

FIFTEEN CENTS

January 19, 1931

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



Volume XVII

CUBA'S MUSSOLINI

"Me resign? Never, never!"
(See FOREIGN NEWS)

Number 3



Watch wild geese against the sky. The power in their wings is under perfect control. To put the power in your automobile under better control, leading oil companies add Ethyl fluid to good gasoline to form Ethyl Gasoline. The fluid regulates combustion in the motor, preventing uneven explosions that cause power waste, "knock" and overheating. Ethyl makes such a difference in car performance that one pump in five now bears the Ethyl emblem. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York.



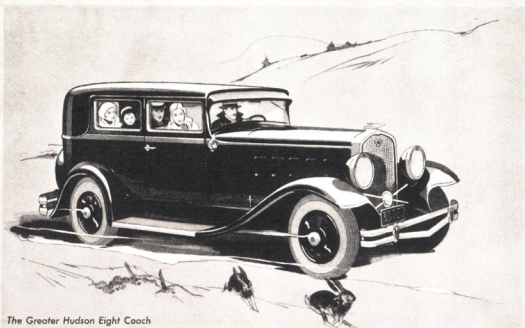
The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

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ETHYL GASOLINE

HUDSON ESSEX

INVADES A NEW FIELD



The Greater Hudson Eight Coach

Now you can ride in Comfort and save money too!



Hudson and Essex
Comfort is Like
Your Favorite
 Fireside Chair

There was a time when you had to pay two or three thousand dollars for an easy-riding car. Those days have gone forever! Hudson-Essex now brings you *Rare Riding Comfort* at prices all can afford.

This comfort is not limited to freedom from road shocks. Four two-way hydraulic shock absorbers, patented Hudson-Essex spring construction and non-weaving frames take care of that. It extends to the vibrationless motors and to bodies that are insulated against drumming noises and drafts. It includes generous head-room and leg-room, wide doors and deep, form-fitting cushions. You will not tire on all-day drives in these cars! Wide seats permit you to shift position with perfect ease. You are never crowded.

Larger motors enhance speed, get-away and power. Added strength throughout assures greater reliability. Improved fuel systems bring new operating economy. You expect brilliant performance from Hudson-Essex—and you get it.

These cars look aristocratic and they are! Interiors are smartly done. Chrome-plated radiator grids and other attractive details make them distinctively *different* in outward appearance.

But you cannot see *Rare Riding Comfort*. You must experience it! Ask your nearest Hudson-Essex dealer to show you how easily these cars ride. Then think how easy it is to enjoy such beauty, performance and *Rare Riding Comfort* at prices so low!

\$875
THE GREATER
HUDSON 8
Business Coupe
(Coach \$895)

Other body models as attractively priced. Special equipment extra. All prices F. O. B. Detroit

OWNER-MANAGEMENT PERMITS EXCLUSIVE VALUE ADVANTAGES

Owner-management enables Hudson-Essex to give you outstanding advantages in quality and price. The men who are now guiding its destinies have been with the company since its inception twenty-two years ago. Its department heads and principal distributors are its controlling owners. Their independence is backed by unusually large resources in capital and plant facilities. It enables Hudson-Essex to lead in design and engineering. It permits economies in manufacture and distribution that bring exceptional quality direct to the public at distinct price advantages.

\$595
THE NEW
ESSEX SUPER
SIX
Coach or Business
Coupe

Other body models as attractively priced. Special equipment extra. All prices F. O. B. Detroit



NO American industry or institution could long brave the absurdity of such a name. Yet how fitting in many instances it seems to be!

The symptoms? General confusion in organization procedure. Men and women leaving their desks to become message carriers. Production processes hampered by lack of co-ordination. Walking and "visiting" instead of staying on the job and producing.

The remedy? Install Strowger P-A-X, the most highly developed and most widely used of all private telephone systems. Completely automatic in operation, this efficient organizer provides instantaneous interior telephone connections by a turn or two of the P-A-X dial. Its swift, accurate service encourages the use of the telephone for the transaction of internal business. The time efficiency of employees shows instant improvement. Production becomes smooth and orderly. Schedules are met, not merely aimed at.

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EVERY DAY BRINGS NEW USES FOR THIS



BRIGHT, UNRUSTING, UNSTAINING METAL

YOU have lived to see the age of iron largely yield to the age of steel. And now you are seeing the development of alloys which surpass steel for many uses.

Leader among these alloys is Allegheny Metal because of its beauty, permanence and strength. It looks not unlike highly polished silver; it is as unrusting as gold, and it is twice as strong as ordinary steel.

No wonder it has been chosen for a thousand uses in the home and in industry, on building fronts and for inside decorations, as bright parts of automobiles, as kitchen

equipment and cooking utensils.

It is unrusting and unstaining. No abrasives are needed to clean it. You merely clean it as you clean glass—by wiping.

Laundry equipment illustrates one of many places where Allegheny Metal is performing a difficult task better than was mechanically possible a few years ago. For, in washing machinery, where soaps, scours and bleaches, as well as water, would corrode any feeble metal, Allegheny Metal is undismayed.

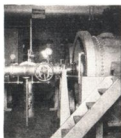
There is not space here to mention the many practical tasks this

indestructible new metal is already filling. And the scope of its possibility for new, useful services is almost limitless.

* * *

IMPORTANT FACTS

1. Unrusting . . . unstaining . . . un tarnishing.
2. Immune to all but a few acid reactions.
3. Stronger than steel.
4. Greater resistance to abrasion and denting than steel.
5. Will take any finish from dull to high luster.
6. Maintains bright surface with same cleaning treatment as glass.
7. May be drawn, stamped, spun, machined and cast.
8. It is a safe metal, immune to chemical reactions resulting from cooking and preparation of food. . . does not affect flavor, color or purity of any food.
9. Is non-magnetic.



This rotary cooker of Allegheny Metal is used by the H. J. Heinz Co. of Pittsburgh in the making of Heinz Rice Flakes.



The newest Fords, and Fords a year old, flash bright parts of Allegheny Metal. It stays bright with simple wiping.

ALLEGHENY STEEL COMPANY, Brackenridge, Pa. . . Offices: New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Los Angeles. Warehouse Stocks: Joseph T. Ryerson & Son, Inc.—Chicago, Cleveland, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Detroit, Buffalo, Boston, Jersey City, Philadelphia . . . In Canada: Samuel & Benjamin, Ltd., Toronto.

ALLEGHENY METAL





Did you ever save in this cast-iron bit of bric-a-brac? You placed the coin in the trick dog's mouth and snapped the lever. Up leaped faithful Fido and deposited your money in the barrel. Since bank keys always disappeared mysteriously, the big trick was to get your hoard of wealth back out. Did you use a hairpin or a hammer?

**Save 25¢. . Get
90 Sweeter Shaves**



IF we were not confident that this cream will give you a faster, smoother, cleaner shave, we would never have put it on the market.

As makers of Listerine and Listerine Tooth Paste, we have too much at stake to offer you anything less than a superlative product. A shaving cream that lives up to your highest expectations of the Listerine name.

Try it for tomorrow's shave. Note how smoothly your razor slides. How relaxed and soothed it leaves your skin. That's what the glycerine does. Even the toughest stubble whisks off smooth and clean.

Because millions have discovered these benefits, our sales curve shot up sharply. The economies of resulting mass production are now returned to our users. So you save your skin, and save a quarter on every tube you buy.

Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

L E T T E R S

Millionaire Hoover

Sirs:

. . . Is President Hoover rated as a millionaire and was he such before he entered the White House? . . .

D. T. MUTR, M.D.

Alden, Kan.

When Herbert Hoover became President, his private income was in excess of \$60,000 per year. Were his money invested at 6%, his capital would be in excess of \$1,000,000. Therefore he is rated a millionaire. —Ed.

Geo. Washington Abroad

Sirs:

"George Washington's insularity may have been due to the fact that he never left the U. S." Washington visited Bridgetown [Bridgetown], Barbados. See Hughes' *Washington*, p. 59.

OTTO HERBST

Eric, Pa.

George Washington's trip to Barbados, West Indies, was his first and only foreign one. Aged 19, he accompanied his consumptive half-brother Lawrence there; had an attack of smallpox on the island; returned to native soil within four months.

Of his trip, Washington kept a conscientious and matter-of-fact diary. Observed he of the Governor of Barbados: "He seems to keep a proper State . . . is a Gentleman of good Sense . . . gives no handle for complaint but . . . is not overzealously beloved." —Ed.

Mrs. Freeman-Thomas' Party

Sirs:

Near the top of col. 2, p. 13, TIME, Dec. 29, we are told that "Mrs. Freeman-Thomas, as she then was, gave a large dinner party in the saloon of the P & O liner, *China*." Should it not be *China*? Six years ago I crossed from London to Bombay on the P & O 7,000-ton *China*, and it was understood that it was in the saloon of this boat that the noted, or notorious, dinner took place. The point where it went on the rocks, and stayed for some time, was pointed out as we passed.

(The then Mrs. Freeman-Thomas, now wife of India's new viceroy, Lord Willingdon, was a noted beauty. Returning from a trip to Australia on the P & O liner *China*, she gave a large party in the ship's saloon. The Captain and most of the ship's staff attended; whereupon the *China* ran on the rocks.—Ed.)

You fail to give one important, and tragic to those directly concerned, result of this historic meal, where champagne flowed freely, and everybody became gloriously happy. The Directors

*A new and narrower meaning of "millionaire" is one with an income of \$1,000,000 per year of which there were 511 in U. S. in 1928.

not only dismissed the Captain and Chief Officer in disgrace, but ordered that thereafter Captains and other Navigation Officers should not take part in any such invitation dinners on P & O steamers under penalty of dismissal, or worse to this effect.

GEORGE H. SIMMONS

Hollywood, Fla.

Hutton Champagne

Sirs:

I've sipped champagne with them that was and them that was to be; with Belgian royalty and houri French and Alsatian refugees; with Red Cross girls o'er chevaux-de-frise in Coblenz and in Metz; with frauleins surreptitiously I guzzled Piper Heidsieck. . . .

Aboard French cruisers I've had my fill, in the Vosges, in Nice and ocean liners; in hospital beds in Neuchateau to New York night clubs, Florida, Cuba.

I've ridden to hounds with Champagne legs and cavalry mounts with hiccupus. As a month wash, hair tonic or improvised spray I've used this precious fluid. . . .

Now, please, Miss Hutton! "Most spectacular Manhattan function was given . . . by Mr. & Mrs. Franklin L. Hutton for their daughter Barbara. . . . Guests: 1000. Cost: \$100,000. Item: 2,000 cases of champagne. Setting designed by Joseph Urban; a moonlit garden with eucalyptus sprays, silver birches, potted roses, a gauze canopy speckled with stars." (TIME, Jan. 5.)

2,000 cases, 12 bottles per case equal 24,000 bottles. 1,000 guests: 24 bottles per guest.

If this be true, I feel sure that Mr. Urban's stars glistened on eucalyptus roses whilst potted canopied moonlit sprays birched on every garden of gauze.

LUCULLUS N. D. MITCHELL

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

. . . Would 2,000 cases of champagne cost less than \$100,000 or \$50 per case at present bootleg prices? If so, how much would be left out of the total you give as "cost" for food, decoration, music etc. etc.?

Possibly a typographical error? I would like to believe what I read in TIME.

C. H. GLAIZE

Alligerville, N. Y.

Sirs:

. . . No doubt Mr. Hutton has among his friends a thousand first-class drinkers willing to do their conscientious best on two cases; i. e., 24 quarts, each, I happen, however, to have direct corroborated evidence that one young debutante present at the party has an absolute limit for a given evening of twelve quarts of champagne. Can you tell me what happened to her other twelve quarts?

JAMES A. DEVELIN JR.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

I am mightily surprised at the capacity of the guests at the party given by Mr. & Mrs. Hutton (TIME, Jan. 5): 1,000 guests, 2,000 cases of champagne. Wow, what a party!

A. M. HOWE

North Andover, Mass.

"CURT, CLEAR, COMPLETE"

—and the Subscription price is \$5 yearly

ROY E. LARSEN, CIRCULATION MGR., TIME, INC.

350 East 22nd Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Please enter my subscription for TIME, for one year, and send me a bill (\$5.00).

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ADDRESS _____

ONE FIFTIETH OF A SECOND

. . . AND THIS LAMP'S WORK IS DONE!

NOW another General Electric product—the Photoflash lamp—eliminates the smell, smoke and noise of flashlight powder—just as the first incandescent lamp eliminated forever the danger of kerosene. Just as the modern Mazda lamp eliminated the inefficiencies of the carbon lamp.

Though its life is but 1/50th part of a second, the light it produces is equal to that of 500 two hundred watt lamps. Now the camera may descend into the depths of the ocean . . . Drop down into the lower levels of mines and subways . . . Swing aboard dirigibles . . . Take pictures of people whose eyes will not bulge or whose limbs will not contract convulsively from the sudden noise and shock of older methods.

Typical of the alert, progressive spirit which energizes Nela Park—

University of light—is this lamp for a highly specialized service . . . safer, quicker, better than any light for a similar purpose has ever been before. Typical of this same spirit are General Electric Mazda lamps—for every lighting purpose. The National Lamp Works of General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Join us in the General Electric Program, broadcast every Saturday evening on a Nation-wide N. B. C. Network.

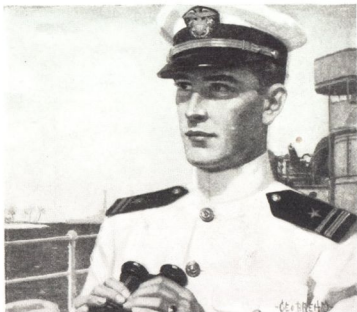
GENERAL ELECTRIC




PHOTOFLASH
MAZDA LAMP



"All's well" with the Face that's Fit



The world around, millions of men make Face Fitness the first order of the day. The Face Fitness that comes from Williams Shaving Service—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. Wherever they go "All's Well" with them!

They start their days with Williams lather. Cool as frost. Thick as cream.

Quick as quick can be. Natural, all-over coolness, that won't sting—*can't*!



sting. No doubtful dyes in Williams. It's a 90-year standard of goodness.

A douse of water! Then, the crisp briskness of Aqua Velva, dashed freely over the face, to keep the skin as clear-toned and Fit as the lather leaves it. Vividly fresh. The face that says "Good Morning" on any man's land or sea.

You men like a shave, don't you, that's coolly smooth and swift? With an after-feel and look of fitness . . . casual nicks and cuts cleanly cared for . . . the natural skin moisture conserved . . . and, finally, just a lingering hint of bracy fragrance that is good grooming? That's a Williams shave, by Williams Shaving Service. And that's why, everywhere, the big tide is to Williams!

Have you tried Williams Shaving Liquid? Very quick, very cool, very new! Ask your dealer.

A COUPON—For the Face that would be Fit!
THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, DEPT. T-90
GLASTONBURY, CONN.

Canadian Address: 3552 St. Patrick St., Montreal
Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. I will use and observe them.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

Sirs:

Refer to p. 11, third col. issue of Jan. 5.
If Mr. & Mrs. Franklin Hutton give any more parties, I would be glad to come.

Reason: Party for Barbara, 1,000 guests, 2 cases champagne per guest.

Query: Do you have to drink it on the premises or can you take some home?

J. W. ORR

Glens Falls, N. Y.

A reportorial error. But the reporter, now unable to remember whether the exact figure was 2,000 bottles or 200 cases, weakly insists, there were two of something for each.—Ed.

Schoolboy Capone

Sirs:

Unable to find the information elsewhere, I am writing to inquire about Al Capone's schooling, where he went to school or college; time spent in each, and his progress.

H. L. WHITE

Fairmont, W. Va.

Racketeer-in-chief Capone spent eight years in public grammar school in Brooklyn, N. Y. His progress was normal.—Ed.

Kid Rig

Sirs:

Anent the origin of the term "racket," I quote verbatim from Grose's *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* (London, 1823), a definition which antedates the origin described by you (*TIME*, Dec. 29).

"Racket: Some particular kinds of fraud and robbery are so termed, when called by their flash titles, and others, *Rig*; as, the *Letter-racket*; the *Order-racket*, the *Kid rig*, the *Cut and Kitten rig*; etc., but all these terms depend on the fancy of the speaker. In it, any game may be termed a *rig*, *racket*, *suit*, *slum*, etc. by prefixing thereto the particular branch of depredation or fraud in question. . . .

Incidentally, this "Kid rig" was a confidence game. Children carrying parcels were accosted by petty thieves acting as messengers, who told the child that they were to relieve him of the burden while he returned to his employer for more urgent business. From this the expression "to kid out of." When we kid a person out of some possession, we work the "Kid rig" on him.

R. P. ANDREWS

Klamath Falls, Ore.

41-Year-Old Wheat

Sirs:

The following may be of interest to Henry Pertle and *TIME* on "Wheat's Life Span" (*TIME*, Dec. 29).

In December 1885 a friend gave me a sample of a special variety of wheat, then six years old, to experiment with as to its life span. I sealed the wheat in paper and sealed container. It lay in my house away from light for 35 years and ten years ago was planted. It had been 41 years since harvested. Every grain seemed to grow. The next year I had quite a patch of measured ground and thrashed out the grain at the rate of 45 bu. per acre.

If wheat can live for 41 years and when planted produce such results, I would like to have the "experts" of New York Botanical Garden show one good reason why it should not live 100 years, 1,000 or 3,000 years under same conditions. . . .

J. R. PARKER

Philomath, Ore.

Special varieties of wheat may do special things.—Ed.

Appendectomy

Sirs:

Joe Stickler from Boston has a surly comment on "appendectomy" (*TIME*, Dec. 15). The dictionary does admit to usage appendectomy, but—

The surgeon who did one this morning said:

"My first case is an appendectomy."

The junior interne who assisted said:

"I wish they would let me do something besides hold retractors for an appendectomy."

The operating room supervisor who directed the hospital machinery said:



Turkish defeat by the Greeks at Thermopylae, September 1, 1821

Hand to hand, with saber and bayonet they fought for a line on the map!

THE LINE shall move north," swore the Greeks. "It shall stay where it is!" maintained the Turks with equal determination.

It was no mere debate. It was a bloody struggle upon which the sympathies of all Europe were divided.

Not until eight years after the event pictured above—the Battle of Thermopylae—was the line fixed, only to change again.

Such is the nature of lines on a map. The living map maker's hand is guided as he draws by the deeds of men whose very bones have long disintegrated.

That is the map's fascination! All history is on it, battles, intrigues, ambitions, daring explorations,

adventure. In it are civilization's highest achievements and most stupid blunders. Side by side it reveals the fruits of past wars and the bases of future ones.

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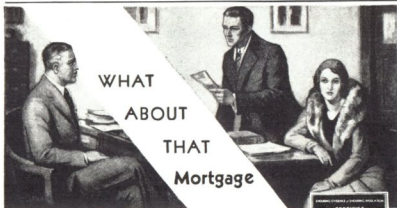
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

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When it's time to renew?

MORTGAGE loan companies make more liberal loans on homes that are insulated . . . modern homes that are easy and economical to heat.

If you contemplate remodeling, or building . . . will you be able to show, after your home is completed, how thoroughly it is insulated. Remember, insulation is a concealed product when built into the walls.

This is the reason for the Insulite Metal Plaque permanently affixed in an inconspicuous place in your home. It is "enduring evidence of enduring insulation". It shows how thoroughly and efficiently your home is insulated with Insulite.

Thermal insulation materials achieve their efficiency to a great extent through tiny dead air cells which act as non-conductors of heat, cold and sound. Insulite contains 3,000,000 wood-locked air cells to the square foot. . . 3,000,000 tiny barriers holding in your furnace heat, cutting your fuel bills, making your home more comfortable. Insulite is a full half inch thick, all wood-fiber insulating board, chemically treated to resist fire, moisture, vermin and rodents—it is not subject to rot or disintegration. This means Insulite gives permanent, lasting insulation throughout the life of the building.

And remember, when you use Insulite, either in building or in remodeling, it is not an expensive "extra", but takes the place of non-insulating building materials. As sheathing, Insulite has several times the bracing strength of lumber horizontally applied. As plaster base, Insulite guards against unsightly streaks and cracks, and grips plaster with more than twice the strength of wood lath.

Insulite, light cream color in appearance, can also be attractively and economically used as wall-board. Insulite is easy to handle, easy to use, and pays dividends in increased comfort and fuel savings throughout all the years to come.

Your architect can tell you about Insulite. He knows its strength, quality, efficiency, and economy. Your lumber dealer can supply you with Insulite.

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be sure your
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This Insulite Plaque, permanently affixed in an inconspicuous place in your home, is "enduring evidence of enduring insulation" built into your home.

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3,000,000
WOOD-LOCKED
AIR CELLS TO
THE SQ. FOOT



in every square foot of your Insulite walls and roof there are 3,000,000 wood-locked air cells, defying winter cold and summer heat, reducing fuel bills, and deadening noise . . . that's insulating efficiency.

"The first case boarded is an appendectomy." The little nurse who handed the gleaming hardware said:

"It was only an appendectomy, but they let me scrub alone."

The maid who washed up the instruments after use said:

"Then appendectomies don't take long."

The Record Librarian who filed away the data recorded.

"Case No. 1967846—Appendectomy."

The clerk who made out the bill entered:

"John Smith—appendectomy."

The patient who was the subject moaned:

"They told me an appendectomy wasn't serious, but OH!"

A. I. SLOAN

Glendale Sanitarium & Hospital
Glendale, Calif.

Chicago Horse Cars

Sirs:

"Can you tell me when the last horse cars were taken from the streets of Chicago, Ill.? If you have the answer handy, you will settle a controversy of five years' standing. . . ."

EARLE R. ALCOIT

Seattle, Wash.

Chicago's last horse car, which ran on Dearborn between Polk & Randolph Sts., was removed Oct. 21, 1906.—Ed.

Damyankee Donations

Sirs:

Being a damyank (born and reared in New York City) with several years' residence in Alabama to my credit, I feel prompted, after reading TIME's report of the H. G. Woodward bequest for technical and trades training, to bear witness that the good people hereabouts are well aware that "damyankes are little different from themselves." (TIME, Jan. 5.)

It is unfortunately true that no liberal donor to education, properly so called, has yet arisen in Alabama—a condition which is undoubtedly due to the hard times that followed the Civil War and Reconstruction. Mr. Erskine Ramsay of Birmingham (damyank from Pennsylvania) has on several occasions made generous gifts to certain of the state's colleges. But the wealthier "native sons" are still pretty canny. . . . Some of them go to the Eastern universities, but as a rule they come back as socialites rather than as amateur scholars or notable lovers of learning. It may be another generation or two before those who can afford to endow education will see any use in doing so.

Disappointing as it is the Woodward bequest in many ways, it is nevertheless a step in the right direction. Mr. Woodward was evidently a man of good impulses with wealth enough to realize them. Some of us feel that in mistaken zeal he has left Alabama a rather hard, indigestible, material stone in place of wholesome spiritual bread; that among the needs of this section, a first-rate preparatory school or college is *facile princeps*. Yet, it must be said that Mr. Woodward broke some ice that was in sore need of being broken. For this, he is to be greatly honored. Not impossibly his example will be followed, in time, by others who have a clearer notion of what education is all about.

P. K. BENRIMO

Marion Institute
Marion, Ala.

T I M E

The Weekly Newsmagazine
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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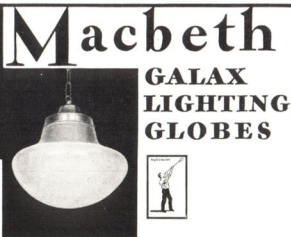
REMEMBER THE KEROSENE LAMPS OF YOUR KNEE-PANTS DAYS?

Remember, too, when you were a boy, trudging along to the store . . . saying over and over to yourself . . . "Macbeth Pearl Top Chimney . . . Macbeth Pearl Top . . . Macbeth Pearl . . ." It was *always* "Macbeth Pearl Top" because Mother knew they were far better than any other kind. She knew from experience . . . They were *best* because Macbeth glassworkers, inspired by a proud tradition of *quality*, made the very best chimney that experience, knowledge and care could produce. Now, although Macbeth still makes thousands of "Pearl Top" lamp chimneys every year, electric lights have largely replaced the old-fashioned kerosene lamp. With the development of

electric lamps, the need arose for enclosing globes to diffuse the light and shade the eyes from excessive glare. And in the manufacture of these globes, Macbeth occupies the same position of leadership, pioneering in the development and manufacture of scientifically designed globes to meet changing conditions. Today, Macbeth factories, directed by a corps of expert technologists, are producing enclosing globes of the most advanced type . . . Galax Globes, the newest development of Macbeth factories, are the nearest approach to perfection that has yet been attained in semi-indirect lighting. > > MACBETH-EVANS GLASS COMPANY > > Charleroi, Pennsylvania.



Macbeth Galax Globes in two favored shapes. Galax Globes are made of one homogeneous piece of glass of dual opacity, upper part transmitting efficiently with slight diffusion; lower part reflecting without glare.



GET
MORE
OUT OF
LIFE
THIS
YEAR



Get a CHRYSLER



A New Year, another chapter of life, begins. Make it a better year; be a lot happier; get more out of life . . . get a Chrysler!

Motor cars now play such an important part in modern life, and mean so much to the enjoyment of life, that you should let nothing stop you from owning the most enjoyable motor car you can possibly own . . . And that means—*get a Chrysler.*

The 1931 Chryslers—the Chrysler Sixes, the Chrysler Eights and the Chrysler Imperial Eights—provide today a Chrysler motor car for practically every purse. There is no

longer even a money reason why you shouldn't get a Chrysler.

There is the *pride* of owning a Chrysler; the beautiful smartness of a Chrysler; the power and speed and smoothness of a Chrysler; the safety of Chrysler reinforced bodies; self-equalizing internal hydraulic brakes—reasons no end why you *should* get a Chrysler.

You'll so completely enjoy a Chrysler that you'll say, just as other owners do, that you have never before known how enjoyable a car really could be.

Make it a New Year's resolution: *Get a Chrysler!*

CHRYSLER SIXES
\$745 to \$1345

CHRYSLER EIGHTS
\$1495 to \$1665

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHTS
\$2745 to \$3575

All prices f. o. b. factory

Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Other models will be equipped on order.

TIME

Vol. XVII, No. 3

The Weekly Newsmagazine

January 19, 1931

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Bathtubs & Babies

"Take bathtubs. I wouldn't care if every bathtub was exactly the same if all people had them and would use them. . . . It's all right to standardize so long as we standardize UP and not DOWN."

