

FIFTEEN CENTS

April 20, 1931

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



Volume XVII

KING OF SIAM, DEFENDER OF THE FAITH

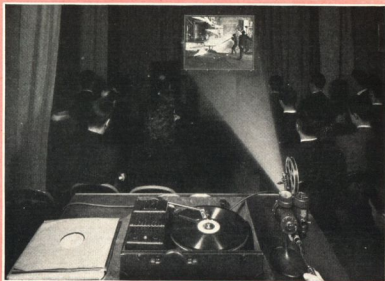
*An old Etonian, he speaks King George's English, golfs, is a business king.
(See FOREIGN NEWS)*

Number 16

A CATALOG that TALKS and ACTS *and gets orders*



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EFFECTIVE salesmanship has never been more important to business than now. And what could sell as effectively as a *sound movie* that shows your product or factory in action in the prospect's own office!

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FLAMENCO



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THIS is a discussion for men to whom Nature has given a steely stubble and a barbed wire beard.

Certainly—the daily process of shaving such a beard is no cinch. What you need is a cream specially and specifically made for tough beards. That cream is Mennen.

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Swinish

Sirs:

Your issue of March 30, p. 16, col. 1, end of second complete paragraph, has—"In March the British 5th Army under General Gough ran before the last desperate German offensive."

This, sir, is a pretty swinish thing to write: the 5th Army did not run before any attack, at any time. My own battalion—none of all those who stood and fought—was reduced to about 30 men out of (on the 21st) some 790. The "bite" resulted from the lack of reserves to support the front three lines in those last days of the month. . . .

R. J. BEA

Raleigh, N. C.

General Foch in his memoirs describes the retreat of the 5th Army under General Gough as follows:

"On the north the British Army maintained in general its positions, but it was quite otherwise with General Gough's Fifth Army. Along almost the whole of its front, it was swept away, its right in particular being thrown back west of Saint-Quentin up to the edge of the Crozat Canal. On . . . the 22nd, this army, badly shaken, retreated toward the Somme. An extraordinary incident here took place—one only to be explained by the contagion which spread from the confused and shaken troops, driven in by the heavy attack on the front line. The Somme, running several miles in rear, was captured by the enemy practically without a blow being struck."—Ed.

Fire Escape

Sirs:

A reader of *The New Republic* since 1914 and an admirer of the writings of Walter Lippmann wishes to express his appreciation of your column under *The Press* during the week of March 30. "A Testament" is very timely. It causes one to recall the closing paragraph in the ninth volume of Henry Adams' *History of the United States*.

"The traits of American character were fixed: the rate of physical and economical growth was established; and history, certain that at a given distance of time the Union would contain so many millions of people, with wealth valued at 30 many millions of dollars, became thereafter chiefly concerned to know what kind of people these millions were to be. They were intelligent, but what paths would their intelligence select? They were quick but what solution of insoluble problems would quickness hurry? They were scientific, and what control would their science exercise over their destiny? They were mild, but what corruptions would their relaxation bring? They were peaceful, but by what machinery were they corrupted to be purged? What interests were to vivify a society so vast and uniform? What ideals were to ennoble it? What object, besides physical content, must a democratic continent aspire to attain? For the treatment of such questions, history required another century of experience."

Only 40 years have passed since Mr. Adams asked these questions. Mr. Lippmann might have added at the close of "A Testament" that

a possible "Fire Escape" for U. S. A. might be an "Aristocracy of Brains."

DEAN B. THOMPSON

Lansing, Mich.

God Save the King

Sirs:

In your issue of March 9, you state that "God Save the King" was probably composed in England by one Henry Carey (1692-1743), although historians are not positive. I am glad that historians are not positive, for both in Belgium and in England I was always led to believe that this convenient tune was composed by John (or Jan) Bull, organist at Antwerp Cathedral. A fact that might be added to support of this is that in Biblical times "God Save the King" was the usual salutation to a monarch (1. Sam. 10:24; 2 Kings 11: 12). In any case it would be interesting to know something more about a tune that was adopted by four different nations, without their knowing anything of its origin. Almost as mysterious, and not half so rhythmical as the Peanut Song.

G. ANTOINETTE MOLLER

San Francisco, Calif.

Most authorities now believe that John Bull (not Ball), once widely credited with writing "God Save the King," composed in 1619 an "ayre" which may have influenced Henry Carey when, in 1740, he produced the definitive and largely original composition.—Ed.

1931 Highwaymen

Sirs:

In *TIME*, in *Letters*, in a recent issue, a liberty-loving American told the 472,000 automobile-owning readers of *TIME* about the speed trap at Zion, Ill. (*TIME*, March 30). That's the ticket!

Now let other *TIME*-motorists write of other notorious speed traps . . . as warning . . . as a hint to avaricious or luck-minded hick-town officials that motorists can boycott speed trap towns by avoiding them.

To start, I nominate Greenwich, Conn., where insolent speed trap motorcyclists show mistletoe interest in "what yuh got in that rumble seat?"—and Darien, Conn., where speed cop-like coyotes—and Cos Cob, Conn., where the local pastime is nabbing 'em at the unexpected flash of the red light—and Westport, Conn., where a constable in a battered touring car collects \$2.40 per "speed" arrest.

The spotlight of publicity, *TIME*, on these 1931 highwaymen!

J. A. SWANSON

New York City

Horticulturist

Sirs:

I notice in the March 30 issue of *TIME* that G. K. Chesterton claims never to have heard of your good and readable newsmagazine.

About 18 miles up the Missouri River from Bismarck, N. D., there lives a man said to be demented. He has a farm of 250 acres, practically covered with ditches about three feet deep, in which are planted dead saplings cut from timber across the river. He imagines himself a horticulturist, thinks these dead plantings will

(Continued on p. 8)

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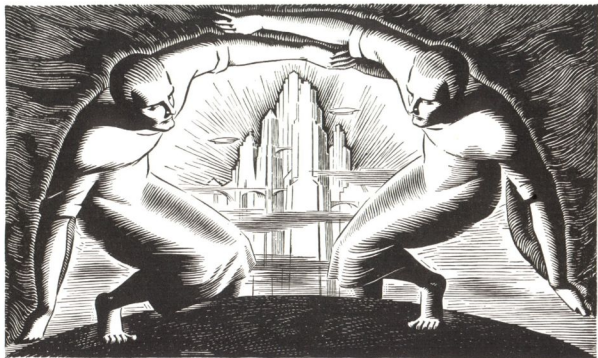
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IN the laboratory quiet men already see visions of what tomorrow will bring. A corner of the horizon is lifted. Tomorrow will see it rolled back. The circle of our lives is ever broadened as new achievements come from the Chemists' test tubes, bringing new comforts, new conveniences, creating great new industries to fill the wants of man.

But as the Chemist solves his problems, he creates new ones. What he has perfected in the laboratory must be done on a giant scale in the factory. And too often the essential ingredients of his formula are available only in miniature, or at prohibitive prices.

The Swann Corporation steps in at this point with full facilities for research, experiment and production. Precedents are set aside; the Swann search is always for a better way. And when that way is found, a Swann plant will be pre-

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Buick Motor Division,¹ Flint, Mich.—Buick passenger cars.

Cadillac Motor Car Division,¹ Detroit, Mich.—Cadillac and La Salle V-8; Cadillac V-12 and V-16 passenger cars.

Chevrolet Motor Division,² Detroit, Mich.—(including Subsidiaries)²—Chevrolet passenger and commercial cars produced in the manufacturing and assembly plants located as follows: Flint, Mich., motors, sheet metal and assembly; Detroit, Mich., forgings, springs, gears, axles and wheels; Saginaw, Mich., foundry; Bay City, Mich., carburetors and hardened and ground parts; Toledo, O., transmissions. Assembly plants in these cities: St. Louis and Kansas City, Mo.; Janesville, Wis.; Oakland, Calif.; Buffalo and Tarrytown, N. Y.; Norwood, O., and Atlanta, Ga. Export boxing plant at Bloomfield, N. J.

CHEVROLET COMMERCIAL BODY DIVISION, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oakland Motor Car Division,¹ Pontiac, Mich.—Oakland and Pontiac passenger cars.

Olds Motor Works Division,¹ Lansing, Mich.—Oldsmobile passenger cars.

General Motors of Canada, Limited,² Oshawa, Ont.—Cadillac, La Salle, McLaughlin-Buick, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Pontiac and Chevrolet passenger cars; Chevrolet commercial cars. Plants at Oshawa and Walkerville, Ont., and Regina, Sask.

General Motors Fleet Sales Corporation,² Detroit, Mich.—Sells all General Motors cars and trucks to fleet operators.

FISHER BODY GROUP



Fisher Body Division,¹ Detroit, Mich.—Automobile body building plants located at Detroit, Lansing, Pontiac and Flint, Mich.; Buffalo and Tarrytown, N. Y. Extensive acreage of virgin hardwood timber in northern Michigan.

Fisher Body Company of Cleveland,² Cleveland, O.—Automobile body building plants at Cleveland and Cincinnati, O.

Fisher Body St. Louis Company,² St. Louis, Mo.—Automobile body building plants at St. Louis and Kansas City, Mo.; Oakland, Calif., and Janesville, Wis.

Fisher Body Company of Atlanta,² Atlanta, Ga.—Automobile body building plant.

Fleetwood Body Corporation,¹ Detroit, Mich.—Automobile body building plants for custom bodies.

Ternstedt Manufacturing Company,² Detroit, Mich.—Hardware for automobile bodies and Frigidaire cabinets.

The National Plate Glass Company,² Ottawa, Ill.—Plate glass for automobile bodies.

Fisher Lumber Corporation,² Memphis, Tenn. (Fisher Delta Log Company, subsidiary).—Large tracts of virgin hardwood timber in Louisiana and Arkansas; saw mills at Ferriday and Wisner, La., and saw mill and automobile body woodworking plant at Memphis, Tenn.

Fisher Body Company of Seattle,² Seattle, Wash.—Automobile body woodworking plant.

Fisher Body Service Corporation,² Detroit, Mich.—Automobile body parts depots and body servicing plants at Detroit, Mich., and Oakland, Calif.

ACCESSORY AND PARTS GROUP



A C Spark Plug Company,¹ Flint, Mich.—A C spark plugs, A C Mikro aviation spark plugs, speedometers, oil pressure gauges, ammeters, thermo gauges, gasoline gauges, tachometers



THIS IS



for marine purposes, altimeters for motor cars, instrument panels, air cleaners, carburetor intake silencers, oil filters, fuel pumps, gasoline strainers, die castings, A C die cast machines and decorative tile.

Armstrong Spring Division,¹ Flint, Mich.—Automotive chassis springs for passenger cars and trucks.

Brown-Lipe-Chapin Division,¹ Syracuse, N. Y.—Differential gears, valve tappets and other precision automotive parts.

