

FIFTEEN CENTS

OK

JANUARY 3, 1927

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



Volume IX

LEOPOLD CHARLES MAURICE STENNETT AMERY

Least popular, most potent
(See Page 10)

Number 1



Financing Foreign Trade

The world's millions move through foreign trade.

The buying and selling of commercial bills covering exports of all manufactures and merchandise; the buying and selling of the world's currencies; the issuing of travelers' letters of credit and travelers' checks; cable transfers; dollar drafts on Europe—these are just a few of the daily functions of our Foreign Trade Department.

The CANAL BANK'S complete international banking facilities are helping to finance the huge import and export commerce of the United States.

Interested executives are cordially invited to write for our booklet: "Through Ninety-Five Years."

The **CANAL**
BANK AND TRUST CO.
of New Orleans





“You Didn’t Say a Single Word All Evening”

HOW could I? I didn’t even know what they were talking about.”

“Well, Ralph, I wouldn’t brag about that.”

“But how was I supposed to know that they were going to talk literature and art? If they had discussed real estate, I could have chatted with them easily — all evening. . . .”

“Business, always business! If you were a big enough real estate man you’d know how to forget business and talk of other things in company!”

“I never felt so uncomfortable in my life,” he said ruefully. “Couldn’t even follow the drift of things. What was all the discussion about some poet who was killed in the war?”

“Really, Ralph—you should keep more abreast of things. I was surprised that you didn’t contribute at least one idea or opinion to the whole evening’s discussion.”

He turned to her, curiosity and admiration mingling in his smile. “You were certainly a shining light tonight, Peg! You made up for me, all right. Where did you ever find out all those interesting things?”

Many Wives are Keeping Pace with Successful Husbands —This Pleasant Way

Peg was grateful for her husband’s praise. But, instead of answering his question, she smiled enigmatically.

He moved closer, glad to have diverted attention from himself. “You were the prettiest and cleverest woman at that dinner, dear!” he said.

“Just for that,” she beamed, “I’m going to tell you why I was able to join in the conversation tonight—and you were not.”

“Oh, that’s easy,” he said, man-like. “You get more time to read than I do.”

“Is that so!” she retorted. “I don’t get the chance to read a good book from one

month to the next. But I’ve solved that problem. I have a copy of Elbert Hubbard’s Scrap Book.”

“What’s that?”

“It’s a whole library condensed into one fascinating scrap book. It contains only the best thoughts of the best minds of the last four thousand years—the ‘high lights,’ you know.”

“That sounds interesting. Tell me more about it.”

The Famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book

By the time they reached home, she had told him all about the unique Scrap Book. How Elbert Hubbard, many-sided genius, began it in youth and kept it throughout life. How he added only the choicest bits of inspiration and wisdom—the ideas that helped him most—the greatest thoughts of the greatest men of all ages. How the Scrap Book grew and became Hubbard’s chief source of ideas—how it became a priceless collection of little masterpieces—how, at the time of his death, it represented a whole lifetime of discriminating reading.

“Imagine it! This Scrap Book has now been published and anyone can have a copy. Do you know what that means? You can get in a few minutes’ pleasant reading each evening what it took Elbert Hubbard a whole lifetime to collect! You can get at a glance what Hubbard had to read days and days to find. You can have the finest thoughts of the last four thousand years in one wonderful volume. If you read in the Scrap Book occasionally, you’ll never be uncomfortable in company again. You’ll be able to talk as intelligently as any one.”

May We Send It to You for FREE Examination?

The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book radiates inspiration from every page. It contains ideas, thoughts, passages, excerpts, poems, epigrams—selected from the master thinkers

of all ages. It represents the *best* of a lifetime of discriminating reading, contains choice selections from 500 great writers. *There is not a commonplace sentence in the whole volume.*

This Scrap Book is a fine example of Roycroft book-making. The type is set Venetian style—a page within a page—printed in two colors on fine tinted book paper. Bound scrap-book style and tied with linen tape.

Examine it at our expense! The coupon entitles you to the special five-day examination—if you act at once. Just send off the coupon today, and the famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book will go forward to you promptly. When it arrives, glance through it. If you aren’t inspired, enchanted—simply return the Scrap Book within the five-day period and the examination will have cost you nothing. Otherwise send only \$2.90, plus few cents postage, in *full payment*.

We urge you to act now. We want you to see the Scrap Book, to judge it for yourself. Mail this coupon TODAY to Wm. H. Wise & Co., Roycroft Distributors, Dept. 41, 50 West 47th Street, New York City.

Wm. H. Wise & Co., Roycroft Distributors, Dept. 41, 50 West 47th Street, New York City.

You may send me for five days’ free examination a copy of Elbert Hubbard’s Scrap Book in cloth-lined butcher paper binding. Within the five-day period I will either return the Scrap Book without obligation, or keep it for my own and send only \$2.90, plus few cents postage, in full payment.

Name.....

Address.....

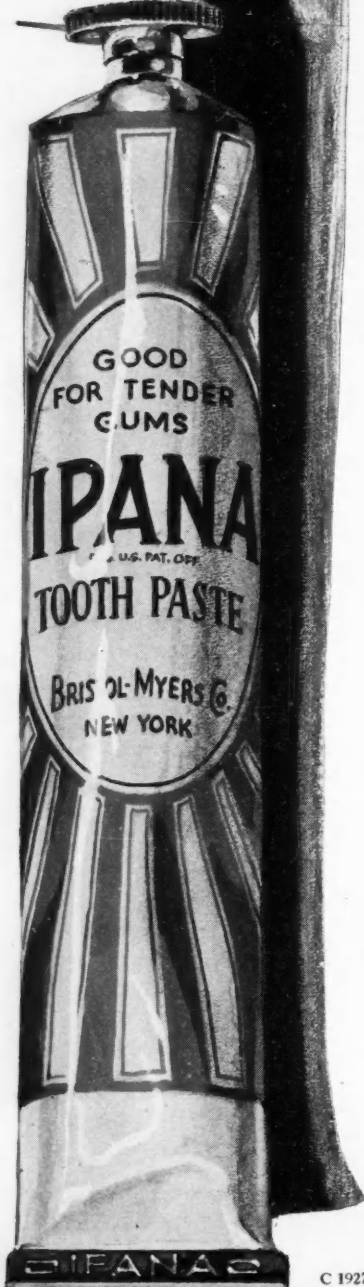
City.....State.....

[] A few copies are available in a sturdy binding of semi-flexible basket-weave buckram for only \$1 additional. Please check in this square if you want this de luxe binding, with the same return privilege.

THIS is Ipana, the tooth paste which has made such a marvelous success.

Use it on your teeth; brush your gums with it, too. You'll have cleaner teeth and healthier gums.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
New York



C 1927

LETTERS

Dentist Cram

Sirs:
... To my mind your cover picture (TIME, Dec. 13) of our great architect Ralph Adams Cram is libelous. Mr. Cram is a handsome well-favored man. Your artist makes him look like a dentist! ...
MRS. POWEL LOOMIS
Boston, Mass.

Double Breasted

Sirs:
Just how many "bosoms" did Elizabeth Barrett Browning's aunt have?
In TIME, Dec. 6, you say: "... this pure and lovely miss, standing with round arms pressed to round bosoms. ..."
E. GANSON
Tucson, Ariz.

Equality

Sirs:
Do not care to help any magazine whose managers or editors put themselves down on an equality with Negroes and call them "Mr." and "Mrs." Do not send mine any longer than it is paid for.
W. C. POYNTER
De Witt, Ark.

Let Subscriber Poynter look on p. 10.—ED.

Suggestion

Sirs:
... One little suggestion for a better TIME—Don't be so contemptuous of your contemporaries. "Gum-Chewers' Sheetlet," "Pinko Political Weekly," etc.
I know nothing about the Gum-Chewers' papers but the *New Republic* which you call Pinko, I value even above TIME on my magazine list. As for *Physical Culture*, which you so lately maligned, it has done and is doing much good in the world and deserves better treatment than you have given it. ...
HUGH SPENCER
"Briarpatch,"
Chester, Conn.

Mediocre Evans

Sirs:
TIME, Dec. 6, re Hiram W. Evans reads: "Once in Dallas, Tex., there was a mediocre dentist."
Why be narrow-minded on the subject of the K. K. K.? Would TIME say of Abe Lincoln, "once there was a mediocre storekeeper"?
Why not listen with an open mind, to one of Mr. Evans' speeches, not on dentistry, but on politics. Draw your own conclusions after that.
TIME's editors will probably never curb their Roman Catholic instincts enough to advertise, tritely "TIME—Kurt, Klear, Koncise."
FLOYD WEIMER
San Francisco, Calif.

TIME would indeed say of Abraham Lincoln, "Once there was a mediocre storekeeper." At keeping store Abraham Lincoln was sorely handicapped by his generosity, his fondness for books.
As to spelling, TIME, having no bias, relies upon standard dictionaries.—ED.

Dragon's Praise

Sirs:
As long as TIME plays fair, it will remain a pleasure for me to receive my weekly copy. I note that some subscribers take exception to things you say about their "pet" ideas. You have rapped my Organization several times but this has not changed my opinion of TIME. In such cases I smile at your mistakes and misunderstanding and wait for the time to arrive when you will know facts. You can rest assured that TIME has a great future before it and will continue to build up a first class list of subscribers.
ARTHUR H. BELL
Grand Dragon, K. K. K.
Realm of New Jersey
Lake Como, N. J.

Unwholesome, Infidel

Sirs:
... I really like the magazine very much but have been disappointed in the different articles appearing from time to time, especially the article about St. Francis of Assisi (TIME, Oct. 4) which is very disappointing to me and makes unwholesome reading for me a Catholic.
Your magazine is really too good to take up a prejudiced point of view on religious matters and from time to time there is sort of an infidel tone and I am wondering if the editor of this magazine is not an infidel?

I want to keep my obligations to the magazine and pay for all copies I have received and then discontinue same. ...
JOHN A. DEHNER
Dehner Seed & Supply Co.
Burlington, Iowa.

Judgment, Proportion

Sirs:
Let me thank you muchly for devoting, in TIME, Dec. 20 more space to me and my writings than to any other individual or subject. The phenomenal success of TIME is to be attributed to its editors' admirable sense of judgment and proportion! ...
BERTIE CHARLES FORBES
Forbes Magazine
New York, N. Y.

An error: more space was given to that first of U. S. popular economists, Benjamin Franklin.—ED.

Advice

Sirs:
In a very readable sketch of the career and accomplishments of Bertie Charles Forbes in TIME for Dec. 20, you conclude with the following sentence:

"What puzzles many people ... is why Editor Forbes' magazine is not subscribed to by 1,000,000 or 10,000,000 U. S. wage-earners ... instead of only 49,478?"

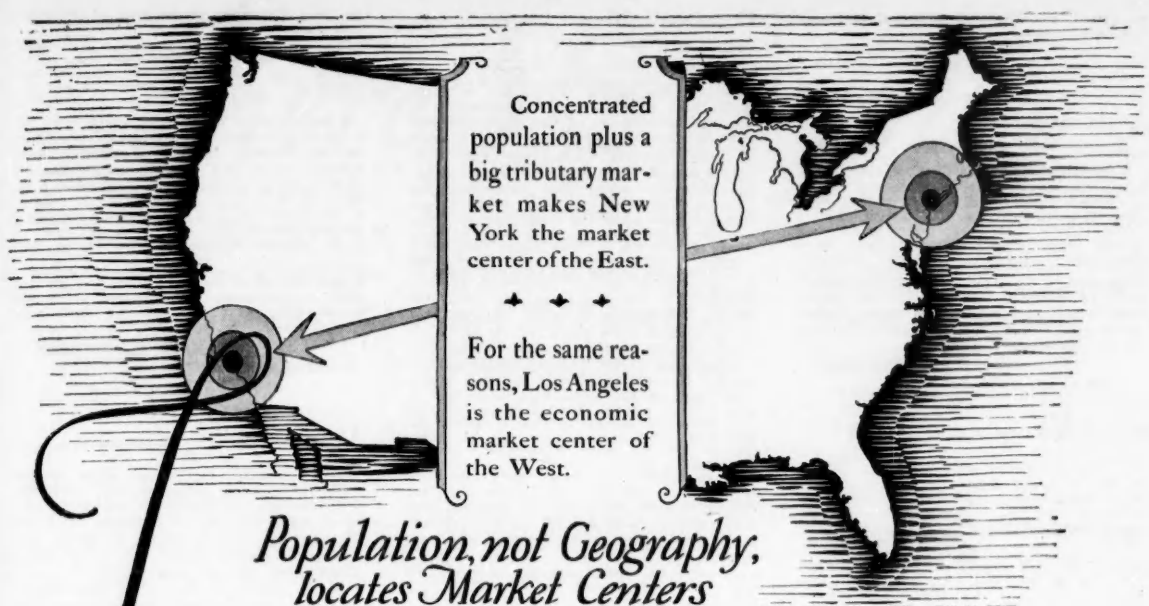
As a fellow Scotsman and a subscriber to Forbes' semi-monthly during its first year's existence, let me say I think one reason why those 950,522 ought-to-be readers of Forbes do not subscribe is because of B. C.'s irritating way of everlastingly singing the praises of successful millionaires—because of the possession of their millions. Despite the logic of his Scottish sermonizing style he has not succeeded in educating us "U. S. wage earners," as you put it, to the view-point of the wage-payer, or vice versa.

Wage-earners both in these United States and elsewhere believe Mr. Forbes will have to widen the scope of his magazine and enlarge his economic philosophy before he can secure their subscriptions in any large number. ...
JAMES CUNNINGHAME
Louisville, Ky.

Aiken Praised

Sirs:
As a subscriber to your publication for two or three years past, I feel entitled to offer some criticism. Your repeated references to an unfortunate lynching which occurred here during the early hours of Oct. 8 has given this community quite as much unfavorable and unsought publicity as necessary. Why not review some past racial affair in East St. Louis, Chicago, Washington and an Ohio city? They are all closer to your office than Aiken. That we are civilized is best attested by the considerable number of America's best families who for more than 50 years have been spending their winter vacation in Aiken, stepping from the train and realizing how far removed from gunmen and

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*Population, not Geography,
locates Market Centers*

LOS ANGELES Countythe Western Market Center

—serves a market of ten million consumers West of the Rockies, at lower average freight costs than they can be served from any other point on the Pacific Coast. An immediate market of two and one-half million consumers within 100 miles.

AS AGAINST the handicaps of high freights, long hauls, and slow deliveries which his Eastern competitors must face, the manufacturer in Los Angeles County has at his very door the greatest concentrated buying power in the West; 45 municipalities in Los Angeles County alone, 17 of them with over 10,000 population each; this in addition to the great tributary market of the 11 Western states which is his to command.

The Panama Canal, with low freight rates, brings Los Angeles nearer to New York than is Columbus, Ohio.

Fastest growing Pacific port, second only to New York in total ocean-borne commerce. Direct weekly sailings from Los Angeles to trans-Pacific markets via Dollar Line and direct to Honolulu via Los Angeles Steamship Company line.

The markets of the Orient and of South America are accessible thru Los Angeles Harbor at rates as low as or lower than rates from any other point in the United States.

Specific information regarding manufacturing opportunities and distribution advantages in Los Angeles County may be had by addressing the *Industrial Department of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.*

PLAN A TRIP

Plan now to make a combined business and pleasure trip to Southern California this winter. See and study at first hand the industrial opportunities of Los Angeles County and its great tributary markets.

Contented LABOR	Freedom from industrial strife. Open-shop community.
Cheap, Unlimited POWER	Large blocks of power as low as .72 of a cent per K. W. H.
Abundant WATER	As low as 1 1/2¢ per 1,000 gallons, obtained from cities and utilities, and 2 1/2¢ per 1,000 gallons obtainable by private wells.
Cheap FUEL	Gas at 20¢ per million B. T. U.'s—oil 16 1/2¢ per million B. T. U.'s.
Low BUILDING COSTS	Less plant investment required. No extreme weather conditions to combat.
Adequate TRANSPORTATION	Terminus of three transcontinental railroads, a unique electric interurban system of 1100 miles, harbor served by 147 steamship freight lines.
Efficient PLANT OPERATION	100% plant efficiency 365 days in the year.
Proximity to RAW MATERIALS	A great variety of products from the soil; vast mineral resources, both metallic and non-metallic; water-borne raw materials from foreign lands.

INDUSTRIAL LOS ANGELES

The Los Angeles metropolitan area embraces practically Los Angeles County—over two million population with 5700 industries whose annual output is \$1,250,000,000.

gangsters, machine and sawed-off shotguns they are, they are glad.

FRANK P. HENDERSON
Mayor, The City of Aiken
Aiken, S. C.

Street War

Sirs:

I am a Subscriber to *TIME*. I am a high school teacher and often require my pupils to commit some piece of National or Foreign News to bring to the history class. The pupils saw the piece about the "Street War" [*TIME*, Nov. 8] and were disgusted. Such words as "tribe" for companions, "Negresses" for colored girls, "Pickaninies" for children, did not "take" well. A common reference to the affair with correct names would be better. They like to read of colored people when anything of note is given.

UNSIGNED

Atlanta, Ga.

Navy Doctors

Sirs:

... May I invite your attention, please, to an apparent error on p. 21 (*TIME*, Nov. 29), under the heading *MEDICINE*, sub-head "At Sea." The caption "USS" means "United States Ship" and is applied ONLY to ships of the Navy. The caption "SS" means "Steamship" and is used when referring to merchant vessels. Neither the *Eastern Glade* nor the *West Calumb* is a vessel of the United States Navy. The fact that the health of the crew sort of depended upon the Captain's knowledge of medicine, might create the wrong impression among civilians—fathers, mothers or other relatives of officers and enlisted men—as to the medical care the personnel of the Navy are given. Practically every ship of our Navy has one or more medical officers attached thereto, or is at all times supplied with hospital corpsmen. . . .

R. HATHAWAY

Chief Pay Clerk, U. S. Navy
The Receiving Ship
San Francisco, Calif.

Downward Step

Sirs:

Not being personally interested in the Theatre to any great extent I have paid little attention to that section, but in *TIME*, Nov. 15, I was attracted by something in the heading of some of the plays reviewed, and sketched through hastily till I came to *Gentle Grafters* when I must say I was horrified with these lines: "The poor girl has but one asset. She surrenders her virtuous distinction. A little moth, a little flame, a little singe—it is nothing to bring a lump to the throat."

"A little moth, a little singe" and it is nothing to bring a lump to the throat when a young girl surrenders her virtue? To be sure it is only a picture, but is it teaching the young and innocent girl, even though she may be called a "flapper" that it is "only a little singe" to do this? Is your reporter lending himself to the support of such a false theory? Is it possible that it is not known what the first downward step means to a girl, and that in life where such a thing happens one of two things is bound to follow, either she will madly plunge deeper till in a few years (10 to 15) she will go down in disgrace to a grave where such fallen women find a place, usually the pauper field; or, if in horror she recoils from what she has done she will live her life as best she may always feeling the "scarlet letter" on her breast even though it cannot be seen by others.

Such plays should not be allowed, and such reviewing in any magazine is certainly worthy of the deepest scorn of all Mothers and Fathers, indeed the entire populace who believe in and practice virtuous living.

The review of *The Play's the Thing* which follows the one criticized above is even more disgusting and suggestive than that of *Gentle Grafters*.

ALICE H. SPENCER

Joliet, Ill.

Dose

Sirs:

Permit me at this opportune time to say,

you are Captains Courageous of Journalism. . . .

You don't cringe and smirk, and when you have an apology to offer you do it like a man. You have the attitude my father held, that of standing square on your heels and looking anyone in the eye.

I have always since early youth been an inveterate newspaper and magazine reader, but on attaining the age of understanding definite needs and capacities, dropped all such reading matter, and now depend on *TIME* to keep me a citizen of the world. I also read the *Literary Digest* (skipping current events and foreign news), for a more detailed account of the drama and certain personal notes which are very often the choice selection of the *American*, which magazine (the *American*) I do not wish to disparage, nevertheless, it is an awful dose to digest as a whole, for grown-ups. . . .

FRANCES A. WESTON

Portland, Ore.

Ten Biggest

Sirs:

Your conceited puffing of *TIME* on its own letter page nauseates me. Because one* Robert A. Gardner has sent you \$6 to send *TIME* for a year to the Prime Minister of Great Britain, is that any reason why you should print his letter [*TIME*, Dec. 20] to boast about it?