President Hoover was sitting in an old leather rocking chair in the Lincoln study of the White House talking to Journalist Frazier Hunt. The "no-quoting-the-President" rule had been partially relaxed because the non-political subject of the President's conversation was very close to his heart. It was more about babies than bathtubs, though, because President Hoover was unfolding his dreams of Child Welfare for the next generation. Journalist Hunt took down his words, printed them in the February *Cosmopolitan*. Excerpts:

"Only children of a New Generation—a New America—can stand against this future world. . . . One of the biggest of all problems is to drive in this idea of the necessity of properly born, trained, educated and healthy moral children to the voters and officials of America—most of our native criminal class are products of city slums. If these children were watched and nurtured a criminal type of child would not develop. . . . We must see that their roots have proper soil to put their precious tendrils into. City children must not be denied grass and flowers, fields and streams—all the imaginative surroundings that are a part of nature. . . . Ten years will see the start of this new generation. We can move swiftly after that. Why, today we think little of spending \$700,000,000 annually on our two great arms of defense—yet it is with difficulty that we vote a twentieth part of that sum towards national health and national education. Somehow it is hard to 'sell' an intangible thing like protection of children, yet we 'buy' a \$17,000,000 cruiser without raising an eyebrow."

¶ President Hoover sent out no Christmas cards because to have sent them would have meant sending 10,000. But last week all those who had sent cards to the White House received a neatly engraved card dated 1930-1931 and reading: "The President and Mrs. Hoover cordially reciprocate your holiday greetings."

¶ To a National Automobile Chamber of Commerce dinner in Manhattan President Hoover sent a telephone message in which he said: "We have been cheerful in the use of our automobiles; I do not assume they are being used for transportation to the poorhouse. . . . Altogether the future of the industry does not warrant any despondency."

¶ Biggest and busiest of U. S. District Attorneys in the land is that of Manhattan & The Bronx (technically known as the Southern District of New York). This office, empty since Charles Henry Tuttle resigned in September to make his vain race as New York's Republican nominee for Governor, has caused President Hoover much political tribulation. His personal friends urged one candidate while professional Republican politicians urged another for the appointment. Last week the deadlock was broken when the Hoover candidate withdrew and the President, with the goodwill of all sides, appointed a third man as U. S. District Attorney. He was plump, pink, bald, middle-aged George Zerden Medallie, who has a soft, husky voice and gentle brown eyes. Behind District Attorney Medallie's mild exterior, however, was a long and excellent record as a special prosecutor who knew how to send criminals to jail. But what the Senate wanted to know before it confirmed him, what the new appointee had skillfully concealed was whether he was Wet or Dry.

Senate Checkmated

Old as the Constitution is the struggle between the President and the Senate for power. Last week President Hoover and the Senate became deadlocked in another major battle which made their past controversies over tariff flexibility, export debenture and drought relief look small. By snatching at the President's prime executive authority—his control of appointments—the Senate provoked a controversy which only the Supreme Court can authoritatively settle. By fighting

back at the Senate's aggression President Hoover maintained the ancient tradition of his great office.

The driving force for this new battle in an old war was hydroelectric power. Senate Democrats and that multicolored collection of individuals known as "Insurgent Republicans" have assiduously been trying to make regulation of electric power into a great political issue for 1932.

Last month President Hoover sent to the Senate for confirmation the nominations of five new Federal Power Commissioners—George Otis Smith, Claude Draper, Marcel Garsaud, Frank McNinch and Ralph B. Williamson. After the usual fussing, the Senate confirmed all five a day or two before it adjourned for the Christmas holiday. Organizing immediately as a quorum, Commissioners Smith, Draper and Garsaud promptly dismissed several old employees of the Commission. Two of them were Chief Accountant William V. King and Solicitor Charles A. Russell. Because Messrs. King & Russell had cut quite a large public figure bucking private power companies when haled before the old Commission, this pair had come to be known as enemies of the "power trust" and defenders of the "public interest." Democratic and Insurgent Republican Senators immediately raised a great ruckus, charged that the Power Commission had already sold out to the "power trust," hinted that President Hoover himself was instrumental in these dismissals.

But how could these Senators get their hands back on these three Power Commissioners and punish them for their conduct? Their confirmations had gone to the President. They had taken oaths of office and commenced to function. They seemed quite outside the Senate's jurisdiction.

Then up spoke Senator Thomas James Walsh of Montana, a "power trust" foe, an old, wily and astute lawyer. Under its rules the Senate may reconsider a nomination provided the motion is made within two executive session days of its confirmation. Though 14 actual days had intervened since the Power Commissioners were confirmed, Senator Walsh set forth that whereas the Senate had been in recess over the holiday, therefore the two-day rule was still technically applicable. The minute Congress reassembled last week Senator Walsh offered his resolution "respectfully requesting" the President to return to the Senate the documents certifying the confirmation of Power Commissioners Smith, Draper, Garsaud. In other words, before the Senate could actually reconsider, it had to get back from the White House something to reconsider.

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National Affairs—(Continued)

Debate on the issue was slow, technical, dragging on for four days. Adroitly the "power trust" foes wangled the issue around so that it would appear that a vote against the Thomas Walsh resolution was a vote for the "power trust." Administration Senators said little. They let round-faced Lame Duck Senator Goff of West Virginia lead the Hoover defense. When the question finally came to a vote, the Thomas Walsh resolution was adopted (44-10-37) by an alliance of Democrats with the Insurgent crew including Idaho's Borah, California's Johnson, New Mexico's Cutting.

The purposes of the Senate fight on the President were perfectly obvious. The Senate was reaching for the recall. The Supreme Court had ruled that a President might remove an appointee without the "advice and consent" of the Senate. The Senate wanted a similar power of removal over appointees. Politically the fight was designed to put President Hoover in a hole. If he returned the Power Commissioners nominations, he would be bowing to the Senate's dictation. If he did not, it was argued by his enemies, he would be bowing to the dictation of the "power trust."

President Hoover quickly summoned Attorney General Mitchell and together they composed a retort to the Senate and an explanation to the Public. The militant wording of these documents, it was noticed, was so much above the President's average literary style that Attorney General Mitchell was suspected of having contributed much pen-and-ink.

To the Senate, the President wrote: "I am advised that these appointments were constitutionally made . . . formally communicated to me, and that the return of the documents by me and reconsideration by the Senate would be ineffective to disturb the appointees in their offices."

"I cannot admit the power in the Senate to encroach upon the Executive functions by removal of a duly appointed executive officer under the guise of reconsideration of his nomination."

"I regret that I must refuse to accede to the request."

To the Public he explained:

"... The objective of the Senate constitutes an attempt to dictate to an administrative agency upon the appointment of subordinates and an attempted invasion of the authority of the Executive. These, as President, I am bound to resist."

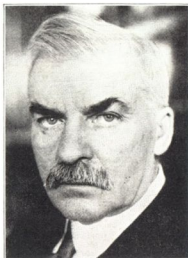
"I cannot, however, allow a false issue to be placed before the country. There is no issue for or against power companies."

"The resolutions of the Senate may have the attractive political merit of giving rise to a legend that those who voted for it are 'enemies of the power interests' and, inferentially, those who voted against it are 'friends of the power interests,' and it may contain a hope of symbolizing me as the defender of power interests if I refuse to sacrifice three outstanding public servants. . . ."

"If the appointments of these commissioners are withdrawn, it is obvious that their successors must accept the Senate's views of these subordinates."

"The resolution raises the question of the independence of the Executive arm of the Government in respect of the appointment and removal of Executive officials."

"It reaches to the very fundamentals of



THOMAS JAMES WALSH

Old, wily, astute

the Executive, whose power comes from the people alone.

"If the Power Commission shall fail to employ honest and capable officials, it is within my power to remove such officials as well as the members of the commission. I have not and shall not hesitate to exert that authority."

"The House of Representatives has the right to impeach any public official, and if the Power Commission shall be derelict in the performance of its duties, the orderly and constitutional manner of procedure by the legislative branch would be by impeachment and not through an attempt by the Senate to remove them under the guise of reconsidering their nominations."

"I regret that the Government should be absorbed upon such questions as the action of the Power Commission in employment or non-employment of two subordinate officials at a time when the condition of the country requires every constructive energy."

The effect of this Hoover broadside which so accurately depicted the issue took most of the wind out of the Senate's sails. There was of course much noisy denunciation of the President for his failure to obey the Senate but even Senator Walsh had to admit that the President had the Senate checkmated. Any further action by the Senate, he argued, would be only a "futile gesture" so long as President Hoover supported his appointees. As an indirect attack upon the three Power Commissioners a move of unlikely success was started to delete their salaries from forthcoming appropriation bills.

How and whether the case would reach the Supreme Court remained an open question last week.

THE CONGRESS

Clack

Working days left: 44. Essential bills to enact if a special session is to be averted: 10. Essential bills enacted last week: 0.

House Work Done. The House of Representatives last week:

❖ Passed a bill appropriating \$45,000,000 for Drought Relief; sent it to the Senate; adopted a special rule to force it to conference over Urban objections.

❖ Passed the first deficiency supply bill appropriating \$95,222,671; sent it to the Senate.

❖ Passed bills for flood control surveys on the Waccamaw (N. C. & S. C.) and the French Broad (N. C.) Rivers.

❖ Passed a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to accept presents for Indians.

❖ Passed a bill permitting Congressmen and Senators to frank more than four pounds of stationery.

Senate Work Done. The Senate of the U. S. last week:

❖ Passed the House Bill for Drought Relief after increasing its appropriation to \$60,000,000 to include human food loans.

❖ Adopted a resolution calling upon Secretary of State Stimson for all data and files on U. S. Marine Corps occupation of Nicaragua.

❖ Adopted (44-10-37) resolutions recalling from the President the confirmed nominations of three Federal Power Commissioners (see p. 11).

❖ Passed (36-10-10) a bill authorizing an annual expenditure of \$1,000,000 for maternity and infant aid in co-operation with the States, sent it to the House.

❖ Adopted a resolution requiring the Tariff Commission to investigate fresh pineapples.

RACES

Lynching No. 1

Last month in her little schoolhouse outside Maryville, Mo., Schoolm'am Velma Colter, 20, was raped, murdered. To the crime Raymond Gunn, Negro, confessed. Last week he was being taken from the Maryville jail to the courthouse to stand trial when a mob snatched him out of the hands of Sheriff Havre English, noisily marched him out of town toward the rural schoolhouse. Hundreds followed the procession, heard Gunn beg for mercy.

Arrived at the schoolhouse, leaders ripped off shingles, dragged handcuffed Gunn up to the roof, chained him to the rafters. Gasoline from automobiles was poured around him on loose shingles and rafters. Hungry flames leaped up, encircled the cowering black figure. From the smoke a wail of agony arose. A few moments later as the burning roof collapsed, an incinerated body plunked down on the desks below. Several thousand witnesses turned away for home.

Meanwhile at Maryville 60 National Guardsmen stood under arms, were not called out of their army.

Such was lynching No. 1 of 1931.

National Affairs—(Continued)

CRIME

Brothers Murdered Lingle?

One midnight last week Chicago news-hawks and photographers assembled in a bare room at the call of Chief Investigator Pat Roche of the State's Attorney's office. Before them was led a tall, thick-set, wavy-haired young man named Leo V. ("Buster") Brothers. Investigator Roche proudly introduced him as the hired assassin of Alfred ("Jake") Lingle, the racketeering *Tribune* crime reporter, who, while walking through a pedestrian's subway beneath famed Michigan Avenue, was plugged with one neat .32 bullet in his head head (TIME, June 23). Chicago's best murder mystery of a decade and one of the stenchiest of its many stinking scandals was, according to Chief Roche, solved.

News men pelted Mr. Brothers with questions which he ignored. His smoky blue eyes stared at them disdainfully. On his rather good-looking face—a face resembling James Joseph Tunney—was no flicker of emotion. But Chief Roche was amply voluble about Mr. Brothers. Said he: "The toughest man I ever encountered! I don't believe he has a nerve in his body. If he didn't kill Lingle, then Lingle is still alive today."

Mr. Brothers, a St. Louis "heavy man" (hired gang killer), had arrived in Chicago in July 1929. By long secret sleuthing Chief Roche had linked him with the Lingle killing, was convinced he was the actual murderer long before putting eyes on him. Under the alias of Bader, Brothers was living in retirement in a middle-class apartment house. In the same building, just across the hall from "Bader's" apartment, lived a Miss Rose Huebsch whom Roche knew. After an attempt to capture Brothers on a railroad train had failed, Chief Roche enlisted Miss Huebsch's aid and a trap was laid in her apartment house. Early on the Sunday morning before Christmas, Brothers, called by a ruse to a down stairs telephone, was seized in the hall by Roche and his aids who issued, pistols pointed, out of Miss Huebsch's door. In his room was found a .45 automatic.

For more than a fortnight Brothers' capture had been kept a secret while he was questioned by State's Attorney Swanson who insisted he was ready to stake his professional reputation on Brothers' guilt. Not until he was dramatically flashed before the Press last week did the public know that another Lingle suspect was held.

What Chief Roche did not explain, what set ugly rumors flying was the question: Who hired Brothers to shoot Lingle? Conjectures were plentiful because the *Tribune* reporter was too deeply enmeshed in underworld affairs not to have made many a gangster enemy.

One story authoritatively circulated by the reliable United Press was to the effect that Alphonse Capone himself had supplied the tip to Roche which led to Brothers' capture. The theory behind this report was that Lingle had been murdered

on orders of the North Side Aiello-Zuta gang, that consequent police activity had damaged Gangster Capone's vice and gambling business on the South Side and that the "turning up" of Brothers was



BUSTER BROTHERS

The toughest man Roche ever saw.

simply a Capone device to smooth public outrage and deflect police scrutiny.

Another current suspicion was that Brothers, with no Chicago record as a gangster, was being "framed" by the Chicago *Tribune* as a means of winding up the whole foul Lingle mystery. The announcement of Brothers' capture, carefully timed for a *Tribune* scoop on the details, coincided with the first meeting of a special Grand Jury investigating Chicago crime and police. Offsetting the "frame-up" theory was the fact that nine unnamed witnesses of the murder had "positively identified" Brothers as the "big wavy-haired man with a glint in his blue eye" who had shot Lingle.

Few days after his exhibit to the Press, Brothers was indicted by the regular Grand Jury, ordered to be held without bail.

CORRUPTION

Scandals of Tammany (Cont.)

Rosa Helen Ricchebuono, French-Canadian sister of a nun and two Catholic priests, lived obscurely with her hard-working husband Bernard in a cheap flat on Manhattan's dark, noisy Third Avenue, near 43rd Street. When Bernard would go out evenings to solicit insurance, big, broad-faced Rosa would wave a loving farewell to him from the window. One stifling summer night last year Bernard had gone out and Rosa, after a bath, was putting about her kitchen in a loose gown. Through the open door strode a great, bullish man.

"What do you want?" asked Rosa, pulling her gown about her.

"You know what I want. . . . You waved at me."

"Get out. I'm not that kind of woman."

The intruder twisted Rosa Ricchebuono's arm, forced her against a wall, tried to throw her on the bed. She tried to scream. The man, a policeman from the Vice Squad, clapped his hand over her mouth and snapped: "Keep quiet. You're under arrest." Excited neighbors buzzed about as other police arrived, dragged Mrs. Ricchebuono to the station house on a charge of prostitution. For two days and nights Mrs. Ricchebuono was locked up while Bernard scurried around, trying frantically but futilely to raise \$500 bail. Meanwhile a probation officer had investigated the case, found no evidence of vice. On the third day Rosa Ricchebuono, the picture of fat, florid respectability, was arraigned before Magistrate Jesse Silbermann. He listened to the policeman's story, swept aside good character evidence, sentenced Rosa Ricchebuono to two days' imprisonment, which she had already served.

Last week the Ricchebuono case got big black headlines in New York City as another example of the kind of justice meted out to New Yorkers by the courts of Tammany Hall. Many a similar case had been ferreted out by busy little Isidor Jacob Kresel, able prosecutor for a judicial inquiry into Manhattan's inferior criminal courts (TIME, Dec. 29). The endless list of Tammany scandals assumed even greater poignancy when Prosecutor Kresel produced the record of one Mary Felder, accused by six witnesses of shoplifting, who was twice brought before Magistrate Silbermann, twice dismissed. Her lawyer was the magistrate's "great friend" Mark Alter, now accused of bribing a corrupt prosecutor in many a Women's Court case.

Falling Judges. Magistrate Silbermann jauntily announced that, if he had to do it over, he would deal with both cases just the same. But after Mr. Kresel had grilled him in secret for many an hour, he emerged nervously tugging at his collar and asking: "Where can I get a drink of water?" Friends pleaded with him to resign rather than contest ouster proceedings.

The score of missing, suspended, and resigning judges mounted. Magistrate Henry M. R. Goodman, whose bank accounts were under scrutiny, resigned "for the sole reason of ill health" 24 hours before his public hearing was scheduled to begin. Magistrate Louis B. Brodsky, accused of conducting real estate and stock dealings while on the bench, was suspended. He announced he would fight for his job before the appellate division of the supreme court. Similar charges were lodged against Magistrate Jacob Elperin in Brooklyn. Magistrate Abraham Rosenbluth, long awaiting investigation, was reported ill in Miami.

Another feature of the week in the Kresel inquiry was the revelation that since 1926, no less than 77 young girls had been illegally committed to Bedford Reformatory as wayward minors by magistrates in Women's Court.

The girls, 50 of whom were still in the institution, had been induced to plead

National Affairs—(Continued)

guilty to charges without a hearing, a direct violation of the Criminal Code which provides that a wayward minor can be committed only "by competent evidence upon a hearing." Last week Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt's only action in face of innumerable scandals was to consider a blanket pardon for all those jailed because magistrates had ignored the law.

Meanwhile in the supreme court George F. Ewald and his attractive wife went on trial on a charge of paying \$10,000 to Tammany Hall underlings for his appointment as magistrate. State witnesses quoted him as boasting of the payment, as speculating out loud about raising \$100,000 with which to secure a seat on a higher court.

Do-Nothing Mayor. Mayor James John ("Jimmy") Walker's public reaction to the vice investigation was, for the most part, passive. He did summon civic leaders to City Hall to warn them that the wholesale charges against his police department threatened a complete breakdown of police morale and the return of a "wide-open" town. Otherwise he did nothing in his most do-nothing manner and Tammany's joke of the week was: "Well, we gave New York the best judges money could buy."

Cautious Governor. Meanwhile New York citizens who were revolted by corrupt conditions in city courts as revealed by Prosecutor Kessel turned hopefully to Albany and Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt. During last year's campaign Governor Roosevelt, a candidate for re-election, had touched on the city scandals only most gingerly. So shy was he about taking a strong clean stand against Tammany Hall that he was widely charged with protecting Tammany Hall in return for its votes.

Last week those who looked to Governor Roosevelt to take a vigorous lead in cleaning up New York City by means of a legislative investigation were doomed to disappointment. In his message to the legislature he became very enthusiastic about high-minded social reforms in general but backed away with customary caution from the court scandal issue. Said he: "The responsibility of determining what action shall be taken by you and what justification there is . . . rests exclusively and squarely with you. It is not alone your right but your duty to conduct an investigation if you determine that such falls within your obligation. . . ."

Critics of Governor Roosevelt openly charged that his ambition to become President had sapped his moral courage, that he did not dare break with Tammany. He had apparently decided that courage was a poor card to play. While such Democratic Party leaders as J. P. Morgan were touting his name as the most "available" party nominee next year, the arch-Democratic New York *World*, than which no local newspaper knows Governor Roosevelt better, loudly regretted his "obvious reluctance to challenge the power of Tammany Hall."

STATES & CITIES

Colorful Governors

Last week throughout the land was heard a great swearing of high oaths by Governors taking office. Last November



Keystone

WALSH-LIKE ELY (MASSACHUSETTS)
From Chrysler to Chrysler with Chrysler flowers.

33 States either re-elected their old executives or chose new ones. January is the prime month for State inaugurations when bands play, soldiers march, flags fly and new Governors raise new political hopes with their addresses. Among the States which last week inducted important or colorful executives were:

"Uncle Toby." The sight of a scholarly old gentleman becoming the State's first Democratic Governor in 18 years was enough in itself to attract a crowd to the parks and lawns about the Capitol at Hartford. What made the crowd a multitude and set it to tumultuous noise-making was the appearance of an ex-heavyweight world's champion garbed in the full regiments of a Marine Corps Major serving conspicuously on that Governor's military staff. In retrospect most observers agreed that Major James Joseph ("Gene") Tunney with his dress saber and gold braid stole the inauguration from Governor Wilbur Lucius ("Uncle Toby") Cross with his fawn spats and his red ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

"It's going to be a great Administration," perkily announced the white-haired dean emeritus of the Yale Graduate School as he took his place in the military parade to the Capitol. There he led the other new State officers, all Republican, inside where Chief Justice William M. Maltbie administered the oath of office. Immediately Governor Cross began his inaugural address in which he aggressively pleaded for a repeal of the 18th Amendment, larger veto powers, increased authority for the Public Utilities Commission. Arguing that "mankind cannot be made good under compulsion," he quoted

against Prohibition Chaucer's reference to the village parson:

*To drawn folk to heaven by fairnesse
By good example, this way his bynesse.*

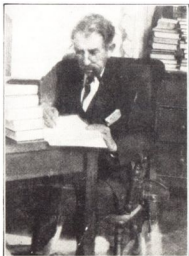
Also quoted by Dean Gov. Cross were: Sir Isaac Newton, Dickens, Einstein.

That evening the Governor attended the famed inaugural ball of the Foot Guards. Present also was Major John Coolidge of the staff of outgoing Governor John H. Trumbull. During the day Mrs. Trumbull was knocked down and injured by an automobile in the thick of the celebration.

Gold Miner. At St. Paul farmers and laborers gathered to watch Floyd B. Olson become the State's first Farmer-Labor Governor.* As the ruddy-faced young Governor with slicked-back hair was delivering his inaugural address inside the Capitol, a delegation of jobless assembled on the frozen lawn outside. Said Governor Olson: "An acute unemployment situation . . . duty of the State to alleviate it . . . carrying on public works." The jobless silently retorted by unfurling a banner labeled: "The warehouses are full; we are empty." Afterwards Governor Olson received the delegation's leaders in his office, told them to "cut out the crap" received their memorial.

Pleased was the Press to hear Governor Olson recommend repeal of Minnesota's famed law for the summary suppression of newspapers (TIME, Dec. 30, 1929). He argued its "possibilities for abuse make it an unwise law."

As a roving longshoreman, gold miner and fisherman in British Columbia and Alaska, Governor Olson had studied law



International

"ALFALFA BILL" (OKLAHOMA)

He suspects you already.

by correspondence, returned to Minneapolis in 1915 to be admitted to the bar, to marry and to become county attorney. In 1927 his drive against city graft won

*Minnesota also has the first and only Farmer-Labor U. S. Senator, Dentist Henrik Shipstead.

National Affairs—(Continued)

him fame. A forceful speaker, Governor Olson today plays golf in the 80s, drives a Chrysler. With small personal means, he is said to be still trying to raise the last payment on his campaign expenses.

Cigaret Democrat. Jubilant Democracy, back in office for the first time in

zens thought that he, with his municipal coal yards and employment agencies, was pretty progressive. When as Governor (1923-25) he began the direct sale of gasoline in competition with private companies, the same people were sure he was a radical. When last week he delivered his inaugural address as Governor for the second time, they were convinced that he was downright revolutionary. Were he as able as his late Brother William he would be to these people infinitely more dangerous.

Now 63, still tall and strong, balder and homelier than ever, with snapping blue eyes and a white mustache more bristly than ever, Governor Bryan frankly avows a purpose to drive out "monopolistic business." Into the discard has gone his black skull cap which made him a marked figure at the 1924 Democratic National Convention and helped win him the vice presidential nomination on the Davis ticket. Though a Democrat, his chief political support is a large bloc of independent voters who also insure the regular reelection of Republican Senator George William Norris.

Making a shambles of conventional U. S. economics, Governor Bryan called for the establishment and operation of banks by the State. He also wanted legislation to put cities and towns into the retail gasoline trade. He would have the Legislature ask Congress to relieve agriculture by means of the equalization fee or the export debenture. Other Bryan demands included a State income tax and the wholesale purchase by the State of road building materials to be resold to contractors at cost. Governor Bryan was determined to give Nebraska a "business administration" the like of which the State had not known before—nor for that matter, any other State.

Alfalfa Bill. A "common people's affair" was the inaugural of William Henry ("Alfalfa Bill") Murray as the State's ninth Governor. To the "Sage of Tishomingo" and the author of Oklahoma's Constitution the oath of office was administered by his father, Uriah Dow Thomas Murray, 91, a special notary for the occasion. Governor Murray put aside the baggy wrinkled clothes and red suspenders he had affected for his hitchhiking campaign last year and appeared at Oklahoma City in a well-pressed suit, with his shoes shined and his long, scraggly mustache trimmed. Close at hand as an escort was the Squirrel Rifle Brigade of which all members are officers. Afterwards a great dance was thrown open to the public without written invitations. Governor Murray led the first old-fashioned square dance with "breakdown fiddlers" playing in the corner.

Oklahoma citizens waited to see if Governor Murray would post on his office door the new rules he had promised. Among them were:

"Don't ask me about the weather. The weather bureau is in Washington.

"Don't try to deceive me. Be brief and to the point because I suspect your motive already.

"Don't try to tell me how I was nominated and elected. Perhaps I know more about that than you.

"Don't ask me how I feel. I may feel like damn it and tell you so."

"Phil." When in 1901 Philip Fox La Follette was three, he watched his father, the late great Robert Marion La Follette, inaugurated as Governor at Madison. Last week on the same spot, without fuss or celebration, "Phil" La Follette took the oath of office which made him the State's youngest Governor. An interested onlooker was Robert Marion La Follette 3rd, aged 4, the new Governor's son, who is already being coached to follow the family tradition in politics.

POLITICAL NOTES

Appendix & Heel

Henry Fountain Ashurst has represented Arizona in the U. S. Senate since that territory became a State in 1912. His tall sleek figure, his shiny black hair, his resounding rhetoric, his theatrical by-play with black-corded glasses have caused many an ignorant observer to mistake him for a onetime Shakespearean actor. His secret hope is to win future fame as a great diarist of the current era. Today he is the senior Senator from the Southwest.