Delco Appliance Corporation,² Rochester, N. Y.—Delco-Light electric light and power plants, Delco Water Systems and Delcogas individual gas-producing units for domestic use; Delco electric fans; Delco motors for commercial purposes; North East starters, generators, ignition systems, speedometers, heaters and small motors.

Delco Products Corporation,² Dayton, O.—Hydraulic shock absorbers; integral and fractional horsepower electric motors.

Delco-Remy Corporation,² Anderson, Ind.—Delco-Remy starting, lighting and ignition systems for cars, trucks and coaches; Klaxon horns; Dual lockers; Electrolocks; lock coils; switches; Delco batteries and Bu-Nite pistons.

Plants at Anderson, Muncie and Indianapolis, Ind.

Frigidaire Corporation,² Dayton, O.—Frigidaire automatic refrigerators; electric refrigerating units for household and commercial use; milk cooling equipment; ice cream cabinets; Frigidaire water coolers for homes, offices, stores and factories; room coolers and dehumidifiers.

Guide Lamp Corporation,² Anderson, Ind.—Automobile lamps.

Harrison Radiator Corporation,² Lockport, N. Y.—Automobile radiators, radiator shutters, oil temperature regulators and hot water car heaters.

Hyatt Bearings Division,¹ Newark, N. J.—Hyatt anti-friction roller bearings.

Inland Manufacturing Company,² Dayton, O.—Steering wheels, battery containers, motor supports, rubber ice trays for automatic refrigerators, rubber and moulded products.

The McKinnon Industries, Limited,² St. Catharines, Ont.—Automotive differential starting, lighting and ignition systems; tool kits; malleable castings; stampings; drop forgings and saddlery hardware.

McKinnon Products Company,² Buffalo, N. Y.—Sporting goods, spring covers and golf bags.

Moraine Products Company,² Dayton, O.—Durex oil impregnated metal bearings; Moraine rolled bronze bearings.

Muncie Products Division,¹ Muncie, Ind.—Synchro-mesh transmissions; transmissions for passenger cars and trucks; chassis parts and automobile engine valves.

New Departure Manufacturing Company,¹ Bristol, Conn.—Ball bearings, coaster brakes, bells and bicycle hubs.

Saginaw Malleable Iron Division,¹ Saginaw, Mich.—Malleable iron castings for passenger cars and trucks.

Saginaw Steering Gear Division,¹ Saginaw, Mich.—Steering gears for passenger cars, trucks and buses.

United Motors Service, Inc.,² Detroit, Mich.—Provides authorized national service for Delco-Remy and North East starting, lighting and ignition systems, hot water heaters and speedometers; Delco batteries; Delco hydraulic

shock absorbers; Delco commercial motors; Delco automotive radio; Klaxon horns; Harrison radiators and hot water heaters; New Departure ball bearings; Hyatt roller bearings; A C speedometers, air cleaners, oil filters, gasoline strainers, fuel pumps, gauges and spark plugs; Guide lamps.

MISCELLANEOUS GROUP



Allison Engineering Company,² Indianapolis, Ind.—Aircraft power plant engineering, aviation engines, bearings, superchargers, gears and mechanical equipment.

Bendix Aviation Corporation,¹ Chicago, Ill.—Aviation starters, generators, magnetos, instruments and electric equipment; Bendix starter drives; brakes and brake equipment; carburetors; automotive Diesel engines; textile devices and dyeing processes; national service for Bendix products.

Electro-Motive Company,² Cleveland, O.—Design and sale of rail cars equipped with gasoline and Diesel engines.

Ethyl Gasoline Corporation,¹ New York, N. Y.—Markets Ethyl fluid to oil refining companies which manufacture Ethyl Gasoline.

General Aviation Corporation,¹ New York, N. Y.—Fokker land, plane, seaplane, flying boats and amphibians; Plants at Glendale, W. Va., Hartsbrook Heights and Passaic, N. J.

General Motors Radio Corporation,¹ Dayton, O.—Radio receivers for household use and for installation in automobiles and motor boats, combination radio sets and phonographs, amplifying units for use with receivers, and other radio accessories.

Kinetic Chemicals, Inc.,¹ Deepwater Point, N. J.—Manufacture and sale of new types of refrigerant chemicals and allied products.

Winton Engine Company,² Cleveland, O.—Marine, stationary and Diesel engines.

Yellow Truck & Coach Manufacturing Co.,¹ Pontiac, Mich.—General Motors Trucks, Yellow Coaches and Yellow Buses.

OVERSEAS OPERATIONS GROUP



General Motors Export Company,² New York, N. Y.—Distribution of General Motors cars and trucks in overseas territories not covered by General Motors overseas operations; zone offices in eleven cities abroad.

General Motors Limited,² London, England.—Distribution of cars and trucks in Great Britain and Ireland; assembly plant at London.

General Motors International, A/S,² Copenhagen, Denmark.—Distribution of cars and trucks in Denmark, Norway, Estonia, Iceland, Latvia and Lithuania; assembly plant at Copenhagen.

General Motors Nordiska, A/B,² Stockholm, Sweden.—Distribution of cars and trucks in Sweden and Finland; assembly plant at Stockholm.

General Motors W Polsce Sp. z o.o.,² Warsaw, Poland.—Distribution of cars and trucks in

GENERAL MOTORS

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Poland and Danzig Free State; warehouse at Warsaw.

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General Motors G.m.b.H., Berlin, Germany—Distribution of cars and trucks in Germany, Czechoslovakia and European Russia; assembly plant at Berlin.

General Motors (France) S. A., Paris, France—Distribution of cars and trucks in France, Algeria, French Morocco, Spanish Morocco and Tunisia; warehouse at Le Havre.

General Motors Peninsular, S. A., Madrid, Spain—Distribution of cars and trucks in Spain, Portugal, Canary Islands and Gibraltar; warehouse at Madrid.

General Motors Near East, S. A., Alexandria, Egypt—Distribution of cars and trucks in Egypt, Arabia, Hejaz, Iraq, Italian Africa, Aden, Syria, Persia west of 66° E. L., Palestine and Turkey; warehouse at Alexandria.

General Motors Argentina, S. A., Buenos Aires, Argentina—Distribution of cars and trucks in Argentina and Paraguay; assembly plant at Buenos Aires.

General Motors do Brasil, S. A., São Paulo, Brazil—Distribution of cars and trucks in Brazil; assembly plant at São Paulo.

General Motors Uruguay, S. A., Montevideo, Uruguay—Distribution of cars and trucks in Uruguay; assembly plant at Montevideo.

General Motors South Africa, Ltd., Port Elizabeth, South Africa—Distribution of cars and trucks in the Union of South Africa, Rhodesia, British Southwest Africa, Portuguese East Africa, Nyasaland, Bechuanaland and the Katanga district of the Belgian Congo; assembly plant at Port Elizabeth.

General Motors (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, Australia—Distribution of cars and trucks in Australia; assembly plants at Adelaide, Brisbane, Melbourne, Perth and Sydney.

General Motors New Zealand, Ltd., Wellington, New Zealand—Distribution of cars and trucks in New Zealand; assembly plant at Wellington.

General Motors Japan, Ltd., Osaka, Japan—Distribution of cars and trucks in Japan and Korea; assembly plant at Osaka.

General Motors China, Inc., Shanghai, China—Distribution of cars and trucks in China and Manchuria; warehouse in Shanghai, branch in Mukden.

N. V. General Motors Java, Batavia, Java—Distribution of cars and trucks in the Dutch East Indies, French Indo-China, Siam and the Straits Settlements; assembly plant at Batavia.

General Motors India, Ltd., Bombay, India—Distribution of cars and trucks in British India, Ceylon and Persia east of 66° E. L.; assembly plant at Bombay.

Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., Luton, England—Manufacture of Vauxhall motor cars and Bedford trucks; plant at Luton.

Adam Opel A. G., Rüsselsheim, Germany—Manufacture of Opel motor cars and Blitz trucks; plant at Rüsselsheim.

Delco-Remy & Hyatt, Ltd., London, England—Sales and service on all Corporation accessory products in the British Isles; technical and service headquarters at London.

Overseas Motor Service Corporation, New York, N. Y.—Sales and service overseas on all Corporation accessory products.

FINANCING, INSURANCE AND ACCOUNTING GROUP



General Motors Acceptance Corporation, New York, N. Y. (Including Subsidiaries)—Finances wholesale distribution and retail credit sales of General Motors products; branch offices in one hundred seven cities in the United States, Dominion of Canada and overseas.

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THE ALLGEMEINE AUTOMOBIL VERSICHERUNGSGESAMTSCHAFT, a subsidiary, Rüsselsheim, Germany—Provides complete insurance service on cars sold at retail in Germany.

General Motors Holding Corporation, New York, N. Y.—Underwrites certain classes of General Motors dealers, by purchase of stock in dealership, with arrangement for dealer to reacquire full ownership out of earnings.

Motor Accounting Company, Detroit, Mich.—Installs, audits and supervises standardized accounting practices for General Motors dealers and distributors.

Motor Accounting Company of Canada, Limited, Oshawa, Ont.—Installs, audits and supervises standardized accounting practices for General Motors dealers and distributors in Canada.

REAL ESTATE GROUP



Argonaut Realty Corporation, Detroit, Mich.—Erects and finances salesrooms, parts departments, garages and service stations for General Motors divisions, subsidiaries and affiliated companies; surveys real estate projects and reviews leases for divisions, branches, distributors and dealers.

Bristol Realty Company, Bristol, Conn.—Housing for employees in Bristol.

General Motors Building Corporation, Detroit, Mich.—Owns and operates central office building in Detroit.

Modern Dwellings, Limited, Oshawa, Ont.—Housing for employees in Oshawa.

Modern Housing Corporation, Detroit, Mich.—Housing for employees in Flint and Pontiac, Mich., and Janesville, Wis.

New Departure Realty Company, Bristol, Conn.—Housing for employees in Bristol.

RESEARCH



General Motors Research Laboratories, Detroit, Mich.—Maintained for the continuous improvement of General Motors products.

General Motors Proving Ground, Milford, Mich.—A 1268-acre "outdoor laboratory" for the testing of General Motors cars and trucks.

PEOPLE



General Motors is owned by 285,000 stockholders. They live in every state, in many provinces of Canada and in overseas countries.

A normal average of more than 175,000 men and women is employed in the manufacture of General Motors products.

Through more than 26,000 General Motors dealers in the United States and foreign countries about 600,000 more persons are engaged in sales and service.

Another 500,000 are directly employed by suppliers in the manufacture of materials for General Motors.

Add the families represented by these people and by the stockholders, and the total approximates six million men, women and children who derive income directly or indirectly from General Motors.

