enemies to the country and Americans should regard them as such."

Saint's Body

St. Christine the Virgin—nearly 200 years ago her body was removed from the Roman catacombs to a monastery nearby. Having been presented by Pope Pius XI to the Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Cleveland, the body will be removed this month from Rome to the Catholic cathedral of Cleveland, Ohio.

Bishop Schrembs' diocese had contributed largely to the "House of Catacombs" recently built outside the walls of Rome by the Pontifical Commission on Sacred Archaeology.

*Dr. Fosdick last spring accepted the pastorate of the Park Avenue Baptist Church on conditions that would permit an "inclusive membership" and the building of a church edifice seating 2,500 near Union Theological Seminary, one of whose luminaries he is (TIME, May 25).

* Two affidavits were entered in the record to indicate the nature of testimony scientists would have borne if permitted. Dr. Maynard M. Metcalf of Johns Hopkins University drew upon Zoology to demonstrate "God's ever-growing revelation of himself." Wilbur A. Nelson, State Geologist of Tennessee, showed how the study of Geology, permitted in Tennessee these 97 years, would be impossible without introducing the theory of evolution.

† Though counsel served feeless, the defense put its costs between \$20,000 and \$25,000. The largest items were transporting to Dayton the group of expert witnesses whose testimony went unheard. Actual court costs were \$300, treble the fine imposed.

MEDICINE

Psycho-Foundation

"But, my d-e-a-r, you shouldn't tell your d-r-e-a-m-s like that in p-u-b-l-i-c. Don't you know what that m-e-a-n-s? Buzz-buzz-buzz-buzz."

The dreamer goes home startled, curious, full of vague notions and curiosity, a prey to delicious contemplation of the "sublimations" from "suppressed desires" her (his) friend has hinted, more or less darkly, more or less ignorantly. Practising "doctors of psychoanalysis" are not now uncommon in the world, charlatans of the sort that has battened on prevailing mental and medical fads since a skulking witch-doctor first sold a pickled dog's eye to a savage with a belly-ache.

Against these latter and to stem the tide of hurtful misconception they see rising, friends and relatives of Dr. Sigmund Freud of Vienna, pioneer investigator of "unconscious mentation," have urged him to accept the presidency of an International Psychoanalytical Foundation.

Scholarships to Berlin and Vienna, free treatment to poor patients and the dissemination of authentic literature would constitute such a Foundation's program. Last week Dr. Freud acquiesced, stipulating that a governing committee must do the work and leave him free to pursue his own work, which is from 8 a. m. to 7 p. m., receiving patients, writing at books until midnight (TIME, Oct. 27).

U. S. figures sure to figure in the Foundation's foundation and upon its governing committee: Dr. Clarence P. Oberndorf of Manhattan, onetime (1923) President of the American Psychoanalytical Society and Editor of the *International Journal of Psychoanalysis*; Dr. Abraham Arden Brill* of New York University, "first U. S. practitioner of Freud's doctrine" and a U. S. translator of his works; Dr. Edward L. Bernays, Manhattan, "counsel on public relations" and nephew to Dr. Freud.

A film entitled *The Mystery of the Soul* was also announced last week. Produced by the Berlin concern UFA, every foot will be planned, scrutinized by Dr. Freud. The subject: popular demonstration of psychoanalysis.

Veterinarians

Before a meeting of the American Veterinary Association at Portland, Ore., stood a dog. Angered by the faces that festooned the air about him, the

dog tried to bark, failed, tried again—and again only the dismal spectre of a bark issued from his inflamed throat. He laid his head down on his paws. Two sad-eyed goats stood nearby. For these goats had lost their happy bleats; they would converse no more. A veter-



© Keystone

DR. A. A. BRILL

"First U. S. practitioner of Freud's doctrine"

inary surgeon, one Dr. F. R. Whipple, explained to the faces how simple it had been to remove the bark, the two bleats—as simple as taking adenoids from a human being. Said he: "My method will save the lives of many dogs who would otherwise antagonize their friends by ill-timed howling."

THE PRESS

True Greatness

Guess, and guess right if you can, what newspaper in the U. S. carries the most advertising. A paper without advertising may be an editorial success, but a paper with many pages of advertising is a great financial success; for advertising is the golden reward of successful journalism.

And what U. S. paper has the most advertising? Is it any of the great or the near great? *The New York Times*? *The Boston Transcript*? *The Chicago Tribune*? None of these. The proud publisher of the greatest amount of advertising since Jan. 1, 1925, could not keep it to himself. He began to advertise it. He is Frank B. Shuts, who publishes his *Miami Herald* in booming

Florida. These are the statistics he sets forth:

SEVEN DAYS A WEEK LEADERS

	Lines*
Miami Herald	18,024,587
Detroit News	16,414,674
Chicago Tribune	15,948,574
New York Times	13,587,936
Los Angeles Times	13,156,654
Washington Star	12,671,279
Pittsburgh Press	11,885,342
Los Angeles Examiner	10,862,405
St. Louis Post-Dispatch	10,556,160
Columbus Dispatch	10,478,036

SIX DAYS A WEEK LEADERS

	Lines*
Miami Herald	13,419,560
Detroit News	11,998,266
Chicago Daily News	10,331,101
Washington Star	9,403,656
Pittsburgh Press	8,277,458
New York Times	8,157,150
Los Angeles Times	7,947,064
Columbus Dispatch	7,535,739
St. Louis Post-Dispatch	7,345,800
Chicago Tribune	6,269,943
Los Angeles Examiner	6,215,240

Not Small

The same boom which raised *The Miami Herald* (see above) to its finale, has also elevated *The Miami Daily News*. Last week the *News* opened a new \$1,500,000 home overlooking Biscayne Bay, a building marked by a great tower—270 ft. high, patterned after the Giralda Tower at Seville. In celebration of the event it published a 504-page Sunday edition, including 15 color sections of 24 pages each. There were about 1,000 illustrations and enough "news" matter to fill 35 books of ordinary size. It also carried advertising of 1,500 business concerns for an aggregate of 813,036 agate lines.

Disturbing News

Death alters circumstances. Good humor before is not always good taste afterward. It was bad luck for a number of publishers that Mr. Bryan died shortly after he had once again focused the limelight upon himself and they were just about to caricature him.

Life had printed 20,000 copies of its weekly issue when news of Mr. Bryan's death was received last week. An editorial conference was called and the 20,000 copies were cast into the metaphorical waste-basket. All jokes and cartoons at Mr. Bryan's expense were removed from the press and replaced by other material. Then printing recommenced. It must have been costly.

The New Yorker (a magazine-about-town) was just ready to go to press, and found itself obliged to reset considerable type.

Similarly in the theatrical world the *Garrick Gaieties*, a review given by the

*"Agate lines," in which advertisements are measured. Each "agate line" is a space a column wide and deep enough to accommodate a line of type very slightly smaller than the type in which this footnote is printed.

