

FIFTEEN CENTS

# TIME

*The Weekly News-Magazine*



**BRITAIN'S PREMIER**

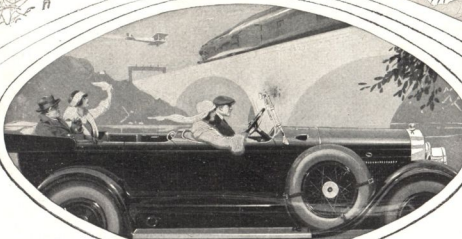
*Safe, sane, sure*  
(See Page 7)

VOL. VI. No. 6

AUGUST 10, 1925

# Reserve power for any emergency

# LINCOLN



THE driver at the wheel of a Lincoln commands a reserve of power that he scarcely ever uses to the limit, even in emergencies.

When great power is needed in a car, the need is usually imperative. The Lincoln never fails its owner in such emergencies.

The car actually sustains the power developed by the motor indefinitely. Motoring speed, as it is popularly known, is within the ordinary power range of the Lincoln and extremely high speed can be main-

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At an average driving speed of 20 to 25 miles an hour, a Lincoln uses only 10 to 12 horsepower. Thus when driving at normal speeds, the engine is carrying what is for it a light load, and reserve power is instantly available.

This remarkable power has been attained in the Lincoln motor, because of the inherently splendid design, the perfection of balance, and the amazing precision with which each part is built.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY  
*Division of Ford Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan*

LINCOLN

# TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine

Vol. VI. No. 6.

August 10, 1925.

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE PRESIDENCY

#### Mr. Coolidge's Week

☐ The President traveled to Chebacco Lake to attend an outing of the Essex Club—a Republican organization founded some 20 years ago by the late Senator Lodge. The meeting was a great Republican get-together. Governor Fuller of Massachusetts spoke, praised Senator Lodge, invited all good Republicans to vote for Senator Butler next year. But the speaking continued. Senator Butler attacked political slackers who take no part in party politics. Senator Deneen of Illinois (successor of the late Senator Medill McCormick) preached support of the Administration. Finally ex-Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana, not on the program, was called upon by acclamation for a few Beveridgean words. But the President, having been elected an honorary member, had left the meeting as soon as Governor Fuller had spoken.

☐ Callers at White Court included Representative Fred S. Purnell (prospective Chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture) to discuss farm legislation; William Phillips, Ambassador to Belgium, presumably to discuss the forthcoming Belgian debt negotiations.

☐ Senator Deneen spent several days as a guest at White Court. Martin B. Madden, Chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, paid a flying visit, having just returned from Europe. He looked forward, he told reporters, to a reduction of surtaxes to a maximum of 15% and a total reduction of \$350,000,000. He favored reduction of the corporation tax from 12½% to 10%, objected to a graduated corporation tax and approved in general terms the Treasury's stand (see **TAXATION**).

☐ The President let it be known that he would think favorably of calling an Arms Reduction Conference if a security pact can be successfully made in Europe this summer.

☐ According to press reports, the President was informed that an unofficial poll of the Senate had been taken, disclosing that the Administration would have a majority of six in favor of join-

### ANNOUNCEMENT

To insure more rapid delivery to subscribers and news-stand buyers, **TIME**, the Weekly News-Magazine, will be edited, printed and mailed from Cleveland, Ohio, commencing with the issue to be dated Aug. 31, 1925.

After Aug. 20, communications to the Editorial or Circulation Departments should be addressed to the Penton Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

ing the World Court. Senator Curtis, Republican leader in the Senate, tersely commented that no poll had been taken or could well be taken with the present scattering of Senators. Likely enough the newspapermen at Swampscott conducted the poll jointly at table during lunch.

☐ Mrs. Coolidge and her son John paid a visit to a shoe factory at Lynn, saw how shoes are constructed. Only

women's shoes are made there, but the manufacturer measured the young man's feet and promised him a pair of shoes in three days.

☐ Mrs. Coolidge acquired ten large balls of yarn and began 18 months' work on a great quilt or bedspread, knitted, to bedeck a fourposter in the state bedroom of the White House. Every mistress of the White House from Dolly Madison to Mrs. McKinley made something to leave behind her in the executive mansion.

☐ Said Mr. Coolidge, in effect, to correspondents and photographers: "Let John alone. It's hard enough being the President's son without having everyone thrust it in his face. Let him alone at the summer military camp where he is going."

☐ Other callers at White Court included Ambassador to Mexico James R. Sheffield and Mrs. Sheffield (who are cruising along the Massachusetts coast in a houseboat); Representative Underhill of Massachusetts, just returned from the Philippines; Admiral and Mrs. Eberle.

☐ Senator and Mrs. Pepper of Pennsylvania came to spend the week-end. Reporters took Mr. Pepper in hand and questioned him about the U. S. joining the World Court. He said that he believed the Senate would approve.

☐ President Coolidge, following a conference with Senator Pepper, let it be definitely known that he would not intervene in the anthracite situation unless a strike actually began.

☐ Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge attended a fête for disabled Massachusetts War veterans given by Mrs. Curtis Guild at Swampscott.

☐ John Coolidge left Swampscott for Camp Devens and military training. He was made Acting Corporal of the Second Squad, Company C, Third Battalion.

☐ From Mrs. Gutzwiller Fox, aged 105, the President received an invitation to attend her birthday party at the Harlem Home of the Daughters of Israel, New York City. Mr. Coolidge's secretary wrote: "... the President greatly appreciates your invitation and sends congratulations and good wishes on your birthday."

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Published weekly by **TIME**, Incorporated, at 230 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions, \$5 per year. Entered as second-class matter February 26, 1913, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

## National Affairs—[Continued]

## THE CABINET

## Post Office

The question of postal rates has dumfounded the Post Office Department. A Congressional Committee is preparing data on the revenue resulting from the new rates that went into effect on Apr. 15—aiming to revise them. Postmaster General New has been trying to advise the Committee. A few weeks ago, on the basis of May revenue, which was only .0091% greater than it would have been under the old rates, he "guessed" that the Post Office would have a deficit of \$40,000,000 this year (TIME, July 20). Last week figures were gathered on June revenue—it was 20.0125% greater than it would have been under the old rates.

He was driven to the conclusion that neither May nor June was a normal month.

## A Loss

There are few posts harder to fill properly than important diplomatic posts, for they demand both ability of an unusual kind and personality. The Secretary of State has reason to be thankful when an embassy is suitably filled, and he has reason to sorrow when a post that has been well filled falls vacant.

There are few U. S. embassies that have been better filled than that at Tokyo since last fall. It was slightly less than a year ago that Mr. Coolidge named Edgar Addison Bancroft, Ambassador to Japan (TIME, Sept. 8). The new Ambassador was a Chicago lawyer who had never before held public office. He had been attorney for several railways—the Santa Fe, the Chicago & Western Indiana—and for the International Harvester Co. He had come into prominence in 1894 when he procured an injunction against the railway strikers who had tied up almost all the railways entering Chicago, and afterwards helped to send Eugene V. Debs, strike leader, to prison for six months. A few years ago he was appointed Chairman of the Chicago Race Commission following the race riots in Chicago—a work which he performed with outstanding ability.

Mr. Bancroft took his Japan post last November. He was thrust at once into a situation tense with another race problem, into a country where racial ill-will was running strong because of the U. S. Immigration Act of 1924. Then, if ever, he had a difficult task.

Last week, having held office some eight months, he died. He suffered an attack of what appeared to be indigestion, later diagnosed as duodenal ulcer. Medical advice was cabled from Washington. He seemed to be recovering,



@ International

THE LATE MR. BANCROFT

"The feeling in Japan was extraordinary"

when an intestinal hemorrhage brought about his death.

The feeling in Japan was extraordinary. Even the most anti-American press had what appeared to be genuine praise for him, his personality, his kindness, his open-mindedness. The phrase that he had "endeared himself to the Japanese" was used repeatedly. Short as his service was, it had been signally successful.

Japan offered to send his body to this country aboard the cruiser *Tama*. President Coolidge expressed regret that was more than formal to the late Ambassador's nearest relative\*—his brother, Frederick Bancroft, the historian.

## THE CONGRESS

## Mother and Son

Governor Blaine of Wisconsin announced that he would call a special election in the fall to fill the seat of the late Senator Robert M. LaFollette (TIME, June 29).

Among the Republican candidates already in the field are onetime (1911-15) Governor Francis E. McGovern and Roy P. Wilcox, former state Senator. They are "regulars."

But the expectation is that the election will go not to a regular but to an insurgent—an insurgent by the name of LaFollette. The question was: "Which LaFollette?"

Last week this question was answered by the LaFollettes themselves. Mrs. Belle Case LaFollette, the Senator's

\* Mr. Bancroft was a childless widower.

widow, who had been urged to run, issued a statement:

"After giving careful thought to the special obligations which circumstances place upon me, I cannot, however, bring myself to believe that it is my duty to enter the field.

"This is a critical time in the history of the Progressive movement. Progressives in the United States Senate are few in number, but they are vested with great responsibility and power. I need not suggest how vitally the choice of Mr. LaFollette's successor may affect the cause.

"When the Progressive voters of Wisconsin perform the solemn duty of choosing a candidate to fill out the unexpired term of Mr. LaFollette I would ask them to think not only of unswerving devotion to the cause, capacity and fitness, but also of the iron resolution, enthusiasm and faith necessary to carry on the work he has laid down."

Two days later, her elder son, Robert Jr., announced simply:

"I am a candidate for United States Senator."

Mrs. LaFollette plans to devote her time to completing the second volume of the late Senator's autobiography, material for which he had gathered, and to editorial work for *LaFollette's Magazine*.

## TARIFF

## A Commissioner's Defense

The Boards and Bureaus and Commissions of the Government have in recent weeks met with so much criticism that they are in a fair way to becoming more unpopular than Congress. The Tariff Commission has borne a very substantial share of the fault-finding.

Under the flexible provision of the last tariff law (1913), the Commission is ordered to investigate cases where complaints are made, determine for specific articles the costs of production in the U. S. and in the chief competing producing country, then to recommend increases or decreases of the tariff not to exceed 50% of the present law—which changes the President then may put into effect by proclamation. So far, few recommendations have been made, and practically all of them called for increases of the tariff. This situation, of course, has provoked criticism from low-tariff advocates. Recently *The Sun* (Baltimore) suggested editorially that the Commission be abolished. This proposal provoked a letter from one of the Commissioners, Alfred P. Dennis, telling the Commission's side of the story:

I should not be inconsolable if Congress should decree euthanasia for the Commission. The writer's demonstrated earning power is in excess of his present official salary. . . .

It has come about that the flexible tariff, like one's elbow, appears to flex but one way, and that way is upward. Consequently the flexible tariff is a subject that provokes the



## National Affairs—[Continued]

flexible laughter of its critics. Why this lopsided situation? . . . The Tariff Commission is like a dentist's office, to which people rush only when they have a pain or an ache. . . .

In the straw-hat case recently investigated by the Commission, the interest of the consumer in getting a lower tariff on hats is limited to the problematic saving of, say, 50c per year, whereas the Baltimore manufacturer with an output of, say, 100,000 straw hats annually is acutely interested in that most vital of human problems—the problem of making a living. . . .

Another count against the Commission lies in its inability to reach unanimity of decision. On paper the duties of the Commission are simple enough. The matter is essentially mathematical, and mathematics is an exact science. Production costs at home and abroad having been ascertained by the Commission's experts; comparability becomes a matter of cold statistics, leaving small room for soap-box oratory or division of opinion. Unfortunately, the matter is not so simple. The factors in the equation are undetermined variables rather than constants. . . . Every case bristles with controversial points. It so happens that the more conscience and intelligence a man puts into an examination of these questions, the less likely is he to "go along" with his colleagues. A report with split conclusions recently went to the President because the production costs in the chief competing foreign country were limited to the single factory that would permit inspection of its cost sheets. . . .

Ten years might possibly elapse between a general revision of our tariff schedules. There should be some way of correcting specific inequalities during such intervals. If there is any merit in the idea of a flexible tariff, it is too much to hope that an experimental measure devised in a time of abnormal flux and instability in international trade conditions may be rewritten to meet obvious difficulties in practical administration? . . .

## TAXATION

## "Hold Your Horses"

Less than two years ago the Treasury was calling for tax reduction, including reduction of surtaxes, and Congressmen were holding back warily. As the time for the convening of another Congress draws near, the situation is very nearly reversed. Congressmen are calling for a tax cut—a cut of as much as half a billion dollars, reduction of surtaxes to as low as 10%, and the Treasury is holding back, fearing that if it gives Congressmen their way it may not be able to balance its books next year. It is crying to over-eager Congressmen (in everything but slang): "Hold your horses."

What the Treasury really believes and hopes may be done by way of tax reduction has been more or less conjectural, but last week Under Secretary Garrard B. Winston laid out in brief a plan of which he vouchsafed to say: "I think I can state the Treasury position as follows:

"(1) The Treasury believes that the Federal Estate Tax should be abolished.

"(2) It should be possible from a revenue standpoint to have a maximum normal and surtax combined of 25%. The Treasury thinks, therefore, that 20% is the highest surtax rate which should be now in the law.

"(3) An income tax on corporations

graduated on the amount of income has no logical basis. The theory of a graduated income tax is that it is related to the capacity of the taxpayer to pay. A man with \$100,000 can spare a larger proportion of his income than a man with \$10,000. This reasoning has no



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GARRARD B. WINSTON  
He stated the Treasury's view

relation whatsoever to corporations.

"A large corporation having a large income may be owned by a great number of small stockholders who can not afford to have their dividends cut down, whereas another corporation having a moderate income may be owned by one man who can well afford to pay a larger proportion of his income to the Government. If we have two corporations each earning \$1,000,000, they would be taxed at one rate; if they are consolidated into one corporation they would be taxed at a different rate, a purely arbitrary discrimination.

"The tendency of a graduated income tax would be to split up large corporations into a great number of small corporations, the economic effect of which would be undesirable. . . .

Various recent suggestions for tax reduction include those of:

Senator Curtis of Kansas: Possible \$500,000,000.

Senator Copeland of New York: \$500,000,000 and a maximum surtax of 10%.

Congressman Martin B. Madden of Illinois: \$350,000,000 and a maximum surtax of 15%.

Congressman Henry W. Watson of Pennsylvania: A maximum surtax of 15%.

## ARMY &amp; NAVY

## In Australia

A description of the week's activities of the U. S. fleet in Australian waters: Governor General Forster of Australia gave a ball for Admiral Coontz and officers of the Melbourne detachment of the fleet.

An "at home" was held on the *West Virginia*.

Dances were given aboard the *California* and *Oklahoma*.

Two sailors married Australian girls. Forty-five people were crushed and bruised when the ships invited visitors aboard.

The Australians had the best of a series of boxing matches and won a baseball game from the sailors.

The *Oklahoma* was presented with an adult kangaroo as mascot.

The President of the Prohibition Council of Australia protested against beer being served to sailors at public functions, saying: "The sailors come to us clean and wholesome."

## Anti-Aircraft

The Navy Department announced tests of anti-aircraft fire against a sausage-shaped target, 10 ft. in diameter, 45 ft. long, towed by the *Shenandoah* at 33 mi. an hour, more than 4,000 ft. up, and fired at by 3-in. guns from the battleship *Texas*. Six hundred and thirty-five rounds of shrapnel were fired. The target showed 763 holes, 11 made by unexploded shells.

On hearing of these tests, Colonel William Mitchell, onetime Chief of the Army Air Service, now Eighth Corps Air officer at Fort Sam Houston, said to a reporter:

"That's all bunk. It's worse than bunk; it's propaganda issued in a desperate effort to discredit the Air Service.

"When planes attack, they travel about three times 33 miles an hour. There's a little difference in shooting at a slowly moving target and trying to hit one going 100 mi. an hour."

## Precedence

Attorney General Sargent decided a mooted point. The question was, how does a Rear Admiral rank in relation to a Major General in order of precedence? Heretofore, Major Generals have ranked equally with Rear Admirals, and outranked Rear Admirals of the lower half of the list. Naval officers objected.

Mr. Sargent ruled that all Rear Admirals rank with Major Generals. When a Rear Admiral and any Major General get together, precedence is determined by seniority alone.

## National Affairs—[Continued]

## COAL

## Anthracite

A third week went by, leaving the anthracite miners and operators no nearer to deciding whether mining is to continue after Aug. 31, when the present wage contract expires. The miners have asked a 10% wage increase; the operators say that wage costs must be reduced. Incidents of the week:

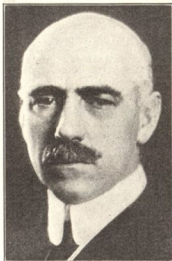
☐ The operators published, in Philadelphia and Manhattan newspapers, advertisements telling the public that there was no necessity for a hard coal strike, that they were willing to offer to continue operations after Aug. 31 and to arbitrate any difference which had not been settled by that time. The miners charged that this advertising was unnecessary and that it would increase the cost of coal. The operators answered that the cost would not amount to more than a few mills per ton, and would be charged to profit and loss, not to operating expenses.

☐ The miners continued "presenting their case" (the operators have not yet begun) but most of the matters brought up were trivial—classified by observers as trading points.

☐ The week concluded with the return of John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers, to the scene of the negotiations. He straightway dispatched a letter to Samuel D. Warriner, President of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Co., charging that the operators' negotiating committee was composed mostly of underlings and had no intention of coming to an agreement, and charging that Mr. Warriner and W. J. Richards (President of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron Corporation), who had been two of the chief negotiators in previous years, were holding back. He said that the conference so far meant nothing because of their absence and in effect threatened to break off negotiations unless the operators would send their real champions into the fray.

It was reported that Mr. Warriner felt he deserved a rest, having negotiated for many years, and had promised his wife not to engage further in the bitter wrangles. A similar excuse was advanced for Mr. Richards.

Mr. Warriner wrote to Mr. Lewis that the operators had given full powers to their negotiating committee, that they had chosen their representatives and did not intend to change them at the dictation of the miners. "You would, I am sure, resent any attempt by us to say who should represent the mine workers. We must maintain the same right to say who shall represent the operators. This right has been exercised, and the personnel of the committee can not be changed."



SAMUEL D. WARRINER  
*A similar excuse was advanced for Mr. Richards (See COAL)*

## LABOR

## Green's Protest

For the first time since he took office after Samuel Gompers' death last winter, William Green, President of the A. F. of L., came to the front last week in an important Labor controversy.

The American Woolen Co., large New England textile manufacturers, had announced a 10% reduction in wages. Other smaller textile manufacturers followed their leader. President Green sent off two identical letters, one to Andrew G. Pierce, President of the American Woolen Co., the other to Robert Amory, President of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers:

It seemed strikingly strange and most difficult to understand why manufacturers who are the beneficiaries of such a high protective tariff as those engaged in the textile manufacturing industry would be the first to attempt to impose a reduction in the wages of their workers. . . .

Reduction in wages are not proposed and are not being forced upon the workers in other industries. . . .

Existing economic facts make their position unjustifiable and indefensible. . . . How can the workers in the textile industry sustain a reduced purchasing power through the imposition of a substantial reduction in wages and at the same time maintain and enjoy a standard of living commensurate with American citizenship? . . .

The reprehensible feature of it is that it is a forced reduction in wages. The workers have not been consulted regarding acceptance or rejection. It is a reduction in wages that has been imposed and enforced in spite of the opposition and protest of the workers affected. The representatives of the textile manufacturing interests cannot justify their position before the American people, either economically or morally.

There are two factors that made

President Green's letter very telling—in matters of politics if not in the Labor situation: 1) Because it is an attack on the effectiveness of high tariff, dovetailing with the argument of Democrats that the Republican high tariff does not protect even those who are supposed to be its chief beneficiaries; 2) because Republican Senator Butler of Massachusetts is prominently identified with the textile business, and the reduction of wages in the textile mills is sure to react to his disadvantage next year when he faces ex-Senator David I. Walsh for election in the President's own state.

Mr. Coolidge thought the situation serious enough to give his own interpretation of the causes which forced the reduction in wages. He listed: 1) over-expansion of the woolen industry during the War, so that now, with Southern mills producing the coarser fabrics, and the finer ones being imported from abroad, the New England mills are in difficulties; 2) a change in fashions that made worsteds unpopular during the past season.

