

FIFTEEN CENTS

March 30, 1931

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



Volume XVII

WALTER LIPPMAN

Public ignorance is his field.
(See THE PRESS)

Number 13

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YOUR BATHROOM
COMES
INTO ITS OWN



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Beautiful Saying

Sirs:
In your issue of March 16 under the heading "Judiciary" I was struck with admiration at the quotation from the radio broadcast by Associate Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes on the occasion of his 60th birthday. The beauty of this expression should go down in American literature along with other famous sayings by our great men.

PAUL R. PINKHAM

Bridgeport, Conn.

Encore! Mr. Justice Holmes said in part: "The riders in a race do not stop short when they reach the goal. There is a little finishing canter before coming to a standstill. There is time to hear the kind voice of friends and to say to one's self: 'The work is done.'"

"But just as one says that, the answer comes: 'The race is over, but the work never is done while the power to work remains.'"

"The canter that brings you to a standstill need not be only coming to rest. It cannot be, while you still live. For to live is to function. That is all there is in living."

"And so I end with a line from a Latin poet who uttered the message more than fifteen hundred years ago:

"Death plucks my ear and says, 'Live—I am coming.'"—Ed.

The Times's Omission

Sirs:

Referring to the footnote on p. 23 of the issue of TIME of March 9, it is true that in the indirect summary of Herbert Pulitzer's testimony before Sub-committee Foley, published in the *Times* Wednesday, Feb. 25, the name of the *Herald Tribune* was omitted.

This unfortunate oversight was corrected the following day as you will note by reading the enclosed clipping from the *Times* of a verbatim report of a portion of the testimony.

LOUIS WILEY

The New York Times
New York City

Radio Kneeling

Sirs:

On the subject of the Pope's radio broadcast, I think the editor of TIME was more nearly right in endeavoring to portray the awe and reverence shown by pious Catholics at hearing the voice of the Holy Father, than your correspondent, Mr. Conner (TIME, March 16).

I do not doubt that thousands of Catholics knelt as the Pope's voice came over the ether, especially when he extended his blessing at the end.

It seems to me that his voice can carry as

"Last line of 'The Syrian Dancing Girl,' a poem attributed to Publius Vergilius Maro (Virgil).

much of a benediction to the far corners of the earth as it can in a room where he is present.

Pious Catholics have more than a mere "healthy" respect for the Holy Father. They look upon him as the vicar of Christ on earth.

THOMAS F. DALY

New York City

Bonus Credit

Sirs:

TIME: Curt, clear but incomplete. In TIME of March 9, p. 12, paragraph 7, "Late in entering the fight, Commander O'Neil made up for lost time by bringing the full political pressure of his huge organization to bear upon Congress." There is no mention whatsoever of any other veteran group in your entire story. It is time the public of the nation realized that Commander O'Neil and his huge organization do not represent all the World War veterans. In the 1930 national convention of the American Legion, a motion to participate in the fight with the Disabled American Veterans of the World War and the Veterans of American Wars was tabled without the rank and file having an opportunity to vote on it. But the bass drum player who got on the D. A. V. and V. F. W. band-wagon late, is credited by you as having made possible a larger loan on the Government promissory notes held by all veterans.

The Veterans of Foreign Wars of the U. S., formed in 1899, is composed of the veterans of all our wars who have seen foreign service. So you see at the present time we have a goodly number of World War veterans in our ranks.

Commander-in-Chief Paul C. Wolman has conveyed his appreciation of the assistance given by the American Legion and he has also stated that the fight will go on and the next session of Congress will find another bill for the immediate payment of the World War Adjusted Compensation Certificate. May we of the rank and file hope that our sister organization will get into harness with us. Also may we readers of TIME expect the newspapers to include ALL the participants in the next battle.

CHAS. D. BRAMELL

Deputy Chief of Staff V. F. W.
San Francisco, Calif.

Mr. Chesterton's Education

Sirs:

On March 3 Mr. G. K. Chesterton lectured here in San Francisco on "The Ignorance of the Educated."

Yesterday, replying to my query, Mr. Chesterton told me that he had never heard of TIME!

W. H. BLACK

San Francisco, Calif.

Zion Trap

Sirs:

When a TIME report falls right into our midst on an item as intimately familiar as the one covering Willbur Glenn (The World is Flat!) Voliva (TIME, March 16), it tempts us to read more critically. However, we have no fault to find.

Time mentioned the restrictions on cursing and smoking and might have included chewing gum, bobbed hair and movie shows. But there is another newsworthy restriction, one which we, in this locality, associate with Zion City even

ROY E. LARSEN

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more closely than the blatant overseer himself. Many people carry the association in their minds because they have paid dearly for a bit of experience. Let unknown motorists beware of the speed trap which is one of Zion's most productive institutions.

Kenosha, Wis.

"Newshawk"

Sirs:

TIME continually refers to reporters as "newshawks," an ugly, contemptuous word the use of which cannot be excused even on the ground of brevity. "Reporters" is just as short; "newsman" is shorter.

The attitude expressed by the coining and constant use of this word would be ungracious in any publication. It is particularly unbecoming to one which exists largely by virtue of the work of newspapermen and which could not survive a single week without their borrowed efforts. This former reporter, for one, frankly resents it. For him it spoils your otherwise interesting and brightly pages.

MICHEL MOK

New York City

"Reporters" is trite. The British "pressmen" is confusing. TIME was once asked to discontinue "newsmen" on the ground it sounded like grownup "newsboys."

Do other "newshawks"—alert, keen-eyed, swift to swoop on news, swift to carry it to their readers—consider the word degrading? How would "news folk" be?—Ed.

Moody's & the Moon

Sirs:

In your March 2 issue you have quoted Moody's Investors Service on 1930 earnings of 744 companies, as the work of "a statistician." TIME, always interested in statistical facts, will be glad to know that the days required by a single statistician to compile this regular record kept by Moody's would, if laid end to end, encircle the moon three and one-half times. A considerable staff accomplishes this task more rapidly.

Moody's Investors Service
New York City

Chinese Bet

Sirs:

Your item concerning Aimee Semple McPherson ("Aimee, Aimee Semple McPherson") TIME, March 2, People, brings to mind a friend's experience. He, understanding the Chinese language well, stood with a large number of embassy converts within hearing distance of a missionary who was reading from his Chinese Bible with a loud, New England accent—utterly unbecomingly to the reverend assembly! Beside the friend were two Chinese betting on whether or not she had hair on her legs. . . .

WM. WERNER BRADFORD
New York City

Tweed's Tricks

Sirs:

In the issue of Feb. 16, p. 34, bottom of the page, you state that William Marcy Tweed was hidden in Brooklyn in 1875 in the House of Mrs. Lucy Stewart Knox.

The fact is that Tweed was hidden in the Cos Cob section of Greenwich, Conn. He was making daily trips to and from New York by a baggage car of the New Haven Railroad. At Cos Cob there is a drawbridge. Tweed had an arrangement by which trains would slow down as if held by an open draw signal and, as an express came to slow down, invariably early in the morning or late at night, Tweed left or entered the baggage car in the darkness. There was invariably a carriage waiting in an open field. The agent of Cos Cob whenever the express trains were slowing down when the draw was not open. So, one night he went up the track with his lantern darkened. The train came to a slow-down, and, as the young man turned on his light at the door of the baggage car, out came the burly form of Tweed.

One naturally asks "How did Tweed enter the baggage car in New York?" That is very simple.

EVAN W. OST

He was driven to the yard of the New York Central and entered the baggage car from the yard and not from the station. . . .

That night Tweed left Greenwich—for he knew better than to remain there longer—by way of the Mianus Valley. He was driven across country to Tarrytown, N. Y. where a tug was waiting. This tug took Tweed to the steamer in lower New York Bay.

ANDREW S. TAYLOR

Stamford, Conn.

Hot Peanuts

Sirs:

Perhaps I can round out part of your item on the Cuban Musical Invasion (TIME, Feb. 23).

How hot the rhythm of "The Peanut Vendor" is best grasped by spectators at the Carnival of the Blacks in Santiago de Cuba. On this annual occasion the town is turned over to the dark of skin, who dominate locally. Everything goes, without police interference, and no opportunities are wasted.

Viewed from the roof of the Casa Grande, the winter of 1923 or 1924, an endless procession, all moving to this rhythm, the snaking of parties of gayly costumed boys and girls, single or double file. All on foot—and stepping. Roastbasts from the docks, cane cutters from the fields, women from the tenderloin, ragamuffins from everywhere, all swining to the beat of that endless tune, to me then nameless. Groups of gleeful boy volunteers turn the music. Homemade instruments—bongos of nail kegs or other kegs with ends knocked out or of hollowed log chunks, manacas, claves of all descriptions, some attached to frying pans. Swinging hilarity and frenzy, all having a glorious time, with and without. All to the rhythm you aptly classify as 'hot.' These boys can make it so hot it melts and sears into one's memory.

Where it comes from I do not know. Perhaps old in Cuba, perhaps from nearby Haiti whence cane cutters came annually. Lie awake in the towns of Haiti in the still of night and drum beats of similar rhythm float down to you from the hills. . . .

M. H. SCHROEDER

Rockville Center, N. Y.

Atkins' & Howells' Stones

Sirs:

Ancient the use of grave stones for imposing stones in the March 2 issue of TIME, the reverse of this practice occurred in 1913, when the headstone of the grave of General Smith D. Atkins, for nearly half a century editor of the Freeport, Ill. Journal, was an imposing stone upon which the first forms composed by the General as an apprentice printer were imposed. At the request of the Editor and Publisher, I furnished a photograph of this head stone, showing the inscription, which was published in that magazine. In the comment, it was stated that the only other similar use was in the case of a brother of William Dean Howells, who, like General Atkins, was a printer and publisher.

N. T. COBB

Orlando, Fla.

T I M E

The Weekly Newsmagazine

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Editor: Henry R. Luce
Managing Editor: John S. Billings
Associate Editors: John S. Billings, Niven Busch Jr., Laird S. Goldsborough, Parker Lloyd-Smith, Myron Weiss, Heeky, Contributors: Elizabeth Armstrong, Carleton Beals, J. David Carter, Washington Dodge II, Mary Fraser, Albert L. Furth, David W. Halliburton, E. D. Kennedy, Peter Matthews, S. S. Matthews, David Norris, Francis de N. Schroeder, Cecilia A. Schwind, Fred Smith, Dorothea Spieth, S. J. Woolf.

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A Veteran Driver Speaks His Mind

A letter to *The Chicago Tribune*, reproduced below, prompts this advertisement. Straight-forward, earnest and dramatic, the letter comes like a warning voice out of everyday traffic.



HAPPY IS THE DRIVER WHO DRIVES AN INTERNATIONAL

THIS letter, which is reprinted from the "Voice of the Traffic" column of *The Chicago Tribune*, sounds a note to which every owner of motor trucks and truck fleets should give heed.

Do your trucks deserve to haul your loads? Or are there antiquated models among them, hazardous to life and limb, destructive to driver-morale, and raising costly hob with your profit opportunities? Turn the obsolete trucks out to pasture and invest in efficient new equipment.

* There is a bright side to the veteran driver's letter. He admires the great modern fleet of Tribune trucks. This fleet, serving the Tribune organization, and used in the distribution of *The Chicago Tribune*, *The New York Daily News*, and *Liberty*, now numbers

over 200 trucks, and all of them are *Internationals*.

The full line of Internationals—Speed Trucks and Heavy-Duty Trucks of new design—is ready for inspection at 182 Company-owned branches in the United States and Canada. Sizes from $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton to 5-ton. Demonstration will be arranged at your request.



Above is one of the trucks this driver compliments so highly in his letter—it is one of *The Chicago Tribune's* large fleet of Internationals.

To the *Chicago Tribune*:

"I saw last the Cook county police are beginning a drive against heavy trucks. Being a truck driver I believe that the authorities are taking the wrong course in warning drivers to cause repairs.

The large garage companies do not listen to the drivers' complaints, or else it is because our foremen do not inform the owners. Daily we are forced to take out patched up 15 and 20 and even 30-year old trucks, with faulty brakes, hard to shift, and still harder to steer.

As for loads, I have put a monster load of cement pipes on one truck and hauled it through the city, stopped all the time that no other vehicle would cut me off too close. Going at a speed of 30 miles an hour, I required 50 feet to stop, using both sets of brakes.

The speed governors on our trucks are all 'out of order,' and we are kind off if we do not make good time. It is the same if our chassis break down the often or if we have an accident, no matter how slight. It is only because we are expert drivers that we get by. I believe it really criminal to pack men to drive some of the species that are on the streets today.

* I satiate (obviously, too) that the Tribune always has an up-to-date fleet of trucks, and I have got to see one of these broken down on the street or in a serious accident."

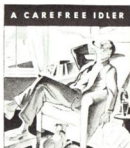
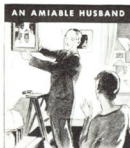
A Truck Driver

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automatic that "you can let your pup be your Furnace Man." ▲ Bryant owners will tell you that Bryant Automatic Gas Heating is the greatest single convenience you can give a home—that no comparable expenditure will do so much to make a home desirable. ▲ If you believe that your family deserves the best, you will install Bryant Heating. The Bryant Heater & Manufacturing Co., 17812 St. Clair Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

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TIME

Vol. XVII, No. 13

The Weekly Newsmagazine

March 30, 1931

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Hot Sun & Linens

President Hoover left Washington for the Caribbean a very tired man. Even a broken coupling that split his special train during the night was not enough to wake him in his private car. At Old Point Comfort, Va., his party—Secretary of War Hurley, Secretary of the Interior Wilbur, Private Secretary Richey, naval and military aides, 25 news and camera men—was put aboard the *U. S. S. Arizona*, Capt. Charles Freeman commanding. The President was assigned the captain's two-room-&-bath suite while Secretaries Hurley and

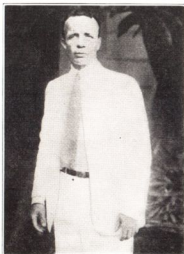
hour the President, Capt. Freeman and the *Arizona*'s crew stood at the rail awaiting the *Dupont* which had miscalculated the battleship's position. When the *Dupont* did not arrive, as a substitute diversion Capt. Freeman sent his crew into the rigging to perform tricks, led them in three big cheers for their Commander-in-Chief.

Radio telephone communication was established the last day out between the *Arizona* and Herbert Hoover Jr., convalescing at Asheville, N. C. President Hoover talked briefly with his son and Granddaughter Peggy Anne, who chirped: "It's snowing here. We're going back to Washington tomorrow." (Next evening he could have tuned in to hear his wife's voice in her Unemployment broadcast—see p. 10.)

The *Arizona* slipped through Mona Pass and came to anchor at night off palm-fringed Ponce on the south coast of Porto Rico (see map, p. 8). Next morning President Hoover went ashore, was welcomed by Theodore Roosevelt, Governor of Porto Rico. Bands crashed. Natives cheered. For them it was a double holiday—the 58th anniversary of the abolition of slavery and the second visit to Porto Rico by a U. S. President. At the City Hall the President was presented with a large tablecloth on which had been embroidered elaborate flower designs. Governor Roosevelt had asked President Hoover to leave behind his top-hat and tail-coat because few Porto Ricans own such ceremonial attire. By the President's compliance, everybody was in informal linens.

"Rich Port." Under a blistering sun President Hoover and Governor Roosevelt got into the first car of a long motorcade and started the five-hour journey across the island by the old Spanish military road to San Juan, the capital. By pre-arrangement, in the front of the crowds that lined the way were children, the brown, half-naked, half-starved little creatures who are Governor Roosevelt's chief concern.* Beggary is a pastime among these youngsters whose cry ("Gimme moan-ee") is known to every tourist.

As he moved along the highway the President could see wide fields of sugar



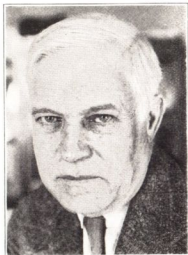
International

PORTO RICO'S ROOSEVELT

His natives want relief.

Wilbur bunked together in the admiral's quarters.

Flying the President's flag (U. S. eagle-&-shield with four white stars on a blue field) from her main truck, the 31,000-ton dreadnaught nosed out into the Atlantic for her first "shake-down" run after two years in drydock being reconditioned. The cocky little destroyer *Taylor* served as escort. President Hoover had smooth sailing southeastward for four days. He took long naps morning and afternoon, lounged before a wood fire. On deck he played medicine ball, losing one ball overboard. After dinner (for which he dressed) an orchestra played softly, he attended talking cinema shows (*Rain or Shine*, *The Temple Tower*). The third day out the *Taylor* was to be relieved by the *Dupont* from Guantanamo. A miniature presidential review was arranged. For nearly an



Acme-P. & A.

VIRGIN ISLANDS' PEARSON

His want rum.

cane, with tobacco on higher ground and coffee cultivation on the uplands of the red clay mountains which caused the elder Roosevelt on his 1906 visit to call the island the "Switzerland of America."

At San Juan, President Hoover was a guest at La Fortaleza, the 499-year-old Governor's Palace overlooking the harbor which Ponce de Leon called "Rich Port" when he established the first colony for Spain in 1508. Native politicians crowded about for conferences with *El Presidente*.

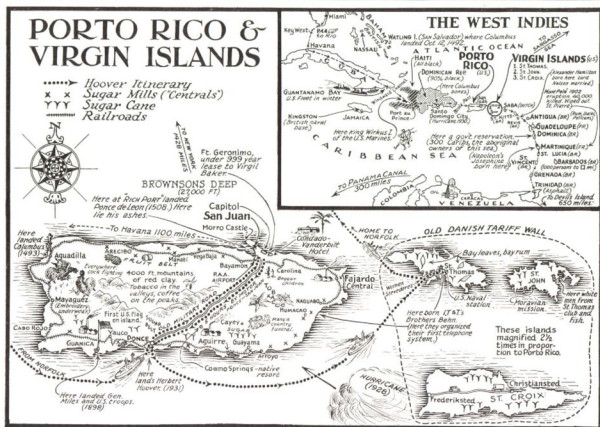
When the U. S. took Porto Rico from Spain in 1898 and made it an adjunct of the War Department, the island's population was suffering from four degrading

*The island's infant mortality rate is 18 per 100. One of the most common sights in the back country is the native funeral, small coffins carried on men's shoulders with the male relations shuffling along in slow procession.

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National Affairs—(Continued)



centuries of misrule, neglect and exploitation. Quick crude efforts by huck administrators to "Americanize" these people, part Spanish, part Negro, produced more resentment than results. In less than two years, however, Governor Roosevelt has done more to win their confidence than others in the last 30 years. He learned Spanish. He traveled over the islands. He set up relief stations, went to the U. S. to collect funds, to fight Porto Rico's battles before an indifferent Congress. He addresses the natives as "We Porto Ricans." Altogether his administration has been an extraordinary success.

But untouched remains Porto Rico's basic problem—over-population. On the island live 1,543,913 persons, or 450 to the square mile as compared with 40 in the U. S. (In Barbados it is 1,000 to the square mile.) In one decade the population has increased 18%. The result is that Porto Rico's resources, natural and economic, are exhausted. Birth Control, seriously agitated in the insular government, is blocked by the dominant Roman Catholic Church. Poverty and hunger are on all sides. A laborer is lucky to make \$150 per year. Hookworm and tuberculosis take a heavy toll. The hurricane of 1928 (called "San Felipe" by the natives) struck the island a \$100,000,000 blow from which it is still staggering. The 1929 sugar price slump hit the island's chief source of income. Tourist trade, despite the fine big Condado-Vanderbilt Hotel in San Juan, is negligible because Porto Rico, as part

of the U. S., is nominally Dry. Even the natives' greatest sport—cock fighting—is illegal, although this month the insular Senate passed a bill to permit it. Governor Roosevelt has publicly complained that the U. S. treats Porto Rico more like a stepchild than a member of the Federal family. His relief program consists largely of trying to put the *jibaros* back on the land, to make them self-supporting. Likewise he would increase the island's industrialization with the aid of ample water-power. Porto Rico, for instance, produces 600,000 tons of raw sugar per year but lacks a big refinery. Politically Porto Rico wants full statehood (minor voices call for independence) or at least a civil territorial status like Hawaii and Alaska. Porto Ricans were outraged when the U. S. Congress at the last session classified it as a colony by appropriating \$5,000 for it to exhibit at the International Colonial Exposition in France.

Bay Rum. The Virgin Islands, whither President Hoover was to go this week, got a new civil governor last week. The little minesweeper *Grebe* carried Dr. Paul M. Pearson, like the President a Quaker, into the harbor of St. Thomas while a Marine detachment shot off a 17-gun salute. The black population with its 5% sprinkling of whites massed in Emancipation Park to watch Governor Pearson take the oath of office, hear his inaugural address. They were all in good humor because the ceremony marked the transfer

of their government from the Navy under Capt. Waldo Evans to the Department of the Interior. The blackamoors (who speak Danish) stared in wonderment as Governor Pearson, who used to teach public speaking at Swarthmore College, rolled out a sonorous address in which he recognized the islands' "critical economic problems" and promised to aid in their relief.

The U. S. bought the Virgin Islands, once famed as a buccannier's resort, from Denmark for \$25,000,000 in 1917 when it was feared Germany would establish a submarine base there. Until last week they were a neglected appendage of the Navy Department which used them as a coaling base. Their transfer to civil government by President Hoover was generally regarded as the first step in a program to demilitarize U. S. insular possessions.

Around the Virgin Islands prevail the old Danish tariff law (average rate: 7%) instead of the U. S. Hawley-Smoot Act (average rate: 39%). Danish currency is likewise legal tender because the islands' park continues to operate under its original Danish charter. The U. S. Congress appropriated \$600,000 to put the black islanders back on the land, 90% of which is owned by a score of rich foreigners. Emigration to the U. S. has cut the islands' population in a decade by 15%, down to 22,012.

What the Virgin Islanders want most from President Hoover is permission to revive their once-profitable trade in rum, bay and otherwise.

National Affairs—(Continued)

HUSBANDRY

No 1931 Pegging

The Federal Farm Board last week issued a point-blank warning to wheat growers throughout the land which was



Keystone

"SAM" THOMPSON

... produced 67,000 farmers in 48 hours.

enough to send their hearts to their boots. It was:

"The Board will not authorize the Grain Stabilization Corp. to make stabilization purchases from the 1931 wheat crop. ... Spring planting of wheat is at hand. Let farmers heed the warning to reduce acreage."

The Farm Board began its price-pegging policy through open market operations early in 1930 when it bought in the 1929 wheat crop surplus (TIME, March 10). Since last Autumn it has been buying heavily into the 1930 crop. Fortified with its full appropriation—\$500,000,000—from the Treasury, its actual and future wheat holdings are now estimated above 200,000,000 bu. Its operations have kept domestic prices of the 1930 crop from 20¢ to 35¢ per bu. above the world level. Until last week the biggest question was: "Will the Board continue price-pegging when the 1931 wheat crop starts rolling in upon the market about July 1?" The answer: "It will NOT." Result: U. S. wheat prices must now adjust themselves downward to the world's supply & demand level. Declared the Board:

"This [price-pegging] policy was adopted to meet a most acute emergency. It has made wheat growers many millions. ... But [the Board] cannot indefinitely buy more than it sells or indefinitely hold what it has bought. It cannot follow a regular policy of buying at prices above the market, paying heavy storage charges and selling below cost."

Wheat prices in the Chicago pit slumped sensationally.

Explained Chairman Stone by way of

justifying the Board's old policy: "Let's assume we're going to lose \$50,000,000 out of the Treasury. ... [Without our intervention] I believe prices would have gone to 40¢ per bu. There would have been many bank failures ... a debacle."

Discouraging reports reached the Board on the amount of crop acreage reduction. Southwestern planting foreshadowed a harvest of 45,000,000 bu. over last year.

Meanwhile President Hoover found a man to take the place of Alexander Legge and thus complete the Board's membership. He was 67-year-old Samuel Henry ("Sam") Thompson of Quincy, Ill., president of the potent American Farm Bureau Federation. Mr. Thompson owns a 500-acre corn farm which his son operates. He heads a country bank but for years his real profession has been organizing agriculture. In 1924 he was advocating the Equalization Fee form of Farm Relief before a House Committee when a Congressman challenged his right to speak for farmers. Mr. Thompson hustled back to Illinois, returned to Washington and the committee 48 hours later with a petition in which some 67,000 husbandmen authorized him to represent their views. As a representative of organized agriculture he was appointed to the Farm Board. His prime tenet: Relieve farmers and Depression will fade away.

INDUSTRY

Nut & Bolt Cycle

The fact that all U. S. bolts, nuts & rivets are now made in standard sizes is one of the triumphs of Herbert Clark Hoover's career. One of his great doctrines as Secretary of Commerce was that U. S. manufacturers should get together, form trade associations and eliminate industrial waste by agreeing to make their products conform to a common gauge of pattern and quality. In 1925 the bolt, nut & rivet industry showed a disheartening loss of \$3,000,000. Having organized itself as Mr. Hoover suggested, it last year made \$7,000,000. So well had it learned to standardize that last week, in Manhattan, Federal Judge Frank J. Coleman found the Bolt, Nut & Rivet Manufacturers Association an organization in restraint of trade, ordered it dissolved under the anti-trust law.

