

0.008 Angstrom units. The recent spectacular results of Dr. St. John at Mt. Wilson Observatory, Pasadena, California, since his former observations (conducted, however, under inadmissible conditions) gave a null value, have been heralded to the world, — showing 91 per cent of the predicted Einstein shift.

The Einstein theory rests upon the beauty of its structure, the range of its generalizations, the soundness of its assumptions which all rest solidly upon unimpeachable experimental evidence, the impeccability of its mathematics. Its formulas have been derived in various ways, by many investigators, and proved to be without flaw. In relativity there are no transformations and approximations of doubtful validity. The validity of relativity is not *proved* by the three experiments: they serve to check the soundness of the fundamental postulates. So far, in the contest between the Newton and Einstein theories, all the triumphs have gone to relativity.

TO HENRY FORD

WITTER BYNNER

*Have you ever read a poem, Henry Ford?
Perhaps you will notice this one about you.*

*How would it be to choose for President
The richest and the simplest man alive,
Whose only gospel is the gospel of work,
And whose major faith is faith in Henry Ford? —
That eye, that quick skrewed eye, to watch a country!*

*We laughed at you, your road-louse, your tin Lizzie,
Laughed at your ship of peace in time of war,
Called you to witness, made a fool of you,
Mocked you to death and went about our business;
But now we think of you for President.*

THE FORUM

*What do you think of us who thought of you
 So ill a while ago, lately so well?
 What is your private judgment, Henry Ford,
 Of a somersault like this, heels over head,
 A tipsy people calling ourselves temperate,
 A loutish people calling ourselves alert,
 Yes, a ridiculous people, Henry Ford,
 Blatant and swaggering and full of wind,
 Ignorant, apathetic, cruel, dead,
 So busy and so dead? — for none alive
 Of all the nations upon earth has dared
 To hallow war as we have dared, to jail
 Such men as were honest and to honor such men
 As were false. Our souls lie mouldering in their graves.*

*Are you the man appointed, Henry Ford?
 Are you another who can raise the dead?
 Would you raise a Jew from the grave, by baiting him,
 Or an American, with gasoline?*

*I met you for a moment, during the war,
 A little gray man with an honest eye,
 And on your nose — there at the very tip,
 I see it still — was a bruise, a scab, a token,
 You spoke of it yourself. "It came," you said,
 "From studying a tractor-wheel too close."*

*Would you venture to say again what you said to me then,
 "When will the war end? Well, sir, it will end
 When the idlers have killed enough workers to feel safe?"
 Would you venture to say of Russia, for example,
 "When the workers have killed enough idlers to feel safe?"*

*Would you knock your nose again, as President?
 Or would you enter through the eye of a needle,
 Pulling the country after you like a thread,
 Into a heaven made of smoke and brick,
 With sweat for crowns and dinner-pails for wings,
 And with living wages from the God of Things?*

DEMOCRATS*

A Baker's Dozen

Cartoons By

OSCAR CESARE

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HOMER JOSEPH DODGE

*Since Mr. Dodge nominated thirteen candidates for selection at the Democratic National Convention, the editors have heard the muffled rumblings of other booms. There is, for example, Governor Joseph Taylor Robinson of Arkansas, who we are told is Colonel Harvey's favorite; John Barton Payne, Chairman of the American Red Cross; and Homer S. Cummings of Connecticut. And many others. The editors would have liked to include them in the following pages, but space forbids. We can only wish them luck, — all of them.

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