Like many another frontier politician, Senator Ashurst has long fixed his imagination with dreams of U. S. territorial expansion. Last week he flustered the State Department, set Mexican officials to guffawing, by reviving his twelve-year-old proposal that the U. S. purchase Lower California from Mexico.* To the 58,338 desolate square miles thus acquired he would add another 10,000 sq. mi. clipped from the Mexican State of Sonora and tacked on to his own Arizona to straighten its southern boundary. By his resolution the President would be "respectfully requested to open negotiations" for this international deal.

Of his proposal Senator Ashurst had declared: "The peninsula is a vermillion appendix to Mexico. It is the heel, the Achilles heel, to the United States. The Mexican Republic is both unwilling and unable to police the domain and is unable to resist aggressions from or settlements by Oriental powers."

Last summer Boulder Dam advocates proposed that the U. S. settle its dispute with Mexico over the waters of the Colorado River (which empties 80 mi. below the border) by the purchase of Lower California. With the money she got from the sale, they contended, "Mexico could settle not only U. S. claims but also all her debts to Britain, France and every other country." Big-Navy men, who have repeatedly charged that Japan covets Magdalena Bay on the Pacific coast of Lower California as a base from which to attack the U. S., warmed to any proposition which would bring this fine natural harbor under U. S. sovereignty.

*Last month Lower California was officially divided into northern and southern territories. Total population: 62,831 (1921). No railroad traverses its length of 750 mi.



International

"BROTHER CHARLIE" BRYAN

... hot after business

16 years, swarmed up Boston's Beacon Hill, packed themselves in under the great gilded dome of the State House to watch Joseph Buell Ely become Governor. Out on the Common guns boomed. Governor Ely's inaugural address recommended: 1) a \$20,000,000 bond issue to help unemployment; 2) legislative action to memorialize Congress to modify the Volstead Act; 3) a curb on labor injunctions; 4) investigation to regain for New England full control of the Boston & Maine R. R. and the New York, New Haven & Hartford. Mrs. Ely, wearing orchids, beamed on her husband.

That evening, at a military ball Mrs. Ely got 150 talisman roses, and the Governor danced about briskly with officers' wives.

Fifty next Washington's Birthday, Governor Ely, able lawyer of Westfield, bears a strange resemblance to the State's last Democratic Governor—that great vote-getter, big-faced, handsome David Ignatius Walsh, now U. S. Senator. Of middling height and weight, Governor Ely violates all rules of Massachusetts Democracy by smoking cigars instead of randic cigars. A quick, flashy smile has rendered him immensely popular. As Governor, he transferred from his own Chrysler to the Chrysler sedan furnished by the State but kept his private chauffeur. At the State House he received, among many another, a great floral tribute from Motorman Walter Percy Chrysler.

Brother Charlie. When Charles Wyland ("Brother Charlie") Bryan, brother of the late Great Commoner, was Mayor of Lincoln (1915-17), conservative citi-

National Affairs—(Continued)

First effect of annexation would be the extinction of Tia Juana and Agua Caliente just over the border as drinking-racing-gambling resorts for U. S. tourists.

"Absurd," "Silly," "Not for Sale," retorted Mexican officials to the Ashurst proposal. Mexico is forbidden by its present Constitution to cede any of its domain to a foreign power.

Red Cross

Last week John Barton Payne's 75-year-old legs carried the chairman of the American Red Cross sprily up the Capitol steps and on to the ornate room of the Senate Committee on appropriations. There he sat down in the witness chair, began to tell Senators just what his organization was doing about Drought relief.

Most Senators had known and liked this tall ruddy-faced, square-jawed old gentleman from War days when he had left his Chicago law firm to come to Washington as general counsel for the Shipping Board. Afterwards he had been chairman of the Shipping Board, Director General of Railroads, Secretary of the Interior. When in 1921 President Harding made him Red Cross chairman, Judge Payne (he once sat on the bench of the Cook County Superior Court, prefers that title) stipulated that he would serve without compensation, pay his expenses down to postage stamps out of his own pocket. His Red Cross service has netted him one of the finest collections of foreign decorations in Washington.

What brought Chairman Payne to the Capitol was the fact that the Red Cross was under political fire. Senators from drought States were charging that it had fallen down on its relief job, were demanding that the U. S. Government step in and feed hungry husbandmen. Congressional attention had again been focussed on drought relief by last fortnight's demonstration at England, Ark. where 500 men & women with threats of violence obtained food from local merchants (TIME, Jan. 12).

Judge Payne's Red Cross was President Hoover's only reliance for human relief in drought-ridden areas. The President's program provided that the Government would supply loans to feed mules, to buy seed for a new crop, but that the Red Cross must minister to the physical wants of destitute farmers themselves. This plan when put into legislation engendered fierce political disputes (TIME, Dec. 29). Putting aside his political principles as a Democrat, Chairman Payne appeared before the Senate Committee to support his Republican President's relief program.

As a national semi-official organization the Red Cross supplies human relief in the wake of any disaster of nature such as fire, flood, cyclone or earthquake. Because a drought is a natural disaster, it was ready to relieve its victims. But because overproduction was a man-made calamity and not an Act of God, it was not willing to help the city jobless out of an economic predicament no less severe than that of drought sufferers.

Judge Payne told the Senate Committee

that the Red Cross had sufficient means to carry on drought relief for the time being. It had spent, up to Dec. 31, \$849,965.49 to this end, of which \$520,802.99 was for food and clothing and \$329,162.50

has little knowledge of the true situation. . . . The riot at England was not the first of its kind but news of the others has been suppressed. . . . There are three entire counties in Arkansas where not a single bank is open today and in 50 counties credit conditions are almost as bad. . . . God forgive the indifference of human beings to the misfortunes of their fellows!"

Senator Caraway, always the gadfly, commented: "I used to have some respect for John Barton Payne. I have some pity and no respect for him now. He is old. He is rich. He spends more to maintain a pleasure resort* than he is willing to accord 100 destitute families."

As an illustration of Red Cross relief Senator Caraway cited cases in which a Tyronzo, Ark. family of three had been given four pounds of flour, five pounds of lard, sugar and beans, all worth \$1.15, and told to subsist on it a month. Said he: "I wish some people who are talking about a raid on the Treasury [President Hoover] would try to accommodate themselves on that kind of ration for a week and find out how adequately and generously the necessities of the people are being cared for by the Red Cross."

Three days after his Senate testimony Chairman Payne found himself getting down to the "bottom of the barrel." As he promised, he yelled—in the form of a recommendation to President Hoover to appeal for popular subscriptions of \$10,000,000 for drought relief. His explanation was that drought suffering had spurted upward prodigiously in the last fortnight. Declared he:

"For the first time in the history of the Red Cross we've been compelled to advance money to furnish feed for cattle and other livestock. Our Red Cross chapters have increased their demands upon us and our funds are melting down to the danger point. The demands will continue to grow with the increase in intensity of winter."

Vanderbilt Pro Tem

The rapid political rise of William H. Vanderbilt, who recently was nominated president of the Rhode Island State Senate, was given impetus by the absence from the state of both Governor and Lieutenant Governor, making Newport's Vanderbilt Governor of Rhode Island *pro tem*.

Warder to Sing Sing

Sequel to the scandalous failure of City Trust Co. for \$5,000,000 in Manhattan in 1929, a shifty-eyed little man of 62 last week ended Sing Sing Prison to start a five-to-ten year sentence (TIME, Feb. 25, 1929). He was Frank H. Warder. As New York State Superintendent of Banks, he had taken a \$10,000 bribe to delay an examination of the bank which would have disclosed its fiscal rottenness. A Court of Appeals ruling that the evidence of his guilt was "overwhelming" ended his 14 months of legal dodging.

*A reference to Judge Payne's elaborate farm near Warrenton, Va.



JOHN BARTON PAYNE

He promised to yell and did.

was for pasturage and garden seeds. Of this total the national organization had contributed \$446,234.90 from its \$4,500,000 emergency fund whereas local chapters had supplied the balance. Relief had been extended to 49,963 families (approximately 250,000 persons) in 17 States.

"If the winter continues mild, if employment opens up and if the Government's agricultural loan program meets a large portion of the need of spring planting," Chairman Payne testified, "the balance of this reserve fund will probably be sufficient. If we are permitted to proceed in the normal way, without excitement, we might get through the winter on our present funds. I don't say we can but I do say that if we get to the bottom of the barrel, we'll yell."

Chairman Payne's testimony which tended to minimize any need for Federal aid as part of human drought relief incensed Arkansas' two Democratic Senators—big, leather-lunged, bespattered Joseph Taylor Robinson and little, drawly, baggy-trousered Thaddeus H. Caraway. The latter early in the week induced the Senate to defy the President's program and amend the House bill appropriating \$45,000,000 for drought relief limited to feed by adding an extra \$15,000,000 for human food. The House, bowing to presidential discipline, balked at this amendment, thereby setting the legislative stage for a re-enactment of the pre-holiday fight over the Drought relief (TIME, Dec. 22).

In a resounding speech which reverberated menacingly through the Capitol's marble corridors, Senator Robinson belittled: "President Hoover and the head of the Red Cross do not know and probably will not know the facts. . . . Congress

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Mutiny

Deeply mortified, Admiral Sir Hubert George Brand, Commander-in-Chief of the Plymouth Naval Base, canceled invitations for his daughter's dance last week. A thing had happened which caused the awful word MUTINY to fly from lip to lip throughout England. The incident:

The H. M. S. *Lucia*, a submarine tender arrived in Devonport (within Sir Hubert's command), 24 hours late, on New Year's day, giving her a very short period in which to coal, ammunition, clean and paint ship before sailing for the Caribbean. No week-end leave was given. Sailors feared that their regular "Christmas leave," already reduced in the submarine flotilla from 15 to 13 days, would be abolished. Sunday morning a detail was piped on deck to finish painting ship.

"In these circumstances," announced the Admiralty, "thirty seamen so far forgot their duties as to remain below and shut themselves in when ordered to parade on deck for duty. . . . In consequence, the men were arrested and taken in custody to the naval barracks."

The Admiralty, preferring the phrase "infraction of discipline" to "mutiny," nevertheless immediately ordered a Court of Inquiry.

While the court continued to sit last week, while the mothership *Lucia* remained disgracefully at anchor, the Atlantic Fleet, including four motherless submarines, steamed off for the West Indies.

Pocket Wildcat; Mother Hubbard

A pocket wildcat is 98 lb. Miss "Wee Ellen" Wilkinson M. P.—not James Ramsay MacDonald's most potent henchwoman but without doubt the most intense person in the whole British Labor Party.* Last week Miss Wilkinson, just landed in Manhattan, set out to spend her British Parliamentary recess on a whirlwind U. S. lecture tour. First object of her wrath: apple selling.

"Don't you know that your breadlines are the worst kind of dole—except apple selling!" she shot at reporters. When they mumbled a weak defense "Wee Ellen" interrupted:

"How unspeakably cruel! I don't understand it at all. If I hadn't seen with my own eyes these poor wretched people standing on street corners with a sign—a label mind you—reading 'UNEMPLOYED,' I would not have believed it of this wonderful country. . . . There is comfort in the thought that others are suffering with you—even in a breadline. But there is not one grain of solace in selling apples!"

One afternoon of her U. S. tour Miss Wilkinson will devote, she said, to shopping. Queried newshawks: "What will you buy?" Replied Wee Ellen, defiant,

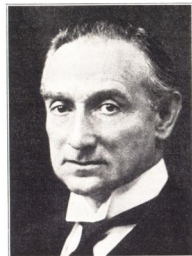
*Most potent is Miss Margaret ("Saint Maggie") Bondfield, His Majesty's first female Minister of Labor.

candid: "Silk undies! I hear yours are wonderful."

In Barmouth, Wales, last week the British dole was justified by David Lloyd George thus: "We would have had a revolution long ago but for the dole."

On second thought the careful Welshman, who always leaves himself an "out," added that "even better than the dole" would have been a system of employing the unemployed on public works. "I believe," he proclaimed, "that there is no justice in allowing even one man to starve through no fault of his own while there is a crust to spare in the nation's cupboard."

Old Mother MacDonald. Rather more anxious than Old Mother Hubbard was James Ramsay MacDonald last week, for the dogs of unemployment were bay-



International

LORD & TYCOON READING

He finally grasped it.

(See col. 3)

ing louder than usual, and in the nation's cupboard were few bones.

Coal Dogs. In a last, great effort to force the coal mine owners of South Wales to accept certain advisory provisions of the Coal Mines Act as though they were binding in law, the Prime Minister declared in a speech at Seaham Harbor:

"I want to appeal to the whole nation! . . . What would the public have said if it had been the miners who declined to recognize an act of Parliament? . . . The owners by their conduct in ignoring the act have been knocking completely out of court."

Retorted the mine owners: "The Prime Minister's speech contains statements that would be astonishing indeed were not allowance made for the fact that Mr. MacDonald sits in Parliament for a mining constituency."

Thus squelched, Old Mother MacDonald made feeble rebuttal: "I intended to be helpful."

Before the week closed the 150,000 striking South Wales miners were joined by 2,000 more.

Cotton Dogs. Bitterest last week were the plaintiffs of Lancashire cotton weavers. Five thousand had already struck against the employers' new system of assigning one weaver to tend eight looms instead of four, while raising the basic wage from \$9.36 weekly to only \$11.18.

"The idea of one man or woman running eight Lancashire looms efficiently is preposterous," declared the weaver's union. "The work is hard at only four looms. To double it would mean unbearable physical strain. . . . The offer of the employers is a fraud. The individual weaver would stand to profit about 20 per cent on his present wage, while he would be turning out almost 100 per cent more work."

To this the employers' association retorted last week that only by such "increased efficiency" can the British cotton industry cut prices sufficiently to secure enough new business to keep going at all. "Weavers fearful of being put out of work under the new system," declared the association, "will find themselves out of work anyway if the old system is continued, as more and more mills will be forced to shut down."

To drive home this point, the association shut down 70 mills last week, "locking out" 20,000 weavers.

INDIA

Isaacs Week

Two things of the first magnitude were done last week by Rufus Daniel Isaacs, Marquess of Reading, whilom Lord Chief Justice of England (1913-21) and Viceroy of India (1921-26).

First. Lord Reading succeeded the late Alfred Moritz Mond, Baron Melchett, as Board Chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., thus becoming the Empire's No. 1 tycoon.

As the Jewish Telegraphic Agency at once pointed out, Rufus Daniel Isaacs' son & heir Gerald Rufus Isaacs, Viscount Erleigh, is the husband of Alfred Moritz Mond's daughter Eva Violet. The son & heir of this No. 1 Jewish couple is Master Michael Alfred Rufus Isaacs, 14.

Aged 14, Grandfather Rufus Daniel Isaacs ran away from the comfortable home of his merchant father, saw India first as a cabin boy. After two years before the mast he tried the stock exchange, presently became reconciled with his parents, studied for the bar and in 1887 married Miss Alice Cohen.

In 1910 he became Attorney General, in 1913 Lord Chief Justice and a baron, in 1915 president of the Anglo-French Loan Commission to the U. S., the next year a viscount, in 1917 High Commissioner and special envoy at Washington, and an earl.

After the War Lord Reading returned to the India of his cabin boy days as viceroy. Enemies obliged him to detain both the "Ali Brothers" (Mohammedans) and Mahatma Gandhi in jail, also to impose the hated salt tax against the will of the Indian Assembly, but his "judicial fairness" is remembered. In 1926 he attained the marquessate, may die a duke.

Foreign News—(Continued)

Second. Lord Reading as leader of the British Liberal Party's delegation to the Indian Round Table Conference, dramatically reversed last week his earlier stand against granting India "dominion status."

The consequence of this act may well alter the entire course of Anglo-Indian history. In effect Lord Reading pledged the Liberal Party to stand and vote with the Labor Party in extending to India that large measure of self-government under the Crown which Prime Minister James Ramsay MacDonald has long been eager to grant. Standing together, Laborites and Liberals could, of course, outvote the Conservatives in the House of Commons, could cut the Gordian knot of India—wisely or unwisely.

Reading's About Face. After three years labor as Chairman of the Indian Statutory Commission, Sir John Simon—a great & good Liberal friend of Lord Reading—reported that India's states were not yet ready to become a federated union, and that the power of His Majesty's Viceroy must remain unhampered and supreme. The only important concessions recommended by the Simon Report had to do with granting a mite more freedom to the provincial governments in British India (TIME, June 30).

Believing firmly that Sir John Simon must be right, Lord Reading entered the Round Table Conference with a prepared speech in his pocket (TIME, Dec. 1). Excerpt: "You will forgive me if I use a strong expression. . . . I say that it is idle to say that at this moment there could be anything like equality of status—constitutional status, that is—in India with the Dominions."

When he uttered these words Lord Reading had heard virtually all the Indian Princes at the Conference deliver their astounding, unanimous plea for federation and self-government of India under the Crown—but Lord Reading had not grasped what he had heard. Last week, having boldly grasped the facts and still more boldly rejected the Simon Report, Lord Reading said:

"The declarations of the princes revolutionized the whole matter. . . . Speaking in behalf of the Liberal delegates to this Conference. . . . I do not hesitate to say now that our recommendation to the Liberal Party in Parliament will be for Great Britain to go to the full length of granting to India a government responsible to its own elected Legislature, except in the matters of defense and foreign relations, which must for the time being be left as Crown subjects, and with certain reservations in financial affairs."

Commented one of the leading Hindu delegates from British India, Mukund Ramraj Jayakar who conferred with Mahatma Gandhi a short time before leaving India:

"Even the Mahatma himself would be satisfied with the form of government described by the Marquess of Reading."

This "form" remained nameless last week, might be called "reserved dominion status."

Conservative Counterblast. The die-

hard British Conservatives, led by famed Winston Churchill, privately consider all schemes for granting any kind of dominion status to India treacherous. In the U. S. last week Mr. Churchill's hot-headed, loose-lipped, lecture-touring son publicly called Scot MacDonald "a traitor to his country."

Not all Conservatives, however, are embittered, fire-eating die-hards. Smoothly, seductively Sir Samuel Hoare, spokesman for the Conservative delegation, addressed the Round Table last week thus:

"I have no fear of transferring power to India. I do not think for a moment that Indian cabinet ministers would be inferior to Englishmen. But I doubt very much the wisdom of India adopting the British constitutional system with its Cabinet form of government and House of Commons. . . . a system which even in this country depends for its success on the conditions of the 19th Century and which now, even for England, is arousing skepticism and misgiving as to its adequacy."

"Do the Indians really want to try this experiment? I do not wish to commit myself further until we have more details to fill in the picture."

In 19th Century Britain "the country and the lower classes" were ruled by an oligarchical two-party Parliament. Queen Victoria was the outstanding institution of the age, and the few "extremist" M. P.'s were squelched when they advocated what is today the sworn doctrine of every member of Britain's ruling Labor Party: Socialism.

Significance. Lord Reading's about-face produced a profound effect in India last week, led to general expressions of hope that a new Indian Constitution drafted by the Conference will be adopted by the British Parliament, focused world attention on James Ramsay MacDonald. He announced that before this month is out he will publicly outline the future policy of the British Government with respect to India.

SPAIN

"To Die a King. . . ."

To monarchists mass meeting in Seville last week spoke fiery old Alvaro de Figueroa y Torres Count de Romanones, thrice Prime Minister of Spain before the dictatorship of King Alfonso and the late Don Miguel Primo de Rivera began in 1923.

"I am still a monarchist," boomed Count de Romanones, "but I hold that the best way out of Spain's present political deadlock lies through the abdication of King Alfonso and the elevation to the Throne of another member of the dynasty."

Roars of monarchist applause followed. News of the Count's outburst was rigidly censored out of Spanish papers next day, and in his palace Alfonso XIII must have felt increasingly alone—for Count de Romanones has long been His Majesty's close, trusted friend.

☛ Czechoslovak papers scare-headed that "King Alfonso will soon flee to his cousin's castle in the Slovak Alps."

Cautiously at Prague the Spanish Legation admitted that Count Zamoyski (hus-

band of His Majesty's cousin the Infanta Isabella) has "invited" the Spanish Royal Family to visit his Alpine castle.

"But I have no information," said the flustered legation spokesman, "no knowledge whatever about how the invitation was worded!"

☛ A cousin not of King Alfonso but of Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain is George V. Last week His Britannic Majesty's Government abruptly deported from Liverpool two Spanish airman-revolutionists: Captain Antonio Rexach and Lieut. Joaquin Collar. Both escaped from Spain when the attempted *coup d'état* of Major Ramon Franco, "The Spanish Lindbergh," failed (TIME, Dec. 22).

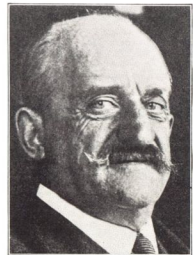
☛ Fearful lest other Spanish airmen try a *coup*, King Alfonso last week disbanded the entire Royal Air Force for 30 days, decreed that when re-organized next month it will be merely a division of the regular army.

Swank Spanish airmen have been a corps d'élite, have strutted in natty green uniforms, are now reduced to mere khaki.

☛ Having spanked his Air Force, shrewd Alfonso XIII curried favor with his Army, raised the pay of lieutenants 25%, generals 10%, other ranks in intermediate proportion.

In the Spanish Army every 10th man is an officer. Up to last week ordinary lieutenants received the miserable pay of \$440 yearly. But there are three very special lieutenants who have been drawing \$3,300 per year each—no one in Spain knows why, or at least no one tells.

☛ "A person connected with the Royal Palace," reported the Associated Press mysteriously from Madrid, "said today



International

COUNT DE ROMANONES

He isolated his King.

that King Alfonso's . . . determination was still to die if he need be, but to die a king."

His Majesty, famed as "the only man ever born a king," has thus a peculiarly valid reason for wanting to die a king.

*His father, Alfonso XII, died six months before Alfonso XIII was born.

Foreign News—(Continued)

ITALY

No. 2 Virgil

Gorgeous pageants, tempestuous rejoicings in every city of the land, honored Italy's No. 1 Virgil (Publius Virgilius Maro) on the 2,000th anniversary of his birth (TIME, May 5). Last week Italy faced the new year with a new No. 2 Virgil.

Sponsored by wealthy Fascist patrons* Poet Virgilio Fiorentino has just produced an epic of 20,000 verses "priced at 12,980 lire (\$675) the set, handsomely bound and illustrated." Title: *Twenty-Seven Songs of the Fascist Revolution*. At the rate of one song (volume) per month, the 27 volumes will appear during the next three and a quarter years, subscribers paying by the volume (month).

Last week as Vol. I, Song 1, came hot off the Pincian Press, patriotic Fascist editors were not long in agreeing that Virgilio Fiorentino, "a young poet of Fascist Italy which is also young," is an authentic Homer, will eventually rank with oldsters Homer, Virgil, Dante.

To help the editors make sense with their encomiums Pincian Press provided a synopsis of all 27 volumes.

Epic Argument. Vol. I, Song 1 opens in Heaven on Jan. 1, 1919—the day Italy declared her "state of war" ended. A Heavenly convulse of Italian War dead and heroes of the past is summoned by the Father, Son and Holy Ghost to advise how Satan, who provoked the War, may be finally overcome.

Advice is given by the Virgin Mary, Dante and the Unknown Soldier. Finally the assemblage decides that a superman must do battle with the devil, now personified as Bolshevism. God the Father summons the Archangel Gabriel, commands him to descend to Earth and find The Man.

Obediently Gabriel descends, speedily decides that Editor Benito Mussolini of *Il Popolo d'Italia* in Milan is The Man, confers with him in his newspaper office. After modest remonstrance Editor Mussolini accepts the Divine mission. On March 23, 1919 he founds, under the Archangel Gabriel's personal supervision, the first Fascio di Combattimento.

Satan's Last Stand. At this Satan is "greatly worried." Summoning an arch-devil, His Infernal Majesty commands this fiend to fly to the Paris Peace Conference and enter the body of President Woodrow Wilson. Soon the President, possessed by the arch-devil,† works out a satanic scheme, has the Roman Victory put in irons, transported to Jugoslavia and chained to the Croatian rocks.

Next move of Satan is to create "from the most lurid infernal material" Francesco Saverio Nitti and make him Prime Minister of Italy. Under Nitti Bolshevism

almost strangles Fascism, but God the Father in the nick of time sends Hero Garibaldi in a dream to Poet Gabriele d'Annunzio. Counseled by Garibaldi, aided by Mussolini, d'Annunzio rushes to the rescue of the Roman Victory, severs her chains and leads her triumphant to Fiume.

Satan's last stand is made when he replaces Nitti as Prime Minister with the still more sulphureous and infernal Giovanni Giolitti. Bolshevism is about to seize Italy once more. In this supreme emergency the Unknown Soldier descends from Heaven, rushes to the aid of *Il Duce* and Fascism, and the glorious March to Rome is planned for Oct. 26, 1922.

Mussolini to Heaven. Before the march actually takes place, Editor Mussolini is translated to Heaven. The Trinity and the Virgin approve his plan for the Fascist "corporative state." Finally in the words of the prospectus:

"The Lord shows him [Mussolini] the whole future of Fascist and Catholic Rome, which is to reunite the Latin forces against Anglo-Saxon Protestantism and which will reestablish the Empire of Universal Civilization under the sole and true faith of the Vicar of Christ."

This is No. 2 Virgil's real climax. In the last of his 27 volumes he will recount briefly how the doors of the Mussolini newspaper office were thrown open; how the Roman Victory emerged to be escorted by *Il Duce* on the March to Rome; how the Lord God of Hosts personally descended to Earth and watched the march from the Alban Hills; and finally how the doors of St. Peter's opened to disclose Pope Pius XI who advanced and in St. Peter's square embraced both Benito Mussolini and His Majesty Vittorio Emanuele III.

Thus in the Fascist epic the Fascist-Vatican reconciliation takes place simultaneously with the March to Rome. Actually it occurred nearly seven years later (TIME, Feb. 18). Never to this day have *Il Papa*, *Il Duce* and *Il Re* stood simultaneously in the same room, much less joined in a three-cornered embrace.

RUMANIA

"Funeral Cost?"

"I will pay part of this, not all!" cried Mme Vintila Bratianu, flashing eyed, when a representative of Rumania's National Peasant Party Cabinet presented her last week with a bill for 2,000,000 lei covering her late, great husband's State Funeral (TIME, Jan. 5).