*At the time of the trial of Murderers Leopold and Loch in Chicago a year ago, Dr. Brill attracted attention by declaring that George Washington and Woodrow Wilson as well as the murderers were "schizoids," i. e., independent persons, progressing on aims tangential to the tendencies of the day. Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt he classed as "syntons," i. e., persons following a line which, however set, synchronizes with their surroundings.

younger players of the Theater Guild, deleted a skit in which one Philip Loel ably impersonated Mr. Bryan.

Lèse-Majesté

Mistakes are costly, and the bigger the maker, the bigger the cost. Last May, *The Saturday Evening Post* published an article by one Meade Minnigerode, a young Manhattan litterateur. It was titled *Rachel Jackson—An Informal Biography*. In it the story of the wife of Andrew Jackson was told in a chatty manner, a manner similar to that in which Mr. Minnigerode had previously retailed in the *Post* the faults and foibles and personal characteristics of other characters in U. S. history—Aaron Burr and others.

No one had taken serious offense at Mr. Minnigerode's chats about Burr and his friends, but when he came to delineating Rachel Jackson, the wife of a President of the U. S. and an idol of the state of Tennessee, he was guilty of lèse-majesté.

And Tennessee took offense. It said the article was scandalous and untrue. It rose to the defense of Rachel and Andrew Jackson. Patriotic societies met and passed resolutions denouncing Minnigerode. Senator Kenneth D. McKellar of that state called the article "cruel, inhuman and untrue . . . a carefully prepared political attack on the Democratic party . . . an attack upon the good name of an innocent woman now dead 97 years."

Whether it was in a fit of repentance or not, the *Saturday Evening Post* last week published a wandering, anecdotal, sentimental eulogy of *John and His Beloved Rachel* by one John Trotwood Moore. The eulogy was spread over five pages.

Mr. Moore pointed out one inaccuracy in Mr. Minnigerode's article by telling the true story. The original article said: "And sometimes the General went away and got into trouble. He was always quarreling and vituperating and fighting . . . with Mr. Dickinson, whom he pronounced to be a worthless, drunken blackguard scoundrel, and finally killed, quite deliberately, on a May morning when the other's pistol stopped at half-cock."

General Jackson challenged Dickinson, who was a crack shot, because he had insulted Mrs. Jackson. They fought with pistols at eight yards. Dickinson fired first and wounded Jackson near the heart. Jackson took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. Then it was not Dickinson's, but Jackson's, pistol that stopped at half cock. Jackson, sorely wounded, cocked it again and shot Dickinson, mortally wounding him.

The other items in the original article

which Mr. Moore objected to included:

1) That "Mrs. Jackson in her later years was a 'stout little body . . . a fat, coarse little brown-skinned woman in dowdy clothes.'" Mr. Moore contended that she was good looking, well mannered throughout her life.

2) That "after dinner she sat beside the General in front of the fireplace and smoked her long reed pipe, and sometimes she handed it to a guest with a cheery: 'Honey, won't you take a smoke?'" Mr. Moore said she suffered from phthisis and smoked not for pleasure but for her health.

3) That it was "useless to pretend that she was not illiterate." To this Mr. Moore replied that spelling did not matter and that bad spelling was very common among prominent people in her day.

4) That Andrew Jackson was a young blade very fond of fighting and swearing. Mr. Moore answered that he did so only in youth, and very little by comparison with other men of his time, that he fought only three duels.

One other point the apologists of the Jacksons insisted upon: that the relations of the Jacksons were utterly free from moral blame. Jackson's political enemies stirred up a scandal many years ago about his marriage. Rachel Jackson had been first married to a man named Robards. He was cruel and they separated. Later, word came that he had secured a divorce through the legislature of Virginia. Thereupon Jackson married her. It developed a couple of years later that the divorce had never been granted. Robards had merely been granted the right to sue for divorce. He finally did sue, on grounds of adultery, and got his decree. Then the Jacksons were married again. This was the cause of many scandalous attacks on the Jacksons. It led him into the Dickinson duel and other troubles and quarrels.

Mr. Minnigerode, setting aside any question of moral blame, criticized Jackson for his "impetuosity" and "slender knowledge of the law" for not first making sure that a divorce had been granted.

SCIENCE

The Pole-seekers

Whooping Cough. First it was ice-floes (*TIME*, July 20). Then it was mosquitoes (*TIME*, July 27). Last week it was whooping cough—no very fearsome obstacle but enough to prevent Commander Donald B. MacMillan and his fellow Pole-seekers from stretching their legs ashore on Disko Island, Greenland, where urchins* were reported to be hacking, whooping, spraying germs

* Commonly thought of as a child's disease, whooping cough afflicts adults also, sometimes with mortal violence.

abroad all up and down the rock-strewn coast.

Mates. Her propeller repaired (*TIME*, July 27), the *Bowdoin* last week plowed northwards through bucking seas that reduced the contents of her refrigerator to succotash and minimized the food consumption of the few men that retained vertical postures.

Under the cliffs of Disko, near Godhaven, an Eskimo kayak (canoe) manned by men in yellow oilskins hailed the pitching *Bowdoin* in some strange and unintelligible language. As the range shortened, it was perceived that the men spoke English, that they were MacMillan's companion-explorers from the *Peary*, which had preceded the *Bowdoin* to Disko and lay at anchor around a point.

Coal. Shortly both ships headed north again for the boat-base at Etah, the expedition's last sea-lap. The *Bowdoin* put in at Umanak en route, where 80 much-appreciated tons of coal were shipped (thanks to the Danish Government's courtesy in waiving the danger of a fuel shortage in Greenland). Aboard the *Peary* went Governor Rosendahl of North Greenland.

Joke-Book. Hearing Mr. MacMillan say that conversation shortages are dire dangers to Arctic explorers (*TIME*, July 13), some of his friends presented him with a joke-book before he went—90 sheets of paper each with an alleged joke written out upon it by such folk as Governor Brewster of Maine, Governor Fuller of Massachusetts, Mayor Curley of Boston, Mayor Hylan of New York, Columnist Don Marquis, Naturalist Ernest Thompson Seton, Actor Charles Winninger, Mrs. Charles Winninger (stage name: Blanche Ring), Publicist Bruce Barton, Jackie Coogan. The collection was entitled *A Log of Laughter, One Laugh A Day*. Provided they do not get stranded in the North, MacMillan and friends can count upon one loud laugh per day until the return. Specimen joke: "A Jew was solving a cross-word puzzle. He said to his family: 'Give me a word in one letter that means a food, and it isn't T. Quick. Give up? X.' (Meaning eggs for those who do not get the accent)—Blanche Ring."

Schoolboy. In Middlesex, England, as the *Bowdoin* was crossing the Arctic Circle, a schoolboy established two-way communication with her radio operator, relayed to the U. S. many messages MacMillan had been unable to transmit through U. S. stations. The boy used a simple apparatus with a wave-length of 40 metres, receiving on a circuit invented by Operator Reinartz of the *Bowdoin*.