## PROHIBITION

## Fallen

In olden times a heavily armoured crusader who had been knocked off his horse lay at the mercy of the foot soldiers; for he could not walk until he was put on his feet by kind and strong arms.

Last week, an obese Ohioan, Roy Asa Haynes, was knocked off his Prohibition horse, which, in the opinion of critics, he has ridden none too ably during the four years that have elapsed since President Harding appointed him to the munificent office of Prohibition Commissioner.

Commissioner of Internal Revenue D. H. Blair, Mr. Haynes' immediate superior, decided (no doubt in cahoots with General Lincoln C. Andrews, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury) that the 22 Prohibition Administrators, yet to be appointed (TIME, July 20), shall act without the "advice, concurrence or approval" of the Prohibition Commissioner. This means that Mr. Haynes has been reduced virtually to the rank of an ordinary inspector.

Would the Commissioner retire from Government Service? The answer seemed likely to be an emphatic affirmative; for, when General Andrews, no admirer of Mr. Haynes, has completed his reorganization scheme (TIME, Aug. 3), the latter is sure to find his cup of humiliation filled to the brim. So thought competent observers.

## National Affairs—[Continued]

## POLITICAL NOTES

## Burial

Last week they buried William Jennings Bryan. They brought his body to the Capital, where it lay in state in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church for 24 hours, guarded by Spanish War veterans, while crowds filed past it. At the same time his last speech, prepared for the evolution trial at Dayton, Tenn., but never delivered, was given to the public by his family (see EDUCATION) his last gift to the country.

The Reverend Dr. Joseph R. Sizoo spoke the Commoner's funeral oration before a crowded church: "There was a threefold splendor about this noble man. . . . He had a capacity for noble living. . . . He had a deep capacity for love. . . . He had a rich capacity for faith. . . . God bless and hallow the heritage and memory of William Jennings Bryan."

They carried his coffin out into the street, took it through Washington and across the Potomac. It was a rainy, chilly day and thousands shivered.

In Arlington Cemetery they laid the great pacifist to rest among the bodies of soldiers. Soldiers were on hand to give him military burial, taps were sounded and they lowered him into the earth, into the very spot that a few years ago had been chosen by Secretary of War John Wingate Weeks as his own final resting place,\* below the empty tomb of Dewey, across the hill from the Unknown Soldier, on the heights overlooking the city of politics.

There they left him. For him they could do no more.

. . .

Flags were at half mast in Washington, in Des Moines; Oklahoma, Arkansas and Arizona observed the hour of his burial by cessation of official business.

In Ohio, at Dayton and Toledo, Ku Klux Klansmen fired tall crosses in the night: "In memory of William Jennings Bryan, the greatest Klansmen of our time, this cross is burned; he stood at Armageddon and battled for the Lord."

. . .

Following the burial of Mr. Bryan a host of stories and anecdotes about him began to be published.

Mark Sullivan, Washington corre-

\* Secretary Weeks gave up the plot when his class at Annapolis ('81) decided to be buried together in another part of the cemetery.

spondent, vouched for the fact that Bryan for two years before the 1896 Democratic Convention had been stumping up and down the Missouri Valley speaking for free silver, hammering out the similes and metaphors and phrases



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PRESIDENT GREEN

"It seemed strikingly strange . . ."

(See LABOR)

that went into the making of the "Cross of Gold" speech.

Several people testified that Bryan had his plans for capturing the Democratic nomination in 1896 laid long in advance, had asked at least one delegate to the convention, Colonel Franklin Pierce Morgan, a newspaperman, to vote for him, had secured for himself the last place on the list of speakers in preparation for the great dramatic effect which was to nominate him.

A new version of the reason of his resignation as Secretary of State was also promulgated (the common story is that he refused to sign the second Lusitania note to Germany). It was said that he had prepared a note to the Austrian Government (accounts of the new version differed as to the exact matter in question) which Mr. Wilson recalled and revised without consulting him, and that he thereupon resigned. Some doubt was cast upon this account.

. . .

## Crime

A certain morning last week brought three connected pieces of news:

Number One. At 2.30 the previous

afternoon, Judge Elbert H. Gary of the U. S. Steel Corporation invited a number of distinguished persons to attend a meeting at his office in Manhattan. The guests included Richard Washburn Child, onetime (1921-24) Ambassador to Italy; Franklin D. Roosevelt; Mark O. Prentiss; William E. Knox, President of the American Bankers' Association; William B. Joyce, Chairman of the National Surety Co.; Governor Smith of New York, Assemblyman F. Trubee Davison and others.

They were called to meet because Mr. Child and Mr. Prentiss had a plan to present. Together they had recently made a survey of crime conditions in the U. S. They found that there is more crime in this country than in any other in the world. They thought that something ought to be done about it. Said Mr. Prentiss:

"Crime is organized to perfection and the only way to meet it is for citizens to organize behind officials charged with the duties of imposing punitive measures, and to close up the gaps through which criminals now regain their liberty on technicalities. There is no place in the world where crime is more rampant than it is in the United States. There are more murders and other crimes of violence committed here in a small town like Memphis, Tenn., for instance, than there are in all Turkey, and I've spent a lot of time in Turkey."

The upshot of the meeting was a plan for the formation of a National Crime Commission, to conduct a criminal laboratory, act as an educational bureau and serve between communities as a clearing house of information about effective means for dealing with crime. Governor Smith of New York announced a plan for formation of a crime commission to bring the methods of preventing and punishing crime up to date. But more than a local effort was the aim of the meeting. F. Trubee Davison, son of the late Henry P. Davison (Morgan partner and head of the American Red Cross during the War), was appointed to call another meeting to gather together prominent men from many states in order to start a National Commission. Thus was a movement initiated.

Number Two. The movement on its very first day received an astonishing amount of good and quite unintentional advertising.

It so happened that two Texas cow-punchers, one of them a full-blooded Cherokee Indian from Sweetwater named Ted Court or "Texas," were in Chicago for a rodeo. They fell in with

## National Affairs—[Continued]

three amiable young Chicagoans, and all five became intoxicated—the Texans most extraordinarily. That being the case, they decided to take an automobile ride.

They piled into a light green automobile, drove north along Michigan Avenue, to the point where it merges into Lake Shore Drive. There they ran past the Drake Hotel, one of the most fashionable in Chicago, and turned east on Walton Place along the north side of the hotel. There they stopped and entered the great building evidently for an elite good time.

The five proceeded directly to the main clerical office of the hotel, the Texans swaggering. The lad from Sweetwater faced the affrighted clerks with a revolver in one hand and a sawed-off a shotgun in the other.

"Get up," he ordered some of the clerks, "we're from Texas. Stick up your hands."

They rose. He formed them into ranks. "March," he ordered.

He headed them into the controller's office, then into the office of the promotion manager. There he ordered a right face, and they went on into the office of John B. and Tracy Drake. Immensely pleased with himself as a drill master, he marched them back through all the offices to the room from which they had started. "To the rear, MARCH!"

"Texas" was even more pleased, so he had them repeat the maneuver. "To the rear, MARCH!" As they were getting back to their starting point for the second time, the last clerk in the line slammed the office door in his face. "Texas" blasphemed, tried the door, finally fired through it. But the clerks had scattered. Then he broke out through another door and made his way through the corridor to the clerk's office again. One of them was sitting inoffensively at a desk. "Texas" glared at him, then shot him dead.

Meanwhile three others of the five carousers had held up the cashier and swept \$10,000 into a little black bag. They started to flee through the now deserted mezzanine. "Texas," however, stopped to call on the house detective. The detective stuck a revolver out of his office door and fired, hitting the Cherokee in the shoulder. Then Texas joined the others in flight. His falling blood incarnadined the marble steps as he ran down. The other cowboy lost his way, ran into the kitchen and, after a little miscellaneous gunplay, was knocked on the head.

In the street, the three Chicago youths entered their car. "Texas," following drunkenly, got into the wrong automo-

bile by mistake. Two policemen dashed up. Dazed, he began to fire. One of them shot him through the heart.

Three half-drunken robbers in a light green car sped east along Lake Shore Drive, turned south with the shoreline, then west to Michigan Avenue, then



© Paul Thompson

MARK O. PRENTISS

"Crime is organized"

north again past the hotel with a burst of speed, having completely circled the scene of their crime. Lincoln Park policemen on the running boards of commandeered automobiles followed, volleying. Up the "Gold Coast," with pretentious residences on one side, a little strip of lawn and the broad lake on the other, the chase led, thence into Lincoln Park. The bandit car collided with another and was wrecked. Two of the men escaped. The third commandeered a taxi, trampled a woman occupant on the floor, and went wildly on firing at his pursuers until the taxi was wrecked. He then was cornered. And the champion revolver shot of the Park police force shot him dead.

It was a horrible incident, but a wonderful advertisement.

**Number Three.** A second part of the movement's publicity was not so inadvertent. The same day that the news of these two events became public, an article appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*. It was the first of a series by Mr. Child telling of his national crime survey. He opened with a bombardment of facts: The whole of England and Wales in one year had less than 200 cases of homicide and the city of St. Louis, unaided, had more; Phila-

delphia has more murders than the whole of Canada, etc., etc. One life insurance company found that for every 146 murders in this country 69 indictments are found, 37 convictions are obtained and only 1 person executed. Mr. Child advanced similar statistics for burglaries, robberies, hold-ups, etc., etc.

Simultaneously the press of the country carried stories to the effect that persons are being murdered in Chicago at the rate of more than 1 a day—227 murders since Jan. 1, 1925.

The anti-crime wave began to rise.

### Miscellaneous Mentions

John W. Davis, failing to be elected to a given office, has yet been elected to several other offices without Republican opposition. On Jan. 13 he was elected director of the National Bank of Commerce; on Feb. 17 director and general counsel of the U. S. Rubber Co.; last week trustee of the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of N. Y. to succeed the late General James H. Wilson, last surviving corps commander in the Union Army during the Civil War.

**Congressman Clarence MacGregor** of Buffalo, member of the Banking and Currency Committee of the House, is living at Cornell University, taking a course in Economics. Said he last week: "This idea that a man can't learn anything after he is 40 is bunk." His professor reported that he was an "industrious student."

**Everett Sanders**, Secretary to the President of the U. S., sent a present to the Vice President of the U. S. It was a wind shield or, rather, spark shield for a pipe. Mr. Sanders wrote: "Use of this will also prove that the pipe is really not upside down."

The second anniversary of the death of **Warren G. Harding**, President of the U. S., was memorialized at the Trinity Baptist Church of Marion, Ohio. Dr. Carl W. Sawyer, son of the late Brigadier General, who was the President's physician, delivered the memorial address, saying: "His loyalty, his kindness, his patience, his patriotism have all borne fruit. A nation mourns him. History records him. We revere him."



## FOREIGN NEWS

## THE LEAGUE

## Intellectual Coöperation

At Geneva met a commission of the League of Nations to draw up rules of procedure for an Institute of Intellectual Coöperation, which is soon to be opened at Paris. Professor Sir Gilbert Murray, in the absence of M. Bergson, ill, was in the chair. Among those present: Senator Henri de Jouvanel (France), Dr. Vernon Kellogg of the National Research Council (U. S.), Prof. Albert Einstein (Germany), Senator Ruffini (Italy), Prof. Gonzague de Reynold (Switzerland), M. Destree (Belgium), Dr. Casares (Spain), Prof. de Halecki (Poland), ex-Premier Buero (Uruguay), Dr. Gastro (Brazil).

On the nomination of Prof. Einstein, Prof. Schultze-Gavernitz of Freiburg University, Baden, was appointed Chief of the Section of Sciences at the Institute. He thus became the first German to hold a position under the League. A number of other appointments were made.

The Commission then studied the problem of rectifying errors in text books, which were alleged to be a main-spring of racial prejudices. A resolution, subsequently passed, empowered the Institute to call the attention of any country to such errors.

So impressed was Dr. Kellogg with the work of the Commission that he declared it "practical minded, and worthy of America's most enthusiastic coöperation and support."

## Mosul Dispute

A summary of conclusions reached by the League's Commission, which recently reported on the Mosul dispute between Britain and Turkey (TIME, Jan. 5), was given out at Geneva.

The dispute concerns the boundary between the Kingdom of Iraq and the Republic of Turkey, Britain acting as the mandatory power for Iraq. Whether or no the oil wells of Mosul should belong to Iraq or Turkey is the substance of the dispute. The Commission thought that, if the wells are to belong to Iraq, Britain could not well withdraw as mandatory power for at least 20 or 25 years. If Britain should withdraw before that time (as she engaged to do in 1929 in a recently concluded treaty with Iraq), the oil area should revert to Turkey whose stability is greater than that of Iraq.

## Danube and Rhine

Walker D. Hines, onetime Director General of the U. S. railways, now head of a commission which has just completed a survey of navigation conditions on the Rivers Danube and Rhine, ar-

rived in Geneva where he is collaborating with Major Somerwell, U. S. A., on a report soon to be presented.

## Villa

At Geneva, close by the Secretariat of the League of Nations, stands a handsome villa, the Villa Bartholoni. In some quarters it is expected that the future assembly hall of the League will be erected on the very ground where the Villa Bartholoni rises in modest pulchritude below the deep green mountain walls, the snow-capped peaks. Not immediately, however, will the villa be razed. Last week it was rented for the month of September to an American, a woman who wished to be at hand to observe the workings of the Sixth Assembly of the League, who came to see what fruit was borne by the seed her husband planted, who was indeed no other than Mrs. Woodrow Wilson.

## COMMONWEALTH

(British Commonwealth of Nations)

## A Dangerous Precedent?

"A government," observed the great Burke, "is founded upon compromise and barter." Last week it became evident that Premier Stanley Baldwin also believed in compromise as the basis of government. For several weeks William C. Bridgeman, First Lord of the Admiralty, had vainly attempted to mediate between mine owners and miners in an effort to reach an agreement on wages and avert a threatening general strike (TIME, July 20 et seq.). Mr. Baldwin at length was convinced that it was high time to send his colleague back to tend the Navy, and he himself filled the rôle of mediator.

The public, which had grave reason to fear the consequences of the near-looming strike, became somewhat reassured when Pilot Baldwin grasped the helm. Was he not above all things safe, sane and sure? Moreover, as the master of the great iron foundry, Baldwin's Ltd., he understood the psychology of both sides of the embittered dispute; and this understanding was not alone technical, but deep-seated in his sympathy for the lot of the worker. Perhaps something of this understanding of, and sympathy with, others, sometimes artistically and poignantly revealed in his speeches, owes something to the fact that his mother\* was the youngest of a famous quartet which included Lady

\* Mrs. Baldwin, who recently died (TIME, May 25, 1925), daughter of a Wesleyan pastor, the Rev. G. B. Macdonald, was at the age of seven a most precocious child. Unable to write (not an unusual thing in mid-Victorian days), she dictated with calm assurance *The History of the Pibald Family*. Later, when her father passed off one of her witticisms as his own, she stormed: "God knows I made that joke!" and, bursting into tears, fled from the room.

Burne-Jones, Lady Poynter and Mrs. Kipling, mother of the poet.

The problems of the British Government today, turn in whatever direction one will, are predominantly economic. It is, therefore, fortunate that Mr. Baldwin is a captain of industry rather than a scholarly epigrammatist with political finesse and a nice Disraelian scorn. A plain man—and the Premier is one—in these days may rush in where brilliant men fear to tread. And with a feeling that the best man for the difficult task of mollifying master and miner was on the job, all Britain hopped in between the sheets and snored for eight long hours.

Early in the week, a court of inquiry set up by the Government made a report, the most important points of which were:

- 1) "We do not think that a method of fixing wages which allows of their indefinite diminution can be regarded as satisfactory.
- 2) "That wages at some agreed minimum rate must in practice be charged before profits are taken."
- 3) "We venture to think that there is considerable room for improving the efficiency of the industry as a whole and in this way affording some aid to its economic position."
- 4) "Further collective action on the part of the collieries would enable facilities and resources to be used in common to a greater advantage and would promote economic working."
- 5) "It is also for consideration whether the industry should remain in isolation or whether by its coördination with other enterprises better results might not be obtained."

On the basis of this report, Mr. Baldwin tried to meet first the miners' representatives, then the owners' representatives. In the morning the miners would refuse to budge from their decision to strike unless the owners canceled their notice to end the existing wage agreement. The Premier, before taking up this point with the owners, chewed some roast beef, guzzled some ale. The owners met him with the same intransigence as the miners had shown. How, said they, can we afford to pay wages at the present scale when the coal industry is losing millions of dollars a month? How, returned the miners, can you expect us either to work under the ground for longer than seven hours a day or to accept a wage cut which, with prices far above their pre-War level, would mean that we are to work for less than we got under intolerable pre-War conditions? Mr. Baldwin confessed himself beaten, but did not give up hope of finding a satisfactory solution of the problem.

Eight hours before the miners were due to circumvent a lock-out declared by the owners by declaring a strike, the



## Foreign News—[Continued]

Premier announced that, on condition that the owners postponed their lock-out, the Government would subsidize the coal industry for nine months from Aug. 1. Meantime a royal commission is to inquire into the whole position of the mining industry with a view to seeking a scientific remedy for its troubles. Both sides agreed to this proposal and the strike menace was ended for the time being, at least.

The terms of the subvention were: "Assistance to be given by the Government to the coal mining industry will take the form of a subvention in aid of wages," to be paid by the Treasury. This offer allowed the owners about 30c profit per ton, any greater profit to be utilized for reduction of the subvention. "It is impossible at present," ended the Government's official statement, "to forecast correctly the cost involved to the Exchequer, as this must depend upon the course of trade."

Five minutes later, the substance of this remedy was unfolded to the House of Commons by the Premier in an atmosphere of hushed tension. Cheers greeted the Premier's statement, but questions were postponed at the Government's request.

Next day, ex-Premier George poured the vials of his scorn on the Government, calling the settlement "a very successful hold-up of the community."

"There is only one agreement among the miners, mine-owners, House of Commons and the public, and that is the Government has mishandled the situation," he cried, glaring at the Government benches, his mass of white hair disheveled. "The Government was taken by surprise. This has been going on since February and they were taken by surprise in July. No plan, no proposals, no suggestions. Even the strike emergency organization was not ready."

"There settlement means the taxpayer is to be milked dry. It is the worst transaction the Government has ever made. The precedent now established will be very difficult to deny when a crisis comes in other industries." How can the Government discriminate between the mining industry and the railways, or, supposing there is a strike, which God forbid, of sailors? They are all vital and if the taxpayer is to be called on to pay a subsidy in each case you will have both worker and employer combining to milk the taxpayer and there will be no cream left for anybody.

"Can any one of sense and responsibility say the subsidy plan will cost less than £20,000,000?"

Chancellor of the Exchequer Winston Churchill, being brilliant and therefore distrustful, came in for a major share of the criticism. It appeared that he had originally agreed to allow the mine owners 8c a ton profit, but had ended by giving way to their stubborn de-

mand for a 30c per ton profit. On this ground was he criticized, and many an angry voice in the ranks of the Conservatives was heard.

A. J. Cook, general secretary of the Miners' Federation, himself a near-Communist, crowed: "An armistice has been declared, but the issues during the next nine months will be far greater than the mere wage issue. Last Friday was Good Friday—not the crucifixion of workers but the crucifixion of those who have been exploiting them."

**Significance:** Criticism of Premier Baldwin's strike settlement was facile. In justice, only a compromise was possible. To throw down the gauntlet to Labor was to invite a general strike of miners, railwaymen and transport workers and the active sympathy of other Labor bodies. To argue that the public was sure to win by organized resistance, as it did in 1919, was to beg the question. Such a course, even if it avoided bloodshed, would have cost the country hundreds of millions of pounds instead of the few tens of millions that the Baldwin scheme may cost.

But the fact remains that a dangerous precedent has been set; other industries may, under threat of a new general strike, demand subventions. This precedent would seem to imply that, as the Laborites claimed it did, a severe blow has been struck against the principle of representative government; for have not a noisy and extremely powerful minority of the country successfully, if temporarily, forced its demands upon the nation without reference to the expressed wishes of the representatives of the sovereign people? It has, and it may continue to do so until, perhaps, the State is forced to nationalize industries, railways, land, etc. The present Government, to safeguard the interests of democracy, would seem morally bound to make a repetition of Labor's threat illegal, which it now is not, by enacting a bill to make settlement of disputes by a court of arbitration obligatory.

