

accustomed to... have not failed to express their sense of the epoch-making importance of the work of the Locarno conference.

If it has given the world a new Europe—as, in the opinion of the most competent and sober-minded observers, it has—the question is whether this is to bring any change in the old United States. We do not refer to the time when it was the fashion of some influential Americans to speak of Europe with “contemptuous ignorance.” The time has long gone by when a Senator of the United States could rise in his place and ask without challenge the sneering question: “What have we to do with abroad?” Everybody knows today that we have a great deal to do with it. But doubt persists whether Americans in general, or their rulers in particular, have yet waked up to the significance for us of the great events which are re-making Europe. TALLEYRAND said to GEORGE TICKNOR that ALEXANDER HAMILTON had “divined Europe,” though he had never crossed the Atlantic. Have we today in Washington penetrating and brooding intellects able to divine the new Europe, and to perceive what it necessarily means for the United States?

It will not do simply to stand aloof and admire. Public comment thus far has been too much merely of that order. President COOLIDGE, while not quoted directly, has let it be known that he thinks the Locarno treaties of great “interest.” That is the kind of thing most commonly said. There is almost a consensus of American opinion that the outcome of the Locarno conference was important, of great value, big with promise, very encouraging—what you like. But until now there has seemed to be a rather general failure to link up this great European achievement with anything like a new American obligation. Yet nothing is more certain than that if we had a duty—based partly on self-interest, if you insist—to devastated and distracted Europe, we also have one to recovered and hopeful Europe. The attitude of indifferent isolation is as much of a folly in one case as in the other.

Nor should our statesmen be content simply to watch and wait and let matters drift. It is not a time for the application of the principle once cynically laid down by DISRAELI to the Marquis of LORNE, that “affairs of State develop themselves.” They require a lot of aid in developing. Especially is this true of international relations, where vaster interests and perils are all the time impinging upon each other. If we clearly see that the new Europe is a factor in the world-problem with which we had not thought it necessary to deal before, our immediate business is to ask how we ought to deal with it, what should be our altered attitude in the presence of this great alteration in Europe, and what is the duty for America which in consequence lies next at hand.

It is not a question of working out a subtle or intricate policy. The thing can be stated in very simple terms. If we have to live with a new Europe, we should at once set about making the unescapable relation pleasing and useful

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contact with the moving generation. To what purpose may one study KANT and GROTIUS, remaining in ignorance of the very flowering of their thought in the world about us? Can one really understand our Articles of Confederation, our Constitution, our Supreme Court, our national aspiration of a century and a half toward the peace of justice, and not know the profoundly stimulating effect they have had and are having upon all modern nations? Rebellious as these young folk are against the confusion of our thought and the tardiness of our action, it is a permanent good they are seeking—permanent as regards the undergraduate world. The conference intends the foundation of international scholarships, the exchange of “enlightened and militant students” with the universities of Europe. If local requirements as to degrees stand in the way of a year’s study abroad, then those local requirements must be internationalized. Meanwhile, the conference will cooperate with the Confederation International des Etudiants, sending three hundred students abroad next Summer in groups of twelve—to see sights perhaps, but assuredly to study at first hand the educational, political, economic and social development of European nations.

Altogether one warms toward Senator BORAH. Especially one warms toward undergraduate America. Truth has been, not precisely crushed to earth, but pot-shot in the skies. The appeal has been to popular ignorance and mistaken self-interest. Yet even at the height of the football season the youth of the land has risen in resentment. There is a light there that no obscurantism can dim, a flame that will outburn the deepest political animosities.

BENEVOLENT DESPOTISM IN ASIA.