When you can claim the ten biggest men in the United States for your subscribers that will be news. Until then please stop your puffing. I have listed below what I consider the ten biggest men in the country, and I'll bet not one of them subscribes to *TIME*. Look below and take yourselves down a peg. Here are my Big Ten:

Calvin Coolidge	Elbert H. Gary
Henry Ford	Andrew W. Mellon
Thomas A. Edison	Julius Rosenwald
J. D. Rockefeller Sr.	Owen D. Young
William H. Taft	Frank O. Lowden

JAMES CHESTER POPE

Chicago, Ill.

News-stand-buyer Pope is right in believing that the President of the U. S. does not subscribe to *TIME*. He receives a complimentary copy.

Of the others named, Messrs. Rosenwald, Gary, Lowden and Young are subscribers. Messrs. Ford, Edison, Rockefeller, Mellon and Taft are not.

But Edsel Ford subscribes.

And so does Mrs. Ford.

And so does Mrs. Edison.

And so does John D. Rockefeller III.†

And so does Charles P. Taft II.** As for Andrew W. Mellon, his subscription expired on Oct. 11, 1926, and has not been renewed.—ED.

Out of Joint

Sirs:

In reply to your request in *TIME* for appropriate slogans, . . . we wish to submit the following: . . .

"*TIME* is out of joint: Oh cursed spite, That ever I was borne to set it right."

Although not necessarily suggesting ourselves for the task of the "setting right," we feel that someone could be used to great advantage in this position.

SCARLETT & STUTZ, INC.

PER S. H. SWARTHMORE
SECRETARY

The quotation is inaccurately given by Scarlett & Stutz, Inc. See any copy of *Hamlet*, Act I, Scene V, Line 189.—ED.

(Continued on p. 30)

*An error. Subscriber Gardner is no "one," but the famed Captain of the 1926 U. S. Walker Cup Golf Team.—ED.
†Grandson. **Son.

Checking Up On the Year's Health

Check up on your health record for 1926. Make 1927 a year of energy and accomplishment, fitness and results. Start the year with a health - and - pleasure breakfast every morning of Shredded Wheat, served hot with melted butter and rich milk or with your favorite fruit. Eat all you like; good to taste and good for you.



SHREDDED WHEAT

Shredded Wheat contains all the whole wheat bran, proteins, vitamins and carbohydrates needed to give you new vitality, new enthusiasm for the day's work or play. Start to enjoy it now!



MAKE IT A DAILY HABIT

in fact, content to be and at stantial earning is here can en investm for tho EX Many with Bro that the decrease This is to Broc Extra pr protectio vestmen more car frequent We K incom It is c For 22 ye been dem in all par their own vantage. that cont security

There IS a way

Get EXTRA profits from your investments. This advertisement describes a method that many thousands have found successful

TO be a consistently successful investor is good. So good, in fact, that most investors are content to let it go at that. But, to be consistently successful and at the same time add substantial extra profits to your earnings is better and it is here that Brookmire Service can enter effectively into your investment scheme, as it has for thousands of others.

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<p>BROOKMIRE ECONOMIC SERVICE INC. 570 Seventh Avenue New York</p> <p>I should like to learn more about your service. Please send me your latest bulletins, advice on what to do now . . . and a copy of your descriptive booklet. TM-W</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Address _____</p>



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The Chrysler plan of Quality Standardization differs from, and is superior to, ordinary manufacturing practice and methods, because it demands fixed and inflexible quality standards which enforce the same scrupulously close limits—the same rigid rule of engineering exactness—the same absolute accuracy and precision of alignment and assemblage—in the measurement, the machining and the manufacturing of every part, practice and process in four lines of Chrysler cars—"50", "60", "70", and Imperial "80"—so that each individual car shall be the Supreme Value in its own class.

Eight body styles, priced from \$2495 to \$3595, f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

YOU may be perfectly satisfied with the smoothness, riding easement, acceptable performance, and luxury of the car you already own; you may think you have experienced those qualities in their finest form;—until you ride in the Chrysler Imperial "80". . . From that moment you will never again be fully satisfied with any other car but the Imperial "80". For Chrysler engineering and manufacturing have conferred upon the Imperial "80" such a rare new degree and kind of motoring luxury that the Imperial "80" is being regarded everywhere, by those who demand the best, as the logical successor to the finest cars of yesterday.

All Chrysler models—"50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80"—will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows; at the annual special model display at the Commodore Hotel, during the New York Show, Jan. 8-15, at the Balloon Room of the Congress Hotel during the Chicago Show, Jan. 29-Feb. 5.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

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TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

Vol. IX, No. 1

January 3, 1927

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

The White House Week

☐ When confronted, a fortnight ago, by members of the House Naval Affairs Committee, who demanded immediate appropriations for three 10,000-ton cruisers, President Coolidge gave in to the extent of "authorizing" ten eventual cruisers (TIME, Dec. 27). Last week, in peace talks at his two press conferences, the President emphasized that these ten cruisers are merely a program, that he would approve nothing for present construction, that he does not wish to stir competitive navy building by the world powers. Thus, militant Congressmen and Navy officers are back in their original position, ready to fight for immediate appropriations for at least three cruisers.

☐ On Christmas Day, President Coolidge was astir before 7 a.m. Going out on the rear grounds of the White House, he greeted his pet raccoon, who wore his gift, a gleaming collar bearing the legend: "Rebecca Raccoon of the White House." Returning indoors, the President gazed reflectively at the three Christmas trees in the Blue Room, decorated by Mrs. Coolidge and their son, John. This was the first time that there have been Christmas trees in the White House since the death of Calvin Coolidge Jr. Later the Presidential family gathered upstairs with Mr. & Mrs. Frank W. Stearns of Boston to open their presents.* Before going to the Foundry Methodist Episcopal Church, the President read some papers and worked on his Trenton speech. In the evening, Attorney General & Mrs. Sargent and others arrived for dinner. A 30-pound turkey was carved.

☐ Last week, news emanated from the White House that only four official dishes have been broken since 1918.

☐ Contrary to the usual custom, President Coolidge did not issue

*Among the gifts received by the President were innumerable turkeys; a 22-pound, home-cured ham from Governor Gore of West Virginia; more than a dozen canes, which the President does not use; cigars by the hundreds, some of which he will smoke; cigar holders, intended to displace the paper holders which he uses.

any Christmas pardons to prisoners in Federal penitentiaries.

Talk

Comment on the Presidential campaign of 1928 has begun early, chiefly because of the possibility of a third term for President Coolidge. Last summer, every visitor at White Pine Camp was given a significance by the correspondents; in the autumn, much Coolidge and anti-Coolidge talk reverberated in state and congressional elections. Last week, Frank R. Kent, whose able pen pleases the Democratic readers of the *Baltimore Sun*, informed the sagaciously militant readers of the *Nation* that "the real business of this session of Congress is Presidential politics."

Then Mr. Kent plunged into the enigma of the man in the White House, said: "As to Mr. Coolidge wanting another term, that is too obvious to argue. No President ever liked the White House better than he. No President ever wanted to hold on to it more. When he leaves, it will be because he has to. If and when he announces that he will not be a candidate to succeed himself, it will be because his prospects have faded and he is afraid to take the chance. In the last six weeks he has made his desire to stay evident in a hundred ways, and nowhere more plainly

than in his conferences with the correspondents. He wants it but he doesn't want to fight for it—and he won't. . . . In the whole of his political career there is no record of a fight."

After listing the usual assets which President Coolidge might have in a third term campaign, Mr. Kent expanded on the negative arguments: "Should he get another [term], he will have been President two years longer than any other man in our history. The limitation that Washington and Jefferson regarded as wise and to which Grant and Roosevelt yielded as final is to be broken for Coolidge? It does not seem sane. Second, the agrarian revolt in the great Republican States in the West is real. . . .

"A third argument is that there is in the field a Presidential candidate inherently stronger than Mr. Coolidge—Frank O. Lowden. It may be that his age—66—or his health, or some other reason will keep Mr. Lowden from making another fight but there is not the least doubt that at this time he is a candidate. In 1920 he missed the nomination by the narrowest margin. In 1924 he refused a unanimous nomination for Vice President on the Coolidge ticket. For eight years he has devoted himself to studying agricultural problems, to farming, to a quiet strengthening of his fences, to making friends. Today he has a stronger backing, more potential political power, and a better chance than any other man except Mr. Coolidge. He looms larger than any other. Popular, able, rich, with a fine record and an attractive personality, Lowden is the real candidate. The farmers are crazy about him. He is the agricultural hero.

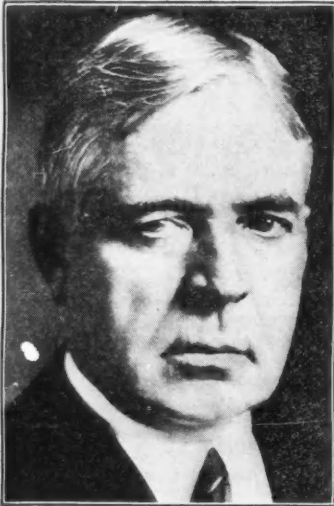
"To sum up the other Coolidge liabilities, there is the inherent feebleness of the man himself, the admitted fact that he is largely a combination of machine support, party propaganda and accident. There is the further fact that Old Guard leaders cordially dislike him; personally and resent the accident that projected him into the White House and enabled him to be nominated in 1924. But for the death of Mr. Harding, no one would ever have seriously suggested Mr. Coolidge for the Presidency. The fact is he was so negligible a quantity that he might easily have failed

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National Affairs—[Continued]

for renomination as Vice President. He was in Washington in 1922 a political joke and would still be but for the glamor of the Presidency."



CANDIDATE LOWDEN
"Popular, able, rich"

THE CABINET

Colonel's Report

Doubtless, by this time, enough has been said concerning Col. Carmi Alderman Thompson, rotund Personal Representative of President Coolidge, to make him a public character. He spent three months in the Philippines; he used two more going and coming. He compiled a report. It was not until last week that Colonel Thompson's report was given to the public. President Coolidge, having pondered thereon for a fortnight, despatched the report to Congress.

Important recommendations of the Colonel who left his Cleveland home to ferret out Filipino needs:

No Independence. The granting of absolute independence should be postponed "for some time to come," because the Philippines have neither the necessary financial resources nor the racial homogeneity at present.

Friction Remedies. The antagonism between the Governor General and the Filipino legislature is the most immediate and vexing problem in the islands. As remedies, Colonel Thompson suggests that the administration of the Philippines be transferred from the War Department to some new bureau or department, that Governor General Wood's military advisers be

replaced with civil experts, that the Filipinos be given increasing internal autonomy.

Land Laws. The Philippine legislature should amend the land laws, so as to attract U. S. capital to develop, on a large scale, the production of rubber, coffee, sugar, rice, etc. The U. S. Congress should not attempt to interfere with these land laws.

Banking. The Federal Reserve system should be extended to the Philippines. Also, Federal land banks should be established to loan money to Filipino farmers at reasonable rates. They now pay from 12% to 30% interest.

Moro Provinces. Mindanao and Sulu, inhabited by Mohammedans, should not be separated politically from the rest of the islands,* but U. S. control in these provinces might well be strengthened to prevent Moro-Filipino animosity.

Miscellaneous. The Filipino government should withdraw from its private business enterprises immediately. The Jones Act, fundamental law governing the Philippines, should not now be changed.

Colonel Thompson's report, comprehensive though it is, produced nothing startling. His recommendations seldom veered from the happy middle ground. Hence, the applause was extensive, well-mannered; there were few jeers or raucous cheers. President Coolidge said that the report was an "excellent one," that he agreed with it for the most part. What will Congress do about it? There will be no time for action this short session; so Colonel Thompson's researches of the summer of 1926 will probably rest peacefully until the opening of the 70th Congress in December, 1927—perhaps longer.

THE CONGRESS

The Legislative Week

The Senate—

☐ Passed the Rivers and Harbors Bill authorizing an expenditure of \$70,000,000, after Senator Norris of Nebraska had broken the solemnity of debate by falling out of the clerk's chair. (Bill went to conference.)

☐ Passed appropriation bill of \$260,000,000 for the Department of the Interior. (Bill went to conference.)

☐ Heard that Col. Frank L. Smith of Illinois had accepted Governor Small's appointment to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator McKinley. Twenty-one Republican Senators and nearly all the Dem-

*The Bacon bill, now before the House of Representatives, would provide for a separate legislature for the Moro provinces, and thus give them a sort of "home rule."

ocrats are planning to deny him a seat.

The House—

☐ Passed a bill to restore one cent rate to private postcards. (Bill went to the Senate.)

☐ Passed appropriation bill of \$128,000,000 for the Department of Agriculture. (Bill went to the Senate.)

☐ The Senate and the House adjourned until Jan. 3.

Fun

That whimsical Hoosier, the late Thomas R. Marshall, inaugurated the annual Vice Presidential feast in honor of the Senate page boys. Calvin Coolidge continued it, added an after-dinner speech. Last week, Charles G. Dawes invited the 50 other employes of the Senate, in addition to the 20 pages; he had fun; they had fun.

The Rev. Joseph J. Muir, Senate chaplain, gave the blessing. Deep-voiced John C. Crockett, reading clerk, was toastmaster. James D. Preston, genial superintendent of the Senate press gallery, announced the arrival of the world's largest underslung pipe, six feet long, made of pasteboard. "What makes it smell so bad?" chirped an in-



PRESIDENT* DAWES
He had fun

solent page. Investigations revealed a copy of the "Senate Rules with Dawes' Amendments" (the amendments shot full of holes). From the bowl of the pasteboard pipe, other gifts for the Vice President emanated:

A Nobel peace prize medal, bear-

*Of the U. S. Senate.

National Affairs—[Continued]

ing the inscription: "For Bravery in the face of Senate Gas."

A telegram offering him the Democratic nomination for President in 1928, which Mr. Dawes ac-



CYRUS E. WOODS

... kept tactfully silent

cepted provided the Republican nomination was added to it.

A small silk hat, to which Mr. Dawes replied: "My head is no larger than it was when I came to the Senate."

A yellow taxicab, accompanied by the reading of a parody on "Sheridan 20 Miles Away," which told how Mr. Dawes slept at the Hotel Willard while the Senate voted down the nomination of Charles B. Warren for Attorney General.

A cartoon of Mr. Dawes, to be used in case of his absence.

Two dolls, "Helen" and "Maria."

A steel-shafted driver, a duplicate of the one which Mr. Dawes frequently borrows from his golfing mate, Col. Edwin A. Halsey.

A bouquet for Mrs. Dawes, who smiled happily.

Pennsylvania Tangle

Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania is a champion for his state—more exactly, he is the most outspoken and vigorous champion for that potent coterie of Mellon-Reed-Pepper, which has its politico-business headquarters in Pittsburgh. A member of this group and a good friend of Senator Reed is Cyrus E. Woods,* who was recently nominated for the Interstate Commerce Commission by President Coolidge. Senator Reed

*Lawyer, Ambassador to Spain (1921-23) and to Japan (1923-24), he is now 65.

was busily bestirring himself to secure Mr. Woods' confirmation in the Senate, when the hawk-eyed New York *World* intervened and thwacked him editorially last week.

Mr. Woods' appointment, said the *World*, recognizes the vicious principle that geographical balance of power should influence the choice of Federal commissioners; he was a onetime lawyer for the Pittsburgh Coal Co. and hence would be biased in important decisions now pending before the Interstate Commerce Commission; he was manager of the Pepper-Fisher primary campaign last spring, with its slush record of \$1,800,000.

Winding up, the *World* editorial grew hot: "A more vulnerable nomination could hardly be conceived. It places Mr. Coolidge in the position of yielding to Senator Reed's bluster, and of indorsing Secretary Mellon's attempt to whitewash the Pepper-Vare primary. It throws an experienced and impartial Commissioner out of office to give his place to an untried corporation lawyer whose latest political effort is a poor recommendation."

Senator David A. Reed read and grew hot. He arose in the Senate with fire on his tongue: "The poison that taints the pen that writes such editorials as that, demanding the highest and most meticulous virtue from every public man, but knifing defenseless men behind their backs on false charges, where they have no opportunity to reply, is absolutely indefensible."

Next day, the *World* asked that Senator Reed disprove any of its statements, "if he can." Unruffled, Senator Reed went to the White House and assured the President that the Senate would soon confirm Mr. Woods' appointment by a substantial majority. He counts on the aid of the regular Republicans, plus the Southern Democrats who have their eyes on two appointments for the Tariff and Federal Trade Commissions, which will probably go to Democrats. Political plums often make salve.

Mr. Woods' appointment seems to be tangled up with everything that has happened in Pennsylvania politics from the spring of 1926 to what will happen in the spring of 1928. Even the rock-ribbed Republican New York *Herald Tribune* supplied the following comment in its news columns last week: "It is declared that the real reason why he has been selected for the Interstate Commerce Commission is that the Mellon forces in Pennsylvania have set out to control the Pennsylvania delegation in 1928 for President Coolidge and that Mr. Woods, in this influential Federal post, will be in a situation to be helpful."

And all through the heated

tangle, Mr. Woods has kept tactfully silent.

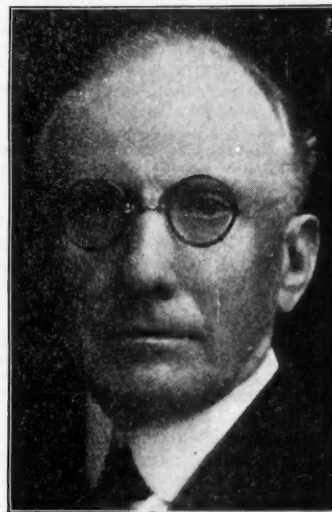
POLITICAL NOTES

Advertiser, Humanizer

"Before man was, or fish or birds or living things were, the postal service existed. . . . Before there was a mode of writing, before there were nations or kings or governments, there were messengers bearing news.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT" was the first message to sweep across the face of the earth, according to the book of Genesis; and God, Himself, was the delivering Postman, and for six days God created and delivered messages to the earth, and He, on the seventh day, rested."

Thus began the first of many rhapsodies, conceived by U. S. Postmaster W. J. O'Callaghan of Nashville, Tenn., to sell the U. S. mail service to Nashvillians. The emanations of Dr. O'Callaghan addressed to "Mr. Nashville Businessman" ran on exuberantly, telling of Cyrus the Great of Persia who had "a snappy mail service," quoting Gibbon on Rome, explaining the function of the Swiss yodelers, glorifying the Pony Express and the air mail. Last September, Dr. O'Callaghan held a pageant to exhibit his mighty works—with "an original, Historical and Educational Cavalcade of Floats, Men and Costumes, with



NASHVILLE'S POSTMASTER

"God, Himself, was the delivering Postman"

Lessons on Correct Method of Addressing Mail Matter."

Dr. O'Callaghan has been rewarded. He reports that the Nashville mail service is famed "from Ellis Island to the Golden Gate," that as little as 22% of outgoing mail arrives at the Nashville Post Of-

National Affairs—[Continued]

rice after 6 p. m.* The Christmas deluge was spread out and handled efficiently, partly because of Dr. O'Callaghan's plea last month:

"My Dear Postal Patron:
"CHRISTMAS TO THE POST-OFFICE is not a mere tempest in a tumbler of water, but it is an ambitious ocean of cards and parcels, a veritable whirlwind, and while riding 'THIS WHIRLWIND,' we must 'DIRECT THE STORM.'
"WILL YOU BE OUR RAIN-BOW? By shopping early and mailing early, scatter our usual seven day storm over a twelve day whirlwind. . . . Let's humanize Christmas."
(Signed) W. J. O'CALLAGHAN

Postmaster
Said critics: "Hail to Dr. O'Callaghan—advertiser, humanizer—a scholar† among Postmasters."

NEGROES

Statue

Down in Natchitoches, La., reputed third oldest city in the U. S.** Negroes lolled in the park and pointed to a little hillock.

"Are yoh a good niggah, Sam?" asked one.

"I sure am. What make yoh ask silly questions, boy?" said Sam. "Den, yoh goin' to have a statue on dat spot over dere."

And at the base of that statue will be the inscription:

*The Good Darky of Louisiana.
Erected by the City of Natchitoches
in Grateful Recognition*

*of the Arduous and Faithful Service
of the Good Darkies of Louisiana.*

Donated by J. L. Bryan, 1927.

Mr. Bryan, cotton planter and banker, had been lulled to sleep in his babyhood by Negro spirituals, and had played with little slave boys on his father's old plantation, so he recently felt the urge to do something big for the Negro. The bronze statue of "The Good Darky," completed last week by Hans Schuler, Baltimore sculptor, was the result. It depicts a Negro, old and stoop-shouldered, with shabby clothes, humbly and faithfully tipping his dusty hat. It will be dedicated in the spring.

