

FIFTEEN CENTS

April 13, 1931

# TIME

*The Weekly Newsmagazine*



Volume XVII

**ROY WILSON HOWARD**

*His partner grew a beard.  
(See THE PRESS)*

Number 15

# Sunshine Mellows Heat Purifies

LUCKIES are  
always kind to  
your throat

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE—made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED"—an extra, secret heating process. Harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos are expelled by "TOASTING." These irritants are sold to others. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.

The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

## "It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—  
against irritation—against cough.



TUNE IN—  
The Lucky Strike  
Dance Orchestra,  
every Tuesday,  
Thursday  
and Saturday  
evening over  
N.B.C. networks

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# ESSEX

The Finest Performing Six Hudson ever built \$595 f.o.b. Detroit



The New Essex Super-Six Challenger Coach

## Weather-sealed bodies are important to Rare Riding Comfort

Essex now competes with the *lowest* in price—and yet it challenges the *finest* in quality! It introduces fine-car style and Super-Six smoothness to the lowest price field. Chassis, bodies and motors are strongly built to assure lasting satisfaction and enduring dependability.

It matches the economy of cars most noted for low operating cost. It challenges the performance of *any* six, regardless of price! It is distinctive and individual in appearance. And it gives you *Rare Riding and Driving Comfort* for the first time in any car priced so amazingly low.

All seats are wide and deep—with lots of room for comfort while riding. Head-room and leg-room are greater. Wider doors make it easy to get in and out of this Essex. Bodies, of airplane construction, are insulated against weather and noise. All controls are easy to reach and operate.

Go test its challenging performance and *Rare Riding Comfort* yourself! Compare Essex with any other low-priced car—with higher-priced cars, if you will. See how much *more* it gives you in performance, beauty, reliability and comfort. Then you will agree it is the Value Sensation in a year of sensational values!



### 10 ADVANTAGES OF OWNER-MANAGEMENT

1. Men who founded Company own control.
2. All cars made in one big plant.
3. Lower real estate investment required.
4. More cars built per sq. ft. of floor space.
5. Synchronized production saves storing cars.
6. Rapid turn-over. Inventories always low.
7. Absolutely independent of associated suppliers or outside financial interests.
8. No bonds or preferred stocks outstanding.
9. Big volume and competitive buying permit better quality materials at lower prices.
10. Instant decisions obtained when immediate action is wanted. That is Owner-Management.

Thus Owner-Management enables Hudson and Essex to give you better quality at lower prices.

**\$595**  
**ESSEX**  
COACH OR BUSINESS COUPE

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

**70 Miles an hour • 60 Horsepower • Rare Riding Comfort**



## Balloon Tires **SPEED UP** Truck Deliveries, **WIDEN** today's Hauling Radius!

**H**IGHBALLING over the highways at 50-55 per hour is one way to put it.

Another is in terms of faster, more dependable transportation by truck, more miles and more deliveries per day, a widened hauling radius.

Balloon tires *speed up* trucking. They put the truck and the automobile on the same basis from the standpoint of speed and flexibility.

But look at it this way! In terms of your bookkeeping, how might balloon tires affect your costs? Suppose truck No. 12 covered 250 miles per day instead of 175? And what if Jones could go on to

Westport and back every afternoon instead of making just four towns?

**SPEED**—quick deliveries—fast service—good drivers—Goodrich Truck Balloons are the foundation for all of that.

Don't stop at speed tho. Goodrich Balloons have seven other very practical advantages. Talk to the Goodrich Distributor about a change-over.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Est. 1870, Akron, Ohio, Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Calif. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Co., Ltd., Kitchener, Ont. The International B. F. Goodrich Corp. (Export).

## Why BALLOON TIRES?

50% more mileage—says a fleet operator. 10 m. p. h. faster—from an inter-city express company. Greater traction—reports the contractor. Repair costs cut—the garage superintendent. Easier on the load—the records of a moving and storage house. More towns per day—a word from the delivery man. Less fatigue at 5:30 P. M.—the truck driver. Heavier loads over hotter roads—from the Imperial Valley, Calif.

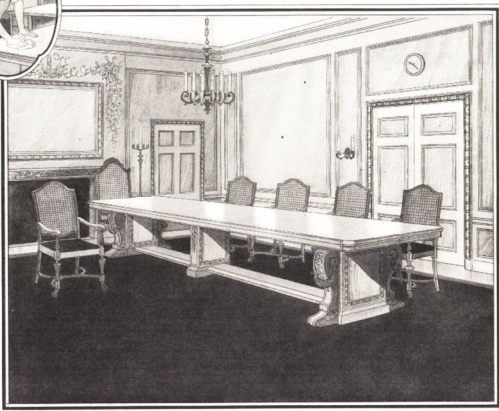
# Goodrich *Truck* Balloons

another B. F. Goodrich Product



32,000 Rubber Articles • Goodrich Silvertowns • Zippers • Rubber Footwear  
Drug Sundries • Sales • Heels • Hosiery • Belting • Packing • Molded Goods





EXECUTIVES DEMAND THAT THEIR OFFICES HAVE THE FRIENDLINESS OF WOOD OFFICE FURNITURE

## *Wood is consistent with Character..Dignity..Prestige*

NATURE, the greatest artist of all, never duplicates the patterns, swirls and curves of wood. Each piece of wood furniture is individual—something that can never be exactly duplicated. Yet through all wood runs the spirit of harmony.... a livability, beauty, which gives wood character.

Wood has many other plus qualities. It is stronger, pound for pound.... warm to the touch.... protects data from fire better than do substitute materials.

Wood readily lends itself to craftsmanship

....can be formed into period furniture which brings individuality to the office. The dignity of walnut.... the sturdiness of oak.... the rich beauty of mahogany add "life" to an office.... provide a friendly, congenial atmosphere which encourages creative thinking.

A beautifully illustrated, free booklet, "Planning the Modern Office in Wood," will be sent on request. Wood Office Furniture Associates, Inc., Dept. 42, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.



W O O D   O F F I C E   F U R N I T U R E

## L E T T E R S

# This brief knowledge may help you to have better teeth

THERE are so many different dentifrices, so many conflicting theories, that it would scarcely be strange if you sometimes wonder if you really are taking the most effective care of your teeth.

Yet, it really isn't such a complicated question. Dentists overwhelmingly agree that one type of dentifrice is the most effective. A prominent research institution made an investigation among 50,000 practicing dentists. Here is the summary of the replies received:

**95%** of the answers stated that germ acids most frequently cause tooth decay and gum irritation;

**95%** agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet;

**85%** stated that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

Isn't this, indeed, convincing evidence that Squibb Dental Cream will protect your teeth and gums? For it is made with more than 50% Squibb Milk of Magnesia.

Squibb's is a thoroughly safe dentifrice. It contains no grit, no astringent—nothing which might injure. It cleans effectively and it soothes and refreshes the mouth. Use it morning and night.

Copyright 1931 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

**SQUIBB**  
DENTAL CREAM  
GUARDS THE DANGER LINE

## Scout Watson & Others

Sirs:

It was with interest that I learned of San Francisco's generosity toward Boy Scout Thomas Watson, relative of President Hoover (TIME, March 10).

I am more deeply interested in learning whether any other boys were hurt and if so, were they recompensed with equal generosity.

ISIDOR THORNER

Los Angeles, Calif.

Four suits still pend after the tunnel street-car crash. Helen Sheehy asks \$40,000. Jean Sheehy asks \$5,500. Irene Roy-lance asks \$6,500; Mrs. Margaret McCabe \$50,000. Scout Watson was paid \$21,500 in an out-of-court settlement; 36 others have also settled out of court, receiving \$11,283.25 in amounts ranging from \$4 to \$2,500.—ED.

## Lippmann, Keynes & Strachey

Sirs:

Your admirable account of Walter Lippmann's life and spiritual difficulties (TIME, March 30) was most timely with all this pallid talk of liberalism going around. But didn't you overlook one of his most unique achievements? Didn't Lippmann discover John Maynard Keynes (*Economic Consequences of Peace*) for America? Wasn't it upon his advice that Harcourt, Brace & Co. published Keynes's book with a resplendent sale far above anyone's expectations? And wasn't Mr. Keynes an intimate of Lytton Strachey? And wasn't that why Harcourt Brace got Strachey and his *Queen Victoria* and there after the whole bundle of best selling Strachian biography?

Presumably Mr. Lippmann got no very great commissions out of all this. But isn't he a rich man anyway? (Or is it a rich wife?) And wasn't that, also something you omitted?

Please be more careful in future, because I count on TIME to tell me all the knowworthy facts about men who adorn its covers.

ARTHUR HELDEN

New York City

Reader Helden is correct. It was Lippmann to Harcourt, Brace to Keynes to Strachey, the last part of the triple play resulting because Messrs. Keynes & Strachey shared a London flat at the time. Walter Lippmann is "rich" enough to have bought a commodious town house on Manhattan's East 61st St.—ED.

## Birth Control's Department

Sirs:

The inclusion, in the March 30 issue, of your article "Protestant Birth Control" under the heading Religion was perhaps necessitated by the lack of a more suitable column. It should be realized, however, that Birth Control, whether moral or immoral, is a social question, an economic question, even a political question, to a greater extent than a religious one.

BENJAMIN WHITE JR.

Boston, Mass.

When Birth Control is discussed by re-

ligious bodies like the Federal Council of Churches, TIME will continue to report it under Religion, continuing also to report the medical and political aspects of Birth Control under other headings.—ED.

## Coconuts v. Whales

Sirs:

Our tight little island is a microcosm of world trouble. Just now rubber is fluttering on verge of bankruptcy. . . . Many estates have stopped working, others cutting down costs to minimum. . . . Many a man has lost the savings of his lifetime.

Coconuts, another great Ceylon industry in the doldrums—chief reason seems to be slaughter of whales. One correspondent in *Daily News* hysterically asks if anybody knows how long the whale supply of the world will hold out under present slaughter rate—if supply seems able to continue indefinitely will not someone please plan immediately the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and see if whaling cannot be stopped or impeded? However Ceylon's only hope, coconut-wise, seems to be for the civilized world to decide that they prefer, much prefer vegetable fat such as coconut as the base for their margarine, rather than a purely animal fat such as furnished by whales. FAINT HOPE.

Tea is the only silver lining—it still pays and Ceylon produces the best tea in the world. The one thing is to let the world know it. Conservative Ceylon Association in London sits tight on the money bag, refusing the Ceylon Planters' Association's S. O. S. calls to agree to a small cess per pound on tea so that America can be told the virtues and superior merits of Ceylon's famous tea. America is Tea's most promising undeveloped market. . . .

GEORGE F. ENOCH

Colombo, Ceylon

## Firearms for the Home

Sirs:

There has been quite a disturbance in the House of Representatives at Harrisburg, Pa. relative to the introduction of several anti-firearms bills, by some such men as Mr. Wilkins of Philadelphia, who, I feel sure, knows little or nothing about firearms and especially revolvers and pistols, or their different uses and misuses, or he would not be so foolish as to think or at least have some of the public think that crime can be curbed by the passage of such bills as House Bill No. 460 introduced by him.

Anyone with common sense and no axe to grind with gangland knows that a law such as that which will make it illegal for the honest citizen to own or have in his possession a pistol or revolver is nothing but a tool in the hands of the gangs.

All one has to do is look at New York State with their Sullivan Law to see the result of such legislation.

Does anyone suppose that if it were impossible to purchase a pistol or revolver in these whole United States that murders and holdups would cease? Most assuredly no. There would be a decided increase, for where the gangster expects to meet a victim who may be armed with a pistol he would not strike. . . .

My personal opinion is that if every man carried a gun and knew how to shoot it there

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subscription  
price is  
\$5

ROY E. LARSEN

CIRCULATION MANAGER, TIME, INC.

350 E. 22nd Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Please enter my subscription for  
Time for one year, and send me  
a bill (\$5).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

# To a Five Thousand Dollar Man who would like to be making \$10,000



MEN who are satisfied with routine salary raises will not be interested in this advertisement. There are many sources from which they can get the sort of training that will satisfy their modest ambitions.

Men, on the other hand, who are interested in doubling their earnings will find in this page much food for thought—and for action.

The training of the Alexander Hamilton Institute was designed for men who feel instinctively that their proper place is among those who *pay* wages instead of receive them—whose biggest earnings come out of the *profits* of the businesses in which they are engaged. Its mission is to fit them for these more profitable positions in a *shorter* time. And the results of its training are measured not in slowly rising salaries, but in incomes doubled and tripled in a few years.

Heads of businesses all over the country are sympathetic with the Institute's work, because it helps to develop the executives they so sorely need. Here are just a few of the cases of increased income that our subscribers have told us about in the last few months. Their names are all on file at Institute headquarters:

#### SUBSCRIBER A.

Was Works Engineer at \$4,200.  
Now Vice-President and General Manager at \$18,000.

#### SUBSCRIBER B.

Was Manager at \$3,600.  
Now Regional Manager at \$15,000.

#### SUBSCRIBER C.

Was Production Manager at \$4,800.  
Now President at \$21,600.

#### SUBSCRIBER D.

Was Production Manager at \$2,400.  
Now General Manager at \$8,400.

#### SUBSCRIBER E.

Was Business Manager at \$2,400.  
Now General Manager at \$20,000.

### Here's further proof that this training pays

Some of the presidents of corporations who are enrolled are William Wrigley, Jr., President, William Wrigley Jr. Company (Wrigley's Gum); Thomas H. Beck, President, P. F. Collier & Son Company; Francis A. Countway, President, Lever Brothers Company (Manufacturers of Lux and Lifebuoy Soap); Edwin A. Fuller, President, Fuller Construction Company; Roy Howard, Chairman of the Board, Scripps-Howard Newspapers; Charles E. Hires, President, Hires Root Beer Company.

The judgment of such men is an argument stronger than anything we could write.

### Are you in business for your health?

Money isn't everything. But we will all admit that income is after all a pretty accurate measure of success in business.

There is many a man of real ability who is kidding himself into contentment with his progress simply because he is making more money than some of his friends. He is satis-

fied with a five or ten thousand dollar salary when with a little added *knowledge* he could easily be making ten or twenty thousand.

Superior knowledge is behind every business success. And the absurd part of it is that you have to know only a *little* bit more than your competitor to make a *lot* more money.

### How to get the facts

Where can you get this extra knowledge that can make such a tremendous difference in your business life? We invite you to send for a book that tells where, and how. It is a book of facts—facts about the Institute's training. It is called "What an Executive Should Know."

This book costs nothing because it is worth only what you *make* it worth. It is a book that should be read by every man who expects to win a secure place for himself in the next five years.

Will you send for it? The coupon below will bring it to your desk.

To the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 450 Astor Place, New York City. (In Canada address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Building, Toronto.)

Send me "What an Executive Should Know," which I may keep without charge.

NAME.....  
BUSINESS.....  
ADDRESS.....  
.....  
BUSINESS.....  
POSITION.....

## ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

# NOT HOW MANY MILES BUT HOW MANY *Safe* MILES!



**S**PEEDING at fifty miles an hour. Sudden danger ahead. You jam on your brakes—and throw the burden of your safety onto your tires. That's when you need tires that hold to the road—that's when you appreciate the Safe Miles in Kelly-Springfield Tires.

Kelly was not content with claims of safety, so the Kelly Safetygraphs were made to give you proof you can see in advance of the Safe Miles in every Kelly Tire. In the sharp-edge contact of the Kelly tread you can see that even after  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the long Kelly mileage has been used, Kelly Tires still give *Safe Miles*. ● Kelly Tires are sold only by independent dealers. KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO. General Motors Building, New York

KELLY SAFETYGRAPHS — VISIBLE PROOF OF SAFE MILES

By running stock Kelly Tires over strips of carbon paper at various stages of a continuous, hard road test, we printed the proof of the long life of Kelly Safety. See it in advance—the sharp-edge contact of the Kelly tread.

FOR SAFE MILES



# KELLY TIRES

would be no organized gangs to furnish money with which to bribe our officials.

O. H. SCHWANGER  
Secretary

Elizabethtown Rifle Club  
Middletown, Pa.

## Trash, Cram

Sirs:

Under Art for March 23, you give out the impression that Henry Adams and John La Targie spent a hectic interval on Tahiti dodging Gloomer Paul Gauguin when as a matter of fact, to Paul they were Western trash and the last creatures in the world with whom he would traffic . . . but perhaps it is the lavish economy of your style that creates these false impressions.

Again you leave the designer of St. Thomas hanging in mid-air atop the choir columns in St. John's Divine bereft of a family name. Such lack of fact might be overlooked but for the fact that the name Adams has been bandied and pilloried about altogether too often without linking it up with the crevices and corners that contrivance charming nudes to a Gothic cathedral. In brief it was Ralph Adams Cram and not your mystic Ralph Adams who is ploughing neat furrows in Bishop Manning's stamping ground. . . .

Cromwell, Conn.

CAIRN TAWSMEN

To Architect Cram, proofreaders' apologies for a sorry truncation.—Ed.

## Evansville v. Evanston

Sirs:

Not in Evanston, but in Evansville did Sculptor Lorado Taft remark upon Julius Rosenwald's industrial museum as reported in the letter of W. Tucker Dean Jr. to the Editor, in *Trust*, March 23. Nothing is more galling to an Evansvillian in foreign parts announcing that he is from Evansville than the inevitable response, "Evanston? Oh, yes, that's just outside of Chicago, isn't it?" Not a suburb, Evansville is a self-contained little metropolis. If not, like Boston, the Hub of a Universe, it is, nevertheless, the Hub of the Tri State, where southern Indiana, western Kentucky, and southern Illinois meet. But Evansville seems fated to remain little known and confused with Evanston until it adopts a name which will put it in a class with Terre Haute, Walla Walla, and Woonsocket, names everybody knows.

ALEXANDER L. LEICH  
Evansville, Ind.

## Maids & Clover

Sirs:

On p. 17 of your March 30 issue under Miscellaneous there appears an account of the "Maids, Cats, Mice, Bees, Clover" story.

It would indeed be not too difficult to "reveal" such an Old Maid-Clover connection. Mr. [Charles] Darwin was the originator of that story which has been dusted off for further activity.

May I suggest that you turn to vol. 3, p. 646 of *The Outline of Science*, edited by J. Arthur Thompson, and Putnam-published.

Under "Cats and Clover" may be seen the original corpse, before being torn from the tomb.

PHILIP E. JOHNSON

Watertown, N. Y.

To the Miscellany man, a rebuke for ignorance.—Ed.

## At Amherst:

Sirs:

Amherst, no doubt pleased to see herself included in your list of Eastern colleges exemplary of endowment, no doubt even more pleased to see herself printed on top of Williams, had when I was graduated by her three years ago, no such enrollment (1,507) as that which you assign her (*Trust*, March 30); in fact, just about 1,000 less.

Amherst is a small college, is proud of being a small college, is determined to remain a small college—despite *Trust*'s kind but misunderstanding attempt to help her grow and thus, incidentally, to obscure her unusually high per capita (studiosum) endowment.

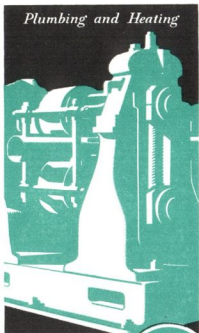
EDWARD C. BURSK

Cambridge, Mass.

Typographical error. At Amherst are enrolled 697.—Ed.



## QUALITY BRINGS LEADERSHIP

*Plumbing and Heating*

71%

*Shoes and Leather*

53%

*Home Furniture*

58%

of the  
outstanding plants in these three  
industries use Gargoyle lubricants  
for their important machinery

Shoes, furniture, plumbing—these three industries have heavy investments in modern machinery that must earn large returns every working hour.

It is highly significant that a majority of the largest, best-equipped companies in these industries use Gargoyle lubricants and Vacuum engineering service to protect their expensive machinery and maintain profitable production.

Whatever the industry, our accumu-



**Lubricating  
Oils**

lated experience of 65 years in making quality lubricants and supplying lubrication counsel is available to help reduce production costs in your plant.

A Vacuum representative will give you facts on what Correct Lubrication has done for other plants—and what it can do for you. Vacuum Oil Company, Headquarters: 61 Broadway, New York. Branches and distributing warehouses throughout the world.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY



## A Small-bubble Shave outlasts all others

*Colgate's soaks beard at skin-line ... razor works closer, shave lasts longer*

Look carefully at the little diagrams at the bottom of this advertisement, and you'll see why small-bubble lather gives a longer-lasting shave. Colgate's gets right down to the skin-line, wets each hair thoroughly, clears the way for your razor to do a clean, quick job.



ORDINARY LATHER  
This lather pulls away from the skin, leaving a dry, cracked surface. The razor must cut through the dry skin, and the hair is not wet enough to be cut cleanly.

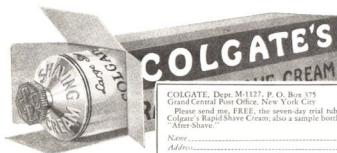


COLGATE LATHER  
This picture of Colgate Lather shows how small bubbles get right down to the skin-line, wet each hair thoroughly, clear the way for the razor to do a clean, quick job.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: First, the soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. Second, billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard... crowd around each whisker... soak it soft with water right at the skin-line where the razor works. Result: A closer, smoother, longer-lasting shave.

**FREE!**  
Colgate's After Shave

A new lotion. Refreshing... invigorating... delightful... the perfect shave finale. Trial bottle free, with your sample of Rapid Shave Cream, if you mail coupon NOW.



COLGATE, Dept. M-1127, P. O. Box 375  
Grand Central Post Office, New York City  
Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream, also a sample bottle of "After Shave."

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

### Newshawk

Sirs:

"Newshawk" is not the happiest choice to be made (TIME, March 30). All reporters are not that. There are falcons, doves and even buzzards among us—and occasionally an English sparrow alights in our midst.

Tidily, inviting criticism and protest, may I suggest "newsbear"? Embryo reporters are widely called "cubs." When they attain their majority may they not be "beards"? Certainly good reporters are bears for news—and some have been known to go bare for it.

You brought this on yourself.

W. L. KAY

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

"Newshawk" is a worthy name for a reporter. It denotes alertness, persistence, sharp vision and acute hearing. It is no disgrace to be called a "newshawk." On the other hand, it is an honor, a distinction and a badge of "something different," in which TIME revels. Let TIME continue to use it.

J. H. SWEET

Editor

Nebraska Daily News-Press  
Nebraska City, Nebr.

Sirs:

I cannot agree with former Reporter Mok as to his criticism of the word "newshawks." A reporter and editor all my life, I experienced delight when I first saw the word in TIME. By all means continue it... It describes in a word what Schools of Journalism use paragraphs in textbooks to tell.

DENT E. GREEN

Managing Editor

Spencer News-Herald  
Spencer, Iowa

Sirs:

In the recent years of my reportorial assignments it has pleased me immeasurably when either the top city editor or the innocent bystander referred to me as something of a newshawk.

Perhaps Mr. Mok would have us as gullible as the culture or as fastidious as the canary in the selection of editorial estates. Rather I choose to be the hawk and relish the choice meat.

JOHN P. KEEFE

St. Paul, Minn.

Sirs:

Why not use "newsclan"? I have moricism for one who deals with the dead, beautician for one who deals with beauty.

RUBEN LEVIN

Milwaukee, Wis.

Sirs:

Why not the inferred alertness of "newsclout"?

GORDON A. JEN

Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

Why not... the simple word "newsier"? THOMAS H. DANIEL

Spartansburg, S. C.

"Newshawk" it shall remain, with occasional variations.—Ed.

# TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

Box 11, New York, N.Y.

Editor: Henry R. Luce  
Managing Editor: John S. Martin  
Associate Editors: John Shaw, Ellings, Niven Busch, Jr., Laird S. Goldsborough, Parker Lloyd Smith, Myron Weiss, Heebly, Contributors: Elizabeth Armstrong, Carlton Balliett Jr., David Carter, Washington Dodge II, Mary Fraser, Albert L. Furth, David W. Halliwell Jr., E. D. Kennedy, Peter Malheur, T. S. Matthews, Frank Morris, Francis de M. Schroeder, Cecilia A. Schwend, Fred Smith, Dorothée Spieth, S. J. Woolf.

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# Natural Gas

A Tremendous Advantage  
to Industry in  
Southern California

**G**REAT gas and oil fields, for eighteen years, have been supplying Natural Gas to Southern California Industry.

Industrial engineers recognize the advantages of Natural Gas, its flexibility, easy automatic control, cleanliness, economy and the uniform quality of the manufactured product.

Here, too, you have a huge immediate market, accessibility to foreign markets, a wealth of raw materials, abundant labor and equable climate... all factors in attracting industry to Southern California.

*Inquiries addressed to Industrial Department, Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, will receive prompt attention.*

LOS ANGELES GAS AND ELECTRIC CORPORATION... SOUTHERN  
COUNTIES GAS COMPANY... SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA GAS COMPANY  
*Los Angeles, California*

# STROWGER

## The VERSATILE



Dial Telephone Systems  
for Public or Private  
Service



Theatre Signalling  
Systems



Police Alarm  
Systems

### A Partial List of Strowger Products

Private Dial Telephone Systems  
Industrial Fire Alarm Systems  
Railway Communication Apparatus  
Power Supervisor's Boards  
Municipal Fire Alarm Systems  
Police Recall and Alarm Systems  
Public Dial Telephone Systems  
Watchman's Supervisory Systems  
Portable Telephones and Test Sets  
Relays, Automatic Switches, and  
Signal Accessories.

OVER seven million dial telephones, in all parts of the world, depend daily for their successful operation on Strowger relays and remote-control switches. This fact may seem of little concern to general business and industry—yet those very qualities which have led to the world wide adoption of Strowger Dial telephone equipment have also created a demand for Strowger products in scores of other lines of business and industry.

Strowger relays and switches—the essential elements of Strowger Dial telephone equipment—are being widely used in public alarm systems, both police and fire. They are used by the communication departments of railroads and pipe line companies. They are important elements in the operation of traffic signal systems. They are being adapted to code call systems and in the remote-control of substations in power networks. They help to package food—to keep theatres filled to capacity—to set up stock market quotations—to centralize accounting in mercantile establishments.

Wherever there is need for communication or remote-control over wires, the Strowger Staff can help, for the applications of Strowger products are legion—their field the whole world of business. For your own ultimate profit, write for illustrated literature, mentioning, if possible, your particular line of interest.

Engineered, Designed and Manufactured by

**Automatic Electric Inc.**

Factory and General Offices:

1033 West Van Buren St., Chicago, U. S. A.

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Macbeth-Evans Glass Company began making enclosing globes for street lights before the ad-

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A typical globe now in use in many modern street-lighting systems. Both Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co. and General Electric Co. maintain staffs of engineers who will be glad to cooperate with municipal authorities or civic organizations in planning improved street lighting.



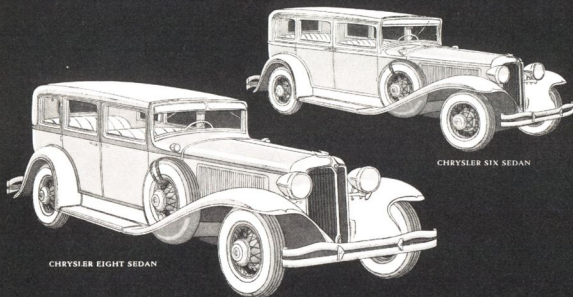
# Macbeth

## STREET LIGHTING GLASSWARE



# CHRYSLER

## EIGHTS & SIXES



CHRYSLER EIGHT SEDAN

CHRYSLER SIX SEDAN

### *Cars of today—the up-to-date cars*

CHRYSLER cars have always been preeminently *up-to-date*—cars of the smartest style; cars that set new milestones of engineering progress; cars that establish new examples of fine performance.

The spectacular Chrysler achievements and success of the past formed the background and made possible today's magnificent Chrysler Eights—and an entirely new Chrysler Six styled like the Eights.

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Chrysler Imperial Eight holds twelve A.A.A. Contest Board stock car speed records in its class for one to five miles

# TIME

Vol. XVII, No. 15

The Weekly Newsmagazine

April 13, 1931

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE PRESIDENCY

#### The Pledge

World-wide was last week's interest in the Depression's wage scale. At Rome, Prime Minister Mussolini, boastful of how all Europe had followed his policy of scaling wages down to meet retail prices, announced that, for Italy, a limit for such cuts had been reached "beyond which the antidote may become a poison" (see p. 19). In London, figures were collected which revealed that 1,500,000 British workers, including some of the most militant unions, had last month accepted deep pay cuts with quiet resignation. And in Washington, despite ominous news from his Department of Labor (see p. 17), President Hoover expressed satisfaction with the way in which U. S. Industry is fulfilling its pledge of November 1929 at the White House to maintain Prosperity's wage scale through the economic storm.

Like all other chiefs of state, President Hoover receives influential men of business unofficially and without formal appointment to hear their private reports on industrial conditions. Of late these callers have been confiding to the President their difficulties in maintaining his wage scale while commodity prices were falling. Outside the White House they repeated their laments in the hearings of newshawks. Last week in so reliable a Republican print as the New York *Herald Tribune* President Hoover was depicted as waging a stiff back-stage "struggle" to uphold his pay policy "in the face of a strong movement in financial circles" to cut wages. His visitors came away with the impression that the President thought that if wages could be maintained for another 60 days, a business turn for the better would then come.

With Democrats clamoring for identification of the wage-cutting "financial interests," President Hoover next day put a bright face on the situation. He did not deny pressure by individual industrialists on him to sanction reductions. But he did deny the existence in the land of any "organized movement to cut wages." He was "thoroughly satisfied" that the "leading industries" were keeping faith with the White House.

☛ "There is a boy worth knowing," declared President Hoover as he read of how 13-year-old Bryan Untiedt had saved all but five of 21 children from death-by-freezing when their school bus was marooned 36 hours in a Colorado blizzard (TIME, April 6). What impressed the President most was the way Bryan had stripped off his own clothes to wrap around his shivering schoolmates; how he had kept the youngsters from falling into

a frozen sleep. Last week Bryan lay in a hospital bed at Lamar, Colo. painfully recovering from frozen hands and feet (they will not have to be amputated) when President Hoover invited him to the White House as an overnight guest.



Acme-P. & A.

BRYAN UNTIEDT

"Gee, won't that be great!"

Bryan's doctors said he would be well enough to go in two weeks.

Tears filled the boy's eyes. "Gee," he exclaimed, "won't that be great! Certainly is nice of President Hoover. I never expected anything like this."

Bryan had his 13th birthday party in the hospital, was nominated for a Carnegie Medal.

☛ By the President's order one Chili Fish, an Oklahoma Seminole, was last week given a one-day commission as chief of all that Indian nation. During that day Chief Chili Fish will sign Government papers relating to Seminole lands in Oklahoma, transact other tribal business, collect \$10 in wages, \$5 in expenses. When Florida's Seminoles heard about the appointment, they telegraphed President Hoover they would refuse to recognize Chili Fish's jurisdiction in their councils.

☛ Because Easter is the height of the tourist season in Washington, President Hoover last week broke a 30-year custom by throwing open to visitors for 90 minutes each day the rolling park-like South Grounds behind the White House. "Glad to see you here!" he called in welcome to those who flocked past his portico. Despite his bothersome little cold he and Mrs. Hoover attended a sunrise service (it was cold and cloudy) at the amphitheatre in Arlington National Cemetery, later went to the Friends Meeting House. As usual on Easter Monday eggs were rolled, cracked, squashed and eaten by hundreds of ordinary Washington children on the South Grounds while Grandchildren Peggy Anne and Herbert III ("Peter") were privately entertaining 200 youngsters from official families.

☛ Last week President Hoover lost another secretary when French Strother resigned his post as the White House's literary researcher, to take up fiction writing.

☛ Last week President Hoover appointed Captain Edmund Speer Root, U. S. N., to be Governor of Guam, succeeding Captain Willis W. Bradley.

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### THE CABINET

#### Castle for Cotton

When William Richards Castle Jr. left Washington to visit his sister in San Francisco, he was merely an Assistant Secretary of State.\* Last week when he detrained at his destination he found himself THE Undersecretary of State. While he was speeding across the prairie in a Pullman, his good friend President Hoover had promoted him to the No. 1 sub-Cabinet post, vacant since the death of Joseph Potter Cotton (TIME, March 23). Never before had a career diplomat climbed within one rung of the top of his professional ladder.

The late "Joe" Cotton was noted for his easy informality. Once while he was Acting Secretary a U. S. Ambassador, fretted by a triviality, cabled the Depart-

\*There are four.

## National Affairs—(Continued)

ment for instructions. Cotton wrote a message to him: "Laugh it off." When clerks explained that the Department had no code word for "laugh," Cotton had the message sent anyway in uncoded nakedness.

Undersecretary Castle is not like that. Twelve years in the State Department have bred into this slender, grey-haired,



Acme P. & A.

THE UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE

*A good place to look for him: the Racquet Club pool.*

grey-eyed man a profound regard for the formal usages of his profession. He would no more give an ambassador such stark instructions than he would dine at the French Embassy in overalls. Yet behind his correct exterior the new Undersecretary is a man of real ability.

"Bill" Castle was born in Hawaii in 1878 as a loyal subject of King Kalakaua. His grandfather had come to the Islands from New England with the first missionaries. His father had served the King as Attorney General, later as Hawaiian Minister to the U. S. Young Castle went to Harvard, was graduated in 1900, lingered on at college as an English instructor, as assistant dean in charge of freshmen, as editor of the *Graduates' Magazine*. When the War came, he went to Washington, opened a Red Cross bureau to relieve prisoners, to find missing men overseas. As Director of Communications, he and his assistants ultimately handled 10,000 letters per day.

In 1919 he was literally invited into the State Department by Undersecretary Frank Polk as a "drafting officer." He served as assistant chief of the division of Western European affairs, later as its chief. In 1927, his capacity demonstrated, he was made an Assistant Secretary. In 1929 President Hoover needed an Ambassador in Japan to carry on negotiations incident to the London Naval Conference. Always a good pinchhitter, Mr. Castle went to

Tokyo for six months, returned to his semi-portfolio when his job was done.