1. Assets owned by General Motors Corporation.
2. All stock owned by General Motors Corporation.
3. All common stock owned by General Motors Corporation.
4. Majority of stock owned by General Motors Corporation.
5. One-half interest owned by General Motors Corporation.
6. All stock owned by General Motors of Canada, Limited.
7. All stock owned by General Motors Export Company.
8. All stock owned by General Motors Acceptance Corporation.
9. All stock owned by New Departure Manufacturing Company.
10. Majority of stock owned by New Departure Manufacturing Co.
11. Large stock interest owned by General Motors Corporation.



The clock above is LYNN, with Westminster tubular chimes and gold dial. Price, \$325

"Late again! We'd better get a Telechron* Clock"

HOSTESSES' nerves are calmer now. Servants are seldom disgruntled. Roasts don't come to the table overdone. Dinners planned for eight o'clock begin at eight. All because Telechron electric time has made it almost unpardonable to be late for a social engagement!

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Telechron Clocks and Master Clocks
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were made for each other. Only clocks marked "Telechron" on the dial can bring you true Telechron service.

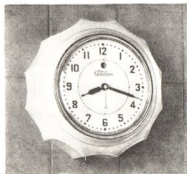
At a nearby dealer's (listed in the classified telephone directory) you'll find a host of interesting models. Stately grandfather's clocks for hall or stairway. Graceful tambours for the mantel. Quaint banjos for the wall. Attractive uprights for desk or dressing table. All built for beauty and precision.

Telechron Clocks are priced modestly from \$9.75 to \$55. The Revere Clock Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures distinguished chiming clocks with Telechron motors, priced from \$30 to \$1000.

*Telechron is the trade-mark, registered in the United States Patent Office, of the Warren Telechron Company.



Left: Banjo-Bullfinch-Mahogany banjo, 20½ in. high, \$19.75
Below: Hostess—For the kitchen. Moulded case, \$9.75



take life and give him shade and fruit. He has two shacks built of upright timbers. In the abandoned one is a heterogeneous mass of junk—deer skins, antlers, worn-out spades and shovels used in digging ditches (he has been at it for years), files of newspapers since the day of the Custer massacre. Even an ancient small job press. All these, covered with dust. As we approached his shack a young married couple preceded us. Soon the owner appeared, walking leisurely toward them. As he came nearer I saw he held in his hand a magazine, his finger between the pages where he had been reading—"Tixie". I engaged him in talk and found him a very intelligent man. He had not been to town for three years. But he knew what was doing in the world, just the same.

O. C. BRANNEN

Philadelphia, Pa.

And in a ramshackle Negro cabin near Camden, S. C., is a room papered with Time covers.—Ed.

Chesterton's Lecture

Sirs:

It is quite evident that TIME or time mean little to Mr. G. K. Chesterton (TIME, March 30).

A decade ago he was charmingly introduced at Yale by President Hadley and gave his lecture "The Ignorance of the Educated."

Either the title or the subject matter has the merit of persisting. I recall both with relief.

AYMER J. BEECHER

New Haven, Conn.

Silver Stadium

Sirs:

Of all the stories carried by the press on the death of Knute Rockne I liked best the two opening paragraphs of the story by William Ritt, Central Press Staff Editor. Perhaps TIME would care to print them.

TED F. HIGGINS

New Castle, Pa.

The paragraphs:

"Well, well, well," George Gipp must be saying just about now, "Look who's here. Welcome home, Rock."

"And there in that happy land, beyond the black, where the stadium is of silver, the goal posts of gold and all games are won, those two whose friendship and affection became one of football's finest sagas must be clasping hands in joyous grip again."—Ed.

Crowning Thorns

Sirs:

Ament your comment on the "Crown of Thorns" displayed in the New York Flower Show (TIME, March 30). There are several of these plants on this island and I am enclosing herewith a cutting from one of them growing in our garden. This particular shrub has been blooming almost continuously for the past six years. Botanically, the "Crown of Thorns" belongs to the Poinsettia family. There are at least two legends about this plant: 1) The wreath referred to in Matthew 27:29, was platted with cuttings from it; 2) it will not bloom if tended by wicked persons. From its structure, I can readily believe the first to have been true. As to the second, my wife and the children take care of all the plants in our garden. Cut off the end and plant the cutting in some warm moist earth in your office and see if it will bloom for you.

RALPH B. BOYDEN

Key West, Fla.

TIME will report whether or not its thorn-tenders are wicked.—Ed.

Crane's Biology

Sirs:

True needs a rebuke. It prates about being on the job but being like other human things it also is asleep at times. Two incidents demand comment. In issue of March 9, under caption of Asia's Charles Richard Crane True missed mentioning that Crane has done more for biological science in America than any one other philanthropist, having built the main laboratories of the Marine Biological Laboratories at Woods

(Continued on p. 12)

"Mobiloil dura"



"Mobiloil dura!" That's the way the Spanish motorist says "Mobiloil stands up!" In every country, on every road, Mobiloil stands up. That's why Mobiloil is the world's leading oil.

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Drive your car at a snail's pace through traffic. Mobiloil **stands up**. On the open road push your accelerator down to the floor-board. Eat up the miles. Mobiloil **stands up**.

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ess builds up Mobiloil's remarkable ability to **stand up**. Improvement after improvement has steadily increased Mobiloil's tough, rugged ability to **stand up** under the hardest driving you can give it.

Drive in where you see the Mobiloil sign, and ask for Mobiloil by name. In every town, on every highway there's a dealer ready to serve you with a grade of Mobiloil made to **stand up** in your engine.

We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, Eastern Standard Time, from WEAF and 29 associated stations.



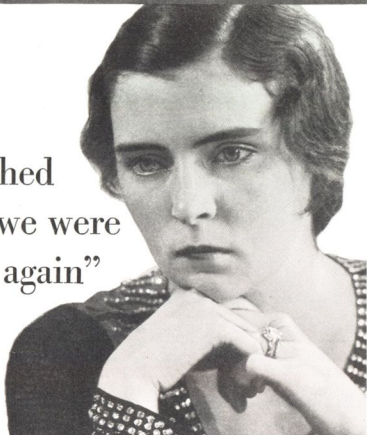
*because it is
Made .. not Found*

Mobiloil stands up

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

+++ *A vital influence* IN THE LIVES OF

"Often
I wished
that we were
poor again"



MY husband and I grew up, boy and girl, in the same little town. We were just a happy, inexperienced, poor young couple when we started housekeeping. Nothing had prepared me for his wonderful, phenomenal success.

"It came so fast that it made me dizzy. In ten years we were rich. We had moved to a large city—we had several servants—I had constantly to meet and entertain important people.

"No one will ever know how hard it was for me at first. Often I wished that we were poor again. Often I cried myself to sleep—

hating my own failures—hating my husband's success.

"During those years of transition, the Journal gave me the most splendid, practical help. I used to study your magazine like a text-book—to learn how other women dressed, gave luncheons and dinner parties, managed their homes—even what they talked about. Today, when any specially difficult problem of entertaining comes up, I instinctively turn to

the Journal for authoritative advice.

"I feel that I owe you a great personal debt of gratitude . . ."

By its expert service on clothes, food, entertaining, etiquette, the Journal is helping thousands of women like this one to meet the perplexing demands of increasing income, new social responsibilities.

Fashion notes, telephoned and radio-graphed from Paris; a showing of the first summer styles; and a remarkable series of articles on smart entertaining, illustrated with natural-color photographs, are features of the May Journal.

LADIES' HOME

OVER 2,600,000 MODERN WOMEN

"It
happened
in our own
home"



OUR younger boy was so good when he was little. But for the last year he has been disobedient, unruly, and has got into several rather serious neighborhood scrapes.

"I have not been able to understand the change. I told myself that somewhere, as a mother, I had failed.

"Since reading Dr. Menninger's article, 'Two Sons,' light has begun to dawn for me. I believe Dr. Menninger is right, and what Donnie really suffers from is being unfairly compared with his older brother—who is more gifted in many ways,

and much quicker in his studies.

"If this is so, then his father and I have been wrong—Donnie needs encouragement—not constant blame. It means everything to me to get some light on this problem, for I was beginning to despair."

Wherever there is a family in America, there are family problems. Sometimes they are questions of money, household management, building a house, feeding a baby. Sometimes they are questions of personal relationship. More than two and a half million women readers look to the *Journal* for help in the personal as well as the practical issues of daily living.



"I couldn't bear to have
my Mother know the truth"

PLEASE don't make any mistake; my mother is a perfect peach. But perhaps she is sort of old-fashioned in some of her ideas. She doesn't like jazz, or modern dancing, or anything like that.

"She tries so hard to have things nice for me, I couldn't bear to have her know the truth. But my parties really were awfully dumb, and the crowd never seemed to want to come to our house. I felt like a back number until I began reading your Sub-deb Department.

"I think you have the snappiest ideas about entertaining. Really,

your suggestions have helped me ever so much. Mother let me give a screen-test party, like the one you told about, and it turned out a perfectly grand success. For the first time in my life I knew what it was to have everyone flattering me and complimenting me.

"Thank you for making me a very happy girl."

Thousands of girls write to the Sub-deb Department every month—about their hair, their clothes, their beauty problems, their boy friends. The *Journal* has solved the bobbed-hair question alone for more than 30,000 sub-debs!

Women do more than READ IT... they LIVE by it

Because it faces the facts of today...

Because, in a world transformed by modern scientific invention, it is helping women to master the thousand problems of their changed environment...

Because it interprets the new spirit that has come into the

relation of husbands and wives, parents and children...

The *Ladies' Home Journal* is a vital influence in countless American homes. More than 2,600,000 modern women look to it for guidance—not only on how to buy and spend, create and enjoy—but also on how to live.

JOURNAL—10¢

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 White and Gray



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 Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation, please send us a copy of the book "How to Make Good Waterproofed Concrete."

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

Hole, Mass., the main foyer with a big bronze Buddha in the centre, because the Buddhists (as Clarence Little says, and therefore claims to be one) are the only people kind to animals. . . . Woods Hole is the foremost biological research station in this country, and next to Naples, in the world. . . .

MARIUS VAN REMLAAR
 Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Lippmann Cover

Sirs: TIME of March 30 arrived in this morning's mail. There, on the front cover, was the name of Walter Lippmann, spelled L-i-p-p-m-a-n-n. . . .
 DONOLA HALLINAN
 Livermore, Calif.

To sharp-eyed Donola Hallinan, credit for being the first (and thus far the only) non-professional reader* to nail TIME's first typographical error on a cover.—Ed.

Three-Decimal Time

Sirs: Would you please explain the details of how Gar Wood's time was given by you to six significant figures in TIME, March 30, p. 44? How was any portion of the course measured to a fraction of a millimetre over a distance of a mile and how was the position of the boat determined at two measured points to within a small fraction of a second? Also—were your figures as accurate as precise?