Two million lei is roughly \$12,000. At this price the funeral was dirt cheap—consisting as it did of three special railway trains with dining cars attached and an entire series of funeral services, one at each city en route with final honors at Bucharest.

According to Widow Bratianu, however, the Peasant Party (bitter political foes of her husband whom they ousted from the Prime Ministry) cleverly "entrapped" her into the 2,000,000 lei expense. When her husband died the Cab-

net offered to carry him to the grave as a charge on the national budget. This "charity" Mme Bratianu indignantly refused, replied to the Cabinet: "I will pay for my husband's funeral." Delighted, the peasant politicians ordered the special trains, came to the funeral of their late enemy as to a picnic.

Champagne was allegedly consumed in the funeral dining cars. For this and for all expenses not specifically ordered by herself Widow Bratianu last week stoutly refused to pay. Excitable Rumanian Treasury officials threw up their hands, told reporters: "We are greatly surprised at the attitude of Livia Bratianu! Possibly the King will intervene."

JUGOSLAVIA

Belgrade Vindicated

At a ball in the U. S. Legation at Belgrade, H. R. H. Princess Olga, cousin of Dictator King Alexander, suddenly discovered that her gold-mesh, diamond-studded handbag had disappeared. . . .

While inspecting the Citadel of Belgrade, H. R. H. Princess Chichibu of Japan found herself minus a costly, antique jeweled collar. . . .

Next day the Chief of Police said: "I feel that Belgrade's reputation for honesty has been sustained. Within a few hours after her loss I had the pleasure of restoring to Princess Chichibu her jeweled collar. A local Belgrade photographer found it in the gutter and at once turned it in at our Central Police Station. As to the loss which Princess Olga sustained in the American Legation we are working on the theory that a kleptomaniac was to blame. The people of Belgrade are fundamentally honest."

Just prior to the War, Kaiser Wilhelm II alluded to "Belgrade, that nest of assassins."

PERU

25,000,000 Soles

Peru's population is roughly 6,000,000 souls. Last week the Peruvian National Tribunal imposed a fine of 25,000,000 soles (\$7,625,000) on deposed President Augusto Bernardino Leguia, "Bantam Roosevelt of Peru," and his three sons Augusto Jr., Jose and Juan.

Augusto Jr. and Jose escaped from Peru after the coup which upset their father. He last week was reported "seriously ill in jail." During the week his brother Roberto, onetime President of Peru's Senate, was also jailed, will also probably be fined.

The charge against all the Leguias was "illegal enrichment." An unnamed New York bank was declared, for example, to have paid Juan to induce President Leguia to give that bank the privilege of handling a Peruvian national loan.

LIBERIA

Sound Swishing

Big, black, wealthy Charles E. Mitchell of West Virginia State College was at the U. S. State Department last week, conferring with Secretary Henry Lewis Sim-

*Asinius Pollio was the No. 1 Virgil's first patron. To this personage, a Roman Consul, the poet dedicated his *Fourth Eclogue*, prophesying the birth of a child who should usher in a new era of peace. This child, according to the early Christian fathers, was Christ, wherefore they hailed Poet Virgil as an unconsciously inspired prophet.

†Name: Barbariccia.

Foreign News—(Continued)

son, preparing to sail for Monrovia as President Hoover's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the little black Republic of Liberia.

Statesman Stimson showed to Mr. Mitchell, then released publicly for the first time, his recent exchange of notes with the Liberian Government.

Subject: Slavery.

Result: The resignation of President King and Vice President Yancy of Liberia, leaving as President today former Liberian Secretary of State Edwin Barclay.

"Twin Scourges." Why did Mr. Stimson pick Liberia from the list of lands in which one form or another of slavery still exists? Plainly because U. S. blacks founded the Republic in 1847, named it "Liberty" (Liberia), named their capital Monrovia, after U. S. President James Monroe.

Key dates in the secret history of Liberia for the past four months as revealed last week:

Sept. 8, 1930: A League of Nations commission of three (one U. S. citizen, one Liberian and a British chairman) reported the existence of slavery in Liberia. The report was not made public until last week, though distributed last fall to all governments concerned, including the Liberian.

Nov. 1: The Liberian Government learned that President Hoover had cabled to the Emperor of Abyssinia, sovereign of the greatest slave nation of the world, congratulations on his coronation (TIME, Nov. 10), declaring "on behalf of the American People and Government . . . confidence that the traditional ties of friendship and mutual understanding which so happily exist between our two countries . . . will be strengthened during your majesty's reign."

Nov. 17 (16 days later): The Liberian Government received a note in which Mr. Stimson stigmatized as "shocking" the League's revelation that Liberia's "suppression of natives" is "scarcely distinguishable from slave raising and slave trading."

"International public opinion will no longer tolerate these twin scourges," continued the Stimson note. "Unless they are abolished . . . [there] will result . . . final alienation of the friendly feelings which the American Government and people have entertained for Liberia."

Dec. 5: Supposing, in view of President Hoover's note of Nov. 1, that Secretary Stimson was only fooling in his note of Nov. 17, the Liberian Government waited, hoping for the best until Dec. 5, on which date President King and Vice President Yancy resigned.

To correspondents last week Secretary Stimson made clear that he was not fooling, that he and President Hoover are

aroused, that U. S. Minister Mitchell goes to Monrovia to make clean a filthy mess.

So filthy is Monrovia that last week the local branch of the Bank of British West Africa closed permanently "because the complete lack of sanitation endangered the lives of employees"; but brave Minister Mitchell will risk his life gladly.

League Report. There is nothing new in the League report on Liberian slave conditions. It is important because it exonerates the U. S. Firestone rubber interests of slaving. This was most important to Secretary Stimson. If he had whitewashed Firestone while tarring Liberia, the whole thing might have looked

League's commissioners added a few spicy details, stories of rapes, torturings, floggings, soldiers "who amused themselves by collecting one by one the hairs of the chief's long mustache." Liberian slavers have two favorite tortures, the commission reported, known respectively as "Getting the Basket" and "Putting in the Kitchen." In the first a large round basket is filled with earth and stones. It is then placed on the head of the victim who is made to turn round and round. The basket is occasionally twitched the wrong way, causing broken necks. In the second, the victim is roped round the middle, hauled to the roof rafters of a hut while a fire is lighted beneath him on which handfuls of pepper have been thrown.

CUBA

"Slow and Easy. . . .

(See front cover)

More than any other time of year it was Cuba-time last week—time to sail into Havana Harbor and remember the *Maine*, time to watch Corona Corona cigars being made in a factory across the street from Cuba's presidential palace, time to tennis, golf and swim at La Playa de Marianao ("Cuba's Monte Carlo"), finally time to go down and see "Cuba's Mussolini," President Gerardo Machado y Morales, who has just locked 1,000 smart, socialite, yacht-owning Cubans out of their own Havana Yacht Club because a potent member of the Dictator's cabinet was "snubbed" by a minor member of *El Club*.

To the Cuba-conscious last week passed thus in brief review:

National Affairs. Cuba's polite, distinctively uniformed English-Spanish speaking "tourist police" had the tourists well and safely in hand; but President Machado was jumpier than ever about what Cuba's excitable citizens would do next.

He was *not* much worried, for a wonder, about the students of the National University, revolutionists to a man. The students had just blown off steam, staged a "surprise protest against Machado" in the heart of Havana's commercial section. Surprised businessmen were quietly fitting new plate glass into their shop and office windows.

What made the President jump was a despatch from British Nassau to the Cuban State Department, later "confirmed by the War and Navy Departments" to the effect that two schooners loaded with munitions were racing for the Cuban shores. Promptly the entire Cuban Navy (10 vessels) put to sea, and every Spanish-language newspaper in Havana was suppressed. Finally by executive decree, Dictator Machado conferred "upon all members of the Cuban Army and Navy, including officers, soldiers and sailors regardless of rank and whether on active duty or not, full powers to pursue police investigations and to make arrests."

Foreign Affairs. Cubans take little or no interest in British, French, German or Italian affairs, were passionately concerned last week about whether King



Wide World

CHARLES E. MITCHELL

He will put an end to Putting in the Kitchen.

queer to Europe, queerer to Latin America.

But candid as day is the League report: "There is no evidence that the [Firestone] company forcibly impresses labor or consciously employs labor which has been impressed."

That magic sentence united Secretary Stimson's hands, enabled him to swish Liberia for President Hoover as he swished Nicaragua for President Coolidge.

Grand old Liberian facts, confirmed by the League: 1) No slave markets exist in Liberia, but forced labor indistinguishable from slavery is used on nearly all Government works, frequently diverted to private works by corrupt officials; 2) Children are "pawned" by their parents to work until the parent's debt is discharged; 3) Contract laborers are shipped to French Congo, Spanish Fernando, "under conditions of criminal compulsion."

To season their 200 weary pages, the

*See *Slavery*, by Lady Kathleen Simon (wife of Sir John), London, 1920 (Hodder & Stoughton). Her well-documented slave-lands list: Abyssinia, Afghanistan, Arabia, Sierra Leone, Liberia; also ("modified slavery") Portuguese East Africa, Portugal's West African Islands, St. Thomas & Principe, French Equatorial Africa, Tanganyika etc. Lord Cecil recently estimated that there are at least 4,000,000 human slaves today. Liberia's estimated population, including freemen: 2,200,000.

Foreign News—(Continued)

Alfonso XIII is soon to be dethroned and a Spanish republic proclaimed (see p. 18). Edward of Wales will shortly arrive in Havana, but Cuban newspapers (until suppressed last week) were apathetic toward H. R. H., unstirred even by red-hot British despatches that Edward of Wales' Argentine tango is now almost perfect.

Cuba's *danzon* tune of the minute is *Suavecito*. Suave except:

*Carola, how you love
When there's no light
To dance close,
Slow and easy
Slow and easy.*

Business. Chevrolets, Buicks, Packards are favorite Cuban cars, but with business 60% below normal Cubans are pinching their gasoline pennies, watching anxiously to see whether the national sugar industry on which everything depends will be "saved" by the Chadbourne plan now being negotiated in Berlin (TIME, Dec. 15 & 20). Plan: Cuba and all other leading sugar countries would restrict output, hope thus to raise the price of sugar (now scraping bottom at 1.4¢ per lb.).

Religion. Although urban Cubans are mostly Catholic, Voodooism flourishes in small towns and "up country." Within the fortnight Mayor Miguel Quintana of Pueblo Nueva has confessed that he and three other Negro townsmen recently sacrificed eight-year-old Martin Perez to Voodoo Goddess Chantong.

Purpose of this child-murder: "To cure with his blood the ailments" of Josefa Quintana (brother of the mayor) who was not cured but died the same night.

Cuba's Department of Interior reacted to the outrage by announcing "a crusade against Voodooism in the towns of Candelaria, Artemisa and San Cristobal," all in Pinar del Rio province some 150 miles from Catholic Havana.

Education. All high schools, normal schools and the National University continue "closed indefinitely." Cuban parents who want their children to study (instead of playing revolution as most Cuban students do) are sending them to Europe, especially to Paris.

Sport. Newsreels have shown to millions of U. S. citizens the lightning-fast Cuban handball game *jai alai* (pronounced "hy ahly"). Unknown to U. S. sport addicts is "Cuba's Babe Ruth," \$2,000-a-month Jose Gutierrez, No. 1 handballer.

The Cuban National Lottery will be made bigger, better under a proposed law, is expected to net the Cuban treasury a profit of \$10,000,000 next year. At the National Casino in Marianao, Havana, roulette (with two zeroes), Baccarat, Faro, Craps and almost every other gambling game known to man are played, are legal for both sexes. But women are not allowed to attend the better burlesque shows in Havana.

Smartest Havana hotels: the *National*, just completed at \$6,000,000 cost; the *Sevilla-Biltmore* and the *Presidente*.

Most famed bar (not smart): *Sloppy Joe's*. Naughtiest night club: *La Verbena*. Smartest shops: *El Encanto* and *Casa Grande*.

Books. Anyone who reads Spanish

should read these outstanding Cuban books: Novelist Cirilo Villaverde's *Cecilia Valdes*; Poet Jose Maria Heredia's *Niagara*; Scientist Carlos de la Torre's *Historia Natural de Cuba*.

Machado. Tremendously resolute, sagacious and most calm, President Gerardo Machado y Morales has probably suppressed more uprisings than any other living chief of state. Characteristically he did not allow last week's news of munition running to spoil his week-end plans. After ordering out the entire Cuban Navy (see above) he went fishing, as usual.

Born in Santa Clara province, Sr. Machado fought in the Cuban War of Independence, rose to the rank of brigadier general—as did many another—but when peace came he left the army, went into business. At this time he dined the *danzon* at least as well as Edward of Wales tangoes today, was in fact, a noted cavalier.

In 1902 he organized an electric power corporation in Santa Clara, built up the property, sold it to U. S. interests at a fat profit. Sugar was his next interest. Buying a mill near Santa Clara he started grinding cane, considered himself almost rich just before the 1920 Cuban sugar panic.

The panic turned Businessman Machado's bent to government. He decided that only state regulation could save the sugar industry. In 1924, to the surprise of many, he was elected President of Cuba. Within 20 months his Government had paid off a fifth of the foreign debt. Before his term was half over he seemed to have done as much for Cuba as Mussolini has for Italy, whipped Government services into shape, pushed roadbuilding at an unprecedented rate, fostered school and hospital construction, put through salutary sugar legislation. The price of sugar rose.

But as the end of President Machado's four-year term neared, he determined to remain in office. This was flatly contrary to the Cuban Constitution, to the platform on which he had been elected, and to his personal pledge, "I will never seek reelection," a pledge he had made to mass meetings throughout the land.

Nothing can extenuate the fact that Sr. Machado is still President of Cuba today—except the fact that he was re-elected as the candidate of all three political parties in 1928, having outmaneuvered all opposition.

Despite this proven skill at "dirty politics," Director Machado is probably less corrupt, certainly much more able, than any previous Cuban President. He is fighting now not a political battle (he could win that) but a long-drawn economic struggle, a campaign to suppress nation-wide unrest due primarily to the world fall in the price of sugar—a collapse too titanic to be stemmed by a single nation or statesman. Besieged by a revolutionary mob some years ago the Dictator bluffed them successfully, roared: "What, me resign? Never, never!"

Cuban Navy officers startle visiting officers of other navies thus: "Nearly every night our President sleeps in Havana Harbor on a warship."

CHINA

River of Blood

Meticulously a commission sent by Chinese President Chiang Kai-shek into Kiangsi Province reported last week on the recent massacre in Kiangsi Province of 100,000 persons in a period of six weeks. Excerpt:

"The Kan Kiang River literally ran red with blood and dead bodies were piled mountain high. . . . One hundred and twenty-four thousand houses were burned, and 300,000,000 silver dollars worth of property destroyed."

This massacre is the best reason for (also the best reason against) the stupendous loan which the U. S., Britain and Canada may make to the Chinese Nationalist Government (see below). Obviously the credit of a nation in which so monstrous a holocaust can occur is not good. But who massacred 100,000 Chinese?

Not the Nationalist Government, but the so-called "Reactionaries Suppression Commission." What is that? Financed but not entirely directed from Moscow, the R. S. C. is the co-ordinating Chinese General Staff of at least a dozen Chinese Communist armies. Once they were called "bandits." Today they are laying waste whole hinterlands, wiping out whole civil populations, sowing chaos and Communism on a scale of which even Lenin scarcely dreamed.

Last week a portion of the Eighteenth Nationalist Army Division under General Chang Chi-san was entirely surrounded by Communist forces in Kiangsi, faced annihilation according to despatches from Shanghai.

Pittman v. Soong

Potent U. S. silvermen warmly seconded last week Canada's motion fortnight ago that a huge Occidental loan be made to hungry China, thus enabling her to buy and eat the Occident's surplus wheat (TIME, Jan. 12).

In Washington the Senate's subcommittee on trade with China prepared to release this week its recommendation for a silver loan to China. Chairman of the subcommittee is Senator Key Pittman of Nevada, famed "silver state." China is the only great power with currency on the "silver standard," and last week the Shanghai dollar (nominally worth 50¢) continued its decline to a new low-for-all-time of 22¢.

Said the "Morgan of China," Banker T. V. Soong, who is also Finance Minister, last week in Tientsin:

"There have been many reports that America was planning to extend a huge silver loan. It is a well-known fact that the silver interests of America, as a result of the tremendous slump in silver prices, find it almost impossible to dispose of their surplus stock, not to mention the problem of finding a market for further production. If China should accept such a loan China in effect would be paying for losses incurred by American silver interests."

MUSIC

Excitement at the Met

Last March the *S. S. Ile de France* brought into the U. S. a French girl who spoke no English. Her name was Lily Pons but it mattered to no one. She went to bed for eight days to recover from seasickness.

One afternoon last week Lily Pons sang *Lucia* at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera. Boxholders and peanut-galleryites liked her better than they have liked any newcomer in years. And Lily Pons went to bed at nine o'clock famous.

Still, nobody knew much about her. Metropolitan debuts have been dull lately. Coloraturas are out of vogue and newsmen had not thought it worth their while to find out that this new one was married to a Dutchman almost twice her age, that her father, a violinist, had earned a certain notoriety by motoring from Cannes to Paris and back when automobiles were practically unknown. After *Lucia* they changed their minds. Lily Pons, they found out then, was not big-chested and chunky like most Lucias. She was fragile-looking as befits an opera heroine who must die of grief, graceful, chicly costumed. Her first singing was uneven but after villainous Lord Ashton (Baritone Giuseppe de Luca) had driven her to her wits' end with his connivings against her lover (Tenor Beniamino Gigli) she found her stride. The *Mad Scene*, given in the key of F instead of a tone lower as is usually the case, was superbly sung. Difficult chromatic runs and arpeggios done with the greatest ease, trills and staccati true to pitch (coloraturas are inclined to sing off-key), a high E flat clearly sung, not just peeped—these won her cheers and a dozen or more curtain calls.

A greater triumph was to come in *Rigoletto* a few nights later. The boxes were filled with fashionable Wednesday-nighters, the house tensely expectant. Soon came the *Caro nome* aria and Lily Pons stopped the show. Applause lasted ten minutes by the clock. After the second act she had ten curtain calls. After the final curtain 500 yelling enthusiasts stayed 35 minutes, recalled her in all some 30 times. As in *Lucia* it was her singing not her acting which offered the emotional thrill.

At Lily Pons's first performances there were none so excited as a portly middle-aged couple well known to the opera public of 20 years ago. The woman was Maria Gay, once a famed Carmen with the Metropolitan and Boston Opera companies. The man was her husband, Tenor Giovanni Zenatello. Motoring along the Riviera last winter these two had stopped in at a little opera house in Montpellier to hear *Lucia*. After the small-town performance they rushed backstage to meet the soprano. "Will you come to America if I can get you an audition with the Metropolitan?" Madame Gay asked breathlessly. Lily Pons said she would and the Zenatellos could not get back to Manhattan fast enough. They hurried to see General Manager Giulio Gatti-Casazza. He shrugged his shoulders. He hears of many "discoveries" and this one had had only three years' experience in unim-

portant opera houses, had never sung at all in Paris. "But," said Madame Gay, "if she fails I pay the passage."

Two days after her Metropolitan audition last March Lily Pons had signed three big contracts: one for five years with the Metropolitan Opera, one with Victor Talking Machine Co., another for concerts with the Metropolitan Musical Bureau (managers of Rosa Ponselle, Maria Jerizta, La Argentina). In France two people were proudly told the news. One was Lily Pons's mother, who after the father's death started a dressmaker's establishment in Cannes to provide for her three little girls, moved up to Paris when Lily decided she wanted to study piano at the Conservatoire. The other was Lily Pons's husband, August Mesritz, a wealthy Dutch banker and newspaper manager who retired to tinker at painting at the Riviera. Husband Mesritz first suggested that Lily study for opera. She had had some experience as a comedy ingénue, sang an incidental song once and had a small success. She set to work, within a year made her debut in Mulhouse, Alsace. Three years later she was summering in Verona with the Zenatellos, building her weight up to 105 pounds, preparing costumes and studying the rôles she was engaged to sing her first year at the Metropolitan. Fortunately she was spared the Chamber of



Wide World

LILY PONS (RICH MRS. MESRITZ)
The Zenatellos built her up to 105.

Commerce ballyhoo which spoiled Coloratura Marion Talley. After her debut Talley found herself in shoes too big for her but she became high-handed nevertheless, refused advice, in three years was out of the Metropolitan. Coloratura Pons has yet to prove herself. But on the night of her debut after she had been in bed a half an hour she called to her husband: "Bring me the score of *Lucia*. I must see if I cannot sing it better."

RELIGION

Pope v. Poisoned Pastures

His Holiness the Pope last week swelled the ranks of the Knights of Malta by the appointment of 14 Americans, some of them famed. The knighted: President Clarence Hungerford Mackay of Commercial Cable Co.; President John Jeremiah Pelley of New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Co.; President Lawrence Aloysius Downs of Illinois Central System; Lawyer Jack Johnson Spalding of Atlanta, Ga.; Vice Chairman of the Executive Committee Angus Daniel McDonald of Southern Pacific Co.; Banker Joseph Henry O'Neil of Boston; Banker Elisha Walker of Manhattan; Philanthropist Dennis Francis Kelly of Chicago; President Bernard Joseph Rothwell of Bay State Milling Co., Boston; Paul E. Fitzpatrick of Brown, Durrell Co., Boston; John Duff of New Bedford, Mass.; John F. Tensley of Worcester, Mass.; Vice President Michael Lester Madden of Hollingsworth & Whitney Co., Boston; Theodore F. McManus of Detroit.*

Soon after making these appointments, His Holiness issued a mighty interpretation of the will of God, a 10,000-word encyclical addressed to his flocks, to the Knights and the benighted. Its opening words: *Casus Communis* ("Of Chaste Wedlock"). Justly did the Catholic world regard it of utmost importance. It was the first encyclical on marriage since Leo XIII delivered himself 50 years ago. It expounded the Church's entire attitude on the connubial life. Its preparation involved a score of Vatican Scholars. Its Latin text, edited and approved by the Pope, was, for the first time in papal history, immediately issued in English, Italian, French, German, Spanish,†

His Holiness defined marriage as a union primarily for the propagation and education of children, a pact of mutual faith and honor, an inviolable, indissoluble sacrament between its partners. Fervently he assailed the moral laxities, the intellectual theories, which tend to demolish this ideal. Said he: "... As Christ's vicar upon earth and supreme shepherd and teacher we consider it our duty to raise our voice to keep the flock committed to our care from poisoned pastures. . . . For now, alas! not secretly or under cover, but openly, with all sense of shame put aside, now by word, again by writings, by theatrical productions of every kind, by romantic fiction, by amorous and friv-

*Also named for knighthood, but in another order, that of the Holy Sepulchre, were 13 other U. S. citizens last week, constituting the first national council of the Order to be formed in the U. S. Among reputed founders is Godfrey de Bouillon, a leader in the first crusade which wrested (1099) Jerusalem from the "Infidels." The 13 candidates prepared to kneel in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Manhattan, be given spurs and sword, draw sword and be tapped on the shoulder with it, in true medieval fashion. Most socialite of the thirteen knights: Kenneth O'Brien, son-in-law of Knight of Malta Clarence Hungerford Mackay.

†By modern, cow-less Jesuits (they wear simple black cassocks), always high scholars of the Church since their Society's founding in 1564 by St. Ignatius of Loyola. The staff at "The Mother House of the Society of Jesus" near Vatican City had labored a fortnight over the translations before they were authorized to be made public.

olous novels, by cinematographs portraying in vivid scene, addresses broadcast by radio telephony, in short by all the inventions of modern science, the sanctity of marriage is trampled upon and derided; divorce, adultery, all the basest vices either are extolled or at least depicted in such colors as to appear to be free of all reproach and infamy."

Birth Control. Especially did His Holiness inveigh against birth control: "The Catholic Church, to whom God has entrusted the defense of the integrity and purity of morals, standing erect in the midst of the moral ruin which surrounds her, in order that she may preserve the chastity of the nuptial union from being defiled by this foul stain, raises her voice in token of Divine ambassadorship and through our mouth proclaims anew:

"Any use whatsoever of matrimony exercised in such a way that the act is deliberately frustrated in its natural power to generate life is an offence against the law of God and of nature, and those who indulge in such are branded with the guilt of a grave sin. . . .

"Small wonder, therefore, if holy writ bears witness that the Divine Majesty regards with greatest detestation this horrible crime, and at times has punished it with death. As St. Augustine notes, intercourse even with one's legitimate wife is unlawful and wicked where the conception of the offspring is prevented. Onan, the son of Juda, did this, and the Lord killed him for it. . . . [Genesis 38: 8-10]"

Abortion. Similarly did the encyclical pronounce against divorce, abortion, experimental unions, sterilization, other eugenic practices. Said His Holiness of abortion: ". . . However much we may pity the mother whose health and even life is gravely imperiled in the performance of the duty allotted to her by nature, nevertheless what could ever be a sufficient reason for excusing in any way the direct murder of the innocent? This is precisely what we are dealing with here. Whether inflicted upon the mother or upon the child it is against the precept of God and the law of nature: 'Thou shalt not kill'; the life of each is equally sacred, and no one has the power, not even the public authority, to destroy it."

Those trends which the Pope lamented, he attributed to a growing public conception that man made the marriage institution. ". . . Let it be repeated," said he, ". . . that matrimony was not instituted or restored by man, but by God; not by man were the laws made to strengthen and confirm and elevate it, but by God, the author of nature, and by Christ our Lord by whom nature was redeemed, and hence these laws cannot be subject to any human decrees or to any contrary pact even of the spouses themselves." Toward the end, Pius XI urged: ". . . That in the State such eugenic and social methods should be set up as will enable every head of a family to earn as much as according to his station in life is necessary for himself, his wife, and for the rearing of his children, for 'the laborer is worthy of his hire.'"