RAMA VI of Siam is dead after a reign of fifteen years, leaving behind him a nation whose well-being is attested by the paucity of its annals. It is the largest independent kingdom on the Asiatic mainland, if we assume that Persia, having done with its Shah, is headed toward a republican form of government. It has been a better ruled country than Persia despite the fact that the latter has a National Assembly and Cabinet Government of a sort, whereas the monarchy in Siam is absolute. The Government has been carried on, however, in the best traditions of eighteenth century benevolent despotism in Europe. The accident of personality has helped greatly. RAMA VI succeeded his father RAMA V, CHULALONGKORN, who in the course of a reign of fifty-eight years set a worthy precedent in progressiveness for a worthy successor. Himself educated by European tutors, CHULALONGKORN sent his heir to Oxford. Thence he returned with few of the fruits of the cabaret civilization of Europe to which so many of the princes of the Orient succumb, but with many valuable ideas of government and such useful data of Western culture as

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TEXAS HERSELF AGAIN.

Since the day when MENDOZA, the Mexican Viceroy, sent Friar MARCOS DE NIZA into the unknown North on a quest for the Cibola or Seven Cities of fabulous treasure, Texas has been a storied region, in which the atmosphere, scenic and human, has been as vivid as a Turner sunset. The unexpected, the romantic, the bizarre, have always been thrown upon the screen. What a procession of explorers, adventurers, swashbucklers, fighting men, dreamers, heroes and impostors has contributed to its history! But virility has always come out in the strongest colors. One may call the roll: LA SALLE, ST. DENIS, DOMINGO RAMON, PHILIP NOLAN, WILKINSON, LONG, LAFFITTE, the AUSTINS, BOWIE, FANNIN, HOUSTON. Texas has never been humdrum, even in our prosaic day—there is something in the air of the Lone Star State that makes men militant, vainglorious, audacious and unconventional. But now the politicians are the adventurers, the sensation-makers, the protagonists in the tragic-comedy drama. They are always doing the unexpected, but the color of the legendary and the traditional is in their performances. The gallery wonders, applauds, smiles—even guffaws sometimes.

When Texas elected a woman as Governor it seemed as if that Commonwealth were losing its grip upon the realities of the past, which had been super-masculine. But before the end of Mrs. MIRIAM FERGUSON’S first year as Governor the stage is cleared for the old familiar drama of conflicting ambitions, high-pitched vaunting, strutting and defiances. Political Texas is herself again. Perhaps no more remarkable interview was ever given than that which the newspaper correspondents obtained from the reluctant husband of the present Governor in name. Paintings of SAM HOUSTON, DAVY CROCKETT, JEFF DAVIS and ROBERT E. LEE, and the “Remember the Alamo” heroes, looked down on a strange scene. Ex-Governor “JIM” FERGUSON, “a tall, lean, hard-bitten man of the shrewd farmer type,” was in the limelight he loved. He stood in the breach for his wife, but mainly he talked about himself. He was full of fight. His enemies could not impeach her or indict him. “We haven’t decided,” said the man who has been, is, and would be, Governor, “whether we will run again next year or not.”

Charges of waste in the highway contracts he waved aside as groundless. Two of the Commissioners were his personal friends, and if they had resigned after the American Road Company had agreed to a judgment to return \$600,000 of its profits, it was only because they did not want to embarrass the Governor. The highway contracts were made for the interests of the State, although bonds had not been required. He would have preferred bonds himself, but he admitted that he “sat in” at the commission

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OIL FIELDS.

the South American mouth of the Ori- E, who describes in ace for oil in Vene- saucer which holds e lake and the oil vation of 4,000 feet saw hundreds of topics "threaded by jungle steaming rays and covered blue sky." A geolo- ure had been "at only a brief three w long a time its had been awaiting n a geologist could ars ago this Vene- 500,000 barrels, ill give 20,000,000 t is calculating how o more petroleum. npany was first to 1907. There was until 1922, when ew in and poured ." The Maracaibo

"not even supply enough for its own consumption, and is obliged to call upon Mexico to make good the deficit." The Maracaibo fields may come to the relief of the world with the wealth of petroleum the boomers ascribe to them, but 20,000,000 barrels a year is not a big contribution. The yield of the United States is twenty-five times as much and of Mexico ten times.