No bore can wear out the Castle patience. His social circuit about Washington is wide and continuous. At his S Street house near the Woodrow Wilson residence he provides frequent and elaborate hospitality. (The Castle family, with its Hawaiian holdings in banks and public utilities, is wealthy.) Late in the afternoon he can generally be found swimming in the Racquet Club pool.

Shortly after a burglar had broken into "Woodley," the home of Secretary of State Stimson (*TIME*, Oct. 27), Mr. Castle was awakened at 3 a. m. by the same sort of intruder in his own home. The man was drunk, said he was looking for "someone." Diplomat Castle, unarmed, used soft words on him, lured him downstairs in his search for "someone," planned to lock him in a hall closet. The burglar entered the closet. Mr. Castle slammed the door—only to discover no key in the lock. The burglar broke and ran.

## INDUSTRY

*Next: Wages?*

At Camden, N. J. last week, New York Shipbuilding Corp. ordered a 10% cut in all wages and salaries.

At Akron, Ohio, 13,000 employees of Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. took a 12% pay-reduction as their share of the "economic readjustment."

In Newark, N. J. union painters went on strike rather than have their daily wage cut from \$12 to \$10.

In contrast to the trend of the times, M. J. Meehan & Co. Manhattan brokers restored the 12% snipped from their employees' salaries last year—but did not take back all pre-Crash employees.

These and many another wage change served last week to focus public attention upon the effects of Depression on the nation's pay envelope. In the light of Industry's pledge to President Hoover in November 1929, to maintain existing wage scales as the surest means of recovering prosperity, were wage cuts now the exception or the rule?

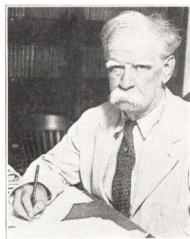
President Hoover reiterated his faith in high wage policy, doubted the existence of any "organized movement" on the part of Industry to break its 18-month-old pledge (see p. 13). Nevertheless, across the land spread an undercurrent of report and rumor that wages had already been hacked some and would be hacked more unless there was a sudden, miraculous business improvement. Workers fidgeted with fresh anxiety; employers, frankly worried, would not commit themselves on future wages.

A distinct wage-cut movement came into sight at last October's meeting of the American Bankers Association in Cleveland. President Hoover vigorously scotched it. But bankers have talked ever since about the "necessity of liquidating wages," i. e. pruning them down to the reduced level of commodity prices. Such men as Albert Henry Wiggin, chairman of New York's Chase National Bank, and

Melvin Alvah Traylor, president of Chicago's First National Bank, have openly endorsed wage cuts. They argue that Labor as well as Capital must take its losses and that until it does there can be no economic recovery. Against this argument is set that of the Hoover Administration, to wit: wages during Prosperity went no where near so high, comparatively, as commodity prices, business profits and dividends; therefore they should not come down with the general decline.

In Government service the most outspoken man against wage cuts was white-crowned, white-whiskered Ethelbert Stewart, U. S. commissioner of labor statistics, whom strangers might mistake for Mark Twain or Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. He declared last week that his office had been bombarded with requests from bankers for data to justify pay cuts. Said he: "Some banks and bankers are hell-bent to get wages back to the 1913 level. Everybody but a few old fossils are in favor of high wages. Most banks can't get away from interest and dividends. That's all they can see. Any talk of lowering interest rates or omitting dividends is immediately resented and the old-time remedy of reduction of wages is proposed."

The alert United Press interviewed business leaders who attended the 1929 White House conferences, discovered an agreement among them that Industry, by & large, had lived up to its wage pledge. Pierre Samuel Du Pont (I. E. du Pont



Underwood & Underwood

ETHELBERT STEWART

*"Everybody but a few old fossils . . ."*

de Nemours & Co.), Walter Sherman Gifford (American Telephone & Telegraph), Jesse Isidor Straus (R. H. Macy & Co.) declared their companies had not reduced their wage scales since 1929. Walter Clark Teagle said his Standard Oil of New Jersey had found it necessary to cut workers' weekly earnings by part-time employment but that the base pay rate had been maintained.

Distinctly out of harmony with President Hoover was Indiana's Republican

\*A diplomatic employee above the clerks, below the officials, yet not a member of the Foreign Service.



## National Affairs—(Continued)

Congressman William Robert Wood, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, who last week said: "Either wages should come down or commodity prices should go up. The wage level is far above the selling level."

The size and extent of wage cuts have kept the country's best statisticians at work for months. The national industrial conference board estimates that the wage scale in this Depression has declined 3% but that earnings have dropped 20% because of lay-offs and part-time employment. The A. F. of L. concurs in this estimate, sets lost earnings at ten billion dollars per year. Meanwhile the U. S. Department of Labor reports that commodity prices have decreased 21% since July, 1929 while industrial payrolls are down 13%. Last February, according to the Bureau of Labor statistics, 228 industrial establishments cut wages an average of 10%, affecting 39,096 workers.

### STATES & CITIES

#### World's Fair Mayor

Chicago last week decided to change Mayors. It voted out Republican William Hale ("Big Bill") Thompson after three blustering terms in city hall, voted in Democrat Anton Joseph ("Tony") Cermak. The Cermak majority was 200,000. In line with Press polls which plainly foreshadowed the defeat of "Thompsonism," the second city of the land had chosen a onetime pushcart peddler, Bohemian-born, to preside at its World's Fair in 1933. His biggest promise: "Restoration of Chicago's lost reputation."

Chicago's new Mayor used to lead mules in Illinois coal mines. About Chicago he peddled wood, went into the trucking business, bought real estate, waxed rich. He served as state legislator, president of the Cook County Board, president of the Forest Preserver Commission, Chairman of the Democratic County Committee. He was defeated for the U. S. Senate in 1928.

A police raid on City Hall opened the final heated week of the Thompson-Cermak campaign. Detectives from the State's Attorney's office seized records of the City Sealer, charged Thompson henchmen with an "organized system of cheating, shortweighing and shakedown" among Chicago fish dealers. Roared the Mayor: "A plot! A plot!"

Mayor Thompson issued a breath-taking broadside against his old foe, the Chicago Tribune. Prepared as a 16-page folder in rotogravure by the advertising firm of Conine & Millner, one million copies were distributed to voters. Its caption: "The Tribune Shadow—Chicago's Greatest Curse." The gist of the Thompson argument within was that the Tribune, by discrediting Chicago's Mayor, had discredited Chicago and blighted its prosperity. The Mayor complained of the paper's "photographic lies" of him, contrasted Tribune pictures of himself with retouched studio portraits. "The Tribune's Lies Have Made the World Believe Chicago is the Crime Centre of America," screamed a double page headline. Col. Robert Rutherford

McCormick, Tribune publisher, was pictured as patronizing Alphonse Capone, of promising the gangster "a square deal" in return for his averting a Tribune delivery truck strike. The greatest Thompson scoop was an unpublished Tribune obituary prepared last year when the Mayor was close to death (see p. 26). On the back page



ANTON JOSEPH CERMAK

For him, pushcart peddlers; for Thompson, swine.

"Tony and the Tribune" were artfully balanced against "Thompson and the People."

But Mayor Thompson's campaign lacked its usual street circus. He had wanted to parade a herd of fat swine through the Loop, each one labelled with a job his opponent already held, but his friends dissuaded him from such an exhibition. The Mayor then settled down to verbal abuse of Democrat Cermak. He called him "the biggest crook who ever ran for Mayor." He accused him of being anti-Irish, anti-German, anti-Polish, anti-Negro, anti-Catholic. He appealed for the support of "one hundred percents" against "foreigners and hyphenates" and in the next breath promised to "load the City Hall with Poles" if they supported him.

Democrat Cermak had the firm if not ardent support of such famed Chicagoans as William Ruggles Dawes, Silas Hardy Strawn, Julius Rosenwald and Frank Joseph Loesch. He kept his campaign on a nice, colorless plane. He harped on police reform, aid to the jobless, reduced taxes. But voters took his promises at a discount because his own record was that of a routine politician who had risen to the top of his party. When Thompson assailed him as "that pushcart peddler," he promptly organized a parade of pushcart peddlers who vowed to vote for him. Plump and precise, bespectacled and benevolent, he kept repeating: "Chicago needs a businessman for Mayor. . . . Take the circus from City Hall. . . . Chase away the grafters. . . . Bring honesty back into the Government. . . . Cut out its graft. . . . Stop the log-rolling."

### FISCAL

#### Worrying Through

There will be no increase in taxes if the next Congress imposes no increases upon the budget or other expenditure proposals which the administration will present. But for Congress to do this, the people must co-operate to effectively discourage and postpone consideration of the demands of sectional and group interests.

Such (with the customary split infinitive) was President Hoover's answer last week to the 47th deficit in U. S. fiscal history, estimated at \$800,000,000 by June 30.\* His statement was designed to reassure Business & Industry and to ease the prospective popular pressure on Congress at its next session for additional relief funds for this, that & the other. The President was going to rely upon short-term borrowings to keep the Government going until better times. This policy has the support of all regular Republicans who are well aware that any tax-upping next winter would do serious political damage to their 1932 presidential campaign. Even moderate Democrats last week were inclined to go along with the President on his "no-tax-increase" platform. The Treasury was left to worry through the fiscal log the best it could.

Taxes. Last week were announced final March income tax receipts: \$334,000,000 compared with last year's \$559,000,000. What makes this tax decrease even more troublesome to the Treasury is the fact that the last two payments (Sept. 15 and Dec. 15) will fall within the next fiscal year, and thereby start rolling up another deficit for 1932 which may equal this year's.

Debt. Opposed by the President and Secretary Mellon was the Republican suggestion that payments into the sinking fund to amortize the Public Debt be temporarily suspended. This year's sinking fund payment is fixed by law at \$440,998,200. But even its application will leave the Public Debt (\$16,582,868,400) almost \$400,000,000 larger than it was at the beginning of fiscal 1931. This increase in the debt represents approximately the amount of new money (as distinguished from refinancing loans) which the Treasury has had to borrow this year.

Congress v. Budget. President Hoover's statement which implied that Congress was in the habit of overstepping his budget figures stirred critical resentment at the Capitol. Good Hoover Republican though he is, Washington's Senator Jones, Appropriations Committee chairman, rushed into print with a statement defending Congress against the implicit charge of extravagance. He pointed out that it had reduced the President's own estimates of expenditures this year by \$27,000,000.

\*In 1791 the Treasury's first recorded fiscal year, a surplus of \$149,886 was amassed. The next year, with the great Alexander Hamilton doing the best he could, the U. S. went into the Red with Deficit No. 1 amounting to \$1,409,500. The record deficit of \$14,297,760,000 occurred in 1919. This, of course, was the piling up of War charges under Secretary William Gibbs McAdoo.

## National Affairs—(Continued)

and last year by \$23,000,000. Other Senators accused the President of being "unfamiliar with the facts" and trying to build up public sentiment against Congress, a charge often made during the sessions of the bickering 71st Congress.

The President's critics were right within the technicalities of the budget law, for during the last eight years Congress has shaved \$413,000,000 off the economical estimates of the White House. But President Hoover, with a larger aspect of economy in mind, was really driving against initiation by Congress of new laws which create new expenses, against more farm relief, more veteran relief, more unemployment relief.

**Bonus Loans.** Most confusing of fiscal figures in the public mind was the part the new Bonus loan law was playing in the deficit. Last week the ex-Veterans Administration issued statistics which showed that the law has played no part so far, indicated that it was likely to continue playing no part. Each year since 1925 Congress has been putting approximately \$112,000,000 into a reserve fund with which to pay the Bonus certificates. This year the fund totals \$934,000,004, including a double appropriation made by the last Congress. This reserve, which has nothing to do with the Public Debt, is held by the Treasury in the form of Government securities. As the Veterans Administration has called for funds to loan to ex-soldiers, the Treasury has sold these securities for cash. The money has not come from the Government's regular till, nor is the Treasury borrowing any more than it already owes as represented by the Bonus reserve fund.

Last week Veterans Administrator Hines announced that 1,661,628 veterans had applied for \$638,000,000 worth of loans during the first month of the law. They received approximately \$375,000,000 in cash, of which \$300,000,000 came through cashing in the reserve fund. The number of applicants declined from 985,000 the first week of the law to 90,337 in the fourth week, an average drop of 50% per week which indicated that total Bonus loans would not exceed \$800,000,000. Administrator Hines, no friend of the bonus law, refused to be encouraged by the decrease in applications, clung stubbornly to his \$1,000,000,000 estimate for the bonus loan total. However, not until Bonus loans exceed the \$934,000,000 reserve fund, will this outlay become a part of the deficit.

**Bonus Buying.** One argument for the Bonus loan law was that the money borrowed by veterans would help stimulate a business recovery. So diffuse was the expenditure over the land that the Press has perceived little of the relief afforded needy veterans. Here and there, however, have been small suggestions of economic pick-up. In Washington, veterans bought 250 automobiles with their loan cash, gave the trade one of its best March businesses. In Chicago private debts were being paid off more rapidly. Near the Soldiers & Sailors Home at Sandusky, Ohio, carousing increased.

### ARMY & NAVY

#### Schofield for Chase

Last week was a week of change for the U. S. Navy. To begin with, the old identities of the Fleet were abandoned. The U. S. fleet henceforth is composed of four



International

ADMIRAL FRANK HERMAN SCHOFIELD

... from Jerusalem and Penn Yan.

Forces: the Battle Force, based in the Pacific; the Scouting Force, based in the Atlantic; the Submarine Force, based at Pearl Harbor, T. H., San Diego, Coco Solo, C. Z., New London, Conn.; the Base Force, divided between Pacific and Atlantic seabords.

New Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet, highest Naval officer afloat, is Admiral Frank Herman Schofield, whose appointment, announced last week, will become effective in September. Born 62 years ago at Jerusalem, N. Y., his home now is at Penn Yan, N. Y. In 1898, eight years after his graduation from Annapolis, he was executive officer of the *Hurak* in the Spanish-American War. During the War he was on Admiral Sims' staff in London. Four years ago he was a member of the U. S. delegation to the abortive Three-Power Naval Conference at Geneva.

Small, be-spectacled, suggesting the patient Taxpayer and Mr. We-the-People of newspaper cartoons, Admiral Schofield is a shrewd tactician, an astute little seadog whose record belies his looks. In the March maneuvers off Panama he commanded the attacking force which Chief of Naval Operations William Vezie Pratt, ranking officer ashore, last week pronounced victorious.

Admiral Schofield relieves Rear Admiral Jehu Valentine Chase, appointed last week to the General Board. Sandy-haired, smiling Vice Admiral Richard Henry Leigh succeeds Admiral Schofield as commander of the Battle Force. Vice Admiral Arthur L. Willard was made commander of the Scouting Force. Rear Admiral Arthur J. Hepburn commander of the Submarine Force.

### CRIME

#### Thanks

"Thank you. Judge, thank you," said one Alex Nothy, convicted Miami bootlegger, when sentenced last week to pay a \$50 fine.

"Don't thank me!" roared Judge Halsted L. Ritter. "To thank a court or jury for doing its duty is an insult. Your fine is raised to \$75."

#### Conclusions of a Crowd

At 1:15 on the sunny afternoon of last June 9, the crowd which swarmed and eddied in & out of the tunnel leading from Chicago's Michigan Boulevard and Randolph Street to the Illinois Central suburban depot, represented a fair cross-section of the human currents passing through any great city.

A policeman in the street was directing traffic eight lines wide. On the corner loitered a small-town policeman out of work, and a medicine show Barker. A man who had worked his way through Northwestern University and was now driving a taxi, waited for a fare. A shipping clerk waited for a bus. Among the thousands thronging by were a housewife, a sporty realtor and his friend, a petty municipal official. In a luggage store across the street a hotel clerk asked a salesman to show him the men's room.

Among those passing through the tunnel were: a priest from Notre Dame University on his way to a dentist appointment; a horsey Kentuckian on his way to a race track; an unemployed plumber; a railway switchman; the wife of a packing company official come to town to do some shopping. And, about to take a train to Washington Park race course was Alfred ("Jake") Lingle, "leg man" (news-gatherer but not writer) for the *Chicago Tribune*, a newspaper man with racketeering side interests. Just after he bought a newspaper and entered the tunnel, some one in the human current moved up behind him, stuck a sawed-off revolver behind his head and pulled the trigger. As the shot barked through the crowded tunnel and people screamed, Lingle pitched forward to the pavement, newspaper still clutched under his arm, cigar in teeth, instantly dead.

Last week the State of Illinois, amply aided by *Tribune* investigators, concluded its case against one Leo V. ("Buster") Brothers, St. Louis gangster, accused of the Lingle murder. Reputed already to have cost \$150,000 for investigations, it was one of the few famed gang murders ever to go so far as actual trial in Chicago. Defense and prosecution both produced human molecules from the stream that had been flowing through the tunnel last June 9, to try to reproduce pictures of what had happened.

Nine of the 17 witnesses were introduced by the prosecution. This was their picture of what took place: A dark man with a mole on his face, subsequently identified as Gangster Brothers, with his hand kept significantly in his pocket, entered the underpass. A shot was heard, after which the same man was seen to fling

# National Affairs—(Continued)

aside his revolver, run out into the street, then into an alley, subsequently disappearing through the toilet of the luggage shop. Prime testimony was given by the priest and the medicine-show man.

Eight witnesses, of whom the most valuable for the defense were the packing official's wife and the switchman, told a different story: A shot was fired at Lingle, who was seen to fall. Then a blonde man, looking nothing at all like Gangster Brothers, ran through the hysterical crowd. The hotel clerk, a dark man, said he was the prospective customer in the luggage shop.

The defense hinted of bribed witnesses. They pointed out that Chief Investigator Pat Roche, Chicago's ace crime crusader, had illegally held Gangster Brothers for a fortnight before announcing his arrest, during which time Brothers was brutally tortured for information. Cried Attorney Louis Piquett: "The case against Brothers is the most gigantic frame-up since the crucifixion of Christ, 1,931 years tomorrow!"\*

Presiding judge was Joseph Sabath, famed arbiter of the Watkins-Bamberger baby mix-up case in Chicago last year (TIME, Sept. 8). He is celebrated for his decisions in divorce cases, speaks nine languages, is brother to and often confused with Congressman Adolph Joseph Sabath of Chicago. In the face of an extraordinary body of conflicting testimony, Judge Sabath instructed the jury to return a verdict of guilty "only if beyond a reasonable doubt and to a moral certainty you decide that Brothers actually committed the murder or was present and aided and abetted in it." He ruled, however, that "evidence from the scene of a crime may be taken as an indication of guilt. A motive need not be proved."

After 27 hours, the twelve men of Chicago returned a compromise verdict of *Guilty*, with the minimum penalty of 14 years' imprisonment. Defense counsel made motion for a new trial. Gangster Brothers looked relieved (after eight years and three months he would be eligible for parole).

Still unanswered was the Chicagoesque question: Why was Racketeer-Reporter Lingle killed? Well demonstrated was the underworld theory: a good place to do murder is in a crowd; lots of witnesses tell lots of stories.

## Unknown Character

In Chicago last week, Alphonse ("Scarface Al") Capone appeared at the Municipal Courthouse to answer a charge of vagrancy, the antique legal device by which loud Judge John Homer Lyle once hoped to curb the city's banditti (TIME, Oct. 13). The officer who had signed the complaint against Scarface admitted that he did not know him, could not swear that the gangster was without legal means of support or "frequently disreputable resorts."

"Couldn't you find a policeman who knew him?" asked Judge Frank M. Pad-

den of Assistant State's Attorney Harry S. Ditchburne.

"None."

"Couldn't you find a single copper?" the judge insisted.

The prosecutor shook his head.

Dismissed, Gangman Capone posed for photographs, smiled happily. Still pending on appeal is his sentence to six months in jail for contempt of Federal court (TIME, March 9).

## "Quickest Way Out"

A year ago next week, the blackened bodies of 322 prisoners lay on the lawn of the Ohio State Penitentiary at Columbus. They had been asphyxiated or roasted to death in the nation's most grisly prison holocaust (TIME, April 28). A hundred feet away from the lawn is the institution's death house, where felons are mortally burned in another fashion. To this dread place, last week, two inmates serving long terms for robbery begged to be sent speedily. These two convicts were known as Clinton ("Cotton") Grate and Hugh Gibbons. They confessed to firing the prison in the hope of effecting a wholesale delivery.

A third convict, James Raymond, made a similar confession to Warden Preston E. Thomas shortly after the rioting which followed last spring's conflagration. Harrowed by remorse, he asked to be placed in solitary confinement. There he hanged himself with his blanket that night. Another prisoner was placed in the same cell and warned that the dead face of the suicide would stare down on him. Next morning this man, James Maloney, admitted having supplied candles to start the blaze, denied knowing what they were to be used for. He will be indicted after the State of Ohio has dealt with Prisoners Grate and Gibbons.

Suspected and separated since the fire during which both did rescue work, Prisoners Grate and Gibbons incriminated themselves by a note intercepted between them. Their first attempt at incendiarism, they confessed, was made with a crude kerosene fire bomb in December 1929. It failed. Twice again the plotters tried unsuccessfully to burn the wooden forms surrounding the concrete beams of a cell-block under construction. Fourth and successful attempt was made by filling a gravy bowl with oil and shavings, using two candles for a fuse.

Agreeing to plead guilty if the prosecutor would promise him and Grate a quick execution, Prisoner Gibbons declared: "We want the quickest way out of this thing. The thing's been on my mind ever since the fire. We don't want to go back to the penitentiary. We've been there for nine years and know what it's like. It's not the prisoners but the officials we are afraid of. That's why we don't want to get a life sentence."

## LABOR

### Miners' Miseries

In West Virginia are 112,000 coal miners. One-third of them are unemployed. Another one-third work only two

or three days per week. For each ton of coal they mine they get 28¢. They work ten to twelve hours, earn from \$2.60 to \$4 per day. They live in company-owned shacks, without heat or light. Their rent is \$10 per month. The companies charge them \$1.50 per ton for fuel coal. They never see any U. S. cash. The companies pay them with company scrip, metal tokens good only at company stores. At these stores a 75¢ sack of flour costs 90¢ in scrip. A 30¢ public cinema costs 45¢ in scrip. The mine families subsist on potatoes, bread, beans, oleomargarine. Once or twice a week they have sow-belly. Because the companies will not let them keep cows, fresh milk even for babies is unknown. When miners die, the companies charge for their burial, and the oldest son inherits his father's debt to the company. Most of these people are hungry. Some of them are starving and half-naked. The Red Cross gives them no aid. . . .

Such was the picture of misery and destitution which one-legged Brand A. Scott, vice president of the West Virginia Mine Workers' Union, last week set before a special Senate committee initiating an inquiry into unemployment insurance. Witness Scott declared that West Virginia miners work under "yellow-dog" contracts which prohibit their joining a labor union on pain of dismissal. Against him, he said, were pending 121 court injunctions to bar him from unionizing in West Virginia coal fields, said he: "These people live under a state of terrorism. This is forced labor. . . . We want work at an American wage or unemployment insurance benefits on an American standard."

Impressed, the Senate committee forwarded a transcript of the Scott testimony to the Red Cross. Next day Miner Scott repeated his story in person at Red Cross headquarters. There he was told by Vice Chairman James L. Fieser that Red Cross policy is against relief for unemployment growing out of industrial troubles, that Red Cross relief is reserved for natural disasters.

Last month 100 jobless miners from the barren little coal settlement of Pity-Me, Ohio, marched seven miles to Pomeroy. There in Common Pleas Court they declared their women and children were naked and starving. The Red Cross, they said, had refused to give them any relief. They asked legal permission to go out upon the Pomeroy streets and beg for pennies. This request was denied.

The Pity-Me episode prompted Seidreid Ameringer ("Siegrid"), 35-year-old circulation manager of the Oklahoma City *Leader*, a Labor weekly, to write:

"The mining communities of America might attract attention by changing their names to ones suitable to their conditions. We suggest the following: Bare Creek, Empty Dinner Pail, Starving Children, Ragtown, Tattered Clothes, Hooverhit, Jobless, Empty Belly, Depression, Moaning Widows, Too-Weak-to-Weep, Turnip-greens, Nogrub, Patches, Mounting Debts, Sunken Eyes, Hollow Cheeks, Hungry Guts, Rickets, Scurvey, Pellagra, Last

\*Incorrect. Most authorities agree that Jesus Christ was done to death 1,901 years ago.

## National Affairs—(Continued)

Hope, Forgotten, Slavery, Siberia, Ruin, Desolation, Plutoville."

Last week a new gold rush developed in the deserted Arizona mining town of Culture.

### HUSBANDRY

#### Gum for Cotton

On Palm Sunday big, breezy William Wrigley Jr., Chicago gum tycoon, got an idea about cotton. On Monday he developed it. On Tuesday he announced that his company would (in effect) barter gum for cotton in the south, would use all sales receipts in that territory to buy up to 1,000,000 lb. (200,000 bales) of cotton during the next eight months. The market price would be paid, provided it did not exceed 12¢ per lb. Last week in the spot markets of the South cotton was selling around 10¢.

It was not the first time Mr. Wrigley had had his idea. In 1914 when cotton dropped to 5¢ he stepped in as a cotton purchaser with his Southern sales receipts. The War started cotton on its historic climb to 40¢ per lb. Mr. Wrigley sold without loss (he has never admitted making a profit). Again last December he announced the same barter plan for wheat in the Canadian provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. His company promised to buy out of its sales receipts 1,000,000 bu. at not more than 65¢ per bu. By last week 500,000 bu. had been thus purchased at an average price of 55¢ per bu. Meantime Wrigley gum sales in the region have increased 10%. Delighted Wrigley officials plan to continue the wheat scheme all this year.

Last week's Wrigley cotton plan, which its author worked out with characteristic speed and precision (including publicity by great J. Walter Thompson Co.), works as follows:

Wrigley gum jobbers in Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, North & South Carolina, instead of remitting their receipts to Chicago headquarters will deposit them in designated banks in New Orleans, Savannah, Memphis, Mobile, Charleston, S. C. With these deposits the banks will buy cotton under 12¢ per lb. for December delivery. Wrigley gum sales in this southern area run about \$12,000,000 per year, all of which Mr. Wrigley is ready to invest in cotton and leave in the South. If the South buys enough Wrigley gum, the company will be able to purchase its 200,000 bale quota. If gum sales slump, less cotton will be taken off the market. If during the plan's operation cotton goes above 12¢ per lb. the Wrigley company will withdraw as a buyer and sell at a profit. If the market falls below current prices, it will use its cotton for packing instead of excess.

Mr. Wrigley called his cotton plan a "sincere and friendly gesture to the South," which he is said to love because he used to travel through it as a drummer. Cotton traders agreed that it was a ges-

ture, not a cotton speculation, because 200,000 bales would be too infinitesimal a quantity to affect the broad price of a crop that runs into 13 or 14 million bales. And for a shrewd piece of publicity to boost Wrigley sales in the South, advertising men gave Mr. Wrigley full credit. Like wheat in western Canada, cotton in the South is the overwhelmingly important thing in the material welfare of almost every man, woman & child, white or black. As such cotton looms ever-present in the buying consciousness. To make southerners think of Wrigley's gum every time they think of cotton would be little short of the sublime in advertising.

Said Gum Man Wrigley modestly: "I'll be lucky if I get my money back. But I'll buy just as much cotton as the people down there will buy chewing gum. The people of the South are all right. They just



Keystone

GUM MAN WRIGLEY

"The people of the South are all right."

need a little help. I can't do it all but I'll give them all I can. . . . Our object is to leave our cash in the South, in the South's own coin—cotton. We believe cotton at 12¢ per lb. is a good investment. If it goes up, as we feel is probable, we will profit. If it goes down, we become partners with the South and take our loss with them."

### TRANSPORTATION Policy

Against fire, flood and floating ice; against rain, wind, tidal waves and meteorites; against explosions, collisions, sabotage, strikes, war, anarchy, Acts of God and complete collapse, the Port of New York Authority last week insured its vehicular tunnel under the Hudson River and its nearly completed bridge over the same stream. The \$55,000,000 policy, the largest of its kind ever taken out in New York State, was split among 30 companies. As unusual as the size was the rate: 16¢ per \$100. On most transportation structures, premiums range between 70¢ and \$1.

### Volcano; Earthquake

The 1902 eruption of Mt. Momotombo, Nicaragua's proudest eminence (6,200 ft.), put a big fat question mark upon the idea of an interoceanic canal across that Central American republic, turned the tide of U. S. sentiment in favor of the Panamanian route. Last week's earthquake at Managua (see page 23) punctuated the same proposition, now revived, with another question mark no less big and fat.

Twenty-nine years ago the U. S. Congress was on the verge of approving a Nicaraguan canal. Frenchmen who wanted the U. S. to take the Panama site off their hands were in despair. Their promise of a \$250,000 contribution to the G. O. P. campaign chest failed to produce results. Then suddenly Momotombo blew off. Willy Philippe Bunau-Varilla, French agent, sent a Nicaraguan postage stamp to each & every member of Congress. Up in the Senate rose Ohio's eloquent Marcus Alonzo Hanna who had not forgotten the \$250,000 campaign promise. Between thumb & finger, high over his head, he brandished his stamp. Upon it was pictured smoking Momotombo. Senator Hanna sonorously asked his colleagues if they would be so foolish as to build a canal in the shadow of this volcano. Startled, frightened, they bolted the Nicaraguan plan. Theodore Roosevelt's 50-mile "big ditch" went through Panama. The G. O. P. got its \$250,000.

But even with the Panama Canal completed at a cost of \$388,000,000, a national defense argument persisted that the U. S. required two canals to link its Atlantic and Pacific coasts. In 1916 the U. S. purchased for \$3,000,000 a 99-year option to build a canal across Nicaragua, from Greytown through Lake Nicaragua to Brito, a distance of 177 mi. In 1929 after traffic through the Panama canal had increased at a rate to indicate serious congestion by 1955, President Hoover appointed a special board to study the feasibility and cost of the Nicaraguan route. A corps of some 400 Army engineers made the survey. Last month the board agreed informally that such a canal was entirely practical, that geological conditions were more favorable than in Panama, that the cost would be about \$700,000,000.

Though it raised lay doubts elsewhere, last week's earthquake did not shake the Hoover board out of its conviction that a Nicaraguan canal would be safe—just as safe as Panama. Anticipating much the same argument against the project that Senator Hanna had used, Sydney Bacon Williamson, the board's chief civilian engineer, cited these facts: 1) last week's earthquake was 60 mi. from the proposed canal route; 2) Panama in the last 35 years has had 16 earthquakes to Nicaragua's 14; 3) an extraordinarily severe earthquake is required to damage the massive masonry of a big canal. Declared Engineer Williamson:

"The earthquake will have no serious bearing on the Nicaraguan canal problem. . . . The earthquake menace is virtually the same for both routes. . . ."



## FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL  
Shrewd Dictators

**Baby Bombs.** Troubled by the daily succession of "baby bombs" which have made Cuba pandemonium for weeks without doing much real damage (TIME, Jan. 26 et seq.), Dictator-President Gerardo Machado offered last week to compromise with his detonating enemies.

Secretary of Interior Clemente Vivanco blandly announced, "No better time could be chosen to restore normal life to the nation than now." If enemies of the Machado Government would stop their baby bombing and other disorders at once, continued Senor Vivanco persuasively, the

**State Nep.** In Moscow iron-willed but supple-witted Dictator Josef Stalin went back last week to the maxim of LENIN: *Advance three steps, retreat two, net gain one!*

Lenin's shrewdest retreat was his NEP ("New Economic Policy"). Having found out that the State monopolies could not supply fast enough the goods which were absolutely demanded, Lenin retreated two steps in 1921 by admitting to Russia private, capitalist traders nicknamed "Nepmen."

Two years after Lenin's death Stalin took three steps forward by abolishing Nep, stamping out Nepmen. Last week Stalin took one step back, permitted correspondents to announce as blatantly as they liked an experiment he has tried out quietly for some time in various parts of Russia: the state Nep.

It works this way: Side by side stand a state *Nep* store and a state *Nep* store. A workman with a card entitling him to buy a pair of shoes can get them at the state *Nep* store by standing in line all day, or if the store has no shoes by waiting several weeks until shoes arrive. At the state *Nep* store, however, anyone can buy a pair of shoes instantly, with or without a card, but at a very high price.

To have restored the private *Nepman* (who also gave quick service at high prices) would have been to take two steps back. Shrewd Stalin has taken one.

is momentarily in the Conservative ascendant. Also (as not many people will recall) Mr. Neville Chamberlain has been Chancellor of the Exchequer (1923-24).

In casing Winston out, in welcoming Neville in, there is a distinct probability that Mr. Baldwin was nominating his successor. It is no secret that he yearns to retire, that he wrote out his resignation as Conservative Leader while watering at Aix-les-Bains last summer, that pious Mrs. Baldwin made him tear the resignation up, invoking DUTY.

Neville Chamberlain might make a great leader of the Conservative Party. But outside of England his merit, may even the fact that he exists, has been obscured



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## IL DUCE

*His antidote began to look like poison.*

Government would promptly put through Congress an amnesty bill and restore to Cuba's people the Constitutional rights which Dictator Machado suspended last autumn.

**Fascist Medicine.** As an antidote to Italian business depression Dictator Mussolini prescribed lowered wages and lowered prices three months ago (TIME, Dec. 1). Fortnight ago came the first strike by Italian workmen in many years (TIME, April 6). Last week Dictator Mussolini decided that his patient had taken enough anti-depression medicine.

"We have reached a limit [in wage cutting]," declared Il Duce at Rome, "beyond which it is impossible to go without running into danger that the antidote may become a poison. . . . Italy was the first to apply what has now been adopted by almost the whole of Europe. . . . On the whole certain symptoms of recovery may be seen, but . . . we are still waiting for the factors of recovery—in the first place moral factors—to enter into play simultaneously and collectively."

Under the new policy announced by Il Duce last week, cut wages will not be upped, but there will be no more cuts.

## GREAT BRITAIN

No. 2 by No. 2

Angry as a gentleman and a Conservative can be—and that is very angry—Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill wrote a letter last week to the leader of his party, Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, with whom he recently came to a partial break on the St. Gandhi issue (TIME, March 23).

"I read in the newspaper this morning," wrote Mr. Churchill to Mr. Baldwin, "that you wish Mr. Neville Chamberlain to conduct the [Conservative] opposition to the finance bill in my stead. As a matter of purely private courtesy I should have expected a letter from you to this effect. . . ."