Comments on the encyclical were not long in forthcoming. Onetime Judge Benjamin Barr Lindsey, champion of companionate marriage: "The rule proposed

by the Pope is respected only by domestic animals." Mrs. Margaret Sanger, birth control apostle: "... An insult to the intelligence of women." Rt. Rev. Benjamin Franklin Price Ivins, bishop coadjutor of Milwaukee (Episcopal): "Either birth control is generally practiced in America, or most women are incapable of motherhood." Humanist Francis Potter: "... The new generation of Roman Catholics is quietly disregarding the teachings of that Church about birth control. There are fifty-four clinics in the United States giving contraceptive information, and in every one of them the Roman Catholic women come in equal numbers with the Protestants and the Jews. The Pope seems to lay most stress on the statement that contraception is contrary to nature. Then let us respectfully suggest that he be consistent and lay aside his spectacles and stop shaving." Pastor John Haynes Holmes of Manhattan's Community Church: "Here is a tenth-century mind at work on twentieth-century problems. We are never going to get anywhere with marriage or with anything else by going back to St. Augustine."

But one of the most compelling rebuttals was not a direct one. It came from Professor Julian Sorell Huxley. Brother of Novelist Aldous Leonard (*Point Counterpoint*) Huxley and grandson of the late great Biologist Thomas Henry Huxley, Julian Huxley is himself a most distinguished biologist and eloquent member of the scientific vanguard. Speaking to the Philadelphia Forum, he said: "In the long run we must envisage the control of population in the same manner we now control contagious disease. Birth control is by no means perfect, but it is one of the major events in the world's history. . . . In one or two centuries . . . we shall tell the man who can't provide for himself and his family that he cannot have State aid unless he agrees not to have any more children. If he refuses, State aid shall also be refused him or else he shall be locked up. . . . In our society a man with a small family finds that he gets ahead quicker and that his smaller number of children can have greater advantages. All of this may seem very undemocratic, but heredity and biology are very undemocratic."

Presbyterian Tenet

Last week, the Roman Catholics, who seldom have anything to say on Prohibition,* made clear their position on Birth Control (see above). Simultaneously Presbyterians, who do not make Birth Control an issue, issued a statement on Prohibition which is virtually a Presbyterian tenet. At Philadelphia, the administration committee of the Board of Christian Education of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. met in executive session and re-dedicated itself "to a program of education which will make America the most temperate and the most law-abiding nation in the world." Copies of this statement, prepared by their moderator, Pittsburgh's Hugh Thompson Kerr, will be sent to every Presbyterian church in the U. S.

*When Prohibition was young, the late Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore and Cardinal O'Connell of Boston expressed their disapproval.

THEATRE

New Play in Manhattan

Colonel Satan. Booth Tarkington has turned back to the mood of his first best seller, *Monsieur Beaucaire*, a slender novelette which became a play and afterward a cinematographic vehicle for the late Rudolph Valentino, as a source for this romantic costume melodrama about Aaron Burr. Unfortunately, that mood is not recaptured, probably not recapturable, for the inspiration of *Monsieur Beaucaire*, of



Keystone

AARON BURR

Not too old to eavesdrop.

its swagger and dandyism, was youth, and in *Colonel Satan* there is no youth and no reality except a shadow of the personal bad luck of the courageous man who wrote it. Author of a dozen engaging novels and several good plays of the American scene, Booth Tarkington, now almost totally blind, and having at 61 begun to outlive his own vogue, has executed his play with the impeccably literate technique which has always distinguished him. He has costumed his hero in the glamour of the fallen great.

Aaron Burr (McKay Morris) is poor, old, an exile in Paris, his political career over. By chance, in a mean Paris wine-shop, he finds himself eavesdropping on a Royalist intrigue. With the expert knowledge of character proper to so eminent a confidence-man, Burr turns the intrigue to his own use. He makes love to the only woman in the conspiracy (Jessie Royce Landis) and steals the fine clothes of the richest conspirator. He fights a duel with a young Yankee in which, reversing the rôle he played in his affair with Alexander Hamilton, he fires into the air. He postures elegantly, makes desperately winning speeches, executes paltry and artful stratagems, yet remains dull—a character falling halfway between life and fantasy. In spite and perhaps because of the glittering flood of language poured over it, *Colonel Satan* is too far from the idiom of the modern theatre to be satisfying entertainment.

C I N E M A

The New Pictures

One Heavenly Night (Goldwyn). The combined talents of Authors Louis Bromfield and Sidney Howard, both raucously advertised as Pulitzer Prizewinners, have produced a story which will make cinema seers feel content that winners of the Nobel and other awards have not so far been hired to compose operettas. It is about a flower girl who, masquerading as a notorious cabaret entertainer, wins the love of John Boles. The singer (Lilyan Tashman) has been exiled by the police from Budapest to the familiar Hungarian musical comedy steppes—a district of palaces, vineyards, and extemporary duets. Going

believes that people should have their fun while they are young. She dislikes stuffy theatres, sometimes orders the heat turned off before she will sing. She says of U. S. shoos: "... the best in the world. They fit."

The Criminal Code (Columbia). Aside from its high value as entertainment, this is a significant picture because it is in every way better than the Manhattan stage hit, acclaimed by critics, from which it is taken. It will also provide, for those who saw the play last year, illustration of the differences between theatrical and cinema technique when each is properly handled. On the stage *The Criminal Code* was a parable. The misfortunes heaped on the protagonist—a boy who learns in prison how to be a criminal—were fashioned to provide a lesson. As a cinema, the realism of scenes in the prison itself—the cells, yard, jute-mill, dungeons—pours life into the theatrical skeleton. Even the romance between Robert Graham and the warden's daughter (Constance Cummings) is not as absurd as it might have been and at no time does *The Criminal Code* rely for its effect on vaudeville gag-lines, as *The Big House* did. Walter Huston plays the warden humanly and sensibly, although at times he has trouble making the dialog sound real. Best minor part: DeWitt Jennings as an extremely cruel guard.

Al-Yemen (Amkino). This is an example of an elementary and important use of the camera too rarely attempted by U. S. producers: straightforward reporting. It is not a thrilling picture; it is interesting—a description of life in an independent state in the southwest corner of the Arabian Peninsula. It was made by representatives of the German and Soviet governments on a special expedition.

The camera's versatility in angles and colors is neglected, but the pictures tell in quiet and graphic prose about the little fishing villages flattened on the edge of the Red Sea; pelicans floating like foam-patches in the nervous water; skinny brown fishermen bringing in their shallow boats, piled with the flashing, heavy silver bodies of fish. You can smell the hot breath of Sanaa, see its turbaned merchants, Jewish watchmakers, fleabitten curs, and bearded princes. *Al-Yemen* reproduces a life apparently contemporaneous with the events described in the New Testament, but having no connection with them. Best shot: Hodeda's ship-bristling harbor.

Little Caesar (First National). Undoubtedly the most familiar of current screen figures is the fearless, ambitious gangster who becomes rich on the fruits of evil and dies in the last reel in a heroic manner. With less adroit handling *Little Caesar* might easily have been no more than a fair program picture and its central character merely a reflection of his many forerunners. Instead, Actor Edward G. Robinson has made his rôle the supreme embodiment of a type. He is helped by

Mervyn Leroy's fine directing and by the fact that W. R. Burnett's story was comprehensive, telling the whole of the gangster's life. You see Little Caesar starting in business as a low-grade stick-up man whose specialty is robbing gasoline stations. He works his way up step by step in the outlaw gang-civilization of a big city. Only one man, the mysterious "Big Boy" is higher than he when his luck changes. He loses his power, his money, becomes a flop-house derelict, and finally dies behind a bill-board, chewed by bullets from a policeman's machine-gun. Actor Robinson makes Little Caesar far more complete than Author Burnett saw him—a gangster of Greek tragedy, destroyed by the fates within him. The only miscast character is Douglas Fairbanks Jr. as a tough Italian thug. Best shot: Caesar's



EVELYN LAYE

She is silly in the rain.

as substitute, the flower girl is wooed by an important local grandee who judges her character by what he has heard about Miss Tashman. Evelyn Laye is the heroine. She is a slender blonde Englishwoman who won fame last year in the stage musical-comedy, *Bitter Sweet*. She sings and acts nicely, and though the whole production lacks distinction it is handsomely staged and cast and embellished with the folding leg and funny face of Comedian Leon Errol. Best shot: Errol posting a letter. Silliest shot: Laye and Boles singing lyrics to each other out of doors in the rain.

Evelyn Laye was never called the most beautiful woman in England until she was on Broadway, New York. Like many successful contemporary stage and cinema stars, she was born of actor parents. Her parents were touring in *Charley's Aunt* when she made her first appearances at the age of two. As manager of the Palace Theatre in Brighton, her father wrote popular songs that never became popular and got his eleven-year-old daughter to try them out. Later Evelyn Laye toured England in musical shows. Last summer she divorced Sonny Hale, actor. She keeps slim by taking a long walk every day and



Variety

RINGMASTER LEROY
For him, stars pace.

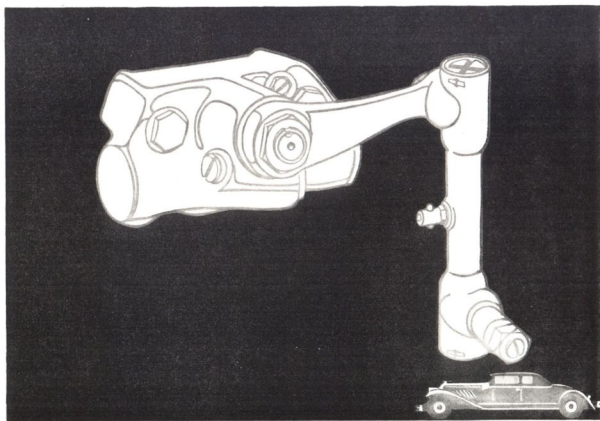
mob raiding a cabaret protected by a rival gang.

Mervyn Leroy, 30, is one of those young men who have worked up through technical and executive jobs in a way far more sensational although less publicized than the familiar path to stardom of actors and actresses. Hollywood has long heard the rumor that his real name is Lasky but that he changed it because he did not want a lift into the saddle from the prestige of his famed uncle Jesse Lasky. As Leroy, after some years in vaudeville and stock companies, he turned up in 1920 as a cameraman for First National. Later he became gag-man for Colleen Moore, John McCormick, then Miss Moore's husband, took a fancy to the assured manner and snarling wit of this short, stocky gagster who slouched about the lot, smoking with the belligerent air of a small man an enormous, habitual cigar. Mervyn Leroy became a director with Colleen Moore's unit, rose rapidly. Now one of the ringmasters for whom stars, better known though paid less than he, must go through their paces, he has directed *Little Johnny Jones*, *Playing Around*, *Broadway Babies*, *Showgirl in Hollywood*, *Numbered Men*, *The G-rilla*.



It must have beauty—this modern car—and speed—and power—and spirit in its performance. It must be smooth—and quiet—and easy to control. But minus comfort, few would care to own it. It's the quality of the ride that helps to sell the car. Everyone wants riding comfort—Delco-Lovejoy comfort—easy-riding, as provided by Delco engineering. Few may know of the scientific thoroughness with which Delco analyzes the need of each car model—and prescribes the shock absorber that exactly fits it. But all appreciate the spring control that Delco hydraulics provide. That is what everyone wants—and expects—and buys. Delco-Lovejoy rides help sell cars! Delco Products Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

D e l c o
Duodraulic
SHOCK ABSORBERS



Just to eat is an adventure in these tropic isles



LUNCHEON becomes a ceremony. Yours is the royalty of ease in a time-less world . . . Hawaii. You look across the table, beyond the green of bay, beyond the coral reef, in the bluest ocean the horizon drops to shut off the commonplace world you know too well. . . . You toy with the last bit of fresh golden pineapple . . .

Through half-closed eyes you let the beauty of the scene play with memory.

HAWAII

cottages. Luxurious hotels. Great ships on frequent schedule from San Francisco and Los Angeles.

When to go? If you go in April or May you'll see the flaming trees at their best. If you choose October and November you'll enjoy the legended pageants.



Other ceremonies stroll past. The "Aloha" dinner the last night on the liner that brought you over. *Hawaii's charm was on that boat.* Luncheon on the lanai of the Hilo Yacht Club. That "luau"—native feast—"pig and poi in paradise."

Hawaii offers . . . Magnificent spring festivals. Summer days that are cooled by constant trade winds of the wide Pacific. Twenty golf courses. Moderate inns and

Every month is the best time to go. Always will you find the Hawaii of rain-bows and romance. Of laughter and throbbing rhythm. Hulas and satin nights . . . detachment.

Your all-expense roundtrip to Hawaii from the Pacific Coast may be made at extremely moderate cost—even as low as \$500—without sacrifices in excellence of steamship and hotel accommodations. For complete information write:

HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU

(OF HONOLULU, HAWAII, U. S. A.)

225-B BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
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MATSON Line from SAN FRANCISCO
535 Fifth Ave., New York 723 W. Seventh St., Los Angeles
140 So. Dearborn, Chicago 814 Second Ave., Seattle
215 Market St., San Francisco 271 Pine St., Portland, Ore.

LISSCO Line from LOS ANGELES
730 So. Broadway, Los Angeles 685 Market St., San Francisco
521 Fifth Ave., New York 215 East Broadway, San Diego
140 So. Dearborn, Chicago 412 Thomas Building, Dallas

ANY TRAVEL AGENT WILL GIVE YOU FULL PARTICULARS

SPORT

Ithaca to Ithaca

Last week in Manhattan met the Cruising Club of America, famed organization of amateur yachtsmen who like to take small boats into the open sea. They had met to exercise the club's chief official function—the awarding of its yearly Blue Water medal to the amateur yachtsman (not necessarily a club member) who has performed that year the most "meritorious" seamanship. Medals for three years—1928, 1929, 1930—were given.

Thomas F. Cooke won for 1928. He sailed the ketch *Seven Bells* from Bradford River, Conn., to England, cruised her abroad for two years, and shipped her home. He won a medal because nothing happened to him. That meant seamanship, for he was in some bad places. He had five boys with him. The first day off Montauk the *Seven Bells* ran into a sea piling up under a northeaster. She skimmed through into nice sailing that lasted till she picked up Bishop Rock Light off the English coast. Here a terrific blow hit her, sent her shuddering into Falmouth, safe from the fate that lays traps at the beginning and the end of voyages.

F. Slade Dale won for 1929. He sailed the 23-ft. cutter *Postscript* 4,000 miles to the West Indies and back with one companion. On a black, windy night she went aground on Fisherman's Island, at the mouth of the Chesapeake. From there she went to Beaufort, N. C. by the inside passage of bays and canals. When there was no wind in the canals Dale and his friend would tow *Postscript* with a rowboat. She had trouble getting from Beaufort to Palm Beach. She cut over to Nassau, cruised through the Bahamas, stopped in Jamaica, rode the Gulf Stream home.

Carl Weagant, short, blond member of the staff of the magazine *Yachting*, won for 1930. He sailed the ketch *Carlark* from Ithaca, New York, to Ithaca, Greece. He took with him some Cornell students whose families had agreed to let them go to Newfoundland but made them promise not to cross the ocean. To keep them from breaking their promise Weagant shanghaied them. After passing out of the St. Lawrence they thought they were heading for Newfoundland. When they wondered why they did not reach Newfoundland they were half-way to the Azores.

Private Football

When Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, issued his philippic on professionalization of college football, and called on the alumni to free college athletics from its servitude to public patronage, other colleges were interested but dubious (*TIME*, Jan. 5). They felt that nothing much would come of it. Last week a committee of the Columbia Alumni Federation met in Manhattan and made something come of it. They voted \$50,000 of the alumni fund to support Dr. Butler's program. Said Dr. Butler, gratified, "If three or four institutions will unite in this undertaking we may place the whole enterprise on a really academic basis and relegate the public to the rôle of spectator."

Other End of the Log



"When he sat on one end of a log, and a boy on the other, there was a college."

The ability of a great American educator to impart knowledge on a wide range of subjects inspired this tribute from one of his former pupils, James A. Garfield. He was Mark Hopkins, President of Williams College from 1836 to 1872.

IN THE solemn silence of wooded places, in the peaceful seclusion of home, wherever the mind of an eager student and a qualified instructor meet, there is a college! Built of neither brick nor mortar, impressive by neither gown nor ceremony, its secured walls of achievement, its degrees and distinctions, are

as enduring as the campus of ambition upon which it stands.

Today, in homes and familiar places of retreat, on farms and ships and rolling trains, thousands of ambitious men are seeking and securing through courses of the International Correspondence Schools the things they need most in life—training to master their present positions and problems . . . power to carve new destinies for themselves in the opportunities that lie ahead!

Each I. C. S. student receives individual instruction. This institution is dedicated to the principle that *personal character* is a basic factor in success. This quality of individualism is encouraged; and oftentimes through expert observation and friendly counsel, it is inspired.

An I. C. S. student is a human entity, not a cog in an educational machine. The results of his studies are analyzed,

corrected and commented upon, recorded and returned. His questions, as many as he may wish to ask, are answered promptly by competent instructors, interested in his progress. He receives advice fitted to his own peculiar problems. He receives encouragement when he needs it, praise when he deserves it. When he enrolls he brings to his place of study—to the other end of *his* log—a single-file regiment of counselors, each his friend, eager to help him build the college of his dreams!

Through these Schools is offered a choice of more than 240 standard courses and scores of special courses. Practically every business, technical and engineering subject, prepared by leading authorities and kept modern by constant revision, is included in the offered training. Recognized, as a result of years of brilliant demonstration, for their ability to aid men in all walks of life, the International Correspondence Schools have agreements with more than 2300 outstanding industrial organizations and 350 railroads for training their employees.

Would you like to know more about this mighty "School of the Second Chance"? We will be pleased to mail you, upon request, our booklet, "The Business of Building Men."

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

FOUNDED 1891
SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

MEMBER, NATIONAL
HOME STUDY COUNCIL

22 PLACES *in*

where the Remington Accounting

Check this list against your accounting department procedure

ACCOUNTS PAYABLE

- ★ { Purchase Journal & Distribution
- ★ { Accounts Payable Ledger
- ★ { Remittance Advice
- ★ { Check
- ★ { Check Register
- ★ { Voucher
- ★ { Voucher Register and Distribution
- ★ { Voucher Check
- ★ { Check Register and Distribution

ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE

- ★ { Sales Journal & Distribution
- ★ { Customer's Ledger
- ★ { Customer's Statement

ACCOUNTS PAYABLE-RETAIL

- ★ { Purchase Journal
- ★ { Department Purchase Register
- ★ { Remittance Advice or Voucher

PAYROLL

- ★ { Check
- ★ { Employee's Wage Record
- ★ { Payroll

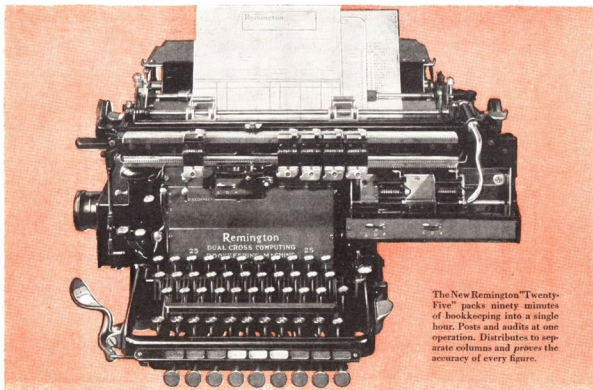
EXPENSE

- ★ { Expense Journal
- ★ { Expense Register

GENERAL BOOKS

- ★ { General Ledger
- ★ { General Journal

★ EACH GROUP HANDLED IN ONE OPERATION ON THE REMINGTON



The New Remington "Twenty-Five" packs ninety minutes of bookkeeping into a single hour. Posts and audits at one operation. Distributes to separate columns and proves the accuracy of every figure.

your **B**USINESS

Machine Can Show Cash Savings *in 30 Days*

THE question used to be "Can I save money by using a bookkeeping machine in place of hand labor?"

Today's question is "Can I cut accounting overhead still further?"

In hundreds of cases...in small companies and in mammoth corporations...a Remington machine has said "yes". And proved it.



With the Remington Fanfold in your billing department, you can get a 25% to 50% time saving...through elimination of carbon handling, and key-shifting and tabulating operations. Adaptable to standard accounting machines and typewriters.

Frequently, it is installed to do the work previously handled by three other machines...with an immediate saving in floor space, rent, payroll.

It eliminates costly errors. Speeds accounting and collections. And instead of you adapting your methods to fit...it adapts itself to fit them.

Read the list of Remington-speeded operations on opposite page. Then, briefly indicate on coupon below, the department or problem in which you are most interested. It will bring you practical money-saving suggestions...without obligation!

REMINGTON RAND BUSINESS SERVICE, Buffalo, N. Y.

In the following department (or problem) show me how Remington Accounting Machines could save money:—

Name _____

Title _____

Company _____

Address _____

Remington Rand

BUSINESS SERVICE

Executive offices, Buffalo, New York. Sales offices in all leading cities.

LIBRARY BUREAU Filing Systems and Indexing Service . . . REMINGTON Typewriters and Accounting Machines . . . INDEX
VISIBLE . . . RAND & KARDEx Visible Records . . . DALTON Adding and Bookkeeping Machines . . . KALAMAZOO AND
BAKER-VAWTER Loose-Leaf Equipment . . . SAFE-CABINET Record Protection Devices . . . POWERS Accounting Machines

A R T



The Paseo in MEXICO

On Sunday morning Mexico City turns out to stroll or canter on the Paseo. A parade unlike any in the world. Such silken shawls, such formidable sombreros, such flaring "chaps" aglitter with hundreds of gold and silver buttons!... Yet Mexico has much more than this. Its restaurants, gardens, shops and music are alluring. Its churches, museums and art impressive. It is blithe as Paris; Spanish as Seville; mysterious as Egypt.

3 MEXICO LAND CRUISES
Starting from San Antonio January 25, February 8 and February 22. Two weeks in Mexico—10 points visited—9 days in Mexico City. The complete round-trip from your home and back takes only three weeks or less.

RAYMOND-WHITCOMB

126 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.
New York, 670 Fifth Ave.; New York, 225 Fifth Ave.;
Boston, 165 Tremont St.; Philadelphia, 1601 Walnut St.;
Chicago, 176 N. Michigan Ave.; Detroit, 421 Book Bldg.;
San Francisco, 230 Post St.; Los Angeles, 423 W. 5th St.
Agents in the principal cities.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB CO.
126 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

Please send me your new book with particulars of your MEXICO LAND CRUISES.

Name

Address

Fog Palette

Last March Manhattan's Knoedler Galleries held an embarrassed showing of some of the works of Jules Pascin. The pictures were poorly chosen, the show was poorly attended, poorly criticized. It contributed more than a little to the melancholia which made life unbearable for Pascin himself. Last week was another Pascin exhibition at Manhattan's Downtown Gallery. Socialites, reporters, art critics flocked to it. Standing sponsors were such people as smartchart Editor Frank Crowninshield, Art Critic Henry McBride, Mrs. John Davison Rockefeller Jr., Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Adolph Lewishohn. An elaborate illustrated catalog was prepared. The show was a decided success. Apart from the fact that the first Pascin exhibition contained some of his worst pictures, the second most of his best, between the two shows the artist himself suddenly and horribly committed suicide. To the general public he is already becoming a Character, classed with Edgar Allan Poe, Oscar Wilde, Modigliani, Van Gogh, and Lord Byron, among the rips, rakes, and naughty fellows of the arts.

Jules Pascin was born in Bulgaria 45 years ago, of a Spanish-Jewish father and a Serbo-Italian mother. He was educated in Vienna and Berlin, traveled everywhere, stayed in New York long enough to become a U. S. citizen, spent most of his life in Paris. He hated the *rive gauche*, and his studio was not on Montparnasse but on Montmartre, right next to the Moulin Rouge, among the music halls, zinc bars, hack stands and sporting houses whose employes and habitués were his models and friends. A few initiates knew that his last name was not Pascin but Pincas. Nobody knew his first name: it was something Bulgarian roughly translated by a French passport official as Jules. Only dealers, critics and reporters ever called him Jules. He always signed his pictures *pascin* (with a small p). He was known as *pascin* (pass-kin) to his friends.

Pascin painted voluptuous harlots reclining on couches, abused, half starved little girls, strange indecent flowers, with great mastery of line, but in soft, sad indefinite tones.

"I have seen his palette," wrote his friend and compatriot by birth, Andre Kormendi, last month. "It had almost no colors. It was like a strip of fog. . . . One saw tiny dabs of Neapolitan yellow, a little blue and green, but all of it melted into the black-white-grey which covered his palette softly as the dusk covered his studio."

It has been said that any well brought up young lady who understands Pascin's pictures ought to be ashamed of herself. Wrote elegant Frank Crowninshield, dean of foreword writers, last week:

"There were strange and disquieting elements in his work which for a long time baffled and disturbed the public of America. . . . They misunderstood, if they did not mistrust, an eroticism so exquisite and distinguished. Better Renoir and Matisse, they thought, and the more primary

Freudian reactions of such masters than a painter so intent on capturing and passing on to us the heat, the fever, almost the libido, of a colored fabric, a seated girl or a garden flower."

About Pascin personally there was very little exquisite or distinguished. He was a soft, pale man, sensual and abnormally sensitive, who abhorred fresh air, never rose till the afternoon, occasionally shaved about 7 o'clock. He was a dipsomaniac. His virtues were his amiability, his lack of personal vanity. He made and kept innumerable friends: at his studio 30 to 40 friends gathered daily to chat while he painted; often he would gather a group of 20, men, women and children, and take them with him to some watering place for weeks at a time.

Pascin's wife and his mistress remain on the best of terms, will amicably share in his estate, which was not small.

Two years ago when such wise collectors as the sponsors of last week's memorial show were boosting the market price



EROTICIST PASCIN

His gory finger scrawled goodbye.

of Pascin's delicate and decadent women, a French firm placed him under a very liberal contract which gave him an income and a percentage of commissions that seemed to guarantee financial independence. Pascin realized that he would never live to enjoy it: he was dying of cirrhosis of the liver.

On June 3 he pinned a note on his studio door: "Return at 8 o'clock." Twenty-four hours later the sign was still on the door. His great and good friend Lucy Krogh became frightened, summoned the concierge, broke down the door. The studio was dark, deserted. They broke into the bedroom. The shades were down; it took them a minute to realize what had happened. Pascin had slashed his wrists with a razor. Blood spurted over the room but Death came slowly. He staggered to the wall, scrawled AU REVOIR LUCY in blood with a gory finger, knotted a cord round his throat and hung himself from the doorknob.