URBANUS OF URBANA.

Should there be a Federal board to regulate and limit the issue of irony, if, indeed, irony should be permitted at all in a country devoted to simplicity and sincerity? Not merely the good of the people, the good of the ironists should be considered. Mr., formerly Professor, STUART P. SHERMAN adds to his offenses and to our distress. Scribner's Magazine has been induced to publish "An Interview with a Newcomer in New York." Mr. SHERMAN is one of those two-year-old "old New Yorkers" familiar to riders on street and elevated lines. They point out, with unvarying inaccuracy, the landmarks and watermarks. Devotee of a perilous art, Mr. SHERMAN pretends that there is a wild public yearning that he, a Midwesterner, account for and justify his insertion into our village. We should love to follow him, if he could keep a set of "critical principles" overnight.

He was destined for Cosmopolis. He was born in more places than HOMER. He has lived in all States and been educated everywhere, including the Massachusetts Cambridge, from whose observations whereon we might conclude that he is a graduate of Mr. COOLIDGE'S college. We haven't time to recite the whole charter of his libertinism. He pulls whole streets of door-knockers. All the constables have beefsteak on their "poached" eyes. Even "home," of which Professor RAYMOND HITCHCOCK has said immortally that there's no place like it "when all the other places are shut up," isn't safe from this Mid-Manhattaner's sacrilegious "spoof." But his confessions of the repentant and ransomed professor bite deepest into the heart. All colleges, all universities are alike. He winks. He suppresses the equally profound conviction that all people are alike. Whether undergraduates are more savage-conservative than radical-up-to-the-minute, he doesn't stop to consider.

The linchpin of the article, if we may be impudent enough to judge fairly architecture, is the assertion that professors are paid too much; that they do a lot of committee work and other drudgery, but little that makes for cultivation and research; and that a professor in good and regular standing is liable to harden into a Dean and live sterilely forever after. So, fleeing from the wrath to come, Professor SHERMAN escaped to New York. His undergraduates wept for him. He wept for his undergraduates; not merely the barbarians of football,

BY-PRODUCTS

The Week.

It has been a week principally concerned with boundaries, and rather cheerless than otherwise. . . . Ireland is expecting trouble over the Ulster-Free State boundary. . . . Peru and Chile are expecting trouble over the Tacna-Arica boundary. . . . Turkey is uttering threats about the Mosul boundary. . . . Red Grange has crossed the frontier which separates Amateuria from Professionalia. . . . Governor "Ma" Ferguson is accused by the Texas Legislature of overstepping the bounds of discretion in the matter of taking advice and guidance from "Pa" Ferguson. . . . Mayor Hylan has announced that his retirement from office will set no bounds to his labors for the common people. . . . Candidates for the French Premiership are balancing themselves with extreme difficulty on the dividing fence between the Left bloc and the Right bloc. . . . Bryn Mawr College has admitted the cigarette within its frontiers. . . . Liquor motor trucks continue to negotiate successfully the Canadian boundary line. . . . Gerald Chapman disagrees with President Coolidge on the line of demarcation between the authority of the Federal courts and the State courts.

Plenipotentiary.

Developments in Texas have justified the prediction made in this column, that woman's entrance into political life will mean a reinforcement of the Family in face of the problems that now beset it. As voters in the rank and file husband and wife are now endowed with an additional subject of conversation, which is no mean factor in the maintenance of domesticity. As officeholders they are drawn together by opportunities for a profitable division of labor. Woman's task in the Executive Chamber is made easier for her if she can delegate the drudgery of political life to the man in the house. She can confine her energies to the living rooms of politics while the husband attends to the furnace. Finally there is the bond of a common danger. Husband and wife must now, more than ever, take each other for better, for worse, for impeachment, for vindication at the polls, for the normal problems of life and for special sessions of the Legislature.

Underworld Gossip.