ERICK SELL D'GONS

New York City

TIME's figures were accurate, official. Computation of time records to three decimal places is common to sportdom. An electric timing machine registers to 1/100 sec, the time elapsed between the two points marking off the distance, previously surveyed. The rest is a matter of mathematics (done officially on computing machines).—Ed.

Broun, Lamont and Gibbons

Sirs:

I may be dense, but read as I will I can make nothing but nonsense out of your People paragraph (TIME, April 13) on Heywood Broun, T. W. Lamont and Cardinal Gibbons. Why shouldn't the Pope call Gibbons Gibbons? Or is that the point, that he did call him Gibbons, thus proving his infallibility? But what's so funny about that? Or isn't it supposed to be funny? But if not, why tell it as an anecdote? And if it is funny—well, I'm sorry but . . .

NEWMAN LAWLOR

Cleveland, Ohio

Solution: Stupidity in TIME's proof-reading department, for which a resounding reprimand. Cardinal Gibbons was asked: "Now that you have been to the Vatican, do you still believe in the infallibility of the Pope?" The Cardinal replied: "Well, he called me Jibbons."—Ed.

*Columnist Franklin P (ierce) A (dams), famed precision, mentioned the matter to TIME in a telephone conversation.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine
 (U. S. A., Inc.)

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Dartmouth, (right) 17-jewel
PRECISION Quadron with link band
ensemble, \$85



Annapolis, (above) 17-jewel
PRECISION Quadron, case and link
band to match, \$90



Whitehall, (right)
Gruen Quadron, 17-
jewel PRECISION rec-
tangular movement,
case finished in the in-
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gold, \$75



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Thin, (left) "The Croix de
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PRECISION movement, \$75



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GUILD WATCHES

SIX out of every ten
are making the same
confident choice



Because of their popularity, the present models of 1931 Buick Straight Eights will be continued throughout the coming summer and fall.—BUICK MOTOR COMPANY

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This would be noteworthy even if it happened only for a single month in a single locality. But it has vital meaning when you realize that it happens month after month throughout the entire nation, among buyers on farms, in towns and in big cities.

Men and women want to be sure of their motor car purchase. They are sure of Buick. For they know that Buick guards with precision manufacture this twenty-seven year confidence of the motoring public.

When Better Automobiles Are Built, Buick Will Build Them

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY • FLINT, MICHIGAN

TIME

Vol. XVII, No. 16

The Weekly Newsmagazine

April 20, 1931

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Spiritual

When Herbert Hoover entered the White House two years ago, he refused to follow the usual presidential custom of addressing the annual meeting of the American Red Cross. Though his political office automatically made him honorary Red Cross president, he felt that he could not waste time in mere speech-making. Since then there has been a great Drought in which the Red Cross became President Hoover's major instrument of relief, his chief weapon to fight congressional demands for Government assistance. Last week he was only too pleased to go before the 1931 meeting of the Red Cross in Washington and laud it for preserving "a great ideal of our people"—voluntary aid.

In his brief speech the President used the word "spiritual" twelve times to describe the quality of the Red Cross and the public response to its \$10,000,000 appeal. He credited its "farsighted and early action" with averting "infinite suffering." He praised it for resisting the movement in Congress to make it a distributing agent for Treasury funds. Excerpts:

"If your officers had yielded . . . it would have injured the spiritual responses of the American people. It would have been a step on the pathway of Government doles. . . . We are dealing with the intangibles of life and ideals. . . . A voluntary deed is infinitely more precious to our national ideals and spirit than a thousandfold poured from the Treasury. . . . In all this there is the imperishable of spiritual ideal and spiritual growth. . . . You have renewed and invigorated the spiritual life of the nation."

What made President Hoover feel good last week about the Drought and the Red Cross was the report he received from Secretary of Agriculture Hyde, just back from an inspection trip. The President did the extraordinary thing of turning his office over to Secretary Hyde to address the Press thus: "Those Drought relief loans have reached the spot. . . . You can see new garden fences. . . . There is a very much more hopeful attitude all through the country. . . . I didn't find a single criticism. . . . I heard nothing of human suffering."

Supplementing the Hyde report, Chairman Payne of the Red Cross informed the President that his organization was feeding only about a million mouths now, compared with two million six weeks ago. Said he: "People in those sections are looking up. Arkansas is feeling good. The State now has her tail over the dashboard and is coming back fast."

Another speech made last week by President Hoover was to the governing board of the Pan-American Union. Its gist: "Pan-American Day will become an outward symbol of the constantly strengthening unity of purpose and unity of ideals of the republics of this hemisphere. . . . This spirit of mutual helpfulness is the cornerstone of true Pan-Americanism."

President Hoover disclosed last week how independent he can be in acting upon recommendations for duty flexing by his new Federal Tariff Commission. The Commission sent him a proposal to cut the rates on cherries "sulphured or in brine, stemmed or pitted," and tomatoes, canned, prepared or preserved. The President returned these recommendations without action to the Commission, informing it that its findings were "based upon conditions maintaining before the emergency created by the Drought," advising it to review the facts in the light of the next cherry and tomato crops.

Hanford MacNider, U. S. Minister to Canada, and Dr. Robert Manion, Canadian Minister of Railways and Canals, flew from Ottawa to Washington one day last week, paid a pop-in call on President Hoover. Other White House callers during the week included: Cicero Murray, chairman of the Oil States advisory committee for production limitation; Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, head of the Woman's National Committee of Law Enforcement, who made the President smile when she told him that "a man would be a fool to run for President as a Wet;" Chairman George Otis Smith of the Federal Power Commission, to present the first salmon killed this year in the Bangor, Me., pool.

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THE CONGRESS

Death of a Speaker

"Perhaps this is the last time I will address you from this rostrum. [Laughter and applause.] I don't mean to insinuate that I regard it as a probability, but I must admit it is a possibility. The decision lies with none of us here. It is a decision that lies with an all-wise Providence. . . . With whatever Providence may decree, I am abundantly satisfied." [Applause.]

Speaker Nicholas Longworth was addressing his House of Representatives a few minutes before its March 4 adjournment. He was rounding out his third term in the highest legislative office in the land. Smiling, benign, always the "good fellow" he was looking forward to December when the 72nd Congress would meet with neither party in clear-cut control. Well aware was he that Death, in the interval, might decide the Speakership.

With Congress gone and his friends scattered, "Nick" Longworth idled about deserted Washington. He picked up a cold. It grew worse. Feeling "utterly wretched" he decided to go down to sunny, sandy Aiken, S. C. to visit his good Washington friends Mr. & Mrs. James F. Curtis (no kin to the Vice President). Fortnight ago he arrived at their low, shrub-bowered home behind its stone wall. His cold got no better. It went into his chest. Early last week doctors were called in, and put the Speaker into bed as a pneumonia patient. The pneumonia was dread Type No. 4.

Next day Alice Roosevelt Longworth, his wife, was summoned by telegram from Washington. A specialist arrived from Augusta. Five nurses went on duty. The Speaker was put into an oxygen tent. The Press rushed representatives to Aiken as his condition changed from "serious" to "dangerous," from "critical" to "hopeless."

At midmorning they stood outside the Curtis house intently watching a second-story window shade. The doctor had promised to raise it as a signal of the end. Everything was very still. A Negro boy was exercising polo ponies nearby. The air was sweet with spring. . . . Up, slowly up went the shade.

Once he had said he wanted to die with Beethoven's seventh symphony ringing in his ears. But pneumonia victims are in coma long before the end. Perhaps the last sound he heard was the mockingbirds singing in the April sunshine.

From New York to join their half-sister in her black hour hurried Archibald and Kermit Roosevelt, President Hoover sent Col. Campbell Blackshear Hodges, his chief military aide, to Aiken by air. Corporal Tycoon Charles Clark offered his pri-

National Affairs—(Continued)

vate car *Errant* to Mrs. Longworth. Mourning alone near his master was Charles Eicheoff, for 31 years the Speaker's valet, to whom belonged credit for the famed perfection of the Longworth attire.

A special train took the Speaker home to Cincinnati. Into ivy-clad "Rookwood," the old-fashioned family residence on a green knoll, was carried the grey casket. Waiting there was Mrs. Longworth's stepmother, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt Sr. Also there was a little girl with flaxen curls. Paulina could hardly understand when Mother took her in her arms, told her gently that Father was dead. . . . To the house came the President of the U. S. who bowed his head and moved his lips silently. Also came the Vice President,* members of the Cabinet, a dozen Senators, nearly 100 members of the House. At Christ Church, too small for everybody, Bishop Coadjutor Henry Wise Hobson conducted the brief Episcopal service. At Spring Grove cemetery near the Longworth shaft of granite the Speaker was laid away in the ground while an airplane etched against a very blue sky dropped roses.

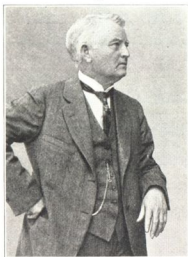
Rarely, if ever, has a U. S. statesman, in Death, evoked such widespread and sincere expressions of personal regret as Nicholas Longworth. Behind the trite formality of eulogies-for-the-Press was a ring of honest mourning. The nation had lost its Speaker but there would be others; a multitude of people, high and low, had lost a charming friend who could not be replaced. The range of his friendships was reflected in the long list of honorary pallbearers, including William ("Wild Bill") Donovan and Cornelius Vanderbilt Sr., Joseph Leiter and Efrem Zimbalist, Will Rogers and Clarence Mackay, Albert Lasker and Percy Rivington Pyne.

No man grieved more deeply at the Speaker's death than his fiercest political foe in life, short, ruddy Congressman John Nance ("Jack") Garner of Texas, onetime cowboy, leader of the House Democrats. Tears filled his blue eyes when he heard the news. "My closest, my best-loved friend!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Longworth was an aristocrat. I am a plebeian. Perhaps the very fact of our different rearing intensified our interest in each other." As rival leaders of the House Garner and Longworth had joked over the Speaker's official automobile, called it "our car" (TIME, Nov. 17). After House hours they amicably reviewed the day's events, planned for the morrow. So close in fact was their association that some Democrats grumbled that their leader was being "taken into camp" by the Republican Speaker.

Mourned President Hoover: "His happy character, his sterling honesty, his courage in public questions endeared him and held the respect not alone of his myriad of friends but of the country at large. His passing is a loss to the nation."