"It will, I am sure, facilitate your arrangements if I resign my position as chairman of the Conservative finance committee, as the post should certainly be filled by whoever is conducting the opposition to the budget or by someone working under his immediate direction. Pray take this letter, therefore, as terminating my tenure."

In past years almost the most fun "Winnie" Churchill has had has been to rise up in the House of Commons, paw the air like a pink bear, and attack the financial bill (i. e. the Budget) presented by his arch-foe gnomelike Chancellor of the Exchequer Philip Snowden.

Mr. Churchill, as the last Conservative to hold the office now held by Mr. Snowden, undoubtedly feels that he has a vested right to lead the Conservative attack. He has. But in politics might is right. And just now muddling Leader Baldwin's star



Anne-P. &amp; A.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, STANLEY BALDWIN

*A great pink bear was miffed.*

by the fame of other Chamberlains, his relatives.

Old Joe Chamberlain, he of the haughty monocle and the orchid boutonniere, was a leading British political boss at the turn of the Century, though he never became Prime Minister.

Joe Chamberlain had three wives. The first two (cousins) each bore him a son, and both unfortunate mothers died in childbirth. No. 1 son by No. 1 wife is Sir Austen Chamberlain, famed Nobel Peace Prize winner (TIME, Dec. 20, 1926). Many people privately consider him an affected blockhead, the husband of one of the smartest "political wives" in Europe. Austen copied his father in all ways as best he could (omitting only the 10th Century orchid); he made a name once as great as that of his friend Briand; and he retired with the Garter.

Neville Chamberlain, No. 2 son by No. 2 wife, was sent by Old Joe to Rugby and to Mason College, Birmingham, then packed off to sweat and supervise an estate in the Bahamas.

Meanwhile Austen was taking on his glass-like polish in Paris and Berlin (fêted by Prince Bismarck and Kaiser Wilhelm

## Foreign News—(Continued)

II for Old Joe's sake). In 1897 Neville Chamberlain returned to Birmingham, carved an enviable business career, finally became Lord Mayor (1915-16).

In both municipal and national aspects of such dry subjects as banking, housing, liquor control and public sanitation there are few greater experts than Neville. Entering Parliament in 1918, he has been Postmaster General, Paymaster General, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and twice Minister of Public Health. This latter office he chose deliberately, turning down an offer by Mr. Baldwin, then Prime Minister, to appoint him a second time to the Exchequer.

The fact that two of his father's wives died in giving birth gave Neville Chamberlain the impetus to crusade for better methods in midwifery. "It is a terrible thing," he has told the House of Commons more than once, "to think that today out of every 250 mothers, one dies in childbirth, and that this state of things has persisted unchanged for the last 20 years."

In such a man Lucy Baldwin and Stanley Baldwin have been glad to place, with each succeeding year, more and more of their trust. Almost unnoticed by correspondents, Mr. Chamberlain has held during the past year a post analogous in the British Conservative party to Chairman of the U. S. Democratic National Committee. Fortnight ago this good man showed that he is also astute and can bargain with the enemy. Overnight, or so it seemed, he secured from Baron Beaverbrook, whose papers have been venomously attacking Mr. Baldwin (TIME, Feb. 9 *et ante*), a pledge to support the Conservative leader. With the Budget, the big Parliamentary debate of the year, but a few weeks off, every British newsy focusses today on No. 2 by No. 2.

### Glorious Smash

Sixty miles off Gibraltar on a dead calm day last week, several British ships of war were maneuvering, a grand sight for passengers on the sleek, two-funnelled French steamer *Florida*, homing from South America.

In the doorway of his swank deck cabin Don Victor Baross, consul for Uruguay at Malaga, Spain, stood watching the naval show. He spotted *H. M. S. Glorious*, one of the fastest aircraft carriers in the world. He noticed that this mother ship was calling back to her broad deck a zipping brood of "Flycatcher" combat planes. As the planes buzzed nearer a light haze in the air became denser, turning rapidly into fog.

To make it easier for the "Flycatchers" to land, Capt. Dashwood Fowler Moir of the *Glorious* ordered her to steam full speed. No layman knows how fast that is—an admiralty secret. Shallow in draught, fitted with turbines of titanic power, the *Glorious* leaped ahead last week at 25 knots, 30, perhaps 35. Thundering forward with great bow waves, she hurtled through the haze. Suddenly—CRASH! Amid a roar of tearing metal and the screams of hundreds of passengers,

*H. M. S. Glorious* plowed her sharp cruiser prow through the side plates of the French *Florida*.

(In the same vicinity *H. M. S. Nelson* collided fortnight ago with the British freighter *West Wales*.)

The crew of the *Glorious* proceeded in businesslike fashion to liquidate the smash. Boats were lowered. One picked up the Uruguayan consul, flung by the shock from his cabin doorway over the rail and into the sea. A strong swimmer, Don Victor Baross had fared better than eight other passengers, who drowned.

In all 32 people lost their lives. Steerage passengers grouped on the foredeck of the *Florida*, were squashed to death under crates of bananas and other merchandise flung upon them by the impact.

With two great gashes in her hull just above the water line the *Florida* would certainly have foundered had there been waves, but the sea remained mercifully calm. The British sailors helped the French crew to fashion huge emergency patches out of mattresses and blankets. When all seemed fairly tight the 18,600-ton *Glorious* threw a line to the 9,331-ton *Florida*, towed her to Malaga stern first. Only slightly damaged herself, the *Glorious* then steamed for Gibraltar and repairs.

Meantime, 21 "Flycatchers" which had been unable to alight on the *Glorious* before the collision were ordered by radio to fly to land. Only 17 reached the airport at Malaga. The other four, running out of gasoline, fell into the sea, had to be fished out by destroyers.

### 20% on Twins

Lloyd's, the London insurance corporation famed for willingness to write a policy on anything, upped its rates last week on insurance against twins.

Reason for the upping, according to a Lloyd's spokesman, was Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt's recent success in finding out by means of X-ray that she would have twins\* (TIME, Feb. 16).

Hereafter Lloyd's will ensure against twins, triplets or other multiple births at the new high rate only if a policy is sought in earliest stages.

"Much of our business of this character," said Lloyd's spokesman, "comes from the United States. We write these policies as an accommodation to clients, not as part of our regular business."

## INDIA

### Even the Highest

"There are still some Britons—fortunately fewer in number than they were—who believe in racial superiority and inferiority," said the new Viceroy of India, the Earl of Willingdon, last week, just before leaving London for New Delhi.

"It is not the race of a man that counts," continued the Viceroy. "It is his character. I believe that there should be no racial discrimination at all—either socially or in the selection of men for administrative posts—even the highest."

\*Elsie French & Anne Colby (TIME, March 9).

As Viceroy the Earl will receive \$93,440 yearly or \$1,797 per week; but in Karachi last week Mr. Gandhi said that this wage must ultimately be reduced to not more than \$50 weekly.

### Gossamer

Anxiety continued last week lest St. Gandhi, when he calls upon King George and Queen Mary in London next summer, should appear, as one tactful correspondent put the matter last week, in his "gossamer loin cloth."

Ever sensitive to British opinion when something vital is involved, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, the great mediator who brought Lord Irwin and St. Gandhi together for their truce (TIME, March 2, *et seq.*), broached the subject last week as delicately as possible.

"I could never accustom myself," replied St. Gandhi according to a despatch from Karachi, "to uncomfortable trousers, a stiff shirt, white collar, or to tight shoes."

When Sir Tej introduced the subject a second time St. Gandhi said mildly: "I will not wear trousers."

## CANADA

### Bessborough & Miss Mildred

"I, Vere Bhabazon, Earl of Bessborough, do swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to His Majesty King George V, his heirs and successors, according to law, so help me God."

So swearing in Halifax last week, an Englishman six ft. two in. tall, pale and of distinguished bearing, assumed the office of Governor General of the Dominion of Canada, to which he was appointed two months ago (TIME, Feb. 16).

Up to Lord Bessborough stepped Secretary of State Charles Haultain, proffering a massive obituary. After grasping it for the merest moment, the Governor General handed it back saying:

"I hand you the Great Seal of Canada for safe keeping."

Up stepped Under-Secretary of State Thomas Mulvey, proclamation of office in hand. Boomingly he read, and boom, boom, boom went a 19-gun salute from Citadel Hill.

Lunch, dimpling and blushing, Miss Mildred Bennett, sister of the Prime Minister of Canada, appeared at the subsequent State Luncheon in Halifax. Her arrival caused the band to burst into "Here Comes the Bride."

In his luncheon speech Lord Bessborough said, addressing the Prime Minister but with a gallant glance at Miss Bennett:

"I want to congratulate Mr. Bennett on the interesting event which is about to take place in his family."

As everyone has known for weeks, Miss Bennett is about to marry her brother's great & good friend, Canada's new Minister to the U. S., William Duncanson ("Bill") Herridge (TIME, March 23). It was not formally announced until just before Lord & Lady Bessborough landed last week from the *Duchess of Bedford*.

"I see in this event," continued the new Governor General, "a bright omen of our

# Foreign News—(Continued)

success; brighter, perhaps, than that augured by the North Atlantic weather we encountered. . . . But I deplore the fact that Lady Bessborough and myself will be deprived of the distinguished services of Miss Bennett in making contacts in Canada."

*Miss Bennett* (warmly reassuring Lord Bessborough): So nice of you to say that! But I shall remain in Ottawa after my marriage for several months before going to Washington.

Because of Lady Bessborough's frail health, the special train of the Governor General proceeded by fits & starts from Halifax to Ottawa (958 miles), halting at sundown, speeding on by day.

## AUSTRALIA

### Two Wrongs into Right?

Down to banquet at the same board in Sydney last week sat Premier John Thomas Lang of New South Wales, which had just repudiated \$3,645,000 of its debt to British bondholders (TIME, April 6), and Prime Minister James Henry Scullin of Australia, who last week made good out of the Commonwealth Treasury this shocking State default.

While eating the same salt Mr. Scullin and Mr. Lang did not bury their bitter quarrel. Sydney was opening her Agricultural Fair and neither statesman could afford to miss the banquet. When speech-time came Defaulter Lang defended himself in red hot language. He told the farmers that New South Wales needs every penny in her state treasury to help them! Instead of sending this money to the plutocrats of London in the form of interest on a loan, boasted Mr. Lang, he had kept it at home where it will do immediate good, relieve dire distress.

Amid cheering for Sydney's Lang, Australia's Scullin got to his feet. Against the immediate argument of dire need, he could only report that "deplorable moral and material results have always followed the dishonoring of governmental obligations." That statement, unpleasantly true, did not take well. It was decidedly Lang's banquet.

Vexed, Mr. Scullin went back to Melbourne. Said he:

"I found among the *thinking* men of every section of New South Wales general condemnation of repudiation."

Possibly the delegates to the Eastern Conference of the State Labor Party of New South Wales (Mr. Scullin is a Laborite and so is Mr. Lang) which met two days later in Sydney are not thinking men. With only one dissenting ballot they voted in a landslide for Lang & Repudiation. Not content with this they whooped through a motion endorsing expulsion from the Labor Party of Hon. Edward Granville Theodore, Australian Federal Treasurer, the man who had sent to the London plutocrats money covering the default.

This resolution riled Mr. Theodore. He retorted by releasing a sheaf of figures that made everyone gasp. Not only has New South Wales defaulted \$3,645,000,

revealed the angry Federal Treasurer, but it is also in arrears the following sums past due to the Commonwealth:

\$1,000,000 interest on loans advanced for public works.

\$1,070,000 for advances to ex-soldiers settling on the land.

Moreover, although it is now April, New South Wales had paid up only \$120,000 of \$5,950,000 she is due to pay the Commonwealth in 1931 as interest on yet other loans.

To bring Mr. Lang to his senses, Treasurer Theodore pointed out that under an agreement made in 1927 the federal treasury has been paying New South Wales \$1,215,000 per month derived from general taxes and is due to go on paying. If the state can default, so can the Commonwealth cease payment to the state, both



Wide World

STORM CAPTAIN STENNES

"This Hitler is a disgrace!"

(See col. 3)

acts being about equally wrong. Although Treasurer Theodore did not state that two such wrongs would help to make a right, although he did not state that the Commonwealth proposed to stop payment, no one missed the hinted threat.

In London venerable bankers twinged at "the most painful discovery. It was said in the City:

"The last time any government under British Crown defaulted was in 1672."

In that year Profligate Charles II stopped repayment by his Exchequer of all moneys borrowed from the goldsmiths' company, thereby throwing half the goldsmiths of London into bankruptcy.

Quick was the City to point out last week that U. S. southern States defaulted before the Civil War and have never paid debts to Britons, which, with interest, now total some \$336,896,000—approaching 100 times the default of New South Wales.

It is almost ten years since the first Australian loan was floated in Wall Street. That loan took so well that U. S. citizens have loaned Australia within the decade about \$280,000,000.

## GERMANY

### "Traitor Hitler!"

Gang warfare in the U. S. is mostly pecuniary, seldom political. But in Germany in the past year more than 300 purely political murders have been done. Last week famed Adolf Hitler had trouble with his Gang.

Fascist Hitler does not want to become a political Al Capone. He much prefers his party (12,000,000 voters) to his Gang (150,000 "storm troops"). Abruptly last week he ordered the Gang to make no resistance of any kind to President Paul von Hindenburg's decree suppressing freedom of assembly, freedom of the press and free speech (TIME, April 6). When this order, telegraphed from Weimar, reached Storm Captain Walter Stennes in Berlin he passionately told his men: "This Hitler is a disgrace!"

Not long after, "Silver Tongued" Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, Hitler's political representative in Berlin, communicated to Storm Captain Stennes an order to dissolve his Praetorian Guard. Furious, the Captain remonstrated to Weimar, received this reply:

YOURS NOT TO REASON WHY.  
YOU HAVE BEEN GIVEN A COMMAND. CARRY OUT ORDERS.  
THEN COME TO WEIMAR.

ADOLF HITLER

Instead of obeying, Storm Captain Stennes and his "brown shirts" seized the only Hitler newsgang in Berlin, *Der Angriff*, filled an entire edition with abuse of the owner,\* sent it out headlined TRAITOR HITLER!

In a "Declaration of Revolt" Berlin's storm squad flayed "the scandalous double-dealing of Adolf Hitler who has been used to Habsburg methods [he is Austrian]. . . .

"We are fed up with being a football in the hands of an ambitious politician. . . . We are not fighting for parties and profiteers, but solely for Germany!"

Perhaps not profiteers but certainly wealthy men have supplied "Handsomeness Adolf" with the wherewithal to pay each member of his Gang eight marks per day (\$1.90). When Storm Captain Stennes went to the Hitler bank in Berlin to cash a check for further storm funds a very mild but very firm cashier refused his check.

The tide seemed to turn when 500 Stennes stormers permitted 100 loyal Hitlerites to eject them from brown-shirt headquarters. Hitler designated Storm Lieut. Col. Paul Schulz to assume command. Soon "Silver Tongued" Joseph Goebbels fired most of the editorial staff of *Der Angriff*, hired 100% Hitlerites.

Prudently, Adolf Hitler gave his Gang time to think things over. He set a date nine days distant after which any insubordinate gangster would be expelled from the ranks. Expelled last week, however, were Storm Captain Stennes and two aides. Glowering, they prepared to doff the swastika (arm-band Hitler emblem. See cut).

\*90% of the shares are in Herr Hitler's name.

## Foreign News—(Continued)

But they also talked of founding a new party, said that storm commanders in Brandenburg, Pomerania, Mecklenburg and East Prussia had promised to join them.

Nine days will test these promises. Meanwhile pledges of loyalty to the Leader poured in upon Herr Hitler from storm commanders in southern, western and northern Germany—disloyalty being confined to the east. In Berlin astute, well-informed Councilor Goerke of the Prussian Political Police said:

"I do not credit reports that the Fascist movement is declining. I believe rather that it is on the increase."

This view was doubly significant because Councilor Goerke was speaking not only of the insurrection in Berlin but also of a simultaneous Fascist setback in Thuringia. The reason why Leader Hitler was at Weimar last week, instead of at Munich, his usual headquarters, was a Socialist-Fascist tug of war in the Thuringian Diet.

The tug ended in a Socialist victory forcing out of office Dr. Wilhelm Frick, notorious for his outrageous Fascistizing of the Ministry of Interior of Thuringia. Not content with expelling Socialists from the police force and replacing them by Fascists, Dr. Frick flew to such extremes as his decree forcing Thuringian school children to pray every morning for abolition of the Young Plan and the Treaty of Versailles—two Fascist platform planks. That Dr. Frick was forced out last week marked a Hitler defeat, but a defeat which should remove from public notice a Fascist so rabid and reckless as to be the worst advertisement his party has had.

The "new game" of Adolf Hitler, as some German correspondents reported last week, is to tone down his Gang, moderate his policies and try to get one or more Fascists into the next German Cabinet. There is danger, indeed great likelihood, that many disgruntled Fascist gangsters—toughs who like direct action—will hire out to the Communist gangs. Such men see no sense in the only action Leader Hitler took last week against President Hindenburg's gag decree: he hired lawyers, had them get ready to bring suit on the ground that the gag is unconstitutional.

### THE NETHERLANDS

#### Waterlief Prize

To the Government of Her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina the sum of more than half a million florins (\$220,000) was left by Her Majesty's loyal subject Banker Johan Gerard Daniel Waterlief with two stipulations:

1) If the Royal Government "should not find itself in a suitable position" to award the income from this money each year as a Peace Prize it should entrust the task to the Dutch-appointed directorate of the Palace of Peace (Carnegie Peace Foundation) at The Hague.

2) No matter who should make the award, every other Waterlief Peace Prize must go to a Dutchman.

Prize-Giver Waterlief died July 22, 1927. The Royal Government took its time, finally placed determination of the

award in the hands of the Carnegie Endowment which also took its time. But last week the first Waterlief Peace Prize (\$10,000) finally got itself awarded.

Winner: a drab-appearing Englishman who not only works for peace but toils for it 365 days every year: Sir Eric Drummond, secretary general of the League of Nations.

To quiet any possible Dutch resentment at this worthy choice, a spokesman for the Palace of Peace directors pointed out that Banker Waterlief did not stipulate that his series of peace prizes must begin with a Dutchman.

Perhaps on the theory that only three kinds of Dutch stories are news (bursting dikes, sly yarns of the fat Prince Consort, heart-throbs about Crown Princess Juliana), 99% of the U. S. Press and all three major U. S. news services made no mention whatever last week of the Waterlief Peace Prize. It was reported to the foreign-news-conscious New York *Herald Tribune* by dutiful Correspondent Herbert Antcliffe.

## FRANCE

### Dollar Benedictine

Monsieur A. Le Grand, proprietor of the French company which makes the sticky, sweetish brown liqueur called Benedictine, crisply told correspondents last week that U. S. citizens residing in France now handle bootleg shipments from that end.

"Frankly these American bootleggers are the best of customers," said M. Le Grand. "We deliver our goods f. o. b. Havre or Bordeaux and are paid on the spot. For Benedictine we are paid \$1 a bottle, and we do not complain. I assure you, *Messieurs*, we are told that these same goods are sold in America for \$10 a bottle.\* but we have no hand in the American rum-running industry and certainly none in its surplus profits."

### Paris to Palermo

Six hundred French Royalists chartered a steamer last week, made ready to sail from Marseilles to Palermo. There, on Italian soil because he is barred from France, Henri Count of Paris, pretender Dauphin of France, will wed Princess Isabelle of Orleans.

## RUSSIA

### Boundless Benefits

Negroes who are bona fide U. S. citizens are in high favor at Moscow as potential workers for a Soviet revolution in the U. S. Such a Negro is William Lorenzo Patterson, frankly a Communist, who after three and one-half years in Russia returned to the U. S. last week on his valid U. S. passport and began at once to preach Com-

munist doctrines which appeared in front-page position before the 41,000 Negro readers of Harlem's *Amsterdam News*.

Communist Patterson is a member of the New York Bar, a former law partner of two Negroes who are now Assistant District Attorneys in New York City. As a youth he was the only pupil of his race at Mill Valley (Calif.) High School, was nevertheless elected by his white fellows captain of the baseball team. After working his way through the University of California, after practicing law and joining the Communist party in New York, he went in 1927 to Russia.

"After a critical comparison of the Soviet system with Capitalism in other countries," said Lawyer Patterson last week, "I am convinced that when the Negro masses of America come to understand more clearly the ideology of Communism they must accept it as the only genuine relief from their present plight."

"Under Capitalism they are doomed to exploitation and oppression. The door to better things is closed to the American worker by his wage scale. In Russia, where private profit is being progressively abolished, there will be no limit to the benefits the worker may receive.\* When the Negro realizes the superiority of that system he is bound to accept its tenets."

There is almost no limit to the benefits a likely U. S. Negro may receive just now in Moscow. A scholarship awaits him in the "Lenin School" for propaganda and revolution maintained by the Third International. At periodic congresses of the International, he proudly finds the U. S. Communist Party represented by a Negro or Negroes who state, amid cheers, that Communism is spreading like wildfire among their race in the U. S. Also, in Moscow a Negro can take a white bride without exciting comment. Prudently Communist Patterson left his white bride of 15 months with her parents in Moscow when he returned to the U. S. last week.

What U. S. Negroes are eager to hear about Russia is the truth of the so-called "lynching incident" (the Negro was not lynched) in a Soviet factory at Kharkov. The story, as retold last week by Communist Patterson: "Lewis and Brown, two white Americans from the South who were working side by side in a large tractor plant in Kharkov with Robinson, an American Negro, objected to his eating in the same dining room with them. When brought to trial, their fellow-workers found them guilty of race discrimination and sentenced them to two years in prison or expulsion from the country for twelve years."

"Both realized their error and were profuse in their apologies. Lewis took the expulsion and left the country, while Brown remained to face the music. Later, a worker in Moscow who had lived in

\*Ordinary workers of any color may hope in Russia to receive boundless benefits eventually, but today they do receive: 1) wages in rubles officially worth 51c which will actually buy about what 9c will buy in the U. S.; 2) employment at the extreme high tempo of the Five-Year Plan, calling for greatest possible exertion by every worker; 3) cards entitling the worker to buy at Government monopoly stores, if willing to stand for hours in line (see p. 19).

\*An error. Bootleg prices have been forced down by the Depression, standard brands of champagne crashing from a high of \$125 to about \$21 per case. French Benedictine has declined from \$10 to about \$6, native Benedictine to \$3 or less.



# Foreign News—(Continued)

America for 13 years asserted that Lewis and Brown were right. This called forth wholesale condemnation from the Soviet Press, which adopted the slogan, "We can use American industrial technique, but not American race prejudice." Here in a nutshell is the Soviet attitude that should prove its sincerity to the American Negro.

In Russia, according to Communist Patterson, he made his living by writing and lecturing on Capitalist countries. He now plans to make it in the U. S. by writing, lecturing on Red Russia.

**Black Reds.** Greatest show of Red strength made thus far in the Negro section of the largest U. S. city was a recent "propaganda trial" in Harlem, attended by 2,000 spectators, patterned closely after

munist candidate for State's Attorney General). "Expulsion from the party is worse than death at the hands of the bourgeoisie! I would rather have my head severed by lynchmen than be expelled from the Communist International!"

As in Moscow, the extreme sentence was imposed upon the prisoner, one August Yokinen. In shame and meekness he hung his head—but that was not quite the end of the show.

Federal agents took Finn Yokinen to Ellis Island, although he said he had taken out his first papers. He had just been expelled from the Communist Party, but Ellis Island officials prepared to deport him as "a member of an organization advocating the overthrow of the Government by force and violence."

Under \$500 bail, promptly supplied, the Finn went temporarily free while his attorneys (real ones this time) presented an appeal. In the mock-sentence of the Red court it had been provided that Janitor Yokinen may be re-admitted to the Communist Party if he: 1) diligently agitates for admission of Negroes to the Finnish Workers' Educational Club of which he is janitor and in which he committed "white chauvinism" by objecting to the presence of three Negroes; 2) joins the League of Struggle for Negro Rights; 3) leads a demonstration against "Jim-Crow" restaurants in Harlem.

## NICARAGUA

### End of a Capital

One morning last week seismographs all over the U. S. trembled under their little glass cases. At Fordham University, Jesuit Father Joseph Lynch looked at the squiggles on his instrument's record sheet. He could see that heavy tremors were shaking the earth's crust about 2,150 miles away, but seismologists are used to such things. They happen somewhere every few days. Father Lynch said:

"It was not a very intense or violent earthquake, as earthquakes go. It was not as intense, for instance, as the Naples earthquake [TIME, Aug. 4]. The most violent quake in recent history happened a year ago last November when 13 transatlantic cables were destroyed."

An hour later Herbert Hoover looked up from his desk in Washington as reporters were admitted for their daily conference. Said he, in effect:

"I have just heard that Managua has been rocked by an earthquake and is now burning. I have notified the Red Cross so that they might go to the city's aid. The Army and Navy will co-operate."

It was a hot, still morning in Managua, Nicaragua's capital. U. S. Marines in their tents at Campo de Marte mopped their brows and wondered idly at the exuberance with which the Managuan oxcart drivers were shouting, brandishing their goads, yelling insults at honking motorists this particular morning. (A native rumor of "Earthquake weather" had gone the rounds.) Downtown, women and children crowded through the plaster arches and

narrow corridors of Managua's covered market to do their Holy Week shopping. At the old dirty-white adobe National Penitentiary Lieut.-Commander Hugo F. A. Baske, U. S. naval doctor, and Quartermaster's Clerk James F. Dickey paused to exchange a word with the acting warder, Lieut. James L. Denham of the U. S. Marines. They stepped inside to inspect the ancient odorous cells.

Suddenly the earth under Managua rumbled and heaved. A 20-ft. stone wall swayed like an elephant's flank, crashed down on Commander Baske and Clerk Dickey, burying them completely. Lieut. Denham who was seven feet behind was felled but not killed by part of the roof. Meantime, screaming with terror, nearly 300 convicts plunged to their death from the yawning, tumbling cells.

The market building fell like a house of cardboard, burst into flames. Water mains burst in the heaving streets. Towers of brownish adobe dust sprang up as buildings tumbled right and left. In six seconds it was all over. All was silent except the groans of the dying, the crackle of the flames.

Every telephone, telegraph and electric light wire in the town was down. S. M. Craige, a former Marine, operator of the Managua radio transmitter, ran out to his station nearly four miles in the country. The station was still standing. He burst in, panting, and sent the first word of Managua's ruin to the outer world. Soon came vivid reports to the U. S. Press. Besides the regular correspondents, several able newshawks happened to be in Managua last week. Dapper Charles J. V. Murphy, a former New York *World* man, was there preparing a book on the Marines in Nicaragua. All day long he worked with the rescue squads, writing despatches at night by the light of a flashlight. And less than 76 hours after the earthquake, U. S. newspaper readers and cinemaddicts 2,000 miles away were looking at pictures of the disaster. Specially chartered planes flew films of rival agencies via Havana and Miami to Atlanta whence telephoto machines flashed them on. Picture men boasted: "A record!"

**Relief.** U. S. Marines have been in Nicaragua since 1912. Nicaragua may be an independent republic on the statute books, but officials and citizens instinctively realized last week that U. S. responsibility in a Nicaraguan disaster is precisely like that of Great Britain in an Egyptian disaster. Immediately after the quake, all available planes of Pan American Airways were placed at the disposal, not of homeless President José María Moncada, sleeping in a tent last week with his new Presidential Palace a mess of pink stucco on the side of La Loma, an extinct volcano, but of U. S. Acting Secretary of the Navy Ernest Lee Jahncke.

Emergency meetings of the Red Cross were held in Washington. Ernest J. Swift, who had charge of Red Cross relief work in the Santo Domingo hurricane last fall (TIME, Sept. 15, 22), took the first train to Miami, flew in a Pan American plane to Managua, took charge of all emergency feeding stations.



*Eastern Features Photo*

**RED LAWYER PATTERSON**

*"When the Negro masses of America come to understand . . ."*

similar trials in Moscow and staged by the Communist Party.

The crowd saw a "judge," "jury," "prosecutor," "defense attorney" and the "prisoner": a Finnish janitor who spoke no English. He was charged with "white chauvinism" (i. e. race prejudice). Stupid persons in the audience probably thought that this was a real court, that the Communist International has power, even in the city of New York, to punish a white man for incivility to Negroes.

The Finnish janitor was represented by a Negro defense attorney who at once pleaded the prisoner "guilty," appealed for mercy to the so-called Court. Anyone hearing this appeal might have supposed that the prisoner was in gravest peril. "Don't expel him from the party!" begged Negro Counsel Richard B. Moore (onetime Com-



## Foreign News—(Continued)

The U. S. Fleet had just broken up after battle practice in the Caribbean. On the Atlantic and Pacific, ships swung round, raced for Nicaragua. The hospital ship *Relief* was off the west coast of Mexico,



ENGINEER SULTAN

... fought fire with dynamite.

bound for San Diego. Knowing that every bed would be needed, convalescent sailors went over the side in lifeboats, were transferred to cruisers and destroyers while the *Relief* plowed south to Corinto.

Up from the Canal Zone came the cruiser *Rochester*. The transport *Chamont*, due at Corinto in four days, raced at full speed with blankets, tents, medical supplies. The aircraft carrier *Lexington* raced out of Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, at 28 knots, outdistanced her destroyer convoy. Next day, 150 miles off the coast of Central America, she swung into the wind and a covey of fire planes roared off her flying deck. In a little more than four hours they landed in Managua with physicians, surgeons, loads of urgently needed anaesthetics. (By the previous midnight, four Navy surgeons had performed more than 500 operations, mostly without anaesthetics.)

From Rome, Pope Pius cabled a special relief fund.

**Tension.** Meanwhile, Managua burned and horror began piling on horror. Wrote Correspondent Murphy:

"Strangest of all is the quiet that has come. When first I arrived in Managua I believed it to be the noisiest place in the world. . . . One might imagine that workers screamed at the top of their voices, that every automobile blew at least two blasts to every block. . . . But now there is everywhere a quiet as of a tomb. The natives, in the appalling realization of what has happened within two short days, have suddenly been stricken dumb."

Most of them fled to the mountains, down the dusty roads to Granada, but not all. In the ripped-up streets of Managua little groups knelt in prayer all day before religious statues dragged from the crumbling churches and houses, set up on the curb. Meanwhile Marines and soldiers of the U. S.-officered *Guardia Nacional* worked till the soles burned off their shoes carrying stretchers, pulling bodies from the wreckage, fighting the flames.

In three days after the earthquake more than 800 bodies had been buried or ac-

counted for. But there could be no more burials. Managua was beginning to smell. The patrols searching for bodies now carried cans of kerosene which they poured on corpses where found. The smell of cremation now mingled with the smell of decay.

Lieut.-Colonel Daniel I. Sultan with a battalion of U. S. Army engineers was in charge of an expedition surveying the proposed route of the Nicaraguan Inter-Ocean Canal (see p. 18). Arriving in Managua, he took charge of the Marines' fire-fighting detachments. There was no water, no fire apparatus. Dynamite was his only weapon. Marine squads blew up a ring of houses round the blaze, fought the creeping flames with spadefuls of earth and adobe dust.

**More Tension.** U. S. Minister Matthews left Hanna was on vacation in Guatemala on the fatal Tuesday. Reporters found him, on his swift return to the



Acme-P. &amp; A.

MARINE BRADMAN

... shot the dogs, the looters, the water-stealers.

wreck that had been his home, standing beside a suitcase with Mrs. Hanna. "That suitcase," said Minister Hanna, dully, "contains all we have in the world."

It was not quite all. As the U. S. Legation crumbled and blazed, the Hannas' pet green parrot had slipped from his cage, crawled down a ledge and flopped into the arms of an Army officer.

Nerves stretched to the breaking point. Immediately after the shocks, the city had been put under martial law. No one rested, but soldiers relieved from digging in the ruins patrolled the city with fixed bayonets. Col. Frederic C. Bradman of the Marines ordered the patrols to shoot all stray dogs on sight (fear of rabies) and anyone caught looting. The crack of a sentry's rifle tumbled one man like a jack-rabbit; in his pockets were seven \$1,000 bills, dug from the shell of one of Managua's banks. Four other persons, thirst-crazed, were shot by Marines as they tried to drink the polluted lake waters. Soldiers

shot two grave diggers who refused to go on with their heart-breaking task. Saturday night, as Marines snatched a moment of sleep, a loud fusillade rang out. A U. S. lieutenant and a *Guardia* sergeant, both nerve-frazzled beyond self-control, had gone at each other with pistol and sub-machine gun. The lieutenant was killed.

Natives trembled at the persistent rumors that bandit armies were gathering to loot the stricken city. Marine officers paid no attention, knowing that the bandits knew perfectly well how thoroughly Managua was protected. A graceful gesture came from none other than Augusto Sandino, the insurrectionist who for years has been waging warfare against U. S. troops. By grapevine to Mexico it was announced that "all divisions" of the Sandino army would maintain an armistice until the emergency was passed.

**End of a City.** As the hot days wore on, people everywhere realized one great difference between this earthquake and most others of recent date. San Francisco, Tokyo, Naples had been wrecked by earthquake. All have risen again. But Managua, Nicaragua's capital, seems doomed. There is no money to rebuild the city. Last week the brewery and the power house were the only habitable buildings still standing. Hour by hour it became increasingly apparent that the city must be, like the ancient Mayan cities of Mexico, abandoned to the culture, the lizard, the tapir, the rank jungle. Managua was a pretty city; in its 76 years as the capital it had flourished. Among the adobe shacks were handsome villas, gardened palaces, pretentious public buildings. Managua was chosen as the capital in 1855; to end the interminable bloody rivalry of Nicaragua's chief cities; Granada, stronghold of the Conservatives, and Leon of the Liberals. For years these two, like Florence and Siena, battled bloodily to be the capital. Last week Granada and Leon were ready to resume this fight.

Before flying north to report to his editor, one U. S. correspondent took a last



Wide World

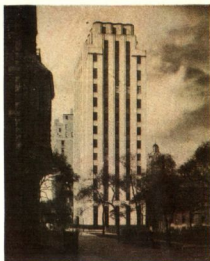
MINISTER HANNA

... lost all but parrot and suitcase.

look at the city. The wreck of a saloon, split open to the sun, stood on the outskirts. From the one remaining wall still swung the sign SANGRE Y ARENA—Blood and Sand.