### Parliament's Week

#### House of Commons:

Debate on rubber restriction was opened in the House. Colonial Secretary Amery held that the scheme was intended to safeguard the industry from the effects of over-production and that the high prices at present obtaining were due to speculators who had taken advantage of an immediate shortage to force prices up. Said he: "The greater part of the requirements for next year of most of the great rubber companies have been met at moderate prices." Former Colonial Secretary J. H. Thomas backed the present Minister.

Home Secretary Sir William Joynson-Hicks was asked if he believed that "retaliatory measures would be calcu-

lated to lead to an improvement of emigrant conditions at Ellis Island."

Replied he: "No." Asked if he were satisfied with conditions at Ellis Island, he replied: "No, I cannot say I am satisfied with conditions, and I hope an improvement will come before long."

By a majority of 127 votes, the House defeated a Labor motion to reduce the naval replacement program, outlined a fortnight ago by Premier Baldwin (TIME, Aug. 3). Chancellor of the Exchequer Winston Churchill, who originally was against the program, was forced to defend the Government's naval policy, and a bad time he had. Ex-Premier Ramsay MacDonald (Labor) reproached him for "arming when no foe threatened and thereby prejudicing the prospects of world peace."

Ex-Premier George followed the same line of argument, taunted the Chancellor for his "surrender of the public purse to footpad Admirals bent on holding up the Government and Parliament."

Mr. Churchill, who had been listening to the indictments of his pusillanimity with a wry smile, jerked himself to his feet to confound his critics. He had tried, said he, to settle a naval building policy in order to prevent yearly friction between the Admiralty and the Treasury. The Admiralty had proposed a policy and he, Mr. Churchill, had urged a delay of one year before putting it into effect. But the Government had (allegedly because Admiral of the Fleet Lord Beatty and First Lord Bridgeman had threatened to resign) eventually decided to proceed at once with the shipbuilding scheme, provided that the Admiralty made economies which affected the cost.

An important statement on the threatened coal strike was made by the Premier (see above).

A bill to regulate unemployment insurance was passed after a dull debate by a vote of 263 to 98. The provisions of this measure empower the Government to prevent unemployment benefits (doles) from being improperly obtained. The Labor Party opposed the bill because it will deprive 70,000 persons of benefits which they would otherwise receive.

### French Debt

A French debt mission, composed of MM. Barnaud, Roussel, Thion (TIME, Aug. 3), arrived in London, began to negotiate a settlement of the French War debt to Britain, long outstanding.

Britain, with an original War debt to the U. S. of \$4,604,128,085 (now several millions greater because of interest), said in 1922 through Lord Balfour that she would collect from her Continental debtors (including Germany) a sum equal to her own War debt to the U. S. This was another way of telling

## Foreign News—[Continued]

Europe that Britain "is willing to cancel all War debts, but, since the U. S. will not join us, we are obliged to collect enough to meet our American obligations."

With this in their minds, the French went to London. Said they in effect: "The British are great believers in the Germans and they will surely be willing to rely upon the amounts due to them under the operation of the Experts' Plan. We, therefore, will have to pay with all of Britain's other debtors\* something like one third of the residue, which payment must be spread over a long term of years."

No details were given out at the British Treasury concerning the negotiations, but a "leak" of information established the fact that the French had received a rude jolt. The British view evidently was that payments from Germany could not be considered until they had been received, as it was not known whether or not the Experts' Plan could be operated successfully in the exceedingly difficult years ahead.† A second point was that Russia, who owes Britain more on paper than any other country, could not be considered at all. It was therefore apparent that France would virtually have to pay something like half of Britain's debt to the U. S., say \$2,000,000,000, instead of her full debt of over \$3,000,000,000. Moreover, instead of paying it from the French share of the Experts' Plan annuities, Britain required her to pay independently of such receipts, but offered later reductions in ratio to her own receipts from Germany. This did not suit the French and they left for Paris to lay the situation before the Cabinet.

In London the French delegation was expected to return, headed by Finance Minister Joseph Caillaux. At Paris, it seemed likely that France would try to reach an agreement with the U. S. before re-tackling the British debt.

## Notes

The H. M. S. *Repulse*, the Prince of Wales aboard, left Cape Town for the island of St. Helena where a brief stop was to be made. On Aug. 14 the Prince will transfer to the light cruiser *Curlew* which, drawing less water, will be able to land the British Heir Apparent at Montevideo, his first stop on the South American continent.

When a man is lavish in India, Anglo-Indians say he is as "generous as Patiala." This axiom has been coined about the Maharaja of Patiala, a ruling

Indian Prince with a personal income of some \$4,500,000 a year, noted for his lavish entertainments. Last week he arrived in London with a suite of 50 and a retinue of servants numbering at least 20. He and his suite occupied the whole fifth floor (100 rooms) of the Savoy Hotel on the Strand, for which he is said to pay \$1,000 a day. Two special



© International  
MAHARAJA OF PATIALA  
Lavish

Indian cooks prepare his food and a fleet of 20 limousines waits in constant attendance. A new elevator in scarlet and Chinese lacquer was installed for his special benefit and, by throwing several rooms together, a throne room was made on the fifth floor. Evidently the Maharaja is staying for some time.

W. J. S. Dawson, recently retired telephone contract agent for the Post Office Department, wrote to a London evening newspaper recalling that once he installed two "beautiful telephones in ivory and gold" for the exclusive use of the late King Edward. The monarch requested that they be installed in such a way that the operators could not overhear his conversation. The Post Office authorities demurred. According to their regulations they had a positive right and duty to censor any messages coming over their wires. But King Edward insisted and the Post Office desisted, installed the telephones as requested.

Alleging that white men had made new regulations for Indians in British Columbia, most westerly Canadian province, a powwow of 31 Chiefs at Shuswap sent Chief William Pierrish, Basil David and Johnnie Chillichitsa to lodge a

protest with "the grand Chief whose wigwam is Buckingham Palace." Last week they arrived in London and set about securing an audience with "the biggest Chief of all."

The Duke of York signified his "sincere pleasure and grateful thanks" by accepting invitations to become the Honorary President of the Yorktown World Forum,\* Yorktown Country Club and the Yorktown Historical Society. The acceptance of these invitations was somehow or other construed to mean that the Duke would visit Yorktown, Va., next year, but this was officially denied in London, although both the Duke and Duchess hoped they would at some future date be able to do so.

Field Marshal Lord Haig, accompanied by Lady Haig, left Canada for England after a prolonged visit to the Dominion in the interests of the British Empire Service League (veterans' organization).

At London opened the first British Commonwealth Labor Conference. Ex-Premier Ramsay MacDonald, speaking on behalf of the British Labor Party, welcomed Labor delegates from Australia, Canada, India, Ireland (Free State and Ulster), Newfoundland, South Africa and the mandate of Palestine. To them he urged acceptance of a Commonwealth preference based not upon tariff reform but upon "large wholesale purchases by committees under Government control" which, presumably, would buy solely from the overseas British.

In Hyde Park occurred a clash between British Fascisti and Communists, involving some 2,000 persons, resulting in scores of more or less seriously damaged people and the wreckage of several private automobiles. The trouble started when the Fascisti, seeing a red flag, lost control of themselves and seized the insulting emblem, tearing it to pieces. They said they were pledged to tear down every red flag hoisted in London. The *Evening News*, anti-Communist, nevertheless scored the Fascisti, who are far from popular in London. Seeing a grave menace to the freedom of speech, the newspapers said:

"All kinds of cranks as well as good people go there [to Hyde Park] to say what they have to say. Cranks form, indeed, one of London's most popular free entertainment. If you do not wish

\* The Yorktown World Forum was formed to perpetuate the Yorktown battlefield where Lord Cornwallis surrendered. British Ambassador Sir Esmé Howard, speaking recently, referred to a visit to the battlefield.

"I felt that all bitterness, thank God, was past between us. I felt that just as our heritage of poets and sailors, of philosophers, lawgivers and statesmen belongs to you, so the greatness of your people is a greatness of which I, as an Englishman, have a right to be proud."

\*Other debtors: Russia, Italy, Yugo-Slavia, Poland, Rumania, Portugal, Greece, Belgian Congo. Total debts: about \$10,000,000,000.

†In another four years Germany is expected to pay at least \$625,000,000 annually to the Allies.

## Foreign News—[Continued]

to hear the bray of Communists you may walk away and listen to the more musical and equally profound bleating of the sheep in the park. If a Communist chooses to put in at the Marble Arch talking balderdash he is probably healthier than he would have been. It is intolerable that armed political bands should break the peace."

Baron Hayashi, Japanese Ambassador to Britain, called upon Foreign Secretary Austen Chamberlain at the Foreign Office. Both men dipped pen into ink, signed an Anglo-Japanese trade treaty.

### FRANCE

#### "Queen of Holland"

M. Doumergue, President of France, visiting the Decorative Arts Exposition, was suddenly stopped by one of his suite before an elaborate pavilion.

"*Monsieur le Président*," said the suite member, "step in, and I will present you to the Queen of Holland."

The President demurred. "*Comment!*" said he. His entourage answered with smiles and smiles and President Doumergue entered.

Queen Wilhelmina was not there. Only slight, however, was the Presidential disappointment. For in Her Majesty's stead he saw a flawless, exquisitely cut diamond, sparkling with a transparent, sky-blue light, hitherto unknown in precious stones. Weighing 136 carats, it is the largest cut diamond in the world, and its name is "Queen of Holland."

The diamond was found, the President was told, ten years ago in Cape Colony, and belongs to an American firm on Fifth Avenue.

Monsieur Doumergue fondled the Queen. "How much," he asked, "is she worth?"

"Between 20 and 30 million francs (\$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000)," said an expert.

The President sighed. "A poor functionary like me would have to work 20 years to become the owner of this little bauble." \*

### Moroccan War

For most of the past week a sirocco (hot, dry, enervating east wind) swept the battlefield where French and Rifians fight for supremacy in the Moroccan War (TIME, May 11, et seq.). Fighting slackened and what was done ended in success for the Rifians, proving that the French successes of the previous week had in no sense discouraged or reduced the resistance of their

enemies. A number of tribal desertions to the Rifians was also reported.

Marshal Pétain, his face bronzed by the African sun, landed at Ceuta, en route to Paris from the front (TIME, Aug. 3) conversed long and secretly with General Primo Rivera, head of the Spanish military directory. Later, the Marshal disembarked at Marseille. Said he:

"Those waging war against France in Morocco are making a commercial affair out of it. Our troops have all necessary material and their morale is very good. The surprise attack launched against us in April could not be possible again. The Moors are aware of the value of our forces."

Next morning he was in Paris, was for long closeted with Premier Painlevé, whom he urged to take stronger action against the Rifians. Premier Painlevé subsequently issued a statement:

"Our energy in the conduct of the war will not be less than our desire for peace. Every precaution is being taken to prevent heavy losses to our troops, but the Rifians and Djebalas must submit and accept the just and generous terms which France and Spain are offering them."

At Fez, military headquarters of the French, General Naulin, Commander-in-Chief of the French troops, entertained newspaper correspondents at dinner. Said he:

"Gentlemen, you will be wanting to interview me after dinner. After dinner is the orthodox time throughout the world for speeches. I do not know why. It prevents many people who fear they may have to speak from enjoying their food."

"What is more, we are in war time now. In war any good soldier takes the offensive—as Abd-el-Krim has done. I am going to take the offensive right now"—he paused a second, smiling whimsically—"against that interview you are expecting. I am giving no interview. I have nothing more to say than Clemenceau said: '*Je fais la guerre.*'"

At Manhattan, arrived a boat carrying 129 enthusiastic recruits for the Spanish Foreign Legion of every hue and numerous nationalities. The sight of the Statue of Liberty imbued them with a mad desire to see America. The captain of the ship forbade them to go ashore. As answer, they mutinied. Fists, feet, clubs, chairs, crockery were used. One man drew a knife, was promptly bumped on the head with a club. Eventually police restored order and the ship sailed for Spain.

Vincent Sheean said of Abd-el-Krim:

"I venture to offer the opinion . . . that the qualities and character of Abd-el-Krim and his associates are formidably high, as high as those of Mustapha Kemal Pasha and his associates; and that any underestimation of their force would be fatal to the European course in North Africa."

### Sensation

Paris is soon to witness a sensational lawsuit. The cause of the suit to be sure, is only a quarrel between two dressmaking houses and would not have lured a single Frenchman from his *escargots* (snails) had not the plaintiff engaged ex-Premier ex-President Alexandre Millerand as counsel and had not the defense engaged ex-President ex-Premier Raymond Poincaré.

### GERMANY

#### Exodoi

Hate, naked and unashamed, stalked through Poland and Germany. By order of the Polish Government, 15,000 German families were arbitrarily deported for the sole reason that in 1921 they had fearlessly voted in a plebiscite to remain German citizens. By order of the German Government, 12,000 Polish families were likewise arbitrarily deported as a reprisal. In two days of last week the exodoi were completed.

In the old world the brutal oppression exercised by Byzantines, Tartars, Turks was, from the nature of the times, understandable enough. That the fierce hatred of the Greeks and the Turks in the present era led to minority expulsions was comprehensible, considering the semi-civilization that permeates those countries. But in Poland and Germany, whose peoples pride themselves on their culture, who would bitterly resent the slightest imputation that they were uncivilized, the mournful spectacle of thousands of Germans and Poles driven from their homes—gloomy men, weeping women and frightened children—must have caused the great Herald to draw a bar sinister across the escutcheon of civilization. Thus averred unbiased critics.

For two days, trainloads of refugees arrived in each country. The brutality of the Poles was unsurpassed. Allegedly women with week-old babies were forced to join the German exodoi. Many adults and a number of babies died. German families, settled in Upper Silesia for life, as they thought, were forced on only a few hours' notice to vacate their dwellings, leave their jobs, their household belongings, and go to a country that was so ill-prepared to receive them that many thousands had to be lodged

\* The salary of the President of France is 1,000,000 (\$50,000) francs yearly.

## Foreign News—[Continued]

in filthy barracks. And if the Germans were less inhuman, they were guilty of the same false pride, with the consequence that numerous Poles in Upper Silesia, many of whom were in the same position as the Germans in Poland (except a number of recent immigrants working in the Ruhr mines and elsewhere), had to leave everything they held dear and travel against their will to the land of their forebears.

The genesis of the dispute which led to the evictions dates back to 1921, when a plebiscite was held under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles to determine the sovereignty of Upper Silesia. The result of the plebiscite was that 717,122 Upper Silesians voted for German rule while 483,514 voted for Polish. The Treaty stipulated that the result of the plebiscite was to be determined by communes with regard to the wishes and to the geographical and economic conditions of the area.

Germans claimed with overpowering logic that the whole area, rich in coal and other minerals, was geographically and economically indivisible; but divided it was. "Never," said that great German Jew, Walther Rathenau, "has such a hard fate befallen our land." An economic condominium was successfully negotiated which had for its object the preservation from chaos of the highly organized industrial area; but, in view of the fact that the Poles were agitating to oust all Germans from the country, it was not surprising that dual control was a failure, resulting in tremendous diminution of output.

Some months ago, the Poles obtained a ruling from the Permanent International Court of Justice at the Hague, confirming the justice of their contention that all Germans who had voted for Germany in the 1921 plebiscite and who were incorporated in the Polish Republic (there are 400,000 of them) should be repatriated\* to Germany. The German Government was informed by the Polish Government that its right to repatriate Germans resident in Polish Silesia would be exercised. Diplomatic negotiations were opened and, although it was clear that the Poles were inexorably bent upon carrying out their plans, the German Government took no steps to provide for the refugees from Poland. Either this was their stupidity or, more probably, a maneuver to show the Polish Government in the most unfavorable light.

At any rate, it was not until scandals of the infamous conditions (huddling like sheep of some 10,000 to 15,000 persons in dirty, tumble-down sheds scarcely large enough for half that number) at the Schneidemühl concentration camp had shaken the whole Fatherland, that

a cinema, a sewing circle for girls, a sporting club for men were organized to bring cheer to the miserable.

As described above, the German Government took retaliatory measures by repatriating Poles, and the exodus



© Keystone  
FRIEDRICH AUGUSTUS III  
"I only look like one!"  
(See "In Saxony")

completed. There the matter stood and will stand until Dec. 1, when the biting cold of a Silesian winter will add, inconspicuously enough, fuel to the raging fire of hate that one day must (so many a well-informed critic professes) lead to a bitter European war in which strange alignments of Powers will be seen.

## In Saxony

At Moritzburg, near Dresden, which is the capital of so-called "red" Saxony, ex-King Friedrich Augustus III of Saxony reviewed several thousand Monarchist "troops."

Of all the German States,\* Saxony is considered the most unlikely to harbor any Monarchist designs. The spectacle of King Friedrich Augustus reviewing his legions was, therefore, as strange as it was surprising.†

King Friedrich Augustus ascended the Saxon throne in 1904 on the death of his father, King George. He is possessed of an anemic personality and a presence far from inspiring, which accounts in no small degree for the alleged lack of Monarchist sentiment in Saxony. It is

\*Germany, like the U. S., is a Federated Republic.

†In the phrase of the *Garrick Gazette* (now on Broadway), though Friedrich Augustus III once had a "seat on his throne," he has since been "thrown on his seat."

said that on one occasion, when he was standing in uniform upon a station platform, a lady asked him to move her trunk. He replied suavely: "Madam, I am not a porter; I only look like one."

Undoubtedly the continual growth of the Monarchist idea in Germany is responsible for last week's demonstration, to which may be added the recent visit of the ex-King to the ex-Kaiser at Doorn. But if his loyal followers expected an imperial message from the exile at Doorn, they were disappointed; Friedrich Augustus, as also might have been expected, said nothing. Nevertheless, when he reviewed his "troops" (Monarchists in uniform) he did something which no ex-monarch in Germany has done since 1918.

## Reichstag Rumpus

For some time Communists have trumpeted their objections to certain tax measures which the Government was trying to rush through before the summer recess. Last week, their trumpetings approached in volume the noisiest efforts of a drove of riled elephants rocking themselves thunderously with rage.

The rumpus began when Count Westarp (Monarchist) announced that his party had instituted court proceedings against a Communist newspaper for accusing Monarchists of attending the Reichstag in a drunken condition. "This falsehood," said Count Westarp, "will be disproved." Thereupon, Deputy Hölein, Communist leader, jumped to his feet, exclaimed: "You're a liar!" (Terrific applause from the Communists, followed by counter roars from the Monarchists.)

Hardly had quiet been restored than Vice President Gräf (Monarchist), who was temporarily presiding over the session, stated that speeches on tax measures had been limited by a committee to 20 minutes each. The Communists (30 of them) protested. They had not been represented on the committee, therefore the ruling was invalid. Nevertheless the Reichstag passed it by an overwhelming majority.

At this the Communists, stung by the jeers of the Right, sprang on top of their desks, shouted torrents of insults. Many Socialists who had voted against the speech ruling joined the Communists and filled the Reichstag with their hoarse jabberings, answered by the angry dronings of the Monarchists. Herr Gräf finally sought to end the racket; he ordering one Comrade Jadasch to leave the Chamber and suspended the sitting.

Ten minutes later the session was resumed. Herr Jadasch was still present. The Vice President suspended him for eight, then for 20 sittings. Still he re-

\*Repatriation is used in the post-War sense of the word. In the pre-War sense, German inhabitants of Upper Silesia were expatriated.



## Foreign News—[Continued]

fused to go. "Janitor," yelled Communists at Herr Gräf, "bring in your soldiers." At this point detectives were summoned, but they wisely refused to tackle 30 raging Communists without a few "green ones," as the uniformed Berlin police are called. Herr Höllein, who had been exceedingly bumptious, yelled at Herr Gräf: "Executioner!" For that he, too, was ordered expelled. Tempestuous yells greeted this sentence and the vituperative orgy of insults was resumed with maximum lung power.

The heavy tread of four armed policemen, accompanied timorously by ten detectives, arrested the tumult. Höllein and Jadasch were dragged from their seats and escorted to the street, but not before the former had roused his remaining 28 comrades to cheers by yelling: "We yield to force only! We record the fact that the Government is passing its tax bills only with the help of the police!"