Perhaps, when the modern Negro sees it, he will be insulted. Perhaps some jester in Manhattan

*In most large postoffices, due to the business mail at the end of the day, the percentage after 6 p. m. is as high as 50% to 70%.

†Dr. O'Callaghan is a tactful scholar. In the following manner he cheers both fundamentalists and evolutionists: "YOUR GRANDAD WAS EITHER A MAN OR A MONKEY—Take your choice—but if you write to the MAN give us the STREET and NUMBER, and if you write to the MONKEY, give us the TREE and LIMB." His title of "Doctor" is no nickname. He is a graduate of the medical school of the University of Tennessee. During the influenza epidemic, he left his postoffice and went to heal the sick.

**St. Augustine, Fla., is the oldest; San Augustine, Tex., is the second.

will erect a statue to "The Bad Darky"—a lusty Harlem syncopator, with mighty chest and shoulders, dressed in a tuxedo.

Washington Flayed

Bernarr Macfadden's New York *Evening* ("Porno") *Graphic* has been publishing a series of articles on the Negro, spiced up with intimate glimpses of Harlem and faked pictures of lynchings. Obviously, such material was intended to boost the Negro circulation of the *Graphic*. But the sheetlet, in its exuberance



THE LATE MR. WASHINGTON

Betrayed his people?

for the sensational, went too far and stepped on the toes of many a Negro when it set about to flay Booker Taliaferro Washington. Said the *Graphic*: "There are not lacking thousands of intelligent Negroes who believe that Booker T. Washington, consciously or unwittingly, betrayed his color and his kind. . . ."

"Booker T. Washington once told members of his race not to strive for social recognition. The noted Negro educator further advised his people to give up aspirations toward political power, complete civil rights, and higher education."

"An infamous attack, a gross distortion," replied the *Pittsburgh Courier*, famed Negro weekly newspaper, as its correspondent started an anti-*Graphic* movement in Manhattan last week. Negroes object to having their hero and educator bandied about in the columns of a pornographic sheetlet.

Pullman Ouster

Those who rode in Pullmans down the east coast of Florida on the afternoon of July 18, 1926, were hot and drowsy. Most of them slouched and slumbered in their

seats; others gazed, stupidly, at real estate advertisements in newspapers. At Palatka, Fla., on the Atlantic Coast Line Railway, husky voices suddenly echoed through the Pullman steel. Passengers jerked themselves out of their various shades of somnolence, as the train stopped. Curious, they got their noses dirty trying to look through the screens. They heard one Blanche S. Brookins, Negress, snorting and scolding: "Yoh all let me 'lone, yoh whaat trash. I gotta ticket!"* Going outside, they saw the irate Negress and her baggage being turned over to an officer at the station. The train rolled away and the passengers drowsed again. Mrs. Brookins spent the night in the county jail and was fined \$500 for violation of Florida's "Jim Crow" law, which forbids Negroes to use railroad accommodations set apart for whites.

Now, as everyone knows, Clarence Darrow and Arthur Garfield Hays, shrewd lawyers, are friends of all races; in fact, in 1925, they defended the source of all races at the famed "monkey trial" in Dayton, Tenn. Mr. Darrow has saved the lives of two young Jews, Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold; Mr. Hays has defended the civil rights of many a Negro. Last week the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People announced that these two potent champions would press the suit of Blanche S. Brookins against the Pullman Co. and the Atlantic Coast Line Railway for damages of \$25,000. The Negress charges that the defendants subjected her to "insult, mortification and injury to her nervous system and general health"; that she was a passenger in interstate commerce (having bought through accommodations from New York to Orlando, Fla.), and therefore not subject to Florida law.

John Umbles

Brave John Umbles, Negro, one-time personal orderly to General John Joseph Pershing, helped save five people from drowning last summer. Later mean Mr. Umbles murdered his wife and his sister-in-law. Should Mr. Umbles be hanged by the neck? "Yes," said the Alabama jury which convicted him of his second murder. "No," said the Alabama Board of Pardons, which last week recommended that his death sentence be changed to life imprisonment.

Arthur Brisbane, potent Hearstling, philosophized: "Fortunate is he who dies at the right time. Had Umbles lost his life saving the five, he would be enrolled among heroes. Instead, he will be listed among murderers. . . ."

*This is one version of Mrs. Brookins' utterances. The other is that Mrs. Brookins was mannerly; that the conductor was loud, vulgar, abusive.

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FOREIGN NEWS

COMMONWEALTH

(British Commonwealth of Nations)

Great Men

Where does Old England stand as the New Year opens? The question is best answered in terms of her great men. As the year closed a volume,* well spiced yet sound and seasoned, was set on the world's book shelf. Therein that shrewd and keenly discerning British editor emeritus, Alfred G. Gardner, has sketched the great men of his country, and several others, in a style brilliantly quotable. Quotations:

Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister, First Lord of the Treasury and Leader of the House of Commons: "There are times when he seems to be a prophet coming with a message hot from Sinai, and there are times when he suggests that Alice has wandered, round-eyed and innocent, into the Wonderland of Westminster. . . . The truth is that Mr. Baldwin is unintelligible to the politician because he is the least politically minded person who has ever reached great office. . . . Like Diocletian, he would be happier among his cabbages than in Parliament. . . .

"He means well, but he is not always clear as to what he means.

"His merits are of the heart rather than the head. . . . You cannot dislike him if you 'try with both hands,' as Humpty-Dumpty would say. . . .

"I like to see him taking his week-end tramps among the woods and hills, . . . always alone, except for two stalwart figures that follow at a discreet distance, his hat off, his cherry-wood pipe in full blast—he once confessed that he had never given more than a shilling for a pipe—and his long strides devouring the miles with an air of lusty exhilaration. He is English to the core and loves his country for the right things. . . .

L. C. M. S. Amery, Secretary of State for the Colonies: "If I were asked to name the most influential member of the Government. . . . I should name the most dour, the most drab, the least popularly attractive figure in the Cabinet.

"To the public, Mr. Leopold Charles Maurice Stennett Amery is a name and nothing more. . . .

"Even Mr. Amery's pugnacity and physical courage have not succeeded in making him a popular character. . . . At one of his meetings, when someone called him a 'liar,' he promptly leapt from the platform and knocked him down. . . . But, somehow, not even this episode succeeded in mak-

ing Mr. Amery either famous or infamous. . . . The reason is not obscure. His public form, contrary to his private manner, is hard, arid, vitriolic. No humorous legend attaches itself to his name, and no kindness of spirit or gaiety of expression graces his acts or utterances. . . .

"While the reason for his personal unpopularity is plain, the reason for his influence is no less intelligible. . . . He has, what few men in public life have, and what no one in the present Government has in anything like the same measure, a constant philosophy of affairs and an undeviating aim. . . . 'Damn the consequences' and forge straight ahead is his maxim, and he has learned that by the impetus and driving power of conviction it is possible to ram any gospel down the throats of colleagues who have none. . . .

"The form his fanaticism takes is that of Imperialism. . . . He envisages a world in which the British Empire, armed to the teeth, self-contained, neither buying nor selling with mere foreigners, looms menacing and tremendous over the world. . . .

"No lip service from him to that nonsense about the League of Nations. . . . What do we want with Leagues? Is not the British Empire League enough—'no artificial' League, but the real thing, founded on reeking tube and iron shard? . . .

Sir Austen Chamberlain, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and Deputy Leader of the House of Commons: He is not happy with new ideas and realizes them slowly and a little painfully. . . . He has the hauteur of conscious weakness, and works timidly within the limits of departmental sanction. His contribution to public life is that of a conscientious and painstaking rectitude, but he belongs to the past, and has no vision of the future. . . .

Winston Spencer Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer: "The principal difference between Mr. Churchill and a cat as Mark Twain might say, is that a cat has only nine lives. . . . 'In war you can be killed but once,' he [Mr. Churchill] has said, 'but in politics many times.' . . .

"At 50, at an age when most public men are only beginning to catch the limelight, when Mr. Baldwin was unknown and Mr. Bonar Law had not held office, he looks back on 30 years of romantic adventure that would provide material for a dozen normal lives which would find a place in the *Dictionary of National Biography*; on experiences of war in more continents than Napoleon fought in; on a library of books that would not do injustice to a life spent in literature, or journalism, lecturing,

painting; on a political career more full of vicissitudes than any since that of Bolingbroke; and on the tenure of more great offices in the State, not merely than any contemporary statesman, but, I believe, than any man in our political history. . . .

"His isolation is unprecedented. He has personal friends, the chief being that other kindred spirit, Lord Birkenhead, and his loyalty to them is notorious; but he is an Ishmael in public life, loathed by the Tories whom he left and has now returned to; distrusted by the Liberals, on whose backs he first mounted to power; hated by Labor, whom he scorns and insults, and who see in him the potential Mussolini of a wave of reaction. . . .

"Today, in the prime of life . . . he is easily the foremost figure in Parliament. . . . He emerges today from No. 11, Downing Street, and such is his buoyancy and tenacity of grip upon the lifeboat of office that I see no reason why he should not one day emerge from No. 10.

Sir William ("Jix") Joynson-Hicks, Secretary of State for Home Affairs: "When he first appeared upon the stage, as plain Mr. Hicks—the Joynson is an accretion from his marriage—he seems to have had painful tendencies of a Radical order and sat in the Highbury Parliament which met at the Highbury Athenaeum in North London as Radical member for Peterborough. . . . He came first into prominence as a crusading Evangelical. . . .

"I do not speak disrespectfully of these loyalties; but they make Sir William's Toryism equivocal and they perhaps explain the shrillness of his note. . . . When he went to the Home Office he went with soul aflame to cleanse the social sewers. Drink, gambling, night clubs, all the brood of darkness should know that at last a real St. George was abroad in Merry England. But no blow fell. On each adventure he was quietly and painlessly disarmed, and he learned, what some of us had suspected, that Puritanism is not a strongly marked characteristic of Toryism and that it does not do to quarrel with one's bread and butter. Drink, after all, is the Gibraltar of Toryism. . . .

The Earl of Birkenhead, Secretary of State for India: "There has been no more spectacular career in our time than his. . . . He is frankly an adventurer, and declares himself so. . . .

"The note of Lord Birkenhead's political life is the note of an easy flippancy. . . . His brains, as Lady Oxford wittily remarked, went to his head."

**Portraits and Portents*—A. G. Gardner, Editor of the *London Daily News* from 1902 to 1919—Harpers (\$3).

Foreign News—[Continued]

Papist Symbol

*Ride a cock-horse¹ to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady upon a white
horse;
Rings on her fingers and bells on
her toes,
She shall have music wherever
she goes.*

For centuries the town of Banbury in Oxfordshire has been famed for its Cross, its Puritan,² its tinkers,³ its cheese paring,⁴ and its cakes.⁵ Last week the Associated Press brought news:

¹Banbury Cross, to which many an American youngster has ridden a cock-horse, will be sacrificed to progress.

It stands, a heavily ornamental obstacle to traffic even to such privileged characters as fine ladies who ride white horses and who have rings on their fingers and bells on their toes. Therefore it will be removed.

The cross was erected in honor of the marriage of Victoria, the Princess Royal of England, the Kaiser's mother, to Frederick, the Crown Prince of Prussia.

U. S. and British mothers were widely vexed at the thought that they had taught their children a rhyme about a cross put up to honor the onetime Kaiser's mother. Well posted fathers might have explained: "The original Banbury Cross was torn down by the Banbury Puritans in 1610 as a detested Papist symbol."

Spilliwobble

Her Most Excellent Majesty, the Queen-Empress Victoria Mary, became intrigued last week at one of the great London shops by a child's game known as "Spilliwobble."

For some moments Her Majesty vainly and publicly manipulated the wobbling magnet of the "spilliwobble" in an effort to make its little balls run into their cups and stay there. Suddenly the Queen-Empress noted that a small crowd, respectful but amused, had collected to watch her unsuccessful efforts. Lest the dignity of the Throne be impaired Her Majesty popped the "spilliwobble" into her purse, paid a penny for it, departed to experiment further in private. . . .

Next day penny "spilliwobbles" sold like hot cross buns on Good Friday. Shrewd, the makers of the "spilliwobble" promptly brought out

¹A hobby-horse.

²To Banbury came I, O prophane one!
Where I saw a Puritane one,
Hanging of his Cat on Monday
For killing of a Mouse on Sunday.

—Braithwaite in *Drunken Barnabee's Journal* (1638).

³Banbury tinkers mend one hole and make three.—*Old Saying*.

⁴"You are like a Banbury cheese, nothing but paring," cries a character in Marston's *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1600).

⁵The pastrycooks of Banbury still wax prosperous in the preparation of the famed mincemeat-filled "Banbury Tart."



VICTORIA MARY

. . . popped the "spilliwobble" into her purse

a *de luxe* model for rich "spilliwobblers" priced at one guinea (\$5.11).

Oswald & Oliver

*Then let's rejoice with loud fal,
lal, fal, lal, lal!*

*That Nature wisely does contrive
(fal, lal, lal!)*

That every boy and every gal

That's born into the world alive

Is either a little Lib-er-AL

Or else a little Con-ser-va-TIVE.

Fal, lal, lal!

—IOLANTHE

Thus warbled the muse of Gilbert & Sullivan in the great Gladstonian days of Liberalism.* But Fate, snickering, was even then implanting a new virus, "Laboritis," in the babes. Two infants, born to Conservative parents at the close of the Gladstonian era, grew up to political manhood, and last week vitally vexed their sires.

Baldwin & Mosley. Premier Stanley Baldwin, respected Conservative, saw his son Oliver electioneering at Smethwick near Birmingham in behalf of a Labor candidate. Worse still, this "Laborite" was Oswald Mosley, son-in-law of that late bulwark of the peerage, Marquess Curzon of Kedleston. The "Oswald-Oliver" by-election campaign raised a stir which amounted to a scandal throughout England (TIME, Dec. 27), and then last week, the polling

*From 1868 to 1894, between the first Cabinet of Disraeli (Con.) and the last Cabinet of Gladstone (Lib.), every Conservative Cabinet was followed by a Liberal and vice versa.

brought a climax. Oswald Mosley was elected a Laborite by 16,077 votes; only 9,495 going to J. M. Pike, his Conservative opponent; while the Liberal candidate failed to poll one-eighth of all the votes cast and so forfeited his electoral deposit of £150 (\$730).

Pronouncements. Turncoat Oswald Mosley, a Conservative M. P. four years ago, then an Independent, now a Laborite, said: "The result shows that the [Baldwin Conservative] government has entirely lost the confidence of the country and has now no mandate to govern."

The defeated Conservative candidate, J. M. Pike, scathingly recalled how Oswald Mosley and his wife Lady Cynthia (Curzon) had poured out Curzon gold in the campaign, adding: "The electorate seemed to have been hypnotized by Mosley's worldly possessions. The main lesson of the election is that the conquest of the Labor party by wealthy aristocrats has begun."

In the last moments of the campaign the Premier's son, Oliver Baldwin, roundly declared: "England is nearer to revolution than ever before!" To this Premier Baldwin replied through his daughter Betty, who drove the Conservative candidate about Smethwick in her open two-seater, electioneering in his behalf. Said she: "I hope what little I could do counteracted to some extent my brother's words."

Significance. Smethwick always goes Laborite. This year it merely went Laborite a little harder than usual. That meant nothing. But it is significant that two rising young politicians like Oliver and Oswald have decided that their chance for a career lies among Laborites. A generation ago they would have turned Liberal. Now that the Liberal party has dwindled to a nothing, the verse of Gilbert & Sullivan must be re-written. Today the politicians who matter in England are either "La-bor-ITE" or "Con-ser-va-TIVE."

FRANCE

Franc Pegged

The franc appreciated to 25 to the dollar last week, its highest since 1925, a rise of 20% in gold value since November. Premier Poincaré thereupon decided to peg the franc against further rise or decline. By his order the Bank of France announced that until further notice it would buy or sell any number of francs at 25 to the dollar. Instantly speculation in the franc ceased. Frenchmen sighed with relief for a further rapid rise would have raised the gold price of French goods so much that French exporters would have been ruined.

Foreign News—[Continued]

GERMANY

Poultney on Wilhelm

Two old men who played together occasionally as lads and have both retired to chop wood for amusement are Wilhelm II, 67, and Poultney Bigelow, 71, eccentric U. S. journalist-lecturer. While the



DER GREISE KAISER

"A grand old monarch"

onetime Kaiser fells a modest cord or two each year in Doorn, Mr. Bigelow is indefatigable as a log and kindling splitter at his 120-year-old rustic abode, "Bigelow Homestead," in Malden-on-Hudson, N. Y. (TIME, Feb. 22).

Time was when his father, John Bigelow, was U. S. Ambassador at Paris; and young Poultney is said to have paddled the first U. S. canoe that ever skimmed through the Iron Gates of the Danube. Nowadays, however, he putters and chops in a fur-eared cap; and, like Wilhelm II, is writing his autobiography. Recently, as one autobiographer to another, Poultney Bigelow reviewed the onetime Kaiser's latest work,* wrote of him as follows:

"It was William II's good fortune to know in his youth only pure women and clean, brave, loyal, highly educated men. . . . The mob howls at the Kaiser as our people did at the President of the late Confederate States [Jefferson Davis]. . . . Each was charged with cowardice for seeking to make his escape. The same people would probably have said the same thing of Napoleon I, when he abandoned his troops in the Russian winter of 1812, or when he took refuge in the arms

of England after the loss of Waterloo. It is a matter between these rulers and their conscience whether or not it had been better for Napoleon to have blown his brains out after his defeat by Wellington or for Davis to have done the same when Richmond fell. Brave men rarely question another's courage, particularly at such a moment as the downcrash of an empire. I have known many men of moral and physical courage—but none more personally chivalrous and brave than the now exiled Kaiser."

Not content with this panegyric of Wilhelm II, Mr. Bigelow paused to eulogize the onetime Kaiser's grandsire, Wilhelm I: "He was a grand old monarch, that first Emperor William—*Der Greise Kaiser* as his people fondly called him. Nor can I recall without emotion how myself and other boys of my age, whether American or German—how proud we were when privileged merely to see his venerable form when he might be walking in the park. But when we were so fortunate as to catch his eye and have our salutation returned with a smile of ineffable charm, then our joy knew no bounds and we ran home to brag about it."

Amused commentators recalled that while Wilhelm I was known as *Der Greise Kaiser*, "The Aged Emperor," his grandson Wilhelm II won by his incessant gadding about Europe the nickname *Der Reise-Kaiser* "The Tourist Emperor" or literally "The Trip Emperor."

"Blow with Fist"

At Landau* a French officer was tried by a French Court Martial last week for killing a German citizen and wounding two others last September at Gernersheim (TIME, Oct. 11) in the occupied Rhineland.

The Court acquitted the accused, Lieutenant Rouzier, of manslaughter on the grounds that he had fired in self-defense when attacked by the Germans with canes. Said the Lieutenant with cold formality in speaking of the man he killed: "If I have committed reprehensible acts I regret them. I likewise regret if they have reflected on my country, my colonel and my regiment."

The two Germans wounded by Lieutenant Rouzier were then sentenced respectively to two years and two months of imprisonment for threatening to assault him with their canes before he fired upon them. Four other Germans were also sentenced; but the French

*Historians are divided as to whether the four-wheeled carriage with an adjustable divided top known as a *landau* was developed in the Bavarian town of that name or by the famed English carriage maker, Landow.

Lieutenant went scot free.

Naturally the German press blazed wrath. Cried the *Tagliche Rundschau*, organ of Foreign Minister Gustav Stresemann: "This infamous blemish on French justice in the occupied Rhineland is a blow with the fist in the face of the German people."

After the German Government had officially protested to the *Quai d'Orsay*, President Doumergue of France pardoned the six sentenced Germans.

RUSSIA

Proletarian Shambles

FORTY
 MAN-EATING WOLVES
 WILL BATTLE
 WITH SAVAGE DOGS
 THE SPECTATORS
 TO BE
 GUARDED BY HUNTERS
 50,000
 TICKETS ON SALE
 NOW

When such lurid posters appeared in Moscow last week, throngs rushed to trade *chervontsy* for tickets. All mobs love gore,



P. BIGELOW

. . . ran home to brag
(See GERMANY)

but must very generally do without it nowadays. Therefore, the wolf fight prospectus which was distributed in Moscow last week was pawed by eager humans, blood curious, licking their chops:

The Co-operative Association of Moscow Hunters will present a magnificent spectacle in which 1,000 rabbits will be chased and torn to pieces by 200 hounds. . . . Eighty fozes

**My Early Life—William II—Doran*, (85).

Foreign News—[Continued]

and an equal number of dogs will fight in a pit. . . .