The Government charged that after standardizing their products the combined bolt & nut men, controlling 95% of the business, had carried the Hoover doctrine a step too far, had fixed prices by means of discounts, allowances and "a system of freight equalization for preferred customers." Among the associated companies, which did an annual business of \$75,000,000, were: Bethlehem Steel Co., Automatic Screw Machine Products Co., Erie Bolt & Nut Co., Pacific Coast Steel Corp., Wrought Iron Co. of America. Defending counsel included James Francis Burke, counsel for the Republican National Committee, and onetime Governor Nathan L. Miller of New York. Consenting to the decree which put it out of business, the Association explained: "By this disposition

of the matter the industry avoids the expense and annoyance of a long litigation. Immediate steps will be taken to organize a new association which will so operate as to be free from any criticism. ..."

CRIME

At Stateville

As you motor southwest from Chicago, when you are almost within sight of Joliet, a big sign appears on the right of the highway: STATEVILLE. Behind it rises a broad, bare hill across whose desolate skyline stretches a wall. Above the wall rise four great, drab cheeseboxes. These are the cell blocks of Illinois' model penitentiary. Here, last week, occurred the first major prison riot of the year.

Warden of Stateville is Henry C. Hill, who also is in charge of the old State prison at Joliet, five miles away. Last month three convicts were trapped and killed as they tried to escape from that institution (TIME, March 21). Later a man died of heart failure while shackled in solitary confinement. Fortnight ago the angry inmates rioted (TIME, March 23). Two died from wounds.

Following that insurrection, Warden Hill announced that Chaplain George Whitmeyer, onetime rector of an Episcopal church in bloody Herrin, Ill., "had fomented discontent, carried messages for convicts and, knowingly or not, had been instrumental in a jail delivery plot." Chaplain Whitmeyer resigned three days after the thwarted escape. Said he: "I resigned because I was the man who disclosed the plans for the attempted prison



International

HENRY C. HILL

His words belloyed, burned and broke,

escape, only to have the guards deliberately trap and shoot these three men after they had been allowed to climb down the outer wall. It was such brutality that aroused the other prisoners and led to the demonstration."

National Affairs—(Continued)

Early last week it was evident that the foment had not quieted in the old prison. Three convicts tried to start another outburst in the mess hall. And when the convict band at Stateville, practicing unguarded, fought among themselves over the question of inciting similar disturbance, prison officials knew that the newer institution had also been infected with the virus of revolt. They announced: "Things are hot right now. Anything might happen." It happened next day.

Two hundred men in the machine shop dropped their work, set fire to the place. Yelling, brandishing clubs, other inmates joined the riot, ignited the mess hall, two kitchens, laundry, paint shop, chair and shoe factories. The confusion increased. Eyes stinging with the yellow smoke, more than a thousand prisoners broke all the windows of the buildings which would not burn, destroyed their food supply, screamed, leaped, slipped, tumbled about in the thick mud left by melted snow. Finally Warden Hill walked out among them and ordered: "Go back to your cells or we'll fire." A Negro advanced threateningly, was shot down. The rest dispersed, having done \$500,000 worth of damage in two hours. As a warning, highway police, militiamen, Chicago and Joliet constabulary paraded in the prison.

Newshawks learned that Nathan Leopold—who with Richard Loeb killed small Bobby Franks of Chicago seven years ago—was being transferred from the old prison to the new on the morning of the riot, but was sent back.

Two days later, with all the Stateville prisoners locked up on bread-&-water (plus one sausage per day), a legislative committee began to investigate the outbreaks. Still smoldering, the inmates of one cell-block staged one last demonstration to interrupt the proceedings. From the walls the legislators watched the men being driven back to their cells.

Chief cause of the riot seemed to be resentment against the State Pardon & Parole Board's administration of the indeterminate sentence law, by which the Board, and not judge or jury, ultimately fixes the time a prisoner must serve. Said round-faced, Roman Catholic Chaplain Eligius Weir: "One of the principal objections of the prisoners is that although all ten members of the Board pass upon the parole applications, only three of them actually come here to hear the cases. They claim they are allowed only one or two minutes to present their cases. They say they are sworn at by the board members. I have gone to Springfield myself several times to plead that changes be made in execution of this law and Warden Hill has also pleaded for changes. I know personally of at least 25 men in this penitentiary who were sent here for crimes they didn't commit."

"Hi, Billy!"

William J. ("Wild Bill") Rooney, Chicago Sheet Metal Workers' Union boss, paced the sidewalk in front of his house one afternoon last week. A dark blue sedan drew up to the curb. One of the three occupants shouted: "Hi, Billy!" Boss

Rooney, expecting his own car, turned. Three shots racketed through the street. Boss Rooney slumped to his knees. His cigar fell from his mouth and rolled along the sidewalk, with him sprawling after it. He was the second labor leader to be murdered in Chicago in five weeks.

Police, checking up on Mr. Rooney's career, brought to light this record: In 1907, aged 18, he was sent to the House of Correction for larceny. Ten years later he was acquitted of murdering a man during a labor meeting. In 1922 he was present at the slaying of two other men, for which Thomas J. Walsh, then union leader, was tried. Boss Rooney succeeded Boss Walsh.

Through his brother-in-law he controlled the Flat Janitors' Union, and his activities also extended into the Meat Cutters' Union. One brother, Edward, was recently indicted for forcing contractors to pay the Sheet Metal Workers' Union 5% on contracts. Another brother, Danny, is serving 14 years in Joliet Penitentiary (see p. 9) for killing a saloonkeeper.

In the present Mayoralty campaign, Boss Rooney switched allegiance from the Thompson faction to the Democratic candidate, Anton J. Cermak. Observers wondered if this had been Boss Rooney's fatal mistake.

LABOR

Wage Strike

After conferring with labor leaders and employers in November 1929, President Hoover proposed that the Depression would run its course unmarred by wage strikes if employers would make no attempts at wage reduction. With two exceptions—textile disturbances at Danville, Va. (TIME, Jan. 12) and at Lowell, Mass. last month—this Hoover proposal held good until March 1931. Last week, however, came another labor demonstration against pay cuts, with economists gloomily predicting many another cut and strike before the country has fully recovered.

In New Orleans, one midnight last week, a crowd of 200 Negro longshoremen, disgruntled at a wage reduction of 15¢ an hour, swarmed out of a meeting hall to the waterfront to wait for strikebreakers on their way to work. Harbor police saw the sullen crowd approaching, sent in a riot call. Major clash occurred at the base of the Liberty Monument, which stands near the river in memory of the men of New Orleans who died for the overthrow of Carpet Bag rule.* As the dawn came up, police charged the blacksmen, some of whom withdrew, firing revolvers. Most of the mob was arrested; 103 for disturbing the peace, 15 for carrying concealed weapons, others for violating the Federal injunction protecting the docks.

*Following the Civil War, Louisiana suffered sorely from unscrupulous Republican politicians supported by the Federal Government, backed by the new Negro vote. The New Orleans monument commemorates a fight between the "White League" (Democratic ex-Confederates) and the Republican police on Sept. 14, 1874. The State returned to normal after the election of Francis Tilton Nichols to the governorship in 1876.

In Washington, William Green, A. F. of L. president, took notice of the muffled business agitation for pay cuts, warned: "Reduction in wages, forced by some employers, are delaying a return to prosperity. These reductions have been favored by a few bankers and some employers whose desire for standard profits has overcome their better judgment. If they are persisted in, a return to normal conditions will be delayed two or more years."

Idle: 6,050,000

The Census Bureau in its nation-wide count of population last April found 2,479,062 persons out of work. Critics charged that this figure was too small for reality, that the Hoover Administration was trying to minimize Unemployment. Therefore last January the census bureau made another count of Joblessness, selecting for their enumeration the 19 largest cities of the country, which had shown 775,565 involuntarily idle in the April total. Last week Secretary of Commerce Lamont announced these results:

1) The 19 cities in January had 1,930,000 jobless, an increase of 149% over April.

2) In Detroit, unemployment ran highest (11% of the population); in San Francisco lowest (6%).

3) By applying the percentage increase for the cities to the whole country, it was officially estimated that 6,050,000 persons were out of work at mid-winter.

Declared Secretary Lamont: "Since the Census there has been evidence of a slight but unmistakable improvement."

Again critics raised their voices to ask what good President Hoover's Unemployment Relief program had accomplished while Unemployment was more than doubling. Declared Senator Borah: "... An occasion for a special session of Congress! We should be legislating."

Meanwhile in Manhattan jobless relief focused on single women. Public sympathy was whipped up by a story of eight out-of-work girls who occupied one \$2-per-week room, subsisted on five bananas per day. Mrs. August Belmont, head of the Woman's Fund Committee, raised \$4,500 by reading in public what George Bernard Shaw described as his "love letters" to her, written in 1904 and 1905 when she was famed Actress Eleanor Robson. And in Washington Mrs. Herbert Hoover returned from the Rapidan camp to speak over the radio in praise of girls and women who have fought Drought and Unemployment as follows:

"You have given additional work where you could. You have postponed the burdens of full payment of debts, of rent, of loans, or mortgages, of those whom fate and not their own shortcomings have handicapped. They have helped tactfully with food, with coal, with clothing, those of your friends who were facing a more strenuous period than you were yourself, as well as those strangers a mile away whom formerly you knew not even of."

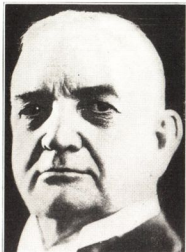
President Hoover would thank U. S. womanhood for Drought and Unemployment "in his own way and time."

National Affairs—(Continued)

STATES & CITIES

"Only Free State"

The commonwealths of Arkansas and Idaho having matched Nevada's 90-day residence divorce law (TIME, March 16),



International

RENO'S ROBERTS

"It's all nonsense, trying to regulate people's morals."

Nevada last week went them 48 days—and then some—better. At Carson City, Governor Balzar signed a bill permitting divorce after a 42-day sojourn in the State, with the provision that grounds need not be specified unless the action is contested. Also he signed a measure legalizing old-time gambling. The new divorce law is effective May 1; the gambling law went in at once.

With the double attraction of being a wide-open town and the place where one can return to the single state quickest in the U. S., Reno had successfully met the challenges of Boise and Hot Springs, had retained its distinction as the nation's divorce capital, had protected its \$3,000-a-year business.

The enactment of the gaming statute crowded Reno's palaces of chance with increased patronage, although no additional halls were opened. The new law merely makes legal what has gone on 24 hours daily for years. The famed Bank Club, however, was preparing to knock out a wall to provide larger quarters for the gamblers. Each game was taxed \$50 a month, 50% of which will go to the city in which it is collected, the remainder split between county and State. Slot machines were licensed at \$10 a month. Although the State passed an anti-gambling law in 1910, since 1915 open card games have been permitted.

Happily listening to whir of wheels and click of chips, Mayor Edward Ewing Roberts of Reno, survivor of the Old West, declared: "It's all nonsense trying to regulate people's morals by law. For eight years I've been trying to make Reno a

place where everybody can do what they please—just so they don't interfere with other people's rights. Now we can do lawfully what Nevada has always done under cover.

"No, I don't think it will increase revenues much. This city has been deriving about \$35,000 a year from card games. Of course, it wasn't lawful to gamble for high stakes. We just assessed them so much a table for playing cards. We never asked them what kind of game they were playing. . . . Guess Nevada is about the only free State left. Seems funny, people will let a lot of long-haired reformers take their liberties away from them.

"I expect to get a lot of roasting. But the boys have got to run these games on the square!"

CORRUPTION

Scandals of New York (Cont'd)

Last week's developments from the manifold investigations, pressed and pending, into New York City's police, judiciary and officialdom included the following:

¶ Samuel Seabury, appointed by Governor Roosevelt to hear charges made by the City Club against District Attorney Thomas C. Crain, began with an inquiry into Mr. Crain's handling of an investigation of the Pathe film studio fire in which eleven people lost their lives (TIME, Dec. 23, 1929).

¶ Governor Roosevelt received charges filed against Mayor James John Walker by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise and Rev. John Haynes Holmes of the City Affairs Committee. The Governor threatened, as chief magistrate of the state, to jail newshawks for contempt if they continued to pester him for a premature decision. With but one allusion to the playboy Mayor's "careless standards of public life," the City Affairs Committee complained that New York's chief executive had been remiss in administering the Departments of Standards & Appeals, Licenses, Health, Hospital, Budget, Docks, in all of which have been scandals or near-scandals during his régime. It was also charged that Mayor Walker had "failed to display the slightest interest in a situation which was . . . destroying the confidence of citizens in the integrity of the courts" and had shown indifference regarding "open and sordid corruption in the Police Department." The Governor sent the charges to the Mayor to answer upon his return to New York from Palm Springs, Calif.

Lounging in flowered silk pajamas 3,000 miles away on the estate of Tammany Counsel Samuel Untermyer, Mayor Walker dismissed the accusations as "old stuff." Although he failed to make further comment, his home town press played-up stories about the beneficent effect of California sunshine on his health, accompanied by photographs of him wrapped in sheets, lolling in the sun. Adjacent to one such picture the *World-Telegram* printed a photograph of Mrs. Walker on her vacation—in Florida.

¶ Portly Magistrate Leo Healy, cleared last summer of charges of job-buying and

habitual drunkenness, resigned because of "ill health."

¶ Detective Andrew G. McLaughlin, against whom the mysteriously murdered Benita Franklin Bischoff *alias* Vivian Gordon brought frame-up charges, was dismissed from the Police force. In the vice investigation he had refused to explain how he had banked \$35,800.51 during two years when his salary was \$3,000.

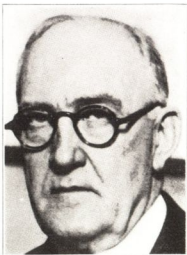
Brother Mal

"Ten years in the penitentiary and a fine of \$5,000."

Such was the sentence pronounced last week at Washington Court House, Ohio, upon aging, broken Mal S. Daugherty, brother of onetime Attorney General Harry Micaiah Daugherty. Judge & jury had found him guilty of stealing funds from his own Ohio State Bank until it collapsed last year with heavy losses to 4,000 depositors. Even \$90,000 which Brother Harry had poured into the bank could not save it from the effects of Brother Mal's juggled accounts and false statements.

Ten years ago Mal Daugherty could have had anything he wanted in Washington. The Ohio Gang was in the saddle. Brother Harry, its leader, ruled the White House from the Department of Justice. The Daugherty family rode high.

In 1924 the Senate lashed the Attorney General out of office while its investigators were following the trail of his gang's graft to the doors of Brother Mal's Ohio bank. Asked for his ledgers to trace the deposits inside, Brother Mal said he had burned them up. Long afterward the Supreme Court of the U. S. in a famed decision said his behavior was wrong and ordered him to tell the Senate all he knew



Acme-P. & A.

MAL S. DAUGHERTY

Brother Harry's \$90,000 did not save him.

about the Ohio Gang's fiscal affairs. But the Senate had ceased to care, never asked any more questions, let Brother Mal continue his own free way which last week led to the penitentiary.

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL Teutons Unite!

Two smart Teutons sprung a surprise last week on the rest of Europe. They were promptly accused of trying to break the Treaty of Versailles, the Treaty of

to abstain from any act which might directly or indirectly or by any means *what-ever* compromise her independence, particularly, and until her admission to membership in the League of Nations,* by participation in the affairs of another power."

free, and vice versa; but exceptions would be made to protect such government monopolies as matches. Finally what the two smart Teutons "really want" is this: Dr. Curtius wants *Zollverein* as a prelude to *Anschluss*, the fond political dream of Germans; and Dr. Schober wants to



International

MONSIGNOR IGNAZ SEIPEL
Pleurisy after diabetes. . . .

St. Germain and that other "sacred bond," the Geneva Convention of 1922. "Ach, not so! No such thing!" protested both protagonists in the surprise: Dr. Julius Curtius, German Foreign Minister, and Dr. Johann Schober, Austrian Foreign Minister.

Absolutely all they had done, the two Teutons said, was to agree upon the terms of an "economic experiment." For a trial period of three years they proposed to sweep away all customs, tariffs or other trade barriers between Germany and Austria. They hoped that no other nation would object. Personally they could not imagine, they declared, how an economic experiment for only three years could be construed by anyone as an attempt to break those great political instruments, the Treaty of Versailles and the Treaty of St. Germain.

French Surprise. What France most dreads is *Anschluss*, a political union of Austria and Germany. Next to that she dreads the formation of an Austro-German *Zollverein* or "customs union," which was precisely what the two Teutons proposed last week. To bar the possibility of *Anschluss* or *Zollverein*, Frenchmen inserted in the Treaty of St. Germain, which beaten Austria signed in 1919, this clause (Part III, Article 88):

"The independence of Austria is inalienable other than with the consent of the said Council of the League of Nations.* Consequently Austria undertakes in the absence of the consent of the said Council



Underwood & Underwood

FOREIGN MINISTER SCHOBER
Surprise after surprise. . . .

As a matter of course the French Government was officially surprised last week, the French press became furiously angry, and the Minister of France at Vienna called upon Dr. Schober to voice general disapproval and demand particulars. Czechoslovakia, an old satellite of France, and Italy, her brand new friend, sent their Ministers at Vienna to do the same. But the British Minister did not call on Dr. Schober.

Reason: Great Britain is at present negotiating bi-lateral customs agreements between herself and six European nations. Thus, in effect, Britain is doing sixfold what Germany and Austria want to do.

German Surprise. In Berlin approval and surprise were general at how thoroughly Dr. Curtius and Dr. Schober have worked out the details of their *Zollverein*. So far as trade is concerned the Austro-German frontier would be wiped from the map.

For example, Italian goods shipped into Austria, across Austria and on into Germany would pay duty once (upon entering the Austro-German customs union) and no more, although crossing two political frontiers. Money collected by customs houses around the perimeter of the *Zollverein* would be pooled, then divided between the Austrian and German treasuries, under a proportional agreement. Since German customs receipts are already pledged under the Young Plan, the question of proportion is a nice one.

German goods would enter Austria duty

*Austria was admitted in 1920.



Photograms

FOREIGN MINISTER CURTIUS
Anschluss after Zollverein?

break an opening in the "Chinese Wall" of tariffs which surrounds Austria today, strangling her industries and national life.

Austrian Surprise. The announcement by Dr. Curtius in Berlin and by Dr. Schober in Vienna of their agreement last week probably surprised more than anyone else Austria's boss-politician—beak-nosed Monsignor Ignaz Seipel, onetime Austrian Chancellor and leader of the Christian-Socialist (Catholic) party.

Monsignor Seipel opposes *Anschluss* because Germany is so thoroughly Protestant that in a United Austro-German state the Catholic Party would not hold that balance of power which it now holds in Austria. There is bad blood between Dr. Schober and Monsignor Seipel. It was not by accident that the Foreign Minister waited to spring his surprise until the Monsignor, ailing with pleurisy and diabetes, had gone to Switzerland.

In anger and in haste Boss Seipel rushed back to Vienna. Certainly if he recovers his health, if he exerts all his might to prevent the *Zollverein* he can do so—for a time. But the diplomacy of the two smart Teutons is for the long pull. By blowing up a trial balloon last week so tremendous that it overshadowed Europe, they turned the dream of Austro-German union into something concrete, something Austro-German public opinion can be educated to demand forcibly.

Also the two smart Teutons must have noted with pleasure that, angry though the French press grew, it did not advocate last week armed intervention to keep Germany and Austria apart.

*The Council acts only by unanimous agreement and France is a member of the Council.

Foreign News—(Continued)

Bread & Powder

¶ When all the bakers of Athens struck last week, Greek soldiers were ordered to knead and bake; Athens continued to eat fresh bread. Soon foxy old Prime Minister Eleutherios Venizelos had an even better idea. He announced that he would call the striking bakers to the colors, enroll them for compulsory military service, order them as soldiers to return to their bakeries.

¶ In Paris, savants of the French Medical Academy ruled upon an appeal by French bakers that they be allowed to use baking powder in bread. To support their appeal, the French alleged that baking powder is used by U. S. bread-bakers (most U. S. bakers use yeast) and that the health of U. S. bread-eaters has never been impaired in consequence. The use of baking powder, they declared, is an "efficient method," a "labor-saving device" and a "time-saving expedient" because it makes possible the elimination of manual kneading.

France eats four times more bread per capita than any other nation. French bread-making has long been regulated by strict laws. French gourmets have always stood for hand-kneaded bread raised without baking powder. Therefore last week the French Medical Academy faced a grave responsibility, their decision was awaited with a popular interest.

"It is impossible," ruled the French Medical Academy at last, "to make sufficiently extensive experiments to determine whether such chemicals as are contained in baking powder are harmful." In view of this impossibility, the Academy felt bound to refuse to take any experimental action whatsoever, last week, about baking powder.

THE LEAGUE

Tardy Nations

A disgrace to European statecraft was the final adjournment in Geneva last week of the three-year-old League of Nations conference to promote a general European tariff truce (TIME, Sept. 30, 1929).

Of the 23 States represented only 13 ever ratified the terms of the truce they drew up and signed, a truce which would have greatly stimulated inter-European exports—to the disadvantage of U. S. exports to Europe.

After three years of most ignoble bickering the truce, originally proposed by Britain and advocated by France, had to be dropped because France has not ratified it and Britain has found that her Dominions disapprove.

Aprons, last week Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary General of the League, asked the Hoover Administration whether the U. S. intends or does not intend ever to ratify:

1) The Convention for Supervision of Traffic in Arms; 2) the Protocol Forbidding Gas and Bacteriological Warfare, both signed by the U. S. June 17, 1925; 3) the Convention for Suppression of Counterfeiting Currency, signed by the U. S. April 20, 1929.

GREAT BRITAIN

Lords

Bernard Marmaduke FitzAlan-Howard, Premier Duke & Earl of England,* 16th Duke of Norfolk, 27th Earl of Arundel, presided last week at the exciting ceremony of removing from Arundel Castle's hoary vault the skeleton of his potent ancestor, the 13th Earl of Arundel, dead 336 years.

The heart of the young Duke & Earl (he is only 22) undoubtedly beat fast. If the skeleton of the Earl were found to be missing or could not be identified, Pope Pius XI would refuse beatification. But if the skeleton proved to be all right, and if suitable documents were found in the coffin, all would be well. No Howard years for further earthly honors; but the young Duke & Earl, educated by priests and brought up by a supremely devout mother, years devoutly for the holy joy of having an ancestor beatified.

Out of the gloomy vault was pried the ancient coffin. A copper plate, incorruptible, identified the moldering sarcophagus. The skeleton was complete. Yellowed parchments supplied the final proof. They were forwarded, by the Right Reverend Peter E. Amigo, Bishop of Southwark, who was present at the disinterment, to Vatican City.

The 13th Earl of Arundel, a Roman Catholic convert, was condemned to decapitation by Protestant Queen Elizabeth on charges of treason but died in the Tower of London before his execution day.

Henry ("Harry") Snell M. P., a Laborite recently created a Baron, chose last week the jolly title "Lord Snell of Plumstead" was appointed Under-Secretary of State for India.

George Nathaniel Curzon, the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, father of obstreperous Lady Cynthia Mosley, was recalled last week by the unveiling of a monument to him in London on the sixth anniversary of his death.

The unveiling: Stanley Baldwin who became Prime Minister in 1923, thereby almost breaking the heart of Lord Curzon who thought he should have had that plum, having worked for it all his life. Said honest Mr. Baldwin last week as he unveiled:

"Lord Curzon's experience and qualifications at that time were infinitely greater than mine. I can never forget the generosity with which he treated me, his willing consent to serve under me; and never by word, by expression or by look did he show he would have had it otherwise."

Generations before the smart U. S. wordswalker Ogden Nash wrote his best-selling *Hard Lines*, an Oxford undergraduate penned the following allusion to himself:

*My name is George Nathaniel Curzon
And I am a most superior person.*

*As Burke's Peerage puts it, "The Ducal and Illustrious Howards stand, next to the Blood Royal, at the head of the Peerage of England"—and are, of course, of prodigiously older English lineage.

Reds & Riding Hood

After it had been in rehearsal two days, British Broadcasting Corp.'s censor banned last week a radio drama called *The Krassin Saves the Italia*.

As rehearsed, the radio play presented, among other scenes, one in which Soviet officials debated whether they would be justified in sending the Red ice-breaker *Krassin* at great expense to rescue General Umberto Nobile and other survivors of the Italian polar dirigible flight (1928).

This errand of succor was of course actually undertaken. Italians were actually rescued by the Reds (TIME, July 23, 1928, *et ante*). But to present such facts over the radio, the British censor ruled, would be pro-Red propaganda, especially as the broadcast was to close with the Italian national air and the Communist "Red Flag."

On the same day that Red facts were banned from British broadcasting, a film called *Little Red Riding Hood* was condemned by the British Board of Motion Picture Censors. *Official reason*: "The story of Little Red Riding Hood has a terrifying effect upon neurotic children."

Battle Royal

George is the name of the King. St. George is the patron saint. And St. George's, Westminster, is the Parliamentary constituency in which Buckingham Palace stands. Last week two rival Conservative candidates, a regular and an irregular, contested St. George's in a by-election of the first importance. The real issue, dwarfing both candidates, was the fitness of former Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin to remain leader of the Conservative Party. St. George's is so utterly Conservative that there was no Liberal, no Laborite candidate.