## Evacuated

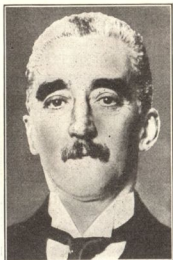
At 9 o'clock one bright, calm morning last week, French troops were drawn up before the Mine Owners' League Building, Essen, which for sometime has been French military headquarters.

A strong force of Green Police (German) and some French civilians were the only onlookers. Suddenly a sharp command broke the mortuary silence. The scene abruptly became charged with the tension of things about to happen. There was a snap, much shuffling and slapping as rifles came to a general salute. Then silence. General Guillemau, commanding the French troops in the Ruhr area, had appeared on the steps of his headquarters. After reviewing the assembled troops, the General turned toward the building out of which he had come, stood at attention with the troops as honors were paid to the Tricolor which was slowly hauled down. More commands, and off to a local railway station moved the troops. The Ruhr occupation,\* begun on the orders of Premier Poincaré on Jan. 11, 1923, came to an end after 2 years, 6 months and 20 days. Germans were unimpressed. There were no tears, no jubiliations—not until the last French *politi* had gone, when, at 12 o'clock midnight, bells pealed, flags waved, people sang and rejoiced.

## Stinnes Sale

The U. S. firm of Dillon, Read & Co. and the British firm of J. H. Schroder & Co. purchased for some \$4,000,000 a large interest in the Deutsche Luxem-

\*The Ruhr was occupied on the ground that Germany willfully defaulted in delivery of reparations. According to the London Agreement of last year (TIME, Aug. 25), the Ruhr was to have been evacuated by Aug. 15, 1923. Düsseldorf, Duisburg and Ruhrort in Rhineland Prussia and not in the Ruhr (Westphalia) are also to be evacuated by that date.



International  
PAUL HYMANS  
"The signature of President Wilson  
today disowned?"  
(See BELGIUM)

burgische Gesellschaft, one of the largest industrial concerns which the late Herr Hugo Stinnes founded and one which, with the Gelsenkirchen, Bochumerverein and Siemens concerns—the so-called Rhine-Elbe Union—controls the output of German coal, coke, iron, steel.

Many of the Stinnes concerns are now being sold, owing to industrial depression following the Ruhr occupation and the operation of the Experts' Plan, and more particularly to quarrels between the two Stinnes sons (TIME, June 29) and the confusion in which their sire left his enormous and varied holdings.

## BELGIUM

## Debt Mission

Sailed from Cherbourg on the good ship *Olympic* the Belgian Debt Mission, the personnel of which is: ex-Premier Georges Theunis; Felicien Cattier, head of La Banque d'Outremer; Baron Cartier de Marchienne, Belgian Ambassador to the U. S.; Émile Francqui, *Vice Gouverneur de la Société Générale de Belgique*.

Experts accompanying the delegation were: J. B. Vincent, administrator of the Treasury; J. Warland, director of the public debt; René van Crombrugge, diplomat; André Terlinde, *directeur de la Société Nationale de Crédit à l'Industrie*; Robert Silvercrus, secretary-general to the delegation.

The Belgian debt to the U. S. is \$480,503,983, and it was this sum that the U. S. asked Belgium to settle in its recent circular letter to its debtors (TIME, June 8, THE CABINET). Belgium was surprised to get this note because, ac-

cording to an agreement with the late President Woodrow Wilson, British ex-Premier George and French ex-Premier Georges Clemenceau, she signed the Treaty of Versailles only on condition that her War debts be canceled.

Since President Wilson was in Europe, however, many anfractuities have been discovered in the straight road: which men mapped out for the World at Paris in 1919. One of them was the refusal of the U. S. to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, which meant that President Wilson's promise to Belgium was nullified. And the thought of many Belgians was expressed recently by Paul Hymans, Foreign Minister at the Versailles Conference, who asked in a session of Parliament at Brussels: "Who could have imagined in 1919 that the signature of President Wilson would today be disowned?"

A point to be noted, however, is that Britain and France were permitted to add what they had deducted from Belgium to their reparation bill against Germany. Whether that claim will ever be fully paid is debatable. But however much Belgium bled for the world, the attitude of the U. S. remains inexorable that all debts must be paid by the contracting parties and not balanced against, nor added to, a debt owing by another, which is what Britain and France have tried to do. Belgium has evidently decided to pay; although, in the words of Foreign Minister Vandervelde, leader of the Socialist Party, "this engagement [i.e. President Wilson's engagement to cancel the War debt of Belgium] is a moral engagement, which a great people cannot evade without moral damage to itself."

## ITALY

## Amnesty

In Rome, July 29 was commemorated fittingly; for on that day, 25 years ago, King Umberto, father of the present Monarch, was assassinated by an anarchist Italian hailing from Paterson, N. J.

King Vittorio Emanuele and Queen Mother Margherita, widow of the murdered King, attended mass near the tomb of King Umberto in the Pantheon. Signor Crenonesi, Royal Commissioner of Rome, sent telegrams on behalf of the citizens to the King and Queen Mother, and issued a proclamation to the people, as a commemoration document, deploring the crime that ended King Umberto's life.

Next day, to commemorate his own succession to the throne, King Vittorio signed an amnesty decree for all political prisoners and those condemned for minor crimes.

The official celebration of the King's and Queen's Silver Jubilee was held last June (TIME, June 15).



## Foreign News—[Continued]

42

As it does to many men, a 42nd birthday came to Benito Mussolini, Premier of Italy. The War Department, of which the Premier is chief, marked the event by presenting Signor Mussolini with a large-calibre shell case, handsomely engraved. One engraving depicted the Premier as a corporal of the *bersaglieri* (sharpshooters) in the trenches. Another pictured him as a wounded soldier. A third, as Minister of War.

But the life of Benito Mussolini can be thrown into greater antitheses. Born in the town of Forlì (some accounts say Varano di Costa), he heard his father at an early age declaiming against the constituted state of society. His father was a convinced revolutionary, and like father little Benito grew to be. Had it not been for his devout mother, he might never have received an education—such as it was—at the normal school of Forlimpopoli, a nearby village to which the Mussolinis had moved.

The days of his education over, he repaired, still at a tender age, to Switzerland where, to earn his living and pay his way through Lausanne University, he became a manual laborer. Subsequently, his revolutionary activities resulted in his being evicted from one Swiss canton after another; and, when he tried his fortune at journalism in Austria, he rapidly met a like fate at the hands of Emperor Franz Josef's soldiers.

Back to Italy he went. At Milan he joined forces with the prominent Socialist Signor Bissolati, whom several years later he helped to expel from the Socialist Party. At this time, he was an uncompromising extremist, believing in force as the only means to win republicanism for Italy. At the beginning of the War, he was still a revolutionist, a republican. He wrote in the Socialist paper *Avanti*, of which he had previously become the editor: "We do not want war, because we are striving . . . to destroy the prestige of the dynasty, the Army and the State."

It is usual to assume that Signor Mussolini's volte face from Socialism was a sudden thing; but this is erroneous. In the autumn of 1914, he founded *Il Popolo d'Italia*, in which he advocated participation in the War on the side of the Allies, whereas he had been against intervention. The Socialists expelled him from the Party, but Mussolini remained a Socialist at heart, his revolutionary spirit unchecked.

After Italy had declared war against Austria, he joined the *corpo dei bersaglieri*, went to the front and was in 1917 wounded. Returning to Milan, he worked faithfully and loyally in the Allied interests in his newspaper and, by the end of the War, he was a confirmed Nationalist. Soon after, finding that

Nationalism and Socialism would not mix, he turned his back on the latter. It was only after several years that he had changed his political convictions.

He was astute enough to see that Bolshevism was the most dangerous



© Keystone

ATLAS? HERCULES? CAESAR?

It is perhaps premature

enemy which Italy had, and to see that Italy's politicians were wasting the fruits of the victory. The men to whom he could appeal were the ex-service men and, with the rare sagacity born of a natural politician, he began to organize these into the *Fasci Italiani di Combattimento* (later the Fascist Party) "for the vindication of the victory, the rights of ex-service men and the liberty of the world."

If Mussolini was not now a Socialist he was—just as he is today—every bit a revolutionist. It is an atavistic trait. The exploits of d'Annunzio in seizing Fiume called forth his sympathy and from then until the Treaty of Rapallo (1920) was signed, *Il Popolo d'Italia* supported the poet. After Fiume had been delivered safely, Signor d'Annunzio went into self-imposed seclusion and Benito Mussolini, champion of d'Annunzio, found himself championed in turn by the admirers of the poet. And so it came about that he, first and foremost a revolutionary politician, led the Fascist legions to Rome in 1922 and began the revolution for which every fibre in his body ached.

Premier Mussolini has been compared by some to Atlas, Hercules, Julius Caesar, Septimius Severus, Cromwell, Napoleon, etc. It would, perhaps, be premature to place him among great Italians, let alone the great of the earth. In a sense the Premier still has to

achieve permanent success. What he has done for Italy is indeed immense; but who can say that it is permanent? Many feel that his dictatorship has been harmful; few deny that his rule is not strictly personal. But who can say that with the man Fascism and all it stands for will disappear?

The future will decide more accurately the greatness of Premier Mussolini. For the present it can be said that he is the strongest man that Italy has had since Cavour. That he is also a man of high moral integrity with a magnetic personality, no one who has looked into his eyes and grasped his hand can for a second deny. And yet with all his serious earnestness there is a touch of pathos. He scorns democracy. That is understandable enough. But every speech of his is filled with that same flight of hyperbole that he despises in others. One day he adjures his Fascists to keep the peace; the next, carried away by his own force, he incites them to violence. Yet, it may be doubted if Italy is more turbulent than it was; certainly, economically, she is far more stable.

## Mobbed

At Palermo in Sicily onetime (1917-19) Premier Orlando said:

"I do not need to tell you that we do not live in a régime of liberty. Then it is infinitely better to live under an autocratic government. We cannot deny that autocratic governments have written luminous pages in the history of peoples. Under autocratic government citizens' liberties may be restricted, but they are guaranteed by laws, which may be severe but constitutional."

He concluded his speech by asking his audience quietly to leave the hall in which they were. The audience did as requested, but as soon as Signor Orlando appeared outside, a mob of Fascists rushed at him. Carabinieri immediately rushed to the old man's assistance and with some difficulty he was escorted safely into his car.

Maddened at thus being thwarted, the Fascists vented their anger upon his automobile, broke the windows with sticks and stones; some revolver shots were fired, fortunately without damage.

## Ousted

George Seldes, brother of Gilbert Seldes, famed esthete, was the Rome correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*. He sent dispatches to his paper which the Mussolini Government characterized as "misleading, exaggerated, alarming." He was requested, through Ambassador Fletcher, to leave the country. He demanded an order to leave addressed personally to himself. The Government granted this and a safe conduct.

Five American correspondents—of the

## Foreign News—[Continued]

Chicago Daily News, The New York World, the United Press, the Philadelphia Public Ledger, the Christian Science Monitor—called at the foreign office in Rome, protesting. They protested in vain.

It is problematical whether The Chicago Tribune will replace Mr. Seldes with a correspondent more favorable to the Mussolini régime.

## HUNGARY

## Improving Finances

Jeremiah Smith Jr., of Boston, League of Nations Commissioner General in Hungary, in a recent report to Geneva said that Hungary will, according to estimates, have a budgetary surplus of \$5,500,000 on June 30, 1926, instead of an estimated deficit of \$10,000,000. (This year's budget showed a surplus—not yet determined—instead of an expected deficit of \$20,000,000.)

## POLAND

## Speech

A fortnight ago, Ignace Jan Paderewski, famed pianist and onetime (1919) Premier of Poland, was lured to Salisbury Square, London, where is situate the Press Club. In this building, whose walls have heard many a famed man, M. Paderewski opened his speech on Poland by telling the well-known "elephant story":

An Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, a Russian and a Pole, all were asked to write a treatise on the elephant. The Englishman bought a hunting kit, went to India. At the end of a year he returned, wrote a voluminously illustrated book entitled *The Elephant and How to Shoot Him*. The Frenchman went to *Le Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, observed the elephant, made friends with his keeper and in six weeks time wrote *Les Amours des Éléphants*. The German studied all the books and documents written on the elephant, then wrote a work in three volumes, entitled *An Introduction to the Study of the Elephant*. The Russian retired to his garret, drank quantities of vodka, numerous samovars of tea, produced a small volume: *The Elephant—Does He Exist?* The Pole immediately set to work and in six weeks finished a pamphlet called *The Elephant and the Polish Question*.

M. Paderewski retold the story delightfully with one or two minor variations, such as the Englishman taking his biscuits, his port wine and his pipes. He said he was going to follow his compatriot and discuss the Polish question—but without including the elephant. He did.



© Paul Thompson

PADEREWSKI  
He omitted the elephant  
(See POLAND)

## JAPAN

## Scheming

At the behest of Premier Takaaki Kato, all Cabinet Ministers forgathered to hear Finance Minister Yuko Hamaguchi expound why all the land tax shall continue to be paid to the Government and not be divided with the provincial administrations as the Opposition desired.

After Finance Minister Hamaguchi had sat down, a Seiyukai Minister arose, said that his party, of which three members form part of the coalition Cabinet, could not support the Finance Minister's contentions. Premier Kato called upon the three Seiyukai Ministers to resign. They refused. To get rid of them, Premier Kato handed the Prince Regent the Cabinet's resignation. The Prince accepted the resignation and asked Premier Kato to form a new Cabinet, which he did merely by appointing three Kenseikai (Government) Party members to fill the places of the dropped Seiyukai members:

Justice, Yokoi Ei  
Commerce, Chikuma Katsuka  
Communications, Seiji Hayami

But there was far more to the situation than that, and behind the scenes was General Baron Tanaka, President of the Seiyukai Party. Last spring

(TIME, May 18) he managed by process of amalgamation to swell his party's numbers from 100 to 150, making it the second largest party in the Diet. He began negotiations with the Seiyuhontō President, M. Tokonami, urged him to join the Seiyukai Party which would then have an absolute majority of the votes with 266 seats of the 464.

For some time M. Tokonami remained deaf, but recently he wavered, still later agreed to become Vice President of the Seiyukai Party. Baron Tanaka promptly seized upon the tax question to force the Government to end the coalition. This, as described above, was done with the result that Baron Tanaka has the Government at his mercy when the Diet meets next December.

However, it is not thought likely that Premier Kato will die like a rat in a trap, but will dissolve the Diet and hold new elections, relying upon the 9,000,000 extra electors which he recently enfranchised (TIME, Apr. 6) to show their appreciation of his endeavors by voting for him (the Kenseikai) Party.

## CHINA

## Unrest

The anti-foreign movement in China (TIME, July 6 et seq.) continued to smoulder. Only at Nanking did a flame burst forth. That was when a British subject was killed in a factory near that town. Vast volumes of smoke, in the shape of talk, gave tangible evidence that Chinese fires of hatred had in no way been extinguished in other places.

Generally, considerable impatience was displayed toward the inactivity of the Powers who are to call a conference to settle some of the grievances of which the Chinese so bitterly complain (TIME, July 2).

## Frog Ceremony

At Taichow in the Province of Chekiang, a living frog in a glass jar was paraded through the streets. On all sides people kow-towed, prayed to the frog for rain.

To the residence of a local military official went the crowd. The official was asked to come outside, kow-tow, pray. He declined, alleging that the time and place were inappropriate; asked the crowd to go to a temple where he promised to do his bit.

The crowd protested and the official's bodyguard attempted to disperse them. In the mêlée which followed the frog was dropped, the jar shattered, frog ground to jelly. Infuriated, the mob attempted to rush the guard, belaboring them with fists, sticks and feet. The military official, immobile of face, ordered his men to fire. Eight Chinese fell dead, one a priest.

## MUSIC

## "Indecent"

Looking for something to keep the police of Washington, D. C., busy in the summer, someone exhumed last week an old order forbidding "indecent music" (from the context evidently referring to music without words). There was some diversity of opinion as to what sort of music the police were supposed to suppress.

Said Mrs. Mina Van Winkle, chief of policewomen: "That tom-tommy sort of Oriental music that makes men forget home and babies."

Said the Assistant Corporation Counsel: "You know what I mean, that hootchy-kootchy sort of intonation."

Said Sergeant Rhoda Milliken, policeman: "Any music played on a saxophone is immoral."

## Pichetone

A box a yard wide, weighing eight pounds, containing a steel comb which is picked by minute pincers when notes are struck on the keyboard above—such is the Pichetone—instrument which Inventor S. Giley of Moscow declares will supplant the piano. Russian musicians assert that it has a tone superior to that of the ordinary pianoforte.

## "Not So Good"

To Dame Ethel Mary Smyth, composer,\* the masculinity of the London Symphony Orchestra is a "silly pity." Said Dame Smyth (to a *Boston Transcript* reporter) a fortnight ago:

"All Europe, except England alone, likes women musicians. . . . In all the famous Continental bands, at Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Amsterdam and Stockholm, women play as a matter of course—and play any instrument they please. "Mozart, an Austrian (and in Austria there is no lack of temperament) complained that men play with 'less expression' than women. Here in England, where our performances certainly do not err on the side of unbridled passion, it seems what has been called 'a silly pity' to exclude the more emotional half of creation."

To this, Sir Landon Ronald, conductor of the London Symphony, made reply:

"It is a great mistake to mix women and men in an orchestra. I do not consider the life at all suitable for women, and I am not at all in favor of it. I conducted a mixed orchestra in Glasgow and Edinburgh, where 40% of the members were women, and it answered only



© Keystone

DAME ETHEL M. SMYTH

Sir Landon made reply

fairly well. Women players, I admit, are more earnest and serious than men, but they are not so strong and their tone is not so good."

## A R T

## More Sargents

The sale of pictures by the late John Singer Sargent at Christie's Galleries, London (TIME, Aug. 3), continued.

"Blink," went the hammer of the auctioneer. People thought distantly of Velazquez, more immediately of Mr. Sargent, and concentrated what was left of their attention upon a certain Dutchman who was present—one Vandernent.

Velazquez (1599-1660) because, long ago, he conceived that the plump oval face of a little Spanish prince with beady eyes would almost achieve piquancy if tilted beneath a hat like a black velvet sofa pillow—that the princeling's rotund body, swathed in the ribbon-counter elegance of his period, would appear almost slight if mounted upon a very fat pony—that the obese quadruped would appear speedy as a blooded stallion if he were poised on his hind-legs against a sky of troubled fire and blown grey cloud. (The result of Velazquez's cogitation, *Prince Baltasar Carlos*, hangs in the Prado Gallery in Madrid.)

John Singer Sargent because, when he was a youth, he had beheld Velazquez' painting, and with discernment enough to realize that he beheld an immortal example of a great master's ability to triumph over his subject, he had

copied the picture in the nicest oil-colors on his palette.

Vandernent (a quaint though unfamiliar name) because, when the hammer descended with its above-onomatopoeitized concussion, the noise was no more than a polite acknowledgement from Christie's auctioneer of Mr. Vandernent's right to pay 6,000 guineas (about \$30,000) for Sargent's earnest copy of a master's struggle with difficulties.

No copy has ever before fetched anything approaching this price.

Other Sargents brought sums almost as huge.

The dead painter's sisters, Miss Emily Sargent and Mrs. Violet Ormond, announced that they had 200 of their brother's water-colors and oils which they would not sell for all the Dutchmen in London.

## To Corcoran

Last week the Corcoran gallery of Washington accepted the famed \$3,000,000 collection of the late William A. Clark, onetime (1901-7) U. S. Senator from Montana. The collection had been refused by the Metropolitan Museum, Manhattan, which was unwilling to comply with Mr. Clark's condition that his rugs, tapestries, paintings, statuary must be shown as an integral exhibition, or not at all. Jubilantly the trustees of the Corcoran gallery commissioned Architect Charles A. Platt of Manhattan to design a new wing.

**The Collection.** Under a ceiling by Fragonard, 22 paintings by Corot, 23 by Cazin, 21 by Monticelli, others by Rembrandt, Titian, Raphael, Van Dyck, Hobbema, Terborg, Rousseau, Diaz, Millet, Degas, Fortuny will look upon statuettes by Rodin, Frémiet, Donatello, which—unclad in the Brussels lace that litters glass cases nearby, and equally disdainful of the fawns and peacocks of the incorporeal tapestries from Gobelin and Beauvais, or the stiff, tarnished furniture in which the porcelain mistresses of Louis XV and XVI rested their little red heels—will glimmer coldly in the discreet light of the new wing of the Corcoran Gallery when Architect Platt has finished it.