In Canada. Canadians raised their eyebrows at the news that MacMillan intends claiming for the U. S. any continent or island "found" in the area incognita north of Beaufort Sea. At Ottawa, they pointed confidently to a tablet affixed to the entrance of the Parliamentary library. Replica of a tablet that was erected Dominion Day (July 1), 1909, at Winter Harbor, Melville Island, this reads: "This memorial is erected today to commemorate the tak-



Another wonderland for Alice

In search of new adventures Alice stepped through the magnifying glass and found herself in the wonderland of telephone making.

Here at the great telephone factory things were coming to life. Little things that she never could see before. Little distances like one one-thousandth part of an inch, that she didn't know

were worth bothering about, now became immensely big and proud and important.

And why not? These little bits of things are treated with such great respect and care at the telephone factory.

And that is why your Western Electric telephone is made so well and lasts so long.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

ing possession for the Dominion of Canada of the whole Arctic Archipelago lying to the north of America from long. 60° W to 141° W [Alaska line] up to latitude 90° N [the Pole]."

In Manhattan, Explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson wrote a newspaper article about "six elusive poles" that intrigue the explorer: 1) The North Pole; 2) the Magnetic Pole, near Boothia Felix, Canada; 3) the Pole of Inaccessibility (farthest from navigable waters), some 400 mi. from the North Pole, toward the Aleutian Islands; 4) the Pole of Greatest Cold, which is either at Verkhoyansk, Siberia (minimum winter temperature 95° below Zero, Fahr.) or in central Greenland (almost as low in winter, colder than Verkhoyansk in summer); 5) a Wind Pole (i.e. starting point for winds) in central Greenland, where high, cold ridges shed cold air downwards on both sides; 6) the Land Pole (centre of the earth's land masses) arbitrarily fixed at Greenwich, England.

Cook

In Leavenworth (Kan.) Penitentiary, expert now at needlework sits Dr. Frederick Albert Cook, self-proclaimed but discredited "discoverer" of the North Pole (1908). Last week Dr. Cook was



© Keystone

DR. F. A. COOK

"Expert at needlework"

reported "in such a bad mental and physical state" that he might never finish his term (began early this year) of from 1 to 14 years for oil-stock fraud.

S P O R T

Boxing

In Manhattan, a Hebrew lean as a knife-blade was introduced to a squat Italian. Instantly the Italian tried to hit the Hebrew in the face. A furious scuffle ensued, continued. Some twelve minutes later a doctor was bending anxiously above the Italian—one Edward Shea of Chicago—while the Hebrew—Charley ("Phil") Rosenberg—remained lantamweight champion of the world. It had been an unusual fight for the reason that Rosenberg, though cannier than his challenger, disdained to employ the artful dodges of science, but traded punches with the wild-eyed, bloody-mouthed, berserk Shea. Many who saw the little men belabor each other thought of another battle in which a champion who could box met a challenger who could hit, said: "The biggest thrill since Dempsey smacked Firpo ..."

In Columbus, Kan., Middleweight Champion Harry Greb won a newspaper decision over one Billy Britton in a bout arranged by the Anti-Horse Thief Association.

Siki. Senegalese ("Battling Siki")



Hotel Touraine

John McF. Howie President & Manager

Delaware Avenue at Johnson Park Buffalo N.Y.

The management of this hotel believes unreservedly in upholding the Constitution of the United States

Waffles and Cheshire Cheese

The editor of "The Atlantic Monthly" says that reading A. Edward Newton's article in the July number may "arouse in 'Atlantic' voyagers an appetite for Cheshire Cheese."

Mr. Newton tells of an authority who makes the statement that "there is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as in a capital tavern. Sir, a tavern chair is the throne of human felicity."

At The Touraine we cannot offer you Cheshire Cheese but we can and DO arouse an appetite in our guests for "Waffles." A well known writer on hotel topics, Cecil Gregg, says this about us: "Mr. Howie has recently opened a waffle room in his basement where he serves the FINEST WAFFLES GROWN IN AMERICA; they are the golden treasury of Mr. Howie's career, and he properly appreciates that fact. The longer you commune with them, the greater the delight. Hail to The Waffle King of America."

In this "capital tavern" comfort is enjoyed. You will find our chairs "throne" that invite your ease. And here you come in direct contact with the mighty power generated at Niagara Falls, and translated into the finest waffles in all the world.

(real name Louis Fall) onetime (1922-23) light-heavyweight champion of the world, was lumbering home along a dark street in Manhattan last week, when he spied two men fistfencing under a street light. Thinking to teach them a lesson, he banged their heads together. A knife flickered; Peacemaker Siki fell to the ground with a great wound in his cheek. The physician who stitched him together some hours later expressed doubt that the amazed Senegalese would ever fight again.

But nonetheless Siki improved in health. It was found that after all his jugular vein had not been severed. His wife came to call on him and he demanded "clo's." She opined that he had best remain in the hospital for a while in pajamas. It appeared, after she had gone, that he did not acquiesce in her proposal. He fixed his eye on a press observer who was standing near by, Siki staggered weakly out of bed, seized the reporter's arm for support, marched out of the hospital, into the street. There he hailed a taxicab and disappeared again into the places where he disappears.

Tennis

At Glencoe, Ill. William T. Tilden II, lean-faced histrion, dearly loves to make a great gallery prickly with the delicious belief that it is about to see the defeat of a champion, dearly loves to astound that gallery with a crashing, irresistible rally.

He thus indulged young George Lott in the finals of the Clay Court championship (TIME, July 27). Last week in the Illinois State tournament at the Skokie Country Club, Glencoe, Ill., he mocked Harvey Snodgrass, No. 6 on the ranking list, in the same fashion, permitting him to come within two points of winning. Score: 6-4, 3-6, 7-5.

In his semi-final match against Howard Kinsey (No. 4 nationally), the crowd soon saw that he was at it again. For the first two sets he played idly but effectively, led at 6-4, 7-5, then dawdled, flapped his serve like a chef turning a meat-ball, made clownish errors so that Kinsey won the third and fourth sets, 6-2, 6-3. In the fifth set, with Kinsey leading at 5-2 and the gallery-becoming demonic, he decided that his moment had come.

Briskly he walked to the umpire's chair, removed, for the first time at Glencoe, his shaggy sweater. He called for a pitcher of ice-water, dashed its contents over his head. Rolling up his sleeves, he prepared to serve. "Ooh," gasped the crowd. Tilden put down his racket, called for a towel that he might dry his hands. A famed actress cried out helplessly: "That man is immortal." Then, deliberately, he served. A great cheer went up. Kinsey, unmoved by this mummery, bungled; superbly the champion swept up the set, the victory, 8-6.

Next day he won the finals from

William M. Johnston, his Davis Cup teammate and rival, whom he has defeated so often since he took the national title from him in 1920. The score was 6-4, 6-3, 9-7. Johnston stood the grilling pace (which lasted an hour and



© Keystone

H. KINSEY

His opponent was immortal

a quarter) well. He came off appearing fresh, which was more than he did after his defeat by Tilden at Forest Hills last year (TIME, Sept. 8). But he did not have the drive to meet the drive. Tilden said of himself that he played the best tennis that he has ever played at Chicago.