Finally the 40 man-eating wolves especially captured in Siberia, will battle to the death with 40 savage imperial borzois. . . . Educational, and instructive. . . . The first proletarian spectacle of its kind since Roman times. . . .

Next day the Soviet news organ *Isvestia* sternly announced that no such "spectacle" would be permitted, quoted from the law forbidding prizefights in Russia "because the sport is not conducive to the invigoration of the working masses, but tends to arouse their baser emotions."

ITALY

Progress

Slighted Excellencies. At Rome ambassadors of every Power were caught last week upon the tender hip of precedence. Their Excellencies represent, technically, the actual person of the sovereign or president who despatched them to Rome. As such they receive the precedence which would be due U. S. President Coolidge or the King-Emperor George V. Yet last week, Premier Mussolini rushed through a Cabinet decree raising the Secretary General of the Fascist party to precedence over all ambassadors, ministers or special envoys. This is unprecedented.

New Dating. Hot-headed observers saw a new breach of usage, a new aggrandizement of *Fascismo* last week in another Cabinet decree, ordering that all official documents shall be dated twice; once in the ordinary way; and again dating from Oct. 28, 1922, when the Fascist march on Rome began.*

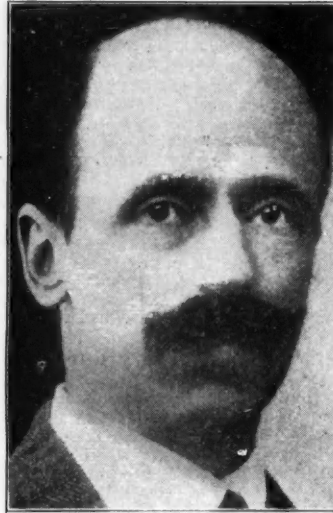
Deportations

Pallid busts of the Caesars keep a spectral watch in the great high-ceilinged room which Signor Mussolini calls his office. There, upright at his massive desk, he transfixed newsgatherers last week with a calm smoldering glance, answered their questions about the new Prescription Law (*TIME*, Nov. 15). Was it not, hinted the representatives of the press, a little persecutory to deport non-Fascist offenders to "penal islands" in the Mediterranean and Adriatic for "political and social crimes"?

The brow of *Il Capo del Governo* contracted as he formulated a defi-

*Cf. the fact that Secretary of State Kellogg's clerks double-date every document of moment that leaves the U. S. State Department; once in the usual way; and again dating from "the independence of the United States," now in its 150th year.

inition. Soon it boomed from his heavy lips: "Persecution! Recall the meaning of that word. Persecution only begins where no reasonable proportion is observed between the force used in compulsion and the importance of the interests which it seeks to control. Deportation



© International
PREMIER BETHLEN
213 seats out of 245
(See HUNGARY)

tion for single political or social offenders has existed at all times. We do not send these people abroad to ferment in other countries, but merely put them in a political and moral quarantine. We are perfectly justified in doing so, but take care that where at all justifiable mercy shall season justice.

"This measure for the deportation of incorrigible political and social riff-raff, including loan sharks, cocaine sellers, white slave traffickers and perverters of children, among them some women, will be a social purge ridding the country of many pernicious influences. In Naples alone over 60 usurers and 40 cocaine sellers repeatedly guilty of the lowest offenses are on the deportation list. With these I have no pity.

"There will be no irresponsible or arbitrary deportations. A commission of appeal is examining thoroughly every case, referring it in the last instance to myself, who decides each one on its merits.

"Furthermore, the deportations are not in any sense acts of personal revenge or enmity, for I assure you that no personal or political enemy of mine is among the deported political agitators. Of 161 cases already judged 104 appeals have been refused and, on the other hand, seven condemnations have been revoked and 16 reduced to shortened terms, while

in 20 cases I have converted into mere formal warnings or admonitions the original deportation sentences.

"Financial help and subsidies were granted by me to 29 families of offenders. When in a position to do so and if they wish the prescribed may take their families with them . . . to islands of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, chiefly to Pantellaria, off Tunis, and the islands of Tremiti, in the Adriatic. . . . There is no work for them on the islands, but they will be well treated. They are in charge of my Black Shirt militia."

HUNGARY

Regent Eclipsed

The power of the Regent of Hungary crumbled at the elections last week, before the might of the Premier. A few years ago Admiral Nicholas Horthy de Nagybanya, Regent of this "Kingless Kingdom," rode through the streets of Budapest like a monarch in his own right. But last week not one of his close friends was elected to the Lower House, while the National Unity Party of Premier Count Stephen Bethlen de Bethlen won absolute control with 213 seats out of 245.

Count Bethlen. Since 1921 Count Stephen Bethlen has been continuously Premier. His second cabinet, formed in 1922, is the oldest in Europe, having outlived eleven French cabinets, eight German, four British. During this time Count Bethlen's activities and his successes have been prodigious. He put down an armed attempt by King Karl (died 1922) to regain the throne in 1921. He visited Rome, Paris and London in 1923, persuaded those governments to reverse decisions of their own Reparations Commission which would have crushed Hungary financially; and substituted the League control of Hungarian finance whereby the country "came back" under the fiscal dictatorship of a U. S. League of Nations Commissioner, Jeremiah Smith Jr. of Boston (*TIME*, July 5).

Finally Count Bethlen weathered last year the greatest national counterfeiting scandal of the century (*TIME*, Jan. 18 to June 7). Some of his appointees are now in jail as a result of this staggering attempt to attack France by counterfeiting French francs; but no Hungarian doubts the unselfish patriotism and high abilities as a statesman, politician and diplomat of Count Bethlen. On Jan. 25 the new Hungarian House of Peers (*TIME*, Nov. 29) will assemble, for the first time with the Count entrenched firmly as its guiding genius.

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Foreign News—[Continued]

SPAIN

Lucky "9's"

Twelve million dollars in prizes was poured out at Madrid last week when the national lottery for 1926 was drawn. The Government had pocketed \$5,000,000 of the \$17,000,000 paid in; and the one supremely lucky ticket would win \$2,500,000. Pandemonium reigned and hope held carnival with chance within the great treasury building, where the lots were drawn.

Traditionally a bright-eyed orphan boy turned the two latticed metal globes upon which all depended. First he spun the great ticket globe, from which, as it stopped, a single lucky ticket fell. Then the smaller prize globe spun, revealed which of the 2,596 prizes had been won by the individual lucky ticket just drawn.

When ticket No. 17,229 fell from the ticket globe no stir was occasioned; but an instant later, amid a deadly hush, the \$2,500,000 Grand Prize disc was seen to have rattled down.

It went to no one man, maid, wife or widow but to the students, professors and employes of the Académie des Beaux Arts of Madrid who had clubbed together to purchase one of the 60,000 lottery tickets for \$285.

As the grand prize number ended in "9," all lucky tickets ending in "9" received a prize. Since the lottery tickets were divided into 20 parts salable at \$14 each, the winnings on a given ticket were often split still further by private clubs whose members held each a still smaller fractional share.

PANAMA

Entangling Alliance

"The Republic of Panama agrees to co-operate in all possible ways with the United States in the protection and defense of the Panama Canal. Consequently, the Republic of Panama will consider herself in a state of war in case of any war in which the United States should be a belligerent, and in order to render more effective the defense of the Canal will, if necessary in the opinion of the United States Government, turn over to the United States in all the territory of the Republic of Panama, during the period of actual or threatened hostilities, the control and operation of wireless and radio communication, aircraft, aviation centres and aerial navigation."

Thus with clear, direct inclusiveness runs the central clause of a new treaty between the U. S. and Panama. Portions of the treaty leaked out (TIME, Aug. 9); but only last week was the full text released at Washington.

Further Provisos. 1) Panama

will suppress any radio apparatus set up within her borders upon notice from the U. S. that it is to the detriment of the defenses of the Canal. 2) Upon due notice, the armed forces of the U. S. may proceed into or through Panama, even in peace time, for "maneuvers or other military purposes." 3) The flight of U. S. military aircraft over Panama shall be unrestricted, but other foreign aircraft shall be regulated with the cardinal purpose of protecting the Canal. 4) The U. S. receives in perpetuity the "use, occupation and control" of Manzanilla Island (at the Atlantic terminus of the Canal) and the harbor of Colon.

Significance. The treaty, which now goes for ratification to the Chamber of Panama and to the Congress of the U. S., strongly supplements the still valid Hay-Bunau Varilla Treaty of 1903, and replaces the Taft Agreement abrogated in 1924.

European comment upon the treaty was caustic, last week, as keynoted by the London *Times*: "The projected treaty is absolutely incompatible with the position of Panama in the League of Nations. According to the League Covenant, Panama has undertaken to submit any disputes that are 'likely to lead to a rupture' to arbitration or to an inquiry by the Council of the League and in no case to resort to war until a sufficient time has elapsed for an award to be rendered.

"The treaty which she now proposes to sign would reduce the value of these undertakings to exiguous proportions, since Panama might be swept into war at the heels of the United States which, of course, will have nothing to do with the League. . . .

"Latin American dissatisfaction at the United States policy in Latin-America is likely to increase as the significant southward march of the great North American colossus dawns upon the nations of Central and South America. . . .

"The United States already has absorbed Guantanamo Bay in Cuba, the Virgin Islands, Samana Bay in Santo Domingo Mole, Saint Nicholas in Haiti, Fonseca Bay and Corn Islands in Nicaragua and now, through an alliance with Panama, may acquire the Island of Manzanilla."

NICARAGUA

Hero Coachman

Death, clad in an assassin's cloak, sprang last week at Señor Adolfo Diaz whom the U. S. has recognized as President of Nicaragua (TIME, Nov. 29). The President was riding alone in his carriage at 11 p. m. when two men armed with

machetes rushed upon it from an alley. Quick-witted, Señor Diaz leaped out of the left-hand door of his carriage as the men wrenched open the right-hand door. A machete hurtled, split the leather of the President's left heel, bit into his flesh. The coachman, faithful, sprang from his box, fell upon the attackers. Maddened, they felled him, slashed off his hands, his nose, gouged out his eyes. . . .

As policemen arrived the two attackers fled, unidentified. President Diaz rushed to the coachman who had saved his life, lifted the man into his carriage, climbed onto the box himself, drove furiously to the nearest hospital. Not until the dying coachman had been attended to did President Diaz notice the pain in his heel, discover that he had been wounded. . . .

Significance. This barbarous, indefensible attack on President Diaz evinced the hatred which he inspires among Nicaraguan Liberals. They see in him a corrupt Conservative, a puppet set up by the U. S. and elected only under duress by the Nicaraguan Congress. They have mobilized an army to overthrow him and have proclaimed as a rival president, Dr. Juan Sacasa, who has been recognized by Mexico* (TIME, Dec. 20).

Last week the duel between Nicaragua's two presidents was enlivened by U. S. intervention (see below).

. . . .

Intervention

The armed feud between President Adolfo Diaz of Nicaragua (recognized by the U. S.) and President Juan Sacasa of Nicaragua (recognized by Mexico) was crucially affected last week when Rear Admiral Julian L. Latimer landed U. S. Marines from his flagship the U. S. S. *Rochester*, near Puerto Cabezas on the (Eastern) Mosquito Coast of Nicaragua.

Rear Admiral Latimer was not called upon to inspect the "rights" of the situation (see above). Sail-orlike, he obeyed his orders from Washington. Curt, he commanded President Juan Sacasa to disarm his troops or withdraw them from the Puerto Cabezas area. Secondly, he ordered the local mahogany growers to pay taxes only to the Conservative Government of Adolfo Diaz. By these acts it appeared that the hopes entertained by Dr. Sacasa and the Mexican Government that he should continue President had been blasted.

In the U. S., the Chairman of

*On the grounds that, as he was elected Vice President to serve until 1929 under President Carlos Solorzano, he automatically became President when Carlos Solorzano resigned (Jan., 1926), and cannot legally be superseded until he resigns or is impeached.

Foreign News—[Continued]

the U. S. Senate's Foreign Relations Committee, William Edgar Borah, growled that the Administration seems to be looking for grounds on which to commence "a shameless, cowardly little war with Mexico."

MEXICO

Svelte Ministress

President Calles and his entire cabinet assembled gallantly last week in the National Palace to welcome the first Ministress ever accredited to a Mexican Government.

The Ministress was Mme. Alexandra Kollontay, onetime Soviet Russian Ministress at Oslo, Norwegian Capital. She appeared last week at Mexico City, clad in precisely the colors of male diplomatic attire, black and white. Instead of a "dress shirt" she wore a white crepe de chine blouse. Instead of a "dress tie" she wore a white crepe band around her black cloche hat. Instead of a "dress suit" she wore a black silk cape, and simulated the effect of diplomatic knee breeches by having her black silk dress fall barely below the knees.

For 15 minutes she talked in French through an interpreter to President Calles. Then the President's Chief of Staff, General José Alvarez, offered the Ministress his arm, escorted her forth.

Jab, Jab, Jab

Sharp yelps and long drawn shuddering howls issued last week from a squat building at Mexico City in which the recently enacted dog licensing law was being enforced.

Dog lovers approached nervously with their pets. Each would have to receive a license tag or the untagged dog would be exterminated when caught. "Advanced" Mexican law givers had tied a hypodermic syringe full of anti-rabies serum to the tail of their law. . . .

For days an operating surgeon and his assistant labored: jab, jab, jab. . . .

No dog could be registered until inoculated. As more and more dogs were brought the pandemonium increased. There was little time to sterilize the needles, none in which to soothe the frightened or angry dogs. Female dog owners fainted fearing the sight of blood. Male dog owners fought with the doctors in several instances to keep their pets from being jabbed. Finally a cordon of mounted police was drawn around the dog registry, foot gendarmes rushed in and quelled the near riot, the long drawn howls grew plaintive, ceased.

JAPAN

Tenno Dies, Tenshi Lives

Commerce halted and impending Death hushed the people of Japan last week into a dread dull stillness. Their Emperor lay dying at Hayama (TIME, Nov. 22 *et seq.*). They knew that the shades of his 122 imperial ancestors were assembling at Tokyo in awful conclave round the Imperial Shrine in the Chiyoda Palace. It was as though the people of the U. S. should suspend all activity, believing that Washington, Lincoln, Pierce, Arthur and the 23 other dead Presidents had gathered, majestic ghosts, at the Capitol.

Rest. Dusk came. As lamps were lighted the Emperor received an ounce of liquid food administered through a tube. He was approaching the last stages of pneumonia, and his lungs have always been weak. At his bedside a physician administered oxygen whenever he seemed sinking. The pulse, constant for some time at 126,* became too fast to count. The respiration mounted to 84;† the Emperor's feet swelled markedly.

At midnight hope was abandoned. At 1 a. m. Death was a matter of moments. At 1:25 a. m. His Imperial Majesty, Yoshihito Haru-no-miya, found rest at last.

Sun Goddess. A Shinto arch-priest, bearded and stately, heralded the *Tenno's* death to his ancestors at Tokyo. Locked within the Imperial Shrine, the arch-priest communed with the 122 dead Emperors. When he emerged his face was ashen but beatified. Thousands who had gathered to pray believed that the arch-priest might even have talked with the Sun Goddess from whom the Emperors are traditionally descended.

The imperial "lying-in-state" began, to last for at least 50 days, during which all Japanese will wear tokens of mourning.

Heavenly King.** Immediately after Yoshihito *Tenno's* death his eldest son Hirohito (since 1921 Prince Regent on account of his father's invalidism) assumed imperial rank in a room adjoining the death chamber. He will not be crowned until 1928, since the period of mourning in the Imperial Household will be protracted one year after the *Tenno's* death. None the less Hirohito *Tenno* received last week the Privy Seal and various imitations of the sacred symbols of his office—the sword, the mirror and the beads—the originals

*Normal 70-75.

†Normal 17.

**Japanese ordinarily refer to the Emperor as *Tenno* (Heavenly King) or *Tenshi* (Son of Heaven) and speak of him as *Kotei* (a Chinese title meaning Emperor) in discussing his relation to non-Japanese affairs. Only foreigners employ in conversation the poetic title *Mikado*.

of these treasures reposing in various shrines throughout Japan.

Finally the 25-year-old Son of Heaven, his visage grief-stricken, repeated, as he assumed his rank a traditional formula:

"Confronting the imperial death unexpected, we are bowed in grief. The throne, however, cannot be left vacant even for a day. We hereby accede to the mandate of the gods, accepting the imperial throne of Japan. Seated upon this throne, invariable and immovable from time immemorial, we acknowledge our heritage of the great power to rule. We pledge to uphold the glorious traditions of our imperial ancestors. We pledge to uphold the constitution and work for the glory and greatness of Japan in compliance with the vast program of our imperial ancestors."

Throughout the week Prince Chichibu, second son of Yoshihito *Tenno*, was vainly racing to his father's bedside from his studies at Oxford (TIME, Sept. 27). Returning to Japan across the U. S., he landed at Manhattan from the *Majestic* last week.

CHINA

Student Rampage

Students adherent to the new South China Government at Wuchang crossed the Yangtze to Hangchow last week and there propagandized most violently the local American Wesleyan Mission School. While pious female Chinese Wesleyan converts were attending their annual holiday entertainment, the students forced their way into the hall, climbed up on the stage and spoke in terms which were to the Wesleyans unquestionably blasphemous.

Several Wesleyan missionaries who attempted to eject the student propagandists were themselves ejected. Thereupon the chief tenets of the Christian religion were held up to derision and ridicule. Frightened, the Wesleyan female Chinese converts stopped their ears and covered in their seats. Later the students rushed through a dormitory distributing anti-religious literature to a group of converts, who were afterward discovered to be blindmen.

Borodin. By this intemperate rampage the students greatly vexed that rugged, cautious, middle-aged Soviet Russian adviser to the South China Government, Michael Markovitch Borodin (TIME, Dec. 13). Though Adviser Borodin is a Communist and an atheist he quenches misguided, half-baked attempts to spread these doctrines.

"China," he has said, "is still medieval. . . . To attempt Communism now would be like eating dessert before the soup."

MUSIC

Tiefland

Standing firmly, four-square, on the theory that English is the artistic medium for opera in the U. S. the Chicago Opera Company presented earlier this season Charles Wakefield Cadman's *Witch of Salem*, a U. S. opera sung in English (TIME, Dec. 20). Last week the Company went even further, presented a German opera specially translated into English for its U. S. premiere: *Tiefland*, the tale of a villainous rich landowner in the Pyrenees, who has an unwilling young mistress. In the grand manner, she is rescued by a simple shepherd boy.

Announced the critics: "The most successful translation since *Hansel and Gretel* . . . one stirring tune. . ."

Humor

People who lack music often complain that music lacks humor. Such people never grasp witty music, the intentioned epigrams of Ravel and Scriabine, of that deft and revered knight, Sir Arthur Sullivan. They can understand performers who make fun of serious music, burlesquing well-known classics, but how performers can, without irreverence, have fun with music these complainers cannot see. Few such gentry were in the Cleveland audience which last week heard a drunken Russian cab driver conduct the Volga boat-song.

Nicolai Sokolov, Cleveland Orchestra conductor, famed interpreter of the Russians, had just directed his orchestra through an all-Tchaikovsky program that ranged from a tenuous bonbon for fatigued capitalists (the *Sleeping Beauty Waltz*) to the rounded maturity of the *Fourth Symphony*—all played magnificently. When the concert was over, 100 guests remained, having been notified of a "Concert by a Visiting Orchestra—Sokolai Nikoloffsky, conductor." The program: I. Echoes from Home, song of Vulgar Vodka; II. Well-Tempered Prelude to Act III, Lohengrin; III. World Debut in America of *Josepha Fuchsia, violiniste*, in an Old Time Concerto by Vieuxtemps; IV. War Dance, Skilton-Coolfske.

At the conclusion of the second number, Conductor Sokolai Nikoloffsky flourished his dirty pink coat sleeves, grimaced, leaped in air. From the wings came the first violinist, in female apparel, to reproduce the temperamental repining of a neurotic soloist. Then the bandsmen, some with red wigs, some with green beards, followed the leader (who wore full Indian war feathers) in a martial composition drawn from 17 tabulated sources.

P.B.K.T.B.

It has never been said of members of Phi Beta Kappa that they toil not. But sometimes they have been accused of not spinning; of not contributing anything save an air of distinction, or pedantry, to their college community.