TIME, The Weekly News-Magazine. Editors—Briton Hadden and Henry R. Luce. Associate—Manfred Goussier (National Affairs), John S. Martin (Books), Thomas J. C. Martin (Foreign News), Weekly Contributors—Niven Busch, Elizabeth Armstrong, Willard T. Ingalls, Alexander Klein, Dorothy McDowell, Peter Mathews, Wells Root, Preston Lockwood. Published by TIME, Inc., B. Hadden, Pres.; J. S. Martin, Vice-Pres.; H. R. Luce, Sec'y-Treas.; 236 E. 39th St., New York City. Subscription rate, one year, postpaid: In the United States and Mexico, \$3.00; in Canada, \$3.50; elsewhere, \$6.00. For advertising rates address: Robert L. Johnson, Advertising Manager, TIME, 236 E. 39th St., New York City. New England representatives, Sweeney & Price, 127 Federal St., Boston, Mass.; Western representatives, Powers & Stone, 38 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.; Southern rep., F. J. Daunsont, 1502 Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.; Circulation Manager, Roy E. Larsen, Vol. VI, No. 6.

\* Daughter of the late General J. H. Smyth, she is the composer of two symphonies, an overture to *Antony and Cleopatra*, a mass, the operas *Fantasio*, *Der Wald*, *The Werber*, *The Boatman's Wife*, a string-quartet, four orchestral songs and some suffrage music.

## B O O K S

## Atonement\*

*A Jew Writes Out of His Bones*

**The Story.** She it was that had brought the wrath of Yahweh upon her kind little father. She, Leah, an out-cast from Israel. The mark of the beast was upon her for meeting a vast shaggy moujik (Gentile peasant) with strong arms and tender lips in the willows where once he had come upon her bathing naked.

Before the nodding corpse, tangled in its phylacteries, her cry of guilt was the hollow hooting of a nameless bird in a field of desecration. The Krayno women of Israel lamented her madness. That such a year should come upon Serra Golda, her popular grocer-mother!

None so humble and strict in her pieties as hollow-breasted Leah, penitent Jewess. The wicked willows saw her live black hair hacked off. Come Yom Kippur, she fainted with fasting. After a year, pale, pious Eli from the *yeshivah* (seminary) brought her to peace.

In the smoking pogrom of Kravno, her flesh-guilt cried out at her again as the demoniac moujik smashed a Jewish child on the wall before her face.

They fled over the waste world to Doomington. Leah made good *ingber* (candy) as Serra Golda had taught. Children of English Israel came buying. Soon there was a modest grocery store. Eli, turned carpenter, could pore over his Scriptures late evenings and during the long strikes, still tracking down the far-to-seek revelation of his God. The Lord blessed such piety with a solemn little son, Reuben, content to learn his catechisms and caress Miriam, his kosher white hen.

Under the hypnotic taunts of Dovvid Pollock, cynic, Eli had to face the Apostles and refute, as became a fearless Jew scholar, the hated Christ. The Apostles made Eli Christ's man. In a Catholic woman's house where Eli, his lungs crushed by a lorry, his veins running morphine, hung in bandages, the Christ hung upon an alabaster crucifix. On the sixth day, the curtains of the niche opened to the sick man, Christ's wounds bled miraculously and Eli was recruited, another carpenter, to strengthen his brethren.

Such was his end: the pious Jew apostate preaching salvation in Israel. They stoned him at street corners, kicked his body and head. Dovvid Pollock saw his handiwork and hung himself on a stout hook.

On the Day of Atonement, Eli the

Unclean entered the wailing place, full synagog. They listened thunderstruck to his blasphemy. They growled. They arose to rend him. Leah, whose beloved



LOUIS GOLDING  
"Precocious among prodigies"

life he had had to break and to whom he was "dead," cried them from defilement, cried their thumbs to their ears to defeat his sacrilege. After the fast she saw the face of her guilt a last time, calling her Yahweh's Avenger, by night to go to Eli with a knife and at dawn to the police station. Little Reuben was left to cry in the wilderness, to hate Christ and Yahweh alike, to cleave to a bust of the beautiful Apollo.

From Reuben, Sicilian goatherd, Author Golding had this history.

**The Significance.** Channeled and sped by a masterful artist, the intense lives of Leah and Eli deepen into profound currents that bear all the sorrows of their tragic, ritual-fed race. The rocks that split them, darkly inevitable, grip into the beds of their courses with roots that were when first men and women searched their souls. Told in fierce words and gentle, dull words and shining words sweet as wild honey, words bitter as black gall—here is a Book.

**The Author.** In famed Manchester ("Doomington") Grammar School, Louis Golding was precocious among prodigies. At Queen's College, Oxford, he was an ostentatious aesthete, a mincing pedestrian with yellow hair all abroad and much thin-piping, decadent crudition. His poems and essays of the

period (1919-22) run salt and shallow. Then he settled in the Tyrol, wandering north into Germany, south to Capri and Sicily. *Seacoast of Bohemia* (1924) gave evidence of a poseur shedding his false skins. Now, at 29, he seems to have written out of his bones.

## Galsworthy

CARAVAN—John Galsworthy—*Scribner* (\$2.50). Novels, especially the long, sober kind Mr. Galsworthy writes, are stately vehicles riding by the public view. Here is a more informal procession of tales and sketches in which, for a very modest fare indeed, one may go forth on 56 different excursions, in many directions and at the many paces that a writer hits up between his crisp youth and reflective middle age.

## Happy Endings

THE GOOSE WOMAN—Rex Beach—*Harper* (\$2.00). A goose-raising, gin-drinking onetime prima donna nearly earns her son a hanging by inventing evidence in a murder case just to see her name in the newspapers again.

A Michigan school kid soaks the town plutocrat in the ear with an ice-ball, is forgiven. Years later, in Yukon gold-fields, he succors the old man, wins daughter.

An amiable vagrant plays Nick-Carter-to-the-rescue of a nearly-swindled oil heirless in the cactus belt.

Marcel the valet took cruel punishment in an Alaskan camp until he innocently shot four huge bears and taught the foreman *la savate* (pedal boxing).

Grand yarn-spinner though he is, Author Beach never on any account saves a tart twist for the end.

## Glossy Puppets

THE PLEASURE BUYERS—Arthur Somers Roche—*Macmillan* (\$2.00). The creatures of Author Roche step right out of the more lustrous cosmetic, hosiery, neckwear and tobacco advertisements of our day—glossy-skinned puppets gliding through synopacted situations with all the smooth perfection that the Roche trade-mark guarantees. Herein the plot clots around a Palm Beach super-sheik with four yachts (named for the four winds), a pugilist-butler and a string of seductions that would put Casanova back in the kindergarten. Also present: a wronged War hero, a guileless moth, a seasoned misconductress. Who daggered the super-sheik?

\*DAY OF ATONEMENT—Louis Golding—Knopf (\$2.50).



# THE THEATRE

## A New Play

**The Morning After** was technically the first play of the new season. For this and for no other feature will its memory survive.

Marooned on an island in Maine are an assorted collection of wives, husbands, juveniles and a comic maid. The previous evening the isle had rocked to the blissful cries of the whole group having a party and getting good and drunk in the process. It seems somebody drugged the punch. Somebody had also stolen a tube of chemicals on which the whole future of America depended, chemicals that would make war impossible. Half the party had gone home the night before, leaving its wives and husbands. Then a lovely lady, all Abercrombie & Fitch, paddled over from a neighboring island, won the young man's heart and captured the chemical.

A dozen or so good lines and about two good performances relieved this otherwise lackadaisical display.

## The Best Plays

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

### Drama

**WHITE CARGO**—A white man's morals crumble before the suns and sins of Africa.

**DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS**—The dusky shades of tragedy lengthen on a New England farm when the old farmer marries a fresh young bride.

**THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED**—Also an old farmer and a young bride, but in California where happy endings reconstruct the splintered bones of tragedy.

**WHAT PRICE GLORY?**—Europe when the War stretched a long gutter across the face of France. Some of the men that rolled therein.

### Comedy

**IS ZAT SO?**—A comedy of 20-minute eggs and fluffy omellets meeting in the interests of prize-fighting at a Fifth Avenue dwelling.

**THE FALL GUY**—Small incomes, small minds and large hearts in the Bronx. The story of a man who could not hold a job.

**THE POOR NUT**—A college comedy which does not bother about realities, but aims, and with no little accuracy, to please.

### Musical

For chorus girls, etc., go to: *Ziegfeld Follies*, *Rose-Marie*, *The Student Prince*, *Lady, Be Good*; *Artists and*

*Models*, *The Grand Street Follies*, *Garrick Gaieties*, *George White's Scandals*.

## Coming Plays

*Last week's installment of this two-part serial dealt with the chief plays of the early theatrical season. Following are more of the same, some of the later plays and the prospects in musical comedy:*

**Arms and the Man**—Competent comedy by George Bernard Shaw will serve to open the Theatre Guild's repertory of plays by the same Mr. Shaw. *Pygmalion*, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, *You Never Can Tell* and the rest. With Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne.

**Beware of Widows**—A warning by Owen Davis, will be played by the exceptionally pleasant Madge Kennedy.

**The Princess and the Coarsean**—Will reintroduce the Princess Matchabelli who first came hither to play in *The Miracle*. By William J. Hurlbut.

**The Silver Box**—One of Galsworthy's early ones will be revived by Brock Pemberton.

**The Fountain**—Eugene O'Neill's Ponce de Leon-Eternal Youth fable will finally be seen after having halted on the brink of production several times.

**The Wisdom Tooth**—A satirical fantasy vaguely akin to *Beggar on Horseback*, by Marc Connelly, a co-author of that piece.

**Antonia**—An Hungarian comedy of triple shape and meaning, in which it is proposed that Marjorie Rambeau shall star.

**The Grand Duchess and the Waiter** was seen this summer in San Francisco. From the French of Alfred Savoir. For Elsie Ferguson.

**The Wolf**—The only Molnar play in sight. With Wallace Eddinger, Phyllis Fovah, Roland Young.

**The Great God Brown**—By Eugene O'Neill.

**The Lovely Lady**—A comedy of father and son and a woman by Jesse Lynce Williams. With Bruce McKae.

**The Rivals**. Will continue on its all-star tour with Mrs. Fiske leading the troupe.

**Lulu Belle**—Recounting the torrid adventures of a U. S. Negress jazz singer among the London club men. David Belasco for Helen Menken.

**The Scoundrel**, by the untractable Ben Hecht, will occupy the nights of Emily Stevens.

**Lucky Sam McCarter**—A play by Sidney Howard (last year's Pulitzer prize taker) said to be written largely for his wife, Clare Eames.

**Don't Play With Love**—A straight comedy for Raymond Hitchcock.

**Easy Come, Easy Go**—Another from the fertile Owen Davis. For Otto Kruger.

**To Tell the Truth**, by Gilbert

Emery, will employ Michael Strange (Mrs. John Barrymore) in a small part. Her debut.

The Theatre Guild has announced the following for their new playhouse: *The Conquering Hero*, an English War play by Allan Monkhouse; *Right You Are* by Luigi Pirandello; *The Only Way* by Arthur Schnitzler; *At Mrs. Beam's* by C. K. Monro; *M. Brontë* by Robert de Fleurs and C. A. de Caillavet.

**The Actors Theatre**: Schnitzler's *The Call of Life*; *Storm*, by C. K. Monro; *Moral*, by Ludwig Thoma.

**The Neighborhood Playhouse**: *Faint Perfume*, by Zona Gale; *Fitipete*, by Jules Le Maitre; *The Three Daughters*, by Frederick Whitney.

**The International Playhouse**: *Growth of the Soil*, by Knut Hamsun; *The Subway*, by Elmer Rice; a new Galsworthy play; a new Lengyel; various French, Spanish, Dutch, Belgian plays.

**The Stagers**: *Overhead*, by Herman Heijermans; *A Man's Man*, by Patrick Kearney; *Reefs*, by Howard Southgate; *The Lady from the Sea*, and *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

**Walter Hampden**: *Macbeth*, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, *Hamlet* and others.

The plans of the Barrymores, Ethel, John and Lionel, are not yet laid. **Lenore Uric** will appear in a comedy, unannounced, for Charles L. Wagner. David Belasco has a Hindoo piece for Genevieve Tobin. **Gilda Varesi** comes back from London for Brock Pemberton. **Margalo Gilmore** and **Helen Hayes** are undecided. **George M. Cohan** will return to the theatre in a play of his own called *American Born*.

**Singing and Dancing**. The best prospect is Marilyn Miller in *Sunny*, with Mary Hay, Clifton Webb, Jack Donahue, Ukulele Ike and Joseph Cawthorn. Also, *Treasure Girl*, a musical version of *The Fortune Hunter* with Skeets Gallagher. A similar version of *The Sheikh* with Walter Woolf and possibly Hope Hampton. *No, No, Nanette*, musical comedy which everyone but Broadway saw last season, comes with Louise Groody. *How's the King*, a satire on Balkan kingdom romances by Marc Connelly and Dorothy Parker, with Jo Cook. *The Cocomuts*, a show for the Four Marx Brothers by Irving Berlin and George S. Kaufman. *Riquette*, a Continental operetta with Vivienne Segal. *Big Boy* back again with Al Johnson. *Captain Jack* set to music. *June Days* with Elizabeth Hines. Finally, a new *Charlot's Revue* which brings again from London Gertrude Lawrence and Beattie Lillie.



## CINEMA

## The New Pictures

**Sally of the Sawdust.** D. W. Griffith, greatest of directors, has temporarily abandoned the production of vast pageants for the more commercial program picture. This one is adapted from a musical comedy (*Poppy*) which gave him no master narrative. But he did have the master stage comedian W. C. Fields, and between them they have worked out just about the most amusing comedy that you will recall this year. It is a circus story of the little heroine brought up by the 'three-card-monte man. There is the rich Peyton Lennox for her later on. She is Carol Dempster and he is Alfred Lunt, but W. C. Fields is W. C. Fields. If you do not think he is funny you had better have a thorough going over with a steam roller.

**Kiss Me Again.** Ernst Lubitsch is our other great director, imported but no less great. Griffith is the master of mass and melodrama, loud laughter and tumbling tears. Lubitsch is the genius of the nimble gaieties—the subtle graces of light comedy. He has taken a thin old story of the businessman, the bored wife and the Platonic musician and made it grow and ripple with amusement. He has even made Monte Blue seemingly a good actor.

**Wild, Wild Susan.** Bebe Daniels has fallen into the clutches of another ponderous plot. It is a burlesque melodrama which calls for her appearance in overalls. There is also Rod La Rocque.

**The Trouble with Wives.** Ford Sterling, if memory serves, was once a comedian in custody. He has graduated to the more aristocratic atmosphere of light comedy and thrives on the change. His part is that of the well-meaning friend who gets dragged into one of those mother-in-law-and-suspicious-wife disturbances. There is also Florence Vidor and Tom Moore. All very amusing.

**The Goose Woman.** from Rex Beach's story of that name, was an opera star before her baby's birth withered her voice. By the time he has grown up, she is keeping geese and drinking gin in a smelly old shack. She hates him for her obscurity, impedes his business success and tries to muddle his marriage. Then he is charged with murder and at the last moment mother love conquers all. Louise Dresser gives an exceptionally good performance in another one you will probably like.

**The Unholy Three.** It was President Wilson who used to read detective stories to ease his mind. He would have

liked *The Unholy Three*. It is a crook tale about a ventriloquist, a midgit, a strong man, a sap and a girl. The very complicated plot, the murder, the trial and the solution are too intricately contrived for reworking here. They contain hate and happiness, diversion and distress. Lon Chaney plays a ventriloquist who turns into a grandmother.

## EDUCATION

## Dixit

The verdict had been already delivered, but the trial of Teacher Scopes at Dayton, Tenn., did not close until last week, when Mr. Bryan's last speech—which he had intended to deliver in summing up, but which the defense had at the last moment canceled—was given to the public.

Mr. Bryan had told friends it was to be his greatest speech. It was his last great argument in defense of Modernism which meets halfway with Evolution.

No summary can do justice to Mr. Bryan's purple passages, such as: "Christ has made of death a narrow star-lit strip between the companionship of yesterday and the reunion of tomorrow; Evolution strikes out the stars and deepens the gloom that enshrouds the tomb."

The following summary is designed to give the substance of his argument:

**The Preamble.** "Let me, in the first place, congratulate our cause that circumstances have committed the trial to a community like this and intrusted the decision to a jury made up largely of the yeomanry of the state."

**The Law.** The Tennessee anti-Evolution law does not forbid a teacher from worshipping as he prefers, nor from saying what he believes as an individual. It restricts him only as an employee paid by the state and under instructions from the state.

"It need hardly be added that this law did not have its origin in bigotry. The majority is not trying to establish a religion or to teach it—it is trying to protect itself from the effort of an insolent minority to force irreligion upon the children under the guise of teaching Science."

**The Facts.** (Mr. Bryan rehearsed briefly the evidence presented to the jury, and the admission of the defense that Mr. Scopes had taught Evolution.) "These are the facts. . . . A verdict of guilty must follow."

**Evolution and Christianity.** "Christianity welcomes truth from whatever source it comes and is not afraid that any real truth from any source can interfere with the divine truth that comes by inspiration from God Himself. It is not scientific truth to which Christians object, for true Science is classified

knowledge and nothing, therefore, can be scientific unless it is true.

"Evolution is not truth, it is merely an hypothesis—it is millions of guesses strung together."

"Darwin suggested two laws, sexual selection and natural selection. Sexual selection has been laughed out of the class room, and natural selection is being abandoned, and no new explanation is satisfactory even to scientists. Some of the more rash advocates of Evolution are wont to say that Evolution is as firmly established as the law of gravitation or the Copernican theory."

"The absurdity of such a claim is apparent when we remember that any one can prove the law of gravitation by throwing a weight into the air and that any one can prove the roundness of the earth by going around it, while no one can prove Evolution to be true in any way whatever."

"Our first indictment against Evolution is that it disputes the truth of the Bible account of man's creation and shakes faith in the Bible as the word of God. This indictment we prove by comparing the processes described as evolutionary with the text of *Genesis*. . . .

"Our second indictment is that the evolutionary hypothesis carried to its logical conclusion disputes every vital truth of the Bible. Its tendency, natural if not inevitable, is to lead those who really accept it, first to agnosticism and then to atheism. Evolutionists attack the truth of the Bible, not openly at first, but by using weasel words like 'poetical,' 'symbolical,' and 'allegorical' to suck the meaning out of the inspired record of man's creation."

(As evidence of this Mr. Bryan called attention to the fact that 1) Charles Darwin, who studied three years for the ministry, became an agnostic after

"It is but fair to the Evolutionists whom Mr. Bryan attacked to mention that they do not define or describe Evolution as Mr. Bryan did. They regard it as an historical truth, no more and no less demonstrable by experiment than any other historical fact—such as, for example, that Washington crossed the Delaware. Mr. Bryan persisted in identifying Evolution with the theories (such as natural selection) which are advanced to account for it. Looking on the geological record, Evolutionists feel as an historian might who looked upon a series of photographs taken at every city and town between Manhattan and San Francisco: if each of the photographs showed a given automobile, with the pennant bearing the name of each town added as the automobile passed through, the historian would say with assurance that the automobile passed across the continent, although he might have to guess as to why the trip was made and who financed it. Similarly, Evolutionists look upon Evolution as an established fact and advance various guesses (such as natural selection) as to why life has made this extraordinary journey. Mr. Darwin saw perhaps a dozen photographs, guessed that the trip had been made, and advanced a number of guesses as to why it had been made. Some of Darwin's guesses are discarded here, but others, and other guesses made, but the collection of photographs has grown year by year, so that Evolutionists can no longer regard the trip itself as a guess. Mr. Darwin, whom Mr. Bryan regarded as a leading authority on Evolution, is looked upon by scientists as only a brilliant pioneer—no more of an authority on Evolution than Benjamin Franklin (pioneer in knowledge of electricity) is today in authority on electricity."

taking up his studies of Biology; 2) that a Bryn Mawr professor who sent a questionnaire to 1,000 leading scientists found that more than half did not believe in a personal God or a personal immortality, and that the proportion of unbelief was greatest among the most prominent; 3) that Murderer Leopold, whom Mr. Darrow defended last year, was familiar with Evolution and the teaching of Nietzsche.)