Last of an old Tory line that removed

from New Jersey to Ohio in 1804 and amassed a fortune in Cincinnati real estate and vineyards, Nicholas Longworth was born in 1869. He went to Harvard (1891), conducted the college orchestra. With



"JACK" GARNER

"My closest, my best-loved friend!"

money, social position and native wit, he went into politics under the guidance of Mark Hanna. After an apprenticeship in the State Legislature, he was elected to Congress in 1902. In the White House then was a slim saucy miss called "Princess Alice" Roosevelt. Congressman Longworth met her, danced with her, took her motoring in one of the capital's first cars. Under the chaperonage of Secretary of War William Howard Taft they, with others, made a junket together to the Orient. When their home-coming steamer docked at San Francisco, a newshawk spotted a very dapper young man busily engaged with bags and grips on deck while a pert and pretty girl sat on a trunk whistling at him the then popular tune, "I'd Leave My Happy Home For You." Alice Roosevelt and Nicholas Longworth were married in 1906 in one of the grandest White House weddings ever held.

Manfully the Ohio Congressman lived down such epithets as "T. R.'s son-in-law" and "Mr. Alice Roosevelt Longworth." No one could doubt his individuality and independence after 1912, when he refused to follow his father-in-law into the Bull Moose Party and was roundly trounced for re-election to the House. He went back to Congress two years later, was chosen the 46th Speaker in 1925. That year too his only child, Paulina, was born in Chicago. Said Longworth on first viewing his tiny daughter: "She looks more like a Roosevelt than a Longworth, but she's young yet."

In the Speaker's chair Longworth ruled with a strong fair hand. He was no less tyrannical than Reed or Cannon but he did it in such a pleasant smiling way that there was little resentment. Behind him he always had a healthy House majority which afforded him his opportunity to

build up the "lower" chamber's recent reputation for smooth, efficient legislating. No White House tool, he deserted the rostrum to fight and defeat President Coolidge on the 1929 Navy building program, President Hoover on the Soldier Bonus Loan. (This latter activity was chiefly motivated by the menacing hostility of Cincinnati Veterans, which almost cost Longworth his seat last year.)

Outside Congress, "Nick" Longworth was the gay, garrulous *bon vivant* whom Washington officialdom knew and loved best. About him in his Massachusetts Avenue home his friends constantly gathered informally. A thorough musician (he had a standing order for new compositions from the Library of Congress), he would play on the violin, the organ or the piano. Then he would sing old college ballads, sentimental ditties or long songs for men only. His favorite stories were Elizabethan. He maintained active membership in the Royal & Joyous Fellowship of Elbow-benders. He doted on doggerel. Example:

*You may live without conscience,
You may live without heart,
You may live without culture,
You may live without art,
You may live without kinsmen—with-
out uncles and aunts,
But civilized man cannot live without
pents.*

The Seat. Of prime political importance last week was a House successor to Longworth from the Cincinnati district. If a Democrat is elected—and one came within 3,000 votes of it last November—the next House would be tied at 217, with one Farmer-Laborite. Immediately the Press began to nominate Mrs. Longworth for the place. The daughter of a President, she is smart, politically-minded. Her election would maintain the House's "widow tradition." But her brother Archie scouted the notion that she would ever accept political office. Besides, most Cincinnati Republicans consider her something of an outsider; they prefer State Senator Robert Alphonso Taft, the late President's son.

Speakership. In line of seniority for the speakership—if Republicans organize the House—is Connecticut's tall, lean John Quinn Tilton, now the majority floor leader. But he lacks the Longworth popularity among the rank & file of House Republicans. Behind his smile lies a dogmatic manner, a tart tongue. As floor leader he has often failed to command a following. But because of Mr. Tilton's intense loyalty to White House policies, President Hoover would like to see his elevation. Already last week he had rivals for the Speakership—Rules Chairman Bert Snell, ultra-conservative and hard-boiled, supported by New York and Pennsylvania; Kansas' Homer Hoch backed by mild Mid-West Insurgents; Indiana's little old Wood; Michigan's nice, stodgy Mapes.

If the Democrats control the House, "Jack" Garner will become Speaker. But the honor will have lost some of its savor. His friend is dead.

*Of the eight women in the last Congress, five were widows of members.

*President Hoover and Vice President Curtis travelled from Washington to Cincinnati and back on two special trains. Custom forbids their riding together lest a fatal disaster overtake the nation's two chief executives simultaneously.

National Affairs—(Continued)

STATES & CITIES

Chicago's New Day

When Chicago elects a Mayor it gets his services quickly. Last week, 43 hours after the last of his 194,257 vote majority over William Hale Thompson had been cast, Anton Joseph ("Tony") Cermak ne



Wide World

ALBERT ARNOLD SPRAGUE

Out went bums & hoodlums.

Chermack was sworn in as Mayor of Chicago. His first act was to dismiss 3,000 non-Civil Service appointees of Thompson and hold up the pay of 3,000 more until he was satisfied "they had performed bona fide service."

With 12,000 jobs at his disposal Mayor Cermak began the distribution of patronage by making his personal physician, Dr. Hugh O. Jones, Acting Health Commissioner. Next he appointed Francis Xavier Busch to be Corporation Counsel, a position Mr. Busch held under Democratic Mayor Dever. Counsel Busch, considered one of the best trial lawyers in Chicago, was last year president of Chicago's Bar Association.

For his Commissioner of Public Works ("Secretary of State" in the Chicago cabinet) Mayor Cermak again turned to the "better element" that had supported his campaign and chose Col. Albert Arnold Sprague, 54, millionaire grocer (Sprague, Warner & Co.), Wartime infantry officer, potent crime crusader, civic leader. Commissioner Sprague had served in the same capacity under Mayor Dever, was thoroughly familiar with his job.

In 1925 Col. William Cooper Procter ("Ivory" soap) sued Col. Sprague for the sale of a \$100,000 note which both signed to promote the presidential candidacy of the late Republican Leonard Wood. Col. Sprague settled, insisting he was not a "rich man."

As head of the Association of Commerce's anti-crime drive, brusque, sparse-haired Col. Sprague declared last year: "We will furnish the nerve to those in authority who are in the war on racket-

eers. . . . This is just like war."

Mayor Cermak prepared to leave town for a few days rest in Florida before being formally inaugurated April 22. Said the Mayor:

"This truly begins a new day for Chicago. . . . The bums and hoodlums who hang around in the corridors and make the City Hall look like a cheap lodging house on Saturday night are going to be swept right out."

Among the first to leave was William Hale Thompson. A truck removed his office furniture, including twelve telephones. Then he took a party of 70 not-too-happy friends off on a chartered steam packet *Cape Girardeau* for a cruise down the Mississippi River.

Fall of Michigan

The immemorial forest silence of General Grant National Park in California was broken last week by a terrific, thundering crash. The mighty sequoia tree named "Michigan" had broken from its 27-ft. base and sprawled its length of 275 ft. upon the forest floor. An old burn had apparently unbalanced it, while its roots were loosened by a tiny spring. The great tree's fall smashed it to smithereens, some pieces flying 500 yards. Still stood greatest "General Grant," 40 ft. through the butt.

Scandals of New York (Cont'd)

James John ("Jimmy") Walker, New York's glib little Mayor, returned last week from his California vacation, during which the City Affairs Committee had requested Governor Roosevelt to remove him from office (TIME, March 23). Ostentatiously the Mayor got to work. The newspapers carried pictures of him wearing horn-rimmed glasses, posed busily at his desk. It was announced that on the first day of his return he got to the City Hall at 10:22 a. m., a record. Suddenly abandoning the rôle of wisecracking playboy for that of the diligent chief executive of the nation's largest city, Mayor Walker spoke gravely at a Board of Estimate meeting on "Saving the Taxpayer's Money." He said that he would need no Tammany lawyer to prepare his defense, that he would do it all by himself. "What would a lawyer know about it?" he asked. "It's my answer, and no one else's."

Jimmy's Janet. To the harried Mayor's support last week went his wife, Janet Allen Walker, plump, double-chinned & fun-loving. Unlike Alfred Emanuel Smith and his Katie, Jimmy Walker and his Janet are not inseparable companions and mates. Nevertheless, at her Miami Beach, Fla. home where she has been since December, Mrs. Walker made known that she was going back to New York—though she wasn't sure exactly when—"to stand by Jim and our guns."

She spoke volubly of her and her husband's affairs: "Charges accusing Jim of political discrepancy are about as ridiculous as rumors of his association with Betty Compton [British-born musicienne with whom the Mayor's name has been repeatedly coupled]. . . . The Compton affair is not worth commenting upon.

Everyone in public office must go through the same ordeal unfortunately.

"People wonder why Jim and I vacation in two different parts of the country. . . . We understand each other perfectly. We love each other but we have been independent. This independence has caused people to talk.

"Jim and I have been married 19 years. . . . In many ways I was much happier before Jim became so prominent in politics. There has been talk of Jim being Governor some day, but I don't believe he will continue in politics after he is through as Mayor of New York. There is too much trouble connected with the job."

Crain. Meantime began the first public hearings of ouster proceedings urged on Governor Roosevelt by the City Club against Mayor Walker's District Attorney Thomas C. T. Crain. Presiding was Samuel Seabury, also Referee of the city's longlived police and judiciary investigation, also counsel for the legislative inquiry (for which the Legislature last week voted a second \$250,000) into the municipal administration.

Inquisitor Seabury's staff introduced scores of witnesses to show that, among many other things, District Attorney Crain had been glaringly lax in prosecuting racketeers at the Fulton Fish Market (where Alfred Emanuel Smith once worked). Facts not brought out in Mr. Crain's half-hearted grand jury investigation of conditions in the market last year:



Wide World

JANET ALLEN WALKER

"I was much happier before Jim became so prominent."

More than 600 fish retailers were forced to pay \$35,000 a year for "protection," otherwise they were not permitted to buy fish. Wholesalers were assessed \$82 per year per employee by Joseph S. ("Socks") Lanza, delegate of the fish dealers union, for "insurance" against property damage.

During the hearing, smart Lawyer Samuel Untermyer, stanch Tammany man who always wears an orchid in his buttonhole, objected to the admission of

National Affairs—(Continued)

privately secured testimony, accused Referee Seabury of "prejudging the case." Tall, patrician Inquisitor Seabury flushed and said quietly: "I consider that remark grossly impertinent."

Mr. Crain's defense was that his witnesses last year would not talk. From 150 complaints he got ten grand jury indictments.

Policeman. As a result of Mr. Seabury's police investigation, last week one member of the vice squad, Policeman Sydney D. Tait, was sentenced to from two and one-half to five years in Sing Sing for perjury.

Gordon Case. Five days after the Mayor's return to the city came the first explanation of the killing seven weeks ago of notorious Benita Franklin Bischoff *alias* Vivian Gordon, racketeering courtesan (TIME, March 9). Her death was first connected with the Seabury investigation because she died just after accusing a policeman, since dismissed, of framing her. Last week, however, the police brought forward a mass of circumstantial evidence pointing to simple robbery, not police corruption, as the motive behind the crime.