Enter the Press. Battling to oust Leader Baldwin are the two mightiest newsmen in the empire. For sheer bawling bluntness, for staggering reversals of editorial policy overnight at the publishers' whim, for colossal nerve in pouring millions of pounds into the boldest circulation-grabbing schemes and for boundless ambition to rule the British Empire from the press rooms of Fleet Street, the newspaper chains of Baron Beaverbrook and Viscount Rothermere are unique.

All this power was suddenly switched like a high-voltage current into St. George's some weeks ago, the object being to elect one Sir Ernest Willoughby Petter. This inoffensive knight, the irregular Conservative candidate, was not originally the presslords' mannikin. He entered the lists at St. George's supported by a dignified group of manufacturers who wanted to air the issue of high protective tariffs, low protective tariff or "safeguarding." Sir Ernest Petter was to advocate high tariffs, and the regular Conservative candidate, Captain Alfred Duff Cooper, husband of beauteous Lady Diana Manners, would of course support "safeguarding" the official party policy. In this way some very instructive debate would be had, and in time regular Conservatives might think better of high tariffs, which would please the manufacturers.

Foreign News—(Continued)

Petter's Bombshell. With a single blow of his hard Canadian fist, Baron Beaverbrook shattered the idyllic calm of poor Sir Ernest Willoughby Petter. Sir Ernest was told that he could either get up on his feet and fight the presslords' battle against Stanley Baldwin or they would smash his candidacy by putting up a third Conservative candidate. What could he do but accept the aid of two such very rich men?

In some 6,000,000 morning and evening papers white-haired, drab-mustached Sir Ernest Willoughby Petter's picture promptly appeared. Said the *Rothermere Daily Mail*: "Sir Ernest Petter, one of the country's foremost business men, threw a bombshell into official Conservative circles last night. . . .

"His object is to make the Conservative Party leadership the issue of the by-election on account of Mr. Baldwin's—

"*Lack of power and ability to lead the country out of its present difficulties.*

"*Capitulation to the Socialist Party with regard to India.*"

High powered slogans were coined by the presslords and plastered up, one so lyrically absurd that it soon sifted into London music-hall patter. Slogan:

*Gandhi Has His Eye
Upon St. George's!*

As the campaign waxed hot, Sir Ernest Willoughby Petter was shoved about in his own hustings as though he scarcely existed. One day he made a "manufacturer's speech," urged wage cuts throughout the Empire. Then he had to sit down and listen meekly while Baron Beaverbrook roared from the same platform a plea for Petter and "wages as high as any in America!"

Dislikes Women? Stanley Baldwin might have left the Baron and the Viscount to stew in the latter's fiery juice. He need only have stood upon the precedent that the leader of a British party never campaigns in a by-election.

But the Conservative leader was mad clean through at the presslords, and St. George's is a peculiar constituency. The King does not vote, the Queen does not vote, but their 80 domestic vote. The svelte ladies, the smart gentlemen of Belgravia and Mayfair may or may not vote in St. George's; but their butlers, cooks, ladies' maids, valets, parlor maids, footmen, kitchen wenches and chauffeurs have, in any case, the deciding vote.

As a gentleman, Mr. Baldwin was afraid that the servant class would follow the pied piping of the presslords. Last week he scrapped precedent, jumped down into the dirty cockpit where his candidate, Lady Diana Manners' husband, had already struck such verbal blows as his famed: "Lord Rothermere hasn't got the guts of a louse!" (*TIME*, March 23).

Squire Baldwin was soon calling the presslords "liars" and "cads" who fight with "half truths . . . misrepresentation . . . and direct falsehoods!" In his rage Mr. Baldwin even found occasion to use the name of Mrs. Baldwin. He said that her recent appeal for funds to aid women in the maternity wards of public hospitals had been printed by every paper in the

realm except those of the presslords. "Lord Rothermere," sneered Mr. Baldwin and raised the squealing titters of servant girls, "Lord Rothermere must be a man who dislikes women!"

Nine of London's most highly respected journalists, including John Collings Squire, Henry Wickham Stead, A. G. Gardiner, J. Alfred Spender and Viscountess Rhonda who edits London's *Time & Tide*, signed last week a manifesto supporting Mr. Baldwin without distinction or party to the extent that they flayed his opponents as "irresponsible amateur politicians" trying to "mislead their readers by weapons of



Wide World

CAPT. ALFRED DUFF COOPER

Mr. Baldwin got him the scullery vote.

distortion and suppression" constituting "a menace to our treasured political institutions, the gravity of which it is impossible to overstate."

Returns. Servants do not always love a lord. But servants nearly always recognize a gentleman, even if he be only a well-meaning, honest, middle-headed gentleman like Mr. Baldwin.

Sir Ernest Petter lost St. George's for the presslords last week by receiving only 11,532 votes to Captain Alfred Duff Cooper's 17,242.

Confirmed by St. George's in his leadership, Stanley Baldwin stands to be further strengthened, perhaps this week, by the rumored decision of Sir John Simon to quit the Liberal Party and join the Conservative. Next to David Lloyd George, Sir John is the leading Liberal. Should he desert, Mr. Lloyd George was expected last week to throw in his lot with James Ramsay MacDonald, enter a formal "Lib-Lab Coalition Cabinet." Mr. MacDonald, for obvious reasons, was understood to want Mr. Lloyd George to take the ministry concerned with unemployment. But the Welshman continues to fancy his old job as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and last week Chancellor Snowden was still suffering in bed with cystitis.

*No kin.

INDIA

"Soul Force"

Several hundred U. S. tourists from the world-cruising *S. S. Belgenland* hurrahed St. Gandhi in New Delhi last week, snapped their cameras at him, clamored for his autograph.

Perhaps most demonstrative was a Mrs. Hattie Belle Johnston of New York. Rushing up to the Mahatma she cried:

"When are you coming to America? They will go wild about you there, simply wild!"

Mr. Gandhi: After India has her independence.

Mrs. H. B. J.: How long will that take?

Mr. G.: Oh, perhaps not so long as it took America to get her freedom.

With the tourists jostling each other for his autograph, St. Gandhi refused them all with a toothy grin and a joke.

"You might as well ask me for a lock of my hair," he said. The tourists, their attention thus directed to the scrawny little man's bald head, laughed & laughed.

No Saint. If a man goes about saying "I am a saint," people think him crazy. A saint is expected to go about saying "I am not a saint," the precedent having been set long ago. Last week in the small town of Sirsoda (in Bombay Presidency near the sea), Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi followed precedent.

"I am neither Saint nor Mahatma" [i. e. "Great Soul"], he told the clamoring worshipping populace gravely. "You must not think me supernatural. I am only a *satyagrahi* [one who practices truth force, love force, soul force]. I am but a humble servant. I am only common clay."

Catching sight of a policeman in the crowd—the same policeman who arrested him for making salt at Dandi year ago (*TIME*, April 14)—Satyagrahi Gandhi called out: "You know I am on my way to make salt again—and will you arrest me once again?"

"That all depends," said the policeman stoutly, looking Common Clay in the eye, "on what you say and what you do."

If little Mr. Gandhi had intended to push on at once to the sea and make salt he postponed this act. He left Sirsoda later in the day for Bombay where a great reception waited.

Gandhi & Reds. Communist leaders in Bombay took the line last week that "Gandhi betrayed the proletariat by his pact with Irwin!" It is true that Mr. Gandhi arranged the release of his own non-violent demonstrators first; but he continued last week to plead with the British for release of even violent, proletarian agitators. This, to the Communists, was no excuse. They greeted the little brown man in Bombay with roars of "Down with Gandhi! Down with his Nationalist Party! Down with British Imperialism!"

Squatting upon the speakers' platform Mr. Gandhi ignored the Communists utterly, moved not a muscle when Communists tore his Congress flag from the platform and put up their own. He waited

Foreign News—(Continued)

tranquil and serene while Nationalists threw the Communists and their red flag out, restored the red, green & white Nationalist flag.

Then, and only then, the apostle of "soul force" spoke. Gently but firmly he exhorted his audience to keep the truce he had made with Lord Irwin. *Discretion*: mouse-like Mrs. Gandhi brought as her guests to the speakers' platform some tourists from the S. S. *Belgeland* including Mrs. Hattie Belle Johnston (see above).

"What kind of clothes do you American women wear?" asked Mrs. Gandhi examining the stuff of Mrs. Johnston's dress. "Is it silk or satin? Is it hand-made or factory-made?"

Mrs. H. B. J.: It is factory-made.

Mrs. G.: Ah, you American women must wear homespun garments and emancipate yourselves from slavery to styles as well as dependence upon factories, just as the women of India are doing!

Irwin & Princes. In splendorous New Delhi met last week the Chamber of Princes. Nearly all of the Rajas and Maharajas maintain sumptuous residences in New Delhi which they inhabit only when the Chamber meets. Nearly all ride Rolls-Royces (the Maharaja of Patiala has 36 Rolls-Royces). Last week from the flagstalls of these pampered potentates fluttered the crimson & gold of Bikaner, the blue, white & yellow of Bahawalpur, the scarlet of Patiala.

It was India's princes who surprised the Indian Round Table Conference in London by their offer to federate their states with the rest of India (TIME, Dec. 1). For this they were thanked last week by Viceroy Baron Irwin. Then up rose the sturdy, fighting Maharaja of Bikaner. He thanked Lord Irwin for arranging the truce with Mr. Gandhi. He concluded amid a burst of cheers: "If, alas, we cannot have Lord Irwin with us forever, we hope an Irwin-hearted Viceroy will follow after him."

As the princes well knew, Lord Irwin's term as Viceroy is just expiring. He will soon be replaced by the onetime Governor General of Canada, Lord Willingdon (TIME, Dec. 29). As his parting shot last week Lord Irwin proceeded to tell the Chamber of Princes bluntly that its members must pamper themselves less or expect trouble from the awakening subjects in their realms. He advised fewer Rolls-Royces (not of course mentioning that equipage by name), and more voluntary contributions by Rajas and Maharajas to projects of public welfare.

"The princes now stand at the parting of the ways," concluded Baron Irwin. "I believe that the road [to an All India Federation] which the deliberations in London pointed out is the [right] road."

Gandhi & Irwin. In New Delhi last week Mr. Gandhi conferred with Lord Irwin and police officials, telling them that the jails were not being emptied fast enough (over 15,000 Gandhites had been set free before the end of the week).

"Things are not going well," said Mr. Gandhi, referring to three developments:

1) During the night New Delhi had been placarded with anonymous threats to

bomb the Gandhite Nationalist Congress when it meets in Karachi, unless violent as well as non-violent agitators are first released from jail.

2) Twelve Moslems were killed by Hindus in the Mochi district last week "for insulting a Hindu sacred cow," and Hindu-Moslem feeling began to run so high that St. Gandhi threatened to go on "hunger strike" until both communities calmed down.

3) At Karachi Dr. Choithram Gidwani, faithful Gandhite lieutenant who was organizing a huge encampment for the forthcoming Nationalist Congress, was



MRS. GANDHI

(To U. S. women): "Emancipate yourselves from slavery."

faced by some 400 dissatisfied "congress volunteers."

Entering their chief's office these congress henchmen objected that proper provision had not been made for them to see the show. When Dr. Gidwani protested that this was impossible, they seized his hands, feet, arms, legs, head and body, held him motionless for five hours to show their displeasure.

FRANCE

Apologia

For the last seven years of his life Marshal Ferdinand Foch with his pince-nez perched on his nose, sat in his little office in the top of the *Hôtel des Invalides* covering long sheets of foolscap with his precise schoolmaster's handwriting. He was writing his memoirs. Historians and editors who hoped that these piles of paper might help solve the problem of War Guilt, define the exact value of U. S. troops in the victory, state the real contribution of the Commander-in-Chief, chafed at the thought that by the cautious Marshal's wish the book was not to be published until ten years after his death. That wish was not fulfilled. Following the death of Clemenceau and Joffre, pressure was exerted on the Foch family. U. S.

readers were able to dive into the Marshal's memoirs last week.*

Those who expected to find in Foch's 530 pages an easy answer to their questions had a very imperfect knowledge of the character of the Allied Commander. Marshal Foch's book, which in the French edition bears the more precise title of *Memoirs to Assist the History of the War*, was to be his *Apologia*. And Marshal Foch, as a devout Catholic and a Latinist, knew that an *apologia* is not an apology but a defense. Therefore he penned a precise, colorless, painfully accurate account of what he had done from the outbreak of the War until the Allied armies of occupation seized the Rhine bridge-heads on Dec. 17, 1918.

Ferdinand Foch was a very modest man with a very level head. He realized perfectly well that it was important for the world to know what the Allied Commander-in-Chief had done in the War. He persisted in believing that the private opinions and experiences of Ferdinand Foch were of no interest to anyone. The result is a document to which might be applied the late great Gladstone's description of J. W. Cross's *Life of George Eliot*: "It is not a Life at all, it is a Reticence—in three volumes." Even so, many a significant fact could be ferreted out.

One August afternoon in 1870, in St. Clement's College at Metz, a serious dark-eyed boy was taking examinations for the Ecole Polytechnique, government military school at Paris. The professor of French composition, trembling with emotion, scrawled on the blackboard: "Develop this thought of Kleber's:† 'It is essential that the young train their faculties.'" Through the open window Student Ferdinand Foch heard the distant booming of Prussian cannon. He never forgot that afternoon.

Later a victorious Pomeranian regiment was quartered in the college with Ferdinand Foch and his schoolmates. The Pomeranians were great-bearded men. They smoked china pipes, smelled of beer and onions, scowled ferociously. Ferdinand Foch never forgot that either. It helped develop his faculties.

Marshal Foch re-entered Alsace in November, 1918. He wrote in his memoirs: "On November 17 the Allied armies crossed the lines they held at the moment hostilities ceased. . . . On the 25th I entered Metz and on the 26th Strasbourg." He did not think it important to add one other fact. When he rode in triumph into Metz and Strasbourg, Marshal Foch carried in his hand the ancient curved sabre of General Kleber.

The problems of "War Guilt" that beset other historians did not exist for Marshal Foch. So far as he was concerned Prussia started the War in a spirit of commercial greed. The entire subject is dismissed in three pages. At the same time he blandly admits that from 1885 to 1915 he was preparing for the coming struggle, visiting

**The Memoirs of Marshal Foch*. Translated by Col. T. Bentley Mott; Doubleday Doris (\$3).

†Jean Baptiste Kleber, brilliant Napoleonic General and idol of Alsace, was born in Strasbourg in 1753; was assassinated in Egypt in 1800.

Foreign News—(Continued)

France's allies, preparing plans of attack and defense. His leave in Brittany was suddenly cut short one week before Germany delivered her ultimatum to Belgium. In the same way the political problems of the War itself did not concern him. Politicians he despised and distrusted. His entire occupation was the game (played in map-littered, steam-heated staff rooms) of turning living men in uniform into dead ones.

Everyone knows that before the outbreak of hostilities Foch was a valued instructor, later commandant of the French War College. Most U. S. citizens have forgotten what he did between 1914 and 1918 when he became Commander-in-Chief. At the beginning of the War he had command of the 26th Army Corps between Toul and Nancy. His adjutant was a little slant-eyed terrier of a man, Lieut.-Col. Max Weygand. Faithful Weygand never left him, carries on today as Vice-President of the Higher War Council, highest peacetime post.

During the retreat before the Marne, Foch was given command of the 9th Army. Through the battle of the Marne (for which Foch gives full credit to Papa Joffre) he held this command, shared with the 4th Army the brunt of the German attack. After the Marne, Foch became assistant to Joffre, held this position until he went into temporary political banishment with the appointment of Nivelle as French Commander-in-Chief. In 1917 Foch became Chief of the French General Staff, made a flying visit to Italy to rally the Italian armies fleeing from Caporetto. In January 1918 he was urged as supreme Allied commander. British military opposition kept him from the commission. In March the British 5th Army under General Gough ran before the last desperate German offensive.

The Foch memoirs have little space to devote to the U. S. Army. He insisted that he always favored U. S. troops fighting as a unit under their own commander, made no reference to the bickerings with General Pershing which the latter has been reporting daily in the U. S. press. The Battle of St. Mihiel (a U. S. show) he considered "a splendid success." But he was critical of the Argonne advance of Oct. 4-10:

"However considerable the results obtained by the Franco-American offensive, they seemed, nevertheless, inferior to what it was permissible to expect against an adversary assailed everywhere and resisting at certain points with only worn out, heterogeneous and hastily assembled troops. . . ."

Stories of the brutality with which he has been accused of receiving German delegates to the Armistice, Marshal Foch did not trouble to deny or defend. Meticulously he described the details of that fateful meeting on a railway siding in the forest of Compiègne—in the third person. The last ten years of the Marshal's life, he dismissed in one sentence, the last in the book:

"On June 28, 1919, Peace was concluded and signed in the Hall of Mirrors in the Palace of Versailles."

THE NETHERLANDS

Kicked & Beaten

To the former Kaiser, King and All Highest, came tidings last week that his fourth son, August Wilhelm, had been kicked and beaten by police at Königsberg ("King's Mountain") while participating in a Fascist demonstration. Recently August Wilhelm swore a public oath of loyalty to Adolf Hitler. It has been denied by all concerned that Wilhelm II is financing the German Fascists.

RUSSIA

Slavs Without Limit

"What is it about Russian music that creates such a tension in you?" asked famed Polish-English Conductor Leopold Stokowski in Manhattan last week, after stating that he will soon be off on his first visit to the Soviet Union. Answering his own question, the Conductor continued:

"Slavic art, unlike others, covers the whole range of emotions and imagination. The artistic nature of the Slav is without taboos, without limits. The Slav allows his feeling to project itself in any direction. There is no such thing as 'bad form' in Russian art. It expresses to the utmost limit fear, filth, divine vision, radiance, all possible feelings and emotions. . . ."

"We of the West fear to say certain things. We do not permit ourselves certain emotions, or at least we do not permit ourselves to admit having them. Not so the Slavic nature. The Slav feels that everything in his inner life is possible of expression, and that its expression is justified by his sincerity. It is that illimitable range that makes his art so rich, and that moves us so profoundly."

In Soviet statecraft this same ability of the Slav to act "without limit" has resulted in such daring extremes of policy as the attempt to wipe out the whole kulak or "rich peasant" class, complete the Five Year Plan in four years, and suppress all political parties except one, the Communist Party.

GERMANY

Müller of Versailles

Death came kindly last week to Dr. Hermann Müller, the Socialist Deputy who "threw away his career" by signing the Treaty of Versailles for Germany, then fooled everyone by twice becoming Chancellor of the German Republic (1920; 1928).

Never a great but always a most useful statesman, Dr. Müller once described as follows the supreme moments of his life:

"In Weimar I learned from French newspapers that it was intended to have the Treaty of Versailles signed with a special pen supplied by the leagues of Alsace and Lorraine. I decided to avoid this deliberately prepared humiliation by signing with my own fountain pen. . . ."

"[At Versailles] I allowed Clemenceau's speech to pass untranslated. Dr. Bell

and I stood up and walked down the room.* The moment was silent and ceremonious and we could feel the gaze of a thousand eyes.

"When we reached the table I drew out my fountain pen and signed against my seal, which had been set at the very end of the page.

"Dr. Bell did not possess a fountain pen, so in order to be on the safe side he had obtained a cheap pen holder and pen from the hotel, wrapped it up in a bit of newspaper and stuck it into his waistcoat pocket. He produced it and used it to affix his signature.

"The press the world over scrupulously noted with many appreciative comments that I used a fountain pen to sign the treaty. One Paris newspaper published a rather poor caricature with the malicious but witty inscription, 'The Huns' Last Trick—Hermann Müller Signs in Invisible Ink.'

"That inspiration came too late.

"When I returned to my hotel my nerves gave way, although for the last hour and a half I had had myself under complete control. The very second I laid down my hat and coat, a cold sweat such as I had never known in my life before broke out all over my body—the physical reaction which naturally followed the unutterable psychic strain. And then for the first time I knew that the worst hour of my life lay behind me."

Last week Dr. Müller's last hours elbowed away in complete coma. He died after a gall-bladder operation at Berlin, aged 54. So far have German Cabinets fallen since the War that Dr. Müller's short total period of two years as Chancellor stands as the second longest record.†

ARGENTINA

Miss England II & Edward of Wales

Brave though everyone knows the Prince of Wales to be, the Argentine public has been watchful and excited these past few weeks about reports that before H. R. H. left Argentina he would go for a reckless, roaring spin in *Miss England II*.

In this ill-fated speedboat the late Sir Henry Segrave raced to Death (TIME, June 23) when *Miss England II* hit a floating log and sank. Fished out of Lake Windermere she was repaired, shipped to Buenos Aires to race as a feature of the British Empire Trade Exposition. In order that *Miss England II* should not hit another log and go down with the Prince of Wales aboard, the Argentine Navy offered to sweep the three-mile course on the Parana River free of all driftwood.

Up to the very day on which Their Royal Highnesses left Argentina by air for Uruguay last week, Edward of Wales was expected to go out in *Miss England II*. To the intense relief of the sporting but anxious British public he did not do so.

*The other German signatory, Centrist Deputy Dr. Johannes Bell.

†Centrist Leader Dr. Wilhelm Marx has been Chancellor four times for a total of three years.

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MUSIC

Thill, Tell, Tour

Tenors held the stage at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera last week. Georges Thill of the Paris Opera made his debut singing *Roméo* opposite the Juliette of Soprano Grace Moore. His manner was gracious, his legs shapely in tights. The audience attributed his tonal inaccuracies to nervousness, applauded him vigorously. Next afternoon the shabby scenery of *William Tell* came out of seven-year hiding to give Tenor Giacomo Lauri-Volpi a chance to storm the gallery with his high C's.

In two more weeks the Metropolitan will set forth on its annual spring tour. The itinerary:

Baltimore—*Mignon*, April 13; *Tosca*, April 15; *Lucia di Lammermoor*, April 17; *La Traviata*, April 18.

Washington—*Tosca*, April 14; *Mignon*, April 15, matinée; *Peter Ibbetson*, April 16.

White Plains—*La Traviata*, April 20; *Lucia*, April 25.

Cleveland—*La Traviata*, April 27; *Tosca*, April 28; *Mignon*, April 29; *Carmen*, April 30; *Rigoletto*, May 1, matinée; *Norma*, May 1, evening; *Peter Ibbetson*, May 2, matinée; *Lucia*, May 2, evening.

Rochester—*La Traviata*, May 4.

Touring this spring will be both French newcomers: Soprano Lily Pons and Tenor Thill. Soprano Maria Jeriza, for nine years a member of the company, will go on tour for the first time.

Wozzeck in Philadelphia

Murder was done last week in Philadelphia. Two notes by the Philadelphia Orchestra told the tragedy with all the force of a grim newspaper headline. The soldier Wozzeck had killed his mistress for philandering with a drum-major, left her lying on the edge of a pond with blood making a strange red necklace around her throat.

Wozzeck was a poor, pasty-faced fellow as he appeared in the Philadelphia Grand Opera's premiere performance of Austrian Alban Berg's opera. He was browbeaten by his dull-witted captain, heckled by a crack-brained doctor who gave him a few pennings now & then for the privilege of experimenting on him. One day when he took his money home to his mistress he found her preening herself before a mirror. She was wearing earrings which she said she had found. Strange, thought Wozzeck. He had never found anything like that, two at a time. . . .

Until this hint of the crime, attention at last week's premiere wandered somewhat. The audience was conscious of its own importance,* conscious that a special train had brought a talkative, critical crowd from Manhattan; that Mrs. Mary Louise Curtis Bok who financed the pro-

duction was entertaining Banker Otto Hermann Kahn, financial director of Manhattan's Metropolitan; that the hands casting grotesque shadows on the vaulted ceiling belonged to Philadelphia's imperious Conductor Leopold Stokowski who was making his operatic debut. True to his penchant for innovations, Stokowski had a cradle telephone installed on his dais. He telephoned importantly backstage each time he was ready for the curtain to go up.

Composer Berg's music was perplexing at first. It had all the dissonances to be expected of a pupil of modernistic Arnold Schönberg. There were no conventional harmonies, no set songs. Baritone Ivan Ivantsoff (*Wozzeck*) sometimes spoke, sometimes sang his lines. Soprano Anne Roselle (*Marie*, *Wozzeck's* mistress) had music so hideously difficult that it defied full, smooth tones. Robert Edmond Jones's simple, color-splashed sets had more general appeal: a ghoulis eye set in a screen for the doctor's examining office;



WOZZECK & MARIE

Philadelphia scooped New York.

the elongated shadow of a stack of guns for the soldier's barracks; a festoon of colored lights for a beer garden; a street in the town all angles and planes.

The two unisonal crescendos which announced the murder announced also that Composer Berg had music worthy of the superb production. Wozzeck with his hands all blood staggering into a tavern where people were dancing to a tone-sick piano, Wozzeck going back for the knife, then wading into the water to wash himself, deeper, deeper until he drowned—for these scenes and for an earlier one, in which the conscience-ridden Marie reads passages on adultery from the New Testament, Composer Berg has written music which critics unanimously pronounce the most powerful in any opera for years. Like his leading character it is neither lofty nor noble but it effectively describes Wozzeck, like the Wozzeck in Georg Büchner's play (*TIME*, March 16), as any downtrodden wretch tortured beyond endurance. A perfect ending is the epilog in which Marie's little son hears the news from children in the street, goes on unconcernedly riding his hobby-horse.