"Our third indictment against Evolution is that it diverts attention from pressing problems of great importance to trifling speculations. While one Evolutionist is trying to imagine what happened in the dim past another is trying to pry open the door of the distant future. . . .

"Our fourth indictment against the evolutionary hypothesis is that, by paralyzing the hope of reform, it discourages those who labor for the improvement of man's condition. Every upward-looking man or woman seeks to lift the level upon which mankind stands, and they trust that they will see beneficent changes during the brief span of their own lives.

"Its only program for man is scientific breeding,\* a system under which a few supposedly superior intellects, self-appointed, would direct the mating and the movements of the mass of mankind—an impossible system. Evolution, disputing the miracle, and ignoring the spiritual in life, has no place for the regeneration of the individual. It recognizes no cry of repentance and scoffs at the doctrine that one can be born again.

"Our fifth indictment of the evolutionary hypothesis is that if taken seriously and made the basis of a philosophy of life, it would eliminate love and carry man back to a struggle of tooth and claw."

(In this "indictment" Mr. Bryan identified Evolution with natural selection, which he argued was heartless and bloody.)

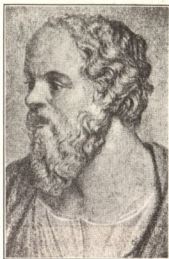
"And what else but the spirit of Evolution can account for the popularity of the selfish doctrine, 'each one for himself, and the devil take the hindmost,' that threatens the very existence of the doctrine of brotherhood."

**Peroration.** "Let us, then, hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Science is a magnificent material force, but it is not a teacher of morals. It can perfect machinery, but it adds no moral restraints to protect society from the misuse of the machine. It can also build gigantic intellectual ships, but it constructs no moral rudders for the control of storm-tossed human vessels. It not only fails to supply the spiritual element needed but some of its unproven hypotheses rob the ship of its compass and thus endanger its cargo.

"It is again a choice between God and Baal; it is also a renewal of the issue in

Pilate's court. In that historic trial—the greatest in history—force, impersonated by Pilate, occupied the throne."

Scientists and teachers shook their heads. Mr. Bryan was dead and at least for the time they as a body declined to enter upon animadversion, but some of them privately compared the Scopes trial, not with the trial in Pilate's court,



SOCRATES  
His hemlock

but with a trial in the court of Athens, where a teacher, accused (like Mr. Scopes) of corrupting the youth by teaching things contrary to law and disrespectful to the gods, had (like Mr. Scopes) refused to deny his action, but defended it only by saying that he had taught the truth, which was, in his eyes, the highest form of reverence; and was (like Mr. Scopes) convicted. The parallel, they said, fell down in only one important point: Mr. Scopes was given a fine of \$100; Socrates was given a cup of hemlock.

## Adjustable Curriculum

Among the later utterances of that "uncommon Commoner," the late William Jennings Bryan (TIME, Aug. 3, POLITICAL NOTES), was this: "A religion that did not appeal to any but college graduates would be over the heads or under the feet of 99% of the people."

"Here," answered *The New York Times*, "is where the possibility of compromise enters. It would be based on the principle of the adjustable curriculum." And the *Times* offered the following sample syllabus of studies:

### 1) *Origin of Man:*

- (a) Primary and junior high school grades—Man was created according to Genesis I.
- (b) Senior high school—Man was created

according to Genesis, with the contradictions to that account explained.

- (c) College—Man has evolved from lower orders of life.

### 2) *Cosmology:*

- (a) Primary grades and junior high school—The sun revolves around the earth.
- (b) Senior high school and college—The earth revolves around the sun.

### 3) *Fatal Statistics:*

- (a) Primary grades—Babies are brought by the stork.
- (b) Junior high school—Babies are brought by the doctor.
- (c) Senior high school—Subject omitted from curriculum.
- (d) College—Biological reproduction.

### 4) *World History:*

- (a) Primary grades and junior high school—Man first appeared in 4004 B.C., according to Usher.
- (b) Senior high school—Usher's chronology compared with other modern estimates.
- (c) College—Egypt had a highly developed civilization around 12,000 B.C.

### 5) *American History:*

- (a) Primary grades and junior high school—Taxation without representation was tyranny.
- (b) Senior high school—The Colonies protested against excessive taxation.
- (c) College—The Colonists hated to pay taxes.

## Year-Round School?

School children in rural districts are given summer vacations on the theory that they will help their fathers make hay. In the fields of education, however, those who are in authority disapprove more and more that expensive school machinery should lie idle for many summer weeks, particularly in view of the number of children whose fathers do not make hay, and of the congestion that exists when all children, country-goers and city-dwellers alike, descend upon the schools in a body every September.

Last week a corps of assistants to School Superintendent William McAndrew of Chicago made their chief report recommending the institution of all-year sessions in both grade and high schools. With a seating shortage of 40,000 staring him in the face, Superintendent McAndrew was impressed with their plan, interviewed parents far and near for opinions.

The plan divides the school year into the four usual semesters of ten weeks each, plus another semester of ten weeks in what is now the summer recess, leaving two one-week recesses, at Christmas and in June. Pupils would be required to attend four of the five semesters. Teachers could serve four or five, at choice. Arguments offered in addition to the obvious mechanical recommendations:

1) "Summer recess is the most serious interruption the child encounters in school life." A child attending all five sessions regularly could complete his grade and high-schooling in three years less time.

2) "Most serious to community welfare is the attitude of thousands of parents who dump responsibility of their children's physical, intellectual, civic and moral development almost entirely upon the schools. The community cannot continue its traditional custom of turning

\*A program which, as applied to the human race is looked upon as impossible if not positively dangerous, by many men of science.

these youths loose to shift for themselves through a long summer recess."

Far, far is this Chicago recommendation from sponsoring an "all work and no play" policy. More drastic is a recommendation made last winter (TIME, Jan. 19) by *The New York World*, which quite omitted the rotating-semester feature, saying with cold logic: "It is absurd for healthy children in high school to have a ten-weeks summer vacation, with weeks off at Christmas and Easter, when their hard-worked fathers, who pay for it all, get little or none."

## "Exemplary" Sumner

WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER—Harris E. Starr—Holt (\$4.00). "Exemplary biography." Sound phrase. Aged and middle-aged Yale men, sipping coffee and nursing cigars, go back to William Graham Sumner, professor at Yale of political and social science, as to a hero of their youth. They declare there was none like him for forthrightness, wisdom, integrity.\* They say the "grand manner," the strong individualism of which he was such an exemplar, is gone out of college professors in these days of alumni control, teaching unions, mass education. Survivors of Yale '83, for instance, recall how they were circularized their senior year with copies of *The New York Tribune* in which was marked an editorial attack upon the ardent young free-trade professor: "Men who are really able are not often inclined to substitute insolence for argument."† They recall his reply: "The protectionists get lachrymose. . . . They sigh to think that young men are growing up who assail political saints and economic quacks."

Born of terse North Englanders, serious as a youth, more so as a student, critical as a traveler, unabashed as a college reformer; a militant rector, fearless and hard-headed politician, prolific publicist, consistent evolutionary sociolo-

\* Potent at carrying on the Sumner tradition is Robert L. Luce, Yale 1889 ("famous class"), able Manhattan lawyer, sometime New York Supreme Court justice. Frequently he eulogizes Prof. Sumner. Once he addressed an audience of Yale students as follows:

"It is no disparagement to the other members of the Faculty to rank Professor Sumner first. *The New York Times* editorial a few Sundays ago said truthfully: 'A Billy Sumner is produced about once in ten centuries.'"

"His learning was the most ubiquitous I ever knew in any man. It ran all the way from theology—he was a priest of the church—to the pedigree of the domestic animals. He was proficient in history and literature, finance and philosophy. His first book was a translation of a commentary upon *The Books of the Kings*, and it is still a standard textbook in the theological schools. His studies had ranged

from politics to puns, from *Mohammet to Moses*." His was a most fascinating personality; he possessed a nimble wit and keen sense of humor.

"He was a man, take him all in all I shall not look at him like again." It is a source of great satisfaction that the whole world is coming to recognize the importance of his principles of individualism as the antithesis of socialism. We, who were privileged to sit under his teaching, imbued from him those great principles of civil liberty and individualism, which are the foundations of our American commonwealth.

"From Professor Sumner we acquired most of what I am to say to you this evening."

† Sumner had ridiculed a protectionist speech by William Maxwell Everts, U. S. Secretary of State, 1877-81.

gist—William Graham Sumner comes vigorously to life in this friendly biography, the planning and writing of which deserve, quite as much as the subject, that old-fashioned adjective, "exemplary."

Glimpses of the man: Sumner sitting under a blazing gas jet, swatting mosquitoes, helping arrange the term time-schedules of the college; Sumner, the



THE LATE DR. SUMNER

*They declare that there was none like him*

inactive man, bicycling for his health, in uncharacteristic dowdy clothes, a cap pulled forward so that the bald cranium was revealed behind, pedalling at such a pace that his panting companion could not catch the scraps of conversation flung back at him; Sumner suddenly giving up smoking; asking for a picture of his physician's pretty child, looking at it constantly; pitching at one o'clock for his own boys, plunging through the blizzard of '88 to fetch them from their school; Sumner embarrassed beyond graciousness when '04 presented him with a loving cup.

He died in 1910.

## In Georgia

"Ah don't want any smart Allee tryin' to teach mah child that man descended from a tadpole or a monkey. . . . When a man gets so smart that he can't believe the Bible, he's jest too smart to know that he's a fool."

Last week in the Georgia House of Representatives, the querulous voice of Representative Lindsay from Jefferson Davis County shrilled with alarm. The subject of his excited speech was an amendment he had drafted for the constitution of his state, an amendment cutting from the state payroll any school-teacher or state-aided institution who should teach a modern theory of the origin of man in contradiction to the terse account bequeathed the world by

the author of Genesis.

Representative Lindsay referred to the University of Chicago as the source of new theories "which for the last 25 years have overwhelmed this country and which culminated a short time ago in one of its graduates\* taking the life of a little boy [Bobby Franks] as a scientific experiment."

It was a rare chance for the wittier of Mr. Lindsay's colleagues to fire off recently-acquired ammunition.

A voice: "Ah want to ask the gentleman if he is familih with the Tennessee joke?"

A voice: "Ah need no pussuading that, whethuh o' not a monkey made a man of himself, a man kin make a monkey of himself."

A very few voices, the *they* vote vote having been called for: "Aye."

A great many voices: "NO-O-o-o!"

"Wise action," the leading newspaper of the South called it.

Said *The Atlanta Constitution*: "The people of this country overwhelmingly believe in the literal Scriptures, and the alleged conflict between the Bible and Science is more in the agitation than in the reality—certainly insofar as it relates to the teachings in the schools of Georgia."

## Retired

Harvard University lately found itself in a pleasantly curious position. By the will of the late Artemas† Ward, Manhattan advertising man, Harvard entered business as the owner of a large advertising concern (Artemas Ward, Inc., Manhattan), a cocoa and chocolate corporation and a listerated gum corporation. The total value of the bequest was somewhere between two and three million dollars and Harvard trustees could reflect that every time a penny went into one of the University's newly-acquired subway slot-machines, it would help pay professors, salaries, that if cocoa consumption should rise, Harvard could perhaps afford to reestablish her abandoned Memorial Hall Commons (TIME, Mar. 23).

Folks pondered Harvard's position, so like that of the medieval Church in its combination of temporal power with the higher things of soul and mind.

Last week Harvard retired as an entrepreneur, sold all three of her enterprises—advertising, cocoa, gum—to Barron G. Collier, Inc., a rival of the Ward firm.

\* A mis-statement. Murderer Loch and Leopold were students at the University of Chicago, not graduates.

† Not to be confused with Humorist Artemas\*\* Ward (Charles Farrar Browne, 1834-1867), printer, editor, lecturer, who is thought to have plundered his non de plume (and misspelled it) from the great-grandfather of Harvard's late benefactor, General Artemas Ward, who fought with distinction in the French-Indian and Revolutionary Wars. Humorist Ward wrote for *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*, *Fanny Fair*, *Punch*. Typical word: *disowne* (cd. Mark Twain, same period): "Here in the centre of the African continent is what is called a howling wilderness but for my part I never heard it howl or met with anyone who has. It abounds in various natural productions, such as reptiles and flowers. It produces the red rose, the white rose and the Negroes."

\*\* Not, in turn, to be confused with Artemis, Greek goddess of the moon.

# RELIGION

## At Northfield

Dwight L. Moody, famed evangelist, 43 years ago issued an invitation:

"To all ministers and laymen,

"And those women who are helpers and laborers with in the kingdom and patience of our Lord Jesus Christ,

"And indeed all Christians who are hungering for intimate fellowship with God and for power to do his work..."

He invited anyone who wanted to come, in short, to assemble at Northfield, Mass., to talk about the subjects that are now blocked out, in neat white letters, on the billboards of all the more progressive churches:

"Can a Man Be a Christian Today?"

"The Christian Task."

"Are you Prepared to Die?"

Every year since the issuance of this invitation, the Christians have met at Northfield. Last week Dr. Moody's son, William R. Moody, opened the 43rd Northfield General Conference of Christian Workers. Familiar topics were given a new illumination by the following churchmen: The Rev. John A. Hutton, D. D., of the Westminster Chapel, London; the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, D. D.; the Rev. James Reid, M. A., of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Eastbourne, Eng.; Dr. William Louis Poteat, President of Wake Forest College, Wake Forest, N. C.; the Rev. W. Fearon Holiday of Selly Oak College, Birmingham, Eng., and Melvin E. Trotter, Superintendent of the City Mission, Grand Rapids, Mich.

## St. Nicholas

"Hamba," shouted one and "Hamba," cried another—which being translated from the Russian means "Shame." A foreign mob pressed in from the East one rainy day last week, tossed cattle-wise upon 97th St., Manhattan, sprawled upon the upper calm of Fifth Avenue by the Park. "Hamba. Hamba."

The mob converged upon a small, ill-favored church in the centre of the block flanked by apartment buildings—St. Nicholas Cathedral (mother church of all Russian Orthodox faithful in North America) which faintly reflects the Slavic splendor by its six cupolas above, and by ugly ikons and a seatless rounda within.

Presently a taxi drove through the mob. Out sprang two officers of the law, ran up the Cathedral steps, pounded a woman thrust her head from an upper casement, shrilled, withdrew. The mob laughed, having often during the past month seen the woman in the Bishop's house.

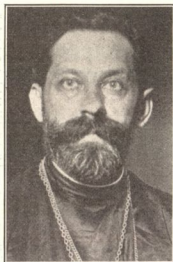
A moment later the Cathedral doors swung open, and into the rain stepped a padded figure. A strange black hat was on its head. Black whiskers covered its face, and skirts the rest.

Those near the sacred steps saw the figure accept papers from the law officers, pretend to read them, mutter: "I, Bishop Adam Phillipovsky, am found

guilty of contempt of court. I shall go with you."

Without further ceremony, the strange figure was whisked off to Ludlow Street Prison to serve a 30-day sentence.

From the mob emerged three well-



© Keystone

BISHOP ADAM PHILLIPOVSKY

Proudly he went to jail

ressed lawyers, hastened up the steps of the episcopal home, found the door stoutly barred, became enraged. They pounded. The woman shrieked again. They battered the oak, crawled through, rushed to the stairs where they found five-year-old Oleg Chervinsky howling faithfully.

Bishop Adam had left his secretary, the Rev. Michael Chervinsky, pretty little Mrs. Chervinsky and Oleg to hold the episcopal fort against all comers. The Rev. and Mrs. Chervinsky were upstairs whither the lawyers, joined by special police, quickly followed. Battering through more oak, they found the Rev. Secretary and his wife. "I'm sick," said Mrs. Chervinsky from the bed, "go away." "We'll get an ambulance," said a detective. Instantly she threw back the bed-covers, jumped forth full-clad.

"Go 'way," she said, "or I'll undress," and with feverish speed she began to do so. As the crisis reached its height, a detective assumed his deepest voice: "Listen, lady, we'll wrap you in a blanket and carry you out."

The disrobing ceased. Soon the Rev. and Mrs. Chervinsky, and the faithful howler Oleg were departing by taxi into obscurity.

A minute later, a lawyer was telephoning to Brooklyn. An hour later, Archbishop Platon Rodzestvensky had reentered his home and his Cathedral.

It had been just about a month since

Archbishop Platon had been driven into ecclesiastical exile.

The affairs of the Russian church in the North American continent have habitually been in the law courts. New York City judges of many different creeds and racial extractions have had to decide between this and that claimant to the arch-episcopal title and, by corollary, to the vast properties of the Church in this continent.

The Soviet revolution and the resultant confusion of the Russian Church, some 5,000 miles away, added dispute to dispute.

Since the War, Archbishop Platon has been in actual possession of the American branch of the Russian Church, but he has been hostile to the new regime in Russia, and did not follow the Patriarch Tikhon when that lately deceased ruler (TIME, Apr. 20) compromised with the new Church faction in Russia. Patriarch Tikhon had summoned him to Moscow to be unfrocked. Thus Platon may be generally identified with the aristocratically inclined "unreconstructed Russian."

Upon what authority Bishop Adam urged his claim to the Archbishopric is not well understood. While disclaiming Bolshevik sympathies, he, a Galician, evidently represents a Pan-Slavic party as opposed to a 100% Russian party.

At any rate, he entered suit to obtain the Cathedral and all that went with it. Receiving a preliminary judgment in his favor, Bishop Adam and his lawyer obtained the assistance of a police bomb squad early in July, attacked Platon, drove him forth. But they overlooked the fact that the judge had granted a stay of judgment to hear Platon's argument; hence their ouster was illegal.

Every Sunday in July was marked by rows and rowdiness within and without the Cathedral. In vain did the Rev. Michael Chervinsky preach. Jeers, hoots, screams from the standing congregation confounded his words. In vain did Bishop Adam defy the courts.

Proudly he went to jail. Proudly Platon returned to the dim Cathedral under the protecting shadow of the law.

## Propaganda

FALSE PROPHETS—James M. Gillis—*Macmillan* (\$2.00). This book endeavors to refute the Messrs. Shaw, Wells, Freud, Conan Doyle, Haackel, Nietzsche, Mark Twain, Anatole France. It concludes with a chapter on *The Revival of Paganism* and another called *Back to Christ—or Chaos*. Written by a Panlist Father, it is sectarian religious propaganda. It goes so far as to call a rival creed "not a religion but . . . a patchwork composed of odds and ends, shreds and fragments of false philosophies, put together in an amateurish way by a sadly uneducated Yankee woman."

If it be true that faith transcends reason, then no theological disputation



conducted by a believer can be intellectually honest. At some points reason will fall back for support upon faith. Here, these points are many and marked.

Yet, within the confines of his citadel, Father Gillan moves always in the open. He is wide-read. He is honest. He is witty. It is with great good humor that he takes the measure of Shaw's "automatic and mechanical perverseness," with true Christian clarity that he pities Mark Twain's incurable despondency and Nietzsche's insane courage. He is hygienically, not narrowly, sceptical of Freud's unsavory deductions; gorgeously, not bitterly, ironical over Wells' exuberant absurdities. His deprecation of the naïveté of Sir A. C. Doyle, "the open-air man," is as painless as his attack is concentrated upon the lubricity, cynicism, "impurity" and "degeneracy" of Anatole France.

A book written for the headier, reader, unsteadier sheep at the intellectual outskirts of the Roman fold, *False Prophets* will be found strong tonic by the sheep of other folds. For the ranging wolves of Agnosticism it will afford mettlesome opposition.

## SCIENCE

### From the Sea

A "homeward bound" pennant 170\* ft. long, decked with 13 stars, some of which had perforce been snipped out of pink lingerie, wriggled and writhed in the breezes of New York harbor. Beneath it, no whit discomfited by the exuberant blasts of a steam whistle, there moved toward an uptown dock: Jeweled crabs, fish with eight "hands," fish with transparent panes set into their stomachs, fish with navigation lights, sex-appeal lights, food-luring lights, fish with folding films of luminous bacteria, a devilfish with a beam of 18 ft., parasite fish with suckers on their heads for clinging to the bellies of carnivorous hosts.