The ARITHMETIC of GOOD ADVERTISING

THE square below graphs the American market in terms of 122,693,391 population, but if you buy magazine advertising on that basis your pencil isn't very sharp:



First of all, the square needs to be shrunk to the total number of *families*, 29,000,000—like this:



Then it needs to be shrunk again to the families which mentally are *directly reachable*, somewhere near 11,500,000 families in which some adult is above 14 years in intelligence—like this:



Then it needs to be shrunk once more to the families which have ample current *money to spend*, the families from which the 4,062,804 income tax returns were filed—like this:



POUNDER that smallest square, gentlemen, for there is the heart and hope of prosperity—the bull's-eye of the sales target in America.

It does not represent *all* the business, of course, but it does represent the *cream* of it.

It does not encompass the *whole* advertising audience by any means, but it does highlight its most *responsive* section.

Most important to the advertiser, it is the power-plant and central-station of American public opinion, motivating national thought, national taste, national *acceptance*, national *sales*!

THE arithmetic of good advertising in this day and age is simply figuring maximum advertising pressure against this preferential market at minimum cost.

Because THE SATURDAY EVENING POST reaches the first three million families in America, with tested sales-power solidly grounded on tested character, it stands alone as the great Common Denominator in any such equation!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION"





VIOLA ROOT CAMERON

Genealogist

ESTABLISHED IN 1913

FAMILY HISTORIES
COMPILED AND
PUBLISHED

COATS OF ARMS

CORRESPONDENCE
INVITED

521 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

57 CHANCERY LANE
LONDON

56 FAUBOURG SAINT-
HONORE, PARIS

AMSTERDAM BERLIN

VISITS TO SOVIET RUSSIA

TRAVELING individually or in groups, the inquiring American is welcome in Russia. The Open Road, now in its fifth season, renders them a specialist's service based on a specialist's knowledge and facilities.

« MOSCOW »

Modernistic workers' clubhouses, revolutionary theatres and museums, communal apartments, restaurants and nurseries, factories managed by workers... the directing force of a unique capital... and in the background the ancient grandeur of imperial palaces and orthodox churches.

THE PROVINCES

The Volga, the limitless wheat fields of the Ukraine, the snow-capped Caucasus, the Crimean coast resorts. Everywhere the tempo and transforming influence of the 5-Year Plan, the *Sundayless Week* and Collective farming.

The OPEN ROAD

Booklets
available on
Russian or
European Travel



Russian Travel
Department
20-24 W. 43d St.
New York

"Names make news." Last week the following names made the following news:

Sir Willmott Lewis, wisely knighted Washington correspondent of the *London Times*, gave a party for the purpose of playing MURDER. Directress of the game: his sister-in-law, Frances Noyes Hart (*The Bellamy Trial, Hide in the Dark*). Rules of the game: two players are chosen as "detectives," sent from the room while lots are drawn to determine who shall be the "murderer." Then the lights are turned out, the "murderer" picks and "assassinates" his victim. The lights are turned on and the "detectives" examine the "corpse," question the witnesses. All are bound to tell the truth except the "murderer," who may lie indiscriminately. When the "detectives" are through with him, the "corpse" may rise and enjoy his own inquest, according to the theory that dead men tell no tales. At Sir Willmott's party the "murderer" was not detected by the "detectives."

As John Davison Rockefeller was about to climb into his car after a game of golf at Ormond, Fla., Soprano **Amelita Galli-Curci** drove up to the golf club. They were introduced. Seized with a great gallantry, Mr. Rockefeller cried: "Bless you, bless you! I have enjoyed hearing you sing so many times!" From his car he extracted a bouquet of violets and sweet peas. "I found these at my plate this morning, and they made me think of your voice," said he. "And here is my picture with an appropriate sentiment. And if you don't mind, I would like to read you the daily poem and prayer which we read at breakfast this morning." Best stanza:

*Let's plant a rose beside the road
Where all the world goes by,
That every pilgrim, with his load,
May feast his happy eye
Upon its beauty as he goes
And breathe a blessing on the rose.*

John Davison Rockefeller Jr., officer of the Legion of Honor, made known through the committee which has been restoring Versailles Palace, Rheims Cathedral and Fontainebleau Palace at his expense that no more money would be given for these purposes. The committee's secretary said: "France is now a fortunate country, indeed one of the best off in the world. Furthermore, the most urgent work of restoration has been done. . . ."

It became known that armed guards recently have escorted **Owen D. Young** wherever he went, because of violently threatening letters he has received for more than a year from an inventor who says his patents have been usurped by Radio Corp. of America. Police and Post Office Department agents, seeking the inventor, said they knew his name but would give no clew to his identity beyond stating that he once had Manhattan offices in Canal St. and is living comfortably off royalties from a ventilating device.

PEOPLE

The **Ritz-Carlton Hotel** in Manhattan having pledged the faith of its operators to enforce the Prohibition laws to the best of their abilities, Prohibition Director Amos Walter Wright Woodcock abandoned padlock proceedings which had been begun after a raid last summer.

Built in 1872 as a cottage, later transformed into the Peaked Hill (Provincetown, Mass.) station of the U. S. Coast Guard, finally bought from the Government by Dramatist **Eugene Gladstone O'Neill** and transformed into his summer-time studio by famed Stage-scenist Robert Edmond Jones, an historic building was knocked off its shore perch by a 50-mi. gale and carried into the sea. Mr. O'Neill was not present, was at his chateau in France.

The old White Star liner **Germanic** went ashore near Hora lighthouse in the Sea of Marmora and slowly began breaking up. Sad news was this to sea-loving oldsters who remembered her trim lines, big, square-rigged sails and two funnels amidships when she was (in the 1870s) the fastest transatlantic steamship. At that time she could cross from Queens-town to Manhattan in 7 days, 10 hr., 50 min. In 1895 she was equipped with new engines and driven the same distance in 6 days, 21 hr., 38 min. But when faster ships were built she was relegated to the Canadian emigrant service, rechristened the *Ottawa*. Later on, the Turkish navy bought her, used her in the World War, when she was torpedoed in the Dardanelles. Salvaged, she was made a Black Sea freighter, called the *Gulcanah*, in which capacity she was serving when stranded last week.

In order to be able to play bridge, auction and contract, for 16 uninterrupted days, a party of 250, recruited from many a state, boarded the United States liner *Republic* at Philadelphia and sailed for the West Indies under the sponsorship and tutelage of famed Bridge expert **Wilbur Chrier Whitehead**. He got a tournament under way before the ship was out of port.

Cinemactress **Alma Rubens**, concerning whom news has been scarce since she was released from Patton (drug-cure) Institute a year ago, dismissed her maid, Ruth Palmer. Maid Palmer went to police with a story that Miss Rubens had become angry with her while under the influence of the drugs she was supposed to be cured of. The police had just decided not to investigate when Miss Rubens herself appeared excitedly at headquarters, claiming that her chauffeur, Eddie Tholman, had stolen \$9,000 worth of her jewels. Concluding that the chauffeur was not guilty, the officers searched Miss Rubens' rooms, found 120 grains of morphine in her purse and the hem of her evening gown. She was arraigned on three counts of violating Federal law, freed under bond of \$5,000.

PHILCO BABY GRAND

is BIG in performance

Not to be confused with ordinary "midget" sets

CONSIDER what you get in a Philco Baby Grand—seven tubes, three of them Screen Grid—genuine electro-dynamic speaker built in—illuminated station recording dial on which you can permanently log your favorite stations—push-pull amplification—genuine American walnut and quilted maple cabinet—standard Philco balanced-unit construction, eliminating distortion, creating the rich, true, clear big Philco

tone... The price is \$49.50, less tubes.

More Philco Baby Grands are being sold today than any other radio in the world. More people are enjoying the gorgeous, lifelike tone—the



PHILCO BABY GRAND CONSOLE
Same wonderful chassis. 7-tube, screen grid. Beautiful cabinet of American Black Walnut and Bird's-Eye Maple. African Zebra Wood trim. 3 3/4 ins. high; 19 ins. wide; 10 1/2 ins. deep... **\$69.50**

less tubes
Sold with 7 Philco Balanced Tubes

true, undistorted reception due to balanced-units—the almost magical selection of just the station desired, without cross-talk—these things have stamped Philco Baby Grand as a REAL performer. It has nothing in common with so-called "midget" sets. You can't get Baby Grand performance for less—many radios selling for more do not compare with it.

Boys and girls in college find Baby Grand perfect for the dormitory. For the business office; reception room; for the doctor; dentist and other professional men, and for factories who have learned that music speeds up industrial production. Baby Grand is ushering in a new era in radio.

When you realize that each Baby Grand has a genuine, built in Electro-Dynamic Speaker—when you hear the



7-tubes (3 Screen Grid) Genuine built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker, Walnut and Quilted Maple Cabinet, 16 ins. wide; 17 1/2 ins. high... **\$49.50**

Sold with 7 Philco Balanced Tubes

less tubes

tone from this wonderful, new 7-tube screen grid receiver—you too will want to trade in your old set for a Philco Baby Grand—or make it the "extra" set in your home. At the Baby Grand price, the two-radio home is practical at last—added entertainment for all.

Your nearest Philco dealer also offers a complete line of Philco Radios in beautiful Consoles, Lowboys, Highboys and Radio-Phonographs from \$69.50 to \$198.00. All prices less tubes; slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West. And enjoy radio as you ride. Transistone Automobile radio now is sold by all Philco Dealers.

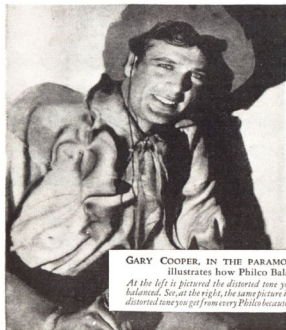


PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Makers of the famous Philco Radios, Diamond Grid Batteries for Motor Cars, Telegraphs, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc., etc.

IN CANADA: PHILCO PRODUCTS, LTD. TORONTO

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING AND MOST COMPLETE RADIO LINE



GARY COOPER, IN THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE, "FIGHTING CARAVANS" illustrates how Philco Balanced-Units eliminate distortion.

At the left is pictured the distorted tone you get from a radio whose units are not partially balanced. See, at the right, the same picture in its true, clear form. It represents the true, clear, undistorted tone you get from every Philco because all electrical units in these sets are exactly balanced.



THE WINDS OF CENTURIES WILL NOT EFFACE IT



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Look into the future a thousand years. The loved name engraved on the Guardian Memorial is still sharp and clear. All the richness of the granite remains . . . imperishable . . . marking the place with beauty forever.

Guardian Memorials, embodying the very spirit of the spot on which they are raised, represent the finest of memorial artistry. They are carved by craftsmen skilled in their art from everlasting Barre, Vermont, granite. Their exquisite finish enhances the beauty of their design. A Guarantee Bond assures each purchaser of complete satisfaction and enduring protection.

Guardian Memorials are made and guaranteed by Jones Brothers Company, 10 High Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and distributed by leading retail memorial dealers.



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OF EVERLASTING BEAUTY

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Gentlemen: Will you please send me, without charge, your helpful booklet, "To Mark the Place with Beauty Forever."

My name _____

My address _____

Francis Xavier Bushman told newsgatherers he had made between \$6,000,000 and \$9,000,000 during his stage-and-cinema career, but that all of this was gone. He boasted that once he drove a lavender monogrammed motorcar, smoking nothing but lavender monogrammed cigarettes. "I spent my money like an emperor. But I don't regret it. . . I always will be able to earn a living. In a few days I start a vaudeville tour," said he.

Offering no explanation for failure, a petition of bankruptcy was filed in Manhattan by Francis Robinson Henderson, onetime (1926-30) president of the New York Rubber Exchange and director of the following exchanges: National Metal, National Raw Silk, New York Burlap & Jute, New York Hide. This was the second bankruptcy of Mr. Henderson, who started at the age of 14 (in 1899) as office-boy to a rubber broker, built up a large fortune, failed in 1921, and subsequently had recouped most of his losses.

Alicia Patterson, aviating daughter of aviating Publisher Joseph Medill Patterson (New York *Daily News*, *Liberty*), left Sydney, Australia, accompanied by a fellow Chicagoan, Elizabeth Chase, to fly across the interior of that continent. Their destination: Darwin, North Australia, 1,900 mi. northwest of Sydney. En route they planned to stop at an oasis, hunt kangaroos.

THE PRESS

Missouri Newshawks

To the outsider who thinks at random of St. Louis newspapers, the names of the venerable *Globe-Democrat* or progressive (Palitzer) *Post-Dispatch* come to mind. But throughout the past fortnight both great papers were soundly larruped on St. Louis' newstory-of-the-month—possibly its story of the year: the kidnapping and return of 13-year-old Adolphus Busch Orthwein, grandson of famed August A. Busch (TIME, Jan. 12). The sheet that ran away with the story was the loud, energetic St. Louis *Star*.

The *Star's* beat was another personal exploit of its ace Reporter Harry Thompson Brundidge, who achieved some note last summer by telling a Chicago Grand Jury that the murdered Jake Lingle was by no means Chicago's only racketeering newsman; that he had found a dozen others who worked hand-in-glove with the underworld (see p. 13).

In the St. Louis kidnap case little Adolphus was secretly restored to his parents only 20 hours after his disappearance. Possibly through his own friendship—or that of his managing editor, Frank W. Taylor—with the Busch family, Reporter Brundidge learned that the name of Pearl Abernathy, a local Negro real estate dealer, had been mentioned in the Busch household. Next day the *Star* blazed out its first scoop: "Negro Real Estate Man Exposes Own Son [Charles] As Abductor." Also it printed nearly a full front page of pictures of the room where the boy had been held. Next day Reporter

Brundidge was following a hot tip that led to a furnished room hideaway in Kansas City. Two days later he had Charles Abernathy's confession—with a handwritten note from Abernathy to the reporter for a front-page splash. Then he led St. Louis officers to their quarry.

Good-looking, self-confident, Reporter Brundidge, 36, is well liked by most St. Louis newsmen but sometimes suspected by his opponents of faking. His critics point to his ostensibly intimate interview with Gangster Al Capone at Miami—which Capone promptly denied (TIME, July 28). But his friends insist that Capone talked as reported, with the stipulation that he would deny it to save his own face. Other Brundidge exploits: exposure of the Midwest medical "diploma mill" scandals of 1924; conviction in 1925 of Ray Renard ("The Fox") of the notorious Egan gang and the solution thereby of 22 murders. Also in 1925 he got a job as deckhand on a rumship plying between New Orleans and Havana, wrote thereafter a series of articles on liquor smuggling.

The *Star's* opposition took its defeat in the Busch case bitterly, the *Times* repeatedly discharging three reporters for falling down. The *Globe Democrat* man had even talked to the elder Abernathy, but could not make him talk "kidnap." The *Post-Dispatch* had assigned its own No. 1 newsmen, and one not often bested—John T. Rogers.

Even more than Reporter Brundidge, Reporter Rogers has the uncanny knack of making people talk to their own disadvantage. In 1926 he won the Pulitzer Prize for the year's best reportorial work embracing a public service, by forcing the resignation of Federal Judge George W.



Keystone

HARRY THOMPSON BRUNDIDGE

Tip to hideaway to splash

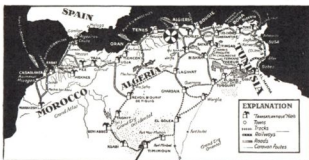
English of Illinois. In the same year he won a bonus from his paper for obtaining the first exclusive story on George Remus, big-scale bootlegger tried and acquitted of uxoricide. Another time he broke up the gang of cut-throats, led by Charlie Birger, who ruled "Bloody" Williamson County, and saw them all punished, Birger hanged.

"Tout le monde aime ce bateau"



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And before the 30 (*inexpensive*) days are up, you'll have spent every hour in utter comfort, as the guest of the most astute sea-going hosts on earth. The French Line's genius for making you completely happy is famous. And the new colors and thrills they have for you in North Africa are the best possible reasons for saving your health and your money on the "ship that everyone loves."

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EDUCATION

Whitest Man

In Europe this story is told more often than in the U. S.:

During the War a crowd of patriots was gathered in old Madison Square Garden to hear the president of Princeton University, President Woodrow Wilson's successor in that office, speak. The crowd saw a benign, slightly-built man walk on the platform, heard him say drowsily: "I am for peace at any price." They clambered to their feet, booed. Then they heard him add brightly: "*But in this case the price of peace is war!*" They cheered, cheered, cheered.

Those who know Princeton's President John Grier Hibben are often surprised by such sudden sallies from his apparently innocent mind. He exemplifies, certainly, the charming, scholarly type of college president rather than the boisterous and administrative. For this reason he was chosen, as a compromise candidate, after Princeton trustees had been deadlocked for two years in trying to elect a successor to the provocative Woodrow Wilson. But Dr. Hibben took up the reins discarded by that active dreamer with no lack of confidence and soon was working out his own dreams of a university.

Those which have come true include: 1) limited enrolment; 2) the four-course system by which upper-class students choose two major courses and two minor, and must stand high in these; 3) increase in size and beauty of the physical plant and strengthening of the faculty. But, withal, President Hibben has been most notable for his general and tireless insistence on the intellectual side of the University.

Students know him as the kindly man who crosses the campus with an Airedale terrier, which shares his popularity. They know him also as the husband of a gracious spouse, and regard the pair much as King George & Queen Mary are regarded in England. There is a student song which goes:

*Here's to Hibben, we call him Jack—
The whitest man in all the fac.*

Last week a rumor got abroad which forced him to make a personal statement: "For a long time I have had in mind the intention of retiring at the end of 20 years of service, in June, 1932."

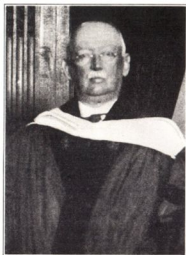
Because college presidents are public figures, not likely to be permitted obscurity, rumors flew to the effect that he would be nominated to, and accept, the Republican candidacy for Governor of New Jersey in the Spring. Therefore his past was scanned for its high spots. They are: born at Peoria, Ill., April 19, 1861; educated at Princeton and Berlin; served as Presbyterian minister at Chambersburg, Pa. (1887-91), then as instructor of logic, and later of psychology, at Princeton; author of several philosophical works.

Prominently mentioned last week as possible Princeton presidents were Lawyer Raymond Blaine Fosdick of Manhattan (brother of Harry Emerson) and Assistant Secretary of the U. S. Treasury Walter Ewing Hope.

Death v. Historian

A bald, white-mustached and bespectacled man, whose red lips and rotund girth belied his 74 years, bent feverishly over a manuscript in Harvard's Widener Library one day last week, writing for all he was worth. Reluctantly he went home that evening, planning what he would do on the morrow. That night he suffered a cerebral hemorrhage. Next afternoon he was dead.

He was Edward Channing, professor emeritus of history at Harvard, son of two Emersonian Transcendentalists, Poet William Ellery Channing and Ellen K. Fuller. He had written so feverishly in order to accomplish what no man ever had done before: to complete a scholarly history of the U. S., a thorough-going picture of the lives and times of all North



Wide World

THE LATE EDWARD CHANNING

The gods almost permitted.

American colonists and U. S. citizens from Norsemen to Hoover.

That this was no easy task he had set himself may be judged by the failure at it or despair of it entertained by his best predecessors and colleagues. Statesman George Bancroft (1800-91) surely meant to round out his ten-volume *History of the United States*, the first volume of which was issued in 1834, but his subsequent activities as President Polk's Secretary of the Navy, and as Minister to England and to Germany, prevented him from getting further than 1782.

A great historian must also be a literary craftsman. Literature as well as history was created by Francis Parkman and Henry Adams, but neither of them recorded more than one period in American affairs. Nearest to achieve Dr. Channing's ambition have been two contemporaries: University of Pennsylvania's Professor Emeritus John Bach McMaster, who dealt with the period from the Revolution to the Civil War, and the wealthy, retired iron & coal merchant, James Ford Rhodes (1848-1927), who produced a masterpiece on American History since 1850.

Many a historian has written short, one-volume comprehensive histories of the U. S. for reference and school use. Dr. Channing himself published one such in 1898. Three years earlier he had begun his larger work. So well did he succeed that his sixth volume (*The War for Southern Independence*) won the 1925 Pulitzer prize. In 1929 he retired from teaching at Harvard, where his "History 10" was a popular course, and began the last lap of his race with Death, saying: "Two more volumes will come if the gods permit."

Last week his executors announced that the seventh volume was already in publishers' hands; the eighth was so nearly completed when Dr. Channing died that little more must be added from his copious notes. He had won.

Critics united in praise of his life-work, some calling it the greatest history of the U. S. ever written. One dubbed his style arid, but said that the interest of the living subject-matter more than compensated.

A Male

An unsolicited, embarrassing bequest came with the New Year to Columbia, Princeton, Harvard and Yale, when the will of the late Albert Enoch Pillsbury, onetime Attorney General of Massachusetts, who died last month at the age of 81, was made public. Said the will: "Believing that the modern feminist movement tends to take woman out of the home and put her in politics, government or business, and that this has already begun to impair the family as a basis of civilization and its advance, I bequeath to Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia colleges \$25,000 each . . . [to be used] toward creating or developing sound public opinion and action on this subject."

Keen-minded, acidic, Albert Enoch Pillsbury was long known as one of Boston's ablest legal minds. He had entered Harvard in 1867 (among his classmates were Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Bishop William Lawrence, Charles Joseph Bonaparte). Unwary hazers remembered his stocky, undaunted figure: once he beat them off with upraised chair in one hand, menacing clasp-knife in the other. Two years later he was expelled for his pranks, went to Boston and passed his bar examination. The Harvard faculty invited him back. "Go to hell!" was his booming *déjà*. He grew a long black beard, practised law. At 36 he was president of the Massachusetts Senate. He became Attorney General in 1891, and in that year accepted Harvard's honorary A.M. degree "as of 1871."

Never publicly but often privately did Mr. Pillsbury inveigh against feminism and salute the ideal oldtime mother who kept her place in the home. Every one knew that his interests were World Peace, prevention of cruelty to animals, New Hampshire forestry. He played the violin. But everyone did not know that he had married twice (Louise Wheeler in 1880, Elizabeth Mooney in 1905), that he had quietly divorced his first wife, had been divorced in Reno by his second. But his disapproval of women in public did not lessen his esteem for their personal capacities.



pity the poor guest who has to choose between coffee and sleep! » » » »

WHEN the evening coffee is passed, many guests dislike to refuse coffee—but they also dislike to pass a sleepless night.

Fortunately, you can now serve coffee free from the one thing that causes sleeplessness—caffeine. Serve Sanka Coffee—genuine, delicious coffee with 97% of the caffeine removed. Serve Sanka Coffee with the joyous invitation: "Drink it—and sleep!"



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IN THE BEAN



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WHAT WE PROVED TO THE MAN WHO BUILDS PUMPS

1



*The old, high-cost, product
Weight 600 lbs.*

2



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YPS Engineers—of new,
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*The finished product
(Stampings by
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RESULTS:

This manufacturer says, "The old-style pump weighed 600 lbs. The new style weighs 360 lbs." **SAVED**—240 lbs. of dead, useless, weight. Greater strength, greater eye-value, more sales and more profits.

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A COMPLETE ENGINEERING & MANUFACTURING SERVICE

AERONAUTICS

Fast Ford Freight

Through the aviation industry last week ran a sensational rumor: Ford Motor Co., a pioneer in building tri-motored airplanes and a principal producer of them today, was "swinging around from tri-motored to single-motored theory." As evidence, the report stated, Ford's airplane division was inviting its users to turn in their ships for conversion into single-motored jobs, with a 600 h. p. Cyclone or Hornet engine to replace the three 200 h. p. Whirlwinds. Supposed result: increased payload and speed. Supposed significance: that after five years of tri-motor production the company had found its line of work misdirected.

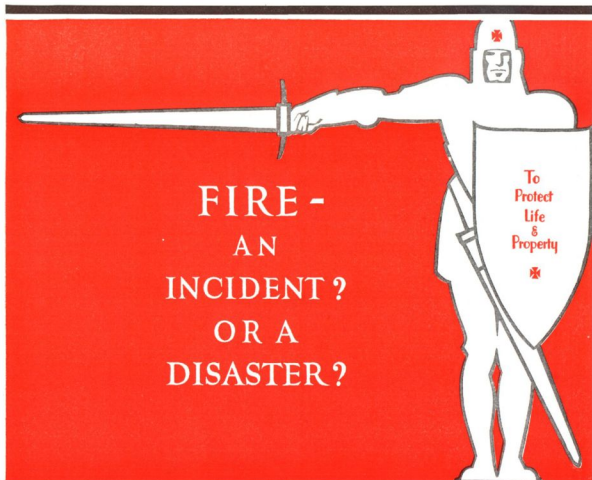
The rumor reached William B. Mayo, Ford's chief of aeronautical engineering, there lost most of its fever. The facts: Ford is developing, for freight service only, a transport about the same size as the tri-motor but with a single large engine. It will be slower than the tri-motors, which are intended for passenger lines, but will be cheaper to operate, because high speed is not essential and because only one pilot will be needed. The Ford company did advise owners of tri-motors that when their old planes are superseded by newer and speedier types of Ford tri-motors, they may easily be converted into single-motored freight planes.

Only existing air-freight service in the U. S. is Ford's own line between Detroit, Buffalo & Chicago. It has transported 10,000,000 lb. of Ford products, does not accept outside patronage.

Narrowest Neck

In darkness "black as the shirts of the pilots," General Italo Balbo's squadron of twelve great Savoia-Marchetti seaplanes roared along the water off Bolama, west coast of Africa, to take-off for Brazil (TIME, Jan. 5). The first group of three black-winged ships, led by the General himself, vanished into the night, followed by a green-winged triad. Next came the red wings, but the third plane of that group faltered under its 10,000-lb. load, nosed down into the sea, killed its mechanic. The last triad, white-winged, was in the air ten minutes when its second plane crashed, burst into flame, sank with its entire crew of four. General Balbo learned their fate by radio, but he led on. Nothing was to be gained by turning back, after 14 months intensive rehearsal for this very moment. Moreover, before leaving Orbetello, near Rome, the handsome young air minister had told his chief, Benito Mussolini, "I foresee the loss of three out of the twelve machines." He would call the flight a success if only six reached Natal safely. Within an hour after the crashes two spare planes, left at Bolama, had taken off in pursuit of the squadron to replace their fallen brothers.

Through floating clouds, dimly illumined by the full moon which General Balbo had awaited, the formation flew south and west across the narrowest neck (1.860 mi.) of the South Atlantic, checking their course by radio with the seven Italian cruisers strung along the route



This service will make every FIRE an incident !