MISCELLANY

"TIME brings all things."

Memory

In Birkenhead, Herbert T. Coker, back in England from the U. S. for the first time in 43 years, was summoned to court. In 1888 he had been ordered to pay \$1 a week to a Mrs. Elizabeth Dempsey for support of her child. He had never paid it, was \$260 in arrears (the child had died aged five). Said Herbert T. Coker: "This is quite a surprise to me." Boomed Magistrate T. Rees: "The law has a very good memory, sir!"

Balloon

In Omaha, Neb. last November, Mrs. Robert Tunberg got a balloon with her name and address on it as a favor at a dinner-party. She released it. Last week she said she had received a letter from Henry A. Prentice, miner, of Fairbanks, Alaska, who said:

"We went out of fresh meat and I tracked a bear up the canyon and dropped him on a high ledge. On the way up I found the balloon."

"You don't happen to be single and unattached, white and 21, willing to cook the grub for a couple of lonesome old batches away up here in no man's country?"

Glover

In Atlanta, Ga., Mrs. Etta L. Glover, 30, divorced wife of Dr. W. B. Glover,* 80, was awarded \$50-a-month alimony. He had forced her to sleep nightly with his favorite dog.

Triplets

In Breathitt County, Ky., triplets were born to Mr. & Mrs. Levi D. Eaton. Names: Amos, Andy, Mme Queen.

Twins

In Chicago, Stephen and Thomas Hall, 21-year-old twins, incurably crippled with Friedrich's paralysis for twelve years, sat in their two wheel-chairs, drank two glasses of poison. They had planned suicide for six months. They were rushed to a hospital, the poison pumped from their stomachs. They were expected to live. But Friedrich's paralysis is incurable.

Maid, Cats, Mice, Bees, Clover

In Rochester, Minn., Dr. George Marsh Higgins, Mayo Foundation biologist, revealed a relation between the amount of red clover and the number of spinsters in a given district: "Old maids keep cats. Cats prey on mice. Mice eat bumble bees' nests. Bumble bees pollinate red clover blossoms. The more pollination the better the crop."

*Not to be confused with Dr. H. Clay Glover, inventor of famed Glover's Mange Cure (now known as Glover's Faropointic Mange Medicine & Antipruritic Hair Application).

†An inherited disease of the brain and spinal cord; cause unknown. The victim's hands, feet and eyes wobble when he tries to use them. Until late stages of the disease, his intelligence is good.

*Present were Conductors Ossip Gabrilowitch, Nikolai Sokoloff, Walter Damrosch, Artur Bodansky, Ernest Schelling, Composers Deems Taylor, George Gershwin, Arthur Shepherd, Aaron Copland, Violinist Efrem Zimbalist, Soprano Lucrezia Bori, General Manager Giulio Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera, French Ambassador Paul Claudel (theist) of Darius Milhaud's *Christopher Columbus*.

EDUCATION

Character

Almost every college has its campus character—a decrepit newsboy, perhaps, or a blowzy charlatan, an eccentric professor. Cornell University's character is Romeyn (pronounced *Roe-mine*) Berry, graduate manager of athletics. Usually taken for granted, he made news at Ithaca last week by losing his most famed possession, a brown tweed hat worth some \$100, a brown feather in the hand. He put a notice in the *Cornell Daily Sun*: "I value the hat highly and will pay for its return a reward of \$10—just twice the cost of the thing. . . . No questions asked. . . . If the finder is in any doubt, he will find my full name printed three times in the lining."

The *Daily Sun* editorialized in the next day's issue: "Rym Berry. . . deserves, and should get without further ado, a resounding cheer from the undergraduates, a pat on the back from the faculty, and at least a Gideon bible from the graduate students. . . . What would the campus be without the spectacle of Mr. Berry making a weekly pilgrimage to his laundress? . . . What would the *Sun's* advertising columns be without Mr. Berry's frequent full-page contributions? . . . Mr. Berry belongs to Cornell. Mr. Berry's hat is just as much a part of its owner as his glasses with the heavy black band, or his full dress suit, or his tweed knickers. . . ."

Rym Berry is as vast and impressive as a Wagnerian tenor, especially when, of a

at a track meet) he achieves a novel effect by adding to the ensemble a tail-coat & white tie, twirling in his hand a big gold-knobbed baton. Appearances of this sort, however (say Cornellians) reveal only one-third of his personality. In his office he is irascible, sometimes making helpless undergraduates wonder why they have put up with him so long. And perhaps he sometimes wonders why he gave up a profitable law practice some 15 years ago to become the fixture he is at Cornell. When he meets with Book & Bowl, Cornell's carousing literary society, he reads verses, funny monologues. Once a year the literary society meets as his guest, drinks a barrel of Scranton's best beer, eats Rym Berry's famed imported Bavarian pretzels.

Mr. Berry got back his hat, from a friend of the person who took it. He did not have to pay the \$10 reward. He had written in the *Ithaca Journal-News*: "I love my hat as a little girl loves her cat. Please return my hat." He explained how he had acquired it: At Oxford last summer he saw an old man with a long white beard wearing just such a hat. He wanted one like it, hunted a long time, bought one at last in Edinburgh for 16 shillings (\$4).

Endowments for Women

Many rich men's daughters attend the leading women's colleges. But not many rich fathers give money to their daughters' *almae matres*, nor do philanthropists at large seem to have the women's colleges in mind so often as the men's colleges when there is largesse to be passed around.

In recognition of these facts, 80 literary persons, most of them women, lunched in Manhattan last week with alumnae of Wellesley, Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Radcliffe, Barnard, Smith and Mt. Holyoke Colleges. All present were urged to help create public interest in higher education for U. S. girls. President Ellen Fitz Pendleton of Wellesley College complained that the seven colleges represented at the luncheon gave education equivalent to that offered by seven highest ranking male institutions, but received only one-tenth the males' endowment. Said she: "The women's colleges are asking not a dime, but Justice."

Though President Pendleton did not name her seven male colleges, she might have chosen the following seven Eastern institutions and compared their resources:

	Endowment (as of 1930)	Gifts (1928-1930)	Enrol- ment
Harvard	\$108,087,463	\$26,171,416	8,110
Yale	83,000,000	25,000,000	5,340
		(more than)	
Princeton	33,000,000	1,500,000	2,489
Dartmouth	14,800,000	5,000,000	2,774
Brown	10,129,000	399,000	1,365
Amherst	7,681,987	399,323	1,697
Williams	7,188,218	1,625,092	807

Total\$253,886,665 \$60,094,831 21,077
Figures for the seven complaining women's colleges:

	Endowment (as of 1930)	Gifts (1928-1930)	Enrol- ment
Wellesley	\$ 9,732,245	\$1,306,064	1,156
Vassar	7,280,000	1,185,000	1,550
Bryn Mawr	6,481,000	380,000	453
Smith	5,095,271	1,100,000	2,067
Radcliffe	5,134,000	278,745	951
Barnard	4,861,920	547,378	1,104
Mt. Holyoke	4,072,344	872,703	1,030
Total	\$43,017,780	\$6,070,160	8,316

W. & J. Walks Out

Mild, sandy-haired little President Simon Strousse Baker of Washington & Jefferson college (Washington, Pa.) was about to conduct chapel one morning last week. As he finished reading an announcement, all but a scant dozen of his 432 students got up and marched out. They were striking. More than 300 of them had signed a petition demanding President Baker's removal, to be presented to the W. & J. Board of Trustees this week.

"I don't even know what the strike is about," said President Baker indignantly.



Keytone

DR. SIMON SROUSSE BAKER

His students preferred a stadium.

"Every student I have talked to doesn't know what it is all about either. I would have appreciated it if . . . they had consulted with me before such drastic action as this morning's performance."

The W. & J. students listed their charges against their president as follows: "Autocratic," "domineering," he had demanded that athletes maintain a higher standard than their fellows, "For no particular reason" he had dismissed three of their favorite professors. He had held up the building of W. & J.'s much-wished-for stadium. He had made "childish" rules about clothing, such as forbidding corduroy trousers.

Reputed to be astute in dealing with his undergraduates, President Baker asked what they expected him to do. He pointed out that he had spent \$500,000 in campus improvements during his ten-year presidency, that motives of economy alone had prompted the dismissal of the three professors. The proposed athletic plant would have to wait upon other more pressing needs. As for the dress rules, he said he had merely suggested, six years ago, that his students might wear something more refined than lumberjack shirts and hob-nailed boots.

President Baker favored discontinuance of classes (to avoid strife between the strikers and some 75 "scab" students). Next day the faculty recommended that classes be resumed. About half of the students went back to their books. For the time being, Washington & Jefferson was quiet.



Underwood & Underwood

CORNELL'S BERRY

Once a year: a barrel of beer.

winter day, he puts on his dirty-whitish, reputedly polar-bear coat. Floppy, capacious tweed knickerbockers are his usual gear and sometimes (in his official capacity

PEOPLE

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

To aid the convalescence of Novelist **Arnold Bennett**, critically weakened by a six-week siege of influenza, straw was laid down and traffic thinned in the London streets near his home.

Gytha Stourton, great-granddaughter of the 19th Baron Stourton and cousin of former British Ambassador **Esme William Howard**, First Baron Howard of Penrith, failed to rejoin her fiancé, Signor Fioribanti del Agnese, onetime butler at the British Embassy in Washington. Last summer her father sternly and conclusively told London reporters that any engagement between her and well-born but indigent Signor Fioribanti del Agnese was "impossible and absurd."

Aaron Reuben, famed Manhattan sandwichman, sold his oldtime restaurant on upper Broadway ("Reuben's—That's All") but pledged himself to continue his establishment, still popular after midnight, on Madison Avenue; his Philadelphia restaurant on South Broad Street.

The hard-driven pony of **Poloist H. W. ("Rube") Williams** (international squad) stumbled against the boundary boards of a San Mateo, Calif. polo field, leaped clean through a crowded spectators' box, felled one man in transit, crashed into two parked autos. **Poloist Williams** hurt his knee, got cut up.

Miss Marjorie Durant, daughter of wealthy automobile builder **William Crapo Durant**, was severely shaken when her airplane crashed through the fence of an airport at Santa Barbara, Calif. With her was a pilot and a Dr. N. H. Brish, physician to rich **Stanley McCormick** at the great estate where Mr. McCormick is held virtual prisoner as an incompetent.

The Santiago, Chile, firm of **Brusadelli & Manni**, suing General Motors Acceptance Corp. for having called them bankrupt last week had genial **Lory K. Bethune**, Chilean manager for General Motors, jailed for "interrogation." Mr. Bethune, of Atlanta, Ga., was held incommunicado, denied counsel. It required two heated notes from U. S. Ambassador **William Smith Culbertson** to get him out of jail. Subsequently **Mariano Puga Vega**, a lawyer for General Motors, challenged the chief attorney for **Brusadelli & Manni** to a duel.

In Nice, French Riviera, deep-dimpled **Mrs. Fred G. Nixon-Nirdlinger**, the young U. S. citizen who slew her elderly Philadelphia husband (TIME, March 23), was loudly cheered by 1,000 Niceois when she went to court to plead for bail. Bail was denied. The prisoner was returned to the cell which she shares with a French Negress charged with murder, was told that she may have to spend the Summer there awaiting trial.

Editor **Ray Long** of Hearst's *International-Cosmopolitan* magazine gave a din-

ner at the Metropolitan Club in Manhattan for **Boris Pilnyak**, visiting Russian novelist (*The Naked Year*). **Sinclair Lewis** was to deliver the speech of welcome. But in response to Host Long's introduction Novelist **Lewis** drawled: "I am very happy to meet Mr. Pilnyak. But I do not care to speak in the presence of one man who has plagiarized 3,000 words from my wife's book on Russia. Nor do I care to talk before two sage critics who have lamented the action of the Nobel committee in selecting me as America's representative writer."

All the distinguished literateurs, editors and columnists present looked apprehensively at dour, bulky **Theodore Dreiser**.^{*} Mr. Dreiser reddened but sat still, said nothing. Columnists **Heywood Brown** and **Arthur Brisbane** who might have been the two "sage critics" in question, joined in the embarrassing silence. Then Host Long called on jovial **Irvin Shrewsbury Cobb** to save the situation. Mr. Cobb told Visitor **Pilnyak** that those present were very fond of him and esteemed him very highly, since, "you see, we don't know enough about you yet to be jealous of you."

After dinner, Messrs. Dreiser and Lewis were observed in a corner, talking heatedly, thumping a table. Suddenly Mr. Dreiser rose, smacked Mr. Lewis's cheek with his large right hand. Mr. Lewis said something more. Again Mr. Dreiser smacked him before friends pushed the two apart.

Eight hours prior, in a Manhattan lecture, Mr. Lewis had referred to Mr. Dreiser as "one of the greatest American



Acme-P. & A.

DOROTHY THOMPSON LEWIS

For her sake great men scuffled.

writers." Some 16 hours later, to a large, expectant crowd in Toledo's Town Hall, he praised Mr. Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* and *The Financier* as "splendid examples of American writing," apologized for not being in a more "ferocious mood."

^{*}In November 1918 **Mrs. Lewis**, the former Dorothy Thompson, keen and clever Berlin correspondent for the *New York Evening Post*, accused Mr. Dreiser of "lifting" long passages from her book *The New Russia* and printing them in his own later-published *Dreiser Looks at Russia*.

MEDICINE

Millions for Misery

The Red Cross last week collected the final dollars of its \$10,000,000 drought relief fund—and \$5,828.34 extra—in time for Chairman John Brown Payne to say, with calendar meticulousness: "It must be a source of satisfaction to the thousands who contributed . . . to know that they have helped their fellow-citizens over this calamitous winter season. . . . Magnificent support . . . all praise."

States east of the Mississippi gave \$6,232,887.75. Pennsylvania gave \$974,396.53 which was substantially more than the \$919,114.49 from seven Pacific and Rocky Mountain States, plus Alaska. Alaska gave \$3,115.02. New York's \$2,321,835.75 was a trifle more than the total of the States between the Rockies and the River. No State other than Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois and California, gave more than \$500,000. Nevada (lowest State) gave \$5,414.75. Judge Payne said that the Red Cross has helped 2,000,000 persons with food, clothing or other relief.

Simultaneously Secretary of Agriculture Arthur Mastic Hyde announced that the Government had loaned 98,924 farmers \$15,159,058 for "feed, seed and fertilizer," and "agricultural rehabilitation" (i.e., food). Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas got more than \$1,000,000 each, Arkansas \$3,654,626; 23 other States the remaining half.

Barber Bug Fever

Three puffy-faced, feverish children caused great concern near Panama City last week. They were the first cases seen in that region of a tropical disease variously called Barber Bug Fever, Chagas' Disease, Brazilian Trypanosomiasis. The disease spreads very fast. Victims who do not die become sleepy idiots.

Cause of the disease is a trypanosome, protozoan which under the microscope resembles an angler. Two kinds of trypanosomes are indigenous to Africa, another kind to South America. The African types, borne by the tsetse fly, cause African sleeping sickness,* which kills 10,000 to 20,000 natives yearly. The "barber bug," a voracious Brazilian insect, is chief transmitter of the parasites in South America.

Dr. Carlos Chagas and the late Dr. Oswaldo Cruz of Rio de Janeiro traced the disease in Brazil. The "barber bug" sucks the blood of armadillos and other rodents infected with the local trypanosomes. Then the bug bites humans, depositing the trypanosomes in the wound. The parasites twist through the blood, causing fever and other malaise. By and by they drill into the heart and other muscles and the thyroid and adrenal glands, bone marrow and brain, where they change their form and multiply. Their spreading through the heart muscle may cause death. The adrenal attack colors the skin bronze. The thyroid infection causes an idiocy.

^{*}Not to be confused with *Encephalitis lethargica*, commonly called "sleeping" sickness in the U. S., an acute communicable disease caused, it is thought, by a filterable virus.

THE PRESS

Comeback

"I do not think there are any limits, other than physical, to the potential circulation of the present-day general magazine. It can reach 3,000,000 to 5,000,000. . . . Within the last six years, *Collier's* weekly has added about 1,400,000 readers. . . ."

If there was a note of pride in the precise voice that uttered those words to the Magazine Club in Manhattan last week, it was pride amply justified. The speaker was William Ludlow Cheney. It was six years since he had left the old New York *Telegram-Mail* to become editor of *Collier's*. In those six years the magazine has lifted itself from a quagmire of near-despair to perform what is now one of the marvels of U. S. publishing, a thumping comeback. The regeneration was essentially an editorial process, planned by Editorial Director Thomas Hambley Beck, executed by Editor Cheney.

Collier's heyday lay roughly between 1905 and 1917, during the editorships of Norman Hapgood, Finley Peter Dunne and Mark Sullivan. "Everyone" read the magazine in those days of its rousing blasts against patent medicines, adulterated foods and adulterated politics. Those, too, were the days of the sensational libel suit brought by the late Col. William D'Alton Mann of *Town Topics* against the late Founder Peter F. Collier and Editor Hapgood (TIME, Feb. 2).

Although the magazine had begun to deteriorate editorially, 1920 found it at the peak (up to then) of its fortunes and with about one million circulation. (It had been bought from the Collier estate by Crowell Publishing Co.) Then came evil days—a business depression, a paper shortage, a printers' strike. For a few weeks the magazine actually failed to appear. By 1922 *Collier's*, definitely inferior in content, had tumbled to 15th place in general magazine advertising. In two years its revenues fell off more than 80%. Making matters worse, into the 3¢ field came *Liberty* in 1924.

It was in 1924 that *Collier's* editorial rejuvenation began. Editor Cheney, brought in to succeed the late Loren Palmer who went to the Butterick Publishing Co., and later to *Liberty*, was given practically a free hand. Most important, he was allowed to spend freely to get and hold good authors. He set about to speed up the magazine, insisting on more and shorter stories in each issue, buying by the story, not by the word. He originated the "short short-story," complete on one page, first of which was written by Octavus Roy Cohen. Four-color illustrations were used in *Collier's* for the first time by any weekly. *Collier's* began to recapture some of its old pugnaciousness with special articles which, while they lost some old readers, gained more new ones. One such enterprise was a long series of reports on the effects of Prohibition, with the conclusion that the law was unenforceable. Another was the exposé of alleged graft in Hidalgo, Tex., which resulted in \$1,000,000 worth of libel suits by Rentfro Banton Creager, Republican National Committee man and Texas boss (TIME, Sept. 16,

1929). *Collier's* won the first suit for \$500,000; the second was withdrawn. Above all, Editor Cheney insisted that every feature interest every prospective reader. An article on cosmetics must be so written to interest men; a study of chain-stores must attract the eye of the



COLLIER'S CHENEY

"I do not think there are any limits . . ."

woman shopper as well as the business-man.

Results of *Collier's* editorial invigoration: 1) circulation of 2,400,000. 2) Advertising Manager Lee Brantly was able to pass *Liberty's* advertising revenue in 1929, the *Literary Digest's* last year, putting *Collier's* this year in fifth place among all general magazines. Among weeklies it is fourth in pages of advertising, third in lineage, second only to the *Saturday Evening Post* in revenue.

Piano v. Bugle

(See front cover)

Home last week from a trip to Hawaii, Publisher Adolph Ochs, 73, of the New York *Times*, called the end of the New York *World* "an unfortunate and calamitous chapter in the history of American journalism. . . . Had I been in New York . . . I should have saved it for the employees. . . ."

Promptly retorted Publisher Roy Wilson Howard of the new *World-Telegram*: "I am afraid Mr. Ochs, like several others, waited for the *World* to die and waited too long. . . . The old *World* isn't dead. It isn't the building or the press that makes the newspaper; it is the spirit of its writers."^{*}

Grumped Arthur Brisbane in his *Hearst* column: "The New York *World* is 'dead as mutton.'"

The reason the coroner's jury continues to debate whether or not the *World* is dead, is because the *World* signified Liberalism. And a great question for a decade has been whether there was any future for Liberalism in the U. S. Even conserva-

tives such as Publisher Ochs feel disturbed when Liberalism totters off, in British terms, His Majesty's Government requires His Majesty's Opposition.

"The *World*" always meant, of course, the morning newspaper, though in the last years it was the *Evening World* that paid the bills. It was on the editorial page of his morning editions that old Joseph Pulitzer's torch was carried most high and brightly until his death in 1911 and thereafter. And it was to the man in charge of that editorial page that other U. S. newspapermen, insofar as they regarded the *World* as the Law & the Prophets, paid homage as to their Moses, their prophet of Liberalism. This week a great dinner was given by the Academy of Political Science in Manhattan for 41-year-old Walter Lippmann, the past seven years the *World's* chief editorial writer. He announced as the subject of his address: "Journalism and the Liberal Spirit."

U. S. Liberalism: Where Is it? An inquisitive bystander might have been prompted by Mr. Lippmann's subject to ask: What and where is U. S. Liberalism? Is there any such thing?

An obliging bystander might point to the Norrises, La Follettes and Borahs of politics;* the Fossidicks and Wises of the pulpit; to Associate Justices Holmes and Brandeis on the bench; to John Dewey and Alexander Meiklejohn in pedagogy; to Henry Ford and Owen D. Young as businessmen; to the Crusaders as Liberals on Prohibition; to *The Nation*, *New Republic*, *St. Louis Post Dispatch* and Scripps-Howard chainpapers, and to Will Rogers—all of them exponents of one or another kind of U. S. Liberalism. But for an exemplar and spokesman whose Liberalism would be little disputed and least necessary to define, Walter Lippmann of the late *World* would serve the inquisitive foreigner best of all.

A Testament. To the Academy of Political Science, Liberal Lippmann offered no definitions or solutions. Instead he sounded like a political philosopher wearied after a long fight, reminiscent:

"The journalistic interpretation of current affairs is becoming an increasingly difficult task. The working journalist today is confronted with a double and cumulative complexity. The facts themselves have multiplied enormously. The accepted

*Last week Senator Borah, after scrutinizing Secretary of Commerce Lamont's estimate of 6,930,000 unemployed (see p. 10), cried, "We should be 'unslating'!" and took the lead in calling a meeting at Washington this week of ten Liberal organizations, to try to force a special session of Congress.

In addition to those whose fate has already been reported (TIME, Mar. 9, 16) these well known men of the *World* are in these new positions: City Editor James Barrett, *New York American*; Night City Editor Benjamin Franklin, *Herald Tribune*; Editorial Writer Harold Stanley Pollard, *World-Telegram*; Editorial Writer Claude Gernade Bowers, *Evening Journal*; Cartoonist Walter Joseph Enright, *World-Telegram*; Cartoonist Harold Tucker ("Timid Soul"), *Webster, Herald Tribune*; Cartoonist Burris Jenkins Jr. (sports), *Evening Journal*; oldtime rewrite men: J. M. Denison, *Evening Journal*; Martin Green, *Sun*; Reporter Lindsey Parrott, *Post*; Washington Correspondents Elliott Ladd Thurston and W. E. C. Bryant, their own news agency; Senate Reporter William Murphy Jr., the United Press; Labor Reporter John Joseph Leary Jr., appointed by President Hoover to a labor survey; Dramatic Critic Bide Dudley, *World-Telegram*; Columnist Elsie McCormick, *World-Telegram*.

^{*}See bottom col. 3.

Don't let "pink tooth brush" *go on..and on..and on!*

REMEMBER the first time you noticed that your gums were yielding a trace of "pink"? A little disturbed, weren't you? And then you forgot all about it—just became accustomed to "pink tooth brush".

So many people have it! The modern menu is made up almost entirely of foods which fairly melt in your mouth. Your gums get little or no stimulation and exercise. They gradually become flabby and touchy and tender. Next step—there's "pink" on your brush.

Don't let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. It opens the way for many gum troubles—for Vincent's disease, for gingivitis, even for the less frequent but more dreaded pyorrhea. Neglect it too long, and it may lead to infection at the roots of teeth which today are perfectly sound. . . which often means the loss of those teeth.

Ipana Checks "Pink Tooth Brush"

It isn't necessary to let "pink tooth brush" go on and on. First get some Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it in the regular way. But afterward, put some more Ipana on your brush and *lightly massage it into your tender gums.*

Your teeth will soon recover their natural sparkling polish. And within



the month your gums will have become firmer, with a healthier color. The ziratal in Ipana—the same ziratal used by modern dentists for toning and stimulating the gums—together with the massage, speeds the circulation in the gum cells and hardens the walls.

Today—get a tube of Ipana at your druggist's. Use Ipana with massage

twice a day—and you'll see very, very little of "pink tooth brush".

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. T-312
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

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

IPANA Tooth Paste



Then
you need the special

TOUGH BEARD CREAM

"THERE'S no such thing as a comfort shave for me. My beard is scratchy enough to light a match on..."

Are you another one of those tough beard sufferers?