From Harvard came news. There those who, by dint of native ability or sustained effort, had achieved the personal triumph of a "key," would now transfer some of their attention to furthering the common weal, and to lining their own pocket-books. Nothing could be more practical, nothing more just than the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa Tutoring Bureau, for laggard students before the mid-year examinations, announced last week. Many a smart, shrewd Phi Beta Kappan has before this undertaken tutoring as a private enterprise. Never before has a chapter of the national hierarchy of scholarship lent its official seal. The new departure was presumably an evidence of Phi Beta Kappa's intention, announced during its recent endowment drive, to take an active part in U. S. education.

Ely Fire

Fire ate up Ely Court, fashionable school for finishing young ladies, at Greenwich, Conn. Red tongues danced upon a roofree and gobbled earthward far faster than firemen could pump water from a nearby lake. Fleeing with such midnight garments and belongings as they could snatch up, the owners and principals, Miss Elizabeth Ely and her sister, Mrs. Sara (sic) Parsons, could only give thanks that none but themselves, the housekeeper and some servants were in the long, tall building. The 100 or so young ladies were safely home for holidays.

It was just 40 years since the Misses Ely had founded their school, to accommodate the daughters of once-fashionable Brooklyn, N. Y. With the shift of social tides, the Misses Ely—Elizabeth, Sara and Mary Boies (deceased)—had removed to Riverside Drive, Manhattan. Jews had encroached, apartment houses had towered. In 1906 the school had migrated to its final resting place on a green Connecticut hilltop. Now it lay in ashes, the ashes of \$1,500,000, of which only a \$500,000 phoenix would arise in insurance. Parents with daughters in need of finishing, friends of all that is genteel and established in private education, waited to see if the Ely sisters, now in their age, would permit fire to terminate a tradition which years and geography could never change.

Partners Again

Two months ago a limp figure, bleeding from ear, nose, jaw, forehead, was carried to a Manhattan hospital, almost dead. They registered him as Lawrence Buermeyer, instructor in philosophy at New York University. He had been discussing philosophy with his friend since college days at Princeton, Joseph Carson Jr. of Columbia University's philosophical faculty. They had been drinking grain alcohol and water as they argued. Philosopher Buermeyer's wounds, inflicted with a shoe, fists, a milk bottle, a broom, were the tokens of a disagreement. Philosopher Carson, having confessed, was put under \$10,000 bail (TIME, Nov. 1). . . .

Last week the two philosophers came to court with their lawyers.

Said Lawyer Levy to the Court: "My client does not desire to press the complaint, [felonious assault] and he asks your permission to have it withdrawn."

"What had they been drinking?" asked the magistrate.

"The usual stuff."

"Will you shake hands?" asked the magistrate.

Grinning sheepishly, the two philosophers shook hands.

"Case dismissed," said the magistrate, who reflected, as the pair left arm in arm, that philosophy is thicker than alcohol. News writers drew the obvious parallel of Damon & Phintias.*

New Orleans Vice

New Orleans is going to examine itself for vice. There is to be an investigating commission. Meeting last week to indorse this commission, members of the High School Alumnae Association reported conditions in the city's educational system as unusual as they were undesirable.

"Men come around to the schoolyards at intermission time," said President Mrs. J. G. Skinner, "and get the children to gamble away their lunch money. That, and the punchboards, are making thieves of children. They take money that doesn't belong to them from their homes, and I know cases in which children have taken punches on their mothers' bills. My telephone is busy all day and half the night with mothers and other persons who want something done. . . ."

The punchboards referred to are lotteries conducted in drug stores, candy shops, shoe-parlors. The gambler, after paying a fee,

*Oldtime Greek boy-friends; variation, Damon & Pythias. Damon offered himself as hostage for Phintias who wanted to go and kiss his mother a last time before being put to death by Dionysius. Upon Phintias' return, Dionysius, deeply affected by such friendship, pardoned him.

punches a numbered slip of paper out of its cell in a square honeycomb. The right number wins a prize. Among the prizes obtainable by school-attending minors were, allegedly, revolvers.

Another vice, reported by a Miss Irene Hannan: "Children are going to school so sleepy [that] their heads fall over on their desks, because they attended the dog [whippet] races the night before."

Badgered

Male undergraduates of the University of Wisconsin, and not a few recent graduates, suffered embarrassment and chagrin last week at dances, stag parties, afternoon teas and other holiday gatherings where they encountered young ladies and gentlemen from other universities. They, bold "Badgers," were badly badgered because of a report of their Dean of Men, Dr. Scott Holland Goodnight. After examining social and hygienic conditions in Wisconsin's fraternity houses, Dr. Goodnight had said: "I believe that resident housemothers in fraternity houses would represent a real improvement in fraternity life, and I hope to see the day when some of the fraternities will give the plan a fair trial."

"Har, har!" crowed the bully-boys from Minnesota, Illinois, Ohio, Chicago. "Har, har! House mam-mies for Wisconsin boys. Har, har!"

Grumbled Badger wits: "Oh, that old Goodnight, good night!"

Chivalry

As reported last week by the Boston *Transcript*, Professor George H. Knight of Ohio State University can find nothing chivalrous in the vocabularies of his students of English. To prove his contention, Professor Knight had catalogued undergraduate terms applied to an unpopular girl: pill, pickle, lemon, dead one, priss, tomato, chunk of lead, drag, gloom, rag, oil-can, crumb, nutcracker-face, flat tire, mess. Ohio State terms for a popular girl: peach, bird, belle, live one, baby vamp, whiz, pippin, star, sweet patootie, choice bit of calico, sweetums, snappy piece of work, pretty Genevieve, thrill, flesh-and-blood angel.

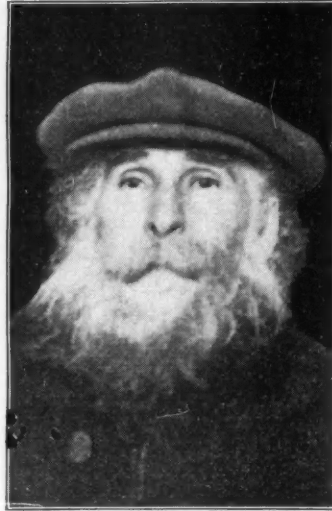
Terms which Professor Knight might have discovered had his researches extended beyond the campus at Columbus, Ohio: for an unpopular girl—wreck, piece of bad news, wet smack, foul ball, prune, pig's coat-tail, washout, sad Sadie, hard-boiled virgin, dizzy egg, teaser, gripe, bug-eyed Betty; for a popular—tidy unit, warm baby, knock-out, panic, riot, red-hot witch, cat's meow.

*Chosen animal of Wisconsin, equivalent of Yale's bulldog, Penn State's lion, Princeton's tiger, California's golden bear, Minnesota's gopher, Navy's goat, Army's mule, Pittsburgh's panther, Michigan's wolferine, Harvard's porcupine.

RELIGION

"Son of Man"

Religious fervor, say psychologists, bears close relation to sex. What form the relation takes depends, add these gentlemen, on one's power of transmutation. A good transformer develops at least good works, the more imaginative



N. E. A.

BENJAMIN PURNELL

... received a vision

ones ecstasy, adoration, even exalted martyrdom. But some people are no metaphysicians at all. Then there is trouble.

Some 20 years ago, one Benjamin Purnell purported to have received a vision. It informed him of a soul-stirring thing not hitherto suspected—no less than that he was the Messiah himself, "Son of Man," with power to grant immortality to those who should believe on him. As is the way with visions, details were hazy—but was not that a challenge to initiative? The test of greatness is capacity to lead—and who should question the very Messiah? King Benjamin worked out details.

These followed not the peripatetic mission of Christ, but rather the monasticism of the Middle Ages, only without separation of the sexes. How could the latter be otherwise, when with the King ruled his wife, "Queen Mary"? Together they founded, at Benton Harbor, Mich., a communal colony, "The House of David." Here all should give up, on entrance, all worldly goods of which they stood possessed—but give them to the King, for the common weal.

There was no question the colony prospered, partly on farming, partly by active financial operations in Benton Harbor, where Davidites came to own the street

railways. It set up within its bounds a secret, complete government of its own, including an elementary school, "The Ark", for there was marriage and giving in marriage, and children came.

Then, four years ago, scandal reared her noxious head. Two young married women, Ruth Bamford Reed and her sister, Gladys Bamford Rubel, left the House of David, and instituted statutory charges against King Benjamin, in whom they had come not to believe. Suit was later brought by a third young woman, Mrs. Bessie Woodworth. All three charged attacks (called "Purification of Blood") made upon their honor when they were aged variously from ten to fifteen.

King Benjamin disappeared; could not be found. Nearly four years passed. Last November, the law discovered him, scantily clad, in a chamber of one of the buildings of his "House," back in Benton Harbor. Notwithstanding illness (nature unspecified), he was indicted, released on \$125,000 bail, and appeared (on a stretcher) last week in court for trial.

Young Mrs. Woodworth, young Mrs. Reed, young Mrs. Rubel reiterated their stories, despite attempted intimidation by "Queen Mary," who, faithful court supporter of her royal spouse, declared: "I'm aching to take the stand and tell what I know about the way we brought up these girls, and how ridiculous and untruthful their statements are. Isn't it terrible, the things they have said?"

But she was not allowed to be heard. At the conclusion of the third complainant's testimony, a "continuance" was taken until Jan. 12, when various questions of lost evidence and jurisdiction of the local court may have been settled.

King Benjamin, amiable on his cot, raised his cap at photographers' requests so that his face would be visible in pictures, on record for posterity.

Coffin's Follower

Since Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin tendered his resignation as pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Manhattan, to become president of Union Theological Seminary (*TIME*, Nov. 15), his old congregation has been as unhappy as a household with a cook about to leave. The trustees, fed for 22 years on Dr. Coffin's fare of thought, have sought for some young Epictetus to take his place, and last week they named their choice.

The man they selected, but who has not yet answered the call, is George A. Buttrick, 34, English-born son of an English Methodist minister. During the War he worked for the Y. M. C. A. After the War he came to the U. S., eventually to secure the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Buffalo, the post he now holds.

Grocer

Just as they once tried to balance church and state, prelates now work to reconcile religion and business. Some organize their vestry into a board of directors, incorporate their church properties, advertise sermons in penny slogans on glass billboards. Others denounce Mammon, at the same time reminding their parishioners that it is more blessed to give than to receive. In Fort Worth the Rev. H. L. Wilkinson, pastor of the Granberry Avenue Baptist Church, found still another way. He opened a grocery store. To meet the debt incurred by building a new church he turns his salary back into the church treasury, and lives on the profits of his store. A kindly, immensely energetic man with spectacles, thin hair and strong forearms, he last week explained his policy:

"Very few of my customers knew I was a minister until they read a news story. . . . No one has tried to take advantage of me because I am a preacher. . . . Strictly cash basis. . . . the store is open for a short time on Sunday. . . . I have lots of calls for malt and other articles used in making home-brew. . . . do not handle them. . . . I'd like to see sharper teeth put into the [prohibition] law. . . . only \$1,100 is still owed on the \$4,000 building. . . . membership of my church has grown in three years from 18 to 125. . . . religion and business mix. . . ."

Dispute

Hindus are idolators, and would die rather than eat the sacred flesh of cow or bull. Moslems are beef-eaters,* and abhor idolatry. Last week Swami Shradanand, noted Hindu Brahman, sat down to discuss religious matters with one Abdul Rashid, a Mohammedan, at Delhi, capital of British India.

Soon they disagreed. The courtly Swami ("Lord") Shradanand sought to avoid dispute by requesting the Mohammedan to call again when they might discourse with cooler heads. Abdul Rashid, vitally vexed, drew a revolver and shot the Swami dead, was captured, jailed.

"One of Us"

Astute diplomats have long recognized the wisdom of granting enemies, within discretion, a share of the realm. Thus was built the Roman Empire of old. That it

*"According to the Hidayah all quadrupeds that seize their prey with their teeth, all birds which seize it with their talons are unlawful because the Prophet prohibited mankind from eating them. Hyenas, foxes, elephants, weasels, pelicans, kites, carrion crows, ravens, crocodiles, otters, asses, mules, wasps and in general all insects are forbidden."—*Dictionary of Islam*.

finally fell by its inclusions was only because it became effete during and not because of the process.

Last week a most significant ceremony occurred in Rome, at the Cathedral of St. John Lateran (Roman Catholic). Protestant President Doumergue of France was inducted (by proxy) as Canon.* The ceremony, attended by the whole Cathedral chapter, was a revival, after 100 years, of a dis-



MRS. PURNELL

"Isn't it terrible, the things they have said?" (see opposite page)

inction once granted the kings of France. The delicate matter had been arranged between Foreign Minister Briand and Monsignor Maglione, Papal Nuncio at Paris, at whose overture not stated. But at prospect of improved relations between the Holy See and official France, the Vatican, patient, tireless for the Lord on high, rejoiced.

In Harlem

A holy flash of black struck at Negro Harlem last week, like a taffeta ribbon across a naughty face. Pagan blackamoors ceased their capers and their vices, to grace the passage of a band of Negro nuns, the Handmaids of the Most Pure Heart of Mary, who, showing a quaint solemnity, were opening their new chapel to the Negroes.

The Right Rev. Thomas M. O'Keefe, pastor of the Church of St. Benedict the Moor, presided at the opening; and many another white priest assisted. God might look like Monsignor O'Keefe, thought many a Negro child newly inducted into Catholicism, but surely the Holy Spirit was like Mother Superior M. Theodore of the Handmaids. Her order of

*In modern times, of course, a Canon need not be in residence. His duties, not sharply defined, are as advisory counsel to a Bishop.

black nuns was founded at Savannah, Ga., only nine years ago to show the beauties of their Church to Negroes. But when the centre of Negro immorality, by Church definition, definitely shifted to Harlem, the Mother House of the new order was also brought there.

The Roman Catholic Church considers Negroes "the humble members of Christ's Church." And it prefers not to leave them entirely to their Protestant churches, in which "a diluted Christianity, by essence drab and drear and emasculated, has been made feverish with the emotionalism of experience meetings, revivals and raucous-voiced hymns."* So white priests have, for a half-century, been urged by their bishops to work among the Negroes. Roman Catholics do not urge blackamoors to join their Church. But they do, by exquisite example, show the worth of life within the Faith. And, although the Negro "lot can on earth never be equal with those about them," still Negro boys can become Roman Catholic priests and Negro girls can join their special orders—the Handmaids of the Pure Heart of Mary, or the Oblate Sisters who do whatever work they may be told to do, or the Holy Family Sisters. It is not beyond theory that a Negro may become Pope, even though the Pope be chosen by weighty, ancient precedent. Moreover, not beyond fact is sainthood.

There are two Negro saints. The better known is St. Benedict the Moor (called also the Blackamoor, the Black, the Negro). His parents were slaves in Sicily 400 years ago, and, proud, they refused to conceive children unless their master promised their first-born freedom. Thus was St. Benedict prenatally free. At 21 he joined the order of hermits of St. Francis. One day when the friars could not get food, because of a heavy fall of snow, Benedict filled several large vessels with water, and prayed all night to God. Next morning the water was full of fishes. Pope Pius VII (1800-23) canonized him.†

MEDICINE

Apron

Up the steps of St. Anthony's Hospital, St. Louis, waddled a fat man, one A. E. Phillips. His paunch hung down to his knees,

*OUR NUNS—Rev. Daniel A. Lord S. J.—Benziger (1924).

†The other acknowledged black saint is Moses the Ethiopian (4th Century). St. Augustine (354-430) with Ambrose, Jerome and Gregory the Great, a Father of the Church, is presumed by many believers to have been a Negro. He was born at Tagaste in Numidia (Northern Africa).

an apron of fat, a masonic ponderosity. Each lift of his thighs made his ample pants toss like garments wind-blown on a wash line. His story. . . .

Until last spring he had played the "father" with the Kahns, circus fat family. He could not be the real father, for some of the Kahns were almost as old as he, 47; and, besides, no one had ever really loved him, for all his fat. The familial relationship was purely commercial, his particular job being to sit with his front spread over his lap as bumpkins paused to wonder and snicker. Once he noted a youngish couple squeeze an impertinent witticism through their clasped fingers. He was sad for days.

This sideshow life impressed him finally as no commerce for a man approaching middle age. So he journeyed to St. Louis, opened a gasoline station for himself. This was a real business; a man was more like his fellows . . . turning the pump crank, making change. But when he would stoop to open an oil cock, his hanging plait of fat interfered. He decided to rid himself of it. . . .

At St. Anthony's Hospital last week, surgeons lifted his flabbiness as it spread, like a batter of yeasted dough, over his hips and thighs. Then they cut—two curving slashes to form an ellipsis almost three feet long horizontally across his abdomen. This released a section of skin and fat that looked most like a slice of a huge pumpkin. It weighed (with other scoopings of fat) 31 pounds, and left a yellow gap across Mr. Phillips's belly, which the surgeons promptly closed by lifting flesh up off the thighs and nether parts to the steadier waist line. In three weeks he can be back at his gas station, can function with less discomfort.†

Eyes Ripped

Searching for the origin of cataracts on the human eye, Dr. John M. Wheeler of New York University Medical School, like the British physiologists who plucked the eyes from unborn chicks and found that they grew in "a surprisingly natural way" (TIME, Oct. 4), ripped bits of living tissue from the eyes of chicken embryos. These bits he placed in hollow glass slides and kept in incubators. Every 48 hours the detached tissue cells reproduced themselves, proving as Dr. Alexis Carrel has been doing for almost 15 years with his chicken-heart tissue (TIME, Nov. 30, 1925), that cell life can be main-

*They watched their anesthetic with unusual care, for fat patients re-act badly to chloroform or ether.

†At Athens, Greece, 300 years B. C., a woman suffered as did Mr. Phillips. Ancient doctors could not cure her. So she had a five-inch image of herself, with all her grotesque deformities, made in terra cotta to show the gods what had become of her and to supplicate their pity. In 1914 the figure was dug up at Athens.

tained immortal apart from the parent body. They must, of course, be kept at proper temperature, be given proper nutrition, be kept from bacteria and have the products of their metabolism drained away.

MISCELLANY

"TIME brings all things"

Prince

At Menominee, Mich., one Prince, 35-pound collie, heard his master, Farmer Methad Dvoracek, screaming in the barn; bounded in, flung himself at a 1,500-pound bull which had Farmer Dvoracek cornered, prostrate and already gored; seized the bull's nose, hung on while being flailed about until a chunk of nose and the bull's ring tore away, leaped for another grip, drove the bull outdoors bellowing, bounded to the kitchen door, barked, led help to Farmer Dvoracek.

Tom

At Battle Creek, Mich., the large Angora tomcat of a Mrs. F. C. Philo eyed a man who entered the Philo home as a metre-reader, saw the man seize Mrs. Philo and bear her to the floor, leaped upon the intruder, bit, clawed, screeched, spat, drove him from the house.

Chow

At Fair Lawn, N. J., the chow dog of a Mrs. Robert Schurer, having bitten her before, fell upon her in the kitchen when she was alone, floored her, bit and worried her until she was unconscious, fled through the house when Mr. Schurer brought a policeman, expired of bullet-wounds in the coal bin.

Riccio

In Brooklyn, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals demanded the arrest of Louis Riccio, 52, for biting dogs. Mr. Riccio admitted his malefaction. He had bitten the tails off his six puppies to improve them.

Wolf

At Belleville, Ill., one Sidney Goring, 15, heard his father's farm dogs fighting in a ravine beside the house, ran to see, ran back for his father's shotgun, blazed both barrels, slew a large grey wolf.

Rabbits

In northeastern Colorado, men armed themselves with clubs, flocked to Fort Morgan, ranged in a wide-flung line over the prairie, herded 2,000 wild rabbits—pestilential to crops—into a wire enclosure, waded

among them, slew all, eagerly looked forward to another field day, the "mammoth bunny slaughter" of the Denver Post Brush Civic Club, occasion for an annual holiday in northeastern Colorado.

Raccoon

Near Peebles, Ohio, one Perry Stansberry, weary after a raccoon hunt, slumped down beside his fireplace, filled his corn-cob pipe with loose tobacco from his pocket, lit, puffed, ruminated, fell back bruised and stunned by the explosion in his pipe-bowl of a .22-calibre rifle cartridge.

Super-Peer

At Arnheim, Holland, Aeneas Alexander Mackay, 13th Baron Reay, Chief of the Scottish Clan of Mackay, self-exiled in the Netherlands because of a feud between his ancestors and Charles I (1600-1649), summoned his relatives to celebrate his "coming of age." Proud, they beheld him stand before them, 6 ft., 9 in. in his stockings, "the tallest peer."