# RUBBER ENDORSED FOR FLOORING

BY THE NEW  
ARCHITECTURE



*Philip B. Maher, Architect, designed this fine example of new apartment building architecture — 1301 Astor Street, Chicago, Illinois. Mr. Maher endorses the use of rubber in portions of this building as the most suitable flooring for the requirements.*



As the tempo of city living hastens onward, apartment buildings quicken skywards—new towers trace finer lines in city architecture—active feet tread comfortable surfaces of modern Rubber Flooring.

In rubber, architects find fulfillment of that prime tenet of the new architecture—beauty expressed in service and service expressed in beauty. Rubber is smoothly resilient underfoot—it can be patterned to the color or the caprice of any design. In smart shops and contemporary offices no less than in fashionable apartment buildings and modest homes, Goodyear Rubber Flooring spreads repose for busy living and pleasure for the eye. Modern today it will be still modern tomorrow, for it lasts as it serves—generously.

Look for Rubber Flooring when you rent. Specify its cleanliness and fresh beauty when you build. Made for your pleasure in an active world, it is made likewise for your thrift—it is priced for economy in any building. For information write Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, Cal.

THE GREATEST NAME

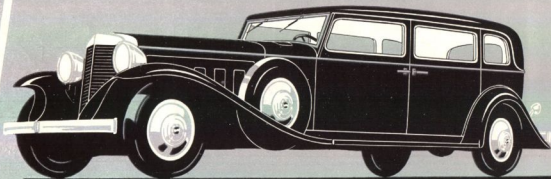
IN RUBBER

# GOODYEAR

RUBBER FLOORING

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# MARMON SIXTEEN



The Marmon Sixteen is the modern automobile. Its beauty of line and appointment is the beauty of the simplicity and efficiency of today. Its 200-horsepower engine is an achievement of great importance. Its mechanical excellence has been proved by four years of painstaking development. Both in action and appearance the Marmon Sixteen redefines the motor car in terms of the present. Wheelbase, 145 inches. Prices under \$5000. Marmon Motor Car Co., Indianapolis.

## THE PRESS

## Scripps-Howard

(See front cover)

"Remember, you are the trapeze performers of the organization. On one side is the fat lady's lap, on the other side is a cage of man-eating lions and there is no net to catch you if you fall."

So chirruped Publisher Roy Wilson Howard of the Scripps-Howard chain papers nine years ago to an enthusiastic, moonfaced subordinate named Tom Sharp who, believing that the city of El Paso, Texas needed another newspaper, but unable to persuade his chiefs, had gone to his chiefs' retired Big Chief, to "Old Man" Edward Wyllys Scripps himself, and obtained personal backing, started the El Paso Post.

Tom Sharp had been editor of the Scripps-Howard Press in Memphis. All he had asked of his chiefs was enough money for a hatful of type, one reporter and a couple of business aids. That was the scale on which Old Man Scripps started most of his papers, beginning with the Cleveland Press. But that was not the way Roy Howard and his partner Robert Paine Scripps, the Old Man's youngest son, thought things should be done in modern times.

After a year, however, the Scripps-Howard "Fat Lady" took the El Paso Post into her ample lap. And last week the dominant El Paso Post absorbed its evening competitor, the Herald, becoming the Herald-Post.

If the circumstances of the birth of the Post illustrated early Scripps-Howard characteristics, so did the purchase of the Herald exemplify later characteristics. For in just such fashion have Partners Howard and Scripps and General Manager William Waller Hawkins set about "cleaning up the territory" wherever there was one newspaper too many. Not counting merged properties they now have 25 newspapers. Sometimes, as in Akron (Times-Press), Knoxville (News-Sentinel), Memphis (Press-Scimitar) they have bought. Elsewhere, as in Des Moines, Norfolk, Terre Haute, Sacramento, they have moved out. For Scripps-Howard, no cluttered fields.

When the editors and publishers of the land hold their annual convention in Manhattan next week, of larger interest than Scripps-Howard's purchase in El Paso will be its last purchase before that. The profession will be asking about, discussing the first "shake-down" figures on the daring purchase of the New York World by the S-H chain's ace, the New York Telegram.

How the morning, evening and Sunday circulation pies of the World have been cut is shown in the following summaries, compiled from the frankest statements and shrewdest guesses available:

Morning	Pie & Pieces	Present Totals
World .....	400,000	
Times .....	70,000	497,000
Herald Tribune .....	65,000	363,000
American .....	65,000	317,000
Daily News .....	10,000	1,346,000
Mirror .....	5,000	596,362

Evening	Pie & Pieces	Present Totals
World .....	276,000	
World-Telegram .....	200,000	440,000
Sun .....	15,000	300,000
Journal .....	50,000	680,000
Post .....	5,000	101,500
Sunday		Now
World .....	492,000	
Times .....	80,000	809,997
Herald Tribune .....	100,000	540,000
American .....	200,000	1,250,000
Sunday News .....	96,000	1,862,000

In advertising lineage the World-Telegram got practically all of the Evening World's. The American got the morning want ads—a juicy chunk of business. Among the others the Times seemed to show the greatest gain, the Herald Tribune, and Daily News ranking next. But the



©Backrach

ROBERT PAINE SCRIPPS  
Another Old Man?

newspapers' excited advertisements in each other's pages, and the Easter trade, made all advertising figures inconclusive.

**The New Figures.** Extinguishing the dying World brought Publishers Scripps & Hearst into strong national relief. Mr. Hearst is aging; his sons are youths. Mr. Ochs and Mr. Reid are great conservative impersonalities. Mr. Curtis never has loomed as a newspaper publisher. Except for Publishers Patterson & McCormick, there are no other national newspaper personages except Chain-publishers Robert Paine Scripps and Roy Wilson Howard.

"Old Man" Scripps, like "Old Joe" Pulitzer used to wear a beard. "Bob" Scripps has been growing one since October. From a dubious trowel beard it has evolved into a handsome spade affair, Messianic full face and like Italo Balbo's in profile. Partner Howard's visage remains the same—chipmunkish, irrepressible, oriental. Quicker to read than their faces are their respective offices, high in the New York Central Building.

One office (the door of which is rarely shut) is a harmony of brown oak with beamed ceiling, paneled walls, high book-

shelves. The leaded panes of the windows are stained with nautical legends—fish, dolphins; a bit of an ancient maritime chart; a square rigger. A great tapestry alone adorns the walls. Here, at a massive oak desk sits the massive youngest Scripps, editorial director of 25 newspapers, amid a sombre ruggedness that seems a filial translation of the father's hardness complex.

Farther down the hall, guarded from the main corridor by two secretarial offices, is a flaming lacquer-red door. When this door is thrown open, the scene is like the bursting of a rocket. Dazzling glows, lacquer reds and blacks provide a setting for a wealth of Chinese ornament—scrolls, silks, rare carvings, vases, a golden Buddha. The walls are papered with golden Chinese tea-paper. On the floor is a great rug of gold, red & black with a geometric pseudo-oriental pattern—designed by Publisher Howard and made in China to his order. The furniture is of lacquer red, trimmed with black. At the red desk are red dictaphone, jars of white jade for clips and pens. A circular mirror five feet in diameter, framed in red and black, hangs on the wall behind the publisher's chair.

In a small anteroom, papered in black, are a draped couch, and more oriental curios—among them an opium pipe, trophy of a police raid in Pittsburgh. Adjoining the anteroom is a spacious gold-walled lavatory, the plumbing fixtures of black porcelain. In a corner stands a lacquer red refrigerator with the motor disguised as a gold pagoda.

In neither office will be found the trophies so dear to most newspaper publishers—autographed pictures, framed letters, copies of notable editions of their newspapers. All such are stored away.

In one respect the offices fail as a reflection of their occupants. One would think, especially after seeing the beard, that Publisher Scripps is the older man. He is 35 to Howard's 48.

The beard has earned for Bob Scripps a good deal of railleury, which he quietly relishes. Driving across the U. S.,\* he says, he one day neglected to shave. For amusement he "let it grow," toyed with it from week to week. Amusement it may have been at the start; but the beard is now becoming part of the grave, punctilious figure which Publisher Scripps suggests as he pens learned treatises on economics. Once more the organization is getting an Old Man. Something in the atmosphere of the Scripps-Howard offices suggests that this was necessary, that the subordinates feel that Partner Howard's flair has unduly (though unconsciously) eclipsed Partner Scripps's sterling worth. Howard for a story—yes—but Scripps for a policy. The order of their names in the partnership will probably be increasingly justified in the public mind.

Most men working in the Scripps-Howard organization find difficulty in defining where one of their chiefs leaves off and the other begins. Officially, Scripps is president, controlling stockholder (he inherited the 40% ownership from his

\*He has several cars, usually drives a Mercedes, never takes a chauffeur. Roy Howard, impulsive and impatient, is a "terrible driver," rarely takes the wheel of his Minerva or Locomobile.



father) and editorial director. If imagination be stretched he could discharge his good friend Howard, second-biggest stockholder or General Manager Hawkins, third biggest. (The rest is distributed throughout the chain.) But neither aspires to be a dictator. To almost everyone in the company they are "Bob" and "Roy" (Howard particularly feels embarrassment at being "mistered"). Of the two Roy Howard, as everyone knows, is the dyed-in-wool reporter, the scoopster, the man who wants to be where everything is going on—and is. (Last week he returned from a holiday in Havana. Scripps was at his Ridgefield, Conn. estate named "Kinderwall"—"Woods of the Little Children.") Howard is the more inventive; Scripps is the balance wheel that keeps him from wild tangents.

Old Man Scripps once said: "I'm going to have my troubles with Bob, but . . . when he gets his stride, he will be more like me than either Jim or John."

At that time Bob was twelve—gangling, stooped-shouldered and over six feet tall. His father had retired from business, entrusted the newspaper management to the late James G., eldest son. From the age of 17 Bob Scripps was either working on a Scripps paper, traveling and studying, or learning directly from his father. When Old Man Scripps died in 1926, Bob was not only qualified to carry on but had fulfilled his father's prediction: he was most like him. He has lived up to the admonition embodied in a letter by Old Man Scripps when the latter embarked on the yachting cruise from which he was not to return:

"I should prefer that you should succeed in being in all things a gentleman, according to the real meaning of the word, than that you should vastly increase the money value of the estate. Being a gentleman, you cannot fail to devote your whole mind and energy to the service of the plain people who constitute the vast majority of the people of the United States."

## Sold: Pride & Liberty

In the city-rooms of the Chicago Tribune and the New York Daily News, editors gasped and whistled to themselves as they took a story. Their employers, Col. Robert Rutherford McCormick and Capt. Joseph Medill Patterson, suddenly, unexpectedly, had sold their nickel-weekly Liberty to Bernarr Macfadden!

Liberty had been Publisher Patterson's especial pride. When the money-making Daily News proved no outlet for the Tribune's profits, he deliberately set himself (in 1924) to challenge the Saturday Evening Post. He aimed at a slightly more jazz-loving level of the public than Satevepost's audience is supposed to be. Spending some \$14,000,000 he got as high as 2,470,882 readers. (Satevepost has been more than 3,000,000.) In 1929 he prophesied: "We estimate that in 1935 Saturday will have the largest magazine circulation in the world." He even showed a graph of the future, in which Liberty topped Satevepost jauntily (TIME, July 1, 1929). Last week Liberty's circulation, always 99% newsstand, was claimed to have reached over 2,400,000.

The publishing world long had known that Liberty's advertising was being ridden to death by hard-boiled General Man-

ager Max Annenberg, concerning whose acquaintance with Chicago's famed Scarface Al Capone an interesting testimonial was published last week in Big Bill Thompson's "The Tribune Shadow" (see p. 15). Annenberg once promised a 250,000 circulation growth at no increased page-rate and got thereby many an advertiser. Forthwith he cut Liberty's page-size, lost in goodwill what he had made in profit. James O'Shaughnessy, expert on advertising, was called in (TIME, July 29, 1929), but could not revive the invalid.



BERNARR ("BODY LOVE") MACFADDEN  
Editors whistled.

Advertising makes a magazine pay; Liberty did not pay. It ailed, grew thinner, was printed on cheaper paper.

Still it remained Capt. Patterson's pride. He was satisfying his readers. Some people thought he might run Liberty a while longer and then close it up. Few people suspected he would ever let it go into other hands.

The hands that take Liberty may be just what it needs. Bernarr ("Body Love") Macfadden, as Macfadden Publications, Inc., has built up True Story Magazine in five years from an advertising revenue of \$1,850,778 to \$3,546,345. That he knows about circulation, too, is shown by the fact that his 13 magazines (Physical Culture, True Romance, True Detective Mysteries, etc.) have combined annual circulation of 56,000,000; Liberty's will make him third largest annual circulation-holder in the U. S.\* Macfadden announced last week that Liberty's editorial policy would be continued unchanged.

Just what the terms of the sale were was not learned, but this much was known: The Detroit Daily, a tabloid resembling New York's Evening Graphic, was taken by Publishers Patterson & McCormick from Mr. Macfadden in the nature of a trade. Its name will be changed to the Detroit Daily Mirror. It will be edited by City Editor Frank Carson of the New York Daily News.

\*First: Curtis Publishing Co. Second: Crowell Publishing Co.

## Speaking of the Dead

All winter the Chicago Tribune campaigned against Mayor William Hale ("Big Bill") Thompson with ugly cartoons and comment like this:

*Machine guns, machine politics—  
Have been Chicago's lot—  
Machines to take you for a ride  
And put you on the spot.*

But in its "morgue," against the day when "Big Bill" should die, the Tribune had a Thompson history not so damning. It was prepared by famed Political Writer Philip House Kinsley when the Mayor was near death from appendicitis last November. It was almost an eulogy.

By hook or crook, Big Bill obtained Kinsley's article and last week, with the mayoralty campaign at its hottest and driest, he produced it for Chicagoans to read in a counterbalancing pamphlet on "The Tribune Shadow" (see p. 15). It was entitled: A COLORFUL CAREER. It said: "In his three decades of political activity, he has put his unmistakable stamp upon men and affairs. In both . . . the fight over Sunday closing of saloons and the street car strike . . . Mayor Thompson emerged with increased popularity . . . His achievements were such as people could see. . ."

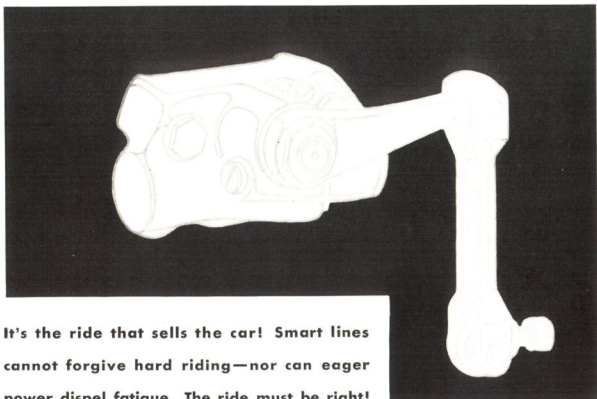
The article's least complimentary part was gently ironic: "Thus did he add to the gaiety of nations, the enlightenment of the people, and win the nomination." Its summary: "There was something of Cole Blaise in him, and 'Cotton Tom' Hedin, Al Smith and Hiram Johnson. . . He was a force to be reckoned with."

Above a reproduction of the original Tribune galley-proof, "Big Bill's" campaign managers wrote: "This biography . . . undoubtedly represents what the Tribune really thinks about Thompson. It was willing to tell the truth if he were dead. . ."

To complete the Tribune's discomfiture, Journalist Heywood Brown of the New York World-Telegram devoted a day's column to the obituary, saying: "The incident raises the whole question of what differentiation should be made between criticism of the quick and of the dead. It is familiar journalistic practice to take back a great deal about any opponent as soon as he has safely departed from life. I think this constitutes a faulty method."

Columist Brown recalled how the late Editor Frank Irving Cobb of the late New York World, after campaigning bitterly against the mayoralty (1910-13) of William Jay Gaynor, took back nothing when Gaynor died (Sept. 12, 1913). Cobb wrote: "What the World said of William J. Gaynor . . . after Tammany had refused to renominate him for Mayor, it desires to repeat now. . . Had the Mayor been able to control himself as sturdily as he was able to resist control from the outside he would be a commanding figure. . . ." More violently, William Allen White wrote: "Frank Munsey, the great publisher, is dead [Dec. 22, 1925]. Frank Munsey contributed to the journalism of his day the talent of a meat-packer, the morals of a money changer and the manners of an undertaker. He and his kind have about succeeded in transforming a once noble profession into an eight percent security. May he rest in trust."





It's the ride that sells the car! Smart lines cannot forgive hard riding—nor can eager power dispel fatigue. The ride must be right! Each buyer wants this proof of value—looks for it, not in specifications but on the road. That is why Delco goes so much further than the mere supplying of hydraulic shock absorbers. That is why Delco engineers weigh each comfort factor carefully, why they make hundreds of experiments and tests—before they prescribe the shock absorber for each car model. Most of the leading automobile manufacturers provide a Delco-engineered ride. More Delco-Lovejoy hydraulics are now being installed than all other shock absorbers combined. Delco-Lovejoy rides help to sell cars.

**Delco**  
*Duodraulic*  
**SHOCK ABSORBERS**



DELCO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO

TAKE YOUR VACATION IN EUROPE... IT NEED COST NO MORE!

## Pictorial impressions by Helen Wills

Helen Wills, a passenger on the White Star Line's *Majestic* last summer, illustrated the incidents which impressed her. This is one of a series.

Her comments: "How many turns make a mile? This young couple are doing their daily three miles. The rest of us and they is there!"

Helen Wills



## FOR THOSE WHO LIVE GRACIOUSLY

THOSE who live graciously are fastidious in their choice of ships. They are in that discriminating coterie of travelers who invariably sail on the *Majestic* (world's largest ship), *Olympic*, *Homer* or *Belgenland* when speed is essential; on the *Minnetonka* or *Minnewaska* of the Atlantic Transport Line when a sea trip of a week can be indulged in. If thrift is necessary and style a requisite, the world's largest Cabin liner *Britannic* and her running mates the *Adriatic*, *Baltic*, *Cedric* and *Lapland*. And for utmost economy there is Tourist third cabin. Three of our great ships, *Pennland*, *Westernland* and *Minnekahda* carry "Tourist" exclusively.

30 Principal Offices in the U. S. and Canada. Main Office, No. 1 Broadway, New York. Authorized agents everywhere.



WHITE STAR LINE • RED STAR LINE • ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE  
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

## MILESTONES

**Engaged.** Ethel Mallinckrodt Dorrance, daughter of the late President John Thompson Dorrance of Campbell Soup Co., heiress with three sisters and a brother of his \$150,000,000 estate; and Tristram C. Colket, Haverford, Pa. broker.

**Married.** Helen Gahagan, actress (*Tonight or Never*) opera singer (*Tosca*); and Melvyn Douglas, actor (*Tonight or Never*); in Brooklyn, N. Y. (see p. 38).

**Married.** Major William Kennelly, 45, president of the New York Athletic Club, and a Miss Marian Horton Paine, 27; in Manhattan.

**Divorced.** Betty Compton, 24, musical-comedienne (*Oh, Kay!*, *Fifty Million Frenchmen*), friend of Mayor James John ("Jimmy") Walker; from Edward Duryea Dowling, cinema dialog director whom she had married secretly in Manhattan's Carlton House 33 days prior (*TIME*, March 2), from whom she became estranged two days later (*TIME*, March 16); in Cuernavaca, Mexico, after "a day or two" residence. Grounds: "cruelty, personal violence, refusal to provide maintenance." Said the New York *Daily Mirror*: "An attempt at suicide preceded Miss Compton's marriage . . . Dowling was an interlude . . . from which the actress emerged when it reached the ears of the man she really loved, causing a serious physical breakdown. Then she repented, but a mysteriously powerful element was already on the move."

"*Marry Dowling!*"

"She must obey. Perhaps she will tell the story some day."

"Who had informed against her? Detectives—possibly! . . . Telephone wires talk."

**Divorced.** Roy Chapman Andrews, curator-in-chief of Asiatic exploration & research at Manhattan's Museum of Natural History; by Mrs. Yvette Borup Andrews; in Paris. Grounds: desertion.

**Honored.** Knute Kenneth Rockne, Notre Dame University's famed Norwegian-born football coach killed last fortnight in an airplane crash (*TIME*, April 6); by King Haakon VII of Norway, who sent Olaf Bernts, Norwegian consul in Chicago as his personal representative at the Rockne funeral in South Bend, Ind., and who made known that he would confer posthumous Norwegian knighthood upon Mr. Rockne within six months.

Some 1,400 mourners gathered in Sacred Heart Church on the Notre Dame campus, where six years ago Knute Rockne was baptized into the Roman Catholic Church. They heard Rev. Charles Leo O'Donnell, president of Notre Dame University, say: "This is not death but immortality." The Rockne children (Knute Jr., William, John and Mary Jean) were there and many an oldtime Notre Dame footballer. Pallbearers were members of Rockne's last team: Tom Conley, Tom Yarr, Frank Carideo, Marchmont Schwartz, Marty Brill, Larry Mullins. Outside the church waited mourning thousands, who followed the cortege to Highland Cemetery, wept

# Your First Home Movie



*—a thrill you'll never forget*

*Thousands are now enjoying this fascinating home entertainment. Movies you make yourself with the \$75 Ciné-Kodak*

THERE's entertainment for a lifetime in Ciné-Kodak. Today—the fun of taking the pictures; tomorrow, next week, next year, or even a decade hence—the fun of showing them on the screen.

Whatever you are interested in, Ciné-Kodak will catch and hold for you *in action*. Your children, your friends, your travels, your sports—all can be brought to the silver screen in your own home, to be shown—as often as you wish.



Ciné-Kodak, Model M, is the lightest weight camera that loads with 100 feet of 16 mm. film. Comes with f.3.5 lens. Kodascope Projectors as low as \$60.

**\$75**  
WITH CASE

Then, too, you can amplify your personal pictures by rental or purchase of the best in professional movies—comedy, drama, comic cartoons. All the fun and

drama of the screen are yours. And the cost is less than you think.

Let your dealer show you the Ciné-Kodak Model M (\$75) and what Ciné-Kodak can do. A complete outfit, now, at less than \$150—including a camera, case, projector, screen, and your first hundred feet of film. Kodak quality all the way.

## Mail coupon for free HOME MOVIE BOOKLET

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, New York  
Please send me FREE illustrated booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name

Street

City  State

T. 4-13

## Ciné-Kodak *Simplest of Home Movie Cameras*



## THE UNIVERSAL APPEAL!



People cross the Atlantic via Cunard in far larger numbers than by any other line or group of lines . . . have been doing so consistently for years.

This enduring and persistent preference is founded upon many things, not the least of which is *value* . . . value from every viewpoint of distinctive service, comfort and atmosphere.

Always Cunard has stood as a symbol of excellence . . . excellence bred of 91 years of steamship management . . . of catering to the individual needs and tastes of millions of ocean voyagers.

Aboard Cunarders you will find the unlimited à la carte menu, at no extra cost . . . the deft competence of stewards long trained in Cunard traditions, stewards who like all the Cunard staff, speak your own language.

The time-saving feature of Cunard ships is a matter of days . . . not hours, due to the unparalleled frequency of the Cunard Service . . . 123 Sailings to Europe between April 1st and mid-August. A sailing exactly to suit you . . . when you want it . . . with a choice of every type of accommodations, from the super-luxurious to the modest.

Not content with past glories and achievements . . . Cunard announces the building of the new *Super-Cunarder* that will write a fresh chapter in the history of transatlantic travel.

Your Local Agent or The Cunard Steam Ship Co., Ltd., 25 Broadway, New York

# CUNARD



and prayed as the body was lowered into a grave under the Old Council Oak, where Explorer René Robert Cavelier, Sieur de LaSalle, smoked the pipe of peace with the Indians.\*

**Died.** Frank B. Gorman, 60, longtime (40 years) clerk of the U. S. Senate, lately attendant in the reference room in the Congressional Library; after being bludgeoned and robbed in a Chicago street.

**Died.** Nathan Frank, 70, founder of the St. Louis *Star*, onetime (1889-91) U. S. Representative from the 12th Missouri District, onetime (1896) chairman of the Republican State Executive Committee; of a streptococcus infection; in St. Louis.

**Died.** Mrs. Helen Smith Tower, 73, relict of the late Charlemagne Tower, who was successively U. S. Minister to Austria-Hungary, U. S. Ambassador to Russia and Germany from 1897 to 1907 (he died in 1923); in Philadelphia. A brilliant hostess, Mrs. Tower was once called "the von Moltke of society"† by Kaiser Wilhelm.

**Died.** De Lancey Nicoll, 75, onetime (1891-94) New York County District Attorney, prosecutor of many a famed case (notably New York City's "Boodile Aldermen" when he was Assistant District Attorney); in Manhattan.

**Died.** André Jules Michelin, 78, French tire manufacturer, honorary president of the Aéro Club de France, donor of the Michelin Cup (aviation); in Paris. Founded in 1888, André Michelin & Cie., is known the world over for Bibendum the fat man, made of tires, in its advertisements. U. S. competition closed the Michelin plant at Milltown, N. J. year ago.

**Died.** Mrs. Sara Gracie King Iselin, 80, wife of Banker Adrian Iselin (A. Iselin & Co.); in her sleep; in Manhattan. A famed dowager, she was, said the New York *Times*, "reputed to look rather severely upon certain so-called intruders in the modern social life of the city and to limit her own list to men and women of the older American families, whose views of social conduct agreed with hers."

**Died.** Arthur John Bigge, Lord Stamfordham, 81, private secretary to King George V and the late Queen Victoria; after an operation; in London. A friend of the Prince Imperial of France (son of Napoleon III and Empress Eugénie), he was in South Africa when the Prince was killed, brought his body to England, escorted the Empress later to the scene of her son's death. Appointed a groom-in-waiting, Lieut.-Colonel Bigge was knighted, became Queen Victoria's secretary in 1895, was thereafter the tactful guardian of many a royal secret.

\*"How those Indians would have respected Rockne could they have seen one of his football teams in action."

†"There is a lesson for salesmen and advertising men in Rockne's life work. He could transfer an idea from his own brain to the brains of others and make them win. That is the secret of salesmanship."

—Columnist Arthur Brisbane.

†Count Helmuth Carl Bernhard von Moltke (1800-91), Franco-Prussian leader, was accounted an even greater general than his nephew Helmuth Hohannes Ludwig von Moltke (1848-1916), World War Chief-of-Staff.



# "DEALER INFLUENCE" ... and WHY!

IT is a truism in advertising that THE SATURDAY EVENING POST stands head and shoulders above any other publication in dealer influence.

Just what is meant by that?

Merely this: dealers are inclined to *favor* merchandise advertised in The Post—to stock it, display it, give it special attention.

This is of course an important advantage to any product which looks to store coöperation as an aid to sale.

*Goods advertised in The Post enjoy this advantage, simply because*

*dealers have learned by experience that goods so advertised can be depended upon to move off the shelves!*

Your dealer behind his counter sees advertising at work.

He is influenced by advertising in The Post because he knows his *customers* are likewise influenced.

His customers are *your* customers, in the final analysis.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST each week reaches the most progressive, most intelligent *three-million-families* of them in America!

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION"





## SEE BONNIE SCOTLAND



# AND TRAVEL BY A WORLD FAMOUS TRAIN

Take the FLYING SCOTSMAN . . . superb train of modern luxury . . . at 10.0 a. m. any week-day from King's Cross Station (London) and in just 8½ hours you will be in Edinburgh. Glorious Edinburgh . . . Athens of the North they call it . . . well named too . . . the rugged beauty of the castle high upon the rock is not excelled by the Acropolis. When you have seen and left the beauty of Edinburgh, go north to mighty Stirling . . . then further to Balmoral, highland home of the King and Queen. Scotland makes poets . . . you will know why when you have seen the glorious Trossachs and the Western Highlands . . . Scotland makes golfers, too . . . you will understand this also when you have played at St. Andrews. Call or write for new descriptive booklet 98.

♦  
**COMMUNICATE WITH KETCHAM**  
General Agent  
11 W. 42nd Street, New York

♦  
**LONDON  
AND NORTH EASTERN  
RAILWAY**  
OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

## Motor Knock

By taking motion pictures through a quartz window in a gasoline motor's combustion chamber and by registering the pressure changes, Lloyd Withrow and T. A. Boyd of General Motors were able to tell the American Chemical Society at Indianapolis last week exactly why motors knock. Quality of gasoline is the cause. With good fuel a pencil of flame darts from the spark plug and ignites all the charge progressively. This occurs in 1/250 sec. With knocking gasoline, the instant the spark starts ignition, the first burned fuel creates sufficient heat and pressure to ignite all the remaining fuel in one sharp blast, before the spark flame can do its comparatively slow duty. Anti-knock compounds obviate the blast, enable the fuel to burn with proper slowness. An observation: gasoline knocks occur *after* ignition, not before as had been generally supposed.

## Micro Radio

The lengths of the radio waves used in ordinary U. S. broadcasting range between 200 and 547 metres. Short-wave broadcasting uses waves around 50 metres in length. Last week "micro" rays only 18 centimetres (7.09 in.) long carried two-way conversations across the English Channel. International Telephone & Telegraph Laboratories and Le Matériel Téléphonique of France made the test.

Simple equipment did the work. Sending and receiving devices were practically the same. Each device consisted of a vacuum tube which transformed telephone frequency into the high micro-ray frequency of 1,600,000,000 oscillations a second. Wires carried the oscillations to an antenna two centimetres (less than one inch) long. The antenna was fixed at the focal points of two curved reflectors which faced each other. One, facing in the direction messages were to be sent, was ten feet in diameter. The other suggested a motor-car headlight. The two reflectors concentrated the waves which the antenna emitted into a sharply defined beam.

Two of these devices were set up, about 100 yd. apart, on each side of the Channel. The large reflector of the one functioning as a transmitter on one shore pointed at the large reflector of the receiver on the opposite shore.

The receiver caught the radio beam and focused it on the receiver antenna, whence it was carried and transformed into audible waves.

Power required was one-half watt, which is just enough to light a flashlight.

I. T. & T. reported that the micro waves do not fade, and are not affected by fog, rain or other climatic conditions. The company claims that the wave-lengths can be controlled so precisely that 250,000 transmitters could broadcast simultaneously. Thus television, which needs many wave-lengths, finds a new tool.

I. T. & T. intends to commercialize the apparatus at once—for use on ships, light-houses, airplanes.

## Electron Speeds

By a clever device Chairman Robert Andrews Millikan of the California Institute of Technology was able to measure the electrical charge of the electron, the indivisible unit of all electricity. For that Dr. Millikan won a 1923 Nobel Prize. Last week two other Caltech men—Jesse W. M. du Mond and Harry Kirkpatrick—reported the perfection of another device, to measure the speed of electrons moving within atoms.

A serviceable description of the structure of an atom is this: At its core are, according to the particular kind of atom, 1 to 238 protons (positive charges of electricity). The hydrogen atom (simplest) has one proton at its nucleus. Helium (next simplest) has four nuclear protons. But two are herded into inaction by two nuclear electrons. This leaves two positive sports on the helium nucleus. They in turn are kept from rampage by two more orbital electrons which whirl about the nucleus at a comparatively vast distance. The atomic structures of elements heavier than helium are like helium's—a nuclear core of protons held together and neutralized by fewer electrons and the difference between protons and nuclear electrons made up by an equal number of electrons in one or more enveloping orbits.

To understand how the speed of an atom's orbital electrons might be measured, take the illustration of a ball bounced against a figure on a moving merry-go-round. The speed of the ball as it strikes the moving figure will differ from the speed of the ball as it rebounds. By calculating with the two speeds it is possible to compute the merry-go-round's rate of revolution.

What Caltech's du Mond and Kirkpatrick did was to shoot X-rays of known wave-length at the atoms of various elements. When an X-ray strikes an atom, the X-ray presumably hits and bounces off the orbital electrons, which are moving so fast that they give the effect of an impervious surface. The impact of the electrons alters the length of the X-ray wave. The difference between the original and altered wave is the measure of an orbital electron's speed.

The nicety of the du Mond-Kirkpatrick experiment lay in their photographing the rebounding X-rays in such fashion that the wave-length change could be exactly measured.

The value of their work lay in its measuring electrons bound in atoms. An older method measures velocities of free electrons by use of an electric field, a magnetic field and a fluorescent screen.\*

Such methods disclose that some electrons move as slowly as 1% (within beryllium) the speed of light and others as swiftly as 90% (radium's Beta particles) light's speed. Light is known to travel (until Professor Albert Abraham Michelson, who last week was in a serious nervous collapse at Pasadena, figures it more accurately) 186,283 mi. per sec.

\*Fluorescence is the visible effect of short waves being absorbed by an object which then emits longer, visible rays (in the direction of violet towards red).



## The FIELDS ARE GREEN AGAIN

SPRING again has come to the Missouri Valley, unmindful of the echoes of depressions, untroubled by worry, undisturbed by human uncertainties.

Spring brings growing things to the Valley every twelve months—new growth and new wealth, a fresh start for crops and men and hopes.

For hundreds of miles in every direction from Kansas City the fertile soil again is creating and producing as if nothing else mattered—a contagious spirit that is good for the 21 millions of us who live within a stone's throw of orchards and grain fields and pastures.

It is the annual start toward another 3-billion-dollar harvest.

Kansas City offers many advantages to the manufacturer, not the least of which is close, wholesome contact with this vast producing and consuming market.

INDUSTRIAL COMMITTEE OF

# KANSAS CITY, MO.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF

Industrial Committee, Chamber of Commerce,  
Kansas City, Mo.:

Please send me the Book of Kansas City Facts. I am interested in the

\_\_\_\_\_ industry.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Firm \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(I saw your advertisement in Time)

# LAKES, MOUNTAINS, and SEASHORE promise A COOL SOJOURN IN ITALY



Lake Como, Lake Maggiore . . . the Alpine valley-stations . . . and the most renowned beaches of all Europe. Summer is the time to see them!