There's *one* cream specifically made for tough beards: That cream is Mennen. Mennen contains specially processed *tristearin* ($C_{18}H_{35}O_2$) C_3H_5 . And it's that ingredient which builds the special "tough beard" lather—lather that can wilt the wiriest bristle in no time... Start to shave; your blade cuts through the limp hairs as if it were your first downy high-school beard.

While you shave, Mennen lather soothes and relaxes the skin. You get a *comfort* shave!

2 KINDS • Original • Menthol-iced



standards of judgment have dissolved. . . . There does not exist today in the official mind at Washington or in Congress, or in either political party, or among the voters themselves any clear conception of our interests or our obligations. . . .

"A mechanical and industrial revolution has altered the whole pattern of American life. It has uprooted millions from the land and thrust them into a strange, incomprehensible and rapidly changing environment. So vast, so deep, so pervasive are the effects of this upon the premises of our conduct, upon the internal economy of our own spirits, that we find ourselves not only without common publicly acknowledged standards of action but oftener than not without clear personal conviction as well.

"It is no longer enough to keep down prices, to prevent discrimination, to establish minimum standards in working conditions. Much more is demanded of the economic system today. . . . I know of no formula and of no program by which such objectives can be obtained in a social system which is as complex as our own. It may be possible for the Russians, who have started from zero, to build up a satisfactory social system by centralized initiative. We have no right to prejudice them. . . . [But] while the Russians may be building a very modern house on very modern foundations, they are building their house on a vacant lot; we have to reconstruct our old house while we continue to live in it. . . .

"It is vain to suppose that our problems can be dealt with by rallying the people to some crusade that can be expressed in a symbol, a phrase, a set of 16 principles, or a program. If that is what progressives are looking for today they will look in vain. . . .

"We are explorers in a strange world, and what we must depend upon is not a map of the country—for there is no map—but upon those qualities of mind and heart and those distillations of experience which men have learned to depend upon when they faced the unknown.

"This, perhaps, is the testament of Liberalism. For underlying all the specific projects which men espouse who think of themselves as Liberals there is always, it seems to me, a deeper concern. It is fixed upon the importance of remaining free in mind and in action before changing circumstances. That is why Liberalism has always been associated with a passionate interest in freedom of thought and freedom of speech, in scientific research, in experiment, in the liberty of teaching, in an independent and unbiased press, in the right of men to differ in their opinions and to be different in their conduct. . . .

"It requires an adjustment of the human spirit which it is difficult for men to maintain; a capacity to act resolutely while maintaining a skeptical mind. . . .

"The question, however, is not whether it is easier or more exciting or more immediately effective for results to be illiberal, but whether the world we live in can be brought under civilized control without the gifts of the liberal spirit. I think it cannot be. In a stable, settled, and unchanging society, custom and established truth may suffice. But in an unstable and changing society like ours, the unceasing discovery of truth is a necessity."

Theorist v. Editor. Not a few of those present were reminded, by Mr. Lippmann's air of patient detachment, of an article in last fortnight's *New Freeman* by James M. Cain, an editorial associate and admirer of Mr. Lippmann's on the *World*, who ascribed to him a part at least in the *World's* downfall. Cain declared that Lippmann was not a natural editor, that the job bored him, that his page reflected his boredom:

"Lippmann . . . is a poet of ideas. He stews out theories, hypotheses, explanations as profusely as a scenarist stews out gags. If you read his books, you will see that he seldom bothers to prove any of them. . . . Obviousness is almost indispensable to a newspaper. . . . But Lippmann recoils from the obvious as a cat recoils from water. He was always trying to get away from the plain banalities of polemic and find the grain of ultimate truth. . . . I can illustrate. . . . We were having lunch. . . . I said: 'You are always trying to dredge up basic principles. . . . It won't work. For example turn to music. A piano has eight octaves, a violin three, a cornet two and a . . . bugle has only four notes. Now if what you've got to blow is a bugle, there isn't any sense in camping yourself down in front of piano music.' 'You may be right,' he said. 'But God damn it, I'm not going to spend my life writing bugle calls.'"

If James Cain's strictures were fair to Walter Lippmann as a practical journalist, they could cheerfully be accepted and dismissed by Walter Lippmann, political scientist. Few men of his years have had such a range of experience out of which to "stew out" a political philosophy.

Preface to Roosevelt. Born in New York City, he went to Harvard with the famed class of 1910. Among his classmates were John Reed, Alan Seeger, Robert Edmond Jones, Edward Sheldon, Clarence Cook Little, Heywood Brown. Graduated in three years, he spent a fourth taking a course in modern philosophy. His first real job was with *Everybody's* Magazine where he served as an investigator for Lincoln Steffens, one of the first of the "Muckrakers." Because the Lippmann mind was then of youthfully radical cast, Rev. George Richard Lunn, a Presbyterian minister who in 1911 was elected Socialist Mayor of Schenectady, hired him as his secretary. For three months under Mayor Lunn, Secretary Lippmann got a look at politics from the inside. That was enough. He went off to the Maine woods and wrote his first book, *A Preface to Politics*.

Lippmann's *Preface* was suddenly hailed by Theodore Roosevelt from the River of Doubt. It became the unofficial bible of the Bull Moose. In 1914, with the "New Nationalism" doctrines of Theodore Roosevelt fresh in mind, Lippmann helped launch the *Liberal New Republic*.

From Wilson to the World. But Lippmann was moving gradually from Left to Right. By 1916 the *New Republic* was behind President Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt was flying it. When the War came, after brief service as an assistant to Secretary of War Baker, Walter Lippmann was named secretary of an organization called *The Inquiry*, under Col. House. *The Inquiry's* purpose was to ascertain and formulate the peace aims and claims

The "Teen Age"



JOHN HUNTERMAN FLANK

© 1931 M. L. I. CO.

LOOK at that fine boy of yours, brought safely through childhood ailments. Now, as he enters his "teens", while he is still growing, he must build his health to guard against tuberculosis—a mortal enemy of those in run-down condition.

Adolescence is a critical age in physical development. It is a period of special strain—when growth and change are rapid—and when health and strength must be kept at the highest possible point.

Your boy may be tempted to over-tax his strength and undermine his vitality by striving to compete with older and stronger boys. Or your daughter may risk her health by too much social activity added to her school work, or by dieting in an effort to keep slender in emulation of some screen celebrity. Low vitality and under-nourishment make boys and girls especially susceptible to tuberculosis.

During the early "teens" the development of tuberculosis of the lungs is usually so slight as to cause none of those familiar symptoms of the advanced stages of the disease—loss of weight, lack of appetite,

indigestion, fatigue and a persistent cough. The first symptoms in adolescence may be listlessness, overtiredness, failure to gain weight, night sweats.

But in the late "teens" or early twenties, in event of low vitality, tuberculosis germs—especially in case of re-infection or heavy infection—gain headway. The tuberculosis deathrate reaches its peak among women at about age 22 and among men at about 42. Many of these deaths can be prevented.

Perhaps during no age in life are annual physical check-ups more important and valuable than during adolescence. And should you have any reason to suspect the presence of tuberculosis, consult your doctor as to the advisability of having the tuberculin or x-ray tests to find out whether or not your boy or girl is threatened.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, to anyone who requests it, a copy of its booklet, "The Care and Prevention of Tuberculosis." Ask for Booklet 431-Q.



The Metropolitan prints this message to aid in the intensive April campaign of the National, State and local Tuberculosis Organizations to safeguard boys and girls in the "teen age" against tuberculosis.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

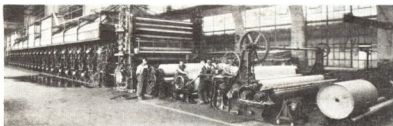
OREGON MARKET

BEND, Lumber • OREGON CITY, Pulp and Paper

Wooden dollars

Yearly Oregon forests put a hundred dollars into the pockets of every resident of this rich state. Bend, in central Oregon, saws up ten million dollars worth of

mately 350 million feet of pine. Surrounded on all sides by this valuable timber, Bend has grown by leaps and bounds. Its continued development with its constantly mounting revenue to the



... 165,000 tons netted eleven million dollars.

lumber each year. Oregon City with its mammoth pulp and paper mills annually turns lower grades of timber into eleven million dollars' cold cash.

Paper money

With immeasurable water power swirling at their very foundations, with limitless supply of logs and timber, the Oregon City mills are factors in the world's pulp and paper supply. They produce over half of the twenty million dollars worth of pulp and paper manufactured annually in Oregon. Last year their 165,000 tons of paper netted eleven million dollars.

A city of sawmills

In the very center of the broad pine belt that sweeps Oregon from north to

total wealth of Oregon, is assured for many years.



... this valuable timber,

To world marts

These, like scores of other Oregon products, reach national and international markets through Portland—shipping center of the Pacific Northwest. Here is concentrated the revenue from scores of great, wealth-producing industries. Portland is a rich market. It is intensively covered by *The JOURNAL*—the evening newspaper read by more of Portland's 300,000 population than any other newspaper.



... cut... 350 million feet

south, rise the tall smokestacks of Bend. Here great, modern mills—among the largest in the world—yearly cut approxi-

of all parties to the War. So well did Secretary Lippmann do his job—his abstract ideas filtered through to President Wilson's speeches—that he was sent overseas as a captain of military intelligence. There he met and worked with Editor Frank Irving Cobb* of the *World*. At the Peace Conference, Lippmann's memoranda became in the U. S. delegation the authoritative commentary on Wilson's 14 Points.

Lippmann went to work as a *World* editorial writer on Jan. 1, 1921. Editor Cobb died in 1923. Lippmann was put in charge of the editorial page in 1924. Five years later the full title of Editor was conferred upon him.

What the profession admired most about Lippmann editorials was their compelling logic and persuasive reasonableness. But at times—as during the crusade against Peonage and the attacks on the Harding Gang and the "Aluminum Trust"—he could put by his composed objectivity and then the *World* would lash out with its oldtime fire. It is common knowledge that the editorials read most regularly and closely by President Hoover were those in the arch-Democratic *New York World*. Reason: Besides being close friends and mutual admirers, Herbert Hoover and Walter Lippmann have in common a passion for fairness which each respects. Also in common are their sense of bewilderment at the complexities of national life, their hunger for facts.

The evolution of Liberal Lippmann's political ideas is charted less clearly in his editorials than in his books (*Drift and Mastery, The Political Scene, Public Opinion, The Phantom Public, Men of Destiny, American Inquisitors, A Preface to Morals*). And it is a paradox that his exercise of the Liberal Spirit has brought him to a position which most Liberals would exorcise. He began with a stout faith in the workings of popular democracy and the benefits of collective action. But his newspaper experience gradually bred in him a distrust (again, like Hoover's) of so-called Public Opinion, the judgments of the Mass. As editor of the *World*, public ignorance was his field. As idealist, organized public intelligence was his dream. Pessimistic passages in his writing give the same impression that one gets from hearing the precise, clipped accents of his speaking voice, an impression of the intellectual aristocrat who sometimes despairs of public ignorance ever being cured, thus throwing the public's right to participate fully in Government open to question. With actual life out-running politics and theories. Editor Lippmann has arrived at a state of mind where he believes, in effect, that a class of wholly "disinterested" men should govern with the consent of the People, if not with their advice. What would save such a brain-power oligarchy from becoming tyrannous would be public education and the Liberal Spirit.

"At almost any cost," the Lippmann speech last week concluded, "men must keep open the channels of understanding and preserve unclouded, lucid and serene their receptiveness to truth."

*Not to be confused with Humorist Irvin Shrevesburg Cobb, who worked for the *World* as a special feature writer from 1905 to 1911.

The JOURNAL
Afternoon
Sunday
PORTLAND, OREGON
READ IN THREE OUT OF FOUR HOMES

WHEN A BEARING GOES TO SEA

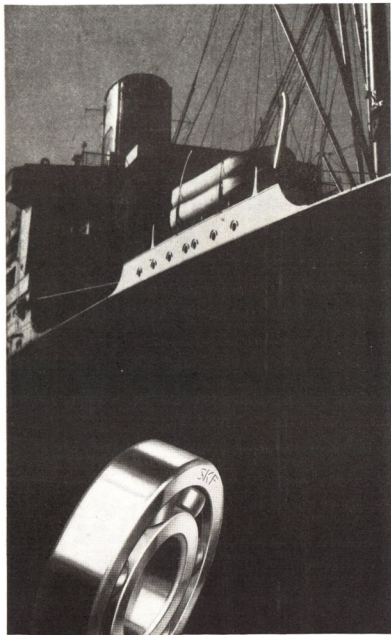


Photo Browning

SKF

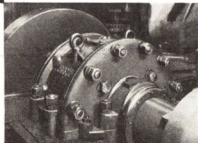
Ball and Roller Bearings

**...there's nothing but
PERFORMANCE
that counts**

HERE'S to a hail and hearty deep-water bearing that goes sailing over the Seven Seas and gets a nod of approval from salty engineers in every port on the globe. You know the bearing, too. It's **SKF**.

Ocean-going bearings simply can't fall down...not when they support the whirling propeller shaft...not when they take the thrust of the big screws that push tons of water astern...nor when pumps, fans and other auxiliary equipment depend upon them.

So when it comes to anti-friction bearings, marine engineers write **SKF** on the specification sheets as a matter of course. They can't afford to take a chance on performance. When a bearing goes to sea there's nothing but performance that counts...which is just as true of a bearing that stays ashore. **SKF** Industries, Inc., 40 East 34th St., New York, N. Y.



Propeller Thrust Block, **SKF** equipped, on the S. S. "Robur 4th." **SKF** Bearings are also used on auxiliary equipment of the S. S. "Leviathan" as well as on many other trans-Atlantic liners.

ANIMALS

Little Rich Dog

A fat little poodle trotted to & fro one day last fortnight in the old Manhattan house where Ella Virginia von Echtzel Wendel lay dead (TIME, March 23). He went into the room where Rev. Drs. Nathan A. Seagle and Ezra Squier Tipple were getting ready to conduct the funeral. He jumped up & down before them, "as if," said Dr. Seagle, "he were pleading to serve as an acolyte."

"World's richest dog," last of a line of cherished poodles all called Tobey, the Wendel dog got many a press notice after his mistress's death. What was to become of him? Would he be supported in the style to which he had been accustomed? (It had been said that he had his own



International

TOBEY WENDEL

For him, at last, the streats.

brass bed, his own special table, that huge sums had been refused for the Wendel property so as to insure Tobey a place to run in.) Was it true that he was to be shot, as were the Wendel horses (said legend) when the old family coachman died in 1929? Was it true that Manhattan's Flower Hospital was to receive some \$17,000,000 from Miss Wendel's estate because a doctor there had once mended the broken leg of a previous Tobey Wendel?

EUROPE

1930

France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, England, Portugal, Italy, Central Europe, Scandinavia, Spain, etc. Includes ocean passage, hotels, meals, sightseeing, admissions, tips, all transportation in Europe by motor. Send for 10-page free book describing over 200 interesting travel programs.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST-CANADIAN ROCKIES
Bainier, Portland, Seattle, British Columbia, Lake Louise, Banff, \$250. Ask for Booklet "D.W."

MEXICO-CALIFORNIA-FLORIDA TEXAS
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See Indian Detour, Grand Canyon, Old Mexico, Los Angeles, Hollywood, San Diego

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521 Fifth Ave., New York
216 Washington, Boston
611 Market, San Francisco

Last week it was learned that Tobey was in the care of family friends. He was snapped by an alert Hearst cameraman while being carried out for an unaccustomed run in Manhattan streets (see cut.) He was found to be rather unattractive dog: six years old, fat, phlegmatic, sleepy. Once he was more charming, in fact his name originally was Charming Billy.* It was probable that he would be sent to the country. It was not true that he had had his own bed and table: just a cushion and blanket.

Ella Wendel's will, filed during the week, did not even mention fat Tobey Wendel. The family fortune, estimated at \$100,000,000, gave bequests to family friends and retainers, to charities and religious bodies, following closely the will of Miss Ella's sister, Mrs. Rebecca A. D. Wendel Swope, who died last summer (TIME, Aug. 4). Flower Hospital received its expected share (but its officials scouted the leg-setting story); and the famed old Wendel house went to Drew Theological Seminary, whose onetime president, Dr. Tipple, was an old family friend.

A Mrs. Mabel Hayward put in a claim last week for a share of the Wendel estate. Buxom, 46-year-old Mrs. Hayward keeps house for a 76-year-old retired detective, Capt. Theodore Lawton, on his ramshackle farm at Wickford, R. I. She roves about the country with her two children during the summer, playing her mandolin, banjo and guitar at fairs and carnivals. She has a paper purporting to be the marriage certificate of the late John Gottlieb Wendel II, and one Hannah S. Holt, of Chelsea, Vt., dated 1855 (Mr. Wendel II, supposed never to have married, died in 1914). Mrs. Hayward claims to be the daughter of Bertha Wendel Davis, born to John Gottlieb Wendel II and Hannah Holt Wendel in 1856.

Stag Debate (Cont'd)

When Stag-Huntress Mrs. E. Wimbush of Bagborough, England lately expressed her affection for stags, the revered Manchester *Guardian* attempted to point out the error of the Wimbush way (TIME, March 23). Many another stag-hunting organization took umbrage, wrote letters flaying the *Guardian*. But the *Guardian's* editors have not yet been convinced that stag-hunting is a sublimated form of kindness to animals. Answered the *Guardian*:

"One may disregard such arguments as the suggestion that hunting saves the stag from dying 'in old age of starvation from loss of teeth'—to accept that might be to run the risk of being invited to hunt old-age pensioners on the ground that we should not only spare them the pain of toothache but also reduce the burden on the National Exchequer. It is about as convincing as the suggestion, supplied by a peer of the realm in a pamphlet recently put out by the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds, that the stag deserves to be hunted because 'he is a selfish old fellow, much addicted to the pleasures of the table and the harem'—which might involve us in hunting some of the landed gentry as well as the old-age pensioners."

*Presumably from:
Can she bake a cherry pie, Billy boy, Billy boy?
Can she bake a cherry pie, charming Billy?
—Old Courting Song.

THEATRE

New Play in Manhattan

The Wonder Bar is a Viennese importation using the modern (and ancient) device of making the whole theatre the stage. It is notable solely for the fact that it brings Singer Asa Yoelson (Al Jolson) back to the legitimate stage after an absence of five years. The Nora Bayes Theatre is transformed into a huge café. Swarms of waiters, *chasseurs*, patrons, pages, barmen, gigolos and handsome *poules de luxe* make their entrances through the aisles, and the proprietor, Al Jolson, works hard to pull the production together by circulating through the audience, greeting startled late-comers, insisting that there is "never a dull moment in Al's little Wonder Bar." This might be



ASA YOELSON & WIFE

His customers wished she was still a Little Girl.

true if *The Wonder Bar* were really a night box where one could attend the entertainment and at the same time, eat, drink, rigadon and speak freely with friends. But such is not the case.

Unhappily, the novelty of the setting soon wears off and Mr. Jolson, omitting his traditional blackface and wearing evening clothes throughout the show (which is a weak to-do about a woman who leaves her husband, but later returns to him), wastes a lot of his genuine talent on several pitifully bad songs. He cracks appallingly stale jokes—among them, the one about the girl who resents having her beauty compared to an old Rembrandt. In Act II, however, Comedienne Patsy Kelly capers through some coarse monkeyshines. Mr. Jolson sings a Yiddish folk song which is eminently successful and which anyone can understand, two spry and clever Negro dancers named Carol Chilton and Maceo Thomas appear. First night spectators, seeing Mr. Jolson's pretty wife Ruby Keeler in their midst, wished that she too would get up on the stage and help out the show with some of the tap-dancing she used to do when she was one of the Little Girls at Texas Guinan's.



Electric seconds

The most accurate and the most dependable time-meter that the genius of mankind has ever devised is here in a brilliant array of attractive models. Hammond has made the old spring clock a thing of the past. New leadership! The sweeping second hand of a Hammond electric clock moves in exact unison with the pulsations of the electric current itself, fed from the unvarying flow of the power-house generator. Absolutely dependable time. Extremely simple. Nothing to get out of order. Good for a lifetime. At department stores, jewelers and electric shops. Or write us direct for illustrated booklet. The Hammond Clock Company, Chicago. In Canada—The Hammond Company of Canada, Ltd., 245 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.



The new electric Gregory model. A calendar clock that shows the day and the date. Handsome lacinated case in modern design. \$12.50. Others \$6.75 to \$32.50. Chime clocks, \$72.50 to \$110.

H A M M O N D

E L E C T R I C C L O C K S

M I L E S T O N E S

Appointed. Robert Tyre Jones Jr., retired golf champion of the world; to be a captain in the organized reserve of the U. S. Army for "special and miscellaneous duty"; by President Hoover.

Awarded. Jointly to Secretary of the Treasury Andrew William Mellon on his 76th birthday (Mar. 24) and his brother Banker Richard Beatty Mellon within his 73rd birthday week (Mar. 19): the medal of the American Institute of Chemists; for establishing and maintaining the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research in Pittsburgh and for helping create the National Institute of Health under the Treasury Department.

Awarded. To Dr. Alexis Carrel, 57, 1912 Nobel Prize winner, member of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research: \$1,000 and the highly esteemed diploma given biennially for cancer research by Dr. Sofie A. Nordhoff-Jung, 64, assistant in gynecology at Georgetown University. Dr. Carrel has devised methods of growing living cells in glass flasks where he can take micro-cinemas of their life. Results have been fundamental revelations on cell physiology, normal and malignant.

Sued. Elsie French and Anne Colby* ("X-Ray Twins") Vanderbilt, month-old daughters of William Henry Vanderbilt and Mrs. (Anne Gordon Colby) Vanderbilt; along with 24 of their kin, all heirs of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt (died 1889): by the U. S. Government; for \$800,000 in profits, back taxes and interest from the sale in 1927 of the Vanderbilt mansion on Fifth Avenue, Manhattan. Valued at \$3,000,000, it was sold for \$7,100,000 which reverts to the heirs at the death of 86-year-old Mrs. Alice Gwynne ("The Dowager Mrs.") Vanderbilt. The Government regards the sale profit as taxable; the Vanderbilts do not.

Left. By Ella Virginia von Ehtzel Wendel (see p. 26), an estate estimated at more than \$100,000,000, to be divided into 200 equal shares (of \$500,000 upward) as follows: Flower Hospital, Manhattan, 35 shares; Drew Theological Seminary, 35 shares; St. Christopher's Home for Children, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., 35 shares; New York Society for Relief of Ruptured & Crippled, 35 shares; Nanking (China) M. E. Theological Seminary, 35 shares; M. E. Church Home, Manhattan, 4 shares; National Society for Prevention of Blindness, 5 shares; S. P. C. A. of New York, 5 shares; Northfield Schools, Mass., 3 shares; National Kindergarten Association, 2 shares; Dobbs Ferry (N. Y.) Hospital Association, 2 shares; Presbyterian Hospital, Manhattan, 2 shares; S. P. C. A. of Massachusetts, 1 share; M. E. Church, Irvington, N. Y., 1 share.

*Named for their paternal grandmother and their mother, the twins were first reported named Elsie French and Edith Hyde (True, March 9) for their grandmothers. The mother of William Henry Vanderbilt was an Ellen French, known as Elsie.

Died. Willard I. Grimmer, 27, quartermaster of the submarine *Nautilus* in which Sir Hubert Wilkins plans to cruise under the ice across Earth's north polar cap this summer (True, March 23); after falling overboard as the *Nautilus* was entering New York harbor. When Quartermaster Grimmer married one Mary Fountain three weeks ago in Philadelphia, he said: "The *Nautilus* has brought me luck in the last month; a chance to meet my wife and a chance to take one of the greatest trips ever planned. . . ."

Died. Herman Müller, 54, twice (1920, 1928) Chancellor of the German Republic, a signer of the Treaty of Versailles; after a gall-bladder operation; in Berlin (see p. 16).

Died. Howard Trumbo, 56, president of Cuban-American Mining Co. (manganeses), onetime president of the American Club in Havana, classmate of Herbert Clark Hoover (1895) at Stanford University; of a kidney ailment; in Havana.

Died. Edwin Haldeman Dennison, 58, U. S. Consul in Quebec since 1919; in Quebec. A partial paralytic, he slipped in his bathtub, struck the hot water tap, was scalded head-to-foot before he could be pulled out. He died two days later.

Died. Thomas ("Tom") Boucher, 60, oldtime rugby footballer, father of Coach George Boucher of the Montreal Maroons hockey team and of Hockey-players Frank (New York Rangers), "Billy" (New Haven Eagles), "Bobby," Carroll and Joseph Boucher; of heart disease, while at work in the composing room of the *Ottawa Journal*; in Ottawa, Canada.

Died. Archibald James Carey, 62, Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church; in Chicago. Son of a plantation slave, Bishop Carey was educated at Atlanta University, Chicago Theological Seminary and University of Chicago.

Died. William Gray Clyde, 62, onetime president of Carnegie Steel Co., largest subsidiary of U. S. Steel Corp.; at his home in Pittsburgh; of a lingering illness.

Died. Harry M. Kaiser, 71, strict warden of Clinton state prison, abode of New York State's 1,800 most vicious criminals; at Plattsburgh, N. Y.; of paralysis caused by overwork. His wards rioted last July, and ever since have threatened new riot.