Sandy Wiener of Germantown, Pa., protégé of Tilden, lived up to his patron's hopes by taking the Junior Championship 10-12, 6-4, 6-4, 6-4 from Berkeley Bell of Austin, Tex.

In the doubles, Howard Kinsey and his brother Robert (No. 16 in ranking) were leading Tilden and Sandy Wiener when Robert crashed full length to the court with cramp in the abdomen. The match went to Tilden and Wiener by default, but Johnston and Clarence J. ("Peck") Griffin overcame them in the final, 6-4, 6-3, 6-0.

The preliminary playing of the tournament was spiced by the elimination of George Lott, 19-year-old Chicago boy, by one Wray Brown, ranked 13 places under him. Score: 6-1, 6-2.

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At University Heights	School of Education
College of Art and	Washington Square
Pure Science	College
School of Engineering	Graduate School
At 125th Street and	School of Retailing
First Avenue	
Medical School	At 90 Trinity Place
	Graduate School of
At Washington Square	Business Admini-
School of Commerce	stration
School of Law	

rigid over-eagerness of one whom victory would somewhat surprise. Mary K. Browne bowed to Helen Wills in the finals of the Essex County Country Club tournament at Manchester, Mass., 6-2, 6-1.

Uniform Ball. In accordance with the report of a committee appointed last March to determine what hardness, what softness was proper to a tennis-ball, the International Lawn Tennis Federation last week passed a regulation standardizing the resilience of balls in the U. S., England, France and Australia. "Under a pressure of 18 lb, the ball shall not be compressed more than .315 of an inch or less than .290 of an inch."

Golf

It is to state tournaments that young sportsmen aspire for their first laurels. Aging sportsmen retire thither for their last. Last week:

At Long Beach, L. I., the New York State golf title was comfortably won by stocky Jack Mackie Jr., 18, from Stephen Geoghegan, 20, after the two had disposed of a field including such foes as "Ham" Gardner (Buffalo), Frank Wattles Jr. (Buffalo), E. H. Driggs Jr. (Garden City, L. I.).

At Brookline, Mass., the Massachusetts State title went for the sixth time to aging Francis Ouimet, onetime (1914) national amateur champion, after he established a six-hole lead on youthful Winthrop Hersey (Wellesley) with a 68 in the morning round of their match.

Camp's Chair

Last week the place of the late Walter Camp on the Intercollegiate Football Rules Committee was filled. The place of the old Yale coach was given to a newer one—to T. A. D. Jones, football coach at New Haven since 1916.

New World's Records

Swimming. 200-yard breast stroke: Walter Spence of Brooklyn; time, 2 min. 38 3/5 sec.; at Kearsburg, N. J.

Running. 400-metre relay for women: Finnish team; time, 51 3/10 sec.; at the International Proletarian Olympiad, Frankfurt, Germany.

Record?

In San Francisco last week, a dusty Wills Sainte Clair automobile stopped beside a curb. Out leaped one L. B. Miller, who had left Manhattan 102 hr. 45 min. (less than 4 1/2 days) before. Motorist Miller asserted that this time lowered the previous record by more than 7 hours.

BUSINESS

Foreign Financing

The flow of U. S. investment capital abroad during the past year has been unprecedented. It was last week announced that during the first six months of 1925 U. S. imports of foreign securities amounted to \$551,591,000. Europe with \$237,600,000 proved the principal borrower, while \$151,081,000 went to Latin America and \$131,910,000 to Canada. Rumors of new foreign loan proposals abound in Wall Street. The only serious obstacle to the continued import of foreign securities so far seen is the objection of the Coolidge Administration to the flotation of loans by countries still debtors to the U. S. Treasury.

Tax-Exempt Bonds

With further surtax and income-tax reductions apparently slated for adoption during the next Congress, the old subject of tax-free securities may lose its former significance. The National Industrial Conference Board has estimated that on July 1 last about \$14,000,000,000 of such tax-free bonds were outstanding in the hands of investors—13.6% more than on Dec. 31, 1923, and 24.2% more than on Dec. 31, 1912. The July 1, 1925, figure included about \$2,750,000,000 of Liberty Bonds.

Even under the reduced income and surtax rates of 1924, a taxable bond would have to yield 8.33% to net an investor with \$500,000 or more income as much as a 4 1/2% tax-exempt bond. Nevertheless, the prospect of tax reductions in the near future has apparently dulled the edge of the investor's appetite for tax-exempt bonds, for sales during the first half of 1925 were less than for the same period of 1924.

Of the tax-exempt issues of the past year, 17.8% were for state governments, 14.8% for counties, 12.5% for school districts, and 54.9% for towns, cities, etc. Of all state and municipal issues put out in 1924, 27.2% were for the building of streets, roads and bridges, 30.6% for schools, 10.3% for municipal water works, 7.7% for general improvements, 6.8% for sewers, 6.3% for buildings, 5.2% for soldiers' bonus, 2.2% for parks.

Cotton Report

Seldom has such a complete reversal been indicated as in the U. S. cotton report for July 16, as compared with that for June 25. The earlier estimate of the crop had indicated a "condition" of 75.9, and a total crop of 14,339,000 bales. Suddenly the statistics veered around, and the later report indicated condition at only 70.4 and a total crop of only 13,588,000 bales—a smaller output than the actual 1924 crop of 13,627,836 bales. The discrepancy between the two estimates for the current crop amounts to 751,000 bales.

The incident created many con-
jectures.

Parlez - vous Français? Sprechen Sie Deutsch? ¿Habla usted Español?

Could you go to Europe and speak well enough to be understood by customs and railway officials, hotel people, taxi-drivers, waiters? Could you understand them? Everybody wants to be able to talk and read at least one of the three principal European languages—either for traveling abroad, for general culture, or for business reasons. Can you?



If not how would you like to learn quickly and easily—the way children do?

A REMARKABLY simple new method of teaching languages now enables you to speak and read French, German or Spanish in only a few weeks—without once translating or referring to a dictionary! Not a word of English in any lesson—yet you learn a foreign language at sight, and *understand it*.

This revolutionary method is based on the *natural* way in which children learn languages, by "mental absorption." You know how quickly a foreigner's child—even only five years old—will "pick up" English from his American playmates, and be speaking fluently, while his parents are still struggling to express the simplest thoughts.

Well, the Pelman Method of Language Instruction is built upon the principle that this child uses instinctively. Just like a child learning to speak, you do not bother at first about grammar. Instead, you learn from the very first lesson *how to use the language itself*—you learn progressively how to say just what you want to say—you rapidly acquire the habit of using the new words, the meaning of which you understand at sight as you go along. When you can speak, read and understand others readily, then—and then only—you get the knowledge of grammar you need in a new, simple way, which makes it both easy and very interesting.