You bathe at the Lido when fashion gathers there. You paddle through the Grand Canal . . . under velvet night skies. And discover in full tide the charm of Viareggio, Rapallo, Rimini—magic names to which you love the wine-dark sea.

But know the cities, too! In Florence and Rome you may nibble frozen ices in the open piazza cafes . . . and then loiter nearby in cool stone galleries amid the treasure of centuries.

A 10% reduction in rates has been ordered in all Italian hotels for the summer. Allow us to help you perfect your plans, in co-operation with your tourist agent. Our office is operated by the Royal Italian Government for that purpose and that purpose alone. Itineraries, hotels, routes . . . valuable and impartial data on all phases of travel to make the way easy and economical. Make it a resolve not to miss Italy—and begin now by writing for a most interesting book on Italy.

**ITALIAN TOURIST  
INFORMATION OFFICE**

Squibb Building  
745 Fifth Avenue, New York City

## RELIGION

### Grail?

In a vault of the Chatham Phenix National Bank & Trust Co. on Fifth Avenue, Manhattan, lies a silver cup of great antiquity. It is believed by many to be the Holy Grail which according to legend vanished mysteriously after Sir Galahad took it to the city of Sarra in the East. The cup is known as the Great Chalice of Antioch, where it was discovered in 1910 by some excavating Arabs. It has been since 1914 the property of Fahim Joseph Kouchakji, a Syrian Catholic born in Aleppo who became a U. S. citizen last week. Art Collector Kouchakji was planning last week to sail for France with the Chalice, to show it in an exhibition of Christian art at the Louvre next month. This will be the first time it will have been exhibited publicly, although archaeological experts and other accredited persons have always been allowed to examine it.

The actual, original cup is a common silver vessel of poor and crude workmanship. The rim is broken in places, as if fragments had been removed as keepsakes. It is contained in an outer shell, whose workmanship establishes the antiquity of the Chalice and is the basis of the theory that the cup used by Christ and his disciples at the Last Supper was preserved and, perhaps several years after the Supper, fittingly decorated. The outer shell is a sheathing of elaborately sculptured silver, its gilded decorations carved in an open-work known in ancient times as *opus interrasile*, one of the most beautiful and expensive kinds of workmanship then practiced in the Near East. The decorations are a continuous network of leaves, stems, branches, birds and human figures, from which the background has been cut away, so that the inner bowl is visible. The most striking part of all this elaborate carving are the twelve seated figures. These are identified as Jesus—once as a boy and once as an adult—and some of the disciples: Jude and James, Peter, Paul, Mark, Matthew, John and James the Greater. Dr. Eisen regards the figures as actual portraits. It is noteworthy that Christ is beardless.

The theory of the cup as the Grail is further suggested by such symbols as vines, the Star of Bethlehem, the plate of loaves and fish. There is much evidence to show that the Chalice could not date later than the 1st Century. That date has been challenged by some experts, including Professor Charles Rufus Morey of Princeton, but is supported by Professors Arthur Bernard Cook of Cambridge and Josef Strzygowski of Vienna. If they are correct, then Kouchakji's Chalice may indeed be Galahad's Grail, the true cup of Jesus. For history records no other important Christian cup in the century of the Lord.

### In Halley's Bluff, Mo.

Over the pulpit in the Little Christian Union Church of Halley's Bluff, Mo. hangs this motto: CHRISTIAN UNION WITHOUT CONTROVERSY. Yet because the pastor, Rev. James Alexander Brown, 67, could not eke out a living

## France

### Around the World...in Paris International Overseas Exposition May to October, 1931

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Auburn has built and delivered up to March 27th more than 10,000 cars, which is more than 80% as many cars as Auburn built in 12 months last year. February was the greatest month in Auburn's entire history. And March will be more than 50% greater than February. More than 337 Auburn dealers have been added this year. Auburn dealers' stocks of new cars are the lowest in our history. We have no cars stored in warehouses. Everywhere the Auburn dealer's store is the mecca for increasing crowds.

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from his 75% of the Sunday collections and was obliged to preach occasionally in a rival church, the Christian Union congregation started a controversy which ended with Mr. Brown's resignation last December.

Thereupon the elders sent to Kansas City for an evangelist of local renown, Rev. George Rider, 45. He swept down on Halley's Bluff with an old-fashioned, long-term revival meeting, organized a children's choir and a six-piece band, roared from the pulpit. Converts came flocking.

Lately Revivalist Rider heard that Pastor Brown had shut himself in his house, jealous and impoverished. Sorry, Revivalist Rider made friendly overtures, but was rebuffed.

Last week a relative of Revivalist Rider died in Kansas City. He was called to attend the funeral. Now was his chance to overcome the jealousy of his predecessor, to do him a good turn! Revivalist Rider got in his automobile, drove to Pastor Brown's house and marched up to offer him the preaching of the Easter sermon.

Pastor Brown seized his visitor and threw him out. Then he seized a revolver and fired at Revivalist Rider. He hit him in the back and, as he turned, in the left side.

Revivalist Rider staggered out on the lawn, wavered in his knees. Then he lifted up his voice in a hoarse prayer for his assailant's forgiveness. Then he staggered to his car, where his wife was waiting. A little while later, in a hospital, he was dead.

In jail, Pastor Brown moaned: "I wish I were dead, too!" But he insisted Revivalist Rider had forcefully trespassed on his premises.

Elder R. A. True of the Church without Controversy intoned "He was crucified as the Master was, because men couldn't see alike."

### O Happy Day

Respectable citizens of Minneapolis were shocked and indignant one day last week as they listened to a Lenten program being played on the courthouse chimes. Right in the middle of the sacred music, the bells began to—yes, it was unmistakable, hundreds of respectable Minneapolitans recognized it and at once rushed off to telephone their indignation—the bells were playing "How Dry I Am!"

Chime-Ringer I. H. Auld, who had to answer many of the indignant telephone calls, grew weary making his explanation. Like many another popular song, especially of the oldtime barroom variety, the tune of "How Dry I Am" was originally a good old hymn. Chimer Auld said he had merely been playing "O Happy Day" to which the words are:

*Stanza:*

*O happy day that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Savior and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.*

*Chorus:*

*Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away!  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing ev'ry day;  
Happy day, happy day  
When Jesus washed my sins away!*



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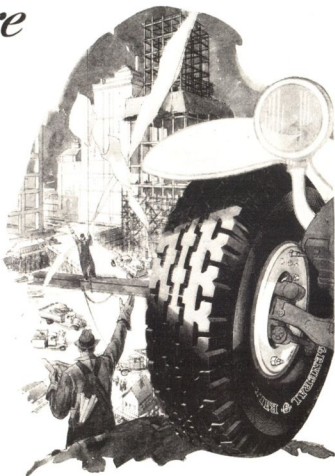
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# T H E T H E A T R E

## New Plays in Manhattan

**Lady Behind the Moon** is a sickly adolescent play using the set of Philip Barry's *Hotel Universe*. As members of a bogus, theatrical *beau monde*, the characters are compelled to deliver languid aphorisms in that dialect which substitutes "Berris" for Paris. The story is about a violinist whose fiancée marries "the most famous lover in Europe" because she believes the virtuoso has been philandering. On her wedding night, however, she relents, is understood and forgiven by the famed amorist, promised a speedy divorce.

**Right of Happiness.** For its almost exclusive use of bromide and cliché, this drama deserves to be ranked as a collector's item. The home of a Dr. Wardell is inhabited by his wife Myra, an effervescent Russian girl named Sonia for whom life "goes booble-booble," a trained nurse, and Nikolas (Robert DuRoy, co-producer of the piece) who is Russian and also crippled. It is difficult for Nikolas to restrain himself in his devotion to Myra, for as the physician says, the house possesses "a certain magic in the air." After Nikolas learns that the doctor has delayed too long to operate on him for his deformity, he pounces upon Myra, whose screams bring the entire household into a pretty tableau of consternation at the Act II curtain.

## Greatest Show

An entertainment troupe which eats 10,000 pancakes for breakfast, carries its own post office and uses more than half the elephants in America opened its 1931 season in Manhattan last week—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's Combined Shows, in every sense the Greatest Show on Earth.

This year's première was a little saddened by the absence of Lillian Litzel, the small, muscular lady who used to do more than 200 one-handed giant turns on a rope high up under the Big Top. She fell and was killed when a trapeze ring broke with her in Copenhagen last February (TIME, Feb. 23). Last week her husband, Trapezist Alfredo Codona, "The Wizard of Flight," brought back her ashes in a golden urn. Airplanes dropped wreaths on his ship as it came up New York Harbor.

There are still 800 other performers in the Circus, however—whip-crackers who knock the caps off bottles 50 ft. away; whooping cowboys; clowns who operate explosive Fords; agile gymnasts; "strange people from the far corners of the world." And there are birds & beasts without end—sprightly little dogs; pigeons colored like Easter eggs; zebras that never quite learn their tricks; a sea lion that balances itself on one flipper; another that plays the "Star Spangled Banner"; the sea elephant Goliath who snorts like thunder and gulps adult fish on his motor truck; horses that wheel through handsome convolutions. As always, the Circus has something to please everybody. Boys who have grown too old to want to run away from home and carry water for the elephants may be inclined to do the same sort of thing for the eques-

triennes, who are particularly beautiful this year.

Chief new attraction is Clyde Beatty, 26, of Chillicothe, Ohio, "the world's youngest and most fearless wild animal trainer." Mr. Beatty is left alone in a great cage in which there are some 40 hissing, snarling, rumbling lions and tigers. These he persuades to form various artistic groupings by means of a whip, stick and frequently used revolver. Mr. Beatty's most showmanlike beast is Kazan, a large old lion who quails and cowers very perceptibly when the trainer stares him into submission. But occasionally Kazan is unable to stifle a yawn.

The performance is still concluded by Hugo Zaccini, who permits himself to be



CLYDE BEATTY & FRIEND

He makes them quail 40 at a time.

shot out of a cannon. Spectators shudder when they remember that an imitator, Harry Powers, died at Atlantic City when attempting the feat from an airplane.

## Belasco on Love

Last week, on the eve of the marriage of Operatic Actress Helen Gahagan and Melvyn Douglas, stars of David Belasco's *Tonight or Never*, Producer Belasco, filled with loving-kindness after three months on a sick-bed, announced: "It was a case of love at first sight. I've seen many romances in the theatre, but none so fine, so old-fashioned, so honest. . . . I make it a rule to bring together my future hero and heroine before I make my selection. . . . I can't explain it, but I can sense how they will play together, in each other's arms, or kiss each other. . . . If there is love at length, it must be decent. They have got to play straight with me and with each other."

Surprised, theatre folk waited to see if Helen Gahagan would be starred in another Belasco play, for tradition dictates that any Belasco leading lady who marries, automatically leaves his service. Examples: Leslie Carter, Blanche Bates, Frances Starr, Katharine Cornell, Mary Ellis, Lenore Ulric.

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For the Famous Four—S. S. NEW YORK, HAMBURG, DEUTSCHLAND, ALBERT BALLIN... have a particular appeal in the completeness of the comfort afforded. The spacious decks and "roomy" rooms, the excellence of the cuisine, the smoothness of sailing due to unique anti-rolling devices, the charming day-and-night grill where the "Line" signs the checks, meticulous service addressed individually to each voyager—these and a score more distinctive Hamburg-American features make the trip delightful throughout every hour.

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*and you will too, when  
you cruise with "Alice in  
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THERE are so many things to see and do; to watch bubbling cauldrons of mud in Iceland, to go stolkjerring through the Naerødal, to view lovely Merok mirrored in the emerald waters of far-famed Geirangerfjord—then to visit Stockholm, Russia, Helsingfors, Tallinn, with a thousand new wonders at every turn.

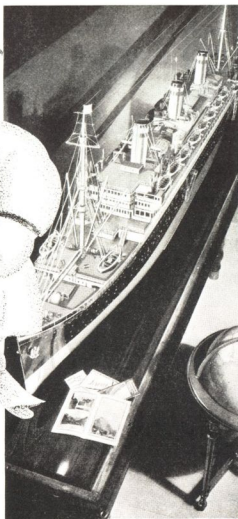
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## College Art

If a young man wants to be a novelist, a poet, a playwright or an architect, college is the traditional place for him to get his training. If he wants to be a painter he is expected to go to Paris or to one of the big art schools of New York, Boston, Chicago, despite the fact that all U. S. universities give art courses. Critics who wondered why this is so went last week to the dingy galleries of the College Art Association in New York to see an exhibition of student work from 26 U. S. colleges, universities, museum schools. It was not overinspiring. From New Hampshire to Texas, the student body of the U. S. presented anatomical drawings, studies in perspective, hand-dyed batiks, linoleum cuts, designs for football stadia and perfume bottles "according to the laws of dynamic symmetry," and a number of paintings in oil.

Critics were most interested in the exhibit from Yale. Prominent on the faculty of the Yale Department of Fine Arts is kinetic Eugene Francis Savage, Leffingwell Professor of Painting. Professor Savage is a mural painter with most distinctive style. He designs strapping, greenish-white nudes with a great many muscles, posed in theatrical attitudes against classical landscapes. In this manner he has decorated the Elks National Memorial in Chicago and other buildings. Noticeable is the fact that most of his pupils draw and paint exactly like him. There is often rich reward for their fidelity. Professor Savage is a trustee and a member of the executive committee of the American Academy in Rome. Able Savage pupils frequently win the Prix de Rome in painting; three of them enjoy comfortable studios on the Janiculum at the present time. The works of the entire Yale delegation to the College Art show—and they included a Spaniard, two Irishmen, an Italian and a Chinese—looked almost as though it had all been designed by Professor Savage in person.

## Genesis to Bossoms

Ever since its exhibition at London's Leicester Galleries two months ago, Sculptor Jacob Epstein's white marble *Genesis* has moved critics and letters-to-the-*Times* writers to a frenzy of denunciation. "You white foulness!" the *Daily Express* called it. *Punch* published tut-tutting cartoons. Last week the U. S. art world learned that the tide had turned. *Genesis* had found favorable reviews, and a purchaser. Opined the *Manchester Guardian*:

"The face has a blind dignity and pathos and the forms mount up in strange rhythm from the vast limbs set in a rough base. . . . The concision of the design . . . is in Epstein's maturest manner. In this work the sculptor has given us his conception of the primeval mother of the scientists to set beside the 'Eve' of the classics. There is surely room for it in the world of art."

Sculptor Epstein was more interested in

his customers, Mr. & Mrs. Alfred Charles Bossom of swanky No. 5 Carlton Gardens, London. They got *Genesis* for their own for \$5,000.

An architect, an alderman, a man of wealth is clever little Purchaser Bossom. Like Sculptor Epstein he is of Semitic descent. His wealth derived from his conception and industrious execution of the idea of building skyscrapers like a graduated pile of boxes with the smallest on



EPSTEIN'S GENESIS

*The Manchester Guardian: "There is surely room for it."*

top—the "set back" style to provide air and light. He designed the Seaboard National Bank in New York (Seaboard President Samuel Bayne is his father-in-law), the Magnolia Petroleum Building in Dallas, Tex. Other important Bossom commissions in the U. S. included the restoration of Fort Ticonderoga for ex-Congressman Herbert C. Pell. In Britain he is a member of the London County Council and chairman of the Committee of the Royal Society of Arts for the Preservation of Ancient Cottages. The Bossoms may plant *Genesis*, obviously unsuitable for an Ancient Cottage, in their own garden.

## Parson Will

Many a U. S. officer attached to British and Canadian divisions in 1917-18 remembers a small Official Artist with gleaming spectacles and a serious expression who wandered about Division Headquarters in a shaggy goatskin tunic and trench helmet drawing pictures of Generals. Those who talked with him discovered that he knew an enormous number of famous people. Intellectuals realized that this little man was the Will Rothenstein celebrated in Max Beerholm's *Enoch Soames*. When the first volume of his autobiography appeared in the U. S. last month,\* readers had a chance to learn something of a man who is still compara-

\*MEN AND MEMORIES, Recollections of (Sir) William Rothenstein, 1872-1900—Howard McCann (\$5).

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To achieve this happy result you will need a refrigerator that looks like a thoroughbred and *keeps on* looking that way...one that will do a scientifically proper job of keeping cool season in and season out without fail...and one that will keep you pleasantly surprised each month when you pay your electric bill...

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Strikingly beautiful in sparkling  
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this  
Coupon

tively unknown to the general public, though he has had his paintings hung in dozens of museums from Chicago, Ill. to Peshawar, India and has assiduously hunted celebrities for 40 years. The celebrities he hunts are always intellectual: artists, writers, professors, scientists. He pays little attention to tycoons or statesmen. Every few years he does a new picture of his friend George Bernard Shaw.

Sir William Rothenstein (knighted last year) was born in Yorkshire in 1872, the son of a prosperous cloth merchant. At the age of 16 he left grammar school to be an artist, studied at the Slade School in London under Alphonse Legros, a meticulous draughtsman and a pupil of Ingres. The Ingres-Legros influence is still obvious in Rothenstein's drawing. A preternaturally solemn youth of 17 in a long black frock coat, he went to Paris to enter the Académie Julian.

Already he was developing his faculty for meeting and making friends with great men. Sober-faced Will Rothenstein was as thrilled at chatting with Degas, dining at the Café Royal with Oscar Wilde, going to the Moulin Rouge with Toulouse-Lautrec, as a young U. S. executive might be at lunching with Sidney Jollycoffer Mitchell or Albert Wiggins. After four years in Paris he was sent to Oxford to do a series of portraits of famed Oxonians. Wrote his friend Max Beerbohm:

"In the Summer Term of '93 a bolt from the blue flashed down on Oxford. . . . Dons and undergraduates stood around, rather pale, discussing nothing but it. Whence came it, this meteorite? From Paris. . . . Its aim? To do a series of 24 portraits in lithograph. . . . He was 21 years old. He wore spectacles that flashed more than any pair ever seen. He was a wit. He was brimful of ideas. He knew Whistler. He knew Edmond de Goncourt. He knew everyone in Paris. He knew them all by heart. He was Paris in Oxford."

Rothenstein's *Oxford Characters* established him as a pencil-portraitist of the first rank, but though he painted nudes, landscapes, Cheapside costers, his lithographer's pencil has always been reserved for the faces of the great and near-great. For a Briton to be the subject of a Rothenstein portrait or a Beerbohm caricature is like membership in the Institut de France to a Frenchman. In 1899 he married Alice Knewstubb, a beautiful young lady who played leads opposite Sir Herbert Tree.

The Rothenstein autobiography contains many a Rothenstein portrait, innumerable anecdotes of his famed friends. Immaculate James McNeill Whistler always called him "Parson." Rothenstein's frantic efforts to keep Verlaine sober at Oxford are fully described. Walter Pater was grievously hurt at Parson Will's drawing of him, asked his friends privately "Do I look like a Barbary ape?"

With most of his friends, Oscar Wilde in particular, Parson Will was more gentle. Sympathetically he reports Oscar's attempts to reform after his release from jail; the loyalty of his great friend and literary executor, Robert ("Robbie") Ross; Wilde's gratitude at the public reception of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*.

# if you've had to cut down on coffee now you can cut loose again!

NO MATTER how badly the caffeine in coffee may have affected your sleep, your nerves or your digestion, you can now drink coffee—at any time—without the tiniest regret!



For now you can get coffee from which 97% of the caffeine has been removed. It's called Sanka Coffee. It's genuine, full-flavored coffee—and you can drink it to your heart's content!

**satisfying and delicious!** » » » »

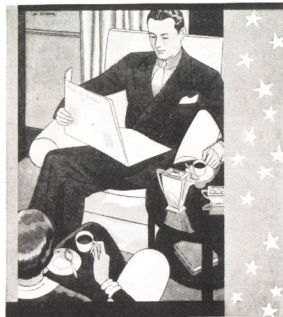
Does Sanka Coffee yield the same immediate sense of satisfaction? One single cup of Sanka Coffee will answer that question for you—with a lusty "Yes!" For caffeine never contributed a thing to that immediate sense of satisfaction a cup of coffee gives. That comes from the cheery warmth and flavor of the drink itself.

And such flavor as Sanka Coffee brings you! Imagine the choicest of Central and South American coffees—roasted and blended to perfection. That is Sanka Coffee. Nothing is added—nothing but caffeine is

removed. You make it as you've always made coffee. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer.

Sanka Coffee has been approved by the American Medical Association. Your grocer sells it—ground or in the bean—in pound vacuum cans that preserve its freshness. Absolute satisfaction or your money back. Get a pound to-day.

*For a complete discussion of sleeplessness, send the coupon below for the free booklet, "Sleep—and how to get there."*



**make the night-test!** » » » » »

The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee that you can enjoy morning, noon and night—without regret!

© 1931, S. C. CORP.

# SANKA COFFEE



**drink it and sleep!**

Sanka Coffee is a superior blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees—from which 97% of the caffeine has been removed.



**GROUND OR  
IN THE BEAN**

**SANKA COFFEE CORPORATION**  
1 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

T. M. & H.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of the free booklet, "Sleep—and how to get there."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Fill in completely—print name and address

# AERONAUTICS

## Something Informal

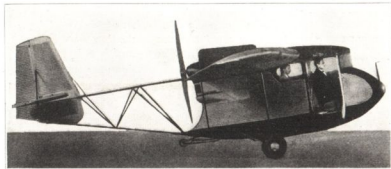
"Aviation in the U. S. has been stagnating. . . . We are all copying. . . . None of us are building the plane that the public wants to buy, and that proves we are standing still. . . . We are going to fix it so a man can take a couple of lessons on Friday and fly his plane home on Monday. . . ."

Thus a year ago spoke lanky, bushy-haired William Bushnell Stout, vice president of Stout Metal Airplane Co., designer and builder of Ford tri-motors (TIME, May 26). Airmen knew that Designer

occupants, than that of an automobile going 60 m. p. h. over smooth roads. The claim is it will take-off in 35 ft., can use average boulevards as landing fields.

The entire project, developed in the Stout Engineering Laboratories at Dearborn, is ostensibly Designer Stout's. But rumors in the industry persist that, if successful after six months trial, the plane will be taken over by Ford for large-scale production.

Said Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. who, with his wife, was the first "outsider" to fly in the Sky Car: "Bill Stout told us it



*Aero Digest*

ENGINEER STOUT & SKY CAR

*"A couple of lessons on Friday, fly home on Monday."*

Stout is not given to empty talk; they wondered what was up his sleeve. Last week Stout brought out of his sleeve a plane "that the public wants to buy"—a small two-seater monoplane distinctly and purposely suggestive of the famed old "Model T" Ford automobile. He named it the "Sky Car," admitting (hoping) that "the public, in its usual fashion, is likely . . . to dub it something less formal."

The Sky Car is a low-slung, truncated cabin suspended beneath a cantilever wing, with a tail assembly mounted at the end of an outrigger framework. The engine is a 75-h. p. pusher, with the propeller whirling between the members of the outrigger. The ship is all-metal, blue and silver, weighs under 1,000 lb. Anything but racy, it looks and is a winged bus. The venturi tube (which catches the wind for the speed indicator) attached to the nose outside, even suggests an oldtime Ford crank.

But it is the cabin interior that Designer Stout has ingeniously arranged to make the automobile driver feel instantly at home. The dashboard almost exactly duplicates that of the oldtime Model T Ford car. The pilot sits at the wheel, flips a conventional Ford motor switch on the instrument board, presses his heel on an ordinary Ford starter button, pulls out a Ford choke rod, shifts his feet to—instead of a rudder bar—a set of pedals like the old Ford transmission pedals, yanks with his left hand a Ford brake lever that locks both wheels, or brakes either one for ground-steering.

Because the engine and propeller are far separated from the cabin, it is claimed that noise in flight is no greater, to the

would become but a matter of two or three hours for anyone who drove an automobile to learn to fly [the plane]. . . . Speed is 100 m. p. h. You can get 24 miles to the gallon of gasoline and stay in the air nearly five hours with a tank full. It will first sell in the neighborhood of \$1,500; and might be purchased within a few months for less than \$900."

## A Piece of Ice?

Ice formed on the wings. . . .

Ice formed on the instruments and confused the pilot. . . .

The pilot found himself suddenly too near the ground and jerked his controls too sharply, tearing off the wing. . . .

A propeller blade snapped. . . .

Those theories and many others were heard last week. But there was no final answer to the question: What caused the Transcontinental & Western Air plane crash in which Nation-famed Knute Kenneth Rockne and seven others were killed? (TIME, Apr. 6). The plane, a tri-motored Fokker, tumbled out of the low clouds near Bazaar, Kan., with its right wing fluttering after it. It buried its nose deep into the stony soil of flint hills. Only the twisted steel and fabric—or what was left of it by souvenir-hunters—could give further testimony. Designer Anthony Hermann Gerhard Fokker flew from Los Angeles to inspect the wreckage for himself. Fiercely proud of his creation, he was certain there was no structural failure.

"The flight should not have been undertaken in existing weather conditions," he said. "I would say the human element entered very strongly into the cause of the crash."

It was drizzling when the plane took off from Kansas City for Los Angeles, but reports said the weather was clearing in the west. At Wichita, only 60 mi. from the crash, the sun was shining.

Most enlightening report came from the Department of Commerce which carefully stipulated that it must not be construed as an official finding. The Department inspectors dug the engines out of the earth to find that the right outboard engine had no propeller blades nor propeller hub, although the safety nut which holds them in place was still intact. The hub must have been broken. If, as reported, ice collected on the wings then it may have collected on the propeller hub too. A piece of ice dislodged from the hub might have struck a whirling blade and broken it. The shock (estimated 100,000 lb.) caused by a breaking blade could have broken the hub, smashed the wing.

Concluded the report: ". . . airplane had been operated in accordance with Air Commerce regulations; daily inspections . . . satisfactorily concluded; . . . thoroughly airworthy; . . . no blame can be attached to the pilots."

Last week's crash shocked the whole U. S. not alone because of the fame of a passenger, but because it was the first "bad" accident in transport service in more than a year. (In January 1930, 16 persons perished in the T. A. T.-Maddux crash in California.)

Buried under the tragic news from Kansas last week was the official accident report for the last six months of 1930, issued by the Department of Commerce: two passengers killed in 51,482,633 passenger-miles of flight. There were only three fatal accidents (including mail operations) compared with 15 for the same period of 1929.

## Overshoes

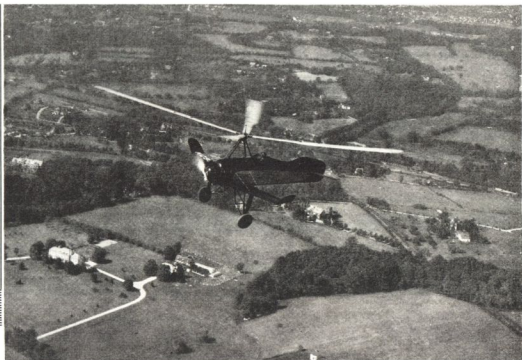
One year ago Dr. William Chauncey Geer, researcher for B. F. Goodrich Co., revealed a means he had devised to prevent the formation of ice on the wings of airplanes (TIME, April 14, 1930). He affixed rubber "overshoes," impregnated with oil, to the leading edges of the wings, and to struts, tail surfaces, flying wires. By means of a motor-driven pump, the overshoes were made to pulsate—to loosen the ice as quickly as it could form. The ice would be blown away.

Last week at Akron, the Goodrich company announced that a Lockheed Vega and a Douglas mail plane equipped with Dr. Geer's overshoes had been flown for the past four months under worst conditions (just below 32% in moist atmosphere). The planes' flying performance was unaffected. Geer overshoes are to be shown the public for the first time at the National Aircraft Show in Detroit, April 11-20.

## Black Year & Big Three

Aviation companies hope never to see another year like 1930. Already ridden by its own ills, the industry was laid still slower by the Depression. People who might otherwise have flown were unwilling or unable to spend the money. Last fortnight appeared the year's reckonings of the





ALMOST ANY OF THESE SUBURBAN ESTATES OFFERS MORE THAN ADEQUATE LANDING SPACE FOR AN AUTOGIRO

## What is the need for the AUTOGIRO?



### Characteristics

The Autogiro differs basically from all other heavier-than-air craft in the source of its lifting capacity. This lift is given primarily by four rotating blades which take the place of the familiar wings of an airplane. There is no time when this supporting rotation of the blades can be stopped while the machine is in the air, as their motion is produced solely by wind pressure caused by the movement of the Autogiro in any direction, climbing, level flight, gliding or descending vertically. The supporting rotation of the blades is entirely independent of the engine, whose sole function is to propel the Autogiro.

The Autogiro presents flying characteristics hitherto impossible. It can take off at low speed after a very short run, and immediately assume a steep-climbing angle. It can fly well over 100 miles per hour or as slowly as 25 miles per hour. It can be brought momentarily to a standstill and hover. It can bank and turn slowly without fear of loss of forward speed. It can glide or descend vertically at a speed less than that of a man descending in a parachute, and with virtually no forward speed even with a dead engine. Above all, it cannot fall off into a spin from a stall. As a result, little operating skill is required.

THE progress of aviation and the development genius it exemplifies have been a modern miracle.

Yet the early predictions that flying would soon become general and commonplace have not been realized. As the airplane becomes faster and faster with increased dependence upon high speed for take-off, landing and even control in the air, the obstacles to anything approaching universal use become greater and greater.

Most of us are still spectators, over-awed by the long training, special aptitude and high degree of operating skill required.

This necessity for extreme operating skill is the greatest barrier to widespread private ownership of airplanes. The great need is for an aircraft with such inherent stability that its secure operation is within the capacity of the average person who can operate an automobile.

We believe the Autogiro is such an aircraft. Speed is one of the intrinsic advantages of air travel, and the Autogiro can fly well over 100 miles per hour, but contrary to all other heavier-than-air craft, speed is not essential to it.

All the necessary maneuvers of flying, heretofore hazardous for the novice, can be executed in the Autogiro with slow deliberation. Take-offs, turns, landings

and other maneuvers in the air, are accomplished at low speed with ample time for deliberate consideration. In addition, where indecision creates an emergency, the novice can make a slow, deliberate descent in the Autogiro.

Even the expert pilot appreciates the elimination of necessity for lightning-like decisions compelled by the high speeds essential to normal airplane operation.

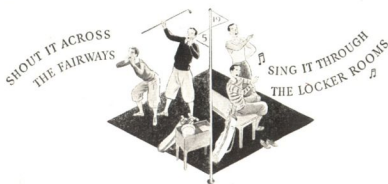
The need for the Autogiro is the need for an aircraft that can ascend and descend and sustain itself in flight *without* speed and yet capable of speed when desired.

We are confident that the Autogiro points toward the possibility that the average person can consider the operation of an aircraft with assurance comparable to that experienced with an automobile.

The Autogiro Company of America is not a manufacturing or selling company. It is solely an engineering and licensing organization. It owns and controls, exclusively, all Autogiro patent rights in the United States. Manufacturing companies of high standing will be licensed to build Autogiros with the full cooperation of our engineering staff.

Present licensees are:

Buhl Aircraft Company, Detroit, Mich.  
Kellett Aircraft Corp., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Pittsair Aircraft, Inc., Willow Grove, Pa.



## The new size KRO-FLITE is just as long as the old!

MANY MONTHS AGO, when all the talk about the new 1.68, 1.55 ball crystallized into its official adoption by the United States Golf Association, the chief of the Spalding golf ball experts called a meeting of his men.

To them, he threw this startling challenge: "Gentlemen, I believe we can make the Kro-Flite in this new size without sacrificing one yard of distance!"

It sounded hopeless to the others. Retain old-ball distance in the new size and weight? Incredible! It was against the laws of physics—against every law governing golf ball manufacture.

But the speaker had some theories about Kro-Flite's patented vulcanized cover. This cover made Kro-Flite the toughest golf ball in the world. But, in addition, it was one of the secrets of Kro-Flite's length.

He continued: "I'm convinced that our special cover will permit refinements in manufacture that will offset the distance lost by increased size and decreased weight. Yes, unless my knowledge of physics and ballistics is playing tricks on me, we can hope for a new-size Kro-Flite every bit as long as the old."

With that hope to spur them, the Spalding experts started their work—backed by the greatest golf laboratory in the world, and by the experience accumulated in the 34 years since Spalding made the first golf ball ever made in America. As is the history of most great achievements, the first efforts met with failure.

But the day came when the Driv-

ing Machine showed that the latest batch of new-size Kro-Flites sailed and landed every bit as far as the old!

Naturally, the Spalding experts were elated. But what would happen when the new-size balls were being made by thousands?

So over a period of several weeks—on the Driving Machines at Chicopee, Mass., and Pinehurst, N.C.—in varying weather conditions—they tested hundreds of Kro-Flites.

In every test these amazing balls sailed out further than any of the experts had hoped any ball in the new size could go. Except in the teeth of a gale it sailed out as far as the old-size Kro-Flite. And, riding with the wind, it was even longer!

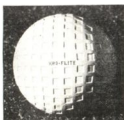
All doubts were gone. Spalding had succeeded in making a new-size golf ball that sacrificed not one yard of distance! And in this achievement, the Kro-Flite stands absolutely alone.

Your Professional will supply you. So will any Spalding Dealer or Spalding Store. 75 cents each.

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## KRO-FLITE

made by Spalding



three greatest domestic aviation companies:

**Curtiss-Wright Corp.**, which in 1929 lost only \$668,532 during its first five months, showed the industry's greatest net loss for 1930—\$9,012,919. Included in that total was an extraordinary charge of \$2,254,842 for inventory adjustment and development write-off. More than its share of bad luck befell Curtiss-Wright in a strike at the plant of Wright Aeronautical Corp. which for several months delayed the consolidation of plane and engine manufacture at Buffalo, N. Y. But the company can point with pride to \$12,000,000 unfilled orders, 20% more than a year ago.

**Aviation Corp.** President Frederic Gallup Coburn, who took the controls of Aviation Corp. a year ago, must have wished last week that financial statements covered six-month periods only. For while the year's operating loss before depreciation was \$1,462,295, the loss for the second six months (in which time President Coburn's administration really began to have effect) was only \$477,219. Moreover, full benefits of the new mail contracts and revised rates under the McNary-Watres Air Mail Act were not fully felt until the first of this year: operating losses for January and February 1931 were \$500,000 less than for that period a year ago. The company's total loss, including depreciations and charge-offs, was \$4,793,601; last six months, \$1,467,284; for 1929 (the company's first ten months) \$1,443,822.