Fire's toll from American industry, business, and homes is almost half a billion dollars a year. Wasteful, greedy, destructive...striking unexpectedly...devouring ruthlessly. These are disasters! Yet...there are thousands of fires each year that never reach the newspapers—fires that are killed while they are young. These are *Incidents!* In thousands of cases, Correct Protection against Fire has put a "stoplight" on fire's attack.

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dustries, buildings, homes, against fire... a service that *assures* Correct Protection. This service is based on four factors.

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on the proper use of this equipment. *Fourth:* inspection and maintenance service if you so desire, by our engineers to insure constant readiness of equipment.

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Citizens Full Paid Investment Shares have always earned 6% per annum or more—including 1930. Your money earns dividends from date received. Income monthly on investments of \$1,000 or more. You may deposit in amounts of \$100. Operating under supervision of Texas State Banking Department. Improved city first mortgage security. Backed by a \$270,000.00 Permanent Reserve Fund. The Texas law provides you may withdraw your funds upon 30 days' notice with earnings. Citizens share in proportion to assets held. Ask for our financial statement. It shows larger reserves and surplus in proportion to assets than any other Association in Texas. Business by mail, no matter where you live.

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There is just ONE
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225 mi. apart. Now and then General Balbo would call the roll by radio. In mid-morning one of the replacement planes buckled under the strain, reported itself down with a leaky radiator near St. Paul's Rocks, over 500 mi. from its destination, where a cruiser promptly picked it up. The other replacement, too, flew with a leaky radiator for seven hours after its water was exhausted. Valiantly the crew forced it along by pouring mineral water, milk, brandy, whiskey into the radiator, but it finally came down 100 yards from a convoy cruiser. Later one of the downed planes was sunk in a collision with the cruiser which was towing it. Italo Balbo's prediction was fulfilled—although four planes came down, only three were wrecked.

At the end of 17 hr. 10 min., the "black" triad glided through a driving rain onto the Pottery River at Natal, to the cheers of a great crowd of drenched Brazilians. On their tails came the green-wings; 25 min. later the four surviving reds and



International

HERO BALBO

He dates from castor-oil days.

whites. Rome, of course, went mad with joy. And the Government let the crowds celebrate for a full day before divulging the tragedy of the flight's beginning.

General Balbo, 34, heavy-set, with wavy brown hair, neatly trimmed beard and penetrating eyes, is one of Italy's most picturesque heroes. He was one of Mussolini's four Quadrumvirs of Fascism who marched on Rome in 1922, has been closely associated with *Il Duce* ever since. To him is credited the invention of the castor-oil punishment for the early offenders against Fascism.

Results of an Order

When a T. A. T.-Maddux airliner crashed into a southern California hillside and killed 16 occupants a year ago, Assistant Secretary of Commerce Clarence Marshall Young determined that there should be no more accidents like it if human care could prevent (*TIME*, Feb. 3; Feb. 10). He issued a series of "minimum requirements" of equipment and practice which all airline operators were compelled

to meet in order to hold their licenses. Last week Secretary Young, and the industry at large, proudly surveyed the effect of his rigid administration: In the last six months of 1930 there were but three fatal accidents in scheduled air transport. Only two passengers were killed,* both in the same plane, the pilot of which was also killed. The other deaths were the pilots of two mail planes. All three accidents occurred at night and in bad weather. Tentatively the Department "conservatively estimated" that scheduled planes flew 20,000,000 mi. in the six-month period.

The accident record appears in particularly bright contrast to that for the first six months of the year, when there were six fatal crashes with five pilots, one co-pilot and 22 passengers killed. In the last half of 1929 there were 15 fatal crashes, 17 pilots & crewmen, nine passengers killed.

Deaths & Decisions

God v. Pilot. One day in April 1927, a Lark biplane of Curtiss Flying Service came in from a joy-hop around old Curtiss Field, Long Island. As Pilot John Andrews banked for a last low turn over a corner of the field, a sharp up-current caught one wing, threw the plane into a side-slip, a crash. Pilot and passengers—a Mrs. Mary Seaman and one Carl C. Stoll Jr.—were killed. Mrs. Seaman's husband brought suit in the New York Supreme Court, Suffolk County, for \$25,000 damages. The jury decided: "An Act of God; no cause of action."

Attorney I. Balch Louis carried the case to a higher court, argued: God may have caused the wind-current; Pilot Andrews may not have foreseen it; but he *should* have foreseen it because of the prevalence of air-bumps around Curtiss Field; and he should not have executed any maneuver (such as a low bank) which—if a bump were encountered—might result in trouble. Hence he was negligent. . . . In Brooklyn last fortnight the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court set aside the Act-of-God verdict, ordered a retrial on the ground that the hand of the Almighty, to the exclusion of the pilot's, had not been made sufficiently evident.

Expedition. In June 1929, a plane of the now-defunct Coastal Airways crashed en route from Albany to New York, fatally injuring Passenger Harold Gibbs. Equitable Life Assurance Society refused to pay double indemnity on Gibbs's \$2,500 policy because of a stipulative clause that death in a "submarine or aeronautical expedition" did not call for double payment. Recently the Appellate Division ordered payment. Ground: the word *expedition* carries "a notion of exploratory or warlike enterprise. . . . The policy reader would not . . . conclude that a customary and usual trip or excursion in regular course of transportation by aeroplane would be considered an 'aeronautical expedition.'"

Both cases testified to aviation's rapid coming-of-age, supported the argument of thoughtful airmen that air travel is no longer a guesswork business beset by *in-explicable* accidents.

*The pilot, apparently lost in snow, fog and darkness, crashed into the Tehachapi Mountains of Southern California.

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people more economically
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Mammoth downtown construction continues into 1931 in Kansas City. Steadily moving toward completion are two of the city's tallest skyscrapers, being erected by the Kansas City Power & Light Company and the Fidelity National Bank & Trust Company. The former will be Missouri's tallest building.



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TODAY we accept as commonplace the miracle of fresh fruit in the dead of winter. Yet not so many years ago, who would have dared to say it was possible? Who could have foreseen Oregon enjoying the fruits of Louisiana and Maine the bounty of California?

Behind such achievements there must always be a creative idea. And here it was the idea of the refrigerator car... the same idea which recently resulted in the perfection of a railroad car by General American that would transport meltless ice at a temperature of 112 degrees below zero.

This, however, is but one accomplishment out of many. This organization has been called upon to fulfill strange requests... to build cars never dreamed of in the past. One

was needed to carry molten metal... another to transport meltless ice... a third to carry deadly gas... another to withstand a pressure of 2,250 pounds to the square inch... and another for the most dangerous of acids.

These cars are now in constant use... five contributions out of many hundreds General American has made to man's progress and welfare. The building of such cars, however, is but one phase of General American's manifold activities. It maintains, in addition, a fleet of 40,000 cars which it leases to shippers throughout the country... besides operating a large public terminal for the storage and handling of bulk liquids, and also an extensive European freight transportation system.



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BUSINESS & FINANCE

Bankers' Outlook

Mostly by proxy, in many cases by person, last week stockholders of national banks attended their annual meetings. Most significant meeting of all was that of the biggest bank, Chase National. Proudly, stockholders heard that their institute's resources now total \$2,697,000,000, the largest sum ever attained by a bank and \$753,000,000 ahead of the nearest U. S. competitor, National City Bank. Befitting the meeting of the biggest bank, the No. 1 U. S. Banker, Albert Henry Wiggin, addressed stockholders on problems other than those pertinent to Chase alone.

Salient Wigginsisms included:

Tariff. "The most serious of the adverse factors affecting business is the inability of foreign countries to obtain dollars in amounts sufficient both to make interest and amortization payments on their debts to us and to buy our exports in adequate volume. From the middle of 1924 to 1929 we delayed the adverse effect of our high tariffs upon our exports by heavy buying of foreign bonds. . . . Our alternative today is, therefore, either a reduction of our tariffs, or readjustment to our greatly reduced volume of exports. . . . A reduction in tariff, made in the interest not of change but of stability, would still leave us our general protective tariff system."

War Debts. "Cancellation or reduction of the interallied debts has been increasingly discussed throughout the world. This question has an importance far beyond the dollar magnitude of the debts involved. . . . I am firmly convinced it would be good business for our Government to initiate a reduction in these debts at this time."

Prices. "We attempted, as a matter of collective policy, to hold the lines firm following the crash of 1929. . . . The policy has had a 13 month test. It has failed. . . . We must keep the markets open and the prices free."

Wages. "It is not true that high wages make prosperity. Instead, prosperity makes high wages. . . . Many industries may reasonably ask Labor to accept a moderate reduction of wages designed to reduce costs and to increase both employment and the buying power of Labor."

Stocks. "I do not know whether we shall see lower prices in the stock market or not. . . . There are many securities, both stocks and bonds, which are now selling for less than they will be worth in normal times and at prices which should prove attractive to the investor."

Prophecy. "It is not impossible to set a date for the beginning of the business recovery. I think that we are approximately at the worst of the Depression and that the next important move will be upward. . . . I expect conditions at the end of 1931 to be a good deal better than they are at the end of 1930."

Warburg. To the directors of Manhattan Co. and its banking units, last week Paul Moritz Warburg presented his views. For having denounced the speculative orgy of 1929 and predicting its in-

evitable end (TIME, May 19), shrewd Banker Warburg gained a reputation as a good prophet, has not lost it by premature optimism. Last week he called the business cycle "a subject for psychologists rather than for economists," said the Government could serve a better purpose by squashing booms rather than vainly attempting to halt depressions. He too denounced tariffs, artificial attempts to fix prices.

Prophecy. "From the banker's point of view," said Mr. Warburg, "I do not hesitate to say that within a few years hence the level at which some of our securities sell today will look . . . incomprehensibly low . . . even though one might anticipate a year or two of reduced dividends."

Roosevelt Flag Forward

In 1902 the late great John Pierpont Morgan formed a shipping combine which was to make the U. S. flag supreme on the seven seas. It was one of his several great mistakes. At first he contemplated joining all foreign lines into one great service. Although he failed to do this, he purchased the famed British White Star Line for his new International Mercantile Marine Co. In Britain, public opinion flared up against this attempt to wrest away supremacy of the seas. But big shippingmen took the deal calmly. "The vendors," wrote a London authority, "made an exceptionally good bargain, which it is probable the purchasers will soon find out."

True to this prediction, I. M. M. eventually, in 1926, was glad to sell the White

Star Line back to British interests, represented by the then potent Royal Mail combination. Thereby I. M. M. lost all its biggest ships—*Majestic*, *Olympic*, *Homeric*—and retained only its minor units such as Atlantic Transport. But the same year that this great tonnage passed from U. S. control, another development was taking place in U. S. shipping.

In 1920 Kermit Roosevelt had formed the Roosevelt Lines to operate a service to India for the U. S. Shipping Board. Jute was its principal baggage. In 1926 he took into the company two widely-known young shippingmen: John M. Franklin whose father, Philip Albright Small Franklin, heads I. M. M., and Basil Harris. He promised vigorous expansion of the U. S.-owned Roosevelt Lines. Last year this expansion became marked. Shippingman Roosevelt was able to announce that William Vincent Astor had acquired a substantial interest in the company, that an affiliate, Baltimore Mail Steamship Co., was being formed to operate a Hamburg-Baltimore service (TIME, July 21). And a month later it was rumored that Roosevelt Lines was entering wider seas by purchasing control of I. M. M. (TIME, Aug. 11).

Only last week did this deal receive its official confirmation. Kermit Roosevelt, John M. Franklin and Basil Harris became vice presidents of I. M. M., while all three and lanky, yacht-fond Vincent Astor were made directors, marking the passing of control to the Roosevelt interests. Still president of I. M. M. is Philip Albright Small Franklin, probably pleased to have his company controlled by his son and friends.

To Roosevelt Lines' fleet of 18 Government-owned motorships operating to



Underwood & Underwood

ROOSEVELT FAMILY, 1907

(Left to right; Kermit, 18; the President with Archibald, 13, on his knee; Alice, 23; Mrs. Roosevelt with Quentin, 10; Theodore Junior, 20.)

"Bully! Bully!" Kermit's father would have said again.

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Louisville & Nashville
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6 Independent trustee.

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Australia, India, the Philippines and the Far East, the deal adds I. M. M.'s consolidated fleet of 46 steamers. At present I. M. M. is the U. S. agent of its once greatest unit, White Star. While it no longer owns the White Star's big three, it still has many an interesting ship. Of these, especially famed are: 1) *Pennsylvania*, *California*, and *Virginia*, turbo-electrics operated by Panama Pacific Line, the largest U. S.-built ships of their type; 2) *Minnetonka* and *Minnewaska* of Atlantic Transport Lines; 3) *Belgenland*, largest in the Red Star Service. Another important I. M. M. unit is the Frederick Leyland Line, sailing between European, Central and North American and West Indies ports. Although no plans have been announced, shippingmen expect Roosevelt Lines to place more ships under the U. S. flag.

When Theodore ("The Great") Roosevelt left the presidency in 1909 the U. S. was well aware that many years would



Wide World

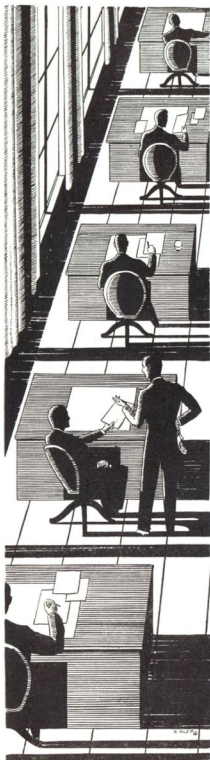
THEODORE JR., KERMIT

... honor their father in careers,
families, big game.

elapse before the White House would again be so boisterous a home. The six Roosevelt children had become national characters. In 1902 Alice Roosevelt, just under 18, made her debut in the White House. From then on her life was a busy social whirl. Older than the other children (she was the daughter of the President's first wife) she often enraged the President by such actions as smoking, driving high-powered cars. In 1906 she was married in the White House to Nicholas Longworth.

By that time Theodore Jr. was a sturdy lad of 19 who liked to collect butterflies and beetles and to frequent the Smithsonian Institution. He was a sophomore at Harvard, traditional Roosevelt college. Two years younger was tall, lanky Kermit, then at Groton. Archibald ("Archie") was 12, not too old to romp with Quentin, 9, mischievous leader of his "White House Gang." Quieter than her half-sister was amiable Ethel.

From the White House, Mr. Roosevelt



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PRUDENCE SECURITIES

went momentarily into the heart of Africa. Kermit, fond of cameras, went along as official photographer. Three years ago Kermit again went on an expedition, this time with Theodore Jr. In Asia they bagged many a rare beast for Chicago's Field Museum (No. 1 Quarry: a giant panda). Last week Kermit headed a New York Zoological Society Committee to measure North American game captures, to authenticate "biggest" records.

Theodore Jr., more than the others, deliberately patterned his life on his father's. Like his father, he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Unlike his father, he ran for Governor of New York and lost. In 1929 he was appointed Governor of Porto Rico, a small job but better than none. Imitating his father's smile he whirled his top hat above his head when he landed at San Juan in a gesture so typically Rooseveltian that the crowd yelled with delight.

Too busy to a-hunting go was Archibald. In 1924 as a minor employee of Sinclair Oil Co. he gave the Senate evidence against his employer which was the first big break in the oil scandals. He transferred to Roosevelt & Sons, bankers, was made a partner in 1926, representing the fifth Roosevelt generation in the firm.

Of the two daughters, "Princess Alice," as Mrs. Longworth, is more prominent, occupies a strategic position in Washington. Ethel, now Mrs. Richard Derby, lives quietly in Oyster Bay. Except for Alice, whose daughter Paulina is now 6, each of the Roosevelt children has obeyed his father's command for large families to combat "race suicide." Ethel has three living children, a son having died in 1922; her brothers each have four.

In Oyster Bay lives Mrs. Edith Kermit Carow Roosevelt. In secluded dignity she is quietly proud of Roosevelts past & present. She recalls that black day in July 1918 when word came that Quentin had been killed in the Air Service in France while Theodore Jr., a major, was wounded and Archibald was recovering from wounds. She knew that if her husband were alive he would say: "Bully! Bully!" at Kermit's acquisition of one of the biggest U. S. shipping groups.

Cracking Wealth

A daring financier was Jonathan Ogden Armour, heir to the meat-packing fortune of famed, hard-boiled old Merchant Philip Danforth ("P. D.") Armour (1832-1901). Sometimes J. Ogden would rush in and buy where more conservative tycoons feared to tread. Result: The great packing concern his father and he had built up found itself at the War's end overstocked with high-priced meat for the Allies. Armour's personal \$150,000,000 fortune, involved in grain as well as meat, dwindled by \$1,000,000 a day for some 130 days. He died in London in 1927 insolvent, owing much money. It was the most awful financial tragedy in the personal history of on-rushing Chicago.

His widow, Lolita Sheldon Armour, sold their beautiful 88-acre estate, Mellody Farm (on the "North Shore" near Lake Michigan, in Lake Forest), and almost all her private securities, but still there were creditors. Then she offered them 400 shares of Universal Oil Products Co. for

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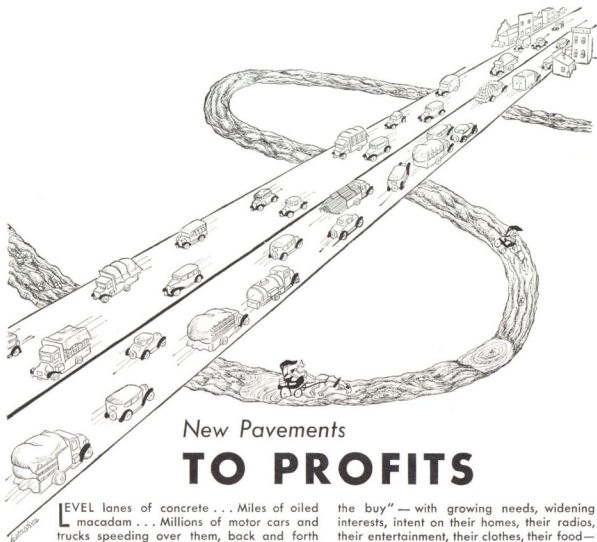
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which, when he was most needy, she had paid her husband \$1,500,000 of her own fortune. The creditors laughed, said the stock was a liability.

Last week Mrs. Armour sold that stock, as part of a larger deal (see below), for \$8,216,058. She moved back to Lake Forest to a five-acre estate about two miles east of Melody Farm, which is being converted into a country club. She prepared to have the record of her husband's insolvency stricken off the county books, crying: "I guess this shows that Mr. Armour was justified! . . . And those bankers who called my stock a liability! Well, I can laugh now at them!"

Universal Oil Products. Only a financier as daring as Mr. Armour would have possessed 400 shares of that stock at the outset. He it was who, during a trip west in 1914, gathered together a few associates and formed the company (originally as National Hydro-Carbon Co.) to take over certain oil refining patents of Pennsylvania Inventor Jesse A. Dubbs. In 1916 Promoter Hiram J. Halle was made president. Halle's entire staff consisted of Jesse Dubbs, two assistants, and the two Dubbs sons, Carbon and C. A. No attempts were made to operate with the patents. Chief business was the perfecting of the patents and the attempt to license them to oil companies, toward which Armour laid out about \$3,000,000.

"Cracking." The Dubbs patents were based upon one type of a process of refining crude oil known as "cracking the molecules." The heavy oil is pumped through a steel-pipe coil, the interior of



CARBON PETROLEUM DUBBS, WIFE, DAUGHTER
Lolita Sheldon Armour felt like laughing.

International

which is kept at about 900° F. heat and under great pressure. Dubbs's invention: making the oil compress itself. Suddenly this heated and compressed oil passes into an insulated chamber. There it breaks down into gasoline. The latest Dubbs "cracking" unit will convert 3,000 bbl. of

oil per day, making 60% or more highest anti-knock motor fuel.

Son Carbon. Technical name for the condensed oil is "hydro-carbonated vapors." Therefore Inventor Dubbs had named one of his sons "Carbon." When Son C. A. and Son Carbon worked together in Universal Oil Products, fellow-workers were confused, so Son Carbon took a middle initial, "P." They expanded it to "Petroleum." After his father's death, Carbon Petroleum Dubbs worked hard to perfect the invention. He increased the company's patent holdings to more than 1,000, issued and pending. Last week he, 49, once poor, grey now and serious-eyed, received \$3,582,045 for his share of these assets.

Promoter Halle. Had it not been for big-headed, grey-wigged, hook-nosed, bespectacled little Promoter Halle, now 62, even Ogden Armour's daring would not have borne fruit. Promoter Halle rushed back & forth between his Chicago and Manhattan apartments and his farmhouse in Westchester County (all full of expensive antiques, which he collects passionately) to promote Carbon Petroleum Dubbs's inventions and to direct patent suits such as the one against Standard of Indiana, which already has cost \$1,800,000, is still to come to trial. Previously he had helped Armour retrieve a failing investment, Standard Asphalt & Rubber Co., and sell it to Oilman Henry Latham Doherty. His share in the profits last week: \$3,219,411.

The Deal. When Dubbs's "cracking" was perfected, President Halle began in 1922 to grant oil companies rights to use Dubbs's patent and pay him royalties. Last year some 250 scattered units "cracked" about 40,000,000 bbl. of gasoline from the residue of crude oil left when other refining processes in use had finished. Among the operating companies were Standard of California and Shell Union; the royalties they had to pay were tremendous. So a holding company for

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them, called United Gasoline Co., negotiated to buy Universal Oil Products for \$22,249,999. Halle, Dubbs, *et al* and most of a modern staff of 350 go with it. Mrs. Armour and they retain some stock interest in it and in its huge dividends, so that Mr. Halle says: "\$22,000,000 does not tell the whole story of what we all made of it." Last week's proceeds were as follows:

Mrs. Armour	\$8,216,058
Carbon Petroleum Dubbs	3,582,045
Hiram J. Halle	3,219,411
Notoma Corp.	3,219,411
Lawyers—	
Alexander F. Reichmann	1,402,794
Frank L. Belknap	755,350
Other Stockholders	1,854,930

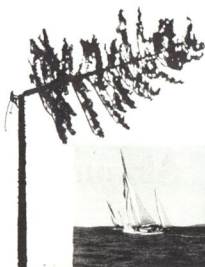
\$22,249,999

To distinguished-looking, keen-eyed Mrs. Armour this good fortune meant the added satisfaction of being able to receive her old friends under more fitting circumstances than she had been able to in the modest Sheridan Road flat she has occupied (though with pride and dignity) for almost four years. To Inventor Dubbs, who has been living quietly on his Universal Oil Products salary and dividends at Wilmette, Ill., it meant wealth on which he may take his first vacation in 20 years and by which he may give his three children future advantages. That he will not spend it lavishly is indicated by his only hobbies: listening to his violinist wife and playing Canfield.

SCIENCE

Automobile Medal

Last week in Manhattan, a new medal was awarded for the first time by the Society of Automotive Engineers. It was given to Col. Howard Marmon, vice president and chief engineer of the Marmon Motor Car Co., Indianapolis. Colonel Marmon comes from an engineering family. Nurdyke & Marmon, flour mill machinery, was founded by his father in Indianapolis 80 years ago. During the War, Engineer Marmon was one of the developers of the Liberty Motor. Frederick E. Moskovics, president of Improved Products Co. (promoters), onetime officer of Marmon Co., was donor of the award. He stipulated that each year it should be given to the American engineer making the most outstanding contribution to the design of the passenger automobile. Col. Marmon's contribution, which the S. A. E. considered most important for 1930, was the development of a 16-cylinder engine, exhibited last month at the Automobile Show in Manhattan. The motor's most radical, significant feature: It is constructed almost entirely of aluminum alloys, furnishes 200 h. p. with a weight of only 930 lb., one h. p. for 4.65 lb. engine weight. The average engine furnishes one h. p. per 8 lb. of engine weight. Only other U. S. 16-cylinder engine, put out by Cadillac, was developed two years ago by William Strickland, engineer, has sold more than 2,000 cars since its introduction. Because the Moskovics prize was given only for achievements an-



Left: Topping a 245 footer for high-line roping in logging operation. Below, center: Puget Sound in the "Yachman's" Puget Sound. Right: The startling magnitude of Chualar Drive on its way to points North and St. Louis, simply takes one's breath.



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Below: Cordy cabin did the Olympic Peninsula. Below: Seattle, the dynamic, the cosmopolitan, the city of fascinating shops and exceptional hotels, as seen by those arriving by water. In mid-land, the ruggedness of nature in the country. Wind-jammers will ply the western coast.

Why not, for a change, combine business and pleasure? Vacation this year in the Charmed Land, the heart of which is energetic Seattle. With two snow-capped mountain ranges holding extremes of heat and cold at their, with moss-hung canyons, silvery lakes, tumbling streams and island-dotted inland waters inviting exploration, you "high-powered" boys who aren't afraid to live, will find in this unspoiled wonderland, where water and rail exchange cargoes, new zest, new joys, new reasons for living.

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the ocean spray with other lively souls. Between times, you can make stimulating contacts with other keen executives, and over a varied choice of velvet golf courses, talk to men who can open a new market for a hard-sell product with the same forceful ease that they pry open a can of bait, or drop a dry fly on a riffle. The Pacific Northwest is a section no up-and-going organization can afford to ignore; it's a pleasure ground equaled nowhere else on this old earth. The coupon below, if mailed at once, will give you time to decide just which, of the multiplicity of charms, the Pacific Northwest will reveal to you this year.

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nounced in 1930, Engineer Strickland did not qualify.

If, in the decade before 1930, there had been a medal to award, S. A. E. must have considered among other improvements generally adopted:

New braking arrangements—four wheel brakes, servo-type brake which amplifies foot pressure on the pedal.

Improvements in gears—synchronesh transmission, four speed internal gear transmission, quiet second gear.

Aluminum alloy pistons resulting in higher speeds, lighter weight, decreased vibration.

Improvements in carburetion involving better fuel distribution, special wells, jets,



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COL. HOWARD MARMONT

... competed with free-wheeling.

pumps, making it possible to start a cold car.

Non-shatterable glass.

The use of rubber in mounting engines, resulting in absorption of engine vibration.

Plate clutch, making gear shifting and repairs easier.