Died. Mrs. Eliza Greene Metcalf Radeke, 75, president of the Rhode Island School of Design since 1913, member of the advisory council of Pembroke College (women's college in Brown University), sister of U. S. Senator Jesse Houghton Metcalf and of Banker, Publisher & Textile Manufacturer Stephen Olney Metcalf; in Providence, R. I.

Died. William Webster Mills, 79, board secretary & treasurer of Marietta (Ohio) College, uncle of Charles Gates Dawes; in Cincinnati.



Foot-Joy
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
"The Shoe that's Different"

Look down at your shoes. Can you see the edge of the sole all the way around as you do with the FOOT-JOY shoe pictured here? Or has your shoe run over on one side or the other? If it has, no wonder you are tired at 5 o'clock at night and in danger of having many painful foot troubles. In FOOT-JOY shoes you will find a different and proper foundation. All your weight evenly distributed within the shoe . . . no rolling over . . . no tendency to arch trouble . . . no fatigue. And FOOT-JOY shoes are correctly smart for all occasions.

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Dealers in most of the larger cities.

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The above statement is also true of FOOT-JOY shoes for women. Write for information.

Name.....

Address.....TIA



He no longer flies alone!



Formerly a man a mile above the earth was shut off more completely than if he were in the heart of Africa or the depths of the frozen north.

Now the Western Electric radio telephone ends that isolation. The flier whose plane is equipped by Western Electric is always in touch with ground stations, and he flies with greater dispatch and greater safety.

This telephone for airplanes grew out of many years' experience in making telephones and other apparatus for the Bell System. It is one more example of Western Electric's skill in the art of voice reproduction.

Western Electric

Makers of your Bell telephone and leaders in the development of sound transmission



The nation's leading airlines safeguard their passengers with Western Electric Airplane Radio Telephone

Wouldn't you like to

...RETIRE

when you are 60 or 65?

**THE PROVIDENT PROVIDOR
WILL PAY THE BILLS!**

IT WILL PAY

\$100 A MONTH commencing at age 65 and continuing *as long as you live*. Moreover, a minimum of \$10,000 is guaranteed. Perhaps double that amount may be paid depending on your length of life. Or, if you desire, \$12,800 may be taken in cash at age 65.

\$100 A MONTH in case you are totally disabled for a period of at least four months before reaching age 65. All premiums will be paid for you during such disability and you will continue to receive the regular annual dividends.

\$10,000 IN CASH should you die before reaching age 65. An income for life may be substituted if desired.

\$20,000 IN CASH or double the face amount of the policy in case death results from accidental cause before age 65.

NOTE: The Provident Provider income may be arranged to start either at age 60 or 65. It is not offered to men over 55, or to women, as we have other policies or annuity contracts more suitable to their needs.

NOW YOU CAN SPEND MONEY!

One of the finest features of the Provident Provider is the fact that it liberates your income for current spending, with the exception of the small percentage which goes into Provident Provider annual deposits. The important contingencies of life—old age, death, disability—are taken care of by this inclusive, practical plan.

AN ATTRACTIVE PROVISION

An especially attractive provision of the Provider is that you may select a somewhat reduced income at age 65 with the guarantee that the Company will pay an income to yourself and *your wife* as long as either shall live!

TODAY let us send you our booklet describing this increasingly popular contract. Just clip the coupon!

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Please send free descriptive booklet and quote premium rate for the Provident Provider at my age, with the understanding that it places me under no obligation.

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**Mail this
Coupon
NOW!**

SCIENCE

Past As Uncertain As Future

Before Albert Einstein ended his recent visit at California Institute of Technology, he—with Drs. Richard Chace Tolman and Boris Podolsky of the institute—wrote a letter to *The Physical Review*. This letter, published last week, answers in a measure a persistent query: What good did Professor Einstein's U. S. visit do Science? In the letter he proved that the Past is as unascertainable as the Future.

The uncertainty of the future has been accepted by physics. Physicists can foretell the general action of a vast aggregate of, say, electrons. But they cannot say how any individual electron will behave. Their difficulty lies in the fact that the instant they recognize an electron, the electron disappears or changes its condition by reaction with the measuring device.

Now Savants Einstein, Tolman & Podolsky prove that it is impossible to say exactly where that electron was before it struck the measuring device.

Their proof depends upon the abstrusities of quantum physics. An analogy simplifies the idea:

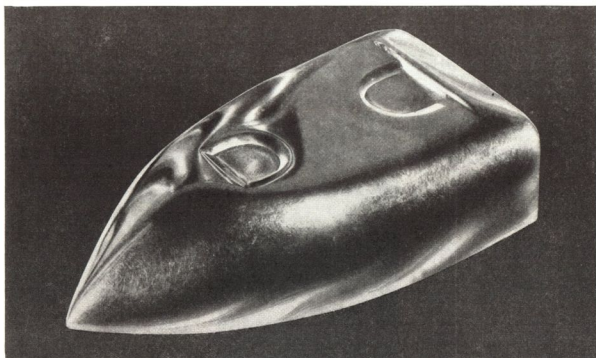
An observer watches a vast throng pushing through an amusement district. By the law of averages he knows that a certain proportion will attend one theatre, other proportions other theatres. But he cannot tell which person will enter any particular theatre. Many of the people themselves could not enlighten him. Whim or the pressure of the crowd might change their direction.

In the crowd are identical triplets—Mary, Marie, Marion—dressed exactly alike. The observer thinks he recognizes Mary (an electron). He taps her on the shoulder. She turns around. Now the observer does not know whether she is Mary, Marie or Marion. Her identity is uncertain. The tapped girl pauses and may decide not to go to the show that evening. As a theatre-going electron she therefore disappears.

Or the interruption of her walk may make her decide to go to some performance other than the one she predicted. Her future is uncertain. Nor does she know whence she came. The crowd pushed her willy-nilly until she encountered Mr. Observer.

Philosophers, theologians, sociologists and others dealing with the affairs of men may derive despair from the uncertainty of past as well as of future. Physicists are for the present content. Statistical studies of average group action have helped them to probe marvelously deep into Nature.

Yet Dr. Einstein, snug last week in his Berlin Tower, was somewhat restless. "[We do] not describe Nature, but merely expectations from Nature," he said. "Whereas the aim of Science is to describe the things themselves, not merely the probability of their happening. . . ." He is confident that there is a cause for every phenomenon; that some day some scientist will be able to explain precisely why Mary started for the theatre, why she turned at the observer's tap, why she did or did not proceed to a particular performance.



THE FIRST PIECE OF ALLEGHENY METAL IS STILL AS BRIGHT AS IT WAS THE DAY IT WAS MADE



NEW STYLE Ford bright parts of Allegheny Metal are always bright. They clean as easily as the windshield.

THE first bright piece of Allegheny Metal was fashioned into a simple flat-iron cover. It was put in the middle of a garden in a small suburban town of Pennsylvania.

Two years passed, two years of rain, snow, mud and exposure. The first piece of Allegheny Metal was left unmolested and unprotected. It had every opportunity to go the way of all metals before it.

The other day it was picked up out of the mud. It was wiped off with a plain cloth. *It was as bright as it was the day it was made.*

But this little biography will not amaze the scientific and business world. Both groups know the facts already. Already they are using this unrusting, unstaining metal for a thousand duties.

It is protecting health in important handling of food. It is lending permanent beauty to the new day architecture. It is performing vital tasks in machinery where phenomenal strength or heat resistance is demanded.

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ALLEGHENY METAL



AERONAUTICS

On an Akron Catwalk

Mechanic Paul F. Kassay, tall and blond, learned to like the new workman who had been placed alongside him in the great Goodyear-Zeppelin dirigible dock at Akron, Ohio. This newcomer was of Hungarian descent and could understand Kassay's native Magyar. He, too, had "certain ideas" about this business of the Navy's new dirigible, *Akron*, largest in the world, which they and hundreds of others were building. High on the catwalks, just under the dome of the dock (which is so enormous that rainfall sometimes occurs inside), was an excellent place to talk privately while innumerable rivets were being driven into the framework of the *Akron*.

One day Mechanic Kassay let his friend into a secret: the *Akron* would never take the air. Kassay would see to that; he had his own reasons. See how simple: you spit between the sections that are to be riveted—so. In the cold up here, the spittle freezes—but the riveter cannot see because it looks silvery, like the duralumin, so he drives his rivet in. Then next June when they launch the ship, the warm air will thaw the spittle, the rivet will be loose. Soon something may happen. . . .

"But we may not have to wait for that to happen," Kassay whispered. "I am going to get into the control room . . . oxalic acid . . . she may never leave the ground. . . ."

Last week a group of men quietly laid hold of Mechanic Kassay. Among them he recognized his "friend"—revealed as an agent of the U. S. Department of Justice. Kassay was jailed, charged with criminal syndicalism, on the strength of the story of the Department of Justice agent as retold above. Kassay was said to have described himself as a Communist, a former captain in the Austro-Hungarian Navy. He denied both of these allegations, denied the sabotage, spoke of a "frame-up."

Much was made of the suggestion that Kassay was working in league with others, all directed by Soviet Russia. But both Navy Department and Department of Justice disposed of him as a "fanatic." Lieut. Thomas G. W. Settle, naval aircraft inspector, and Dr. Karl Arnsfeldt, famed chief engineer & vice president of Goodyear-Zeppelin, stated that any harm Kassay might have attempted would be rectified by their rigid system of inspection.

Flights & Flyers

Udet. Captains Ernst Udet and Gunther Plueschow shared the honor of being Germany's foremost airmen. Last month Capt. Plueschow died in a crash in South America (TIME, Feb. 9). Last week Germany came very close to losing her other idol. Having completed a motion picture job in Tanganyika, Africa, Capt. Udet headed back to Europe. Approaching Khartoum he was forced down in the miasmal Sudanese swamps. Luck was with him; he found and made a landing on one of the swamps' few patches of hard ground. There, days later, Capt. Campbell

Black found him, was able to land beside him.

In the War, Ernst Udet was an ace second only to famed Baron von Richthofen. An Iron Cross man and squadron commander at the age of 22, he was credited



Keystone

ACE UDET

. . . was lucky in a swamp.

with bringing down 62 Allied planes by himself. Lately he has devoted himself to cinema, was featured as the flyer in Ufa's *The White Hell of Pitz Palu*.

Maddalena. Nothing could have been more commonplace to three men in a seaplane that started a routine flight from Milan to Rome last week. All of them had crossed the South Atlantic with General Italo Balbo's roaring Triads (TIME, Jan. 19). Col. Umberto Maddalena, at the controls, was Italy's most decorated airman, most famed next to Balbo. He it was who, scouring the Arctic wastes in 1928, first sighted General Umberto Nobile and his party from the wrecked dirigible *Italia*, stranded on the ice near Spitzbergen. Sitting behind Col. Maddalena in the seaplane last week was Capt. Fausto Cecconi, 26, former co-holder with Maddalena of two flying records. With their companion, Lieut. Giuseppe Damonte, they were going to Rome to try and regain their non-refueling endurance and distance records from the French, who had just wrested them away with a 76-hr. flight. Over the Mediterranean not far from Pisa, the plane's propeller snapped. Flailing blades ripped through the cockpit, slashed the fuselage in two. One man tried to jump as the plane dove. But his parachute was caught in a strut, he went to death with his mates.*

To Horse Island. Among the 26 missing from the sealer *Viking* which sank after an explosion off Horse Island, N. F. last fortnight (TIME, Mar. 23) were a daring young film-maker named Varick Frissell of Manhattan and his photog-

*Sweden's Capt. Einar-Paál Lundborg, actual rescuer of Nobile, was killed in a crash last month (TIME, Feb. 9).

rapher, Arthur G. Penrod. Forlorn though the hope that they might still be alive, Frissell's father, Dr. Lewis Fox Frissell, last week persuaded famed Pilot Bernd Balchen to fly in search of them, in company with his friend F. Merion Cooper and Pilot Randy Enslow. Through weather nearly impassable, Pilot Balchen pushed a Sikorsky amphibian as far as Corner Brook, N. F., about 500 mi. short of the goal. There he had to wait for a special train to arrive with more fuel. There he was passed by crack Pilot Robert H. Fogg, flying an open biplane with a Paramount cameraman. Pilot Fogg (who, like Balchen, was one of the few pilots to reach Greenly Island and the stranded airplane *Bremen* three years ago) circled Horse Island while his companion photographed the ice-bound rescue ships carrying the 127 survivors. He tried to land, wrecked the plane's undercarriage.

Kiwi

The "feel" of the plane, basic requisite of flying, is usually imparted to beginners by sending them up in a dual-control plane with an instructor. Last week at Glenn Curtiss airport, N. Y., a new method was introduced, to give students the "feel" by letting them "fly solo" before leaving the ground. Equipment used: 1) a glider mounted to swing in the blast of a fan; 2) an almost wingless "kiwi" or tailplane which scoots around the field but cannot rise and which has strong hoops in front to protect the tyro if he noses over; 3) an ordinary glider; 4) a low-powered training plane.

This "solo system," devised by Lieut. George Rockwell, Wartime Army instructor, is an elaboration of the old Blériot method.

God v. Pilot (Cont'd.)

No airline wants its passengers to think they are threatened by unavoidable accidents. But when a crash occurs and a damage suit results, the airline sometimes pleads Act of God. The underlying question: Is an unforeseen accident necessarily unforeseeable? Last fortnight saw two developments in the dispute of "God v. Pilot" (TIME, Jan. 19).

Aéropostale. In 1928 a plane of money-losing *Compagnie Générale Aéropostale* carrying a passenger from Morocco to Toulouse, flew into a severe storm over Spain. The pilot was pitched out of his cockpit and fell to death. The pilotless plane crashed, killing the passenger. Heirs sued for \$20,000. *Aéropostale* argued that every precaution had been taken by government officials who inspected the planes and gave clearance for each departure. The storm, said the company, was clearly an Act of God. Last fortnight, the court ruled in favor of *Aéropostale*. Insisting that the company must take storms into consideration, the plaintiffs appealed.

Curtiss. Two months ago an Act-of-God decision in favor of Curtiss Flying Service was set aside by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in Brooklyn, and a retrial ordered in a \$25,000 damage suit. Last fortnight a jury again opined that the Curtiss pilot was not blamable for a fatal crash resulting from an air bump.



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are smooth, exact and quiet. Between second and high speeds, back and forth, gears may be shifted without disengaging the clutch . . . and the removal of pressure from the accelerator allows the car to glide silently on momentum, with the engine idling.

The fleet beauty of the car, its great comfort and safety, are enhanced by the long, low wheelbase of 145 inches and the wide tread. Its mechanical excellence is matched by an equal provision for the gracious comfort of those who ride in it. Every refinement in finishing, every modern appointment plays its fortunate part in the final luxury of the Lincoln . . . "as nearly perfect a motor car as it is possible to produce." The prices of the new Lincoln range from \$4400 up, f. o. b. Detroit.



Changing tons of prehistoric brine into caustic soda for a modern nation's soap and lye. A painting of the Dow Chemical Works by A. H. K. Hammond, reproduced from the April issue of FORTUNE.

HUNDREDS of thousands of years ago a retreating glacier enriched the State of Michigan with extensive deposits of brine. From these deposits (now buried more than a thousand feet beneath the earth's surface) come a large percentage of the bromides, aspirin, chloroform, aniline, indigo, caustic soda and magnesium used in this country today. Indeed, the Dow Chemical Company of Midland, Michigan, now employs the components of its brine in the making of more than 150 products, including nearly all the bromine compounds produced in this country. It is also the only American producer of metallic magnesium.

FORTUNE's story (in April) of Dow Chemical Company recognizes the importance of chemicals in modern industrial life. Similarly FORTUNE has repeatedly emphasized the connection between chemistry, industry, and prosperity.

Readers for whom chemistry is vaguely and awesomely associated with test tubes and explosions have read FORTUNE's description of Allied Chemical & Dye, which in many respects is the General Motors of Chemistry. They have travelled with FORTUNE to South America and Germany for an authentic picture of the world's nitrates. In brilliant word and striking picture they have seen compared the Guggenheims' Chile nitrate

mines with I. G. Farbenindustrie's nitrogen fixation plants—and the new, challenging competition furnished by Allied Chemical & Dye. They have seen how Texas extracts sulphur from deep wells so cheaply that the ancient Sicilian sulphur mines beneath Mt. Aetna are closing down. They have seen how, by chemistry, coal operators seek new products for new markets to replace those lost to gas, oil and electricity. They have seen in many another FORTUNE article the contribution of chemistry to the diversification of meat packing, to the perfection of fine glass, to the spread of color throughout industry, to the reduction in the price of aluminum, to oil refining, copper mining, rubber manufacturing.

These stories, illustrated as only FORTUNE can illustrate them, are told as only FORTUNE can tell them. They are, one and all, stories worth telling, stories worth knowing.

◆ Fortune

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C I N E M A

The New Pictures

The Front Page (Howard Hughes—United Artists). Adolphe Menjou, a peaked and spindling personage suited to tailcoats and equipped with a devilish little mustache, has long been identified in the cinema with the rôles of enervated clubmen, sleek playboys, rouses too tired to be dashing. Required to impersonate, in *The Front Page*, a city editor addicted to coarse epithets and unscrupulous behavior, he does so with surprising success, without even removing his boutonniere. In order to retain the services of a reporter who wants to leave town for a more respectable position, he arranges for police to arrest the reporter. "The son of a —" stole my watch," he says.

Actor Menjou makes "son of a —" sound even more opprobrious and gutter-snippish than the term sounded in the mouth of Osgood Perkins who created the managing editor's part in the Broadway *Front Page* of onetime Chicago News-hawks Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Items more impolite than any which have previously appeared in cinema are faithfully reproduced from the play's stage version. The scene, which changes rarely through the picture, is the press room of a "Mythical Kingdom's" criminal courts building. Eight reporters are gathered to report the execution of a murderer. Hildy Johnson, the reporter who wants to quit his job, is just leaving when the murderer escapes from jail and makes his way into the press room through a window. Overcome by the opportunity for a scoop, Hildy Johnson hides the murderer in a roll-top desk, stays to write the story.† Finally the murderer is reprieved, Hildy Johnson (Pat O'Brien) entrains with his girl (Mary Brian) for his new job.

Director Lewis Milestone makes *The Front Page* triumph magnificently over a few trivial defects.

Tabu (Paramount). This film, if translated from pictures into words, would emerge in the form of a bare and gloomy island ballad. It tells the Polynesian legend of a love affair between an island boy and a girl who has been selected by her tribe for vestal consecration. The boy, Matahi, and the girl, Reri, escape from their own island to a more civilized one where he becomes the best pearl diver in the harbor. One night he dives into dangerous water to get a pearl which will enable them to go further away from the pursuing warrior Hitu. When Matahi gets back, Hitu has already prevailed on Reri to return. He sees their boat, swims after it, sinks as the boat grows small across the water.

There is no dialog in *Tabu*. The story is told entirely by pictures, helped by infrequent and skilful sub-titles, accompanied by Composer Hugo Reisenfeld's

*The epithet is not completed in the talkie. On the stage it was.

†In Chicago last week the actual and original Hilding ("Hildy") Johnson, for 20 years criminal-court reporter for the *Chicago Herald & Examiner*, died of injuries sustained some months ago when he was hit by a motor-truck.

synchronized "musical setting." Three of the five actors are natives of Bora Bora, one of two Southern Pacific Islands where Director Fred W. Murnau spent 18 months making *Tabu*. Best shot: Matahi coasting down a waterfall.

Dour, red-haired Director Friedrich Wilhelm Murnau (real name Plumpe-murnau) was born in 1886, educated at Heidelberg and Berlin University. He got Max Reinhardt to give him a part in *The Miracle*. In 1921 he started to make movies in Berlin—*The Hunchback & The Dancer*, *The Janus' Head*, *Nosferatu*. In 1925 he surprised the world with *The Last Laugh*, about a doorman in a big hotel, by many considered the best silent cinema ever filmed. A year later he made *Faust*, then went to Hollywood



Paramount Pictures

THE LATE DIRECTOR MURNAU

... from Heidelberg to Hollywood.

where he directed Janet Gaynor in *Sunrise* and *Four Devils*.

He collaborated with Director Robert J. Flaherty (*Nanook of the North*, *Moana*) on the story of *Tabu*. He built himself a house on Bora Bora, 300 miles from Tahiti in the Society Islands, and spent three months selecting natives for his cast. Six months ago he returned to Hollywood. Last fortnight he was killed when his car ran off the road some miles north of Santa Barbara, rolled down a 30-ft. embankment and landed on him at the bottom.

Man of the World (Paramount). William Powell plays the rôle of a slightly sentimental blackmailer, faced by an unusual dilemma. Operating in Paris as editor of a scandal sheet he performs his extortions so skilfully that he finds himself admired by his victims and falls in love with one of them. The blackmailer is in a quandary trying to decide whether to reform himself or to dissilusion his innamorata. Convinced that reformation is impossible, he blackmails the girl, sails for South Africa on a tramp steamer.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

Gold, Gold

James Y. Murdoch, 40, King's Counsel, a man of great esteem in Toronto, last fortnight reported to the shareholders of Noranda Mines, Ltd. of which he is president. From Noranda's deep shafts which pierce rich veins of gold, and from its bigger copper deposits, from its smelters and refineries, last year Noranda earned only \$3,841,000 against \$4,287,000 in 1929. But this news was not discouraging to Noranda's shareholders, all of whom have had faith that the spectacular history of Noranda cannot continue dull for long. For a few days after President Murdoch's report the stock remained steady on the New York Curb and Toronto Stock Exchange at \$17. Then suddenly, as if in answer to the shareholders' faith, it bubbled with activity, soared to \$27 on the

1930 highs. Another evidence of the fever is seen wherever there is a chance of gold being found. Globe, Ariz. bubbled with excitement last week on the report that the so-called "Lost Dutchman" mine in Superstition Mountain had been found again after 20 years. Several weeks ago more than 500 men, many jobless, were stampeded by a rumor of gold from Calgary to the bleak, cold Livingstone River Valley 100 miles away. Australia still teems with excitement over a 94-lb. nugget found two months ago. Gold-rich Africa is the scene of similar tension. And last week in San Ignacio, Mexico, one Guillermo Laveaga came out of the hills and caused a gold-rush by his tales of a place where gold is to be extracted from the rocks with hunting knives.

Gold prospectors are men of faith and hope, dauntless. Typical of their kind is Edmund H. Horne who discovered the rocks upon which Noranda was built.

The long odyssey of Miner Horne is unusual because it has a perfect ending. On the shores of Grand Lake, Nova Scotia, near the town of Enfield where he was born 66 years ago, he has retired on his winnings, built for himself a big dwelling in the seclusion of the pines.

Ed Horne started work in the mines of Nova Scotia when he was young. In 1898 he went to British Columbia and worked in the mills of the Slocan Star and the Athabaska, then got a good position in a mill at Ymir. But he had "miner's foot." He went to California. In 1907 he went to Labrador. For a while he ran the King Edward Mill at Cobalt, Ontario, then was off to the Porcupine District, then the Kirkland Lake District. In 1911 he went to the Rouyn District of Quebec and found some gold. Nine years later he staked the claims, financed by a syndicate of farmers. Experts refused to buy him out but in 1922 two New York men, Humphrey W. Chadbourne (brother of Sugarman Thomas Lincoln Chadbourne) and Samuel C. Thomson, mining engineers, prospecting in the district, formed the Noranda syndicate to take over what Ed Horne had found.

In 1923 a diamond drill 131 feet deep at Noranda startled the mining world by striking copper as well as gold. A town arose and the great Noranda mines were under way. In 1925 the 20,000 Noranda \$100-par shares were split 100-for-one. At last week's price of \$27 the old shares would be worth \$2,700. At last year's high of \$44 a share, Noranda's valuation was \$86,000,000 against the original \$2,000,000.

10%

"There are indications that the worldwide depression in business . . . is subsiding and that the upturn is beginning." So last week wrote President James Augustine Farrell of United States Steel Corp. to members of the National Foreign Trade Council of which he is chairman. He added that the Council estimates that the dollar volume of total world trade (measured by exports) dropped from \$33,500,000,000 in 1929 to \$27,000,000,000

000 last year. Amount of this drop measured in volume and not dollars: 10%.*

Chrysler Pool

When the public hears that a pool is at work in a stock, they are very likely to rush in and attempt to make a few quick points of profit. This is a hazardous practice because usually the public does not hear of the pool until the pool is ready to sell to the public. And it is also hazardous because pools are by no means always successful. Last week came to light the story of a tremendous pool and its unhappy ending.

In October 1929, Chrysler common stock sold at \$30. The firms of J. S. Bache & Co. and E. F. Hutton & Co. formed a pool to buy and sell the stock in any amount so long as they did not carry more than 500,000 shares at one time. As usual, the pool was called a "trading account."



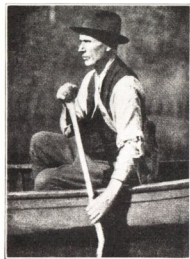
Keystone

WILLIAM FRANK KENNY

His pool-mates complained.