**United Aircraft & Transport Corp.** has been aviation's biggest money-maker. In 1929 its net earnings were \$8,294,415. Last year profits shrank to \$3,302,206, but the company was able to pay \$720,000 dividends on preferred stock. Confidently President Frederick Brant Rentschler showed stockholders \$23,844,830 current assets (including \$14,213,044 cash and readily marketable securities) against current liabilities of \$1,997,621.

### Post Mortem

The British dirigible *R-101* crashed in France and killed 48 occupants because of leaking gas and bad weather. That fact, which everyone already knew, was virtually the sum total of the long-awaited report of the court of inquiry, delivered last week in London. The investigators fixed no blame upon Lord Christopher Birdwood Thomson, the Secretary of State for Air (killed in the crash) who was said to have hastened the start of the flight to India to precede the opening of the Imperial Conference. But they gingerly admitted that the inadequately tested ship "would not have started . . . if it had not been that reasons of public policy [made it] highly desirable for her to do so if it could." As for the leaking of the gas bags, through their chafing against metal parts: "Something of this sort . . . had happened before and no amount of care could secure that it would not happen again."

Distressed was the British press, which had looked to the report for something to bolster the public's wavering faith in Britain's lighter-than-air program. Some thought they heard the knell of the dirigible in Britain's air service, began to talk of dismantling the *R-100* which has lain idle in her hangar at Cardington since last year's unspectacular flight to Canada.

## CATCH NOT AT THE SHADOW AND LOSE THE SUBSTANCE . . .

It's an old, old story—that of the men who *almost* grasp their opportunities—whose clutching fingers just miss the solid substance of success and close instead on the shadow of near-accomplishment.

Every real opportunity—and there are thousands opening up every day in this new age of progress—finds available a number of men of approximately equal abilities and experience. The margin between those who succeed and those who fail is a narrow one. Seemingly, it is the little things that count big in the final result.

How often the deciding factor is *appearance*. You have seen men—really able men—held back because they needlessly handicapped themselves through lack of attention to properly designed, fitted and tailored clothes—clothes made for them and for no one else.

On the other hand, how often you have noted that success seems to come most easily and quickly to those who have learned the art of *looking* successful.

As a matter of course, the great majority of outstandingly successful men turn to the Merchant Tailor for the services he alone can render—the proper expression of individuality through garments that are individually tailored.

And in swiftly increasing numbers, the younger men of today—those who are just entering the competition for high place and higher recognition—are



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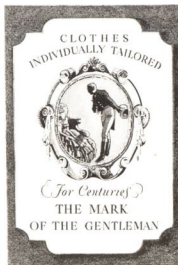
learning that the Merchant Tailor can contribute in generous measure to their speed of advancement by adding to their other advantages the final and vital one of *good appearance*.

In your community there is a Merchant Tailor, qualified by training and experience to assist you in the selection of styles and fabrics best suited to you, and to produce finished garments that will be both a business and a social asset, and—in terms of final cost—a very real economy.

\* \* \* \*

*In the vitally important matter of personal appearance, consult the Merchant Tailor who displays this emblem. Throughout the United States and Canada, it identifies the establishments of Merchant Tailors with the training and skill to create gar-*

*ments of true individuality for men who realize the undeniable power of first impressions in this new age of business progress.*



IT'S EASIER TO MAKE A GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION—THAN TO LIVE DOWN A BAD ONE

## S P O R T



**Foot-Joy**  
REGISTERED  
*"The Shoe that's Different"*

That tired feeling...when your feet ask you to sit down at 5 o'clock...is probably the result of wearing "just shoes". This cement age of ours needs "The Shoe that's Different". Change to FOOT-JOY, smartly built to combat hard pavements, a correct foundation to carry your weight evenly distributed from heel to toe, relieving the strain from nerves, muscles and aches. Send for styles and prices on FOOT-JOY Shoes for all occasions.

**FIELD & FLINT CO.,** Brockton, Mass.

Est. 1857

Dealers in Most of the Larger Cities

**In New York at 2 to 4 East 44th St.**

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

Name.....

Address.....(T19)

## Prelude to Baseball

Toward the end of February, big-league ball players arrive at training camp towns in Texas and Florida, greet each other as if they had met the day before, settle themselves for after-dinner card games. Old ball players play black jack, hearts, pinochle; younger ones play contract bridge. In the morning, they all play golf. In the afternoon, scrutinized by a few urchins too young to caddy and a few townsfolk too old to pitch horseshoes, they hit fungoes, chase flies, trap grounders, play pepper games (players stand in a small circle, toss baseballs quickly back and forth). After two or three weeks of this, exhibition games start and the teams move north with the sun.

Training camps give pitchers a chance to get the kinks out of their arms, managers a chance to inspect new players, famous players a chance to demand larger salaries, the sporting public a chance to get worked up again about baseball. By mid-April, all of this has been accomplished and the big-league season begins. Experts can guess which are the best teams—this year, the Brooklyn Robins or St. Louis Cardinals in the National League, the Philadelphia Athletics in the American.

**Rookies.** All big-league clubs have "farms" from which they draw new players. The Brooklyn Robins have a new farm at Hartford, Conn. in addition to their old one at Macon. But they acquired their most unusual 1931 rookie from the Oakland club, Pacific Coast League. He is Catcher Ernest Lombardi, 6 ft. 3 in. high and 220 lb. heavy with a huge nose and hands big enough to enwrap a baseball as though it were a walnut. The New York Yankees found a monster larger than Lombardi—Jim Weaver, a 6 ft. 7 in. pitcher with a woodchuck jaw. Easily the highest pitcher in the big leagues, Weaver has a good fast ball, fair control.

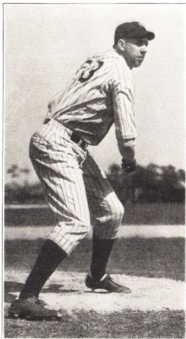
More extraordinary than either Weaver or Lombardi is Jerome Herman ("Dizzy") Dean, 20-year-old rookie pitcher on last year's champion St. Louis Cardinals. Like loud Art ("the Great") Shires, last year's Washington and Chicago freak, Pitcher Dean self-consciously copies the manners of Author Ring Lardner's fictional rookie baseballers, causing his luggage to be emblazoned by complimentary legends and boasting "there ain't no one can touch me when I bear down." Pitcher Dean stated he would win 20 games.

**Old Players.** George Herman ("Babe") Ruth, as all baseball fans well know, was once a high-grade pitcher. Many managers last week considered new places for old players. Most remarkable is the case of Mark Koenig, last year shortstop for the Detroit Tigers. This year he will probably be a pitcher. John Watwood, Chicago White Sox left fielder, may shift to first base. Lindstrom, the Giants' third baseman will try the outfield. Rogers Hornsby, new manager of the Chicago Cubs, may transfer from second base to first, moved famed Hack Wilson from centre field to right.

**Games.** The country's most famed re-

ligious sect baseball team is that of the House of David (Benton Harbor, Mich.), whose members believe in letting their hair and beards grow while they await the millenium, secure in the faith of their own immortality. Many famed ball-players, when outmoded in the big leagues, might find solace and gain in such precepts by joining the House of David baseball team which netted \$40,000 one season. Against the Brooklyn Robins last month, the House of David team scored two runs in the last inning after a rally led by bush-bearded Pitcher Herbst, but lost the game 9 to 10.

Last fortnight at St. Petersburg bewhiskered Pitcher Swaney held the Yankees hitless for four innings, but could not



*Acme-P. & A.*

**YANKEE JIM WEAVER**

... easily the big leagues' biggest.

save his House of David teammates from a 5-to-0 defeat. Handicapped by a flowing false beard, Babe Ruth whammed no homers.

**Girl.** In Chattanooga, Tenn., Ruth was informed that the Chattanooga Lookouts had a female pitcher, Virne Beatrice ("Jackie") Mitchell. "How big is she?" he enquired. Told that Pitcher Mitchell was 5 ft. 8 in., slim, left-handed and 17 years old, Babe Ruth yawned. Said he: "I don't know what's going to happen. . . . I don't know what things are coming to."

The next day, Batsman Ruth swung politely at two of Pitcher Mitchell's pitches, then demanded that the ball be inspected by the umpire. Then he allowed a third strike to go past without swinging at it. Heavy-hitting Lou Gehrig also "struck out." Presently Pitcher Mitchell walked a batter, was taken out of the

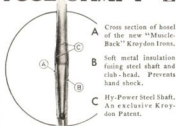


FOR EVERYONE—whether champion, near-champion or duffer, the greatest thrill in golf is a long true drive—straight down the middle . . . As an aid to good driving Walter Hagen Matched Wood Clubs are without peer—deep-faced, powerful heads—designed primarily for the large ball—supple shafts with attractive and enduring finish . . . In the most difficult—the most important department of your game—iron play—you will indeed appreciate Walter Hagen "Compact Blades"—the ideal iron clubs . . . Blades shorter, deeper, thicker, designed for the large ball . . . They place more weight where it should be—behind the ball and make control of all shots easier . . . Use Hagen "Compact Blades" . . . The Hagen ball insures maximum results in long, true flight, as well as absolute accuracy on the greens . . . Play Hagen Woods—"Compact Blade" Irons—the Hagen ball. THE L. A. YOUNG COMPANY, DETROIT. Makers of Hagen Products. Canadian Distributors, Hargraff Bros., Ltd., Toronto





## Years Ahead! the NEW Kroydon HY-POWER STEEL SHAFT



THE only steel shaft in one piece that duplicates hickory—shape, whip, balance and feel—in everlasting spring steel.

### Custom Built Clubs

Kroydon's wonderful invention makes it possible for the first time to grade steel shafts in whip and stiffness from driving iron to niblick. It gives you a *perfect individual steel shaft for every different club in a matched set*. Professionals and amateurs alike are hailing the Hy-Power Steel Shaft as golf's greatest invention. Rustproof, non-reflecting, chromium plate. *Guaranteed without restriction*. This covers breakage.

### Shock-Absorbing Joint

The Hy-Power Shaft is fused into the club-head with "Kroydon Metal"—soft, shock-absorbing and everlasting. *There is no steel-to-steel contact*. The head will never work loose.

### New "Muscle-Back" Blades

Kroydon Irons for 1931 are all new models, especially designed for the new ball. The weight is centered at the *back of the short, deep-faced blades*. You'll get distance that no other irons will give you.

### New Wood Models

Build to give distance with the new ball. Leading professionals now using these new Kroydon deep-faced woods consider them *the finest ever manufactured*.

### Sold by Pros and at Leading Stores

Matched Irons—Sets of 5, 6, 8, 9 or 10—\$41.75 to \$100. Individual Irons, \$5 to \$10. Matched Woods, \$30 to \$75. Individual Woods, \$5 to \$25.

Write to The Kroydon Co., Dept. T, Maplewood, N. J., for "Billy Kroydon's" interesting Booklet on Golf.

# Kroydon

Clubs for Better Golf

game. Said she, "I did not know Babe Ruth had a weakness, but . . . I have . . . wonderful control . . . I am the happiest girl in the world."

### Don v. Wood

When the Prince of Wales was in Buenos Aires last month, it was known he wanted to take a speed boat ride with famed Kaye Don in *Miss England II* (TIME, March 30). Although the Argentine Navy offered to sweep clear a course on the Parana River, the prospect aroused anxiety in British and Argentine sporting publics. *Miss England II* was the boat in which the late Sir Henry Segrave was killed last year when she hit a floating branch and sank on Lake Windermere (TIME, June 23). Wales got no ride.

Last week, with H. R. H. safely attending social functions in Brazil, Kaye Don drove *Miss England II* up the estuary of the Parana River, three miles of which Government launches had dragged for driftwood. On the last of three trips, he drove a mile and back at 103.49 m. p. h., a new record.

In Miami, Gar Wood of Detroit, who had set the previous record last fortnight in *Miss America IX* at 102.236 nautical<sup>a</sup> m. p. h. commented: "We'll see about it."

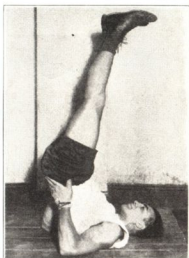
### Career

In a shabby, smalltime sporting-club in Brooklyn, 2,000 representatives of the fertile social sediment in which prize-fighting has its roots last week watched a preliminary bout between two light heavyweights. One was a shaky, timid Negro, the other a slow-footed, lumbering white man with a scarred face and a flat nose. In the first round, the Negro fell without being hit, then, in the second, took a left hook on the face and was counted out. Like most cheap preliminaries, it was mediocre entertainment and the crowd bored. Unlike most cheap preliminaries, it was described at length in metropolitan sport pages, much discussed by prize-fight enthusiasts.

This was because the winner was Paul Berlenbach, onetime (1925-26) light heavyweight champion of the world. As many has-beens have done before him, but with more public sympathy than most, he was beginning to try to "come back." Berlenbach was a deaf mute until he was 14. Then a kite he was flying brushed against a high tension wire and the shock made him able to hear and speak, though with a difficulty which was later to make people think him "punch drunk." In 1923, when he was a Manhattan taxi-driver, Berlenbach learned to wrestle and won an Olympic wrestling championship. That same year, turned fighter, he developed a dangerous left hook, with it knocked out 22 opponents, and won the decision from Light Heavyweight Champion Mike McTigue. Never a good boxer, Berlenbach was badly beaten by Jack Delaney five years ago (TIME, July 26, 1926).

For his fight with Delaney, Berlenbach received \$125.00. For knocking out dusky Six-Finger Eddie Clark last week, he got \$40. Critics agreed, after watching his ring tactics (more awkward than ever)

<sup>a</sup>A nautical mile is 800.27 ft. longer than a statute mile.



Acme-P. & A.

PAUL BERLENBACH

After five years, in the Brooklyn sediment. . . .

and his wild left hook (no longer dangerous), that he was unlikely to come far back. Still, they wrote about him. And he got a contract to fight again, this time for \$100.

### Who Won

Chicago boxers: 13 out of 16 bouts against New York boxers; at Chicago, in an annual inter-city match between the winners of New York and Chicago amateur "Golden Glove" tournaments conducted by the New York Daily News and the Chicago Tribune.

Golfers George Von Elm and Leo Diegel: a match against Mortie Dutra and Robert Tyre Jones Jr.; at Agua Caliente, Mexico. Golfer Jones is now performing in Warner Bros. golf talkies. Current rumor about what Jones will do next summer: tour the U. S. in exhibition matches, sponsored by Warner Bros., starting at the Winchester Country Club near Boston with Francis Ouimet as partner.

The Yale Polo Team, Lawrence Alexander ("Chew") Baldwin, James Paul ("Jimmy") Mills, Joseph Cornelius ("Cokie") Rathborne: the intercollegiate indoor polo championship; by beating Harvard 10 to 7 in the final round, at Manhattan.

Maureen Orcutt: the North & South women's golf championship, at Pinehurst, N. C.; after winning the qualifying medal with a 75 (new women's course competitive record) and beating Virginia Van Wie, four times runner-up, by one hole in the final.

The New York "Yankees": the first of three games with the Chicago "Bricklayers" for the U. S. soccer championship; by 6 goals to 2 (Centre Forward Bert Patenaude, onetime Fall River amateur, kicked five of them); at the New York Polo Grounds.

The Chicago "Black Hawks": the second game of the Stanley Cup professional world championship hockey series, after 24 min. 50 sec. of overtime, from last year's world champion Montreal "Canadiens," 2 to 1.

## EDUCATION

### Business Internship

First professional school at the University of Chicago to be reconditioned under the plan announced last autumn (TIME, Dec. 1) by Chicago's young President Robert Maynard Hutchins will be the School of Commerce & Administration. Last week it announced that it has abolished course grades and credits, as the College Division has already done. Beginning next year it will institute four comprehensive examinations, which will correspond to the School's four major objectives. The four: 1) (to be taken during the first six months of the course) an examination in the physical and socioeconomic environment of business; 2) in the fundamentals of business—accounting, statistics, business psychology, etc.; 3) in problems and methods of management; 4) in whatever specialized field the student shall have chosen. These comprehensive examinations, like those in the University proper, may be taken at any time; but no student will be permitted to attempt graduation in less than nine months.

Just as a medical student must go through a hospital internship period, so now will a Chicago business student have to spend six months (after he has passed the first two comprehensives) in the outer world getting business experience.

"The University of Chicago," said Dean William Homer Spencer of the School of Commerce & Administration, "is interested in a distinctive program of training for business in which emphasis is placed upon educational method." Himself an educator of parts (successively teacher of English, Latin, Political Science, Law, Business Law, director of Chicago's Institute of Meat Packing), Dean Spencer could point last week to recently-appointed, specialized professors like James W. Young, vice-president and director of J. Walter Thompson Co. (advertising), who has become Professor of Advertising in Chicago's business school.

### By Air

A complex, hastily expanded phenomenon, Radio has impinged upon Education quite as powerfully but even more crudely than upon the worlds of Music, Politics, Advertising, Theatre, Sport, Religion. A few of its developments have been definitely educational; others, frankly commercial, have had cultural aspirations (President Merlino Hall Aylesworth of National Broadcasting Co. announced last year in his annual report that Pepsodent Toothpaste's Amos 'n' Andy "are working in a new art form").

But last week a mighty hook-up of radio and education was revealed: a National Advisory Council on Radio Education. Organized last year, it is now backed by John Davison Rockefeller Jr. and the Carnegie Corporation, who promise to finance it for the next three years. Its president is Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan of California Institute of Technology; its vice president, President Livingston Farrand of Cornell University; its board chairman, Banker Norman H. Davis. Executive committee and active members in-

## as new as this minute



## The Sea Eagle

FIRST boat to be styled with nature's own curve, the wave line, Mullins Sea Eagle fits the water. It's at home there... a lively, spirited craft in looks and in performance.

Equally as new as its design is everything else about the Sea Eagle. It is a metal-hull inboard and the only one built on a modern production line. It has, as a result of mass production, refinements and equipment of a quality never before approached in anything less than a custom-built craft. Most sensationally new of all its features is its low price! Yes, the Sea Eagle is as

new as this minute and, yet, with all of its up-to-dateness, it's a boat to win the heart of any seasoned boatman.

A 40 horsepower Lycoming motor gives the Sea Eagle a free and easy 30 miles per hour. At all speeds it's as quiet as a drowsy kitten. It seats five comfortably, three in the forward cockpit, two aft. Specially designed to ride an even keel at all times, the boat is seaworthy and dry in any sea. Metal hull and air chamber lifeboat construction throughout make it safe and unsinkable. You can't help but want the Sea Eagle when you know all about it.



The fine sweeping curve of the Sea Eagle deck is taken from a line of the long ocean swell. The acute flare at the prow is from the curling top of the lively roller.

SEA EAGLE FEATURES: Galvanized 19-gauge Armo-Ingot Iron Hull... Lifeboat Construction with Air Chambers... Lyscoming 40 h.p. Motor... 30 Miles Per Hour... Quiet in Operation... 15' foot long... Seats five, three forward, two aft... Automobile Type Steering and Steering... Unsinkable... Puncture Proof... Safe... Seaworthy... Dry

Some attractive dealer territory remains open. Earliest inquiries will receive first consideration.

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Mullins Outboards: Other boats in the complete Mullins line include an outboard for Class A motors @ \$84.00, and an outboard for Class B, C and D motors @ \$165.00.

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I am interested in your new inboard, the Sea Eagle; please send further details

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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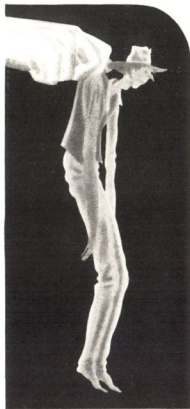
# OUT GOES MR. WATER-THIN AND GOOD RIDDANCE!

● **LAZY** is Mr. Water-thin's middle name. He never did a tap of work in his life. Yet you find him in every gallon of motor oil that is refined by ordinary methods—a full quart of waste oil so light that Quaker State engineers call it “water-thin”—a quart so useless as a motor lubricant that they throw it out of Quaker State!

● But how do they throw it out? The answer to that question is one of the great achievements of the oil industry. Behind it are years of refining experience and skill. Behind it is a vast expenditure of money for special refining equipment—*exclusive* equipment that has but one job to perform, the removal of “water-thin”!

● And by getting that job done, by getting rid of “water-thin,” Quaker State is able to give you an *extra quart* in every gallon. For Quaker State replaces every quart of “water-thin” with a quart of rich, full-bodied lubricant. Quaker State gives you four full quarts of lubricant to the gallon instead of three quarts and a gallon of waste. So you really get an *extra quart*. You get a lubricant so decidedly superior that the demand for it has made Quaker State the largest selling pure Pennsylvania Oil in the world!

● And here's still another reason why Quaker State is a better lubricant. Every drop of it is refined entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil,—a motor oil so free from impurities that it doesn't require acid treatment in refining.



That's important! For acids tend to destroy some of the oil's oiliness.

● One dealer in every four in the United States sells Quaker State Motor Oil. Get Quaker State at the familiar green and white sign. It costs 35¢ per quart (slightly higher in the West, Southwest and Canada) and per mile it is the cheapest oil you can buy. For in every gallon you get an *extra quart* of the smoothest, safest lubrication that ever fought friction and defeated heat!

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THERE'S AN EXTRA QUART OF LUBRICATION IN EVERY GALLON

**QUAKER STATE**  
TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
**MOTOR OIL**



clude many a famed educator, publicist, business man, scientist. Director is Levering Tyson who has retired as head of Columbia University's Department of Home Study to take the job.

Educational institutions in the U. S. own and operate 31 of the 614 licensed broadcasting stations in the land. About the same number of institutions broadcast over commercial stations. Year ago an Advisory Committee on Education by Radio, appointed by Secretary of the Interior Ray Lyman Wilbur, reported that 15.2% of all the Nation's broadcasting “appeared” to have an educational purpose. One of the earliest to broadcast was the University of Iowa, which began in 1914, long before radio telephony was perfected. Now many an institution, mostly in the Middle and Far West, gives courses ranging from Low German (University of South Dakota) to Astronomy (Baldwin-Wallace College, Berea, Ohio). Some of the courses may be taken for college credit (generally by payment of a fee). The Ohio State Department of Education, with a grant from the Legislature and time donated by local stations, sponsors the Ohio School of the Air, open to all listeners-in. Last year schools in more than 335 Ohio towns were equipped to hear these programs.

Radio stations often donate left-over time to educational projects. National Broadcasting Co.'s Aylesworth promises: “When [educators] are ready we will place our facilities at their disposal without charge.”

The National Advisory Council's purpose will be to get the educators ready. First of its committees, a group of 13 engineers and scientists, meets this week.

## Guggenheim Fellowships

That creative artists and scholars of all kinds may have a year abroad, the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation (capital fund \$4,500,000, established by onetime Colorado Senator and Mining Tycoon Simon Guggenheim and his wife Olga Hirsch Guggenheim in memory of their son who died in 1922) has in the past six years awarded 295 Fellowships. Last week, with no strings attached, \$175,000 was handed out to 77 male and female Fellows. Average grant: \$2,500. To China, Europe and Latin America they will go, some of them perhaps to try to emulate Prof Stephen Vincent Benét, who wrote *John Brown's Body* during his year abroad.

Among the fellows: Author Maurice Hindus (*Humanity Uprooted*), Playwright-Director Em Jo Basshe (*Earth*), Author Walter Stanley Campbell (pseudonym Stanley Vestal), Poets Hart Crane and Genevieve Taggard, Painters Marsden Hartley and Ione Robinson, Sculptor Harold Cash (his second grant), Penologist Joseph Fulving Fishman, Composer Henry Dixon Cowell, Architect Cecil Clair Briggs,\* Economist Herbert Heaton, Director William Edward Zerk of Commonwealth College (Mena, Ark.), many a college professor, and ten Mexican, Chilean and Argentine scholars.

\*Not to be confused with the late Cartoonist Clare A. Briggs (“Mr. and Mrs.”).



*Fundamental records of prospects, dealers, salesmen, members, subscribers, tax payers, customers.*



*Fundamental records of employees with related data, such as clock numbers, rates, salaries, etc.*



*Fundamental data or informative record of materials, parts, specifications, formulae, etc.*



*Fundamental customer records providing space for day to day notations of purchases.*



The Addressograph illustrated is the new, low-priced, all purpose, electric model, which mechanically transcribes fundamental business records at high speed—\$185 at factory. There are also hand operated models and super-speed automatic models from \$42.50 to \$12,000.

# Let's lift the lid of business



and see the **modern** way of  
keeping and writing records

The proper keeping and writing of records is essential to the success of every business concern, large or small. To be of greatest value to the business the records should be permanent, accessible, and in quick-usable form.

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In the handling of direct mail and sales promotional literature . . . in addition to the numerous record keeping and writing jobs it performs . . . the Addressograph has been for years standard equipment. As a sales and profit builder it has an unequalled record of accomplishment.

A representative in your vicinity will gladly demonstrate the economy of Addressograph and explain its application to your business. There are Addressograph models for every size and kind of business from small hand machines, as low as \$42.50, to the high speed automatics.

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# Addressograph

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on any kind of Life or Endowment Insurance - to Protect your Dependents Create an Estate - Provide for Old Age

This saving is made possible by eliminating personal selling. YOU contribute service in MAKING UP YOUR OWN MIND yourself. And for doing this Postal Life saves and pays you, in the form of dividends, money other companies pay to agents.

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Besides the economy, think of the other advantages of Self-Service Insurance. No one over-influences you . . . You make your decision in your own mind. No chance of outsiders learning your private affairs.

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The Postal Life Insurance Company gives you sound standard legal reserve insurance protection. It is subject to the insurance regulations of the State of New York. There is nothing safer than a Postal policy. This company's stability and thorough reliability are evidenced by 25 years of successful operation and thousands of satisfied policy-holders secured by assets of over \$20,000,000.

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No thinking person requires argument to convince him or her of the vital importance of providing for dependents and storing up safety for one's own later years. Then why not eliminate the expense personal selling involves and let your initiative and independent thinking pay you dividends?

Take, now, the step that can bring you sure protection and care-free peace of mind. Fill in the coupon below to find out about the remarkable low-cost Self-Service Plan. You will not be obligated in any way.

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511 Fifth Ave., New York  
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### All Standard Types of Policies Available

**Straight Life**—maximum protection at low cost.

**Limited Payment Life**—no premiums to pay after a specified time.

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Without obligating me, please send full insurance particulars for my age.

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation .....

Exact date of birth .....

Amount .....

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

It became known that before he left Buenos Aires, on his South American junket, with his brother, **Prince George** of England found his bedroom at the British Embassy ransacked. Personal jewelry of "considerable value" had been stolen. Police tracked down the thief, discovered him to be a prominent young Argentine, who had consorted with the Princes a great deal during their visit. His name was not divulged. The jewelry was recovered.

Philosopher **Paul Elmer More** (*Shelburne Essays*), famed "humanist," departed for the University of Glasgow to receive an honorary LL.D. In his cabin baggage were two large crates, full to the brim with modern detective fiction.

**Francis Warren Pershing**, son of General **John Joseph Pershing**: 1) As part of his Yale industrial engineering course staked a Pennsylvania Railroad locomotive between Altoona and Gallitzin, Pa.; 2) was appointed floor-manager of Yale's senior promenade next June.

Having no intention of landing in England, whence he has been twice barred on grounds of moral turpitude, **Harry Kendall Thaw** rode into Southampton on the *S. S. Europa*. A delegation of immigration authorities boarded the ship, marched up to Mr. Thaw, told him he might not set foot on shore. Said he: "I am going to Germany, which is much more interesting, and after that to Czechoslovakia, where I shall be a guest of my friend, President Masaryk."

The present Mrs. **Sinclair Lewis** declared: "Babbitt, romanticizing his business, is merely a comic and pathetic figure, but his female counterpart, the high-powered business woman, is the most terrifying figure that has ever emerged on any scene. Men may be forgiven . . . but women, with their sounder biological instincts, should know . . . that that's not life."

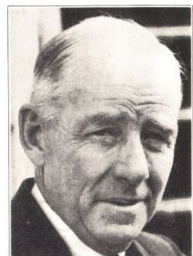
When frightened spectators and officials of an automobile race at Brooklands, England reached **Sir Malcolm Campbell** after he had swerved roaringly out of the track, he gasped: "I was braking, preparatory to taking a turn, and suddenly I heard a terrific crash and the front wheels locked. I was doing well over 100 m. p. h. and I don't know how I held the car on the track. Somehow I managed to pull her in. It was a ghastly experience!"

While Restaurateur **Emilio Scala** of London was still being congratulated on having drawn the Irish Hospital Sweepstakes ticket on **Race Horse Crackle**, winner of the Grand National (*TIME*, April 6), Scala's cousin Mateo Constantino and one Antonio Apicella, London hairdressers, produced a written contract and brought suit for two-thirds of Scala's prize of \$1,772,720. An Irish judge granted an

injunction tying up the money pending a hearing in Dublin High Court this week.

Detroiters impelled on a Recorder's Court jury included Motormen **Frederic John** ("Bodies") **Fisher**, President **William Joseph McAnency** of Hudson Motors, **Rhymester Edgar Albert** ("Eddie") **Guest**.

Columist **Heywood Brown** of the New York *World-Telegram*, as part of his daily stint, related a story which "a priest told me of Cardinal Gibbons. . . . When he returned from Rome a newspaper friend asked him: 'Now that you have been to the Vatican do you still believe in the infallibility of the Pope?' and Cardinal



Wide World

THOMAS WILLIAM LAMONT

No priest, he told about Cardinal "Gibbons."

Gibbons smiled and said: "Well, he called me 'Gibbons.'"

The identical story had been told by Morgan Partner **Thomas William Lamont** at last fortnight's Academy of Political Science dinner for Walter Lippmann (*TIME*, March 30). At that dinner, Columist Brown sat near the speakers' table. Reminded of this, honest Columist Brown cried: "Oh, I must have got it from him! . . . I couldn't remember."

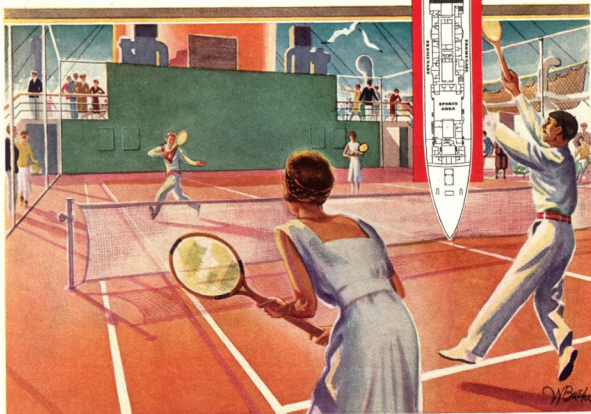
At White Plains, N. Y. **James Edward** ("Andy") **Gump**, 24, asked and was granted a court order changing his surname to Gale because, said he, the name "Gump" had a dictionary meaning of "simpleton," had been "widely advertised by cartoonists" as that of "a funny-faced comedian," and that by bearing it he had "gradually developed an inferiority complex." Next day "Andy" Gale's father appeared before the judge to ask the order be voided. He said his son's wife, not his son's feelings, had prompted the change. He cried: "Gump is a very honorable name in the part of Pennsylvania from which we come!"



# SIZE...SPEED...plus **SPACE**

(SPACE FOR THE INDIVIDUAL PASSENGER)

**TO EUROPE**



## **SPACE... for championship tennis, squash, swimming**

● Big play decks on the Empress of Britain.

A whole Sports Deck, carrying a full-size tennis court, netted, with plenty of over-run space, and a gallery-café. A championship squash-racquets court. No other ship has both. Above, a roomy Sun Deck. Below, the Olympian Pool, largest on any ship, with pool-side café and Turkish and electric baths behind the scenes. Two gymnasiums. A complete sports layout.

Another whole deck is the Lounge Deck, devoted to a series of brilliant rooms, offering the social amusements and amenities of one's favorite club. To size and speed, she adds space to live and play. More tonnage, more square-feet of space per individual passenger than any other liner. One's living quarters are 27-foot rooms, panelled in hard woods and decorated in the

style of smart town houses. All have outside air and sunlight, controllable heat and ventilation. 70% have private baths. Two five-room apartments, last word in transatlantic luxury... eighteen two-room apartments... single apartments may be engaged *en suite*.

**SAILINGS:** From Quiber... June 6, 27, July 18, August 5, 19, September 5, 26, October 14, 31. From Southampton, Cherbourg... May 27, June 17, July 8, 29, August 12, 26, September 16, October 7, 24. Empress of Britain Round-the-World Cruise, from New York, December 3. Dates subject to change.

Information and reservations, from your own agent, or any Canadian Pacific Office: New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Montreal and 30 other cities in Canada and the U. S.

# Empress OF Britain

**5 DAYS TO... FROM EUROPE**

**ST. LAWRENCE... CANADIAN PACIFIC SEAWAY**

**LISTEN IN:** Canadian Pacific Musical Cruisaders programme, produced in Canada. Wednesday, 8:30 p. m. E. S. T., WJZ and associated NBC Stations.

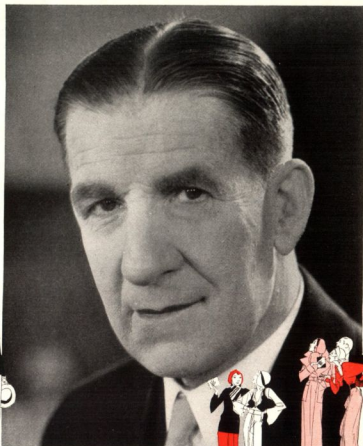
# Popular faces are *shaved with* Barbasol

"For the man who wants to keep on friendly terms with his face—I recommend Barbasol. It's fast . . . side-steps all the old shaving troubles, while making the whiskers come clean. No more brush, or lather, or rub-in for me. I'm a Barbasol roofer every morning when I shave, and all day, too."

*James J. Corbett*

James J. Corbett (Gentleman Jim) who leaped to fame when, as a boy, he vanquished John L. Sullivan and has been famous ever since. Apostle of sane living and sound health.