Six Leggers

In River Rouge, Mich., six boot-leggers walked into the office of a Christmas charity committee. Each laid \$100 on the table. They said they wanted to buy shoes and rubbers for every child in town that needed them. They said they wanted local ministers to make out a list of the poor children. The ministers hemmed, hawed, spoke of "taints" and "contraband." Only one minister flatly agreed.

On the Beach

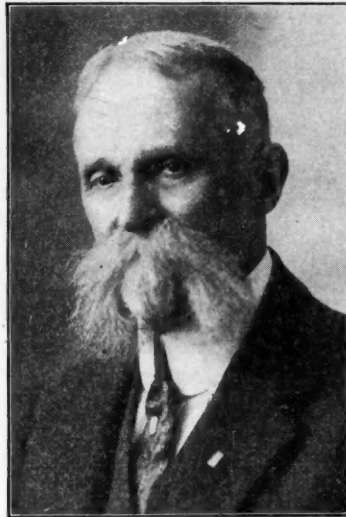
The thing under the tarpaulin was still alive. Clam-diggers found it there, on the lonely California beach, a malodorous bundle of bone and gristle, patched with scant hair, hollowed, salt-whitened, stark, ragged and warm. The thing opened its eyes, an old man's voice spoke out of its lips.

He was Eli B. Kelly, he said, 69, by trade a fisherman. He told about the storm that carried away the mainsail of his yawl, the giant seas that stopped the auxiliary engine. Mr. Kelly and his partner, James McKinley, 63, were left alone there with the ocean. They had food enough for 24 hours. On the third day McKinley began to see headlands where no headlands were. For a while Kelly rowed toward these shores to humor McKinley; then he felt too weak to row any more. McKinley came for him with a bait knife; the two old men, as weak as half-created things, fought on the tilting deck in the waste of the world. Kelly won. He tied McKinley in the stern. Three times McKinley rolled over the gunwale to swim to the

PEOPLE

Had they been interviewed, some people who figured in last week's news might have related certain of their doings as follows:

Albert Bushnell Hart, onetime professor of history at Harvard: "Authors William E. Woodward of *George Washington: The Image and The Man*, whom, together with Author Rupert Hughes



N. E. A.

PROF. HART
Champion of dodoes

of *George Washington: The Human Being and The Hero (1732-1762)*, I lately characterized as 'tyros,' amateurish, falsifying historians, last week retorted: 'I had rather be a tyro than a dodo.' I soon answered Tyro Woodward, suggesting a jury to decide the relative merits of 'tyros not yet out of the shell as against dodoes who at least are hatched.'

James Joseph Tunney, champion fisticuffer: "Crossing ice-covered Moosehead Lake, Me., with friends, to attend early Christmas mass, I took a running jump at a ten-foot 'wrinkle' (slush bank pushed up by expansion). My feet shot from under me, I sat in water 100 feet deep. Forming a human chain, my friends dragged me out and one of them ran ashore with me. My teeth chattering, I rushed to a hotel, draped my clothes on a radiator, crept into bed, downed a mug of hot chicken broth, snuggled for hours."

George Bernard Shaw, playwright: "A young British actor who had been called upon to impersonate me in a new farce (*His Wild Oat*) had the temerity to ask

if I would coach him in the part. To his great surprise I acceded, received him at my house, said, 'We are all in the theatre business, my boy, and we must do what we can to help one another.' For an hour and a half I was friendly, helpful, even excited over the boy's problem. I taught him my most characteristic gesture—fluffing the ends of my mustache, my most characteristic pose—gripping my coat lapels. I examined his lines. One read: *George Bernard Shaw*: 'Would you be after thinkin' that I'd so far demean myself as to visit a play by that spalpeen, William Shakespeare?' Said I, 'No, no, no, that won't do at all,' and changed the line to read: '*George Bernard Shaw*: I frequent the Old Vic to encourage William Shakespeare, me forerunner, sir.'"

General Umberto Nobile, famed Fascist transpolar flyer: "Major Pomarici, one of my most distinguished colleagues in the transpolar flight preparations, went to sleep, last week, in a first class compartment of the Naples-Potenza express. He was awakened when a masked youth seized him by the hair, jerked him to his feet, stabbed him in the throat and then jumped out of the car into the night and made off. Major Pomarici lay near death at Naples last week."

Fred Stanek, world champion corn husker: "Below an illustration of my smiling face, in *New York Journal*, I read this: 'You can see in this man's face that he was born to be a CHAMPION of some kind. He might have been a high-class ball player, with his picture in every paper, each season. He might have been a "high-class" prize-fighter . . . a wonderful billiard player, a fast runner. But these things did not interest Fred Stanek. He preferred to EARN his living and a championship in some useful way. . . .'"

Harry Kendall Thaw, onetime lunatic: "I last week called voluntarily at Bronx County Court, New York, during the trial of Mrs. Catherine Denino, 16, who recently admitted shooting to death one Luigi Fino, her betrayer. I hoped to congratulate her upon a suspended sentence, but Judge Barrett postponed decision to Jan. 5, to allow further investigation. Said I to reporters: 'I shall do all I can to aid this young woman.'"

Stanley Baldwin, British Premier: "The sartorial publication *Tailor and Cutter* declared editorially last week 'Premier Baldwin dresses tactlessly. . . . The tie and collar of Mr. Churchill [Chancellor of the Exchequer] are horrifyingly Victorian. . . [and] worst of all the

*He husked 28 bushels of corn in 80 minutes.

sickle sands that beckoned in his head. Three times Fisherman Kelly pulled him out of the water. When McKinley died of exhaustion the food was all gone. . . . That was on the fourth day. A week later Kelly sighted the island of Santa Catalina and, pulling his tarpaulin after him, crawled out on the beach.

The thing sputtered and rambled when he came to this part of his story. "Died of exhaustion . . . in times like that a man . . . had to, I had to, I tell you. . . ." His listeners did not know what he meant until, a little later, the wreck of the yawl was found and, in the stern sheet still bound with batten-line, the half-eaten body of James McKinley.

Gaffer

In Paris, one Gilbert Nicolas Leclerc, peasant of Limoges, France, old, bearded, pious, hobbled last week into the *Moulin Rouge*, internationally famed revue and dance hall, immemorial haunt of tourists and *demi-mondaines*. M. Leclerc did not hobble in, as do so many gaffers, to pluck a lily of the field. He came seeking his daughter, Jeanne, who had run away to Paris from tedious Limoges. M. Leclerc found his *petite* Jeanne and begged her to come home. She refused. "I cannot survive your dishonor," he said. Drawing a revolver he shot himself through the heart.

Revivalist

From Flagpond, Tenn., one Rev. George Bennett, revivalist, started home from a revival, full of grace. At him, out of darkness, strode a menacing figure, armed with a pistol, a pint flask.

"Ah reckon," said the highwayman, "that yo'd bettuh drink down dis yere drap o' White Mule."

"But I never drink," murmured the Rev. Mr. Bennett, elevating his arms. "Do you not know, my good friend, that—"

"Ah wasn't inquirin' ababout yo' pussenal habits, Mister Preacher-man. Ah was jest a-tellin' yo' dat dis yere White Mule's a-goin' ter do yo' a right smart o' good."

With the pistol burrowing into his ribs, the Rev. George Bennett raised the flask, bubbling, gasping, choking with fury.

"Oh Lord, Thou seest that I have no choice—harrumph! Arggh!—in this—Klohchch!—iniquitous procedure. Smite, O Lord, thine enemies—Graowchch! Ugh! Urtle-urgle-phew!" The Rev. Mr. Bennett seethed with anger, staggered. The highwayman was not content until the flask was nearly empty. . . .

Such, at least, was the story told by the Rev. George Bennett when he stumbled, angry and shy \$10, into his home at Erwin, Tenn., very late one night last week.

You don't need a wire beard to like *Fougère Royale* but if you have one you will

THIS new way to a better shave was made for wiry beards and tender faces. O hers naturally find comfort in its soothing beard-softening lather. Fougere Royale (Royal Fern) Shaving Cream contains no secret chemicals. It is thoroughly neutralized, beneficial to the skin and never leaves a soapy, after-shaving odor. Delightful to use.

If you want a better shave get the generous fifty-cent tube of Fougere Royale Shaving Cream today from your druggist. Or send a dime and the coupon below for a trial tube that will tell you all you will ever need to know about shaving comfort.

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Shaving Cream, 50c;
Shaving Stick, 75c;
Talcum, \$1.00;
Eau Vegetale, \$1.25;
Facial Soap, 50c.



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539 West 45th Street, New York City

I want to try Fougere Royale Shaving Cream.
Here is my dime.

Name.....

Address.....

Earl of Birkenhead [Secretary of State of India] dresses epigrammatically."

James J. Walker, mayor of New York City: "At a night party last week, Colyunist Franklin Pierce Adams of the New York *World* heard a rumor that my hair was turning grey. Quipped he next



THE OLD GREY MAYOR

... disproved the allegation

day: "The old grey Mayor, he ain't what he used to be." Some days later, I disproved the allegation that I am deteriorating by undergoing an initiation, in a clubhouse of which the bar and grill were lately padlocked because keg beer was found on the premises. By this initiation I became an Elk and said: "The obligations... will make me a better Mayor and a better citizen." The Tough Club, another organization of which I am a member, presented me with a diamond-and-ruby-studded gold emblem, combining best features of the Elk and Tough Club symbols."

John Snook, Warden of the Federal Prison, Atlanta, Georgia: "When John Wesley Langley, former Kentucky Congressman, left my jail on parole,* last week, he declared: 'I have received the best of treatment from Warden Snook. . . Things are looking up for Mrs. Langley and myself since she has been elected [TIME, Nov. 15] to the Congressional seat I once held.'"

The Very Rev. William Ralph Inge, so-called "gloomy" dean of St. Paul's, London: "I wrote an article for the current *Scribner's* Magazine. Said I: 'About twelve years ago some foolish young man on the staff of one of Lord Northcliffe's papers made the strange discovery that I am a pessimist

*He was imprisoned for conspiracy to violate the Prohibition law.

and tied a tin kettle to my tail which still seems to give satisfaction in the United States, though in England it is seldom quoted any longer except as an example of a very inappropriate nickname.' At the same time I denied having predicted the ruin of England."

Wilhelm II: "My sensibilities are not wounded as it may be that those of President Coolidge are, by the spectacle of poor relatives tramping about the country and fiddling under a name both mine and theirs. None the less my cousin, Prince Joachim Albrecht, an orchestra conductor and composer of some note, will come to the U. S. in January to conduct twelve symphony concerts. He will not 'fiddle,' though he occasionally plays the bass violin at home. At 51 he is the picture of health, ruddy cheeked, tall, bearded, greatly resembling his grand uncle, *Der Greise Kaiser*, Wilhelm I (see p. 13)."

H. M. Ferdinand of Rumania: "A pleasant Christmas gift to me this year, in the midst of my troubles with cancer, fire (TIME, Dec. 20) and disputes about succession to the throne, was Parliament's increase of my civil list, or yearly stipend from \$140,000 to \$200,000.* My five-year-old grandson, Crown Prince Michel, had his allowance increased to \$30,000. At the same time \$175,000 was appropriated for restoration of the royal palace wing that was recently burned. Commentators said I would find my increased funds useful for doctor's bills and for certain expenses of what my wife, Queen Marie, calls her 'dream' tour of the U. S."

"Rube" Goldberg, famed cartoonist: "At the invitation of a New York newspaper (the *Post*), I went with a common reporter to visit a 'needy case.' We visited a one-time house-painter, paralyzed by paint (lead) fumes, and his wife, who was fighting to keep him from being sent to a poorhouse. In their kitchen all I could find was a loaf of bread, a small sack of flour, two bottles, one of medicine, one of sleeping fluid. Said I: 'I feel sort of rotten, riding away from here in my Minerva. After leaving them, you know. Me, I've got everything—grand kids and a wonderful wife and this new car.'"

THE PRESS

Xmas, Inc.

In Chicago, one "Herman," short, slender, red-haired, obsequious, shrewdest of elevator operators, reported for work one morning last week bearing a large brown-paper bundle. All that day, going up and

*The President of the U. S. gets \$100,000 yearly.



When
STURDINESS
Counts

WHEN an explosion at the Solway Works at Syracuse, N. Y., rocked the buildings over a large area, and disorganized the operation of the plant, the P-A-X in the plant continued to function perfectly, enabling prompt action to be taken to meet the emergency.

A gas explosion in a sub-office of a telephone company at Columbus, Ohio, wrecked the building—and the first news the company had of the occurrence was from a telephone subscriber in the neighborhood trying to complete her call. Investigation showed that the building had been wrecked, but the Strowger Automatic equipment—the same which goes to make up the P-A-X system—was unharmed.

P-A-X equipment is not built to be bomb-proof, but its ability to withstand such extreme abuse in many such instances is additional proof of the strength and accurate adjustment of every part.

Count on



P-A-X-ophone, Type 2

The P-A-X-ophone fills a rapidly growing need for an instrument with all of the compactness of the conventional common battery telephone, but with the additional advantage of having the transmitter and receiver in a single easily-handled unit. The P-A-X-ophone, Type 2, shown above, includes the stand and ringer box all in one convenient unit. It is also available with a separate ringer box as Type 1.



The P-A-X is, fundamentally, a private automatic telephone exchange built of the same Strowger type of automatic telephone equipment being so widely adopted for city service. The P-A-X may be furnished to include and co-ordinate such services as code call, conference, executive's priority, emergency alarm, etc., to meet individual needs.

Automatic Electric Inc.

Engineers, Designers and Manufacturers of the Automatic Telephone In Use the World Over.
 Home Office and Factory, CHICAGO, ILL. Branch Offices in all principal cities.

Lillibridge, Advertising

—8—

What Next?

MEN who like to give their minds a little rope that they may roam into the future, will enjoy the brief essay on "What Next in Advertising?" written by Robert R. Updegraff of our company. It is stimulating reading, and it shows how limited is the use to which advertising has been put so far. It should be of especial interest to those who vision a broad use of advertising for the promotion of social ends and interests, rather than its purely commercial use as a business force.

A reprint will be sent gladly.

RAY D. LILLIBRIDGE INCORPORATED
Telephone Longacre 4000
NO. 8 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK

The GLEN SPRINGS

IN all America, there is no other place like this—where the Radio-active mineral springs and the natural Nauheim brine baths offer all the advantages of European Spas.

An estate of a thousand pine-fragrant acres. A setting of matchless scenic loveliness in the heart of the Finger Lake country. A justly famous cuisine, with private Dairy and Poultry farms. A daily concert program. Visit "The American Nauheim" this winter—and take off ten years!

The Baths and other treatments are especially suitable for heart, circulatory, kidney, nutritional and nervous disorders, rheumatism, gout, and obesity. Complete medical and hydrotherapeutic facilities, and modern aids to diagnosis. Write for illustrated booklets and special winter rates:

THE GLEN SPRINGS
WATKINS GLEN · NEW YORK
WILLIAM E. LEFFINGWELL, President

down, he kept the bundle beside him. Whenever a prosperous and goodnatured face appeared in the car, a face which Herman had seen often before and so might judge belonged to an office-renter in that huge office building, he modestly fished into the bundle, drew out a smaller bundle wrapped in reddest tissue paper and tendered it, with winning humility, to the chosen passenger.

"Tsn't very much, Sir," Herman mumbled each time. "But, Merry Christmas."

Like the outsides of the small bundles, the insides were all alike. At a five-&-ten-cent store Herman had purchased some six dozen nickel-plated ash trays. Commuters in that office building compared gifts going out on the 5:15. They showed their prizes to their wives; in voices trembling with affection they told the story of humble Herman and his Christmas spirit.

The day before Christmas, Herman's trouser pocket began to bulge. Now and then, as he reached for the door lever, his pocket clinked. Going up from the ground floor, coming down from the sky, hearty businessmen full of good breakfast or luncheon, swooped under their overcoats and brought out folded bills, crumpled bills, gold coins.

"Here, m'boy," they said gruffly. Or they pounded his shoulder and said so that others noticed, "Here, old scout, buy the wife an' kiddies something nice from me."

As he shut off his elevator car Christmas eve, Herman addressed a fellow operator who was struggling into an overcoat.

"Jees," said Herman, scornfully. "Dat's de kind o' rig I used to wear. Youse guys ha' got about as much dope on yerselves as Santy Claus. Looka here."

He drew forth a roll of paper money, a chuckling pile of coins.

"Xmas, Inc., dat's me," said Herman. "Dey say you can't get sump'n fer nuthin' around here but dat's de bunk. Looka wot I got fer a lot o' lousy little saucers."

The other elevator man left during Herman's description of a "swell show," "a dame an' I don't mean maybe," and some "honest-tuh-God gin" from a man out in Ravenswood.

If people were shocked who heard of, or were victimized by, the tactics of Elevatorman Herman, what did they think of 101 examples of the same casuistry on a scale too large to be obvious? What did they think of newspapers like the *Cleveland Times*, which routed out an aged invalid lady, trundled her around the city in a motor car eagerly lent and frequently mentioned in the subsequent sob-story, named shops and hotels which elaborately displayed their wares and hospitality to her and the *Times* reporter, and trundled her home amid a short-hand account of her boundless gratitude to all the super-generous publicists concerned? What did they think of the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* which published a full-page

self-advertisement to the effect that it was entirely responsible for the visit of Santy Claus to St. Paul this year? What did they think of 10,000 salesmen of everything from hairnets to pig iron who circularized their "prospects" with spurious store-bought rhymes about "sincere friendship" and "peace on earth"?

They thought, of course, that all these others were simply exploiting a convention over the bounds of which humble Herman had wickedly stepped. When Playwright George Bernard Shaw spoke out in London and denounced Christmas, the commercial phenomenon, as "an unbearable nuisance," they put the shoe on the other foot and called Mr. Shaw "George Bernard Scrooge,* publicity-hunter." When the Portland (Ore.) Ministerial Association passed a resolution against Christmas giving, there were editorial boos and jeers.

Yet there was one voice raised besides George Bernard Scrooge's. It was a superb opportunity for that professionally altruistic sheet-let the *Nation*, and the voice therein belonged to one Eugene Lyons. To his editor's delight, Writer Lyons burlesqued the annual spectacle of U. S. newspapers trying to outdo one another in seasonal generosity and solicitude. He pictured Prosperity, "a big, blustering fellow," momentarily obscured in the national circus by sideshows of infirmity and destitution.

"Freaks, misfits, monstrosities. This way, ladies and gentlemen—a special Christmas offering! The best selection of 'cases,' hand-picked by charity experts and described by literary artists. Nothing covered up. Come right in and see them squirm. Hear them howl. Buy a front seat and get your name in the paper; buy a box and get your picture in the paper, maybe on the front page.

"Indorsed by the Bible, Shakespeare and Dr. Frank Crane. 'The poor ye have always with you.' Under auspices of the best newspapers, cashing in on the Christmas spirit. New thrills this year, unique displays, incredible suffering and destitution, old-fashioned slums, widows and orphans, homeless babies and centenarians, everything. This way for the 'thrill of giving,' the 'pleasure and satisfaction' of charity (New York *Times* editorial). Good for jaded nerves and appetites; the best tonic for your conscience; a help in digesting your Christmas dinner.

"Here's the New York *Evening Post's* corner—the Old Couples' Christmas Fund. No one under 60; not one's had a decent meal since last Christmas. Documents to prove it; every case investigated. Better than ever before—older, poorer, sicker, more miserable. Testimonials by Fannie Hurst, Rex Beach, Konrad Bercovici, Frank Crane, lots of others. The real

*Ebenezer Scrooge, chief character in Charles Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, is first introduced as a squeezing, grasping, covetous old hunk, sharp and hard as a flint, whose favorite remark on all subjects, but especially Christmas, is "Bah! Humbug!"

article—starving after 40 and 50 years of incessant toil, squeezed dry and cast aside, no good for anything but this side-show. Case 56 is pretty: 'chuckle-voiced, hat-doffing Charlie the Iceman.' Now 'Charlie's on the shelf. Old and sick and done for. And forgotten.' Listen to Gene Tunney himself on the superb specimen in case 46: Mr. and Mrs. Pat Malloy, 74 years old, worked all their lives, k.o.'d by a taxicab going home from work. Now 'the grey end. . . . They are slaves of a social system. . . . Nothing they did or neglected to do was the cause of their destitution.' (Tunney will not be asked to do any more exhibiting if he utters such treason.)