Ossuary

A name was scratched on a piece of limestone Dr. Eleazar Lipa Sukenik, archeologist of the University of Jerusalem, dug out of the dry soil of the Holy Land last week. When he got it free of dirt, he deciphered it: JESHUA BAR JOHOSSEPH (Jesus, Son of Joseph). The limestone proved to be one side of a boxlike ossuary, similar to many found in that district, built to contain the thigh-bone of the deceased.

Careful was Dr. Sukenik in his report of his find to make clear that he did not believe the ossuary contained the thigh-bone of Jesus Christ. He said: "The inscription 'Jeshua Bar Johoseph' is to be regarded as a mere coincidence, as no further particulars of the time of entombment or of the life of the man are available. . . . The historicity of the New Testament is reinforced in that we have found on this and hundreds of similar ossuaries many names that occur for the first time in the New Testament but of which we hitherto had no proof that they were current. . . ."

UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION

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MEDICINE

Sick Headaches

The sick headache, that nuisance in households one of whose members suffers therefrom, last week received close study at the University of Illinois College of Medicine. Despite the wide prevalence of the ailment, especially in neurotic families, its nature is not known. At least five major causes have been suggested. But those five are usually obscured because the victims, to get attention and coddling, often imagine or pretend other ailments. They fall into megrims, fancies, freaks; they have the blues, the dumps; they become hipped on their misery.

To study a sick headache systematically the University recently advertised for a victim. He or she must agree to stay under observation for three months at the College's Research & Educational Hospital. He must also endure experimental dosing and other treatment. For that he would get \$50 a month, board and lodging.

Seven hundred and fifty sick headaches applied. Chosen was Theodore Roberts, 23, a whimsical, jobless, unmarried electrician of Lake Geneva, Wis. His natural hypochondria took the quirky turn of a boast: "I have headaches that are dandies. I've had them ever since I was eleven and nobody has ever been able to give me any relief. I guess I inherited them, because my mother had them as far back as I can remember."

Causes. Nine out of ten cases inherit their sick headache. Women and members of neurotic families are the usual victims. Among causes inferred are:

1) Toxic products from disorder of intestinal digestion or other self-made poisons. 2) Spasms of arteries. 3) Trouble in the eyes, nose or sexual organs. 4) Increased pressure in the cerebro-spinal fluids. 5) Disturbance of the sympathetic nervous system.

The headaches may last a whole lifetime. But usually they cease, with women, at the menopause, with men at the age of 50.

Description. Victims of sick headaches make nuisances of themselves. But their misery is real and acute. Vexed intimates can understand that misery only with difficult sympathy.

The pain starts at a certain spot—generally on the temple or forehead, or in the eye. It bores right into the brain and spreads until one side of the head seems ready to rip away. Sometimes the pain passes to the same side of the neck and into the arm on that side. The pain is almost always confined to one side of the head. Hence, hemicrania, migraine, the megrims.

The most remarkable thing about this miserable malady is the periodicity of attacks. The headaches come on regularly—the same day every week, every fortnight, etc. The prostration of a victim of an attack is no pretense. The slightest noise or light really tortures him.

Treatment is a thing the physician must puzzle out for himself, according to each patient's peculiarities. Victims should avoid excitement, eat regularly and moderately, keep the bowels regular. Eyes should be corrected by glasses.

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Two of the many exhibits.—Above: Executive offices sectional steel partitioning, with rich walnut graining. At right: Construction details

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It is a matter of record that less than thirty years ago most of the electrical devices that make life so much more pleasant today existed only in men's dreams—ideas that wisecracks said would never "work." In that dawn of the electric age many a world-boon might have died in the bud, or languished for years, had not one electrical manufacturer had the pre-vision to throw open its laboratories to the "visionaries." To Robbins & Myers at Springfield there came a long procession of ideaed men—and what tremendous ideas they had! Many great industries of international importance today are the fruits of those ideas. And millions of homes, offices, stores and factories are now enjoying the labor-saving, time-saving, services of these "wild-idea" inventions which were first made to "work"—commercially—with R & M power units. Which may explain why you so often hear the advice, "If your problem is electrical, take it to Robbins & Myers."

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1878

1931



FANS, MOTORS, HAND AND ELECTRIC HOISTS AND CRANES

MILESTONES

Engaged. Louise Astor Van Alen, Manhattan socialite, descendant of John Jacob Astor; and Prince Alexis Z. Mdivani, brother of Prince Serge (divorced husband of Cinematress Pola Negri) and Prince David Mdivani (husband of Cinematress Mae Murray).

Married. Leopoldine ("Polly") Blaine Damrosch, Manhattan Junior League, pianist, daughter of Conductor Walter Johannes Damrosch and Mrs. (Margaret Blaine) Damrosch, granddaughter of the late great presidential Candidate James Gillespie Blaine; and Sidney Coe Howard, playwright (*Swords, They Know What They Wanted*, *Ned McCobb's Daughter*, *The Silver Cord*), divorced husband of the late Clare Jennes Eames, U. S. actress who died two months ago in England (TIME, Nov. 17); in Manhattan. Ceremony was performed by the Rev. Frank Heino Damrosch Jr.*

Remarried. Mrs. Marcia Lee Masters Jennings, 21, daughter of Poet Edgar Lee Masters; and Malcolm A. Jennings, 38, her divorced husband (divorce lasted three weeks), Chicago advertising man; in Manhattan.

Elected. President David Franklin Houston of Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York, U. S. Secretary of the Treasury and Secretary of Agriculture under President Wilson; Board Chairman Clarence Mott Woolley of American Radiator Co.; and Director Harry Pelham Robbins of Empire Trust Co.; to the board of trustees of Columbia University. General William Barclay Parsons was re-elected board chairman (his 15th year).

Elected. Board Chairman Albert Henry Wiggin of Chase National Bank; President John R. Macomber of Harris Forbes & Co., Board Chairman Alfred Lee Loomis of American Superpower Corp.; to be new members of the corporation of Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Elected. Paul Curtis Martin, senior

*Famed are Manhattan's four Damrosch girls:
1) *Alice*, 1910 debutante; divorced wife of Architect Pleasant Pennington who grooms; onetime president of the New York Junior League; famed amateur ski-jumper (last year's winner of the Swiss Gold Ski Prize for Women).
2) *Griseba* ("Giz"), 1914 debutante; wife of Manhattan Lawyer Thomas Knight Finletter of Coudert Bros.; playwright. (*The Life Line* recently opened and closed on Broadway.)

3) *Leopoldine* ("Polly"), 1916 debutante; named for her grandfather, Jewish Conductor Leopold Damrosch, founder of the New York Symphony; pianist, dog fancier.

4) *Anita*, 1921 debutante; wife of Robert Littell, able, brilliant critic of the New York World.

Their father, *Walter Johannes*, was for many years conductor of the New York Symphony, is now radio conductor and lecturer. His brother is Frank Heino Damrosch, director of Manhattan's Institute of Musical Art.

Their first cousins:

1) *Frank*, Rector of St. Andrews, Newark, N. J.; celebrant of last week's ceremony.

2) *Helen*, artist, wife of Fish Expert & Socialite John Tee-Van; illustrator, artist, William Beebe aid.

member of Martin & Corry, Springfield, Ohio, law firm, president and director of Springfield Railway Co.; to be a charter trustee (life tenure) of Princeton University.

Appointed. Dr. Willard Cole Rappleye, 38, to be Dean of Columbia University's School of Medicine; succeeding Dr. William Darrach (TIME, Jan. 5).

Honored. Richard B. Harrison, Negro actor (The Lord, in *The Green Pastures*); with the Spingarn Medal for 1930, awarded for the greatest Negro accomplishment.

Died. George Wellington Schurman, 63, senior member of Hughes, Schurman & Dwight (Charles Evans Hughes), brother of Jacob Gould Schurman (onetime U. S. Ambassador to Germany); of pneumonia; in Manhattan.

Died. Dr. William Coleman Bitting, 73, pastor of Second Baptist Church in St. Louis from 1905 to 1923; in St. Louis, Mo. Known as a liberal, his most famed statement was: "I am bound by no creed. Personally, I am a Metho-formed, Presbyterial, Bapto-palain. I am trying to get men into Heaven; I am trying to get Heaven into men. Nor am I trying to keep men out of Hell, but keep Hell out of men."

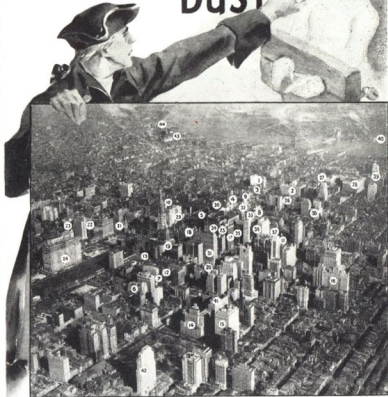
Died. William A. Marburg, 81, Baltimore banker, of intercostal neuralgia; in Baltimore.

Died. Nathan Straus, 82, great philanthropist and Jewish leader; of heart disease and high blood pressure; in Manhattan. He was born in Rhenish Bavaria in 1848, son of Lazarus Straus, who came to the U. S. in 1854, settled in Talbotton, Ga. Eldest brother was Isidor (later famed in the building up of Straus stores, victim with his wife of the *Titanic* disaster in 1912); youngest was Oscar Solomon (first Jew to hold a cabinet post, Secretary of Commerce & Labor, 1906-09, twice Minister, once Ambassador to Turkey; died in 1926). Ruined by the Civil War, the family came to Manhattan, established L. Straus & Sons, importers of glass and crockery. Later they founded their fortune by buying into R. H. Macy & Co. and Abraham & Straus, department stores. Nathan Straus married Lina Gutierrez in 1875. Her death last year marked the start of his declining health.

Beginning in his own stores, Nathan Straus gave spontaneously, individually. His great beneficence was the establishment of world-wide stations which provided pure pasteurized milk at a low cost. Other great philanthropies: food, coal, lodging to Manhattan's destitute during the panic of 1893-94; the first children's tuberculosis preventorium (1909); first Pasteur Institute, first health bureau in Jerusalem; Committee for the Defense of Jews in Poland (of which he was chairman); widespread relief during the War.

Died. Charles Gerard Conn, 86, founder of Conn Band Instrument Co., Civil War Veteran, onetime (1893-95) U. S. Representative from Indiana, onetime owner of the Washington Times; in Los Angeles, Calif.

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5. Wawa's
6. Bonwit Teller
7. Whitman's
8. Lawson & DeMay
9. The Hull Company
10. Hotel Vendig
11. Reuben's Restaurant
12. Stauffer Restaurant
13. Horn & Hardart Baking Co.
14. Penn Athletic Club
15. Berkeley Apartments
16. Drake Apartments
17. Land Title Building
18. Pines Trust Company
19. Cassell & Company
20. American Bank & Trust Co.
21. Liberty Title & Trust Co.
22. Guaranty Building (Gomer Schwartz)
23. Scottish Rite Temple
24. Penn. R. R. Office Building
25. Burlington Arcade
26. Federal Reserve Bank
27. Integrity Trust Company
28. Curtis Publishing Company
29. Market St. National Bank
30. Aldine Trust Company
31. Drexel Bank
32. F. W. Woolworth Co., 1229 Chestnut St.
33. Reading R. R. Station

34. Phila. Elec. Co., Richmond St. Station, Delaware St. Substa.
35. Jefferson Hospital
36. Stanley Theatre
37. Grand Opera House
38. Pres. Church, Broad & Diamond Sts.
39. H. K. Mulford & Co.
40. Ritz Carlton Hotel
41. Hahnemann Hospital
42. Fidelity Phila. Trust Co.
43. Philadelphia Museum
44. Hugler's Store, 1204 Ches. St.

Other Representative Buildings Not Shown in Photograph
 Bell Tel. Ex. 1718 & Arch Sts.,
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 Atwater Kent Mfg. Co.
 Horn & Hardart Bkfst.
 Penn. R. R. Power House
 and New Broad St. Station
 Natl. Bus. Co., 110th & Chestnut
 National City Co., 1417 Chestnut

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B O O K S

*Cassandra-Prophecy**

THAT NEXT WAR—K. A. Bratt—*Harcourt, Brace* (\$2.50).

Many a soldier has rushed into print, but not often on the side of the angels. Major Karl-Axel Bratt, Swedish staff officer and member of the committee considering Sweden's national defense policy, has written a book about the next war, but against it, not for it. Like many another Cassandra, Major Bratt thinks that unless Something Is Done the next war will be upon us before we know it.

"The white races, the civilized races, cannot survive the next great war, perhaps principally on account of the consequent revolutionary chaos in which the West will be submerged." Major Bratt's prophetic descriptions of future strategy are arresting. The massive infantry armies of the last War are already obsolete, he thinks. Infantry of the future will move in smaller units, made more mobile by rapid motor transport. But the most significant new development was foreshadowed in the Allied campaign of 1919—planned but never executed: an attack from the air on Germany's industrial centres. Supremacy in the air, says Major Bratt, will decide the issue in the next European war.

Like all professional men, soldiers try to keep up-to-date in their profession; in other words, prepare for fighting. Says Major Bratt gloomily: "The documents relating to the annihilation of the world lie collected in the underground armored cellars of the General Staffs or the Air Staffs. One day they will bear witness." To those who still believe The War To End War really ended it he says: "History only knows longer and shorter intervals between wars. . . . The generation which deludes itself, in an interval between wars, that war is over, should cease to do so." Besides "the situation created by the Peace of Versailles," Major Bratt sees two imminent threats to world peace: 1) Bolshevism, "which will find it consistent with its plans for world revolution to make the conflagration as wide as possible." 2) the air weapon, which he thinks will make the position of neutral states impossible.

No romantic, Major Bratt thinks the dollar is mightier than the pen. He believes the U. S. finally entered the War because U. S. industry had become allied with the Entente; that "under these circumstances the patriotic associations were moved to induce America to enter the war and thereby guarantee a victory."

Panacea. Like most panaceas for war, Major Bratt's is a little indefinite of outline, is stronger on its negative side. Disarmament he considers impossible. "There cannot be any disarmament, or even reduction of armaments worthy of the name, until the nations have begun, at least in principle, to prepare for some federation, or until some more effective

form than the present League of Nations has been found." The next war must be postponed long enough to find some such effective force for peace. What Major Bratt would like to see is an alliance between Labor and Capital; then "we should have at our disposal the strongest active force for the prevention of war."

Likeable Lyrics

HARD LINES—Ogden Nash—*Simon & Schuster* (\$1.75).

*I sit in an office at 244 Madison Avenue
And say to myself you have a responsible
job, haven't you?*

*Why then do you fritter away your time
on this doggerel?*

*If you have a sore throat you can cure
it by using a good goggeral,*

*If you have a sore foot you can get it
fixed by a chiropodist*

*And you can get your original sin re-
moved by St. John the Bopodist,*

*Why then should this flocculent lassitude
be incurable?*

*Kansas City, Kansas, proves that even
Kansas City needn't always be
Missourible.*

*Up up my soul! This inaction is abomi-
nable.*

*Perhaps it is the result of disturbances
abdominal.*



Sherrill Schell

OGDEN NASH

*"A girl who is bespectacled
Don't even get her nectacted. . . ."*

*The Pilgrims settled Massachusetts in
1620 when they landed on a stone
hammock.*

*Maybe if they were here now they
would settle my stomach.*

*Oh, if I only had the wings of a bird
Instead of being confined on Madison
Avenue I could soar in a jiffy to
Second or Third.*

So pipes in dulcet tones Manhattan's newest sweet singer, Ogden Nash. You will look in vain among these *Hard Lines* for one that tells of saddest thought; Poet Nash is cheerfully up-to-date. A determined rhymester, he bends words to his will:

*A girl who is bespectacled
Don't even get her nectacted,
But safety pins and bassetins
Await the girl who fascinates.
Always pithy, his poetic vein some-
times turns political:*

Like an art-lover looking at the Mona

Lisa in the Louvre

*Is the New York Herald Tribune look-
ing at Mr. Herbert Hoover.*

A good Manhattanite (he was born in Rye, N. Y.), says he has 10,000 cousins in North Carolina, a great-great-granduncle who gave his name to Nashville, Tenn. 1. Ogden Nash prides Manhattan in Manhattanish accents:

*In New York beautiful girls can become
more beautiful by going to Eliza-
beth Arden*

*And getting stuff put on their faces and
waiting for it to harden*

*And poor girls with nothing to their
names but a letter or two can get
rich and joyous*

From a brief trip to their loyous.

The Author. Ogden Nash, 29, was a Harvardman for one year, left to teach at St. George's School, Newport, then went to Manhattan to sell bonds, which he found hard to do. Overtime adman for Barron Collier, Doubleday Page, this month he joined the editorial staff of the *New Yorker*.

Backward Glances

ROADS TO GLORY—Richard Aldington—*Doubleday, Doran* (\$3.50).

Overtime British Soldier Aldington disagrees with the late great French Soldier Foch. Foch was usually wise enough to stick to his horizon-blue muttons, but once hazarded the opinion that the heroic soldier's reward was glory. In these 13 stories Aldington gives various examples of the soldier's reward. In the light of the title, all are bitterly satirical. Some of them:

An infantry column, fed up with years of war, is not impressed by news of the Armistice. Languidly they cry "Oo-ray," go on singing their mournful songs.

Two fellow-soldiers' mutual hatred waits a long time for fulfillment, because one of them is an officer. When the officer is finally reported "killed in action" the other one knows better.

An English officer makes the fatal mistake of keeping a diary in which he puts down what he thinks about the War. When the diary is discovered he is sent to a "sacrifice post."

A very young subaltern, on leave in Paris, takes an amorous adventure seriously. When he returns after the Armistice he finds what you would expect.

A soldier who had shot four Germans in cold blood when they tried to surrender to him is haunted by the memory into madness and suicide.

In an epilog Richard Aldington thus apostrophizes his comrades who have gone to glory: "We pass and leave you lying. No need for rhetoric, for funeral music,

*New books are news. Unless otherwise designated, all books reviewed in *TIME* were published within the fortnight. *TIME* readers may obtain any book of any U. S. publisher by sending check or money-order to cover regular retail price (\$5 if price is unknown, change to be remitted) to Ben Boswell of *TIME*, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.

for melancholy bugle-calls. No need for tears now, no need for regret. . . . Which of us were the fortunate—who can tell? . . . Lost, terrible, silent comrades, we, who might have died, salute you."

The Author. Richard Aldington, 38, poet, biographer, critic, translator, likes



Yecondo

RICHARD ALDINGTON

... borrowed his friends' typewriters.

sunshine and has spent little time in England since the War. He lives in a Provencal villa where he is writing a new novel "about love and the sun." Like most English poets who survived the War, Aldington puts his recollections of it in brutally realistic language. Tall, broad-shouldered, bronzed, pipe-smoking, he is handsome in the supercilious English manner. Year before last his first novel *Death of a Hero*, written on typewriters borrowed from his friends D. H. Lawrence and Ezra Pound, was acclaimed (TIME, Nov. 11, 1929). Other books: *Collected Poems*, *Voltaire*, *Medallions*.

Malignant Endocarditis

SHATTER THE DREAM—Norah C. James—*Morrow* (\$2).*

Some things are incurable: the only way you can deal with them is to let them take their course. One is first love, another is malignant endocarditis (disease of the lining membrane of the heart). If you are unfortunate enough to have both of them together you will not enjoy yourself much. That was the fate of this book's hero.

Robin Downs did not realize for a long time that there was anything the matter with him. His life as a cashier in a small London branch bank was pretty narrowly circumscribed, and perhaps he would have had a better time in his off-hours if he had not been a teetotaler. But he had good reason: his mother was in an "inebriates" home; music made up to him for sociability. When pretty Mrs. Banham-Jones came to his bank to cash a check, Robin liked the way she smiled at him, dreamed about getting to know her. Then his dream came true, and suddenly he was in

love with her. She was flattered, her husband was sorry, but only Robin took it seriously. She let Robin kiss her, let him spend his little savings on their almost-innocent excursions, kept promising to go off with him for a week-end. One day Robin felt so sick he went to the doctor, who told him he had malignant endocarditis and perhaps three months to live. But Robin told nobody: Mrs. Banham-Jones hated sickness of any kind. When she got tired of him and picked a quarrel he saw through her, but it did him no good; he still loved her. When he got back to his room that night, the endocarditis did the rest.

The Author. Norah James, besides having been advertising manager of a British publishing house, is a onetime sculptor, trade-union organizer, journalist, War worker, designer. Canny, she held on to her job until she had made a success with two novels; now she banks on royalties. Her hobby: repairing internal-combustion engines. Like many an Irish compatriot she lives in London. She has been once to the U. S. (last year), would like to come again. Other books: *Sleeveless Errand* (banned and boomed by the British censors), *To the Valiant*.

Crime Wave

I HAVE KILLED A MAN!—Cecil Freeman Gregg—*Dial* (\$2).

THE RINGER RETURNS—Edgar Wallace—*Crime Club* (\$1).

There is a strong tradition in detective-story fiction that if the villain is a killer or a low person generally he shall come to a satisfactorily bad end; if he is a Raffles he can do just about what he likes, and no permanent harm must come to him. Thriller-Author Gregg adheres to the tradition: Thriller-Author Wallace stretches it a little.

The first part of *I Have Killed a Man!* is the confession of the murderer himself; so that when the story returns to the third-person your apprehensive interest is in "Who did it?" but "Will they get him?" So very human, slow, likeable a creature is the modern Scotland Yard detective of fiction (in this case it is Inspector Higgins) that before they do get him suspense becomes acute. And even the surprising fact that Inspector Higgins turns out to be a Romeo may not compensate you for the untimely cutting-short of his Mercutio rival, the dashing Bobby Baynes.

If you are an Edgar Wallace fan you have doubtless met the Ringer before: that mysterious Robin Hood of the underworld, that past master of disguise whom few have seen without his make-up, who is a Galahad of hi-jackers, but who is wanted, strangely enough, by the police of an entire continent. Even Inspector Bliss, who should know better, is indefatigable in his attempts to run down the Ringer, though he is openly skeptical of success. The Ringer is no mere gentleman burglar: in this series of his exploits he is forced more than once to play the part of executioner. It is not in keeping with the traditional rôle of hero-villain; but, like Inspector Bliss, you can only stand by and shake your head admiringly.

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October 14*

*From Southampton, Cherbourg . . . June
17, July 8, 29, August 12, 26,
September 16, October 7,
November 21*

*Round-the-World Cruise
from New York, December 3*

They're apartments. ● You sleep in a big standing bed; and you can have private meals, serve tea, or play a hand of bridge without anyone's having to sit on that bed, either. You arrange your hair before a big triple-mirrored dressing table. You study your complete evening effect in a full length wall-mirror. You keep your clothes in a wardrobe fitted with hangers and trees and tie-racks and things; and your toilet requisites in a wall-cabinet. You have all the little comfort-making electric gadgets . . . dressing-lights, curling-iron outlets, reading lights, telephones, call-bells, fans, heaters. You have easy chairs and divans and bed-side tables, and racks for your biggest wardrobe trunks, and space for all your *bon voyage* flowers. ● You have 27-foot living rooms with walls panelled in hard woods, and floors softly carpeted. You have steam heat and warmed- or cooled-air ventilation under your own control. In 100% of the apartments, you have outside light and air. In 70% of them, you have your own beautifully-fitted private bath or shower and toilet. Most apartments are arranged for one or two passengers. For larger parties, any number of apartments may be engaged *en suite*.

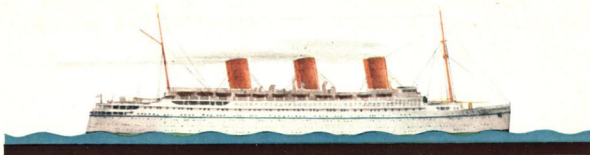
And . . . if this isn't luxury enough for you . . . you can engage one of the two Royal Suites, the last word in metropolitan elegance said in five-room ensembles of living room, bedroom, bathroom, entrance hall, boxroom and verandah.

SPECIAL TRAIN CONNECTIONS...from New York, Chicago, etc., direct to ship's side at new barbor in Québec. Exceptional arrangements for handling luggage both going and coming. Full information and reservations from your own agent, or Canadian Pacific offices: New York, 344 Madison Avenue...Chicago, 71 E. Jackson Blvd....also Atlanta, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Montreal, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Toronto, Washington, and 22 other cities in Canada and the United States.

ST. LAWRENCE . . CANADIAN PACIFIC

THE SHORTER SEAWAY TO . . . FROM

EUROPE



Empress of Britain and 3 of her 9 decks



Sports Deck



Lounge Deck



Apartment Deck A

ON THE SUN DECK... you start your tan. On the Sports Deck, you play real court-tennis or look on from court-side café. On the Lounge Deck, you dance, play bridge, read, or chat in a series of brilliant rooms by Sir John Lavery (Empress Room), Sir Charles Allom (Mayfair), Edmund Dulac (Cathay Lounge), Heath Robinson (Knickerbocker Bar)... or join the strollers on the long Mall. For squash-racquets court, gymnasium, and Olympian pool you descend to other decks... you dine in the Salle Jacques Cartier under Frank Brangwyn's magnificent murals of plenty.

Empress OF Britain

5 DAYS TO EUROPE

EVEN IF YOUR CAR WERE FROZEN IN ICE

TEXACO
*would *flow*

* In the average engine there are 20 or more oil channels no wider than the "waist" of this "hour-glass". Through these channels, oil must flow.

THE "HOUR-GLASS" TEST

An "hour-glass," partly filled with the new crack-proof Texaco, was frozen in ice. When the cork was pulled, Texaco flowed.



IN winter, many oils not specifically refined to resist cold, thicken hard as grease. They will not flow through the narrow lubrication channels of your car till thawed out by the very engine heat and friction they are supposed to prevent. With such oils in your crankcase, every cold start means engine wear—scored cylinder walls and roughened bearings.

The new Texaco Motor Oil flows instantly, even when water freezes, because it is free from paraffin wax. At the first thrust of cold pistons the new crack-proof Texaco

surges through every lubrication channel—through bearing clearances of a few thousandths of an inch!

Texaco is not only "frost-proof" but "crack-proof." It is as immune to the heat of an all-day drive as it is to the cold of an all-night stand. To protect your car from winter wear—to protect yourself from winter troubles—fill with the new Texaco today. Available in all our 48 States.

THE TEXAS COMPANY
*Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products, including
Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial, Railroad, Marine and Farm
Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing.*



THE NEW
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TEXACO MOTOR OIL
"CRACK-PROOF" • LONGER-LASTING