Having personally directed the sleuthing, Commissioner Mulrooney announced that Miss Bischoff's murderer was one Harry Stein, 32-year-old footpad. He was found to have had in his possession a mink coat, from which the lining and identifying tags had been torn, and an unmounted diamond. (Miss Bischoff's mink coat and diamond ring were missing when her corpse was found.) Four others were arrested as his accomplices.

HEROES

Papers of Worth

Because governments will not pay collectors' prices, documents of great historical value gravitate into private hands. Last week in the Manhattan home of Abraham Wolf Rosenbach was put on public view what was hailed as the rarest collection of U. S. historical manuscripts. Indefinitely huge were the prices of the 50 pieces exhibited under glass and on yellow silk brocade like jewels in a show case. Dr. Rosenbach said he would "sell the lot for \$8,000,000." A uniformed guard, armed with a .38 calibre revolver, was on hand to prevent visitors getting any of them for nothing.

The collection begins with a manuscript account (1508) of Columbus' voyages written by a Spanish priest who had the story direct from the discoverer. A letter dated Jan. 12, 1512 from Diego Columbus, Christopher's son, at Santo Domingo to the Archbishop of Toledo was exhibited as the first letter from the new world to the old. Orders signed by Cortez in Mexico City and Pizarro (who could hardly write his name) were also on view.

In the lobby of the Library of Congress is to be seen the original Declaration of Independence. Dr. Rosenbach exhibited in a red leather case the only known official copy of this document. Properly certified, it was sent in 1777 to Frederick the Great of Prussia through Benjamin

Franklin in Paris to secure his recognition of the revolting colonies in America.

There was a complete set of autographs of the signers of the Declaration including the neat little squiggle of Georgia's Button Gwinnett which last sold for \$51,000. Rarer than the Gwinnett signature, however, is that of South Carolina's Thomas Lynch.

The Revolutionary War is covered by a wealth of documents written by Generals Washington, Greene, Gates, Putnam and Warren, Commander John Paul Jones, Traitor Arnold, Spy André. Also exhibited was the first printed copy of the U. S. Constitution belonging to President Washington and corrected in his handwriting.

Of Lincoln material there are his own copy of his debates with Douglas, the manuscript of his speech on the origin of the Republican party, the first draft of the Proclamation of Emancipation, and the manuscript of his last message to Congress (Dec. 6, 1864). Of great value is Robert Edward Lee's resignation from the U. S. Army exquisitely written on lined copy paper. Of less value (\$1,000) is his farewell message (famed General Order No. 10) to the Army of Northern Virginia upon its surrender at Appomattox. He signed more than a dozen copies of this order, to be read to all his divisions. Also included in the collection is the message scrawled on a notebook leaf by General Grant to be telegraphed to Secretary of War Stanton, announcing the Confederate surrender.

The collection closes with a note (March 7, 1921) in which President Harding asked Vice President Coolidge to sit in at his Cabinet meetings.

Rendezvous

Because the late U. S. Poet Allan Seeger wrote:

I have a rendezvous with Death
and then was killed in action with the French Foreign Legion, his family and the last soldier to see him alive, George Delpeuch of New York City, prepared to go out from Paris to plant a cross on the exact spot of his "rendezvous."

CRIME

Letters from Ossining

Inmates of the Maine State Prison rioted this month when their letter-writing privileges were curtailed (TIME, April 6). In Manhattan last week Commissioner Bernard J. Fagan of the New York State Division of Parole told a Welfare Council meeting that "through correspondence, prisoners [at Sing Sing] join matrimonial agencies and sometimes have replies from women all over the nation, many of them splendid women. . . . The prisoners give only the street address of the prison in Ossining and often elaborate on the views from the windows and the beauty of the Hudson River. . . . The unsuspecting feminine reader enjoys the letter and is soon writing out her soul to a convict lover, thus building up a tremendous problem against the day of the prisoner's release into society. . . ."

UTILITIES

New York into Business

The State of New York last week definitely decided to go into the hydroelectric power business on a scale as large as the U. S. at Boulder Dam. The Legislature at Albany passed a bill creating a State Power Authority to conduct this ambitious utility enterprise. The Power Authority will construct a \$171,547,000 dam and generating plant near Massena Point on the international rapids of the St. Lawrence River. It will market the energy—some 2,000,000 h. p.—there produced, through private distributing agencies already in the utility field.

This legislative enactment concluded a decade of intense political conflict in New York. With water power as a prime issue Republicans have wanted to lease State resources on the St. Lawrence for 50 years to private utility companies. Democrats have demanded public development of State property. Time and again this Democratic doctrine helped Alfred Emanuel Smith win the Governorship. Franklin Delano Roosevelt carried it forward as a party policy. Last year Governor Roosevelt secured a truce in the old fight while a special commission of five experts investigated the feasibility of St. Lawrence power developed by the State. In February the Commission brought in its report: State development of power was highly practical, soundly economic, provided transmission and distribution to the consumer were left to private companies with their network of local wires already in operation. Glad to drop Power, a losing issue for them, the State Republicans accepted this compromise proposal.

The Power Authority must first obtain consent from the Federal Government and Canada to dam the international rapids. Then it must negotiate marketing contracts with private companies, particularly Niagara Hudson Power Corp., for the distribution of its power. These contracts, of great importance in the whole scheme, constitute the State's new method of rate regulation whereby the benefits of public production may be passed along to the consumer. If reasonable contracts for the control of prices cannot be made, the Power Authority must return to the Legislature for additional permission to go into the power transmission and distribution business.

Governor Roosevelt acclaimed the execution of his Power policy as a great victory for the consuming public. He insisted it would bring "more and cheaper electricity into the homes of the State, into the small shops and small industries, into the farms and the flats." His investigating commission, however, had not been so sanguine of immediate benefits to the Little Fellow. While the development was primarily for the benefit of the domestic and rural consumer, the Commission pointed out that the big industrial users whose demand for power is on a 24-hr. basis would possibly "receive a larger percentage of reduction in rates than will the domestic consumer."

National Affairs—(Continued)

POLITICAL NOTES

France-for-President

If he follows the standard rules of presidential politics (TIME, Nov. 24), a candidate for the White House will never publicly appear to seek office. Aloof and silent, he will feign indifference while his



Wide World

MARYLAND'S FRANCE

He paid his admission; the audience fled.

friends build up sufficient popular sentiment to give his candidacy the appearance of a draft movement. But last week in Maryland Dr. Joseph Irwin France, one-time (1917-23) Republican Senator, reversed the usual procedure by announcing his candidacy for the nomination against President Hoover next year. Truthfully he added that he had no promises whatever of public support. As the first step in his campaign to secure that support, this eccentric politician deposited \$270 with the Maryland Secretary of State as his price of admission to the preferential primaries.

Dr. France's candidacy was chiefly important because it was the first overt act by a regular to deprive President Hoover of renomination. In a long message addressed "to my fellow-Americans," Candidate France, who lives the life of a country squire on his Cecil County farm, declared Wet, flayed President Hoover for his lack of "candor and courage" on the Prohibition issue, denounced the Farm Board's activities, excoriated "rancid radicalism." As a physician (he was graduated from Baltimore's College of Physicians & Surgeons in 1903) he diagnosed the aftermath of the War: "the ligaments of international association torn, the arteries of intercourse blocked, the nerves of effective international concert paralyzed, painful financial dislocations. . . ."

Few Marylanders wondered where the money for the France campaign would come from. In 1923 the doctor married the wealthy widow of Jacob Tome, founder of Tome Institute (boys' school)

at Port Deposit. Three months after her death in 1927, Dr. France married in Paris a Russian girl by the name of Tatiana Vladimirovna Dechterevea. He was the first U. S. Senator to get into Russia after the revolution, has always advocated cordial relations with the Soviets.

The chief reaction of the France candidacy among Maryland Republicans was a prompt and widespread declaration in favor of President Hoover's renomination.

Raskob on Cancer

John Jacob Raskob's political credo contains the following article:

"Perhaps Prohibition is a dangerous complication. So is cancer. How silly it would be to disregard the symptoms of cancer! How silly it must be for the Democratic party to disregard the Prohibition issue!"

He harped on this subject at his National Committee's Washington meeting last month (TIME, March 16). And last fortnight he harped again. He sent a 6,000-word message to all National Committee members asking for personal "recommendations and reactions." He said he wanted to clarify ideas for the party's 1932 platform. He called for a tariff of "fair trade," for a farm relief "that will rebound to the benefit of the whole country." He discussed economic competition in terms of tooth paste, shaving cream, automobiles, radios. He demanded a platform "brief—like the Declaration of Independence." But everyone knew, or acted as though, he was really talking only about Prohibition.

Last week the replies came in. It was, of course, plainer than ever how split the Democrats are. Bitterly did the Drys deplore Chairman Raskob's activities as "unwise," "untimely," "dictatorial." They contended that 1932 should be fought out solely on economic issues. Equally loudly the Wets acclaimed Chairman Raskob's "courage . . . sanity . . . leadership."

Because to win the presidential nomination a candidate must have a two-thirds combination of Wet and Dry votes in the convention, supporters of various candidates in their replies counseled patience and moderation in dealing with Prohibition. New York's ambitious Governor Roosevelt has sought to play down his Wetness to win Dry support. Among his supporters is 74-year-old Elisabeth Marbury, New York's prodigious national committeewoman. Her reply reflected the strategy of the Roosevelt boosters:

"The Convention manual stands for information and not for inspiration. I feel that at this time silence is golden. No mantle of Elijah has fallen upon my shoulders. As regards Prohibition, I begin to fear that as a nation we are rapidly losing all sense of proportion. . . . God forbid! Are all virtues, all qualities, all ideals, all ability, forcefulness, statecraft, integrity and record of a candidate to be swept aside by the question: 'Is he Wet or is he Dry?' And yet we are not a primitive people!"

Excerpts from other replies:

Ohio's William A. Julian: John J. Raskob reminds me of the man who rushes into your home and in the presence of your wife, asks "What were you saying to that pretty stenographer I saw you talking to at noon?" . . . The whole thing is absurd. . . . North and South will never become reconciled on the liquor question.

Utah's James H. Moyle: Food, not liquor, is the paramount issue. . . . Time must be given to bring all sections abreast of the best thought on the liquor question.

Kentucky's Joseph E. Robinson: For the party to sponsor the 18th Amendment or its modification would overshadow all other issues and probably defeat our party. . . . There can be no settlement of the Prohibition question. It is a never-ending controversy. I do not favor a declaration.

South Carolina's John G. Richards: There are many great issues before the American people but the whiskey question is not one of them.

North Carolina's Josephus Daniels: No temporary Democratic chairman ever wrote a Democratic platform. If Mr. Raskob insists upon such power, the rank & file have but one message to him: "Pay your debts and get out."