As usual, membership in the trading account was sold to individuals who would let the pool's managers handle all its affairs but who would share in its profits or losses. One member of the pool was William Frank Kenny, rich Brooklyn contractor, faithful friend of Alfred Emanuel Smith, onetime 20%-owner of the New York "Giants" baseball team (National Exhibition Co.). Since Contractor Kenny had been a Chrysler director (1925-28), since Jules Semon Bache and Edward F. Hutton were on the Chrysler board, it seemed that this big pool had a sure future. But last week the Bache and Hutton firms went to Court, said the pool had closed out on July 16, 1930, when Chrysler was \$29. Member Kenny, they protested, was the only poolster who had not paid in his loss. It was not revealed how much the pool lost, what Member Kenny's share was.

*Mr. Farrell beamed last week when his company received a 125,000-ton steel order for Manhattan's soon-to-be-started Radio City (TIME, March 16). " . . . The largest order for structural steel ever placed," he cried, "it means employment for 8,000 to 10,000 men."



ED HORNE

His Noranda bloomed again.

news that once again Noranda had struck a new gold vein, that ore yielding as high as \$16.20 to the ton had been located.* Within one week more than \$22,000,000 new market value had bloomed on Noranda's 2,200,000 shares.

At a propitious time comes Noranda's new gold discovery. Low commodity prices, cheaper Labor, have in effect increased the price of gold, always salable to Government mints at \$20.67183462 per fine ounce. Thus gold mines which a few years ago were just able to break even are now operating at a profit, ones which were just profitable are now turning in tremendous profits. The effect of this has been that Gold Fever, always smoldering in the mind of man, has flamed fiercer than ever. One evidence of this is seen on the stock exchanges. Alaska Juneau (the big Treadwell Mine), Dome Mines (of which Broker Jules Semon Bache is president), McIntyre-Porcupine, Homestake, Tech-Hughes, are all selling near or above their

*Gold yields of \$6 to the ton are considered the lowest which are profitable in eastern Canada.

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MOODY'S COMPOSITE
PORTFOLIO RATING "A"

Kidder, Peabody: New Style

In 1865 there was formed the Boston banking firm of Kidder, Peabody & Co. By the turn of the century it had marched into the foremost rank of private banks. Yet during the last few years sorry things have happened to Kidder, Peabody & Co. In August 1929, William Endicott, who had entered the firm after emerging from Harvard in 1887, resigned. On Jan. 2, 1930, the senior partner, Frank G. Webster, died suddenly at the age of 89. Five days later the mainspring of the firm, Robert Winsor, died. Within a year Wall Street was whispering black news about Kidder, Peabody & Co.

Last week the partnership of Kidder, Peabody & Co. was dissolved. A new partnership of three members was formed to succeed it. New blood will henceforth flow through the firm, but the traditions of Boston and Harvard have not been broken and the name continues to remain the same.

Oldest of the three new partners is Chandler Hovey. In 1900 he went to work for Kidder, Peabody & Co., and in 1910 left to form his own firm. He is closely tied to the firm's tradition, for his sister married Edwin Sibley Webster, son of the late Frank G. Webster and now president of Stone & Webster, Inc. His father was the late William Alfred Hovey, editor of the *Boston Transcript*. His grandfather was Charles Hovey, fiery Boston abolitionist. Chandler Hovey winters at Chestnut Hill, Boston, points with pride to some large China vases bearing paintings of Napoleon by Artist Jacques Louis David.

Partner Hovey's nephew, Edwin Sibley Webster Jr., 31, was also made a partner. This young man began his career slowly. After graduating from Harvard in 1923 and from Harvard Business School in 1925, he went to work for his father in Stone & Webster, Inc., first on a construction job in Puget Sound, then on a Florida bus line, then with a power company in Virginia. From those occupations he went to Boston to be a messenger boy in the Stone & Webster Building for a while, then entered the legal department of the firm. He was a vice president when he resigned last week to go to Kidder, Peabody. He is also a director of Freeport Texas Co., New England Trust Co., Railway & Light Securities Co., Golfer, fisherman, gunner and rider-to-hounds, he was in Florida last week recovering from brain concussion suffered when he was thrown last October in the Norfolk Hunt (Medfield, Mass.).

A business-school classmate of young Partner Webster was lank Albert H. Gordon. After graduation he went to work for Goldman, Sachs & Co. He was named last week as the third partner of re-organized, re-vitalized Kidder, Peabody & Co.

Denial

In his report to stockholders last week President William Armstrong Fairburn of Diamond Match Co. saw fit to deny the report that his company had tried to get out of its re-organization plan. His denial was quite definite for he saw fit to call the rumors "crude and imaginary, positively unwarranted by fact, void of substance and absolutely false."

SUNSHINE... for a Rainy Day

THERE are some two million families in our country with yearly incomes of \$5,000 and more. Few among even these fortunate families are able to go through life without "rainy days" when extra money is essential.

What of the other twenty-four and a half million families with smaller incomes? It is harder for them to put enough aside for rainy days when money is needed desperately.

And when sickness strikes or taxes are due or any emergency wipes out savings and more, what is the way out of their difficulties? Who will supply these families with the vitally needed money? Where is their sunshine?

The banks will not lend money without bankable securities. Merchants cannot afford to wait. Doctors are entitled to prompt pay. Taxes cannot be put off.

Fortunately, neither debtor nor creditor need be distressed in this state. The laws have provided for family finance companies who loan up to \$300 at a rate that is fair to both the individual and the company.

Largest and foremost among these is the



Household Finance Corporation with 132 offices serving 73 principal cities. There families may go, and in business-like privacy, get the money to tide them over emergencies. No endorsers required—just the signatures of husband and wife. Household's charges on loans over \$100 are almost a third less than the rates allowed by law, with as long as twenty months for repayment.

There, too, they may get sincere advice on income budgeting so that they will be ready for the next rainy day.



MONEY MANAGEMENT FOR HOUSEHOLDS, a helpful booklet on budgeting family income, leading to the happiness of financial security, is offered without charge to all. Telephone, call, or write for a copy.

HOUSEHOLD
FINANCE CORPORATION . . .
Headquarters: Palmolive Building, Chicago, Illinois
... (132 Offices in 73 Cities) ...
(Consult your telephone directory for the office nearest you) . . .

NBC

Turn the dial to your N B C Station every Tuesday night at 8:00 Central Time and be a guest of the Household Celebrities, featuring America's foremost stars of the opera, concert, and stage, as well as leading thinkers in affairs of national importance.

Thawing Out Frozen Credits . . .

Sunshine on rainy days, for the more than 80% of the country's population that cannot borrow from banks, thaws out frozen credits for merchant, wholesaler, manufacturer, professional man, and banker. The above advertisement proves the importance of small loan financing and speeds collections by pointing out the only means available to the majority of families for obtaining supple-

mentary funds in emergencies. It is one of a series now appearing in newspapers with four and three-quarter million circulation. Public spirited citizens are invited to write for information about the small loan business which is providing over a half billion dollars this year to hasten business recovery. Address Dept. T2, Household Finance Corporation, Palmolive Building, Chicago.

PRUDENCE THOUGHTS

WHY THE PRUDENCE COMPANY IS OFTEN SHORT OF MORTGAGES

There is a limit to the kind of mortgages we are willing to accept and guarantee. That is why we are often short of mortgages. Some concerns have a wider list for investors to choose from because they take mortgages that are not good enough for us. We receive and reject hundreds of applications for loans that are readily snapped up by institutions that are trusting to volume to take care of their mistakes.

We will not make excessive loans and cripple the borrower with excessive charges for the sake of paying a higher interest rate to our investors.

We stand resolutely opposed to shoestring financing. We draw a sharp distinction between taking mortgages and taking chances. And if we are sometimes short of offerings, it is to the advantage of the investor because what we do offer is safety and not rate.

THE PRUDENCE COMPANY, Inc.

Under Supervision of N. Y. State Banking Dept.

331 Madison Ave., at 43rd St., N. Y.

162 Remsen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

8931-161st St., Jamaica, N. Y.

10 Depot Plaza, White Plains, N. Y.

PRUDENCE MORTGAGES

Singer School

"Ever since Marion was 15 her birthday present from her father had been money to buy a new dress. This year her father was able to give her only half the amount. But with the money she was able to provide two dresses for herself and one for her mother."

In many a U. S. home last week girls were reading about Marion and deciding to follow her example. What Marion did (in the advertisement) was to go to a free sewing school operated by mighty Singer Sewing Machine Co.

About a year ago Singer Sewing Machine thought of conducting free sewing schools, tried a few test advertisements. So successful was the experiment that now all Singer advertising is being devoted to this service.*

"Of the Greatest Windfall"

Chikayoshi Kurihara arrived in the U. S. 15 years ago at the age of 31. During the War he helped supply Japanese seamen and supplies for U. S. ships, later ran an employment agency. Then he began trading in Wall Street. Like many another Japanese, he did well. Because of his large circle of friends he was induced to go with A. Bridgens, one of the largest houses dealing in puts and calls.† In addition to landscape gardening Mr. Kurihara has been sincerely interested in literature. To his several hundred clients he has started sending market letters. Especially interesting was a letter he sent out last week which was headed "The beautiful and cheerful spring market" and which took a very bullish stand on Auburn which "has been pushed questionably up from 101 to 217½."

"Specially injecting on some stock," Mr. Kurihara said: "The hares and the pheasants in the wood should not be so curiously, however, if the shooter will find and kill the oldest wild boar which is jumped out of the wood, such game will be one of the greatest windfall, Auburn Automobile seems to be felt lonesomely and disheartened without a friend, if so; will seek as 'where is my brother?' Better to calls when one points away is small."

Less definite in statement was Mr. Kurihara's very sage observation that: "... The market to be worth while on the opposite side of the deep valley will make the crest market, the sharp-witted traders will benefit for and the good-sized profit as from the basement to the roof will multiply for the small seed money and

*Depression-conscious, too, is a current series of *Arrow Collars* advertisements. To the jobless they hint that jobs come easier to the man in a stiff collar. To the employed they hint that the man in a stiff collar is more pleasing to his employer, surer of his job.

†Puts and calls are options. A put is an option which guarantees that its maker will buy a stated number of shares within a given time limit at a certain price. A call is an option which guarantees that its maker will sell stock in the same manner. A 30-day put or call costs \$137.50 for 100 shares. The price at which the stock will be bought in a put is at a certain number of "points-away" below the market and a call is the opposite. The "points-away" are governed by supply and demand. Traders use puts and calls as a means of speculation, and also to protect themselves. A trader loan 100 shares of stock at \$5.00 would often be glad to buy a 30-day put on 100 shares at \$95, which would of course limit his loss to \$500 plus the \$37.50 price of the put.

an occasion to pour a water over the sleeping ears."

Mr. Kurihara's friends have faith in his advice. They believe that he has sometimes made fat killings and on the whole does better than the average trader. The course of the market during the past month has justified his letter of Feb. 10 in which, after a lyric description of spring, he said: "Just so the stockmarket, paralyzed by fear for business and liquidation by wearily holders of stocks, having passed through the period of depression (Winter), gives signs to the initiated of the dawn of a



Price Picture News

TRADER KURIHARA

"The hares and the pheasants in the wood should not be so curiously . . ."

new era (Spring), with its many opportunities to the alert and thoughtful to participate in the coming Bull Market—the creator of new Millionaires, as in the past; so by prompt and wise action, NOW, in the springtime of this Market, will satisfactory results be obtained."

Fortnum & Mason Abroad

Three stores within a stone's throw of each other are likely to be visited by the American in London. For smoker's articles he would go to Dunhill's, regardless of the fact that control of Dunhill's has long since passed to David Albert Schulte. For shirts he might go to Hawes & Curtis. For jams, pickles & preserves, for shoes and perhaps even for tweeds, he might go to venerable Fortnum & Mason.

The founder of Fortnum & Mason was one Cornelius Fortnum, faithful servitor of Queen Anne. For years he held the unique monopoly of being allowed to take and sell the Court's old candles, for Queen Anne would never allow the same candle to be lit twice. In 1770 he opened his shop and began dealing in delicacies. Later Fortnum & Mason added shoes to its food department, then clothes. Swiftly grew its prestige. Gladstone and Disraeli were steady customers. From Fortnum & Mason Queen Victoria ordered 250 lb. of beef tea to be shipped to Florence Nightingale in the Crimea. Queen Mary shops there regularly.



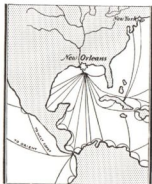
a 1931 Business Map...dated 1757

Eighteenth century map-makers gave scant attention to territorial boundaries of the New World. Their broader viewpoint was that of present day business men. For they charted the arteries of trade . . . and stressed the usefulness of the Mississippi Valley Waterways, with New Orleans as the key-port.

Greater accuracy has changed the map in many details. But man-made changes have emphasized its significance. The Federal Government has made the Inland Waterways System more important commercially. And as far north as Chicago, westward to Yankton and eastward to Pittsburgh, the valley's industries can use the most economical of all forms of transportation. New Orleans is the gateway to the richer Mississippi Valley.

To your branch-plant at New Orleans, the barge-lines will float raw materials at money-saving rates. Manufacture your products here, with loyal American labor and low living costs contributing their economies in production. Then ship your merchandise to domestic markets with less cost than your competitors. Or to the 110,000,000 Latin Americans who have made New Orleans their first source of supply.

The Government has said to business men, "We have developed the Inland Waterways to New Orleans to aid efficient distribution . . . a primary industrial objective for 1931. Either all-water or rail-and-water rates will save you money. Use the water-ways, use New Orleans for your profit."



NINE trunk-line railroads and the Inland Waterways of the Greater Mississippi Valley meet the Ocean Lanes of the World at New Orleans

NEW ORLEANS

ASSOCIATION OF COMMERCE

FURNITURE



Furniture Manufacturers in New Orleans are near hardwoods, have skilled labor, Command of Latin American markets. Write for Furniture Survey.

CANNING



Food Industry prospering here, indicates possibilities for canners and other manufacturers; four crops a year in immediate territory.

CHEMICAL



Opportunity in New Orleans for Chemical industries. Near the nation's largest supply of salt and sulphur. Write for Chemical Survey.

GENERAL



Survey of the New Orleans Industrial Zone is a readable analysis of profit-factors for your industry. Your copy sent upon request.



HOW DID R. V. WINKLE'S INVESTMENTS GROW

—while he slept
for 20 years?

fraction of their former value. Rip did a little figuring. He found that his 22 stocks which had cost him \$2,702 twenty years ago, now had a market value of only \$951, a decline of 65%.★

"There," said Rip Van Winkle just before his sensational twenty year sleep. "I've fixed my investments—every dollar in a diversified group of the best stocks—the kind everybody agrees you can put away and forget."

Twenty years later, say in 1920, he awoke . . . and what an awakening! He hobbled to the newsboy—turned to the financial pages. Some of his "best" securities were still among the best . . . others had completely disappeared . . . others were but a

Incorporated Investors does not believe in the Rip Van Winkle system of investing. It believes that you cannot forget an investment portfolio. That successful investing requires constant study of the portfolio, so that substitutions may be made which will insure that the funds are always in the best companies, rather than in companies which, as of a certain date, were held to be the best.

★Figures taken from an independent study published in a leading financial weekly.

Write for "Profits Through Supervised Investing"

INCORPORATED INVESTORS

The Parker Corporation, Boston, Mass., General Distributors

Last week Fortnum & Mason did what few great London shops have done: opened a store in Manhattan. The building is seven stories of pink brick with a blue-green base. Its façade and ground floor are a copy of the London shop. Walls and counters are of pale waxed pine, lined with long rows of bottles and preserved goods from all over the world, many painted in pastel shades. Smooth salesmen in morning coats and striped trousers greet the visitors. Much has been done to preserve the British tradition. On exhibit at last week's opening was a tremendous woodcock pie around whose crest were the skulls of 20 woodcocks, a replica of the pie which every year the Irish Free State sends to the King of England. Near the lift is a British coat-of-arms.

In charge of the store is Frederick Page, small, bone-spectacled, filled with anecdotes of such famed gourmets as Brillat, Savarin and Edward VII, who would have no *pâté de foie gras* after he saw geese being stuffed with food the better to fatten their livers. To visitors of untrained appetites Mr. Page explains such delicacies as East Indian poppadums, cheeses-marmalades, honeys from Syria, Portugal, Greece, England; Bombay duck; coxcombs in jelly; grouse pie; vintage marmalades; *sole farcie en champagne*. He explains that Fortnum & Mason anxiously awaits the Department of Agriculture's permission to sell rare soups, including those made from shark fins and kangaroo tails.

Talking Machine Merger

Depression teaches humility, softens pride. For many years the two great talking machine companies of the world have wanted to merge, time & again they have refused to make minor concessions. But last week Wall Street was glad to hear that the long-remembered deal had come to pass: shortly *Columbia* and *His Master's Voice* will belong to one company.

His Master's Voice is the voice of Radio Corp. of America, which in 1929 bought Victor Talking Machine Co. Victor Talking controls big Gramophone Co., Ltd. of England, a world-wide distributor of talking machines, records, radios.

Gramophone's big rival is Columbia Graphophone Co., Ltd. which assumed control of Columbia Phonograph Co. Inc. of America when that company was formed in 1924 out of the wreckage of Columbia Graphophone Manufacturing Co. Columbia Graphophone also does a world-wide business; not least among its subsidiaries are Nipponophone Co., Ltd. of Japan and France's *Compagnie Générale des Machines Parlantes*.

By last week's plan, shareholders of Gramophone and Columbia Graphophone will be given stock in a new holding company.* As a bonus they will be given stock in Columbia Phonograph Co. Inc. of America which henceforth will apparently shift for itself. Dominant stockholder in the new company will be Radio Corp. of America, holding 30% of the holding company's stock.

*Avid for business, last week the New York Produce Exchange started trading in the stock of this new company on a "no name yet" basis. For convenience sake traders called the company "Columbia Graphophone & Gramophone."

RELIGION

Protestant Birth Control

"Birth control is nearing the status of a recognized procedure in preventive and curative medicine. Knowledge of contraceptives is also widely disseminated and the question of their use has become one of great social importance. . . . There is general agreement also that sex union between husbands and wives as an expression of mutual affection, without relation to procreation, is right. This is recognized by the Scriptures, by all branches of the Christian Church, by social and medical science, and by the good sense and idealism of mankind."

So reads a majority report issued last week by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.* So does U. S. Protestantism disagree with Pope Pius XI and some Church of England bishops on the subject of Birth Control.

As revealed last fortnight by Bishop Albert Augustus David of Liverpool (TIME, March 16), a number of Anglican Bishops at last year's Lambeth Conference were privily agreed that the sexual relationship "even in marriage must be regarded as a regrettable necessity. . . . Except where children are desired, married persons should remain celibate after marriage, as before." In this recommendation of abstinence, three of the 28 members of the Federal Council's Committee on Marriage and the Home concurred: Mrs. Robert Elliott Speer, president of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations; Mrs. Orrin R. Judd, president of the Council of Women for Home Missions; and Dr. Howard Chandler Robbins of General Theological Seminary, Manhattan.

Bishop Auxiliary John J. Dunn of New York and Archbishop Michael Joseph Curley of Baltimore promptly replied for Catholicism to the Protestants' report. Archbishop Curley called it a "confession of moral bankruptcy." Bishop Dunn quoted His Holiness, Pope Pius XI: "Since, therefore, the conjugal act is destined primarily by nature for the begetting of children, those who in exercising it deliberately frustrate its natural power and purpose, sin against nature and commit a deed which is shameful and intrinsically vicious. . . . No reason, however grave, may be put forward by which anything against nature may become conformable to nature and morally good." (TIME, Jan. 19.)

The Federal Council's committee divided on the question of how Birth Control should be practiced, whether by the use of contraceptives or by abstinence. On this subject, apart from the Catholic viewpoint, Christian opinion is not united. The "Scriptures and the ecumenical councils of the Christian Church are silent." Even the medical profession is not unanimous. "Guidance should be sought from the Holy Spirit, the Lord and Giver of

*Composed of 27 Protestant denominations (representing between 22,000,000 and 23,000,000 Protestants) of which 25 hold full membership. The Protestant Episcopal Church has "co-operative" membership. The United Lutheran Church in America has "consultative" membership. Delegates of the former vote at annual meetings; the latter do not.



The Baltimore Refinery of The American Sugar Refining Company, comprising 15 individual structures with a floor area of 800,000 square feet, over 18 acres, was built complete by Stone & Webster Engineering Corporation.

On completion of the Refinery the client wrote:—

" you have rendered a service to this company marked by skill, efficiency and co-operation of a pronounced character, and we take this opportunity of congratulating you upon your part in this great enterprise and know that you share our pride in its completion."

STONE & WEBSTER ENGINEERING CORPORATION

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BUILDERS and ENGINEERS
For the
BUSINESS LEADERS
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Anything
Typed
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\$35

**COMPLETELY
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See Your Stationer
or Mail Coupon for
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& SCHOOL
FORMS

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LIST

OFFICE
& SHOP
FORMS

SCHEDULES

In stores, offices, factories, shops, churches, schools, institutions, hotels, restaurants, the Heyer Rotary Lettergraph is daily performing a multitude of services and saving money on every job. Do you want to get out a Bargain Sheet, Price List, Announcement, Collection Letter, quickly?

The Heyer Rotary Lettergraph will give you 1,000 to 1,500 clean, neat copies an hour, at an average cost of 25c per thousand. Anybody can operate it, and produce work the equal of the costliest duplicators. Makes copies in two or more colors, on any size from postcard to 9x15 sheet. (Maximum printing surface 7 1/2 x 11 inches.) Send coupon for 10-day trial offer.

*Cleartype Dry Stencils
and Supplies for All
Duplicators.*

Heyer Duplicator Co., Inc.
(Established 1903)

935 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Send details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name _____

Street _____

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Life," said the Federal Councillors. But, "whatever the final conclusion may be," the Councillors were "strongly of the opinion that the Church should not seek to impose its point of view as to the use of contraceptives upon the public by legislation or any other form of coercion; and especially should not seek to prohibit physicians from imparting such information to those who in the judgment of the medical profession are entitled to receive it." While the majority held that abstinence in marriage cannot be relied upon, they also pointed out that there is an element of uncertainty in all contraceptive methods. They particularly warned the public against "advertised nostrums, which are beginning to appear in thinly disguised forms in reputable periodicals, and so-called 'boot-legged' devices at drug stores. . . ."

Twenty-two of the 28 members of the Federal Council's committee—including Mrs. John Davison Rockefeller Jr., Dr. John Abner Marquis, onetime (1916) Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, President Albert William Beaven of Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, and George Woodward Wickersham—approved the use of contraceptives.

Dr. Frederick Hermann Knubel, president of the United Lutheran Church in America, suspected the motives of those who had brought Birth Control up for discussion. He connected it with a period "notorious for looseness in sexual morality."

Same day as the U. S. Protestant report appeared, the Congregation of the Holy Office in Vatican City issued a decree condemning the tendency to instruct the youth of both sexes regarding the phenomenon of procreation.

Six Young Men

"Six of the brightest young men from our colleges," last week announced Dr. Clarence True Wilson of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition & Morals, "have been assigned the task of obtaining the signatures of 5,000,000 U. S. inhabitants to a pledge of total abstinence from intoxicating beverages."

The institutions from which the six crusaders have been selected are Asbury College (Wilmore, Ky.), Boston University, Syracuse University, and Dickinson College (Carlisle, Pa.). The young men will work in pairs. They will start out from Boston, New York and Philadelphia this spring, moving west across the upper half of the U. S., visiting 50 cities per year. They will work the lower half of the country from west to east. In the South the pledge idea has already been started locally, said Dr. Wilson; 665,000 signatures have already been obtained.

The "sacred thirst pledge" of this Methodist campaign is, oddly, not Methodist: but Roman Catholic, the invention of Father Theobald Mathew (1790-1856), an Irish Capuchin friar whose statue adorns the main thoroughfare of Dublin in the immediate vicinity of one of that city's most popular bars.* Father Mathew, after working for 24 years in Cork, founding schools, opening a cemetery and engaging in rescue work during the cholera

epidemic of 1832, signed the pledge when he was 48 and crusaded all over Ireland on behalf of teetotalism. His pledge, as adopted by the Methodists, reads:

I pledge, God helping me, in honor of the sacred thirst of our Lord and with the help of the Holy Spirit, never to drink intoxicating liquor or to use any narcotic or opiate, and that I will through life exert my utmost endeavors to prevent their sale and use by others.

The Sabbath

Three divisions of U. S. citizens are compelled by their religious beliefs to abstain from all work and business from sunset Friday until sunset Saturday: orthodox Jews, Seventh-Day Adventists, Seventh-Day Baptists. Existing legislation in 24 of the States takes no cognizance of this fact. If members of these religious communities observe their own Sabbath, they must also observe the Sunday of other denominations.

In regard to business, New York, where live some 17% of U. S. Jews, is one of the non-Sabbath observing States. Last week Rabbi Herbert S. Goldstein of the Institutional Synagogue in Manhattan, broadcasting his sermon, declared that this "religious persecution" must cease. "I call upon the Legislature of the State of New York to pass the Hofstadter-Moffat Sabbath bill!" he cried. Sponsored by Senator Samuel H. Hofstadter and Assemblyman Abbot Low Moffat, the bill would enable seventh-day observers to engage in business on "the first day of the week." Thus all would be equal in the sight of God and the State.