By far the most interesting item in recent news from the music world is Feodor Chaliapin's announcement of a radical change in his repertory. It appears that the Soviet Government is discontented with the singer's prolonged absence from Russia and complains that he has sold his soul to Mammon. To this Chaliapin pleads guilty with extenuating circumstances: "I left Russia without a cent and found it necessary, therefore, to sell my soul to the devil. Yes, I sold it, and it is not my fault. As soon as I fulfill these contracts I hope to be able to accept your invitation to come to Moscow and Leningrad."

Obviously, then, Chaliapin has abandoned his favorite rôle of Mephistopheles and assumed the rôle of Faust. Instead of purchasing souls he has gone in for selling his own, and he seems to have done very well in what might be called a seller's market. Mr. Gatti-Casazza is only the chief of a large number of Infernal promoters who have secured an option on Chaliapin's permanent self. Bellias in Paris, Beelzebubs at Covent Garden, London; Lucifers and Ashmodais in various cities of three continents, all disguised as concert managers, have filed their second, third and fourth mortgages on Chaliapin's vital principle. "I have concert engagements in America and Australia for several years, and am obliged to

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

Dr. Prince Replies to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

To the Editor of The New York Times: Referring to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's statement, recently printed in your columns, affirming that I was "tardy" in my exposure of the fact that a photograph published in England and represented to be a spirit photograph was really a reproduction of a part of Murillo's "Holy Family" disguised by "ectoplasm," I have this to say:

I recognized the picture as the disguise of one I had seen the minute I set eyes on it, and identified it positively a day or so afterward. My article was sent to The Scientific American nine weeks ago lacking one day, and more than two weeks before Sir Arthur says he sent his letter to Light. I could not have been much more prompt, but I do not control the dates when what I write is printed.

It is true that I did not see the letter in Light of six weeks ago, but if Sir Arthur is quoted correctly it would not have assisted me, even had my discovery been delayed until its appearance, since it is said that at that date he had not discovered, or no one had told him, that the so-called "St. John" picture was a Murillo. So much for the fact; but I was not interested in the matter of priority of discovery as in the fact of fakery, and in the further fact that four of the conventional cherubs in the picture were "recognized" by four mothers as their respective children.

The cable message makes Sir Arthur seem to say that it was this photograph which he showed in New York three years ago, but of course he never said this. The picture which he did exhibit on the screen was a Chicago photograph, made some thirty years ago, to demonstrate how easily such frauds can be compounded; I thought it showed an easy intellectual conscience to exhibit a picture of which one did not know the history and which one "could not guarantee," among the choice samples of supernormality.

I gave the lecturer private information in order that he might not be embarrassed in his lecture tour. But I did not know that there was any obligation or expectation that the matter should be kept a secret forever. Certainly I ask no such favors. Any one is at liberty to tell the truth about me at any time. WALTER FRANKLIN PRINCE. Boston, Mass., Nov. 25, 1925.

FREEMASONS IN SPAIN.

To the Editor of The New York Times: In one of the dispatches from Madrid of recent date your correspondent avers that "there are no Freemasons in Spain" and that "no Masonic lodge ever existed in the country."

The history of Spain, singularly that of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, is for the most part the child of the Masonic lodges. The Spanish Masons were instrumental in driving the Jesuits out of Spain; in the assistance rendered the United States during the struggle for their deliverance from the English yoke; in fostering the South American revolution, mainly in Venezuela; in wrenching the constitutional reforms from Ferdinand VII and in fomenting the insurrectional movement in the Philippine Islands. The Masonic lodges were equally back of all the "pronunciamientos" and "sargentadas" with which the nineteenth century is studded in Spain.

The conflict between liberalism and obscurantism in the last hundred years resolves itself into the death struggle between the Spanish Masons and the reactionary party, and this explains why upon the latter's accession to power in 1823 three decrees were issued relative to the dissolution of the Masonic lodges. One of those decrees conclusively exacts of all the public employes the sworn declaration as to whether