Vermont's Frank H. Duffy: I do not care to make any comment because I do not know what the sentiment of the party in my State is.

Tripper Shouse. Last week Executive Democrat Jouett Shouse was on a speaking trip westward across the continent.



International

COMMITTEEWOMAN MARBURY

On her, no mantle of Elijah.

His political methods were more orthodox than Chairman Raskob's: he lambasted the Hoover record, was tactfully mum on Prohibition. At Los Angeles William Gibbs McAdoo was asked to serve as a vice-chairman of a committee to receive Mr. Shouse. He refused because he feared his "acceptance would identify me with a movement with which I find myself wholly out of sympathy."

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Buffaloes & Rot

Forty of the 50 Britons who perished on the *R-101* (TIME, Oct. 13, *et seq.*) were members of the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes.

According to irate members of the R. A. O. B. the enormous pile of flowers on the common grave of the 50 dead at Cardington was allowed to remain there and rot for months, tributes from 5,000 R. A. O. B.'s being involved.

Both the Mayor of Cardington and the Vicar protested that they had no authority to remove the noxious, disintegrating mass. But not in vain were Buffalo protesters. Last week it was reported that the Air Ministry had cleaned up the mess.

Chuckle

When George V learned last week that William Hale (I'll-bust-King-George-on-the-shoot) Thompson had been defeated for re-election as Mayor of Chicago (TIME, April 13), His Majesty chuckled.

This chuckle every newsgroup throughout the British Isles and most in the U. S. reported as a fact. Soon, as one man, the two entire nations chuckled.

INDIA

Again Trousers

In Boston last week Mayor Curley said: "We will give Gandhi a royal reception here. He is one of the world's great figures. Boston will be proud to entertain him."

The Boston *Post* stated as a fact that Superintendent of Police Michael H. Crowley is "an admirer of Gandhi."

Nevertheless Superintendent Crowley said, commenting on Mayor Curley's royal promise, "We shall insist that Gandhi be suitably clothed. We can let any man appear in the streets of Boston in very much less than a one-piece bathing suit."

Plainly the Superintendent's cautious utterance was inspired by Mr. Gandhi's statement that he would not wear trousers while calling on King George and Queen Mary (TIME, April 13). But the scandal of what correspondents called "Gandhi's gossamer loin cloth" had assumed such world proportions last week that sensible St. Gandhi made an amplifying statement on the matter.

"If the weather in London is sufficiently cool," he observed, "I shall wear ordinary European trousers."

That St. Gandhi will visit the U. S. was still uncertain last week. Boston's confident Mayor notwithstanding. More important than trouser-talk was Mr. Gandhi's abrupt decision to constitute himself the sole delegate of his Indian National Congress at the Second Indian Round Table Conference in London. With breath-taking simplicity he explained, "This arrangement will cost less."

If Lone Delegate Gandhi persists in this purpose he plans, however, to take a small retinue of about ten assistants, including Miss Madeline Slade, daughter of

a British Admiral, who cares for him, prepares his food. Mrs. Gandhi, according to reports last week, will as usual not accompany Mr. Gandhi and Miss Slade.

In Manhattan reports from India that "Gandhi has been offered a million dollars



ST. GANDHI & MR. MARSHALL

The impatient were satisfied.

to lecture in America" were scoffed at by Manager James B. Pond of Pond's Lecture Bureau.

"Admiral Byrd has been lecturing twice a day and breaking all records," said Mr. Pond portentously, "but he would have to lecture for years and years to make a million dollars. That's a lot of money."

Eager to see how St. Gandhi would look in trousers, etc., International News Photos last week placed his head on the well-draped form of one Tod Marshall, male model at the convention of the National Association of Merchant Tailors of America in Pittsburgh, Pa. last January; re-touched his hand to brown scrawiness (see cut).

FRANCE

Delightful Presents

One of the cheeriest French customs is that whenever the President goes off on an official visit he takes with him all kinds of costly and delightful presents. Just before the War, for example, Tsar Nicholas II's four daughters squealed with rapture when nice old President Raymond Poincaré brought them wrist watches, then a great novelty. One day last week an entire moving van full of presents and regalia swung out of the courtyard behind which lives modest, genial M. Le Président Gaston Doumergue. "*Notre bon Gaston-net va en la Tunisie!*" murmured the crowd. But before beloved little Gaston could be off he had to do a final chore.

The chore was royal, and it was the third which President Doumergue has had to do in as many weeks. First Spain's

King Alfonso XIII came to say goodbye, then Albert King of the Belgians, and now Sweden's lank Gustaf V was at the door. All these kings no doubt meant well, but in their gracious goodbyes lurked an unintended sting, as though they said:

"For seven years you have been one of us, M. Doumergue. You have had 21-gun salutes like ours. But after the middle of June you will be only a civilian. There will be another President of France."

In saying goodbye to President Doumergue last week King Gustaf stayed exactly ten minutes. No sooner had he left than M. Le Président dashed to the station. Soon he was rumbling toward Nice with the valand of presents stowed away in the baggage car of his special train—presents for the Bey of Tunis: a gold encrusted hunting rifle and splendid vases of Sèvres porcelain. For all the wives of the Bey of Tunis, knowing Bachelor Doumergue took bracelets, earrings and other jewelry. For Tunisian chiefs he took dozens of dazzlingly chased rifles.

After an all-night rail journey beaming Gastounet arrived in Nice. Here he was to make what his entourage said would be the last great speech of his career—and incidentally the first one in which as President of France he would freely speak his mind. Ordinarily the President is supposed to be hyper-neutral about everything, but he is allowed to have one final fling. Appropriately last week this fling was made in a gambling house, the famed *Palais de la Méditerranée* built at Nice by Frank Jay Gould of Paris and New York, dedicated to Opera, Art and Baccarat. Because the restaurant of the Palais is one of the best in Europe it was chosen as the scene of a gala banquet to M. Doumergue (no mean gourmet) tendered by the City of Nice and the Prefecture Council of Alpes-Maritimes.

What the President proceeded to say was considered by far the boldest speech of his career. Like Calvin Coolidge who, in his last days as President, took a fling at the European nations who were (and still are) complaining for reduction of their debts, President Doumergue took a fling at Germany. But first he uttered some very suave remarks indeed.

"Noble and friendly nations frame the shores of the Mediterranean," he began, palpably aiming a compliment at Italy. "One of them partook of our recent terrible trials [the World War] and fought valorously and gloriously at our side for the defense and the triumph of a great cause. In the course of that struggle our community of cultural interests and sentiment affirmed itself in so striking a fashion that I am convinced the memory of it will always remain living and active in our hearts."

Well launched in his most sonorous style, Gastounet continued:

"French patriotism is in no way aggressive! It is dangerous for nobody. It does not tend to elevate France above other countries!"

"The patriotic sentiment of France has as its object merely to conserve for her the place whereto she has the right; the

Foreign News—(Continued)

independence she cannot abandon; the qualities which make her glory and her force; and full security which is indispensable in developing peace, and for collaborating in the largest measure to the progress and happiness of humanity.

"Let us love France," cried her President and drew terrific applause, "because she is the great nation that no ambition agitates, no rancor torments, and no hate inspires!"

Finally the President reached the crux of his oration, his protest against the attempt of Germany and Austria to form a *zollverein* (customs union), leading perhaps to *anschluss* (political union) of two of the firmest foes of France (TIME, March 30; April 6).

Warned M. Doumergue: "France must be on her guard, particularly because of a brusque event! . . . The very history of the country where that event occurred

With him did not sail French Foreign Minister Aristide Briand. During the week all Paris was agog with rumors that M. Raymond Poincaré, invalid though he is, has decided to strain every nerve to prevent M. Briand from succeeding M. Doumergue as President.

In *L'Echo de Paris* redoubtable M. Poincaré suddenly urged the election as President of M. Léon Bérard, Minister of Justice, a candidate of great obscurity. It was observed that M. Bérard sailed with M. Doumergue for Tunis. It was further observed that the President showed M. Bérard unusual, even remarkable consideration. M. Briand, who (it was understood) had intended to go with the President, prudently stayed behind to mend his political fences.

ITALY

Million-Dollar Nuptials

Prince Henri, Count of Paris and Dauphin of France, married a Princess of Brazil in Italy last week—such at least was the way in which thousands of enthusiastic Royalists thought of the bright, expensive pageant which passed over a great carpet 200 yards long across Palermo's Cathedral Square.

The bride was beautiful, her name euphonious Isabelle, Princess of Orléans-Braganza, descendant of the Emperor Dom Pedro II of Brazil. For this tall, dark-eyed graceful girl the Royalist ladies of Lyons, France, had embroidered with silver palm leaves a gown of shimmering satin designed by Jean Charles Worth, most chippier of Parisian *grands couturiers*, who hops about and chirps:

"This exquisite new fabric, Madame—if I had shown it to you last year you would have said 'Why, Mr. Worth, you are perfectly a fool!'"

Two gentlemen supported the trailing bridal veil of antique Brussels lace, priceless and some 20 feet long. Instead of a wreath, Princess Isabelle wore a bridal circlet of diamonds. Carrying a missal instead of a bouquet, and leaning on the arm of her father Prince Pierre, she led the royal procession in which walked 54 princes and princesses.

"Vive le Roi! Vive la France!" cried a throng of French and Brazilian Royalists, some of them poor people who had come all the way to Palermo at great personal sacrifice. "Vive le Dauphin! Vive la Princesse!"

Le Roi (who paid for the pageant) is that very rich man, with estates in Belgium, Italy and Morocco, who is better known as Monseigneur le Duc de Guise. As the father of the bridegroom, *Le Roi* fixed his thoughts last week on 1809. In that year, in this same Cathedral of Palermo, his ancestor Louis Philippe (then an exile like the Count of Paris today) married a Bourbon Princess and later became King of France (1830-48). Does history never repeat?

Fifty harps twanged Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." Imposing the Cathedral of Palermo had been hung with rich tapestries, decked with carloads of

flowers and on view was the Cathedral treasure: a sacred stole blazing with Byzantine gems which once studded the mantle of the Empress Constantia. But as he knelt at the altar beside Princess Isabelle last week the Count of Paris was garbed in a mere cutaway, his richest ornament a gardenia.

Up to the last minute, suspense had been terrific lest Achille Ambrogio Damiano Ratti, Pope Pius XI should forbid Luigi Cardinal Lavitrano, Archbishop of Palermo, to officiate. Well the Holy Father knew that at this wedding there would be present those two accused agitators for the Royalist cause in France, Editor Léon Daudet of *L'Action Française* and his doughty fellow editor, Charles Maurras. If they were present as guests, declared the Supreme Pontiff in his final ultimatum to Monseigneur le Duc de Guise, then no Cardinal could possibly officiate.