"The New York American's Christmas Fund, good people. Don't miss it. Famous musicians, jazz babies, black-bottom wrigglers, prima donnas perform as the freaks are led out. Get the most for your dollar. . . .

"Come and look quick. The show will soon shut down for a year. Delectable slums; peep-shows of half-blind women and their broods basting mountainous piles of garments, making artificial flowers, beading gowns, and supported by charity. Take a good look before the curtain is drawn.

"This way, for Christ's sake, this way. And remember, contributions are tax-exempt.

"No fear of after-effects. After Christmas the show will positively close. On the front pages, on the floor of Congress, everywhere, big boy Prosperity will perform alone. His ballyhoo brigade does its stunts twelve months in the year."

Munsey's Will

A year ago last week many people were puzzling their heads over the just-then-published will of the late Publisher Frank Andrew Munsey. What on earth had inspired him, a man with no inking or appreciation of art, to bequeath all but a trifle of his 40 millions* to the Metropolitan Museum?

Last week one of Mr. Munsey's best friends and oldest associates, Erman Jesse Ridgway, long president and director of companies publishing *Everybody's*, *Adventure*, *Delineator*, who now lives in retirement at Chula Vista, Calif., judged that the time had come for an explanation of the "mystery." In a eulogy of "the chief" upon the anniversary of his death, intended to "show from the inside how one of the big men of our craft worked and thought and felt," Mr. Ridgway wrote:

"It has been urged that the chief did not know art and that therefore his will . . . was unnatural. Carnegie did not know literature when he gave his libraries. Rockefeller did not know medical science when he endowed the Foundation. It is natural for men to set high values on what they do not know about. . . .

"He talked to me quite a little

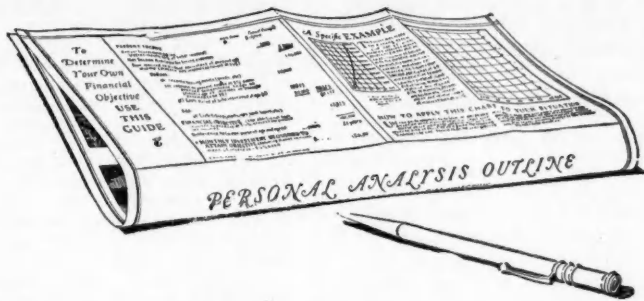
*The figure then quoted. More lately this estimate has simmered to 25 millions.

about his will and was impatient because I could not help him. He seemed to think because I had graduated from college I should be able to tell him just where to make 20 or 30 million do the best work for education. There has been a good deal of criticism about the chief's will, most of it, I am bound to say, from people who will never have any difficulty in disposing of their own estates. The critics may rest assured—it was not a hasty will. It was a very far-sighted will. And the man who made it expected to face his Creator and was willing to stand or fall on His verdict. . . .

"The chief did not frequent art galleries, nor stand enrapt before

a masterpiece, but he did appreciate loveliness—a rose, a stunning woman, a birch tree, a sunset. . . . When in romantic and florid terms he was wont to tell of the dream [of a ducal estate in Austria he thought of buying, complete with 'superb art gallery'] . . . he always saved the art gallery for the climax, and when he came to that his voice would take on a note almost of reverence as he told of the wonderful gallery and the priceless masterpieces. . . .

"That he wanted his will to make a huge splash I cheerfully affirm. How he would have enjoyed the universal amazement! . . . It must have strained him mightily to keep that gorgeous secret."



Make a New Year's Check-up of Your Financial Situation

MOST men go along with an approximate and often an erroneous idea of their net worth. And they have no definite plan for building a sufficient surplus eventually to provide an adequate income independent of their personal earning power.

If a few minutes spent in filling out a prepared form would give you a statement of your personal financial standing—wouldn't you think it worth the time? And if the working out of this statement showed you just how much you need to invest in bonds each year, at various rates of interest, to accumulate a desired-surplus at a certain time of life, wouldn't that be worth knowing?

The blank form, chart and tables for defining your present financial situation and your required financial objective is contained in a folder with full instructions, which we would like to send you, without obligation.

Write for folder TM-17

HALSEY, STUART & CO.

INCORPORATED

CHICAGO 808 South La Salle St.	NEW YORK 14 Wall St.	PHILADELPHIA 111 South 15th St.	DETROIT 601 Griswold St.	CLEVELAND 935 Euclid Ave.
ST. LOUIS 219 North 4th St.	BOSTON 84 Devonshire St.	MILWAUKEE 445 East Water St.	MINNEAPOLIS 640 Second Ave., S.	

Now **54** years

OF PROVEN SAFETY

Send for anniversary booklet and 1927 edition of "How to Build an Independent Income"

WITH the beginning of 1927, The F. H. Smith Company marks the completion of 54 years of continuous service to first mortgage investors—54 years in which every cent of interest and maturing principal has been paid promptly and in full. Founded in January, 1873, The F. H. Smith Company now has a record of

No Loss to Any Investor in 54 Years

Our anniversary booklet, "Fifty-four Years of Proven Safety," shows you how this record has been maintained, and how it has created world-wide confidence in Smith Bonds. It explains how every Smith Bond is secured by a first mortgage on modern, income-producing city property. It tells you why men and women in 48 States and in 51 countries and territories abroad have bought Smith Bonds by mail.

For 1927—adopt this plan to invest your monthly savings at **6¹⁰/₂%**

The 1927 edition of our booklet, "How to Build an Independent Income," tells how you can buy one or more \$100, \$500 or \$1,000 Smith Bonds by ten equal monthly payments, and how your regular monthly payments earn the full rate of bond interest—6½%. It shows the results you can accomplish by investing \$10, \$20, \$30, \$40, \$50 or more a month at 6½%.

For copies of our two booklets, fill out and mail the form below.

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ALBANY MINNEAPOLIS CHICAGO ST. LOUIS

Name.....

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

Notes

Many Autos. Last week, with the year's motor vehicle registrations completed, the magazine *Motor* gloated: 22,342,457 machines in the U. S., 11% more than in 1925, one for every five people in the country. Seven states registered more than a million cars each—New York (1,818,765), California, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Michigan and Texas. Nevada has fewest: 23,933.

Many Busses. To motor bus manufacturers and operators, the statistics of an Interstate Commerce Commission report that appeared last week were pleasant. There are in the U. S. 22,368 busses listed as common carriers. They operate over 352,800 miles of roads. Also there are 45,417 motor trucks in the transportation business, serving 611,921 miles of roads. The trackage of all the U. S. railroads (250,000 miles) is only one-fourth of all this. And yet the motor mileage does not include the 1,590-mile service that the Mid-West Motors Corp. expects to open next month between Dallas and Los Angeles, the longest continuous bus route operated by one company in the U. S.

Ice Cream. Manufacturers who produced 84,000,000 gallons of ice cream last year (three quarts for every person in the U. S.) reported to the Department of Commerce that more than half their customers demanded vanilla flavor. One-tenth would take chocolate, one-twelfth strawberry. The remaining customers took the various flavors put together by the dispensers. One-eighth ate brick cream, seven-eighths the more familiar bulk.

Million a Day. Speyer & Co. with J. & W. Seligman & Co. bought 245,000 shares constituting control of Victor Talking Machine Co. from its President Eldridge R. Johnson a fortnight ago (TIME, Dec. 20). In ten days the stock went up 40 points, bringing the bankers' paper profits of \$10,000,000.

Crops Worth Less. Steadily since 1923 the dollar value of U. S. crops has been growing less. In 1923 the 55 principal crops were worth \$9,468,128,000. This year they will be worth, the Department of Agriculture calculated last week, \$7,801,313,000. Cotton alone depreciated by \$555,477,000 in the period, although 8,478,000 more bales were produced.

Morgan Partners. On Wall Street there was talk that two new partners might be added to J. P. Morgan & Co. after Jan. 1.

Present partners are: J. P. Morgan, Edward T. Stotesbury, Charles Steele, Thomas W. Lamont, Horatio G. Lloyd, Dwight W. Morrow, Thomas Cochran, Junius Spencer Morgan Jr., George Whitney, Thomas S. Gates, R. C. Lef-fingwell.

Billions Toted. One James W. Allen, employe of the National City Bank, stepped last week from the obscurity that gilds a great institution's factotums. He celebrated 25 years of service with the bank, and proudly told pressmen of the \$30,566,382,435 he has toted through Manhattan streets, between the bank and clearing house.

Steel Record. Last week at Furnace No. 6 of the Carnegie Steel plant at Duquesne, Pa., there was surcease of work. Men and officials hurried about, grinned, shook hands with one another, for they had established a new record of pouring steel. In 24 hours their furnace yielded 1,035 tons, better by 22 tons than the previous record, long held by the Thomson works at Braddock, Pa.,

Radio Dealers deliberately train buyers to the use of better and costlier receiving sets, sometimes even selling experimental sets at a loss. How well the dealers were rewarded in 1926 by this canniness, the trade journal *Radio Retailing* estimated last week—1,750,000 sets sold; average price \$115. The year before the average price of 2,000,000 sets had been \$83. In 1926 the sale of sets, parts and accessories reached \$588,000,000—\$158,000,000 more than for 1925.*

Ayer Castle. N. W. Ayer & Son, oldest and possibly largest advertising agency in the world, has long had its offices in an old Philadelphia building on Chestnut St. Last week officials announced that in the spring a new housing will go up, along the west side of Washington Square, Philadelphia; a \$1,000,000 monument to its age and prestige.

Crack Train. The New York Central's 20th Century Limited reached a peak in receipts for the year 1926—\$10,500,000. It operated an average of more than six sections a day; carried one-half of the New York-Chicago passengers of the N. Y. C., one-third of the total passengers of all railroads between the two cities.

*Secretary of Commerce Hoover last week licensed 19 new broadcasting stations, bringing the total to 650.

†In volume of billing. Some hold, however, the J. Walter Thompson agency is largest.

AERONAUTICS

Specks

Every week, every day, a bird's-eye view of the world contains many humans soaring off the earth, flitting about, coming to grief or glory. Last week's bird's-eye view included the following sights:

In Central America, a half-dozen specks capable of landing on either land or water progressed southwards in hops and jumps. They were the six U. S. Army amphibian planes bearing their crews on the first legs of their proposed "friendship flight" around South America.

In Illinois, dimly seen in fog that blanketed Chanute Field (Rantoul, Ill.), two rapid specks collided head on, crumpled, fell together 400 feet to earth where they wrecked themselves but did not catch fire. They were planes manned by four Army officers—Capt. Harold G. Foster, First Lieut. Henry W. Kunkel, First Lieut. Albert J. Clayton, Second Lieut. Ralph L. Lawter—all of whom were killed. A board of inquiry found that the pilots had approached each other at their ships' "blind angles," each being invisible from the other's cockpit.

At Lake George, N. Y., a speck that had crawled swiftly over the map from Long Island descended upon the lake ice, which crackled, boomed, broke through. Natives pushed out in a rowboat, rescued the half-sunken plane's three people, who registered at a hotel as A. L. & Mrs. Caperton, and Pilot J. P. Herman, of Garden City, L. I.

In New Jersey, a greyish bubble swaying over Lakehurst broke its anchor (a ground winch), sailed up

and away toward the Atlantic. Three specks—an auto, an airplane, a blimp—gave chase. A figure in the passenger basket manipulated valves, lowered the bubble so that its dangling cable trailed across the landscape. Within four miles of the sea, the cable finally tangled itself in a tree. Rescuers pulled down Lieut. Frank J. Uhlig, U. S. Marines, deflated his kite balloon, took both home uninjured.

Near Windermere, England, a speck circled, hovered about and landed upon the 300-ft.-by-20-foot plateau which is the summit of Mount Helvellyn, third highest eminence (3,118 feet) in England. Later the speck ascended again, soared away. It was Pilot John Leeming of the Lancashire Aero Club who, with a bonfire on the snow to indicate the wind and crosses marking possible landing sites, sought to demonstrate upon what a small place an airplane can land.

Editors—Briton Hadden and Henry R. Luce Associates: Niven Busch, Laird S. Goldsborough (Foreign News), John S. Martin (Books), Myron Weiss.

Weekly Contributors—Elizabeth Armstrong, Willard T. Ingalls, Peter Mathews, Faith E. Willcox, Newton Hockaday, Ruth Flint, Arnold Bernhard, R. W. Morse.

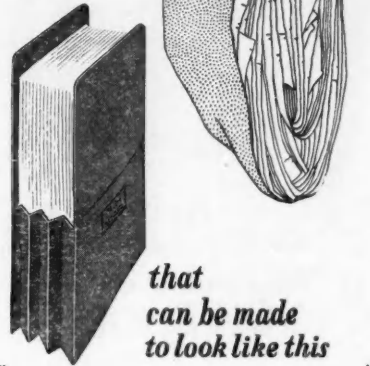
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SOMEWHERE

in your files
there is a folder
like this —



that
can be made
to look like this

Every filing system has its crowded, overtaxed folders, which, although never intended to hold more than a few dozen letters, are carrying several hundred.

These folders, with their hidden indexes and high and low positions in the files, not only disrupt and impair the efficiency of the entire filing system, but, since they carry the correspondence of the most active accounts, are the most frequent source of trouble, because of misfiled or lost letters.

Vertex VERTICAL-EXPANDING FILE POCKETS

are designed to hold efficiently three, thirty, or three hundred letters. They always stand upright in the filing cabinet, with their index tabs in plain view, ready for quick filing and instant reference.

We urge you to try a "Vertex" Pocket in the place of that folder in your files that carries the most correspondence.

The coupon below will bring you a free sample for this purpose. There is no obligation attached. Send for it today.

CUT HERE.

Please send me for trial in my files a free sample of Bushnell's Paperoid "VERTEX" File Pocket, as described in January 3 TIME.

Name of firm.....
Address.....
Name and Position of Person Inquiring.....

Letter Size or Legal Size Desired.....

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Insure your parcel post



THERE is no need to take a chance of suffering a loss on parcel post packages damaged, stolen or destroyed in transit. Simply supply yourself with a North America Coupon Book, as issued in convenient denominations, and, at the cost of a few cents per package, you can assure yourself of prompt and satisfactory adjustment in the event of mishap.

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In 1640
the first Kilgen Organ
was built in an
Old Time Abbey

IN an ivy-clad abbey that had seen Knighthood flower and fade, Sebastian Kilgen built the first pipe organ which bore his name. That rare old instrument and its home are now in ruins: but the pride of craftsmanship that went into it is still preserved. (Generation after generation the Kilgen Family has carried on this traditional craft devotion until now after almost three centuries it remains the creed of the Kilgen Pipe Organ Guild. (In great auditoriums and houses of worship, both impressive and modest, millions of music lovers are inspired by Kilgen harmonious tones and stately melodies. An interesting brochure will be sent on request . . . Geo. Kilgen & Son, Inc., 4030 North Union Blvd. . . St. Louis, U. S. A.



SPORT

Hornsby Traded

Last week Samuel Breadon, owner of the world's champion St. Louis baseball "Cardinals," traded Rogers Hornsby, player-manager, called "the greatest batter in baseball" to the New York Giants for Frank Frisch, the second baseman, and a right-handed pitcher named James Ring.

By his own stamina and generalship, Hornsby made an unremarkable team into a great one. Twenty pounds under weight and wearing a brace, he performed prodigies in the world series; steeples rocked, bands played, firecrackers exploded and mounted policemen kept back the crowds when he went home to St. Louis. For six years he led all the batsmen of the National League. In 1924 his average was .424 the highest ever achieved by a modern-day player. Last season, weakened by boils and injuries, he batted .317. He is said to be "worth" \$300,000. He quarreled with Owner Breadon because he asked for a three-year contract at \$150,000.

Scandal

Herbert ("Dutch") Leonard, onetime Detroit baseball player, recently gave or sold certain letters to Byron Bancroft Johnson, president of the American League and to Judge Landis, baseball commissioner. Last week the letters were published; scandal flared.

It seems, from Leonard's "grudge" testimony and from the letters, that Tyrus Cobb, Tristram Speaker, Joseph Wood and Leonard agreed that Detroit should win the ball game of Sept. 24, 1919, from Cleveland, and that they four would bet on it. Cleveland had second place in the league clinched; Detroit could be allowed to win the game and gain third place without harm to Cleveland. Detroit did win that game, 9 to 5.

Cobb and Speaker both testified last week that they had not violated baseball ethics. Wood, who is now head baseball coach at Yale, could not be reached. Meanwhile critics pointed out that Cobb, according to Leonard's own statement, had not bet any money—that if he had bet the \$2,000 on Detroit he would only have been betting on his own team, not necessarily a disgraceful act. Wood was not playing in the game. He could, therefore, do nothing to influence its outcome, and he was free to bet on any side he chose. This leaves Speaker as the king-pin. Unless he was in the conspiracy, there was none. Now Speaker is not mentioned in the letters. There is no evidence against him—merely the word of Leonard. In the game, Speaker had six fielding chances and missed none of them. He was at bat five times and made three hits, of which two were three baggers. He scored two runs.

MILESTONES

Born. To Mrs. & Deems Taylor, 41, famed U. S. composer and onetime music critic of the *New York World*, a daughter, Joan (6½ lbs.); in Manhattan.

Born. To Alvin Victor Donahey, 53, Governor of Ohio, a granddaughter, Margaret Eleanor Huffman (8½ lbs.); in Columbus, Ohio.

Married. Olive Tell, 30, famed actress, sister of Actress Alma Tell; to one Henry Morgan Hobart, 42, cinema producer; in Manhattan.

Married. Warren G. Harding, 21, nephew of the late U. S. President; to Miss Frances June Keller, 20; in Los Angeles.

Married. Ellis Williams, 72, boyhood chum of onetime British Premier David Lloyd George; to Mrs. Martha Smith, 79, sister of Mr. Williams' third wife; in Denver. Born in Wales, Mr. Williams loudly boasts that as a youth he once defeated Mr. Lloyd George at marbles.

Divorced. William R. Hopkins, 57, able City Manager of Cleveland; by Mrs. Hopkins, 40; on grounds of desertion, after agreement to separate.

Divorced. Marthena H. Williams, granddaughter of the late President Benjamin Harrison; from one Henry A. Williams; in Omaha.

Died. Emily Kane Jay, 15, elder daughter of Peter Augustus Jay, U. S. Ambassador to Argentina; in Buenos Aires, following sleeping sickness and operation for appendicitis. Two days later it was reported that Ambassador Jay had resigned, giving her death as his reason; was en route to the U. S. with the body.

Died. Margaret R. Hildeburn Garrison, wife of onetime (1913-16) U. S. Secretary of War Lindley Miller Garrison; in Manhattan, of pneumonia.

Died. His Imperial Majesty, Yoshihito Haru-no-miya, 47, 123rd Emperor of Japan; in Hayama, Japan; of pneumonia (see p. 16).

Died. William Dollar, 68, brother of famed Robert Dollar, head of the Dollar Line (world-circling ships); in Vancouver, B. C.

Died. James Wolcott Wadsworth Sr., 80, onetime (1881-85, 1891-1907) U. S. Congressman, father of U. S. Senator James Wol-

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cott Wadsworth Jr. (New York); in Washington, of pneumonia.

Died. Alexander M. Dockery, 81, onetime (1901-05) Governor of Missouri; at Gallatin, Mo.

Died. Mrs. Lafayette Young, 82, widow of the late Publisher of the Des Moines *Capital* (TIME, Nov. 29); in Des Moines, of heart disease, five weeks after her husband's death.

Died. William Robert ("Old Sawney") Webb, 84, educator, onetime (Jan.-March, 1913) U. S. Senator, "Tennessee's Most Beloved Citizen"; at Bell Buckle, Tenn.; of bronchitis and senility. To his students (who included Norman H. Davis, able diplomat) he said each day: "Boys, don't do things on the sly." The origin of his pupil-invented sobriquet "Old Sawney" is uncertain.

Died. Richard Cary ("Uncle Richard") Morse, 85, famed pioneer Y. M. C. A. official; at his Brooklyn home; of general breakdown, following a severe cold. Nephew of Painter-Inventor Samuel F. B. Morse, he attended Yale, rowed on the 'Varsity crew, graduated in 1862. Student for the ministry, he was persuaded to become religious editor (1867-69) of the *New York Observer*; wrote for it a report of a meeting of the Y. M. C. A. (then a struggling fledgling) which won him an official position with the organization; became eventually (until 1915) general secretary of the International "Y," preceding John Raleigh Mott. His grandfather, Jedediah Morse (1761-1826) was the author of the first U. S. work on geography; Grandson Richard in his work crossed the Atlantic 50 times and several times circled the globe. Though the name "Morse" is derived from Latin *mordere*, to bite, "Uncle Richard" was kindly, was greatly beloved.