When the question was argued before the legislative code committee at Albany three weeks ago, Rev. Dr. Bernard Drachman of the Jewish Sabbath Alliance of America insisted that the issue was essentially a religious and spiritual one. "We are not at all interested in its commercial aspects," said he. Others, however, pointed out that, because the Jewish faith prohibits work on Saturday, and the State laws restrict work on Sunday, Jews are condemned to a five-day business week. All agreed that a partnership between a Jew and a Gentile should not be used as a device for working seven days a week. So an amendment was suggested specifically providing that any business conducted on Sunday must be closed on one other full day of the week.

Similar facilities having been granted to Jews in 16 States, the bill at Albany was simply an attempt to bring New York into line. The general argument is that people of all creeds should be interested in intensifying the faith of others, in order to present a united front against the power of Irreligion. Last week the bill went to the rules committee and it was understood it would not be reported out.

The Sabbath day, according to Genesis, was not established in Paradise. God ended his work on the seventh day, and blessed it and sanctified it. He did not command Adam and Eve to observe that day as a day of rest. There is no evidence that Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, or any of the other Patriarchs observed the Sabbath. Nor is there evidence that when the Israelites came out of Egypt they never heard of it. Hence their surprise on re-

*The Red Bank, whose oysters receive honorable mention in James Joyce's *Ulysses*.

ceiving double rations of manna on the sixth day (Ex. 16:22), so that they might rest on the Sabbath of the Lord as commanded through Moses. Sabbath day observance was, to the Christians, a ceremonial law of the Jews and not part of the moral law which was accepted by them after the coming of the Messiah. Its status was like that of the Passover and the Day of Atonement. After the coming of the Messiah the Old Testament ceremonies were revoked, so far as Christians were concerned. But even in the New Testament there is no divinely appointed day of rest. In fact, Saint Paul said: "Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holyday, or of the new moon, or of the sabbath days." (Col. 2:16.) Clearly the Sabbath is a matter of convenience and adjustment.

S P O R T

Oxford v. Cambridge

The two crews jerked away from the starting line together, but before they had moved 200 yards up the Thames the race was really over. Cambridge, stroked for the third year by Thomas A. Brocklebank, had settled into a smooth, fast stroke, a half-length ahead. Oxford, whose crews have failed to win since 1923, was splashing the water unrhythmically, losing distance.

Oxford still had a chance at the mile post. Ranking, 97-lb. Cambridge coxswain, steered too close to shore and lost a half-length. Two miles farther, the Oxford boat rolled in choppy water. Stroke Holdsworth grazed the surface with his oar. At Barnes Bridge where the Thames narrows near Mortlake, Cambridge was three lengths in front. Brocklebank, watching the Oxford shell, eased down his stroke. When his boat slid over the line a good two lengths in front, Stroke Brocklebank slipped his feet out of the slides, waved his legs at the crowd.

In the crowd, estimated at a million persons, were 20 who fell into the hold of a dismantled barge, had to be hoisted out by derrick.

Fancy Skaters

A nuisance to small boys playing hockey on country ponds are those solemn, grown-up "fancy" skaters who select the smoothest patch of ice and amuse themselves by executing interminable inside edges, spread eagles, figure eights. Fancy skaters, who prefer to call themselves figure skaters, last week held their championship tournament in Boston.

Best of the lady skaters was graceful, smiling Maribel Y. Vinson of Winchester, Mass., who executed her figures so well that she was awarded the women's senior championship for the fourth year in succession. An able performer in the junior men's tournament was 10-year-old Robin Lee of Minneapolis. In the senior tournament Roger E. Turner of Milton, Mass. won for the fourth year in succession. Mrs. D. F. Secord and Ferrier Martin, of the New York Skating Club, won the waltzing championship but lost in the dance tournament to Mrs. Theresa Weld Blanchard and W. W. Niles.



{ but you will never get it by moving your office }

YOU MAY leave street noise behind, but the clatter and din of typewriters, adding machines, telephones, and continuous conversation go right along with you. And this is what brings headaches and "nerves," distracts attention, prevents clear thinking, and lowers the efficiency of every worker—from top executive to newest filing clerk.

The answer is to stay where you are and have Acoustex sound-absorbent tile applied to the ceilings of rooms that now trouble you. Acoustex reduces from 50% to 75% of the noise. To noise-fatigued workers it brings rest and relief which are reflected in immediate improvement of health, disposition, and efficiency.

Acoustex—delivered to the job prepared to your order—makes office quieting simple. You call in an Acoustex engineer, who analyzes conditions and makes recommendations for securing the desired results. He suggests colors and border designs which will go best with the walls and furnishings. On delivery an experienced crew steps in, puts the tile in place, and the job is done. Isn't that an easy answer? Let us send you an interesting bulletin on Office Quietening and put you in touch with our nearest representative. A letter from your secretary gets immediate action.

HOUSING COMPANY, Acoustical Division
40 Central Street, Boston, Massachusetts
New York Office: 60 East 42nd Street
Representatives in Principal Cities



"Look, Alice... Mr. Perkins is mailing this 'Time' coupon to find out about making offices quiet. I hope he's going to put Acoustex in here so we can get some work done."

Acoustex is a ceiling finish beautiful in itself. Efficient, fire-resisting, easily cleaned and redecorated. Delivered pre-decorated to order, ready to be installed for:

Sound quieting in
OFFICES • SCHOOLS
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BANKS
DINING ROOMS

Proper hearing in
THEATRES • CHURCHES
AUDITORIUMS
RADIO STUDIOS
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ACOUSTEX

The Decorative Sound Absorbent

HOUSING COMPANY, ACOUSTICAL DIVISION
40 Central Street, Boston, Mass.

Name _____

() Send information on Office Quietening or

() Send information regarding acoustical treatment for ☐ School ☐ Theatre ☐ Church

☐ Dining Room ☐ Hospital ☐ Auditorium

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1-350

Get off MAIN STREET



—take the romantic all sea route to or from

California

3000 miles across the country from coast to coast! One mile is pretty much like another! 200 good-sized cities—all, more or less, on the same pattern. Why not get off Main Street for 13 glorious days when you travel between New York and California? Skirt both our shores... drop into Havana, the Caribbean's capital of pleasure... go through the stupendous Panama Canal, the silver thread which joins the two mightiest oceans... hold your breath at the beauty of tropical skies! Then you've really seen America!

Fortnightly sailings, by new, electric liners—*California*, *Virginia* and *Pennsylvania*—the largest, fastest, finest ships in inter-coastal service. Comfortable, convenient, economical arrangements for family parties.

REDUCED SUMMER FARES
Effective westbound April 1; Eastbound April 16.

Ask about special Water and Rail round trips to California from home town back to home town.



HAVANA TOURS—9-day all expense inclusive tours to Havana and return by Panama Pacific Liner.

Apply to No. 1 Broadway, New York; 400 Market Street, San Francisco; our offices elsewhere are authorized S. S. & F. R. agents.

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Line ALL NEW
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INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

EUROPE

25 years of specializing in European travel enables us to plan itineraries that are different and introduce features not found in the conventional tour. Limited parties make possible a more personal and more satisfactory service.

Write today for our illustrated 112 page book of Europe giving complete itineraries, rates, etc. Independent and Conducted parties in all grades. Book sent without charge.



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81 Boylston St. Boston

Indoor Tennis

The National Indoor Tennis Championship is sometimes played in Manhattan during the first two weeks in February. This year it was postponed to accommodate the invading French leader. Jean Borotra, who last week won first the doubles championship with his young left-handed partner, Christian Boussus, and next day the singles championship, beating Berkeley Bell, 6-1, 3-6, 6-4, 3-6, 6-4 in the final.

Dapper, gay, demonstrative Jean Borotra has made himself a millionaire in the gasoline pump business while performing in Davis Cup matches and international tournaments since 1923. Last week he dictated a letter to his secretary while riding in a taxicab to play his final match. Bell, who has beaten him once before, served well but so did Borotra, who threw two points in the third set, loafed in the fourth, broke through Bell's serve once in the fifth, then ended the match with a love game.

On Biscayne Bay

Perpetually submerging to the color of a mahogany deck, his whitish hair tossed back like spray from a speed-boat's bow, famed Boat-builder Gar Wood of Detroit last week stepped into his 2,200 h. p. *Miss America IX* at Miami Beach. After running a mile up and down Biscayne Bay at an average speed of 101.154 m. p. h. he got out, remarking: "Conditions are ideal. I can run faster than that."

Presently Gar Wood again got into *Miss America IX*, ran a nautical mile and back (800.27 ft. farther than a land mile) at 102.256 m. p. h. Having thus set two new records,* Gar Wood went home where he told reporters: "With 2,000 more horse power in the *Miss America IX* I can get 20 miles an hour more speed without difficulty. I will buy engines capable of 4,000 horse power. . ."

Who Won

♣ Percy N. Collins, slick-haired Chicago billiardist: the National Amateur 18.2 balkline championship, beating Edgar T. Appleby, the defending champion, in 26 innings, 300 to 290.

♣ The Harvard indoor polo team: a game against Princeton, 13½ to 8½, the first Harvard-v.-Princeton athletic contest since 1926.

♣ A Mrs. Kamalaba of Malabar: a prize-fight at Madras, India; by knocking out her opponent, a Miss Sitabai of Tanjore, in the sixth round. The referee declared the match a draw.

♣ Gene Sarazen: the La Gorce open golf tournament at Miami, after scoring eight birdies for a 66 on the last round.

♣ Mike Hall, 7-year-old bay gelding owned and bred by Robert M. Eastman of Chicago: the \$100,000 Agua Caliente Handicap, before a crowd of 25,000 under a blazing Mexican sun. Last at the start, with 36 hoofs pounding the light, fast track ahead of him at the quarter-mile mark. Mike Hall drove past the floundering favorite, Sun Beau, in the straightaway, to win from Choctaw by a neck.

*Old records: 98.76 m. p. h., made by the late Sir Henry Segrave of England before he was killed on Lake Windermere last year in *Miss England II*'s wreck (Time, June 25).

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Flower Show

At the last minute a brilliant red, yellow & blue macaw by the name of Toto slipped from his cage in the stately Georgian garden of Florist John T. Scheepers. flew into Alfred Kottmiller's Japanese garden and began furiously to gobble all the blossoms in sight. There was a brief moment of hysteria in the Wisteria; Toto was returned to his cage; a Navy band assisted by a soprano performed "The Star-Spangled Banner" and New York's Flower Show was declared open.

Once a year New Yorkers, who must live and work in one of the most barren cities on the continent, may go to Grand Central Palace to see such gardens and such flowers as never grew in the open air. Over 25,000 flower-lovers went there the opening day. The gardens and flowers were provided not only by garden clubs and nurseries but by some of the greatest names in U. S. finance: John Pierpont Morgan, Sidney Zollicoffer Mitchell, George Fisher Baker, Mrs. Payne Whitney, Hiram Edward Manville, Otto Hermann Kahn.

For the second year in succession the solid gold shield of the Holland Bulb Exporters Association went to Marshall Field for a bulb garden arranged by his able superintendent, George H. Gillies. Flaming tulips lined a green turf path to a stone bench by a mellow brick wall shaded by flowering lilac, rhododendrons, laurel, dogwood.

Other gardens were there to suit every taste: a tropical pool; two Alpine gardens complete with rocks and running brooks; Japanese gardens with twisted pine trees, thatched-roofed tea houses. All week long crowds of curious Easterners milled about the desert garden of Robert F. Manda where more than 1,000 varieties of weird misshapen cacti were growing in sand and rocks. Fourth day of the show the crowd grew even thicker. The "Crown of Thorns," a rare silver-grey prickly bush brought from Palestine by Cactus-grower Manda 25 years ago, had suddenly burgeoned with dozens of brilliant red flowers. Only once in three or four years does the Crown of Thorns bloom, hardly ever at this season, never before at the New York Flower Show.

Largest exhibit of the main floor was the Georgian garden of Florist Scheepers. Here were pink blossoming peach trees, dogwood, lilac and tulips, a brick-lined lily pool, and on the iron trellised porch a white brick Georgian house with peacock blue blinds, Macaw Toto in his cage. A brilliant example of the art of landscape architecture was not Mr. Scheepers' only contribution to the show. From his greenhouses came two new flowers never before exhibited in the U. S., the Sweet Glad and the Glory-of-the-Sun.

Glory-of-the-Sun—*Leucocoryne izioides* odorata to botanists—is an entirely new species of bulbous plant discovered high in the Andes two years ago in the course of an expedition conducted by British Botanist Clarence Elliott. The flowers, in groups of five and six on a single slender stem, are lily shaped, purplish blue shading

to white, and have a penetrating sweet odor. Their discovery was not particularly difficult. Botanist Elliott looked out of his bedroom window in a little Andean village one morning, saw a bucketful of the blooms for sale in the market. He dug up bulbs, took them to England, planted them in the greenhouse of Baron Lionel Nathan de Rothschild. Glory-of-the-Suns were first exhibited at last year's flower show in London. Mr. Scheepers believes Glory-of-the-Sun will grow in California, the South, anywhere that frezias can be grown.

Plant breeders have done many curious things to the gladioli. But the Sweet Glad, other Scheepers innovation, is the first gladioli to be given a smell.

On the upper floors of the Flower Show, humbler gardeners competed with individual plants, tested their artistic skill in contests for flower arrangements. On the second day reporters paused for a moment before a marble Empire vase arranged "in the French manner" by Mrs. Lewis F. Frissell. The evening before her explorer son Varick was reported lost in the explosion of the sealing ship *Viking* (TIME, March 23).

Back-room Masterpieces

Art dealers, whose business entails an endless succession of free exhibitions before a surfeited public, have an oriental trait: seldom on view, kept in the back rooms of their bazaars for the eyes of richest customers alone, are their greatest treasures. But last week New Yorkers with charity in their hearts and 50¢ in their pockets were able to see more than 100 of these back-room masterpieces, contributed by 33 art galleries.

Purpose of the show was to raise money for the Women's Fund of the Emergency Unemployment Committee. Women as well as men are unemployed in New York, but they do not stand in breadlines, they panhandle no pedestrians. State building programs do them no good. Ladies in distress need a specialized, more tactful relief. Urged by Mrs. Mary Woodard Reinhardt of the Reinhardt and Goldschmidt Galleries, 33 firms disgorged their treasures for the ladies' aid show.

It was a catholic assemblage of paintings with just one thing in common: none needed special advertising; all were eminently salable—for the proper price. They were pictures—anyone-would-like-to-own, ranging from 15th Century Venetian Cima de Conegliano to ultra-modern Pablo Picasso. Included were important works by such headlines as Rubens, Fragonard, Van Dyck, Gainsborough, Gilbert Stuart, Cézanne, and those favorites of jocular undergraduates, Neri di Bicci and Pieter de Hooch. It was impossible to decide which was the most important. Back-room Masterpiece, but almost certainly the most expensive was the Wildenstein Galleries' Fragonard, *Le Pont de Bois*, for which they would like to receive about \$300,000. Almost alone of New York's important galleries, the firm of Duveen Bros. refused to take part in the show. Reason: Sir Joseph was out of town; his three brothers could do nothing without him.

B O O K S

History Horsed*

1066 AND ALL THAT—W. C. Sellar & R. J. Yeatman—Dutton (\$1.75).

"Histories have previously been written with the object of exalting their authors. The object of this history is to console the reader. No other history does this." British Authors Sellar & Yeatman have written, in *1066 And All That*, a more than consoling parody of English history, from Caesar's conquest of Britain to the end of all things, when, the U. S. being "clearly top nation . . . History came to an end."

Example of Authors Sellar & Yeatman's consoling style: "Nelson was one of England's most naval officers, and despised weak commands. At one battle when he was told that his Admiral-in-Chief had ordered him to cease fire, he put the telephone under his blind arm and exclaimed in disgust: 'Kiss me, Hardy!'"

Pithy, *1066 And All That* makes short shift of the late Great War and its causes: "King Edward's new policy of peace was very successful and culminated in the Great War to End War. This pacific and inevitable struggle was undertaken in the reign of His Good and memorable Majesty King George V and it was the cause of nowadays and the end of History."

"The Great War was between Germany and America and was thus fought in Belgium, one of the chief causes being the murder of the Austrian Duke of Sarajevo by a murderer in Serbia."

"There were many other Causes of the Great War, such as:

"1. German governesses, a wave of whom penetrated Kensington in King Edward's reign and openly said that Germany ought to be top nation, and

"2. The Kaiser who sent a telegram consisting entirely of ems to one of the memorable Boerwar leaders."

U. S. Fire Escape?

AMERICA'S WAY OUT—Norman Thomas—Macmillan (\$2.50).

Norman Thomas, No. 1 U. S. Socialist, here tells the U. S. what it must do to be saved. He thinks the U. S. needs a fire escape, that Socialism is the best available. *America's Way Out*, in view of Author Thomas' position, may be regarded as almost an official Socialist pronouncement.

Strictures. With much of Thomas' general criticism of the U. S. scene even tycoons may agree. Says Thomas: "The whole [economic] system is planless and extremely chaotic. . . . Employers have not even been able to forecast the market for their own products or prevent recurring depression. . . . In sum total this planless, wasteful profit system gives us a new type of misery: poverty and unemployment in the midst of potential plenty."

All except Communists will agree with his animadversions on Communism: "There is no reason to think that the Communist International will succeed as the mouthpiece of infallible truth where the great Roman Catholic Church has failed. . . . No believer that tolerance, liberty and the scientific rather than the dogmatically religious approach to problems are essential to the good life can be content with Communism however keenly he may appreciate some of its benefits."

Even convinced Republicans may find some truth in his strictures on democracy: "Fifty million Frenchmen, British, Germans or Americans can be wrong."

Suggestions. According to Mr. Thomas, "Socialism is not a completely fixed and rigid scheme even of economic relations. It wants to destroy only so much of the



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NORMAN THOMAS

"Fifty million Frenchmen can be wrong."

old as endangers peace and freedom and plenty and to establish no more restraints than the working of specialized machinery for the common good makes necessary."

Eschewing dogma, never stepping outside his rôle of sweet reasonableness, Mr. Thomas suggests some changes Socialism would make: eliminate unearned income; revamp the Constitution (abolish the Senate, elect the House by proportional representation); equalize wages; introduce government employment agencies, unemployment insurance; abolish conscription in wartime. A Socialist government, thinks Mr. Thomas, would not attempt such experiments as Prohibition. "In general law should touch as little as possible . . . the personal habits and pleasures of men."

No pessimist, Norman Thomas thinks the Socialist party in the U. S. is on the up-grade, thinks it would smell as sweet by any other name. "What I think is

likely to happen is that sooner or later—and things move fast in America when they start—something like a mass movement of men and women who want an integrated program will come together in a socialistic party, by whatever name it may be called." He sees three future possibilities: Owen-D.-Youngism, Communism, Socialism. The achievement of Socialism "by democratic processes and without world war" he considers "a possibility, not a certainty. It must be worked out. To work it out is the greatest task farseeing men have ever undertaken for society." And the answer to his book "will not be the words of any armchair critic but the test of life itself."

The Author. Graduate of Princeton University (1905) and of Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary (he was once assistant at the Brick Presbyterian Church), Norman Mattoon Thomas has wandered far from Princeton Presbyterianism. In 1918 he founded the radical pacifist magazine, *The World To-morrow*, and was one of the founders of the American Civil Liberties Union. Few strikes in Manhattan have gone without his aid. Never yet elected to a political office, he has been Socialist candidate for: Mayor of New York City, Governor of New York, U. S. Congressman, President of the U. S.

Back Bay Backbitten

WHITE FAWN—Olive Higgins Prouty—Houghton Mifflin (\$2.50).

The Vales were of Boston's best, and they had what it takes to stay that way—plenty of money. When their eldest daughter Fabia reached the age of debutancy her coming-out was to be all that was Valeish. But Fabia was independent, and when she discovered that being a debutante was not only hard work but boring, it took all her mother's tact to keep her in harness. In spite of her indifference Fabia was a success: she was pretty, a good sort, a good catch. But then she met young Dr. Regan.

Dan Regan was young, able, ambitious, a good surgeon, but he lived on the wrong side of the State House and one of his uncles was a policeman. He and Fabia were quite unsuited to each other, so they fell headlong in love. Everybody deplored it, including themselves. They decided the sensible thing to do was to give each other up, eventually marry in their own class. With this in mind, Fabia became tentatively engaged to a suitable lawyer; Dan took a telephone girl to the cinema. But it didn't seem to work. Almost too late, Fabia had this idea: if Dan would give up his work in Boston and start again somewhere out West, she would marry him. So they settled on Seattle, where presumably lots of people have policemen in the family.

Total Recall

THIS OUR EXILE—David Burnham—Scribner (\$2.50)*.

Serious young Author David Burnham sets out to show in his 400-page first novel how the entire house of Eaton disintegrates after the death of the elder Eaton. Frederick, the oldest son, loses

*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 price (\$5 if price is unknown, change to be remitted) to Ben Boswell of TIME, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.

*Published Feb. 6.

his wife; Jackie, the youngest, thinks seriously of taking orders; Mother Eaton longs for death; James, the narrator, just feels sick most of the time. What virtue this book possesses lies in the dogged determination of Mr. Burnham to set down the minutiae of several years of his own life. Meticulously he notes each time that he came home from Princeton during his parent's lingering illness. Carefully he remembers each phase in the painful death and burial scenes. By sheer bulk of what psychologists know as total recall, Mr. Burnham's book assumes a sort of heavy impressiveness. In searching for a method in which to couch his sullen, unselective prose, he has chosen the Hemingway.

The Author is 24 years old, was graduated from Princeton in 1929. Like the narrator of *This Our Exile*, his elder brother runs a thoughtful magazine (*The Symposium*), his younger brother is regarded as quite serious-minded by his Princeton friends; two years ago he lost his father, late vice president of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. Author Burnham knows well the comfortable Chicago suburb of which he writes; his home is at Kenilworth, Ill. At present he is in New Mexico, busy with a book in which some of *This Our Exile's* characters are to be transplanted to Italy.

One More Moore

APHRODITE IN AULIS—George Moore—Brentano's (\$2.50).

George Moore is an old man (79) and has laurels to rest on, but he wanted to add one wreath to the pile, hence *Aphrodite in Aulis*. Increasing his works by one, he increased his reputation by little. It is written in approved Moore style, marmoreal-mellifluous. Perhaps it is Moore's approaching senescence that makes this careful story at times faintly silly.

Kebrén, a young Athenian of the Great Age of Pericles, made a sorry hash of fish-mongering, his father's profession, and turned instead to the theatre, where he played the parts of messengers and dreamed of playing kings. Poetic but uncreative, Kebrén gave his days and nights to the study of Homer, decided to wander the Greek world expounding the great poet. At Aulis, in Boeotia, he was entertained by a rich ship-owner with a lovely daughter. Kebrén and the girl fell in love. Her father approved and they were married. Instead of expounding Homer, Kebrén became a successful trader, a rich man. Two sons were born, Rhesos and Thrasillos. They inherited their father's temperament and something more: Rhesos

grew up to be a sculptor, praised by Phidias; Thrasillos was an architect.

When the citizens of Aulis wanted to build a temple to Aphrodite, Kebrén's sons were chosen to design the building, carve



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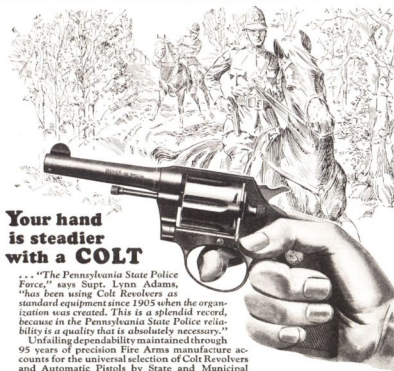
GEORGE MOORE

... like an aging silkworm.

the statue. Rhesos wanted to make an Aphrodite that would be different from all others; he thought a lot, made many beginnings, but got no further. One morning early as he walked along the seashore, two lovely girls came swimming in. They had had an argument about which was most callipygian and asked Rhesos to decide. He did, and took his preference as model and wife; Thrasillos took the other. The temple was built, the statue erected; the citizens applauded. Kebrén was glad his sons had done what he had never been able to do.

The Author. Four years ago George Moore was told by Sir John William Thomson-Walker, famed urologist, that he would have to have an operation for uremia. Sir John advised immediate action; Moore asked one month's grace so that he could outline his book, to have something to think about while convalescing. The operation over, the book finally written, he dedicated it to Sir John Thomson-Walker.

George Moore, Irishman of good family, lives in London, got his education in Paris cafés, listening to the talk of artists and writers. Called by some the best living prose-writer, he is to others like a red silk rag. He has cultivated a combination of highly artificial style and frankness sometimes shockingly naive. His *Confessions of a Young Man* put a flea in London's ear; his *The Brook Kerith* roused many an anathematic sermon. Few years ago he violently attacked Thomas Hardy, called him a bad writer; Hardy's defenders called Moore many a worse name. Droopy of face and body, with a straggly mustache susependent over a vestigial chin, he lives in London like an aging silkworm, spinning his gossamer but careful lines. Other books: *Esther Waters*, *Memoirs of My Dead Life*, *A Story-Teller's Holiday*, *Hail and Farewell*.



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