Why You Can Read Another Language at Sight

If somebody told you to read a foreign newspaper at sight you would probably say: "Impossible! Why, I don't know a word of any language but English!" Yet, amazing as it may seem, the fact is that you do actually know hundreds

Guarantee:

Every Pelman Language Course is taught with the absolute guarantee that if the student is not completely satisfied after completing it, his tuition will be at once refunded on demand.

of words in French, Spanish and German, which are almost identical with words in English.

What does this mean? Simply that you *already have a start* toward learning any foreign language you choose.

The Pelman Method is the only one which has ever made full use of this amazing fact, yet the *similarity of words in the principal languages* is the obvious foundation of language teaching. Let us see how this revolutionary discovery works out in a specific case.

Suppose, for example, that you have decided to learn French. (The Pelman method works just as simply with other languages.) When you open the first lesson of the Pelman method, you will be surprised to see *not a single word of explanation in English*. But you soon realize that no English is necessary. You find that you already know enough French words to start—words that are *almost the same in English*—and that you can easily discover the meaning of the unfamiliar French words by the way they "fit in" with the ones you recognize.

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By means of this revolutionary system, within eight to twelve weeks, you will be able to read books and newspapers in the language you have chosen. Almost before you realize it, you will find yourself able to speak that language more fluently than students who have

studied it for years in the toilsome "grammar-first" way.

This is no exaggeration. In England, where this wonderful new method was originated, tens of thousands of people have found it makes foreign languages astonishingly easy to learn. In America, this success was at once duplicated. It is by far the most practical and sensible way to learn French, Spanish and German.

One of the most valuable features of this system is that *correct pronunciation and accent* are taught from the very first lesson, by a remarkable new invention that makes this part of your progress astonishingly easy.

Send for Free Book

This free book shows you what a real cultural benefit, what a wonderful means for pleasure, it is to have another language at your command. It will give you a convincing demonstration of the method; it actually shows you that you can read, at sight, a page of the language you decide to learn. It shows why it is possible to *guarantee* that you will learn either French, Spanish or German within three months, to your satisfaction, or it will cost you nothing. Can a fairer offer than that be made? Send for it today. It costs you nothing. It places you under no obligation.

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tures. Some held that the June 25 report of a large crop had depressed cotton prices, enraged planters, stirred up politicians and frightened the Government employees making it; and that the latter were in consequence trying to right the matter by making an underestimate of the crop to raise cotton prices and allay political wrath. This is not the first time that political manipulation of the Washington crop estimates has been suspected and charged. However, the position of cotton prophet is a difficult one at best, and the crop itself is subject to sudden changes of condition in its present stage of growth.

A striking feature in the July 16 report was the poor condition indicated for the Texas crop; the condition figure for this leading cotton state sank from 64 in the earlier report to only 56 in the later one, due to the continuance of drought in the Southwest. Also, the yield per acre in pounds for Texas fell between the reports from 112 to 101.

Optimists for a big 1925 cotton crop, however, still point out that acreage planted this year is much greater than last year, and that in 1924 the mid-July estimate proved more than 1,500,000 bales less than the cotton crop actually harvested last fall.

Matches

A recent flotation of 450,000 participating preference shares of the International Match Co., handled by a syndicate headed by Lee, Higginson & Co., has directed the attention of the U. S. to some curious features of the match industry abroad. The primary purpose of the new stock flotation was to acquire for International Match a 20-year lease of the Republic of Poland's governmental match monopoly, which has a capacity of about one billion boxes annually.

The International Match Co. is a Delaware corporation organized in 1923 to acquire the capital stocks of various match companies operating 75 manufacturing plants in countries outside Sweden. But the control of International Match is in turn held by the Swedish Match Co., an old and profitable Swedish concern which formerly did its financing in London.

Under the agreement with the Republic of Poland, International Match advances funds to Poland at 7% interest and amortization, and capital to purchase Polish match factories and develop the Polish chlorate industry. Out of the company's earnings, the Polish Government will furthermore receive about \$1,000,000 annually, while International Match will receive 12% on all money it invests, plus amortization. Any remaining profits will be divided equally between the Company and the Polish Republic.

In Wall Street, the agreement was looked upon as a sound business stroke by the Polish Government, in getting current funds and future assured in-

come, while at the same time avoiding the inevitable difficulties of itself engaging in business.

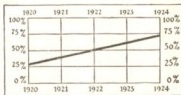
British Steel

The British iron and steel industry is at present very much a child of misfortune. Everyone's hand is against it except Premier Baldwin's—himself an important steel master—yet the Premier seems powerless to avert depression from his own trade.

To begin with, British steelmakers face a strongly unionized body of workmen whose wages are already much higher than those of competing German and French workmen; the British steel workers are now agitating a new pension scheme for themselves, the expense of which must result in higher prices for the output of British mills.

Secondly, German coke makers and French iron miners are now sufficiently in rapport to make probable shortly a union of the two complementary industries and consequently lower prices for Franco-German steel.

Thirdly, despite Premier Baldwin, the British Government refuses to protect home steelmakers by a tariff. Steel is considered a basic material, and must be had cheap. British steel costs about \$10 per ton more than foreign steel. England, true to her free-trade principles, believes in buying the foreign steel



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when it is cheaper and letting her home manufacturers of steel go hang.

In 1924 Britain exported 1,000,000 tons less steel than in 1913, and imported 200,000 tons more. For the twelve months ending in May, 1925, Britain's steel imports cost her \$100,000,000. Meanwhile the cost of dollars and pensions has shot up from about 5c a ton in 1913 to \$1.75 per ton today.

Rubber

In the leisurely English manner, clearances of stock sales on the London exchange are made only semi-monthly instead of daily as in the U. S. When the second July settlement came around last week, the exchange machinery almost broke; clerks were worked overtime for many hours. It all came about because of speculation in rubber stocks following the rise of the better grades of rubber to \$1.20 a pound.

This increase follows from British laws restricting rubber production in her colonies, laws passed to do away with overproduction that was impoverishing the industry. The restriction has about quadrupled the price of rubber.

English manufacturers have to pay just as much as Americans, but since the U. S. is using 70% of the world's rubber supply, she is hard hit. Two years ago the U. S. paid less than \$200,000,000 for British rubber. This year the rubber bill will probably go over \$400,000,000—two and a half times as much as Great Britain pays the U. S. annually on her War debt.

U. S. rubber users are complaining. A few days ago they called on Secretary of State Kellogg to see whether he could do anything for them. Later they stopped at the British Embassy and

asked it to send word to London that they would like more rubber.

The effect on the U. S. rubber industry has been marked. Wage cuts of 5% to 10% have been made by several companies. Prices of auto tires and tubes have been advanced 10% and 15%, other rubber goods as much as 20%—all to balance the books because of a larger item opposite "raw material."