Died. Mrs. Fanny Gillette, 98, author of the famed *White House Cook Book*; at Beverly Hills, Calif. She ate three hearty meals a day, exercised morning and night, refused to ride in elevators, was the mother of King C. Gillette, famed razor man.

Scientific Facts About Diet

A CONDENSED book on diet entitled "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for free distribution by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. Contains set of health rules, many of which may be easily followed right at home or while traveling. You will find in this book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
SUITE UA 578 GOOD HEALTH BLDG.
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

THEATRE

New Plays

Oh, Please! From that sad wreck, the once scintillant *Charlot's Revue*, they have salvaged two treasures: Gertrude Lawrence who enchants the multitudes in *Oh, Kay* (TIME, Nov. 22) and Beatrice Lillie, who makes all men laugh in *Oh, Please!* The latter vehicle is a rickety contraption, musical comedy, about an actress who invades the home of the President of the Purity League while his wife is on leave of absence. Apparently the Dillingham production executives tossed Miss Lillie the script with its two good songs ("Nicodemus" and "You Know That I Know") and its feeble lines, and told her to see what she could do with it. In its profound inanity she discovers as many laughs as are to be heard in one theatre anywhere along Broadway. Gowned in a Turkish towel, she warbles her hopelessly ridiculous songs, wrestles with Purity League President Bliss, flops on her other end with the *savoir faire* and polite restraint of a duchess, with a twinkling in her two eyes merrier than all the unbridled hilarity in the audience. While Miss Lillie is not tumbling about, there are laughs for Actor Charles Winninger and laughs for Actress Helen Broderick in their marital-musical scene of reconciliation.

The Great Adventure. Reginald Pole, a Western actor, revives Arnold Bennett's play full of infinitesimal subtleties for the infinite satisfaction of folk who like Arnold Bennett on the stage. An artist who would be known to the world by his work only, changes places with his valet. The valet dies suddenly. The artist goes on painting, marries a bourgeois little widow. Their life is disturbed when the artist is re-discovered by professional collectors. The problem of the play is to make the wife realize that the man she married for a butler is really an artist.

The Silver Cord. It matters little to Playwright Sidney Howard that *Ned McCobb's Daughter* (TIME, Dec. 13) must give way on alternate weeks to *The Silver Cord*. He wrote them both, is one of the few who have had two plays produced by the Theatre Guild in the same season. His new opus is a pungent satire, savagely directed against the popular sentimentality that breathes violet perfume on "mother love." A wit in the audience loudly announced after the curtain line: "Now to go home and shoot mother!"

The Honor of the Family. H. Balzac wrote the story. E. Fabre made a play out of it. P. Potter

(29)



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For THEATER and all SPORTS!

put it into English. O. (Otis)
Skinner makes it presentable in
Manhattan today. Mr. Skinner
wears the same faded regimentals
that he sported 19 years ago; he
is the same swaggering bon-vivant
of a Napoleonic colonel with the
old flourishes. The flourishes sat-
isfy, but the plot leaves a stale
taste. In a curtain speech after
the third act, Mr. Skinner smilingly
reveals his intention of reviving
the play again in 1946. Actor
Skinner will be 88 in 1946.

Twelfth Night. An ingeniously
designed set of scenery permits
a swift running-together of scenes
in Eva Le Gallienne's production,
thus adding greatly to the buoy-
ancy of the presentation. In other
people's productions of *Twelfth
Night*, the complicated fortunes of
Viola, the ship-wrecked maid, in
love with the Duke of Illyria in
love with the proud Olivia in love
with the ship-wrecked maid im-
personating her twin brother are
too frequently allowed to lag into
slow comedy only partially relieved
by the Bard's verse. Not so in
this case. The cast mercifully in-
terpret light comedy in a gay spirit
unoppressed by the playwright's
reputation. Sometimes the humor
is even flavored with slapstick, as
in the case of Egon Brecher's Sir
Toby Belch, who does. Yet so
airily do the players carry off the
Shakespearean fancies that the au-
dience readily forgives trivial irre-
verence, avows *Twelfth Night* to be
O. K.

CINEMA

New Pictures

The White Black Sheep (Richard
Barthelmess). One chivalrous ges-
ture in defense of a lady accused
of thieving, and Richard Barthelmess
finds himself, a man in disgrace,
engaged in battle with warring
tribes of the Sahara Desert. The
natives seize him, bury him to the
neck in sand, fling their spears
all around and very close to his
head. Thus teased, Actor Barthel-
mess registers fury; it goes hard
with the dastardly natives, and the
hero's side wins.

The Fire Brigade (Charles Ray,
May McAvoy). Lest that drab day
come when Young America shall
cease to begin life with fire-fighting
aspirations, Director Nigh provides
the public with a picture well-
calculated to arouse boyish enthu-
siasm. The hero is a fireman who
not only rescues women and chil-
dren from the flames, but fearlessly
announces to the heroine's papa,
corrupt politician, that it is un-
ethical to build fire-traps. Charles
Ray is the young man with brass
buttons, tin hat; and May McAvoy,
as the pleasing heroine, marries
him in a smoky fade-out, the
while Boy Scouts in the audience
roar approval.

LETTERS

(Continued from p. 4)

Franklin's Fertilizer

Sirs:

May we direct your attention to the last
paragraph on the last page of TIME, Dec.
20, wherein your review of the new
Franklin biography quotes: "... for en-
couraging farmers to fertilize with lime,"
etc.

It seems unlikely that the author quoted
could have been guilty of careless scholar-
ship and likely that he had authority for
his statement. But unless such authorities
as the United States Department of the
Interior and the Iowa Geological Survey
are worthless, it was gypsum which Frank-
lin advocated as a fertilizer, and the
gypsum was sown over the clover of the
Philadelphia hillside to form the words:
"Land Plaster Used Here—Ben Frank-
lin."

UNITED STATES GYPSUM CO.

E. M. Oren
Publicity Manager

Chicago, Ill.

Page 166 of *Benjamin Franklin:
The First Civilized American* by
Phillips Russell, reads: "... To
show his fellow farmers how their
soil would benefit from the appli-
cation of lime, he sowed a field
and then inscribed upon it in
large white plaster letters: 'THIS
FIELD HAS BEEN PLASTERED.'"—ED.

Honeywell Children

Sirs:

In TIME, Dec. 20... your Book
Editor in his review of *The Romantic
Comedians* based much of his interpreta-
tion of the character of Judge Honeywell
on the assertion that the Judge had no
children. May I refer him to p. 5 of that
book?... The Judge and Cordelia had
two children....

LEAH ROBINS MATHER

South Williamsport, Pa.

To Subscriber Mather all praise
for remembering Honeywell chil-
dren who never appear and are
seldom mentioned in Miss Glas-
gow's book.—ED.

Pluggler

Sirs:

On p. 8, TIME, Dec. 13, you call Secre-
tary Jardine a "pluggler" and give your
reasons. I claim to be somewhat of a
pluggler myself as I read TIME from cover
to cover and that means at least 2,000
pages a year, which is just as creditable
as writing 120 pages once a year.

But I hope that Secretary Jardine's re-
port didn't contain any errors as misleading
as your statement on the same page under
the heading, "Indians Sick." You state
there that trachoma is a "highly con-
tagious eye disease." I am of the opinion
it is not at all contagious and is a ques-
tion of nutrition. My authority for this
is the Houston (Tex.) *Post-Dispatch*. I
read an article today just before getting
on the train in which trachoma was dis-
cussed. It pointed out that at Ellis Island
there is no spread of this disease; that
they treat upwards of 100 cases a year and
that immigrants found with this ailment
have not communicated it to others during
the voyage, although conditions are excep-
tionally favorable for its communication
in the steerage of the ocean liners....
As the New York *Tribune* would say,
"truth lies also in a frank confession of
error." What have you to say?

L. H. WELLING

Sunshine Special
En route to St. Louis

Let Pluggler-Subscriber Welling
consult his physician or a medical
text and thereby learn that tra-
choma is "a chronic, contagious
disease of the conjunctiva....
It occurs in poorly nourished per-
sons who are subjects of improper
hygiene."—ED.

BOOKS

Two Boys

Thomas Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn are grown-ups now. Oddly enough, they had been simultaneously moved to write about their boyhoods. Neither improves on Mark Twain's version, but autobiography is always edifying.

Huck, as might have been expected, is still shiftless, happy-go-lucky, not very respectable. Always a smooth liar, he took to professional story-telling years ago. Only since respectability went into a decline has he been really successful. On disreputable subjects like night fishing, adultery, peeking in at lighted windows and loafing, he is quite an authority, having had in them a lifelong interest. He can write about them, too, up to a certain incoherent point where the blissful inanity—or is it miracle?—of "just being alive" turns upon itself and leaves his lazy mind groping for words. Nowadays Huck Finn is called Sherwood Anderson.

Tom, of course, has done very well for himself. By the time he had finished school and college he saw how foolish he had been to hate them. Respectability pays. He learned the printer's trade, managed a Kansas politician's small-town newspaper, took his good manners to Kansas City and worked on the *Star*. He married a school-teacher, got his own small-town newspaper, let his girth grow and joined the diligentsia. Eventually he made his voice heard all over the country. He has taken care not to get too slicked up; has preserved a certain loudness and exaggeration which show, even when he discusses national politics or literature, that he is still a small-town man. But he stands for the very best national things: the Y. M. C. A., the Rotarians, Opportunity, the Boy Scouts and the Kingdom of Heaven. Tom Sawyer's grown-up name is William Allen White.

The two books* differ little in subject matter. Both boys lived in midwestern hamlets where the livery stable, the barber's or the harness shop was the centre of culture. The church was either used as a storehouse or ignored. School was prison. The lasting impressions Huck and Tom have of school are the whisperings of bigger boys about differences and relations between men and women. Boys lay under plank bridges to spy up at passing women. Their little brothers were often born just the other side of thin partitions between bedrooms and perhaps only a night or so after they had seen a sow have a litter. Tom remembers how the men of his village shot a horse thief into a pulp. They both remember their "ole swimmin' holes"

*TAR—A Midwest Childhood—Sherwood Anderson—*Boni & Liveright* (\$3).
BOYS, THEN AND NOW—William Allen White—*Macmillan* (\$1.25).

THE CREAM

¶ There is no room in TIME for the second-rate, the inconsequential. The following new books are advertised here by their publishers only at the express invitation of TIME's Book Editor. Not all the good books are here advertised; but all the books here advertised are good.

¶ They are books selected from extensive lists as being of outstanding merit and interest for TIME-readers. Laudatory "blurbs" are purposely omitted, being unnecessary. Each book's mere presence in the list testifies to its excellence; each book admitted has been, or will be, descriptively reported in TIME text.

¶ Reading these books you will partake of the cream of this season's literature.



VIOLET HUNT*

Biography

I HAVE THIS TO SAY—Violet Hunt*—*Boni & Liveright* (\$3.50). Henry James's "purple patch" explains how she came to think she was married to Ford Madox Hueffer.

BILL NYE: HIS OWN LIFE STORY—Frank Wilson Nye—*Century* (\$4). With illustrations by fellow cartoonists.

FIFTY YEARS OF BRITISH PARLIAMENT—Lord Oxford and Asquith—*Little, Brown* (2 vols., \$8). The apotheosis of Liberalism.

Fiction

POWER—Lion Feuchtwanger—*Viking Press* (\$2.50). The rise and fall of Jud Süsz, great Jew.

SORRELL AND SON—Warwick Deeping—*Knopf* (\$2.50). How a son justified his father's confidence.

INTRODUCTION TO SALLY—"Elizabeth"—*Doubleday, Page* (\$2.50). Devastation by pure beauty; in the comic strain.

WEDLOCK—Jacob Wasserman—*Boni & Liveright*—(\$2.50). The collapse of marriage in a chaotic age.

THE FIDDLER IN BARLY—Robert Nathan—*McBride* (\$2). A philosophical fiddler does a widow's chores.

DEBITS AND CREDITS—Rudyard Kipling—*Doubleday, Page* (\$2). Kipling after a rest; he knocks America in song and story.

CUSTODY CHILDREN—Everett Young—*Holt* (\$2.50). Battledore and shuttlecock with the daughter of divorcees.

THE ORPHAN ANGEL—Elinor Wylie—*Knopf* (\$2.50). Poet Shelley, rescued, in early America.

CALEB PEASLEE—Frank K. Rich—*Altemus* (\$2). Humor under the elms.

TIDES—Julian Street—*Doubleday, Page* (\$2). Chicago, from swamp to swank; with lavish color.

WHITE FALCON—Harold Lamb—*McBride* (\$2). Real Cossacks say these ride and roar properly.

THE HARD-BOILED VIRGIN—Frances Newman—*Boni & Liveright* (\$2.50). A sophisticated

Southern aristocrat learns about herself.

SHORT TURNS—Barry Benefield—*Century* (\$2). Annals of the inarticulate.

TIN WEDDING—Margaret Leech—*Boni & Liveright*—(\$2). The tenth anniversary of a "happy" marriage.

TOMORROW MORNING—Anne Parrish—*Harper* (\$2). Mother-love and mediocrity; cheerfully poignant.

Humor

WINNIE-THE-POOH—A. A. Milne—*Dutton* (\$2). Christopher Robin thought it was a boy, but it wasn't.

Science, History, Arts

THE MEANING OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION—Everett Dean Martin—*Norton* (\$3). Why young people leave home, and why they should.

THE PANCHATANTRA—Translated by Arthur W. Ryder—*University of Chicago Press* (\$4). Wisdom from east of Aesop.

MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOATIN'—Herbert and Edward Quick—*Holt* (\$3). Vivid history of a colorful epoch.

THE NATURE OF THE WORLD AND OF MAN—by 16 members of the Faculty of the University of Chicago—*University of Chicago Press* (\$4). For a knowledgeable concept of the cosmos.

THE FACE OF SILENCE—Dhan Gopal Mukerji—*Dutton* (\$3). Legend of a Calcutta convent, by a westernized Hindu.

THE GANG—Frederic M. Thrasher—*University of Chicago Press* (\$3). A six-years' first-hand study of 1,313 crime clubs.

THE NEW UNIVERSE—Baker Brownell—*Van Nostrand* (\$4). A philosophical outline of knowledge from a consistent point of view.

THE OUTLOOK FOR AMERICAN PROSE—Joseph Warren Beach—*University of Chicago Press* (\$2.50). A critical barometer in literary storm centres.

ON THE TRAIL OF ANCIENT MAN—Roy Chapman Andrews—*Putnam* (\$6). "Asia is the mother of the continents!"

*God-daughter of John Ruskin, pet of pre-Raphaelite literary London, she aided J. L. F. H. M. Hueffer when he was founding the *English Review*. Joseph Conrad, W. H. Hudson, Henry James, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells were other lions among whom she moved familiarly. Mrs. Hueffer obtained libel damages from a magazine which spoke of Violet Hunt as Editor Hueffer's wife, which Violet Hunt had reason to think she was. The Hunt tongue is of the tart North-of-England variety. Mr. Hueffer is now F. M. Ford.

¶ Should booksellers fail, the facilities of TIME's book department are at its readers' disposal to enlarge upon or order the above, or any other, books. Inclose cash or a check to the Book Editor, TIME the Newsmagazine, Penton Building, Cleveland, Ohio, making plain to whom you wish your purchases sent.

and the dirty tricks played there. Neither of their fathers paid much attention to Tom White and Huck Anderson. Their mothers gave them such "raising" as they got, which accounts for some of the differences between Tom and Huck now. Tom's mother was a college graduate and he was her first-born. Huck's was a village girl (fictionized into a beautiful Italiane) who bore seven "brats" and drugged.

Huck's book is offered as fiction, Tom's as an essay, but the contrast between them is broader than that. For while Huck Anderson is trying to make a work of art, still he is one of the most self-obtrusive of artists and in propounding his way of life he trespasses on sociology; and while Tom is trying to point a social moral (in effect: "Behold, we do, and should, serve youth far more nobly than youth was served yesterday!"), still he implicitly adorns a tale (in effect: "What a wonder that I turned out as fine a man as I am!"). They are on common ground—but going in opposite directions.

Huck Anderson, at 50, finds it "charming" (and so it is) to remember when little Tar Moorehead (so called to pacify Anderson relatives) discovered the great impersonal world of horses, rats, cows, sheep, and tried to join it by eating grass. He has never lost the sense of curiosity, wonder and cosmic humor experienced by little Tar when he saw the bald drug clerk and his lean wife cutting privy antics. He recalls Tar's first frights, shames, loves, possessicns, just writing them down and then looking at them as Tar used to, stupidly perhaps but quite happily, saying, "Well, now. What to think of that?" The only sad note in Huck's boyhood came at the end, when his mother died and he cried for her in a freight car, then ran off to sell his papers, to shift for himself, to grow up.

Tom White, on the other hand, at 58, can only shudder, or pretend to, at the "dark and awful things" he saw in barns, woods and alleys. It is not for him to live within himself. He must paint a dismal background against which the present will seem bright. So that he can say: "Those boys of a drab and dirty day, grown mature, have performed a miracle . . . modern civilization . . . a great agricultural empire . . . a rich industrial commonwealth . . . out of the bottomless cornucopia of Providence," etc., etc. He accuses men his age of overmuch pride in their material achievements and sentimentality over their oldtime virtues. But then he turns around to ballyhoo Progress harder than anyone and to give his contemporaries credit for planting in Modern Youth a virtue greater than ever. This is curious because it reveals in himself a refinement of the very vice he has set out to



"HUCK"

"Fishing . . . adultery . . . loafing"

reform—boasting. Nor does he demonstrate that the "new" virtue is wisdom and not a surface application of mass education, theory, platitudes.

What may redeem Tom is his own first sentence, the generalization: "All men are blowhards." But how far removed from Huck's amiable unmorality is all this Tom-



N. E. A.

"TOM"

"Opportunity . . . Boy Scouts . . . Kingdom of Heaven"

talk of moral credit. How strange that two products of like environments should see things so differently in retrospect. How odd that Huck the outcast should write with such contentment while Tom the respected citizen has loathing in his memory and joy, strident because vicarious, only in perfections yet to be. Both the books are written for middle-aging people. Who shall say which is wiser?

Relaxative

CAPTAINS IN CONFLICT—Robert R. Updegraff—A. W. Shaw Co.* (\$2). Author Updegraff has dedicated this industrial romance to "the John Rowntrees of today who are wiping out the memory of the H. B. Lockharts of yesterday."

In 1900, aged 25, John Rowntree suddenly inherits his father's nationally advertised stove and range company. Forthwith bald-headed, leather-skinned H. B. ("H. B.") Lockhart, onetime Rowntree employe and now proprietor of a rival stove works, makes an indecent proposal: "Let's combine, juggle the stock, and sell out! Easy money!" Young Rowntree refrains from smashing Mr. Lockhart's face, stalks out of the room. But Lockhart forms the Consolidated (eleven big companies), gets himself elected president, starts a series of dastardly plots to "crush that young damn fool." ("Then, by God, I'll crush him to a pulp!") And Lockhart doubled his knuckled fists into two tight palsied knots.) But Rowntree is never crushed. At two o'clock one morning, pacing his father's library, he clutches at a musty volume. Out drops the secret letter which his father wrote him on the day of his death. So! Lockhart stole the patents, then! But Rowntree Sr. was at one time in love with the young woman who later became Mrs. Lockhart. Therefore no true Rowntree would expose her thief-of-a-husband. And so Rowntree fights Lockhart and beats him in much the same way that St. George beat the Dragon, without going to court. And ultimately (in 1925) Lockhart is ousted from Consolidated. The directors beg John Rowntree to come in and put the eleven stove companies back on their feet again. At the last, Death comes to apoplectic H. B. Lockhart.

Significance. The volume has as much literary style as a good sales letter. But action is plentiful and the book is informative. It will probably furnish to younger businessmen the inspiration that its jacket advertises. Even as a relaxative its merit is far above most fiction of the idly amorous type. Also, it is probably authentic. (The country's leading stove works are now in combine.) That Villain Lockhart was founded on fact, however, is doubtful. His tactics are consistently those of the mucker football player who not only gouges eyes and kicks groins when on the field, but also spends every waking moment in poisoning coffee, writing fake telegrams, hiring kidnapers, etc., etc. Had such a character ever existed in U. S. business, he would have been notorious far beyond the narrow confines of the stove trade.

**Captains of Conflict* ran serially in Publisher Archibald W. Shaw's *System* ("The Magazine of Business"). By coincidence, Hero Rowntree is caused to compliment that magazine in the text.

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