• Barbasol testimonials are not paid for



SOME men never have that seedy look as if they needed a shave. How do they do it? Ten to one they're Barbasol Believers because Barbasol is so easy on the face that two shaves a day won't hurt the tenderest skin, planted with the toughest whiskers.

Like magic this new, quick, modern shaving cream softens the beard while holding the hairs straight up to the blade. Crisp and easy the razor slides along; no pull; no scrape. Its wonderful ingredients protect your face. Your skin actually feels better, softer, more relaxed—after the Barbasol shave.

And Barbasol has banished forever the old shaving chore. No messing

around with soap and lather; no brush; no rub-in. It's so quick and easy to use that the morning shave is a pleasure instead of a painful duty. That's why the Barbasol Believers have made it one of the fastest selling shaving creams in America.

*Follow these directions and  
you'll follow the crowd*

1. Wet your face and leave it wet . . .
2. Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in—just be sure it's spread on evenly between the hairs . . .
3. Wet a good blade and—SHAVE.

That's all you have to do to get the

finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick. Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, will quickly make YOU a Barbasol Believer, too.

**FREE** A refillable Tefra Toothbrush, value 75¢, with your first name or initial on handle. Finest quality; cuts family toothbrush bill in half. Mail entire empty Barbasol carton (35¢ or 65¢ size, or jar) with your name and address. We will mail toothbrush absolutely free with your first name or initial engraved on handle. The Barbasol Company, Department 11, Indianapolis, Indiana.



Listen to Barbasol Ben and His Boys—Laughs—music—fast and furious fun—the happiest entertainment on the air. Tune IN, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening at 8:15, Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Network; Stations WABC, WMAO, WCAU, WXYZ, KMOX, WHK, WJAS, WNAC, WCAO, WKBW, WISN, KMBC, WCCO, WKRC, WFBM, WMAL, WFAN, WSPD, KOIL, WADG, WFBL, WDRC, WPG.

# MEDICINE

## Philadelphia Bethsadan

Of the men whose blindness Jesus cured, only one tells in the Bible the sensation of his new vision. He was the blind man of Bethsaida. Jesus "spit on his eyes, and put His hands upon him, [and] asked him if he saw ought." The blind man "looked up, and said, I see men as trees, walking." (Mark 8:23-4.)

Mark was an accurate reporter, testified once Earl Musselman of Philadelphia last week. Earl Musselman's blind eyes were opened just in time to see this year's Easter bonnets. Aged 22, he had been blind since birth. His uncle, a Philadelphia optometrist with whom he lived, believed that the cataracts which caused the trouble might be removed. Dr. George Henry Moore, Philadelphia eye specialist, consented to perform the difficult, delicate operations.\* Last week Earl Musselman removed the bandages and, like the Bethsadan, saw things differently than he had imagined them.

In a mirror he saw "something like he thought a monkey looked." It was, of course, himself. He went into raptures over other people. "... the shape of their faces, the marvelous way they move."

In place of a speedy miracle, Earl Musselman must slowly accommodate himself to a three-dimensional, colored world. He cannot yet gauge distances by angles and shadows. Everything seems flat. He must touch objects to perceive their spacial relationship. By & by, as his pupils (they are artificial) and his cleansed lenses learn to accommodate, he will be able to focus sights normally.

Flowers were long fragrant shapes to him. Now he is fascinated by their tints. New sight gave him new ambition. He wants to be a traveling salesman so he can "see lots of the country."

## Big Dispute (Cont'd)

Young Judge Lester William Roth of Los Angeles, who "used to be a newspaperman myself,"† pleased the newspapermen covering his courtroom by continuing into last week the dispute about the incipient gigantism of 235-lb., 6-ft., 14-year-old Adolph Roome (TIME, April 6). Last fortnight Judge Roth assured large Adolph's mother that her onetime husband, Dr. Adolph Edward Roome Jr. would not be allowed to "experiment" on Adolph with pituitary extract. Said the Judge then: "The boy is not a guinea pig." But last week, Dr. Roome having shown that pituitary extract treatments are now well understood and having pleaded again that he simply wanted to save his son from being a physical monstrosity, Judge Roth decided for the father. Large Adolph must submit to Dr. Roome's ministrations, because among Jewish Judge Roth's other reasons, "the Biblical injunction that children shall honor their father and mother is still upheld by the law of this State."

\*The King of Siam, now en route to the U. S., will have a similar operation performed after examination by Dr. William Holland Wilmer of Johns Hopkins.

†On the Los Angeles Examiner and Express while attending the University of Southern California.

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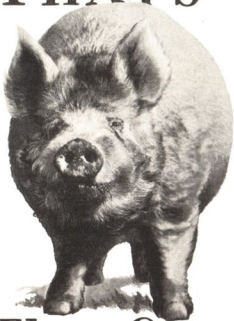
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# ALL THAT'S LEFT



## Is The *Squeal*

A great change has taken place in the stockyards since the time when an animal was killed only for its flesh. Today nothing is wasted. Everything, in some form or other, finds its way to the market . . . horns and hide, bristles and bones.

And when means were first invented for transforming heretofore waste material into commercially valuable products, General American built many of the railroad cars necessary to transport them.

Today the two industries are inseparably intertwined. The animals come to the yards in *stock cars*. The fresh meat is shipped

from the yards in *refrigerator cars*. Other products, including salted meat, canned meat and hides, are shipped in *box cars*. And many others, such as lard, gelatin, margarine, lubricants, and glue are transported in *tank cars*.

The construction of all kinds of railroad cars, however, is but one phase of General American's manifold operations. It also maintains a vast

fleet of 40,000 cars which it leases to shippers throughout the country . . . besides operating a large public export terminal for the storage and handling of bulk liquids, and an extensive European freight transportation system.



No matter what you are shipping, you will find it profitable to confer with our engineers. Railroad transportation is always dependable—a railroad car can be built to carry any commodity in bulk. Write or wire, Continental Illinois Bank Building, Chicago.

**GENERAL AMERICAN TANK CAR CORP.**

*"a railroad freight car for every need"*

# BUSINESS & FINANCE

## Index

A heavy gale accompanied April to Manhattan. Wall Street ran with water. Offices were lighted all day. It was dismal, not exciting, on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. Most traders kept an eye on Post 2, where United States Steel is traded in. Shortly after noon Steel sold at \$138, one-eighth above its previous 1931 low. It was evident that what had a few weeks before seemed a run-away Spring market had petered out.

Traditionally, April 1 is the day when bankers and businessmen can look about them, size up the state of business. All last week figures were being issued which showed that the Spring recovery in business did not exceed the usual seasonal gain, and was giving signs of dying away. Perhaps most frightening, so far as the stockmarket is concerned, have been the many dividend reductions and omissions, although these reflect past business, not future. During March, 114 dividends were omitted, as against 57 such actions in March 1930; 115 dividends were reduced, against ten last year.

**Insolvencies** during March came to \$60,386,000, a 6% gain over March of last year and the largest for the month since 1924. Insolvencies during the first quarter were \$214,000,000 against \$218,000,000 in 1922, \$169,000,000 last year.

March is the best month for **Steel Production**. The only years in which April did not start with a drop in production were 1928 and 1922. 1931 proved no exception, as last week steel production fell from 57% of capacity to 55%, the first decline of the year. Said *Iron Age*: "This set-back is not regarded as signifying anything more than exaggerated caution." Steel prices remain firm, highish, but it is well known that naming a price and doing business at it are not the same thing in the steel industry.

**Car Loadings** remain smaller than at any time since 1921, but the end of March showed an unexpected, unusual increase. Nevertheless, totals remain 15% below 1930, 22% below 1929, and the first 75 railroads to issue February reports showed a 53% drop in operating income. New freight cars ordered during March came to but 2,166 against 4,464 a year ago, while only eight locomotives were ordered against 43 last year. But orders for rails totalled 14,850 tons against 5,000.

**Automobile Production** for March showed the gain expected over February, and April is looked forward to with considerable hope of further gains. Chevrolet increased its April schedule last week from 81,000 to 85,000 against 75,000 in March, and is running ahead of Ford. Cadillac and La Salle showed an unusual gain, being 26% ahead of March 1930, 20% over 1930's first three months. Many motor-makers are very cautious, shift their plans from week to week. Total April production is expected to run to 350,000 cars against 444,000 in April last year.

**Bank Clearings** in 125 leading cities last month came to \$38,921,000,000, a drop of 23.9% from March 1930. Clearings for

the first quarter were 22% below last year. Statements of 21 leading Manhattan banks last week showed a 10% drop in deposits since the end of 1930, although the total of \$9,049,000,000 compared well with \$8,230,000,000 the previous year. A feature of bank reports was the return to Second Biggest of National City Bank whose resources of \$1,842,885,000 bettered Guaranty Trust's \$1,806,380,000. Still on top is Chase National Bank with resources of \$2,517,816,000.

## Monopoly Challenged

Neither dour Depression nor fickle Fashion have been able to halt the steady upward trend of U. S. cigaret consumption. Proud are U. S. cigaret-makers of last year's 120,000,000 production record. And also satisfied with the record is



WILLIAM & LOUIS SCHWEIZER

Even Jean de Montgolfier has to admit . . .

a potent French industry, the industry which turns out little strips of cigaret paper three inches long and one and one-half inches wide. For all U. S. cigarets are wrapped in paper imported from France.

But last week the French cigaret paper industry was beginning to worry about something. Two young U. S. paper men, Brothers Louis and William Schweitzer, stand ready to challenge France's old monopoly. In Elizabeth, N. J. they have a factory ready to turn out cigaret paper. They even have the word of Jean de Montgolfier, leading cigaret paper manufacturer of France, that their product is superior to his. And no light thing is praise from a de Montgolfier. More than 700 years ago a de Montgolfier went crusading, was captured and taught the art of paper-making by the Saracens. Ever since his return to France, his family has been in paper.

The Schweitzer brothers are the third generation of a paper family. Grandfather Joseph Schweitzer used to live in Odessa, imported paper from France. His son, Peter Joseph Schweitzer, emigrated to the U. S., set up an importing business, later acquired a mill in France. William and Louis Schweitzer went to the University of Maine, majored in paper engineering, also worked in France. In a mill at Jersey City they make carbon paper and the thin tissue which radio manufacturers need for insulation. Their factory at Elizabeth was acquired in 1929, equipped for the manufac-

ture of cigaret paper. Their method is modern, but essentially the same as that in France. Rags are washed and beaten, transformed into paper to which calcium carbonate is added to aid combustion. Many of the mechanical features in their factory have been invented by Louis Schweitzer.

At present the Schweitzer factory is idling along, turning out only enough wrappers to satisfy the curiosity or needs of small cigaret manufacturers. But the plant is so geared that at a moment's notice it can be whipped into quantity production, to shatter the French monopoly.

The Schweitzers know that at least one big stumbling block stands in the way of this development. All French merchants know and bank on the U. S. fondness for imported things. In the highly competitive U. S. cigaret field, it will take a daring company to buy cigaret paper from the Schweitzer's Elizabeth mill, although many buy from their French mill. For, should it become known that the paper of a leading

Price Studios

brand was made in a new U. S. factory, it is easy to visualize the other brands proclaiming the fact that they use "only the finest imported wrappers, made by a process centuries old."

## Moaning Giant

Prominent in the sick ward of industry is a great, low-moaning giant whose condition has defied able economic physicians, deft financial surgeons. No sooner is one of his many ailments cured than his rising fever and unhappy bellows proclaim the onrush of another disease. He is the U. S. oil industry, who sometimes agrees with the doctors and sometimes shouts defiance at them. Many times the doctors cannot agree themselves. All year the oil giant's condition has grown steadily more alarming and his suffering is communicated directly to the many thousands of persons on his pay-roll as laborers and dividend-getters. Popular demand will keep him from dying but it alone can never cure him.

Most active of the consulting physicians at present is Secretary of the Interior Ray Lyman Wilbur, M. D. Last week Dr. Wilbur was glad to announce that one of the giant's pains has been partially, temporarily, deadened. For Standard Oil Co. of Indiana finally agreed that for 90 days it will curtail its Venezuela production and imports by 25%. This compares to a 25%



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Woolworth

## Railroads

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Illinois Central  
Louisville & Nashville  
New York Central  
Pennsylvania Railroad  
Southern Pacific  
Union Pacific

## Oils

Standard Oil of California  
Standard Oil (Indiana)  
Standard Oil (New Jersey)  
Standard Oil of New York  
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reduction by Royal Dutch-Shell. Although independent oilmen have wanted a total embargo or at least a tariff, this voluntary partial curtailment of imports was welcomed by them. Coming a week before the meeting of the Federal Oil Conservation Board, it will give that body something concrete to work upon, said Secretary Wilbur.

**Texas.** Newest of the giant's ailments has been the opening of the prodigious new pool in Eastern Texas. Last week its production mounted so rapidly that the Texas Railroad Commission revised the original proration figures for the field from 50,000 bbl. to 75,000 bbl., with an ultimate flow in 90 days of 125,000 bbl. Present capacity of the field is estimated at 500,000 bbl. per day.

Independent producers in the field denounce proration, as do lease-owners. A large group of them have retained onetime (1927-31) Governor Dan Moody as attorney, will seek an injunction against proration. A champion of these discontented forces is Carl L. Estes, editor of the *Morning Telegraph* and *Courier-Times* in Tyler, town of 17,113 (pre-boom figure) in the heart of the new field. He has written sharp editorials denouncing proration, caused mass-meetings to be held in almost all the new boom-towns. Nervous, crippled, Editor Estes is 33, has been in the newspaper business 17 years. A leader in the affairs of Tyler, he was dismayed when Capt. J. F. Lucey, U. S. Government investigator, said that during 1930 that town suffered the worst depression in the U. S. for a community of its size. In the boom he sees new prosperity for Tyler, hence his bitterness in flaying those who would halt the gushers' heavy flow.

**Oklahoma.** An old illness of the sick giant lies in the rich Oklahoma City field, now under strict proration. Last week Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corp. threatened to reopen this wound by seeking an injunction against proration in the field. Often Oilman Harry Ford Sinclair has been accused of leading the price-cutting. Last week his house-organ, the *Sinclair Reflector*, asked "Who Killed Cock Robin?" and answered that the big oil companies did it by bootlegging oil at cheap prices. "Sinclair did not stoop to subterfuge or practice evasion," said the *Reflector*.

**Soviet.** What may be U. S. oil's most serious affliction of all is Soviet oil. Last week the U. S. S. R. celebrated the completion in two and one-half years of the oil phase of its Five-Year Plan. But last week *World Petroleum* scouted the rumor that Soviet oil may capture the rich Chinese market (chiefly in kerosene) from U. S. interests. It was thought that the U. S. S. R. was afraid that by fighting for China it would antagonize Standard Oil of New York and its fiancée, Vacuum Oil, large purchasers of Soviet oil.

**Temperature.** The chart of the U. S. oil giant's condition is a price chart. In California last week came the third drastic price-cut in three weeks. High-grade California oil sells in Los Angeles now for 35¢ a barrel against \$1.48 at the start of the year. Mid-Continent oil is selling at 53¢ against 81¢ at the first of the year. Last week gasoline stocks reached a new high for the year of 47,444,000 bbl. against 42,818,000 bbl. Jan. 1 and 55,239,-

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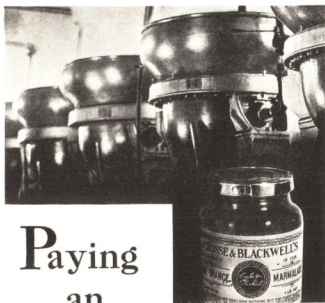
"Almost every department," he continues, "finds teletypewriter service helpful. The sales department uses it for sending to the assembly plant allotment notices regarding shipments to dealers. These messages are accepted as final authority to make shipment."

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rail and water facilities—appealed to us as ideal for serving a national market. Besides, it answers all demands for handling the international trade, both of raw materials and finished goods. For example, 95% of our raw materials from other parts of the world come in direct through the Port of Baltimore.

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000 bbl. a year ago. Refineries were operating at 65.3% of capacity against 70.9% at the same time last year. During the first two months crude oil production was 126,636,000 bbl. against 153,964,000 and imports 9,142,000 bbl. against 9,770,000.

### End of a Banker

Three years ago Paul Wupper, 54, was respected by the 571 citizens of Beemer, Neb., 80 mi. from Lincoln. For 20 years he had been president of Beemer State Bank, had served, too, as Beemer's mayor. But in September 1928, Banker Wupper received unwelcome visitors. They were State Bank examiners. Just before they ordered an embezzlement of \$1,000,000 and found the bank closed, Banker Wupper vanished. Citizens and State offered \$3,150 in rewards for his arrest.

Last year a Miss Hedwig Hirsch of Philadelphia married an elderly little gentleman named Frederick Brinkmann, superintendent of an electrical company in Trenton, N. J. Fortnight ago Frederick Brinkmann lost his job, fled from his home. He was arrested in New York, taken to Philadelphia, charged with desertion and failure to support. Wearily, the prisoner confessed that he had a wife and two children in the West. The charge was changed to bigamy. Later he confessed further, said he was missing Banker Paul Wupper. To Sheriff M. L. Enders of Lincoln he sent a wire to come and get him, he was tired of being hunted.

### Kiter Lea

"Weren't practically all the transactions that Colonel Lea had with this institution kites, except when he borrowed?"

"Yes, I would say they were."

Asking the question was Robert L. McReynolds, counsel of a committee looking into the alleged misuse of Tennessee funds, last week looking especially into the affairs of Col. Luke Lea, publisher, politician, crony of bankrupt Rogers Clark Caldwell (TIME, Nov. 24 *et seq.*). Answering was M. D. Johnson, assistant cashier of the defunct Liberty Bank & Trust Co. of Nashville, whose president, Ridley Edward Donnell, shot himself after the bank closed. Witness Johnson also testified that Col. Lea opened his bank account in 1925 six days after the bank was formed, deposited \$11,430.373.82 between then and the day the bank failed. This account, said Cashier Johnson, sometimes was high, sometimes sulzero. President Donnell spent practically all his time attending to it. But however great was the account, Cashier Johnson said it never had much of a "realizable balance." Reason: too much kiting.\*

\*To kite is to draw upon a bank account in which there is at the moment less money than the draft. Example: Perhaps Col. Lea one day deposited in Liberty Bank a check of \$1,000,000 drawn against a Missouri bank. Properly speaking, he would have had no money in Liberty Bank until the check had been cleared. But his good friend Mr. Donnell might have let him draw \$500,000 against the deposit at once, thus kiting. If at the same time he in reality had no money in the Missouri bank but had merely deposited there a check on a third bank, he properly could be said to have kited twice. Little unintentional kites are often flown in the financial skies. Bankers agree that kiting becomes obnoxious only when the kiter deliberately uses the kiter's lifting power to pull him out of a financial sinkhole.

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## Alcohol Storm

Spring brought grave storm warnings to the industrial alcohol industry. On Nov. 1 stocks of alcohol on hand were below the previous year, standing at a comfortable 16,750,000 gal. A warm winter plus Depression caused a change in this situation. At the start of last week stocks of alcohol according to the *Journal of Commerce* were estimated to have mounted to between 60,000,000 and 80,000,000 gal. But this was not the industry's only storm signal. Alcohol (unless made synthetically) comes from molasses. It takes two and seven-tenths gallons of molasses plus about 10¢ manufacturing cost to produce one gallon of alcohol. In December molasses cost 11¢ per gallon, at the start of last week it cost 4.3¢. This reduced the cost of production of alcohol from 39.7¢ to 21.6¢. Although the price of alcohol was down to 35¢ from the 40¢ of a year ago, it seemed certain that, with production costs down, winter over, more over-production lay ahead.

The storm broke suddenly last week. It was the worst in the history of the industry. A flurry of price-cutting suddenly changed to an open burst of cutthroat competition. Prices were slashed from 35¢ to 24¢ in the first mighty blast. The second gust toppled them to 19¢. Then there followed tales of hurried secret conferences among alcohol men, of a truce. Prices became firmer, but the storm had done its damage. Alcohol men conceded that it will be a long time before business is done at 35¢, or the now-to-be-marveled-at 1929 high of 42¢.

While the storm was at its height, the directors of the biggest U. S. company in the field met to act upon the dividend. Presiding over the meeting was Charles Edward Adams, chairman of United States Industrial Alcohol since 1927, president of Air Reduction Co. (owner of a large minority interest in Alcohol) since 1921. Even were the storm not raging, it is safe to guess that onetime (1902-04) Yale Crewman Adams would have advised curtailment of the dividend, conservation of strength in the long race for profits. For after earnings which rose steadily from \$976,193 in 1926 to \$4,720,000 in 1929, last year Industrial Alcohol made but \$1,104,000. Simultaneously, it took a \$3,000,000 inventory loss which, charged to profits instead of surplus, would have created a \$1,895,000 deficit last year. Considering these things, the directors reduced Alcohol's dividend from \$6 to \$2. The common stock (of which there are but 373,846 shares) reflected this action by bouncing around between \$38 and \$43 (its 1930 high was 77½). In 1929, when alcohol had burned brightly, the stock sold at \$24.3.

Industrial alcohol is produced under supervision of the Government. Total U. S. production for last year was limited to 81,000,000 gal. by the Federal Prohibition Commissioner. United States Industrial Alcohol has a 40,000,000-gal. capacity, but its share of the industry's total production was only about 38%, or 30,000,000 gal. The company makes some products for the retail trade, such as *Alcorub*, a massage, *Alcogas* for gasoline engines, *Pyro* for radiators. It also controls Stermo Corp., heat canners. Its

## Marks of Good Management

The most essential characteristic of management is organization. If management is right its organization is right. No need to go further to find the qualities that make for success.

In business life there is no greater tragedy than the failure of able, honest and potentially successful men. Modern Accountancy sees these failures often and emphasizes them as quite unnecessary.

Success is not to the superman alone. Most often it comes from a right concept of organization and the application of a well-ordered plan. Every day, normal business intelligence is discovering and understanding better these truths; and so is achieving more fully the results that mark good management.

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ERIE	NEW YORK	WHEELING
FORT WAYNE	OKLAHOMA	WINGSTON-SALEM
	PHILADELPHIA	YOUNGSTOWN



biggest customers are in the automobile and chemical industries, where alcohol and its by-products are used for solvents, lacquers, fertilizers. Industrial Alcohol works hand-in-hand with Air Reduction, the two companies having recently joined their research departments. Air Reduction controls Pure Carbonic Co. of America in which Alcohol has a 20% interest. Alcohol sells carbon dioxide ( $\text{CO}_2$ ) to Air Reduction and Pure Carbonic, which sells carbonic gas to soft drink and dry ice manufacturers. In this field the companies are rivals of Liquid Carbonic Corp. and its ally, Dry Ice Holding Co. In the alcohol field, United States Industrial faces competition from many smaller, scattered concerns, one of the strongest of which is American Commercial Alcohol Corp., doing 16% of the business.

No chemist by training, Alcoholman Adams entered industry via Wall street. He was graduated from Yale in 1904, in 1910 was made a member of Callaway, Fish & Co., Manhattan. Eight years later he was made Air Reduction's treasurer. Chairman of the company is his older brother, Frederick Baldwin Adams. Alcohol has had no president since Russell R. Brown resigned last January, a fact which adds to Mr. Adams' duties. But he always appears cool, extremely neat, does not look his 50 years. At Yale he was voted "most likely to succeed" by classmates who now also hail as successes Editor Ogden Mills Reid of the *Herald Tribune*, Dean Clarence Whittlesey Mendell of Yale college, Charles Simonton McCain, chairman board of directors Chase National Bank. Classmates remember Alcoholman Adams as "Toots."

Although last week's price storm may clear the atmosphere for a long time in the alcohol industry, economic observers have sighted another cloud in the distance. Union Carbide & Carbon Corp. has successfully made various types of alcohol by synthesis of the elements instead of fermentation. In Carbide's annual report last fortnight shareholders read: "The first large commercial plant ever built for the synthetic production of ethanol (ethyl alcohol) was put in operation in the summer of 1930, and the results as to capacity, yields, costs of manufacture and quality of product were more favorable than estimated."

### Department Stores, 1930

With price-tags lower, it has been difficult for department stores to maintain old sales volume in dollars. Yet, from New York reports available last week, it was evident that department store business last year held up surprisingly well.

The sales of R. H. Macy reached a new high of \$99,000,000 against \$98,000,000, though the consolidated sales of R. H. Macy & Co., Inc. (including L. Bamberger's in Newark, also stores in Toledo and Atlanta) were \$147,000,000 against \$150,000,000.

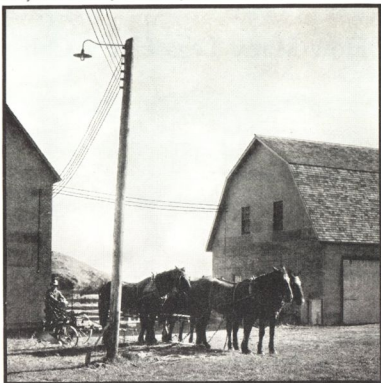
Gimbel's volume (including Saks) was \$113,000,000 against \$124,000,000.

Bloomingdale's business came to \$22,000,000 against \$24,000,000.

Abraham & Straus's \$26,700,000 bettered its \$25,900,000 in 1929.

In San Francisco, Emporium Capwell reported \$25,900,000 against \$26,700,000.

### Electrified Farm Served by Tri-Utilities System



## Electric Aides for Farm Aid

A great change is taking place in the farm life of the nation. Electric companies are extending their lines into rural districts, and farms are being served the same as urban homes and factories. As a result farms can be operated with greater efficiency, and electricity is aiding in the solution of the farm problem.

Already more than 200 farm tasks are performed by electricity and there are over 600,000 farms in the United States served by electric power lines. There is a total of over 6,000,000 farms in the nation; it is estimated that electric companies will have extended their lines to the majority of these within the next ten years.

A public utility system actively engaged in farm electrification is that controlled by Tri-Utilities Corporation. This system supplies electric light and power, gas and water service to over 4,500,000 people in 26 states. An investment in its securities provides diversification and stability. Write for Booklet T-4.

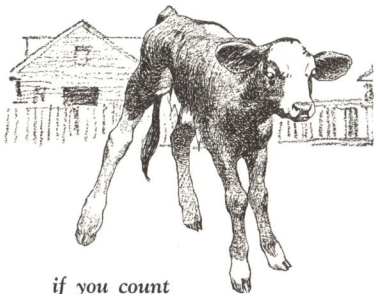
## **G. L. OHRSTROM & Co.**

INCORPORATED

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BRANCHES IN TWENTY PRINCIPAL CITIES

## How Many Legs Has a Calf



*if you count  
the tail as a leg?*

In the country schools, this used to be a favorite question, giving the schoolmaster the thrill of saying "No, you are wrong—he has only four because calling the tail a leg doesn't make it a leg!"

**Incorporated Investors** sharply distinguishes between income and capital. Cash dividends paid are always paid out of cash dividends received. They are never a return of the investor's capital under the guise of "Income."

Investors could save themselves a lot of subsequent disillusionment if they would keep this sound fundamental principle in mind.

Stock dividends received are treated as capital; and are held in the fund to broaden the profit base. There is never any dilution of the stockholder's equity through returning him a part of his capital.

The funds of **Incorporated Investors** are handled exactly as a private trustee would handle trust funds—and the principle upon which they operate has proved itself for countless years.

*Write for Copy of Booklet TA*

## INCORPORATED INVESTORS

The Parker Corporation, General Distributors  
60 State Street, Boston, Mass.

### Deals & Developments

**New Holland.** An agent of Capitalist August Heckscher of Manhattan announced that New Holland Corp. might be dissolved. Six years ago the capitalist's and the corporation's names were new enough to set residents of Hyde County, N. C. agog. The capitalist poured millions into the company; the company set up huge pumping stations which drained the marshy old bed of Lake Matamuskeet for a mammoth "factory-farming" project. Wheat and soybeans were planted in great batches. First year it rained, flooding New Holland. Second year New Holland was a success. Third year brought a new failure. So it went. Last week Mr. Heckscher's agent exclaimed: "You can't go on with a big project forever if it doesn't pay its way!"

**Victory for Hill.** "Nothing in connection with my administration of the presidency of your company during the last five years has given me greater pleasure," said George Washington Hill of American



GEORGE WASHINGTON HILL

2,615,073 votes gave him \$2,000,000.

Tobacco when he looked at the pile of proxies to be voted in his favor at the stockholders' meeting last week. No similar pleasure accrued to Stockholder Richard Reid Rogers who had attempted to muster a bloc in protest of President Hill's \$2,000,000 bonus (TIME, March 23). When balloting time came Dissenter Rogers saw his candidate for the directorate receive a paltry 11,980 votes out of 2,627,953. Angry, he spoke of carrying on his uphill anti-Hill fight in the courts.

**Emptier Plates.** From a sales volume of \$25,000 when it was founded in 1904, McBride Studios, Inc. of Manhattan, grew until last year it did almost a half-million dollars' gross—one of the largest companies of its kind in the world. Its business: altars, communion railings, statuary, all other marble church accessories. Among its clients were the Vatican, St. Patrick's in New York, St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Paul, Minn., St. Louis Cathedral, St. Louis, Mo. But last week McBride's went into receivership. Explained President Paul Henry McBride: "People are putting 25 cents into the plate instead of 85."

## ANIMALS

### Public Service

While the brook trout fishermen of other states were thinking up surprises for fish, a surprise for the 200,000 stream-whippers and worm-danglers of New York State was in preparation last week. Elaborating on President Hoover's public-spirited idea of shortening the interval between bites (TIME, Oct. 6), Conservation Commissioner Henry Morgenthau Jr. was training a platoon of public servants to assist unskilled fishermen to find fish and catch them. The State has 150 fish and game protectors. It was Commissioner Morgenthau's idea to put these individuals into uniforms—brown whipcord cut like the State Policemen's, with a blue band around their caps—and to send them all last fortnight to Captain Charles J. Broadfield of the State Police for instruction. Arresting anglers who lack licenses or who have taken trout too small or too many will be only part of their duty. This year they are to discover and tell what flies or bait the fish are taking, where are the good pools. They will advise fishermen what waters are "posted," which is the nearest short-cut through the woods. They are to try to encourage the use of barbless hooks and the non-use of landing nets, "to give the fish a fighting chance."

Game Commissioner Morgenthau's father was a diplomat: U. S. Ambassador to Turkey (1913-16).

### Rare Egg

Last month the only female California condor in captivity, and one of the very few condors now alive anywhere, stretched her broad black wings to their 10-ft. utmost and otherwise behaved proudly. She had laid an egg.

Dr. William M. Mann, director of National Zoological Park at Washington, was almost as proud. Long has he tried to hatch condors, the giant American vultures, in his aviary. But his only female sometimes breaks her eggs; sometimes they have been sterile.

Last week's egg, pale green and about 4 in. long, lay in a special incubator while Dr. Mann hoped. Soon, forth should come a white-downed condor chick.

Carrion-feeding condors, sailing at extraordinary heights above the coast ranges of California, were once a common sight. They have been exterminated partly because of their proclivity for occasionally preying upon livestock, but mostly in the course of man's attempt to rid himself of wolves and foxes. These animals have learned to avoid poisoned meat, but the condors, eaters of carrion, swoop and gobble it up.

### Pyre for Champions

Fire broke out suddenly in a famed U. S. kennel one night last week. It raced along the stalls of yapping, shrieking dogs, licked up the entire section especially reserved for champion show dogs, and subsided. When the smoke had cleared, a bewildered kennel-master once more counted his charges. Seventeen answered his call. Twenty-eight were dead.



## AMERICAN CAN

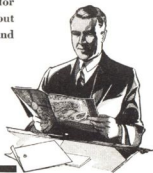
### tells why this LOCATION PAYS

For twenty-seven years, the American Can Company of Massachusetts has been a lessee of the Boston Wharf Company, maintaining a manufacturing and distributing base from which adjacent New England territory is served.

"We have found that our location is an ideal site," says Mr. L. Purtell, Superintendent, "for manufacturing and distributing in New England from the three fundamental angles of handling raw materials by rail, of distributing to all points in the territory by motor truck, and of obtaining a satisfactory labor supply."

A similar location on the same property, embracing the above-mentioned advantages, plus additional ones, is open to you. Here are miles of spur track adjacent to the main lines of two railroads, paved private streets and, if desirable, wharf frontage for ocean shipping. The heart of the city is but ten minutes away, yet rents, insurance, and other charges are relatively low.

We are prepared to remodel present buildings, of which there are ninety, or to erect new buildings to suit your requirements. Mail the coupon below for our sixteen-page descriptive booklet.



## BOSTON WHARF COMPANY

Industrial Service Department  
Boston Wharf Company, 259 Summer St., Boston, Mass.  
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FOR LARGER PROFITS

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## NO NEED TO LOSE MONEY

A window is silently opened . . . the beam of a flashlight locates the bureau drawer . . . rings, pins, and a thick wallet tumble into a pocket . . . as stealthily as he came the house-breaker goes . . .

The jewelry is insured; the money is gone forever.

There is no need to lose money. A. B. A. Cheques do not tempt thieves. They know this *insured money* is useless to anyone but the owner. If your A. B. A. Cheques are stolen, your money is still safe—every cent will be refunded. Keep A. B. A. Cheques in the house instead of cash.



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OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF  
AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

The kennel, well known to dogmen, was Welwire, at Shrewsbury, Mass. Its specialties are wire-haired fox and Welsh terriers. It had been the plaything of Dr. Homer Gage and his son, Homer Jr., until the latter died in 1925. Then Dr. & Mrs. Gage "endowed" it for the life of the present kennel-master in honor of their son.

At the time of the fire the kennel not only owned about \$100,000 worth of dogs, but it had acquired an enviable reputation in the prize-ring. Its world champion wire-haired, Brandy Snap, Wycollar Wonder, Wycollar Diamond Merchant and Welwire Wildflower, each valued at about \$4,000, were among the top dogs in American Kennel Club lists.

Of these, only Brandy Snap was saved from the pyre of many champions last week. Others destroyed included Backside Bard, a wire-haired stud, Hafren Wizard, the last Welsh terrier bred by Homer Gage Jr., and Holmbury Reverie of Welwire, a wire-haired that had won "Best-in-Show" 14 times.