Telephone

Industries never tire of reciting their greatness. Occasionally the recital is an astonishing reminder of the size and complexity of social and industrial organization. Last week, for example, the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. issued a booklet of statistics on its business—just figures—but large ones:

- ☐ 20.5 billion telephone conversations a year in the U. S.
- ☐ 24.5 million telephones in use.
- ☐ 67.8 million miles of telephone wire strung from pole to pole.
- ☐ 63% of the world's telephones in the U. S.
- ☐ Per capita conversations number 182 a year in the U. S. (Denmark, Norway, Sweden—124, 109, 95—follow next in order. Russia averages 4 conversations per capita annually.)
- ☐ The city with the most telephones per capita is San Francisco with 28.8 per 100 population. Other cities in order are: Omaha (28.3 per 100), Minneapolis (24.8), Stockholm (24.6), Washington (24.1), Chicago (23.8), Denver (22.7), Los Angeles (22), Toronto (21).
- ☐ Cities with less than five telephones per 100 population include: Amsterdam, Osaka, Buenos Aires, Brussels, Antwerp, Glasgow, Liverpool, Prague, Manchester, Marseilles, Birmingham, Tokyo, Milan, Shanghai, Naples.
- ☐ The world's prize non-user of telephones is Ecuador. She has only 392 and only 125 miles of telephone wire.

Van Sweringen Testimony

If the Van Sweringen brothers, worn with testifying before the Interstate Commerce Commission on their proposed Nickel Plate merger, have repented of ever entering the railroad business, they at least give no sign of it. They are patient, courteous, frank. Counsel H. W. Anderson, representing the minority Chesapeake & Ohio stockholders, is infinitely inquisitive. Counsel Newton D. Baker for the Van Sweringens, continues to protest against a continued unlimited inquiry into the past of the present Nickel Plate. The Van Sweringens answer frankly all questions asked them. Meanwhile it is July in Washington.

O. P. Van Sweringen testified that he and his brother acquired 70,000 shares of the C. & O. from H. P. Huntington & Co. at \$100 a share, and turned it in to the Nickel Plate at \$80, thus pocketing a personal loss of \$1,400,000 on the transaction. The remarkable Cleveland

brothers then purchased 180,000 shares more through J. P. Morgan & Co.

As soon as the name of "Morgan" was heard, Mr. Anderson showed signs of special alarm—a common and popular habit beside the Potomac. He attacked the approval of the merger by the C. & O. stockholders as a "stock manipulation and a financing-rigging scheme." As to details, however, Mr. Anderson failed to specify. Just how these matters were relevant to the fairness of the Van Sweringen merger plan, he failed to state. Ex-Secretary of War Baker demanded that the scope of the inquiry in the future be limited. The I. C. C., impartial but sweltering, reserved its decision.

Potter Plan

Among the many schemes to rehabilitate the St. Paul Railroad, not the least ingenious is that worked out by the receivers, Mark W. Potter and Edward J. Brundage, and known as the "Potter plan." This is almost literally a scheme for robbing Peter to pay Paul—the Peter in this case being other Western lines more prosperous than the St. Paul. The receivers argue that any increase in rates in the Western carriers should be pooled among them in such a way as to give the neediest roads the largest share of the increase. If, for example, the Great Northern should realize a tidy profit by increased rates, much of this profit would be taken from it and turned over to the St. Paul. In this plan, Mr. Potter claims that it is undoubtedly legal

(Continued on Page 31)

MISCELLANY

"Time brings all things"

Depew

"Chauncey Depew," intoned a clerk in a Brooklyn police court last week. The furtive-eyed perspiring group of profaners of public morals, committers of malicious mischiefs, waiting there for their cases to be called, gaped, nudged one another, bent forward excitedly to hear charges read. Chauncey Depew, it was alleged, had made indecent advances to one Mrs. Louise Kracher, had addressed her in profane language. The malodorous crowd leered knowingly at the culprit—a bald, skinny little man with glasses.

"Are you any relation to the financier?" asked the magistrate.

"No, your honor, but my father admired him extravagantly and conferred a great honor on me when he gave me his name. . . ."

The court dismissed charges against Chauncey Depew.

Licensed

In Seattle, one Oscar Lemdahl built a cottage, shingled it with 2,300 discarded

automobile license plates. Said a punster: "Garage men for many miles about have pandered to his licentiousness."

Carved

In North Bergen, N. J., one Emma Albert, one Otto Carver, were up in a Ferris Wheel. The wheel swayed at the top of its circle; Miss Albert's forehead was carved in a horrible fashion. The carving was caused by Carver's teeth.

Baffled

In Manhattan, Gabrielle (Mrs. John De Fuller), "The World's Only Half-Woman," famed circus horror, sideshow spectacle, born without legs, height 2 ft. 8 in., weight 128 lb., disappeared from her home. Her husband, "a strapping six-footer," was positive she had not been kidnapped, did not think she had eloped, was baffled. . . .

Tail

In San Antonio, Texas, was born of normal human parents a child with a tail (length unspecified). On physicians' advice, the father, the proud mother decreed that the tail should be amputated when the child attained an age of seven months.

Hand

In Chicago, one John Donahue, broker, was playing bridge. He dealt himself a hand and was casually arranging the cards when suddenly the blood rushed to his face, then drained away; his wan lips twitched. "Beg pardon?" asked the opponent on his left, one Neutz, who had been waiting for Broker Donahue's bid. "One diamond," whispered Donahue. "Three spades," said Neutz. "Four diamonds," said Donahue, "five . . . six . . . seven." But Neutz, holding ace, king, queen, jack and four low spades, and supported by his partner, went up to seven spades, began to play them. On every trick Donahue discarded a diamond; he had held 13 of them, a perfect hand—many times rarer than a hole in one at golf. The stupidity of his initial bid robbed him of a chance to win.

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LETTERS

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

Warns Against Smallpox

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts
Department of Public Health
State House, Boston
New York, N. Y. July 23, 1925
Sirs:

Before finding fault, may I express my admiration for the way in which you handle in small space complex matters apparently accurately? It is often easier to write a book than a sentence. Because of this general high level of accomplishment, it seems worth while to point out a recent misstatement.

In your issue of July 13, Page 16, under "Epidemics," you discuss the Epidemiological Report of the League of Nations Secretariat and state that "smallpox is less prevalent in the United States and Canada than ever before." The most recent of these reports available to us is that of May 15, which has recently arrived and to which I gather you refer. It reads in part: "The smallpox situation in the United States seems to have begun to improve; 3,412 cases were reported in 27 states during the four weeks ending March 25. . . . It appears thus that the maximum incidence was reached two months earlier than in 1924. . . . Smallpox is less prevalent in Canada than it was during the early months of 1924. . . . This is hardly equivalent to saying that the disease is less prevalent 'than ever before.'"

As long as a high percentage of the population is vaccinated, no smallpox epidemic will occur. To maintain interest in this procedure before an outbreak occurs is the duty of health authorities, and this is made increasingly difficult by such distortions as fact which give a false sense of security with the accompanying indifference.

GEORGE H. BIGELOW.

Authoritative

TIME New London, Conn.
New York, N. Y. July 24, 1925
Sirs:

What was the interest in your announcement in the issue of July 20, Page 2, that capacity, bedgown of the President, fell into an elevator shaft and dropped five feet with a crash without the information that the President was following close behind him and was warned of the danger?