The finny immigrants floated idly in their pickling baths of formaldehyde while the man that brought them, Dr. William Beebe of the Museum of Natural History, expounded their names, habits and habitations to newspaper reporters, intercourse with whom Dr. Beebe never shuns.

Concerning the 20,000-mile cruise from which he, his 14 mates and the *S. S. Arcturus* were returning, Beebe added the following points to extensive reports he had sent off en route by radio (TIME, Mar 16, Apr 27, May 11, June 10):

In three searches, they had not found the "plains and meadows" of sargassum weed commonly reported as forming the Sargasso Sea (TIME, July 20) east of the West Indies. Small, shallow

patches of the weed were encountered, and these teamed with marine life.

"The Humboldt Current is gone . . . is extinct.\*" Nowhere had they encountered the sweep of icy water that flows up along the west coast of South America from the Antarctic. Volcanic disturbances, earthquakes, were blamed for some vast change in Pacific bathymetry.

At San Francisco, the U. S. mine-sweeper *Ortolan* puffed through the Golden Gate bearing rare birds, plants, fishes, reptiles, fossils, insects collected by field workers of the California Academy of Sciences in the Revillagigedo Islands (400 mi. west of Mexican mainland in Lat. 19° N.). Dr. G. Dall, Hanna exhibited seeds of a new unnamed, unclassified fruit the size and shape of a ripe olive but sweet of pulp; related that herds of whales, chiefly mothers and their calves, sport in those waters today as they did when their numbers earned for the locality, from old-time mariners, the name of "Cow Pasture."

### MacMillan

As a man seeking eagles' eggs will pause to secure his foothold in the last dizzy crotch beneath the eerie, commander MacMillan and his fellow polar pilgrims (TIME, June 22 et seq.) last week dropped anchor at their boatbase, Etah, Greenland, unloaded their three Navy seaplanes from the stout ship *Peary*, and set about clearing and leveling the one steep little beach their harbor offered for a take-off. Five Eskimo families were found in the "village," the men of which assisted in the arduous task of building skidways and tumbling large rocks aside.

The arrival at Etah was strictly on schedule, despite two nerve-racking days when the *Bowdoin* and *Peary* lay helpless in the ominous, muttering ice-floes of Melville Bay. While the ships were jammed, their crews ventured overside for snow-fights on the floes; for long walks, two miles over the groaning pan ice to the nearest open water. Animal life abounded on the frozen bay—flocks of little auks, eider duck, sportive seals and an occasional roving polar bear. One 800-lb. female bear swung up alongside the *Bowdoin*, was received with a bullet by MacMillan. Doctors of the party cut out the poisonous liver and brain, the empty stomach, for study.

MacMillan's radio communication

\*Dr. Beebe's statement was broad, unscientific. Doubtless the *Arcturus* did not go far enough south to find the Humboldt Current. A report of Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy of the American Museum of Natural History last spring (TIME, April 15) indicated that El Niño, a warm current from the north which encounters the Humboldt off the coast of Peru about Christmas time, appeared a trifle behind schedule last winter but in unusual volume and southward reach.

with the U. S. continued uninterrupted, the short-wave (40-metre) set being used. In addition to code reports, by MacMillan and Flight-Commander Richard E. Byrd, to the National Geographic Society and the Navy Department, U. S. operators even picked up, indistinctly, a musical program by the *Peary's* rough and ready orchestra, a speech by MacMillan, weird chants that the *Bowdoin's* operator explained were Eskimos singing.

Four days the Argonauts gave themselves to prepare. Then they were to start reconnaissance flights toward Cape Columbia on Grant Land, where an advance air-base would be made for flights toward the Pole and into the unmapped region westward where "Crocker Land" may lie.

### Home

Smiling quizzically, speaking softly, deprecating demonstration, Air Pilot Lincoln Ellsworth, sole American to accompany Explorer Amundsen of Norway on his dash from Spitsbergen to the North Pole (TIME, June 1 et seq.), trod again his home shores last week. His footnotes to the story of the flight that stuck in icy hummocks 157 miles from the goal:

"Amundsen kept repeating over and over: 'When it's darkest there's always light!'"

"No, we never could have walked back to safety. We wouldn't have lasted 50 miles."

"Next time we go we'll have a radio set . . . an absolute necessity."

"It wouldn't be advisable to hop off from this country—the journey would be too great."

"The advantage of survey of the Pole will not be in exploitation of anything there, but in developing an air route to Europe."

Mr. Ellsworth and his late father contributed virtually all of the \$150,000 that the flight cost. Concerning lectures to make up that expense, he said: "Certainly there will be lectures—and the profits will be put right back into the next venture!"

Six thousand feet of moving picture films were taken. "They turned out splendidly."

In October, Ellsworth will meet his chief at a U. S. dock, discuss a polar flight by small dirigible or super sea plane.

### "Death Stroke"

"In tests already conducted, holes were burned in two-inch steel plates at a distance of one mile. Dead trees have been fired at the same distance and animal life has been snuffed out at distances ranging from two to seven miles. Dummy planes also have been destroyed in air tests. . . . There is no doubt at

\*A foot for every day the ship had been gone from port.

all that this stroke could be sent in any desired direction for 20 miles."

Utmost secrecy always shrouds the structural details of new munitions of war. This one, announced last week by its inventor, Dr. Edwin R. Scott, is called the "death stroke" or "canned lightning." The Navy Department, which has been in touch with Dr. Scott's researches, hinted that the ultra-violet ray was involved, but Dr. Scott stated specifically: "There is no ray or beam about it."

Dr. Scott promised other and more spectacular performances of the "stroke." He sought an antiquated battleship upon which to demonstrate. In Washington, officials had no definite plans for supplying the battleship but followed the inventor's work closely, deeply interested.

As well they might. A native of Detroit, Dr. Scott was for nine years a student and protégé of no less a personage than the late Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, wizened wizard of the General Electric Co. at Schenectady, N. Y., in whose laboratory more than once there was manufactured a miniature thunderstorm with artificial lightning.

## Sliding?

Are the North and South American continents rooted immovably into the curved crust of the earth, or are they slipping slowly away from Europe and toward Asia? Probably there is no slipping. The earth's crust is exceedingly solid, exceedingly strong.

Yet the sliding theory is not fantastic and merits testing. Last week, Major William Bowie, chief of the U. S. Geodetic Survey, indicated how the test could and probably would be made in 1926:

Radio stations, strung around the world so as to form a closed circuit of communication, would flash time signals to one another. From the difference between the times flashed by stations in Heligoland and Hawaii, and the times simultaneously recorded in stations at Halifax and Seattle, the degrees of longitude between any two stations could be very accurately computed. Any slide of this continent would readily appear from further longitudinal determinations made 5, 10, 15 years afterward.

## Radio Auto

In Manhattan, an empty touring car lounged against a Broadway curb. A man stepped on the running-board but did not approach the controls. Pedestrians gaped to hear the chauffeurless machine start its motor, shift

"Last year (TIME, Apr. 21, 1924), Inventor H. Grindle-Matthews of England announced a "death ray," a principle alleged to step airplanes or other engines at great heights, to ignite airplanes' wing fabric if the motor was protected by insulation. The Matthews "ray" would kill or disable infantry and its inventor said: "In the near future, machine guns will be found only in museums."

# Summer Story Number of Scribner's Illustrated Magazine

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into gear, lurch away from the curb into thick traffic. Down Broadway it went, looping uncertainly back and forth across the street. It missed a cowering milk-wagon, blew its horn, dodged a speeding fire-engine. Motorcycle police escorted the vagrant down Fifth Avenue, where a particularly wild lurch brought the man on the running-board to the steering wheel, not in time, however, to avoid a crash with a car full of cinematographers.

The automobile was Inventor

Francis P. Houdina's *American Wonder*, controlled by radio waves sent from a following car. Two sets of waves were used, caught by antennae on the *Wonder's* tonneau, introduced to circuit-breakers operating small electric motors, which in turn operated steering wheel, clutch, brake, gears, horn.

Some of the observers recalled the successful experiments of Inventor John Hays Hammond Jr., and others with radio-controlled ships, submarines, automobiles, toys.

# CLARK'S 6th CRUISE

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Including Hotels, Drives, Guides, Fees, etc. From N. Y. Jan. 20, by specially chartered Cunard new s s "Laconia," 20,000 tons. Featuring 25 days Japan and China including Peking; option 18 days in India; Cairo, Jerusalem, Athens, etc., with Europe stop over.

# CLARK'S 22nd CRUISE, Jan. 30

## To The Mediterranean

By specially chartered new s s "Transylvania," 17,000 tons. Featuring 15 days in Egypt and Palestine; Lisbon, Tunis, Spain, etc. 62 days' cruise, \$600 to \$1700 including Hotels, Drives, Guides, Fees, etc.

## South America With RIO

Feb. 4 by specially chartered new Cunard "Caledonia," 17,000 tons. 50 days, \$550 to \$1250; featuring Buenos Aires, Santos, Rio de Janeiro, Amazon River, Barbados, Havana and Nassau.

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# SOUNDINGS

By A. HAMILTON GIBBS

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10,000 copies Nov. 12, 1924  
5,000 copies Feb. 10, 1925  
Published on Mar. 7, 1925  
5,000 copies Mar. 7, 1925  
5,000 copies Apr. 4, 1925  
5,000 copies May 2, 1925  
5,000 copies May 16, 1925  
5,000 copies June 1, 1925  
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# MISCELLANY

"Time brings all things"

## Contaminated

At The Dalles, Ore., a thirsty tourist beheld a roadside spring over which the Highway Department had nailed a sign: THIS WATER IS CONTAMINATED. He hurried to the spring, began noisily to drink. A highway official, driving by, stopped to warn the drinking fellow. "Hi, Chief," said the guzzler, "what kind of mineral water is this here contaminated water? I never heard of it before, and this is the first time I seen it advertised." The official crawled away. Next day the old sign was replaced with another: THIS WATER IS ROTTEN. NOT FIT TO DRINK.

## Persecuted

In Brooklyn, one Wong Low, Chinese laundryman, was harassed by a gang of rowdy youths who threw stones into his windows, pounded on his doors when he slept, tossed garbage upon the linen he had just laundered. One day last week they began their activities by nonchalantly stoning him through the open door as he bent his wet yellow face over an ironing board. One of the missiles struck the board. Wong Low screamed; the youths jeered. Chattering Chinese imprecations, Low drew a revolver from his blouse, began to shoot. The boys scattered, but one James Courte, aged 22, dodged into a doorway, was "cornered" by the enraged Chinese, received one of Low's bullets in the head, another in the heart. A policeman, seeing Courte pitch forward upon his face, broke the back of the fleeing laundryman with a well-aimed bullet.

## Flush

In Hackensack, N. J., one Joseph Schnugg grinned at the five cards of a poker hand he had just been dealt. There was the ace of hearts, the king, queen, jack of hearts, and another card that was neither a heart nor a ten. Hence the grin upon the face of Mr. Schnugg; he had come so near to having the highest hand in poker, a natural royal flush, and his chance of drawing the needed card (ten of hearts) was so minute as to be nigh undecipherable. Mr. Schnugg stretched out his hand to the pack, flushed to the ears. He had done it.

## Choked

The New Yorker Herald, German newspaper printing in Manhattan, reported the following event:

In Brooklyn, the tall Persian cat of one Mrs. Anna Kieckhoffer chased a mouse this way and that, around the garbage can, under the kitchen table, cornered him by the scuttle-butt; there

began to toy with him in the remorseless sadistic fashion of tall Persian cats with small timid mice. Suddenly the tiny creature, deranged by terror, turned upon its tormentor like a lion, scrambled into the cat's mouth, put its head down the cat's throat, choked it to death by choking to death within it.

# 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.

## Shameen Shooting

TIME  
New York, N. Y.  
Sirs:

Oconto, Wis.  
July 27, 1925

The first copy of TIME that I received, on arrival at Seattle, contained the statement (July 6, Page 11, col. 1) that the shooting at Shameen, Canton, had been done by "angry students and workmen." As I had left Canton the Saturday before the shooting, and was in Hongkong at the time, I am in a position to know that your statement was (unintentionally) misleading. I have talked with an eyewitness from the Shameen side and have heard fully the Chinese point of view from colleagues of mine who were at Canton Christian College the afternoon of the shooting. I have, also, a copy of the British Consul-General's affidavit giving the facts as he witnessed them. There were four or five thousand armed, uniformed soldiers at the tail-end of a monster parade of students, teachers and laborers. These soldiers were principally "Whampoa cadets," graduates of the Military Academy. The Chinese call them "student soldiers," but they are finished and experienced fighters. Most of the casualties among the Chinese were from this number, though most unfortunately some peaceful and unarmed students were hit. I am told that many students have freely criticized their Government for allowing any soldiers to take part in the parade. Just why these troops opened fire is a complicated question which I won't go into here; it is clear, however, that the situation at Shameen was very different from the "angry mobs" at Shanghai and Hankow.

I am one of your early subscribers, and an enthusiastic "Timer." It was a great hardship to me to miss all the issues during the month it took me to come from Canton.

ALFRED H. HOLT

## Noisome

TIME  
New York, N. Y.  
Sirs:

Scarsdale, N. Y.  
July 30, 1925

Issue of July 27, Page 15, 2d col.: "Noisome applause."

Do you mean (cf. *Julius Caesar*, Act I, Sc. 11) that "the rabblehoolerhood and clapped their cheaped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath" that it had almost choked the speaker?

HORTON H. HEATH

No. The subscriber exaggerates.—Ed.

## Two Criticisms

TIME  
New York, N. Y.  
Sirs:

Big Indian, N. Y.  
July 30, 1925

A comparatively new subscriber, I wish to state, that while your publication fills "a long felt want" for one who has for years sought to find some condensation of the news and (freedom from the slavery of the daily newspaper, I yet have two criticisms to make:

1) The absence of dates; 2) the effort to

change the name of New York to Manhattan. Both of these annoy me considerably. Especially should the "Milestones" column bear dates, and "New York" is as much a common word throughout this country and Europe as "America" is.

WILLIAM B. ROCHESTER

Dates are omitted because a multiplicity of dates is confusing, slows up the narrative. Unless otherwise specified, all actions reported in *TIME* took place during the past week.

No effort is being made "to change the name of New York to Manhattan." Manhattan is a borough; New York is a city composed of five boroughs; *TIME* endeavors to be specific wherever practical.—Ed.

### Skuh-zg-een-ski

*TIME* New York, N. Y. July 29, 1925  
Sirs:

Your attempt at phonetics with regard to the pronunciation of Count Skrzyński's name in the July 27 issue of your magazine, Pages 1, 9, 14, is perfectly rotten.

Believe me it is not Sh-trin-ski, but Shuh-zg (French) z-een-ski.

F. F. LISIECKI JR.

The pronunciation Sh-trin-ski, as given by *TIME*, is identical to the sound emitted over the telephone by the Polish Vice Consul in New York, Mr. Stalinski.—Ed.

### Chilton Scored

*TIME* New York, N. Y. Aug. 1, 1925  
Sirs:

In your August 3 issue, Page 30, I have read and re-read several times a letter signed "Arthur B. Chilton," and I have tried each time to find some justification for your thanking same "for his patience, his courtesy." It looks very much as though *TIME* were being dictated to and I think Candidate Subscriber Chilton should have been rebuffed. Only last week I read a letter from a Negro who said his race was finding great pleasure in your paper. For the sake of your colored readers, I think Mr. Chilton's objection to the word "Mister" should have been resented. As for his objection in reference to the "Vicar of Christ"—that is obvious. *TIME*'s broad-mindedness has brought her many followers. Were she to heed the Mr. Chiltons of the world, her subscribers no doubt would be limited to those who come from below the M. & D. line.

L. O. BERGH

### Exploded

*TIME* Brunswick, Me. July 31, 1925  
Sirs:

To the many additions and corrections that will be made to your article (July 29, Page 16, on "The Age of College Presidents"), allow me to add the experience of Bowdoin College.

William De Witt Hyde was elected President before he had reached his 27th birthday, and is consequently to be regarded as a younger college president than any given in the list of the *Detroit News*. The present head of the College, Dr. Kenneth C. M. Sills, was elected at the age of 38. Bowdoin College since its foundation in 1794 has had but eight presidents. The average age at the time of election was just 39. If we still think that a college president ought to have the flowing patriarchal beard, it is interesting to recall that Dr. Jesse Appleton was elected president of Bowdoin in 1807 at the age of 35; Dr. William Allen, his successor, was elected in 1819 at the age of 36; and Dr. Leonard Woods, who succeeded Dr. Allen, was elected in 1839 at the age of 32. Thus another popular fallacy is exploded.

CLARA D. HAYES  
Secretary of the College.



New York Stock Exchange  
Newsstand

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# TIME

The Weekly News-Magazine



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## AERONAUTICS

### Blimp Base

Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, whose home is in San Francisco, paid a visit to San Diego. After several days spent in enjoying the shrewd and expansive hospitality of his San Diego friends, he announced that the huge Navy blimps, *Shenandoah* and *Los Angeles*, would move their base from Lakehurst, N. J., to San Diego.

Two reasons were put forward to support this proposal: 1) Weather conditions are more favorable in San Diego; 2) the dirigibles need a Western base if they are to cooperate efficiently with the Pacific Fleet. Objectors pointed out: 1) That the Secretaries of the Navy do not create naval bases; 2) that Congress, having authorized the expenditure of \$10,000,000 to build the Lakehurst hangars, may be reluctant to spend as much more to build new ones in San Diego; 3) that things other than weather affect the location of airports; if dirigibles have a military value, they are needed in the financial East—a district which would be a conspicuous enemy objective in wartime; 4) that good weather and war do not necessarily go hand-in-hand. If the dirigibles are to be of use in war, they need "practice" in bad and mediocre weather.

President Coolidge professed ignorance of such a change. Navy officials at Washington expressed surprise. The plan for the change is probably eventual rather than immediate.

### Vienna-Prague

From Vienna flies an airline; over the Danube Valley, checkered with green and yellow fields, past the drowsing towers of weedy castles, the Krenzenstein—a fagot of aged stone pillars, fortified quadrangles, powder turrets—on into Czechoslovakia, energetic Republic blazing with red roofs, factory chimneys, to the place where Prague with its thousand monuments dreams in a fortified valley. The cost of this trip by plane is \$4—the equivalent of a third-class fare by rail; it occupies 1 hour and 40 minutes; the train takes 8 hours, including an hour at the frontier. No wonder that the directors of the Franco-Rumanian line announced last week that their passenger and freight traffic had multiplied by five in the past year.

## BUSINESS

### Current Situation

Midsummer dullness is falling on the markets, and a stability based upon considerable steady activity now reigns in most departments of business. Leading business men, after spending July looking in the financial heavens for signs and portents but detecting nothing particular, are now resigning themselves to brief vacations.

It is the consensus of opinion that the stockmarket should give the first warning signal of coming deflation, and that the key to the stockmarket lies in the money market. But the money situation is still unique in U. S. history; its unused resources of credit are still so great that it is as important to determine what Federal Reserve officials think of things as to juggle with endless statistics. At present glance, it seems likely that the top of the bond market has been reached, and that money rates will firm slightly this fall.

### Rubber

Among the numerous brokers in Manhattan, the rubber brokers must not be forgotten. These functionaries handle

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sales for future delivery in crude rubber much in the same way that grain or cotton brokers sell or buy futures in their respective commodities.

Before crude rubber soared\* in price recently, a number of speculators sold rubber for delivery July 31. They had no rubber, but they "figured" that by that date they could buy it for delivery from incoming steamers. Meantime the ships—the *Kansas*, the *Siberian Prince* and the *Menelaus*—were crowding on steam to reach New York on the closing July date with their cargo of 6,500 tons of crude rubber. They had come from Singapore via the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean, and during the closing days of July were racing across the Atlantic while the impatient brokers and "short-sellers" figuratively paced the New York docks in anxiety. Messages on the radio urged them frantically on. The *Menelaus* docked in Boston July 28, safely within the time set, and thus reached New York before the July rubber contracts lapsed. Soon after the *Siberian Prince* arrived. But the *Kansas* was two days late for the July deliveries. However, the first two ships held enough crude rubber to take care of the "short interest" in a satisfactory manner.