Dr. & Mrs. Gage were traveling in Europe last week and thus did not see their costly dogs, their son's memorial, reduced to ashes and cinders.

## Matto Grosso Rigors

In the high, wild Matto Grosso country of Brazil, Capt. Vladimir ("Vovo") Perilleff's expedition (TIME, Aug. 25) continued last week in quest of live wild animals for U. S. zoos and the Chicago Fair. But after a month at the base camp, their radio had no major news to report except accidents.

Fortnight ago their dogs held a jaguar at bay on the far side of a river. Animal catchers Alexander Siemel and David Newell started to wade to the dogs. An alligator seized Siemel's foot, lacerating it so badly that, though he insisted on finishing that hunt, he had to be shipped by dugout to the nearest hospital, 250 miles away at Corumba. Last week he was reported improving, should rejoin the expedition this week.

Meantime, Newell and an Indian tried to capture a large Anaconda, a boa constrictor. It had been Siemel's idea that one of these monsters, which reach a length of 30 ft., could be taken alive by loop-ended poles in the hands of a half-dozen men. Newell and the Indian sought to make a capture alone, but their snake writhed and lashed so powerfully that, in order to protect their own lives, they had to kill it.

John Newell, sound engineer of the expedition, whose plan it was to put the jungle noises "on the air" by radio, having installed his apparatus, announced that he found the climate too rigorous, would return to the U. S.

## Ruse

In Mexico, a 14-year-old boy went swimming in the San Diego River. Up surged a huge crocodile and devoured him. Angry peons gathered on the river's brink, laid a dynamite charge, lured the reptile inshore with a pig, touched off the dynamite, blew to bits pig, boy and crocodile.



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# MUSIC

## Lindbergh's Flight

When Charles Augustus Lindbergh flew the Atlantic, 40 songs were promptly written about him in the U. S. Some were serious, some slapstick, all packed with platitudes. "Lucky Lindy" and "Lindbergh, the Eagle of the U. S. A." were most popular but they were soon forgotten. It was a German importation on the Lindbergh theme which Conductor Leopold Stokowski considered worthy of two Philadelphia orchestra performances in Philadelphia last week. Perhaps because it was composed expressly for radio performance,\* Stokowski chose to give it in the last of four nationwide broadcasts sponsored by the Philadelphia (Philco) Storage Battery Co.

Whatever its merit, the German Lindbergh saga is more pretentious, more quaintly imaginative than anything done



Musical America

COMPOSER KURT WEILL

A baritone radio warns the ships.

on the same subject in the U. S. It is the collaboration of two young moderns—Librettist Bert Brecht, called "The German Kipling" because his verse is of the vigorous, ballad type, and Composer Kurt Weill. Composer Weill won notoriety if faint praise last year for his opera *The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny*, a gruesome piece set in an imaginary U. S. Sodomy where money is the gluttonous god. *Lindbergh's Flight* makes the same attempt at realism but there is a fundamental difference. Weill & Brecht did it in a comparatively high-minded mood. They meant to exalt Lindbergh in the same epic style which the ancients used to exalt their heroes. Their intention was not to shock seasoned concert-goers but to tell the deed "in terms intelligible to school children or to students at preparatory schools."

Most U. S. school children would prob-

\*It was first given at the Baden-Baden Festival of 1929 to illustrate the possibilities of music written for wireless (TIME, April 13, 1929).

{ This is No. 5 of a series of advertisements setting forth things to look for when considering partitions. }

## TELESCOPIC GLAZING

**G**LASS LIGHTS are easily and quickly installed or replaced in Hauserman Partitions. A telescopic glazing member slides up to admit the glass, then slides down to hold it securely in place.

There are no glass stops to remove or become loose, no screws to mar the appearance of the partition or to catch threads from the clean-



First putty is palmed into the grooves, then it takes only a moment to slide the glass into position.



After the glass is inserted, a simple downward pull on the telescopic member retains it in place. The putty is scraped smooth, the glass is cleaned, and the job finished.



This photograph illustrates how outside walls are made to harmonize with interior partitions. Note the attractive window encasement and ornamental radiator enclosure.

ers' cloths. Removing a light of glass from a Hauserman Partition panel is easily accomplished in four minutes. Doors are glazed by sliding the glass through a slot-way in the top of the door.

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# HAUSERMAN MOVABLE PARTITIONS

STEEL





Hand firing is like burning a candle upside down. Fuel fed from above causes smoke, sluggish flame, poor combustion, waste.



Iron Fireman *non-agitated forced underfiring* is like burning a candle in an upright position. Fuel fed from below gives a bright, clear flame with no waste.

## IRON FIREMAN wins in a walk

**TWO BOILERS** of the same make and horsepower side by side . . . one man busy firing them . . . demand for all the steam these boilers can produce . . . then the owner installs an Iron Fireman under one of them . . . and it picks up the load of both boilers and "walks away with it." This happens often.

Iron Fireman *non-agitated forced underfiring* makes a firebox temperature 500 to 1000 degrees hotter than hand firing. Combustible gases are consumed instead of being wasted in smoke. Operated by automatic controls, Iron Fireman holds heat or pressure exactly where it is wanted, *automatically*.

Iron Fireman burns the smaller sizes of coal which cost less per ton. As a

result, Iron Fireman saves money . . . *much money!* A national survey shows average yearly fuel savings of \$1.62 per cent—equivalent to an annual return of 39.4 per cent on the investment in Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Burners.

An Iron Fireman engineer will survey your heating plant and submit a report on costs and estimated savings. Buy your Iron Fireman on our time payment plan. Let it pay for itself from fuel and labor savings and increased earnings due to better, more uniform firing. Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company, Portland, Oregon. Branches or subsidiaries in Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Milwaukee. Dealers everywhere.

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THE MACHINE THAT MADE COAL AN AUTOMATIC FUEL

ably find the Brecht-Weill opus perplexing. The pattern is complex: *Lindbergh's Flight* is a cantata for orchestra, chorus and soloists. Lindbergh, represented by a tenor, describes himself, his preparations, his emotions during the flight, in a pompous, swaggering manner quite unlike the popular U. S. idea of him. The chorus exhorts him as he starts, exalts him in a hymn-like way at the finish. During the flight a baritone radios all ships to watch out for him. A bass solo, with the smoothest music in the cantata, urges him to sleep. The chorus takes turns representing the *S. S. Empress of Scotland*, the fog and ice which beset Lindbergh during the night, the optimism of Americans, the pessimism of the French due to their recent loss of Nungesser, the jubilation when the plane is sighted over Le Bourget flying field.

Most U. S. school children would be hard-put to get much meaning out of Composer Weill's terse, telegraphic music which echoes the cacophonies of Schönberg and Hindemith, or to sing for themselves the difficult cross-grained choruses which the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia managed so expertly last week. The words, however, are simple enough for the youngest intelligence. Excerpts from Composer George Antheil's translation, modified slightly for last week's performances:

"They christened me Charles Lindbergh. And I am just 25 years old. My grandfather was Swedish, and I am an American. And this aeroplane is the pick of the whole lot. It flies 210 kilometres an hour! Its name is 'The Spirit of St. Louis.' The Ryan Aeroplane Works in San Diego made it up for me in 60 days."

"Here is the ship *Empress of Scotland*: Latitude 49 degrees, 20 minutes; Longitude 34 degrees, 78 minutes. Some time ago we heard above us the roar of an aeroplane motor at a great elevation. . . . It seems quite possible this was your flier in his aeroplane called 'The Spirit of St. Louis.'"

"Sleep, Charlie, the strenuous night is past. The storm is over. Sleep only, Charlie. The wind will carry you through. . . . Hand over your trusty controls."

Lindbergh to his motor: "Now it is not much further, and we must pull ourselves together, we two. Have you enough oil? Do you think you need more gasoline? . . . All O. K? See, the ice is all gone; . . . the blinding fog is my special worry, not yours. . . . It is not much further. Here comes Ireland, and then Paris. Will we really make it, we two?"

## April Records

Some phonograph records are musical events. Each month TIME notes the noteworthy.\*

### Opera:

*Cavalleria Rusticana* by Soloists, Chorus and Orchestra of La Scala, Milan (Victor, \$13.50)—Mascagni's earthy melodrama expertly played in its home field. Conductor Carlo Sabajno captains an evenly matched team.

### Symphonic:

*Stravinsky's Capriccio for Piano and*

\*Prices listed are for entire albums which include several records. Where the price is not given, it is 75¢, a standard rate for popular 10-inch records.

*Orchestra* by Igor Stravinsky and the Orchestra des Concerts Straram under Ernest Ansermet (Columbia, \$6)—The composer provides the lace work for the *Caprice* which was played with great success this winter by Sergei Koussevitzky.

*Glazunov's Seasons* by a Symphony Orchestra under Alexander Glazunov (Columbia, \$7.50)—An old-school Russian who stayed on after the Revolution to head the Leningrad Conservatory offers more substance than the majority of his bright young countrymen.

*Beethoven's Second Symphony* by the Berlin Staatsoper Orchestra under Erich Kleiber (Brunswick, \$6)—A neat scholarly performance by the German who earned a re-engagement for next year with Manhattan's Philharmonic.

*Mussorgsky's Pictures at an Exhibition* by Sergei Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony (Victor, \$8)—Ravel's translation of Mussorgsky's impressions in a picture gallery. Performance and recording have luster.

*Richard Strauss's Der Bürger als Edelmann* by Richard Strauss and the Berlin Staatsoper Orchestra (Brunswick, \$7.50)—The composer's own version of the charming, satirical music he wrote for Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

*Wagner's Siegfried Idyll* by Karl Muck and the Berlin Staatsoper Orchestra under Muck (Victor, 2 records, \$2 ea.)—Wagner made this music for Cosima's birthday when their son Siegfried was one year old. Conductor Muck plays it superbly.

*Richard Strauss's Rosenkavalier Waltzes* by Bruno Walter and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia, \$2)—Manhattan's new man promises great Strauss for next year. The recording is excellent.

#### Songs & Ballads:

*Love is Like That and You're the One I Care For* (Columbia)—As usual Ruth Etting's appeal heads the list. Her mood is comparatively gay.

*Would You Like To Take a Walk and One Little Raindrop* (Victor)—Mr. & Mrs. Frank Crumit (Julia Sanderson) with jaunty accompaniments.

*When Your Lover Has Gone and Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone* (Victor)—Gene Austin has an easy way which records perfectly. His tunes this month are worthy of him.

#### Dance Records:

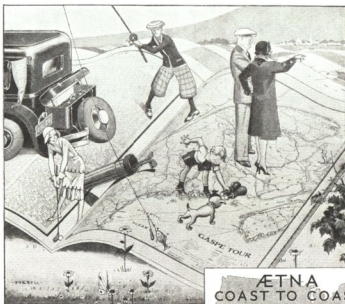
*I Surrender, Dear and Sing Song Girl* (Columbia)—Mickie Alpert presents ingenious arrangements with Helen Rowland singing the first in a pleasing, husky way.

*I'm Happy When You're Happy and Maybe I'm in Love With a Dream* (Brunswick)—Good tunes played with smooth, steady pace by Tom Gerun.

*By My Side and I'm So Afraid of You* (Victor)—Bert Lown's saxophones make this Victor's best dance record of the month.

*By the River Sainte Marie and Running Between the Rain-Drops* (Columbia)—Guy Lombardo pushes the manner which has earned the Hotel Roosevelt's cover charge.

*When Your Lover Has Gone and You Didn't Have To Tell Me (Okeh)*—The first is the month's best tune. The piano in Sam Lanin's version provides a meaty undercurrent.



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T-4



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1917.

Of Time. The Weekly Newsmagazine, published weekly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1931.

State of New York ) ss.  
County of New York )

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Henry R. Luce, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 413, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, TMM, Inc., 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Editor, Henry R. Luce, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, John S. Martin, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Business Manager, Henry R. Luce, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the netner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of all stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual must be given. If the netner is a trustee, executor, administrator, guardian, or receiver, the name and address of the principal must be given.)

3. That the netner is: Robert A. Chambers, 60 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; Harry P. Davison, Jr., 23 Wall St., New York, N. Y.; J. Edgar Hoover, 400 ...  
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

For more, see **NOTES**.  
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(Signed) HENRY R. LUCE,  
Business Manager.

(Seal) Fred Lucas.  
(My commission expires March 30, 1933.)

## C I N E M A

## The New Pictures

**Three Rogues (Fox).** While eluding agents of the law, a bank-robber (Victor McLaglen), a Mississippi river card-sharp (Lew Cody), and a kind-hearted cattle-stealer (Eddie Gribbon) meet up with a ship of a girl (Fay Wray). She is driving a covered wagon, and at the mercy of a villain. The three bad men, who have hair on their chests as well as their trousers, fall in love with her and although she refuses to marry any one of them, they save her from harm in the upstairs room of a cattle-town saloon, beat the villain in a race to stake the claim for her goldmine.

All this is accomplished with a prodigious uproar of breaking chairs, whistles gurgling loudly into glasses, hoofs thumping on sandy but resonant footing—sounds which are almost as exciting as the piano-forte and snaredrum accompaniment which enlivened the inaudible rotogravure of oldtime westerns. Most typical shot: wagons lined up for the start of a land-rush, similar to that in *Cimarron*.

**Dirigible** (Columbia). The story of this picture, as is proper in such machine-age fantasies, serves merely to add point to the activities of aeronautical contrivances in spectacular locales. Two Navy aviators, one a dirigible expert (Jack Holt), one a speed and stunt flyer (Ralph Graves), make successive attempts to carry an indefatigable explorer to the South Pole. The dirigible breaks down and falls into the sea. The plane reaches the Pole but crashes landing on the ice. Its occupants start walking back and are rescued, just in time, by a new and better dirigible. Further motivation for the maneuvers of aircraft is supplied by the fact that the dirigible and the speed-flyer are both in love with the same girl—the speed-flyer's wife (Fay Wray). Good shots: a man having his frozen foot sawed off; parachutes opening under a balloon, like toy flowers in a glass of water; a dirigible's telephone switchboard.

**Parlor, Bedroom and Bath** (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). Buster Keaton, a mild little fellow perpetually calm although astonished and afraid, was funnier in silent pictures than he is in talkies. Aware that his voice is not an instrument for comedy, he keeps silent as much as possible and this makes his efforts seem a little strained. In *Parlor, Bedroom and Bath* he plays the part of a timid ninny, caught in circumstances which demand that he behave like a libertine. The result is a struggle with three amorous ladies, a chase through hotel corridors, a farce which is neither very vulgar nor very funny.

**Skippy** (Paramount). The activities of Skippy, a sly, skeptical and lazy ten-year-old, clad in an unbuttoned coat and critical of his confreres, have long been pursued in the comic-strips of famed Anti-Prohibitionist Percy Crosby. In the cinema, Skippy is impersonated by Jackie Cooper, of whom Cartoonist Crosby says: "I think he's really got the spirit of the

thing." His pal, Sooky, is played by Robert Coogan, Jackie's little brother. Other children are played by Jackie Searle and Mitzi Green.



ROBERT ("SOOKY") COOGAN

To him, "chicken" is a fighting word.

Perplexed, erratic, gay, often reprehensible, Skippy will perhaps appear in a series of later cinemas. If these are like the first, they will win many an adult audience with reminiscences of somewhat similar mongrel puppies, similar scuff-toed urchins in still forbidden Shanty Towns.

Eleven years younger than his famed brother Jackie Coogan (*The Kid*, *Oliver Twist*), Robert Coogan has much the same woe-begone appearance, the same round eyes which appear to have been inserted with a smutty finger. He impudently refused to act in *Shippy* until cajoled by his brother and his parents, who were once part of Diver Annette Kellerman's vaudeville act but are now supported by their young. Unable to read, Robert Coogan

learned his part by having it read to him. He really cried when Sooky lost his mongrel dog. He refused to fight Jackie Searle till called a "chicken." Robert Coogan greatly admires his brother (now 16, unemployed, with an office in Los Angeles), prays earnestly for anyone in trouble, prefers playing with trains to acting "which makes him mad."

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## MISCELLANY

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### Westchester

Inhabitants of Westchester County, N. Y. were greeted with a new sign on Tarrytown Road: A PART OF WILLIAM L. WARD'S ALMOST PERFECT WORLD. They remembered previous signs: WESTCHESTER COUNTY, MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN PARIS, and THOUSANDS HAVE ASKED THE PRICE BUT THIS PROPERTY IS NOT FOR SALE. One sign they had thought sacrilegious: WESTCHESTER ON EARTH—HEAVEN IN THE HERE-AFTER. Small boys tore it down.

Westchester County's greatest booster and the man who erected the signs is Eugene O'Reilly, whose earthly home is Jersey City, N. J. Owner of 50 Westchester acres, he goes to look at his property once a week, always finds someone on the train to talk to about his favorite subject: Westchester. He writes letters in his spare time. Among those who have heard from him about Westchester during the past 35 years are: all the Senators, all the Governors, all Cabinet members; the mayors of every U. S. town of more than 25,000 population; 400 U. S. newspapers; 25 British and many a continental paper.

A retired department store proprietor, Eugene O'Reilly foresees the doom of urban department stores. Future city dwellers will go to the country, he says, to do their shopping, where they will find ample parking space, plenty of fresh air, sunlight. The William L. Ward to whom Mr. O'Reilly's sign referred is the Republican Boss of Westchester County. Mr. O'Reilly says he has no land for sale.

### "Hope Chest"

At Pine Lake, Mich., Florence Tabor Critchlow, onetime mystery story writer, took poison, died. Neighbors remembered that twelve years ago, while rummaging in the cellar of her mother's home, she had opened the "hope chest" of her missing sister Maud, found Maud dead inside. Maud Tabor's mother was tried for murder; but the jury disagreed when State pathologists discovered that the girl had died after an illegal operation. The mother, who is now 92, was never retried. She said she had hidden the body because "Maud did not want to be separated from me, even in death."

### Birdies

In La Jolla, Calif., Miss Betty W. Tuilers carefully addressed her golf ball, swung clean and vigorously. According to rule, she did not look up till a moment later; contrary to rule, she was startled to see her ball strike and kill two wild canary birds.

### Mouse into Cow

In Salisbury, Md., a cat chased a mouse down a feed trough in which James Dashiield's cow was munching. The mouse jumped into the cow's ear. The cow kicked away one side of James Dashiield's barn.

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# TIME TABLE

## COMING

### National Affairs

April 13—Radio broadcast of President Hoover's address at the national convention of the American Red Cross in Washington; at 10.30 a. m., E. S. T.

April 14—Pan-American Day. Radio addresses beginning at 12.30 p. m. from Washington by President Hoover, Secretary Stimson and Ambassador Téllez of Mexico.

April 26—Shift to Daylight Saving Time in many a U. S. town & city.

April 29—President & Mrs. Hoover's dinner to the King & Queen of Siam (see below); at the White House.

### Foreign News

April 10—Arrival in New York City of Japan's Prince & Princess Takamatsu.

April 13—May 16—Shakespearean festival; at Stratford-on-Avon, England.

April 19—Beginning of "Summer Time" (Daylight Saving) in England, in France.

April 20—Arrival in the U. S. of King Prajadhipok\* and Queen Rambai Barni of Siam; at Portal, N. Dak. from Vancouver, B. C.; U. S. residence during their stay: "Ophir Hall" at Purchase, N. Y., grandiose, high-walled estate of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, relic of the onetime U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain.

April 26—Census Sunday in England. First census (1801) figures: 8,893,000. Last census (1921): 37,887,000.

May 1—May Day, International Labor Day.

May 1—Oct. 1—International Colonial & Overseas Exposition; at Vincennes.

### Business

April 20—24—International conference of public utilities experts; at Algiers.

May 4—9—Meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce; at Washington. Chief speaker: President Herbert Hoover. Chief topic: World Depression.

### Aeronautics

April 11—19—International aircraft show; at Detroit.

### Medicine

April 13—17—World conference on work for the blind; at New York. Main object: to organize international research.

May 1—National Child Health Day.

### Music

April 10—13—Production of Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex*, jointly by League of Composers and Philadelphia Orchestra Association; at Philadelphia. Direction: Leopold Stokowski. Scenic designs: Robert Edmond Jones. Chorus: Princeton University.

April 21—*Oedipus Rex* in Manhattan. Direction by Stokowski; chorus from Harvard.

April 23—25—Festival of chamber music; at Washington. D. C. Sponsor: Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation.

April 27—Opening of London opera season; at Covent Garden.

\*Pronounced Prah-chat-e-pok.



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## Art

April 18-25—Architectural and allied arts exposition in conjunction with 50th anniversary of the Architectural League of New York. Feature: exhibition of Swedish architecture, sponsored by Sweden's Prince Gustav Adolf.

## Press

April 20—Annual meeting of the Associated Press; at New York.

April 21-23—American Newspaper Publishers Association convention; at New York.

April 23-25—Journalism conference under auspices of Princeton's School of Public & International Affairs; at Princeton University. Object: to "view the press critically as an institution."

## Sport

### BASEBALL

April 14—Opening of the Major League season.

### BOATS

April 24-May 3—National motor boat show; at Chicago.

### ROWING

May 2—M. I. T.—Harvard—Princeton on the Charles River, Cambridge; Yale—Pennsylvania—Columbia on the Harlem, New York.

### TENNIS

April 27—British hard court championship at Bournemouth, England.

## GOING

### Best Pictures

CITY LIGHTS—Charlie Chaplin proves that becoming a genius has not spoiled his ability to eat spaghetti, clean streets, have wet pants, etc. etc.

TABU—Fred Murnau's ideas about photographic story telling make this the best of the South Sea Island pictures—about a pearl diver and his girl.

THE FRONT PAGE—Continuous crisis in a criminal courts press room, brilliantly written and acted.

### Best Plays in Manhattan

AS HUSBANDS GO—About a small-town lady who goes to Europe, but not too far.

FIVE STAR FINAL—Internal workings of a scandal sheet.

GIVE ME YESTERDAY—A. A. Milne demonstrates that Success is not much fun.

GRAND HOTEL—A striking and ambitious production, depicting a number of lives swept together for a short time in a German hotel.

MIRACLE AT VERDUN—What might happen if the eight million War dead rose.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—Hilarious nose-throwing at moviedom.

THE BARRETTES OF WIMPOL STREET—Katherine Cornell.

THE GREEN PASTURES—If the Lord were a colored preacher; if Gabriel were a Pullman porter.

THE SILENT WITNESS—A mystery play which manages to mystify.

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW—Problems of a rich young family in a small town.

MUSICAL—AMERICA'S SWEETHEART, FINE & DANDY, GIRL CRAZY, THE NEW YORKERS, THREE'S A CROWD.

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## BOOKS

## Walpole Holiday\*

ABOVE THE DARK TUMULT—Hugh Walpole—*Dunbelay, Doran* (\$2.50).†

Hugh Walpole hopes "you will not take this Tale too seriously." Writing it was a holiday for him, reading it should be only a relaxation for you. In short, it is a murder story. And of course it has a happy ending.

Dick Gunn was down and out in post-war London, but he remembered better days. Before the War he had been land agent for a good friend in Devon. There he had known and liked quixotic, unbalanced John Osmund, and had fallen in love with Helen, Osmund's fiancée. Osmund and two cronies, attempting a Robin Hood burglary, had been arrested, jailed. Gunn was still in love with Helen but he had not



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HUGH WALPOLE

... hopes not to be taken seriously.

seen her since. One cold night in Piccadilly, with only a half-crown between him and something desperate, he found them all again.

One Pengelly, evil from his mother's womb and now a professional blackmailer, had betrayed Osmund to the police, and Osmund and his pals knew it. After all these years Pengelly had invited his victims to a conference, hoping to use them in his business. Gunn turned up just in time to make one of the party, to witness the bloody finale, to discover that Helen was his at last.

**The Author.** Hugh Seymour Walpole, pleasantly unprofound novelist, is the son of an English bishop and feels that life is earnest. Even in such a holiday tale as this he dutifully wrinkles his forehead, doubtfully wonders about such dark questions as the borderline of sanity, the worth of democracy, Good & Evil. Walpole dev-

otes consider him a good if not a great novelist, a battler on the side of the angels; caustic critics call him pompous and sentimental. Walpole is supposed to be represented in Somerset Maugham's recent *Cakes and Ale* by "Alroy Kear," snobbish, successful but second-rate English man of letters.

## Chimpanzee Into Lady

HIS MONKEY WIFE—John Collier—*Ap-pleton* (\$2.).‡

Mr. Fatigay taught school to naked little Africans in the jungle; he was the only white man in the village. It was a lonely life, made supportable by his admirably simple temperament, by letters from his capricious English fiancée, and by the devotion of his pet chimpanzee, Emily. Emily loved Mr. Fatigay, but of her devotion the good man was long unaware.

A favorite with her master and the natives alike, Emily was allowed the freedom of the village. She went religiously to school, and soon learned to read, but not write. Mr. Fatigay used to talk to her in the evenings, quite freely, but had no idea how much she understood. She understood everything. When Mr. Fatigay's lonely pedagogical exile was over, he took Emily with him to England. Amy, his fiancée, returned Emily's jealousy with interest, but made the mistake of despising her rival. By a clever ruse Emily substituted herself for Amy at the wedding (they were about the same height and coloring) and to Mr. Fatigay's horror he discovered he was married to a chimpanzee! The parson would do nothing about it. Mr. Fatigay rushed off to go to the dogs; Amy showed herself in true and unattractive colors; Emily, despairing but practical, went on the stage as a dancer. Mr. Fatigay dropped lower and lower; Emily made a fortune. One day they met again, and Emily was able to explain everything, for in the meantime she had learned to typewrite. A chastened, wiser but still admirably simple Mr. Fatigay returned to Africa with his monkey bride.

In *His Monkey Wife* Author John Collier has written a more forthright satire than did David Garnett in *Lady Into Fox*, but the tone of the two books is similar. You may be shocked by some of Author Collier's implications; never by what he says. Nothing is here for tears; plenty for a smile.

Author John Collier, poetry reviewer for London's *Time and Tide*,† lives in Hampshire, where, says he, he is "indistinguishable in appearance and pursuits from any other country bumpkin."

## Maugham Mauld

GIN AND BITTERS—A. Riposte—*Farrar & Rinehart* (\$2.50).

Last October appeared William Som-

erset Maugham's *Cakes and Ale* (TIME, Oct. 6). Sharp-eyed critics soon announced the story was founded on less-known, less respectable episodes of Thomas Hardy's life. Hardyolators were indignant. Their indignation may be mollified by "A. Riposte's" riposte. A much more savage, more personal attack on Maugham than Maugham ever made on Hardy, the book would have been instantly disqualified by the late great Marquess of Queensberry, frowner on fouls.

Levenson Hurle (Somerset Maugham), struggling but coming writer, had cast off his faithful mistress Lizzie with hardly a quail, and when he got a job as secretary to rich, eccentric Mr. Stoddard, filled in his spare time by seducing his employer's wife. When the affair was discovered, Hurle was considerably annoyed, but finally married Mrs. Stoddard because she had money and position, both of which he badly needed. Then he climbed to fame.



SOMERSET MAUGHAM

*Hugh Walpole is even?*

Every year brought him bigger royalties, more acquaintances, fewer friends. "He used people without any sort of scruple; accepted their hospitality and kindness, and put them bodily—their most private affairs, their loves and hates and sorrows—into his books. For though he was acclaimed as a great writer he was quite unable to work without someone actual to work upon."

He traveled extensively, lived several years in the Orient. Wherever he went, he was welcome only once: former hosts cut him on the street after they had appeared in his pages. An old man before his time, friendless, lonely, he died in the arms of the only person he had ever cared for, his old mistress Lizzie.

**The Author.** Publishers Farrar & Rinehart stoutly withhold the real name of "A. Riposte," admit the author may reveal him (or herself later. Whoever the author may be, he (or she) is obviously a good friend to Novelist Hugh Seymour Walpole (pilloried in *Cakes and Ale* as "Alroy Kear"), obviously has been at pains to ferret out Maugham's career, obviously has a grudge against Maugham. Mindful of possible libel action, "Riposte" steers clear of

\*Published March 27.

†Published March 20.

‡No kin.

\*New books are news. Unless otherwise designated, all books reviewed in TIME were published within the fortnight. TIME readers may obtain 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.



any reference to Maugham's effeminate men friends (TIME, Oct. 6). Says Publisher John Farrar: "English publishers are cabling violently. . . I feel as though I were sitting on a volcano."

### Ruth & Judd

TO THE GALLOWES I MUST GO—T. S. Matthews—Knopf (\$2).

When in Long Island, Judd Gray, corset salesman, murdered Albert E. Snyder, 45, husband of Ruth Brown Snyder, 32, the Manhattan dailies were shocked beyond the drunkenest tabloid editor's most gaudy dream (TIME, April 4, 1927). The Manhattan public was somehow puzzled. How came a curly-haired, weak-mouthed little vendor of female garments, in the vegetable suburbs of a great city, to such a pitch of excitement that he could smash a man's skull with a sash-weight? The tabloids, who followed Judd Gray and Ruth Snyder until (and after) the current shot through them in Sing Sing's death house, explained the case as best they could: Ruth was "a dangerous woman," highly sexed, adamant in her purpose. Judd Gray was a spineless wretch whose infatuation was almost his excuse. The press paid little attention to the victim.

This story has now been taken in hand by a grim young Princeton-Oxford man—the son of the Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey—as the subject for his first novel. It is written in the first person by the murderer. Of "dangerous" Ruth Snyder (Grace Haxall in the book) Author Matthews makes the most: sends her eyes through the salesman (Todd Lorimer) at

their first meeting, undresses her slowly, describes almost nothing except her effect on the salesman, brings up her fiercely female triumph in nakedness before the furnace where they are burning the evidence of their guilt. The Macbeth-like decline of Todd Lorimer under the influence of Lady Macbeth Haxall is dignified by making him a salesman of sofas instead of corsets, a man whose wife is cold and whose mother lives with them. He drinks liquor in startling quantities after Lady Macbeth gets him started. For the murder he is given a hammer instead of a sash-weight. Author Matthews' verdict on the Snyder-Gray case is: Judd Gray not guilty—led astray.

The book's merit (which ill-informed reporters may wrongly ascribe to the Ernest Hemingway influence) is its strength of understatement. Out of a horrible theme it wrings the least possible amount of unnecessary grue. If anyone complains, "Why be gruesome?" un-gay Author Matthews may reply with some justice: "Well, the newspapers are full of this sort of thing. It happens all the time, doesn't it?"

**The Author.** Thomas Stanley Matthews, 30, has a chin that sticks out from under a nose, eye and brow that might have belonged to St. Paul, patron saint of his preparatory school (Concord, N. H.). Whittling little verses hard as black walnuts is an old pastime of his. Once he wrote:

*Who would not live for love?*

*"I," said the dragon.*

*Grimed at the new-born dove*

*And gripped the flagon.*

No real dragon but a not easily satisfied litterateur in an increasingly commercial world, he writes TIME's book reviews (but not this one) after persuasion away from *The New Republic* where he was a hardworking factotum. He lives in Princeton, N. J. with his wife Julie Cuyler Matthews and sons T. S. Jr. and John. Tennis is his game, A. E. Housman his poet, honesty in letters his main ambition. His first novel (145 pp.) is dedicated to Alfred Richard Orage, prophet in the U. S. of "The Harmonious Development of Man."

### Suffering Suffragettes

NO SURRENDER—Jo Van Ammers-Küller —Dutton (\$2.50).

"No Surrender!" is one of those slogans like "Hey Rubel!" which mean little except to the initiate. "No Surrender!" means nothing particular nowadays, but not so many years ago it would have been instantly understood by any of those determined English females who shouted "Votes for Women!" in unlikely places at embarrassing moments, and continued to shout until hauled to the police station. *No Surrender* is the story of some of the Suffragettes' goings-on, and of the taking-off of one of their younger and prettier members.

Joyce Cornvelt, South African Dutch girl, came back to Holland when her father's death left her an orphan. But the Leyden Cornvelts did not take to her very kindly. She was glad to pay a visit to the English branch of the family. The London Cornvelts were completely Anglicized and quite prosperous; they treated her like the country cousin she was, but Joyce preferred them to the Leydeners. That was in 1908, when the question of woman's suffrage in England had already begun to burn. The Cornvelts were for it, but in a nice way; nobody had more contempt than they for the vulgar and outrageous behavior of the militant Suffragettes. Imagine their horror when they heard that Joyce had become one, and had been arrested for making an irruption into the sacred House of Commons. They tried to send her back to Leyden. She ran away. They washed their hands of her and she became more militant than ever. Four years later, helping a little band of sisters break up a Conservative meeting in an industrial town, Joyce was pursued to the roof of the auditorium, slipped, broke her neck. Six years later England granted women over 30 the right to vote and hold office; ten years after that, complete political equality.

**The Author.** Jo Van Ammers-Küller, 46, called Holland's foremost novelist, likes long books with lots of relationships. To aid the unwary reader who does not realize that *No Surrender* is a sequel to *The Rebel Generation*, she has prefaced this book with a revealing but formidable genealogical table. Good and caustic when it comes to describing a family anniversary, Novelist Van Ammers-Küller in her feminist vein gets almost committee-womanish. She started to write before she was 20, quit when she married, began again when her two boys were safe in school, her husband director of the Leyden gas works. Other translated books: *Tantalus, The House of Joy, Jenny Heysten's Career.*

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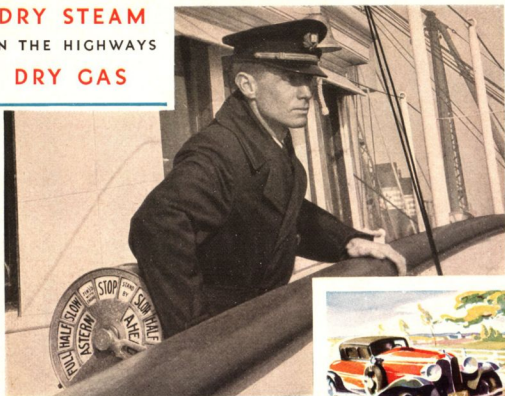
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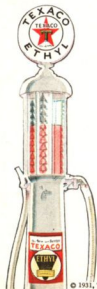
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