ANNIE O. MITCHELL.

Eye-witnesses differed. Said some: "The President followed close." Others: "He was in another part of the building." Unable to verify, TIME omitted. Was Subscriber Mitchell present that she speaks so authoritatively?—Ed.

"No Such Law"

TIME City Hall
New York, N. Y. Providence, R. I.
July 13, 1925
Sirs:

In your issue of July 13, 1925, on Page 15, you quote: "Believe nothing that you see in the newspaper," and under Page 29, under "Speed Law in Providence," you prove the statement.

We have no such law as you quote. The Superintendent of State Police stated "that under proper conditions with competent drivers, 35 miles an hour would be considered safe."

The writer of your item must be nearing his 60th birthday.

E. MERLE BIXBY.

Thoughtful Friend

TIME Montgomery, Ala.
New York, N. Y. July 22, 1925
Sirs:

Your magazine was only recently brought to my attention by a thoughtful friend. I

have been a constant reader—purchasing it from a news company—ever since. In general, I like it much better than anything of its kind—in fact, almost unqualifiedly.

I want to become a subscriber, provided you can assure me that no "insidious" propaganda lurks in its columns—especially Roman. I believe I am rather "catholic" (general meaning) in my views, and can trust myself to read almost anything, but I do not wish to place in my home what might be any magazine of any kind which is published for propaganda purposes. It's perfectly all right with me for you to call the present Pope "the Vicar of Christ" (TIME, July 13, P. 17) if it is understood that this is substantially a quotation.

By the way, though, I can't admit "Mister Gettis" (same issue, P. 29). More power to Gettis, but he never was, never will be a "Mr." This term is offensive to practically everyone south of the M. & D. Line—and would be to the Editors of TIME if they lived here (i.e., the South) for five years—it just isn't done. Is it right, then, to inflict Negro "Misters" on a large (and probably increasing) percentage of your subscribers?

If it's worth while to answer paragraph 2, I will send check for a year's subscription.

ARTHUR B. CHILTON.

TIME thanks Candidate Subscriber Chilton for his patience, his courtesy. But no honest paper can guarantee that its columns are propaganda proof; even the best of journals are sometimes victimized by unscrupulous fellows whose wits are sharper than those of the editor. TIME can only promise that it will never knowingly offend.—Ed.

Hammond Lamont

TIME Geneva, Switzerland
New York, N. Y. July 11, 1925
Sirs:

Probably by this time others will have drawn to your attention a somewhat serious slip in your biography of the late Hammond Lamont, in connection with the establishment by his brother, Thomas A. Lamont, of the Theodore W. Wainwright chair of Chemistry at Harvard (issue of June 29, Page 22).

All that you say of Hammond Lamont is true and well-deserved, except that he never was editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, which is published, as of course you are aware, in Philadelphia. Lamont was for several years (you say six—I do not remember) managing editor, and an extraordinarily able managing editor, of the *New York Evening Post*; a very different matter. While acting in that capacity he also wrote for that paper editorials which for vigor, clarity and elegance of style were notable, and made it a foregone conclusion that he would be appointed to the editorship of *The Nation* (then closely affiliated with the *Evening Post*), upon the death of Mr. Garrison.

It is my judgment that but for his untimely death in 1909, Hammond Lamont would have attained a very high rank among our writers. Aside from that, he was in quality of manhood a prince among men.

JOHN PALMER GAVITT.

(Formerly managing editor,
New York Evening Post)

"Bad Taste"

TIME New York, N. Y. New York, N. Y.
July 24, 1925
Sirs:

Referring to your issue of July 20, containing the article on Page 14, column 1, on the subject of "Gershwin Bros.," the writer takes exception to the non-allegation which you have discriminated in the status of the subject of the article.

It is very much whether you would speak of other persons in your columns as "Young Catholics," "Young Methodists," "Young Protestants" or "Young Holy Rollers."

It strikes me that this continual discrimination against the Jew can do nothing but foment antagonism and race hatred which you hated; it astonishes me greatly that a progressive sheet such as yours should have stooped to such stupid practices. Such editorial implications in your news columns is amateurish and unprofessional bad taste.

MRS. A. M. RHEINSTROM.

TIME spoke of George Gershwin as a "young Jew." No offense was intended.—Ed.

BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 28)

under the Transportation Act, that prospects for voluntary agreement by the carriers concerned are good, that it would be more satisfactory to shippers generally, that it would make management more efficient, that it would not cause complications with the "recapture" clause, and that its dependence upon both values is no drawback. On all these grounds the "Potter plan" has been assailed by rival Northwest carriers.

The gist of the situation is that if the Northwestern roads were given high enough rates to enable the St. Paul to live, its rival roads would prosper too much to suit local shippers, Washington politicians and others. The "Potter plan" solution is to give a moderate rate increase only, and turn over to St. Paul most of the profits coming thereby to its rival roads. The St. Paul wants a rate increase on any terms that promise its own solvency. Shippers growl at much higher rates. These interests are well cared for by the plan. But the rival roads do not enjoy being forced to share their profits with the less fortunate St. Paul.

German City Bonds

The city of Cologne recently obtained \$10,000,000 through a 6½% twenty-five year bond issue, floated by a New York banking syndicate headed by Blair & Co. Principal and interest are payable in New York City in U. S. gold coin. The issue in regular course was listed on the New York Curb Market.

Mr. Zimmerman of Zimmerman & Forsyth, who is Chairman of the American Association of Holders of German Mark Securities, at once wrote a letter of protest to the Curb Association about the matter. He and his fellow members of the A. A. H. G. M. S. have by no means forgotten their mark securities, fallen to worthlessness almost by the recent devaluation of the War mark. Mr. Zimmerman declares that this devaluation has amounted to repudiation, that in effect Cologne and other German cities are in default on their mark bonds, and that therefore no German city should be permitted in the future to borrow here without discharging their former indebtedness in a just and equitable way.

Unfortunately for the A. A. H. G. M. S., however, the original mark bonds were payable in German marks, and the debtors are therefore able to fulfill their literal contract by paying them with this now worthless currency. The new bonds are in terms of U. S. gold dollars and in this respect at least stand on a different financial basis. Morally Mr. Zimmerman's protest is well taken, but legally it is fatally weak. The effect of his action, however, is important, not only with the new Cologne dollar loan, but with a number of other dollar loans sought at the present time in Wall Street by various German municipalities.

MILESTONES

Engaged. Wanda Hawley, 28, cinema actress, to one A. Stuart Wilkinson, General Manager of the Embassy Picture Corporation.

...

Married. Miss Muriel Vanderbilt, famed heiress, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, great-great-granddaughter of "Commodore" Cornelius Vanderbilt, to Frederic C. Church Jr. of Lowell, Mass., stock broker and onetime Harvard halfback. Though Miss Vanderbilt was brought up in the Catholic faith, they were married by Protestant clergymen. Her mother is a Catholic, her father an Episcopalian.