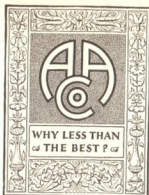
The three boats contained more rubber than the entire port stocks in London, which amounted to only 3,987 tons. For June, imports of rubber into the U. S. amounted altogether to 31,175 tons of crude.

## Electric Refrigerators

One of the successful "specialty industries" of this year has been that devoted to the manufacture and sale of electric refrigerators. Already about 200,000 of these are employed in this country, and the old-fashioned iceman is preparing to follow the cab-driver and sperm whaler into oblivion. Most electric refrigerators still are located in ice-cream plants; not until quite recently have the smaller sizes suited for household use been extensively made or sold. The "ice interests," if such there be, have not yet expressed an opinion upon this new and formidable electrical rival. But the National Electric Light Association estimated that (ice costing 60c. per 100 lb. and electricity 5.3c. per kilowatt hour) in a temperature of 70° the electric refrigerator would consume 2.62 kilowatt hours per day and the ice-box would consume 40 lbs. of ice. Thus, for such a day, the cost of the electric refrigerator would be 13.89c., against 24c. for the ice-box; on an annual basis these figures would be \$50.67 and \$86.40 respectively. The charge for maintenance on the electric refrigerator is estimated at \$15 annually, although depreciation on it is held to be less than on the ice-box.

Many electric refrigerator companies are already in the field. In addition to the independents—Frigidaire, Nizer, Serv-el and Kelvinator, the Delco Light (General Motors subsidiary), the Savage Arms (makers of rifles and electric

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washing machines) and the General Electric Co. are also manufacturing the new electric refrigerators. That there is room for all seems likely, since there are 14,000,000 homes in this country wired for electricity, with 5,000 a year additional being wired each year.

### U. S. Steel Earnings

Although the tendency has become pronounced for different industries to go their own gait, nevertheless the typical and basic character of the steel industry has not been forgotten. Thus no small curiosity awaited last week the publication of earnings of the U. S. Steel Corporation for the second quarter of 1925.

The report for the three months ending June 30 was reassuring. Net earnings for the quarter, after taxes and charges, were \$40,624,221, compared with:

1924 .....	\$41,381,639
1923 .....	\$47,858,181
1922 .....	\$27,286,943

The reassuring element consisted in the fact that the second quarter earnings this year ran ahead of those for the first quarter—\$39,882,992.

After deduction of \$14,062,540 for depreciation and sinking fund, and \$4,672,677 for interest and premium on U. S. Steel bonds, a balance for dividends of \$21,889,004 remained. After payment of \$6,304,919 in preferred dividends, and \$8,895,293 in common dividends, \$6,688,792 remained to be added to surplus. For the last quarter, therefore, surplus available for common dividends amounted to \$3.06 a share, compared with \$2.93 the preceding quarter, and \$3.44 for the second quarter of 1924. Thus far, for the first six months this year, earnings on Steel common stock consequently are at the rate of about \$12.00 a share. The stock is at present paying regular quarterly dividends of \$1.25 a share, plus 50 cents extra—or \$7.00 per annum.

### Coffee Loan

Many years ago the Brazilian Government undertook a policy of "coffee valorization," which in simpler English means rigging the world market for coffee, of which Brazil is the chief producing nation. Every now and again, high prices thus established would curtail consumption and encourage large production, and a large surplus would result which would have to be held off the market lest its sale smother the artificially high prices set.

The Brazilian Government has not hesitated to use its own credit to help its coffee growers. In 1922 a loan of £9,000,000 was floated in London to hold off the market 4,535,000 bags of coffee. The British drink tea, not coffee, and so were indifferent to the purposes to which the loan funds were to be put. But curiously enough, a considerable proportion of this 7½% coffee loan was sold in the U. S., the greatest coffee-consuming nation in the world. U. S. investors consequently helped to supply the funds needed to rig the coffee market, and thus had to pay higher prices for their coffee.

Recently, it again became necessary



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for Brazil to raise money to rig the coffee market further. The Federal Government of Brazil passed the proposition along to Sao Paulo, the State in Brazil which grows most of the coffee. Sao Paulo sent representatives to Manhattan to secure a loan of \$30,000,000 to \$40,000,000. But by this time common sense had returned to the State Department and the Manhattan bankers alike. The Sao Paulo officials were politely informed that from now on it would be against U. S. policy to provide funds to put up prices on imported materials.

## Vin Ordinaire

The population of France is stationary, and thus consumes no more of the

staple "vin ordinaire" in one year than another. When production of French "red ink" is unusually large, the surplus must be exported or make trouble for the local wine makers. Formerly the solution used to consist in exporting largely to the U. S., although our imports of French beverages were in large measure fine wines rather than the lowly and humble "vin ordinaire." But Prohibition has now sealed this outlet, unhappily for the French.

In 1924, the wine-growers of France had a fine grape crop, and produced more "vin ordinaire" than was needed. Prices sagged and unhappiness resulted. But nature is apparently inexorable, and has this year again smiled on the French grape grower. The result is bound to be another fine grape crop, more unneeded "vin ordinaire," still lower prices, and considerable bewilderment and worry in the French wine industry. U. S. tourists in France may help somewhat, yet this factor is unimportant. The 11% or less "vin ordinaire" is now a drug on the market; it now sells for 50 francs (\$2.50) a hectolitre (about 105 quarts), against 66 last fall, 70 in 1923 and 100 in 1920.

Since consumption cannot be increased, production must be curtailed. This may be done voluntarily under the economic spur of large stocks and low prices, or involuntarily in case Nature blights the 1926 grape crop. But Nature, fickle jade, prefers to cherish grapes that are not needed, and be-devil cotton and wheat that are badly wanted, both here and abroad.

## S P O R T

### Tennis

At Seabright, N. J. David of Israel, on the day when he sent a round pebble into the dim, appalling brain of Goliath, was doubtless a thin, supple little man like William M. Johnston, onetime (1915, '19) national champion. Johnston's accuracy, in his heyday, was doubtless superior to that of the Israelite champion, but they both made the same appeal to a gallery—the appeal of skill, of courage, hazardously sustained by slight flesh. In 1921, 1922 and 1923, Johnston won the Seabright Lawn Tennis Bowl. Last week he got off a train from Chicago and within four hours began to play against Dr. George King of Manhattan. Dr. King is no Goliath—in fact, he is placed at No. 12 in the national ranking, but he was dazed by

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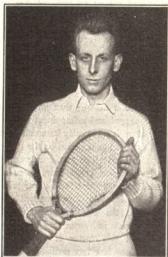


neither the slimness nor the prestige of Johnston. He played a steady, stubborn game; Johnston drove out, netted and, though twice within a point of victory, was beaten 7-9, 6-0, 7-5. (Dr. King was eliminated later by Cranston Holman, who yielded in turn to James O. Anderson in the semi-finals.)

In the finals, lank James O. Anderson of Australia gazed bitterly but with a certain sardonic resignation at the balls that bounded past, around and over him; occasionally he waved his racket at one, but for the most part he was content to let his opponent, Vincent Richards, have his way with them. In the first two sets, it is true, he had tried more vigorously, even winning the second. But his own apathy and the brilliance of Richards conspired to give two love sets, the match, in Seabright Men's Singles, to the latter.

☛ Helen Wills stepped out to despatch Miss Elizabeth Ryan in the women's finals. The court was juicy as buttered asparagus with a recent rainfall, a circumstance which boded ill for Miss Wills. Both players wore spiked shoes, but before the first set was six games old, Miss Ryan was taking off her shoes. The gallery giggled. She tried on a pair with soles of crape rubber. They skidded. She tried on a pair borrowed

from William M. Johnston. The gallery tittered again. Miss Ryan removed her footwear altogether, began to scuttle about the court in stocking feet. The score at that point was 4-2 in her favor in the first set, and Miss Wills was just beginning a rally with which she ob-



© Paul Thompson

DR. GEORGE KING

... no Goliath

viously intended to take the set. But ho! Miss Ryan led the national champion up to the net with short chops,

trapped her with deep chops to the baseline, won the set, 6-3. In the next set, she again carried the attack to Miss Wills. Her low, back-bouncing chops on the wet court made the champion scoop up returns as if with a trowel, kept her lumbering from baseline to net until she was breathless. Miss Ryan chopped right, chopped left, chopped off Miss Wills' head, 6-3, 6-3.

☛ In the men's doubles, William M. Johnston and Clarence ("Peck") Griffin, onetime (1915, '16, '20) doubles champions of the U. S., defeated the Kinsey brothers, present U. S. doubles champs. This victory gave them permanent possession of the Seabright Men's Doubles bowls.

☛ In the mixed doubles, Miss Ryan and Gerald Patterson, sleek Australian, defeated Mrs. Marion Zinderstein Jessup and J. B. Hawkes, to whom Helen Wills and Vincent Richards had defaulted in the semi-finals.

☛ Ably supported by Eleanor Goss, Miss Ryan, volleying superbly, leaping with incredible agility to make impossible returns, defeated Miss Wills and Mary K. Browne in the final of the women's doubles, 11-9, 6-1.

**At Newport.** For three days the combined tennis teams of Yale and Harvard played against the lads of Oxford and Cambridge while Newport's summer colonists, sheltered from the sun under yellow and black-and-white picture-book hats, looked indolently on. When the three days were almost over, the Americans needed but one more match to win the tournament. That would be easy, the colonists thought: Arnold Jones and Charles Watson III of Yale were so much better than Jonklaas and Sumner of Oxford. So it proved in the first set. In the second, with the score at 5-3, the English came from behind, took three games, the lead. Jones, with a frightened look at his partner, dashed to the net, began to volley; Watson, on the baseline, lobbed and lobbed; they ran out the set, the match, 9-7.

...

## Golf

**Canadian Open.** Clinking their shooting irons, winking covertly at one another, a band of U. S. marauders crossed the Canadian border. At a given signal, the wooded hills and dales of the Lamton Country Club (Toronto, Ont.) rang with shots. Staunch Canadian pars dropped on all sides. In the first nine-hole skirmish of the Dominion open championship, defending Champion Leo Diegel (of Great Neck, L. I.) so ventilated his score-card that it totaled but 32 shots. A 37 in and he tied the course record, led the field. Brazen-faced Walter Hagen, chin higher than ever, touched off a spoon shot at the treacherous 250-yard 18th, holed a 2, stood second. After 18 holes more, grinning Diegel still grinned. Another 18, played in a high east wind, and Hagen still paddled along in second place, four strokes behind Diegel. The two played

## FINE for a midnight meal



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together in the final round, Hagen suave but erratic, Diegel now scowling but still accurate. Final scores:

Diegel .....	69	75	73	78—295
Mike Brady .....	72	75	76	74—297
Hagen .....	71	74	76	80—301
Andrew Kay* .....	71	77	75	78—301
Willie Macfarlane.....	74	78	79	73—304
Cyril Walker .....	74	77	76	77—304

**Canadian Professional.** Dominion professionals played their trade championship as the usual curtain-raiser to the Canadian Open. Leading U. S. professionals seldom mix in this affair. Last week it was won by Percy Barrett (Lake Shore Club, Toronto), 145 (36 holes); Dave Spittal (Savannah, Ga.), 147; Nicol Thompson (Hamilton, Ont.) and Fred Miles (Mississauga), 148 each.

**New England Professional.** At a quiet little affair on the Sandy Burr course (Wayland, Mass.), Herbert Lagerblade (Bristol, Conn.) became champion of the New England professionals with the modest score of 302 (72 holes). Tied for second: Jose Stein (Nashua, N. H.) and Jack Stait (Hartford, Conn.), 304 each.

**At Dallas, Tex., Professional Harry Cooper** scorned the 36 putts that par allows a man on 18 greens. He putted only 23 times, scored a 60 over the Tension links. This shattered Walter Hagen's "U. S. low-score record" of 62, hung up in Florida two years ago. The "world's record," a 56 credited to George Duncan of England for a round in the Swiss Open Championship of 1913, still stood.

**Shenecossett Invitation.** Battalions of babbling women assemble annually on the cool porches and breezy links of the Shenecossett Country Club (New London, Conn.) for an invitation tournament. Among them there always moves, subdued, almost morose, a Foregone Conclusion. Last week the Conclusion won the qualifying round from the babblers with a 78. Up stepped lank Dorothy Klotz of Chicago; the Conclusion settled upon her 4 and 3. Up stepped Helen Payson of Portland, Me., a nervy novice; the Conclusion finally rested at the 18th green, 1 up. Along came pouring rain and sure-putting Mrs. H. D. Sterrett of Hutchinson, Kan. The Conclusion wavered before those pitiless putts that streaked for the hole over yards of squasy turf. Near the tenth tee grew a four-leaf clover. It was picked, pensively. Near the 18th cup lay Mrs. Sterrett's ball, only a short span to go for a birdie, a tie, an extra hole. The putt was missed. Then the Griswold trophy was presented to its winner, for keeps, since it was the third time she had won it, and the babbling battalions wended their way, murmuring: "That Glenna Collett!"

**At Chicago, Boy Scout Fred Lyon,** 15, of Pontiac, Ill., did himself two good turns a day until the final round of the Western Junior Championship.

Among others he eliminated Donald Carrick of Toronto, Candian Junior Champion. Emerson Carey, of Hutchinson, Kan., put an end to these actions, trounced Scout Lyon 6 and 5 for the title.

## Feat

It is pleasant, upon a sunny day, to motor the 26 mi. between Paris and Corbell; not so pleasant on a rainy day; still less pleasant to walk. But to swim from Corbell to Paris in the dirty brown Seine, famed swimming-pool for suicides—to swim at 2 in the morning, with the water algid, and rain stabbing the darkness. . . .

Miss Lillian Harrison, Argentine swimmer training to swim the English Channel, last week performed this feat as part of her training. She entered a marathon swim from Corbell to Paris, one woman in a field of eleven men. Two black Senegalese swimmers, accustomed to the tepid rivers of Africa, turned saffron, then green with cold, left the race. T. W. Burgess, Englishman who swam the Channel in 1911, followed suit. One by one the giant swimmers quit until only five were left, among them stout-hearted Miss Harrison. At the Austerlitz Bridge she had cramps; at the Chamber of Deputies she recovered; finished fourth after 14 hr. 37 min. of swimming, cheered more loudly by

huge waiting crowds than the winner, Joseph Ledriant, French sailor, who finished two hours before her.

## New World's Records

**Trotting.** 2.06\* class, 6 furlong†: Ethelinda; time, 1 min. 30 sec.; at Aurora, Ill.

**Free-for-all Pace, 6 furlongs:** Single G; time, 1 min. 30 sec.; at Aurora, Ill.

**Free-for-all, 1¼ mile:** Sir Roche; time, 2 min. 35½ sec.; at Aurora, Ill.

**Swimming.** 100 yards, free style: John Weissmuller of Chicago; time, 50 4/10 sec.; at Seattle, Wash.

## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Colonel William Mitchell, 45, onetime (1920-25) Brigadier General in the U. S. Army Air Service, and Mrs. Mitchell, a daughter (10 lb.); in Detroit.

**Engaged.** John Maynard Keynes, 42, famed British economist, author of *A Revision of the Treaty*, and *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* (which latter book caused a stir in the

\* To enter this class a horse must trot a mile in 2 min. 6 sec.  
† A furlong equals 220 yds.

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U. S. because of its bitter attacks on the late President Woodrow Wilson), and Lydia Lopokova, 33, famed Russian danseuse.

**Engaged.** Miss Lucretia Garfield, Bryn Mawr graduate, daughter of Harry A. Garfield, President of Williams College, to John Preston Cover, Assistant Professor at Williams.

**Married.** Mrs. Guinevere Sinclair Gryn, second wife of the late George Jay Gould, to Viscount George St. John Brodrick Dunsford, eldest son and heir of the Earl of Midleton, in Montreal.

**Married.** William Faversham, 57, famed actor, secretly to Edith Campbell, 39, actress, daughter of onetime Mayor Joseph Campbell of Phoenix, Ariz.; at Huntington, L. I. This is Mr. Faversham's third marriage; he was divorced from the late Marian Merwin Faversham many years ago. His second wife, Julie Opp, famed actress, bore him two sons, died in 1921. Harry J. Walker, for many years manager of the Belasco Theatre, Manhattan, was Miss Campbell's first husband.

**Sued for Divorce.** Osborne C. Wood, 27, son of Major General Leonard Wood, onetime U. S. Army lieutenant, winner of a large fortune in Wall Street and loser of that fortune at the gaming tables of Europe, by Mrs. Katherine Thompson Wood; at Wilmington, Del. She is at Southampton, L. I., with her children. He is in Florida attempting to recoup in real estate.

**Sued for Divorce.** Howard Jones, head football coach at the University of Southern California, brother to T. A. D. Jones, head football coach at Yale, by Mrs. Leah Bissell Jones; in Denver, Col.

**Divorced.** Miss Mary Ellis, until recently prima donna of *Rose-Marie*, from her second husband, Edwin H. Knopf, play producer, brother of Publisher Alfred A. Knopf; in Manhattan. Her first husband was one Louis Bernheimer. A month ago she suddenly left the cast of *Rose-Marie*. It was reported that she had strained her voice.

**Died.** James A. Lombard, 64, "inventor of the mask now used by baseball catchers;" in Grand Rapids, Mich.

**Died.** Edgar Addison Bancroft, 67, U. S. Ambassador to Japan; at Karuizawa, Japan, from an internal hemorrhage (see Page 2).

**Died.** Mrs. Mary E. Goldthwaite, 83, third cousin of Abraham Lincoln, close friend of his son Robert, wife of Alonzo Goldthwaite who traced his lineage "directly to George Washington;" in Chicago.

## POINT with PRIDE

*After a cursory view of TIME's summary of events, the Generous Citizens point with pride to:*

Five-year-old Oleg Chervinsky howling faithfully. (Page 21, column 2.)

A thin, supple little man like William M. Johnston. (P. 30, col. 1.)

A ventriloquist, a midget, a strong man, a sap, a girl. (P. 18, col. 2.)

Sailors who came to shore clean and wholesome. (P. 3, col. 3.)

Battalions of babbling women. (P. 31, col. 1.)

A boy scout from Pontiac, Ill. (P. 31, col. 1.)

A birthday party at the Harlem Home of the Daughters of Israel. (P. 1, col. 3.)

The plump oval face of a little Spanish prince. (P. 15, col. 2.)

Colonists who hated to pay taxes. (P. 19, col. 3.)

A new and formidable electric rival. (P. 27, col. 1.)

The champion revolver shot of the Park police. (P. 6, col. 3.)

## VIEW with ALARM

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

Bunk and worse than bunk. (Page 3, column 3.)

Any music played on a saxophone. (P. 15, col. 1.)

A mixed orchestra in Glasgow and Edinburgh. (P. 15, col. 1.)

All the Dutchmen in London. (P. 15, col. 3.)

A mincing pedestrian with yellow hair all abroad. (P. 16, col. 2.)

Weird chants that the *Bowdoin's* operator explained. (P. 22, col. 3.)

The Mr. Chiltons of the world. (P. 25, col. 1.)

A tall Persian cat. (P. 24, col. 1.)

# The supreme love, and the supreme tragedy, of Poe's Life

*"For the moon never beams without  
bringing me dreams  
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee"*

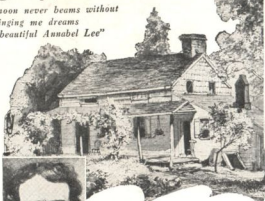
IN his hauntingly beautiful poem, "Annabel Lee," Edgar Allan Poe immortalized his love for his "child wife," the gentle, delicate creature whose devotion furnished the one bright chapter in his ill-starred life.

And even in this, the tragedy which seemed to dog his every step came to rob him of his happiness—

"... the wind came out of the  
cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my Annabel  
Lee."

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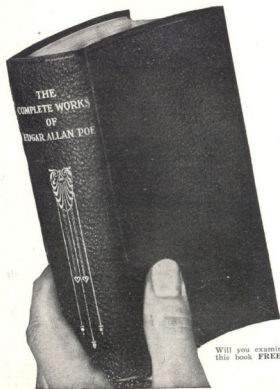


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Virginia, Poe's wife, and the inspiration of "Annabel Lee," from the water color sketch by A. G. Learned. At left, the Fordham cottage as it looked when the Poes lived there. Extreme left, portrait of Poe in his room at the University of Virginia, photo by Holstinger. Pictures by courtesy of The Mentor.

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