...

Married. Lady Alexandra Curzon, goddaughter of the Queen Mother Alexandra, youngest daughter of the late Marquis of Curzon and his late first wife, the former Miss Mary Leiter of Chicago, to Major E. D. Metcalf, quarry of Edward of Wales.

...

Married. Miss Esther F. Moody, missionary to China, grandniece of the late Dwight L. Moody,* and George W. Loos Jr., missionary to China; at

* Famed evangelist who founded the Northfield Seminary for Girls at Northfield, Mass., a boys' academy at Mount Hermon, Mass., the Moody Bible Institute at Chicago, training schools for religious workers.

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Sued for Separation. Hugh McQuillan, a right-handed pitcher for the New York National League Baseball Club, by Mrs. Nellie T. McQuillan; in Brooklyn. Said she: "Gay parties, women and intoxicants . . . brute . . . habitual drunkard . . . unfeeling sot . . . pleasure-bent, drunken carouser. . . " (Pitcher McQuillan's professional record has not been good this year. Up to July 28 he had won 2 games for his club, lost 3.)

Died. Mickey Shannon,* (real name Howard Palmer), 25, Chicago light heavyweight pugilist; from a fall in the ring during a boxing match in Louisville with Harry Fay.

Died. Antonio Ascari, Italian automobile racer, "champion of Europe"; in Linas, France, of injuries received in a crash at the Grand Prix Auto Race.

Died. W. B. Jemmett, British miniature-painter and dandy; attempting to save a woman from drowning, at Biarritz (see Page 10).

Died. Diki Diki, 49, famed dwarf, 37 inches tall, weight 25 pounds; in Manila, P. I. His widow, also 37 inches tall, weighs five pounds less than he.

Died. Parker A. Henderson, Mayor of Miami, Fla., in Miami, of apoplexy.

Died. Princess Wanda zu Shönaich-Carolath, 77, onetime mother-in-law of Princess Hermine, wife of Wilhelm Hohenzollern; in Amittitz, Germany.

Died. William Jennings Bryan, 65, "the great Commoner," thrice Presidential nominee of the Democratic party; in Dayton, Tenn., of apoplexy (see POLITICAL NOTES).

*Ill-fated name. Another Mickey Shannon, heavyweight, a few years ago, met the same fate in a boxing match in Pittsburgh, with the now middleweight champion Harry Greb.

POINT with PRIDE

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

The "best and dearest woman ever born." (Page 11, column 3.)

"World Goodwill Day." (P. 17, col. 3.)

A life consecrated to the elegance of the spectacular. (P. 10, col. 2.)

The face of Prohibition Commissioner Roy Asa Haynes. (P. 5, col. 2.)

A 77-year-old begaistered and silk-hatted gentleman. (P. 9, col. 3.)

Agreeable activities . . . no flash in the Peter Pan. (P. 17, col. 2.)

Two schizoids, two syntונים. (P. 19, col. 1.)

The relations between Sweden and the United States. (P. 1, col. 3.)

VIEW with ALARM

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

An attack upon the good name of an innocent woman now dead 97 years. (Page 20, column 1.)

Two sad-eyed goats. (P. 19, col. 2.)

Garbage about Mr. Gladstone. (P. 11, col. 1.)

Barrel-chested, sweating, heavy-handed Adolph Seibert. (P. 15, col. 3.)

Enemies to the country—"they do not even know when the time has arrived for a hair cut." (P. 18, col. 3.)

Indecent advances from a bald, skinny little man with glasses. (P. 28, col. 3.)

"A word in one letter that means a food, and it isn't T." (P. 20, col. 3.)

Mr. & Mrs. Coolidge badly jostled by crowds of eager druggists. (P. 2, col. 1.)

Too much sitting, too much clock-watching. (P. 7, col. 2.)

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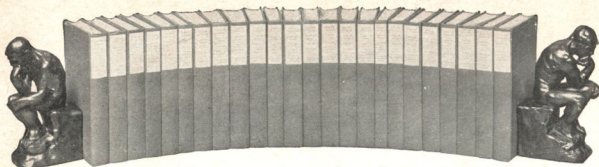


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KATE D. MEARES, College Place, S. C.



Those who haven't read Conrad are not well read. Those who don't intend to read him are of a foolish and slovenly mental habit. As for those who are engaged in reading him—for the first time—how I envy them!

—Gouverneur Morris.



The only writing of the last twelve years that will enrich the English language to any extent.

—John Galsworthy.

Here, surely, if ever, is genius—the possession by a divine spirit of man's earthly clay.

—Hugh Walpole.



One comes to Conrad with unspoken relief—with the feeling that here, at last, is a novelist who understands as the poets do.

—Christopher Morley.

One of my chief claims to distinction in the world is that I wrote the first long appreciative review of Joseph Conrad's work.

—H. G. Wells.



There is no one like him; there is no one remotely like him. He sees and describes not merely this man's love or that woman's inspiration, but the blind sweep and devastation of universal forces.

—H. Mencken.

To stand in a Summer-stifled, man-smelling city street and to feel suddenly a fresh salt wind from the far-off pastures of the sea—this is the sensation when one comes upon a book by Joseph Conrad.

—Mary Austin.



I know of no contemporary author who can build a scene before the eye as vividly as Conrad, or who can push a character through the door and leave him to speak for himself as Conrad does.

—Meredith Nicholson.

—and scores more could be quoted if space allowed.

They recommend that you read Joseph Conrad!

Conrad's works, says Sir Hugh Clifford, "have no counterpart in the entire range of English literature."



WHAT a life was that of Conrad! Once, a little boy in Poland, he put his finger on a map and said, "I shall go there." He had pointed to the Congo, in deepest Africa. In later years he did go there, and if you wish to know what he experienced, read *Heart of Darkness*, "the greatest piece of descriptive writing," says Ellen Glasgow, "in modern English prose."

He had an unaccountable longing for the sea, this sensitive lad, child of an inland race. So, still in his teens, he made his way to Marseilles and shipped as a cabin-boy on a sailing vessel. For twenty years thereafter the open sea was his home. He did not even speak English until he was past twenty. He did not write a story until he was almost forty.

Then, settling down in a quiet corner

of Kent, in England,—recalling the rare experiences he had been through and the motley array of men and women he had met up and down the seven seas,—there came from him, one after the other, those unforgettable novels.

Before his death, he found himself acclaimed by fellow-craftsmen as the greatest of them all. His original manuscripts, sold at auction, brought the incredible sum of \$110,998. A limited autographed edition of his work, 735 sets, sold to collectors for a total sum of over \$129,000. No such tributes as these had even been paid to an author while he was still alive.

What is the secret of this unexampled enthusiasm, this adoration, in which Conrad is held? Above all, his secret lies in the wondrous narratives he had to tell. No one could ever tell a story like Conrad, and no one has ever had such tales to tell.

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It is a splendid set of books in every respect. But instead of selling for \$175.75 cash, like the autographed Sun Dial Edition, the

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