For this reason accused Mm. Daudet & Maurras came not as guests but as reporters, slyly laughed up their Royalist sleeves at Luigi Cardinal Lavitrano who performed the ceremony, imparted a nuptial blessing and celebrated low mass while Princess Isabelle quietly wept.

Twang, twang went the 50 harps again, and out of the Cathedral paced Bridegroom & Bride to be greeted in astounding fashion by the Royalist crowd. On their knees men and women begged to kiss, kissed "the hands of the future King & Queen of France." Others kissed the hem of Princess Isabelle's 20-ft. bridal veil. Palermo fairly whooped with excitement when the Count of Paris signed the bridal register, using the same gold



Wide World

"NOTRE BON GASTOUNET"

. . . off with rifles, vases, bracelets, earrings.

contains precedents full of teachings which it would be dangerous for us to forget. I do not wish to dramatize anything, but we must put things in their right proportions, for thus it is that we guard against the other surprises and dangers which they may bring!"

If this seemed left-handed, even backhanded, it was nevertheless the most direct language which a President of France, infinitely hemmed about by regulations, may use. The climax of President Doumergue's speech was a stern demand that France think twice before deciding to reduce her armaments at the League of Nations Disarmament Conference which will meet next February. "France has a right," he declared in ringing tones, "to think that so long as the League of Nations, to whose existence she is so faithfully attached, has not at its disposal a military force sufficient to impose the execution of its decisions on those not disposed to how voluntarily before them, she must watch out, be on her guard and count much on herself!"

Having spoken in the Gould gambling house at Nice, and having been roundly cheered, popular Gastounet proceeded to Villefranche—the town where tourists on the Riviera always see French war boats. Boarding the cruiser *Colbert* amid a 21-gun salute, Gastounet sailed for Tunis.



International

ISABELLE, COUNTESS OF PARIS

Twang, twang went 50 harps.

pen with which Louis Philippe signed in 1809.

Followed a champagne wedding breakfast at Orleans Palace, the same in which Louis Philippe skulked while one Napoleon called himself Emperor of the French. In five huge pavilions 1,040 guests sat

Foreign News—(Continued)

down. *Camelots du Roi*, youths of bluest-blooded French families (who sometimes hawk *L'Action Française* on the streets of Paris) were in their element at last, sported Royalist buttons as though the wedding breakfast were a convention. Toasts flew merrily among a roster of guests which might have been torn from the program of an opéra: the Duke of Magenta; Prince & Princess Christopher of Greece; Prince Adam Czartoryski of Poland (at whose château the couple first met); the Infante Carlos (representing the King of Spain); the Danish sportsman-princes Aage, Viggo and Erik; Count della Faille de Leverghem (representing Albert, King of the Belgians); ex-Queen Amélie of Portugal; Prince Philippe of Hesse (representing his father-in-law King Vittorio Emanuele of Italy) and Ambassador Sir Ronald William Graham, representing George V.

To his bride, who is also his third cousin, the Count of Paris gave two pearl necklaces, two diamond diadems and much other Bourbon jewelry. Other wedding gifts, it was estimated, approached a total value of \$500,000. Grand total expenses of all concerned certainly exceeded \$1,000,000. According to announcements, Bride & Bridegroom, after a short honeymoon, will visit formally all the Courts of Europe at which they can anticipate a friendly reception, commencing almost certainly with Spain.

The Italian Court, although most friendly, took a stand-offish attitude last week for fear of offending the French Republic. But Crown Prince Umberto of Italy sent a jeweled wedding gift. In France, from which the Count of Paris is permanently exiled, comment was at a minimum.

RUSSIA

"Hoover Plot"

President Hoover has not yet been burned in effigy at Moscow, differing in this respect from Aristide Briand, Sir Austen Chamberlain* and the President of China, Marshal Chiang Kai-shek. But last week both Mr. Hoover and ex-Chairman Alexander Legge of the U. S. Federal Farm Board became in Moscow popular candidates for stuffing & burning. Reason: "The Hoover Plot against the Soviet Union."

Discoverer of the plot was one Wilson, correspondent in Manhattan of *Pravda*. *Pravda* means "Truth." *Pravda* is the official Soviet daily of the Communist Party. What Wilson cabled to Moscow, *Pravda* printed as news.

Wilson reads elderly Economist Roger Babson's forecasts. The one about War some months ago (when Mr. Babson caused the entire front page of his confi-

dential bulletin to appear in red ink) greatly excited Wilson.

Cleverly Mr. Babson had not said when or where the war would start or who would be the belligerents; but cleverly Wilson pieced everything together, starting with Mr. Babson's tip that "surplus stocks of grain, cotton, rubber, sugar and other goods" were producing economic stresses, and that stresses have produced wars.

By shrewd work, according to his story last week, Wilson discovered that Mr. Legge, while chairman of the Farm Board, had not only bought huge stocks of wheat and cotton but also that "Legge stored these supplies in Atlantic ports, although this was more expensive than storage in interior depots."

From this Wilson concluded that President Hoover had assigned Mr. Legge to assemble edible supplies for a French Army that was to invade Russia. During the Great War, as Wilson found out, "Legge was food and raw material director of the United States and chief of service of the armies of the anti-German coalition."*

In *Pravda*, Sleuth Wilson's exposé was headlined "How the United States Prepared Intervention." The lead:

"It can now be affirmed with full foundation that military intervention against the U. S. S. R. [Union of Socialist Soviet Republics] was projected by the French General Staff for 1930-31 and sanctioned by the Hoover group in view of the necessity of solving the basic problem of American economics—to market vast stocks of raw materials and raise the prices of agricultural products."

Thoroughgoing, Wilson also explained how the French plot was foiled, though every Moscowite already knows. It was foiled, the people of Russia are told to believe, by the OGPU (Soviet Secret Police) who exposed during the "propaganda trials" at Moscow last year the invasion prepared at Paris. During those trials there was no mention of President Hoover or Mr. Legge; but astute Wilson has now supplied them as the missing links.

No Joke

When *Satevepost* printed a story called "See Russia and Die—Laughing" by Eve Garrette Grady (*TIME*, March 2), most readers assumed she would be expelled from Russia on the ground that it was generally offensive. Not so. Mrs. Grady (wife of a U. S. mining engineer employed by the Soviet Régime) was expelled with her husband last week (as she said, "with every courtesy") for one small specific reason.

"Your article was not considered generally offensive," she was told, "but it contained an offensive reference to Josef Stalin."

Mrs. Grady had called the Dictator

*Mr. Legge's official wartime jobs were: Vice Chairman of the U. S. War Industries Board and head of its Requirements Division; Manager of the Allied Purchasing Commission.

"Soviet Russia's most powerful and most unpopular citizen," had told a joke on him which she said was going the rounds of Moscow purely as a joke, not as a true story. The joke:

A Jewish boy has just rescued from drowning a man whose identity he does not know.

Man: Name to me your greatest desire and it shall be granted. . . . I am Stalin!

Boy: Well, if you are Stalin—why, if it's all the same to you, just don't tell anyone it was me that saved you.

SPAIN

Bourbon in Distress

King by the Grace of God, His Catholic Majesty Alfonso XIII suddenly found himself this week no longer King by the Will of the People. In the first election Spain has had for eight years the People hurled an avalanche of Republican ballots against the Crown.

In Madrid the King's candidates failed to carry even the constituency in which his palace stood, lost the Capital as a whole, lost Seville, Barcelona, Cordova, lost all the provincial capitals except three, lost what was supposed to be the invincible Catholic stronghold of the Crown, Toledo. "I feel," said deeply religious Alfonso XIII, "as though I had gone to visit a friend and, in reaching his house, learned that he was dead."

The election was only for municipal aldermen. But as a straw vote of the national issue of Monarchy v. Republic it was terrific, carried more than a possibility that the straw would flame up in revolution. Said Prime Minister Admiral Aznar, "Disastrous—that was what I told His Majesty. When a Monarchical country turns Republican within twenty-four hours, the crisis is enough for anyone."

Three of the most prominent Cabinet members at once tried to resign, were curtly told that the King did not accept their resignations. "Most disastrous!" groaned Count de Romanones, "richest Spaniard," entrapped as Minister of State by the King's rebuff. (Despite the fact that Count de Romanones is supposed to own the manorial town of Guadalajara outright, he had been unable to keep its citizens from electing Republicans.)

King Alfonso took the night to think things over. A Bourbon to the last, though a 20th Century Bourbon, he spent the evening at a movie show in his palace. With him were his children and Queen Victoria Eugénie, cousin of George V, granddaughter of Queen Victoria.

In the morning His Majesty offered to abdicate in favor of his eldest son and heir, the Prince of the Asturias. But excited, victorious Republican Leader Alcala Zamora, who only last month was in jail, flatly refused, demanded unconditional abdication.

At this the blood of the Bourbon boiled. "I agree to abdicate," haughtily retorted King Alfonso, "upon condition that I be

*Long after he retired as British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and became politically impotent, effigies of Sir Austen continued to be burned in Russia, first because his monochrome is a bourgeois-British symbol (British Laborites do not wear them) and second because Sir Austen's rush of teeth could easily be exaggerated by Soviet effigy-stuffers into something quite repulsive.

Foreign News—(Continued)

permitted to leave Spain with appropriate honors, with full military honors."

What is one salute more or less? In Spain, to the man of honor, honor is all. Soon King Alfonso, the only living monarch who was born a king, abdicated with honor. He and his family prepared to leave Madrid for Paris, then London, which to Her Majesty is "home," and where the Royal Family have cool millions banked.

Triumphant, ex-Jailbird Alcala Zamora quickly formed a Republican Cabinet with himself as Prime Minister, called out of hiding a batch of 100% Republican Ministers.

SIAM

Mighty Monarch

(See front cover)

The only monarch absolute both in theory and in fact is the King of Siam. Last week this potent small man (98 lb.) was en route to clasp hands in Washington with President Hoover. When he does so the King of Siam will be the first Oriental ever to enter the White House with the rank and dignity of Reigning Sovereign.

The name of His Majesty is Prajadhipok, easily pronounced with accent on the second syllable pra-chat'-ti-pok. Like nearly all Siamese the King is a Buddhist, officially Defender of the Faith.

No other monarch has a Cabinet predominantly composed of princes, his relatives. The Crown Prince of Siam is now Minister of Interior, has been Minister of Marine. No other Crown Prince holds Cabinet office, no other king is in effect his own Prime Minister.

The famed sacred white elephants of Siam were never white, are rapidly losing in popular Siamese opinion their sacred character, and have disappeared entirely from the national flag which today is red, white, blue, white and red (five horizontal stripes).

A prominent member of the Hoover cabinet recently asked a representative of Siam, "How far is it from the coast?" But Siam is not in fact an island, quite the reverse. Shaped like a plump spider, Siam squats between French Indo-China and British Burma on the mainland of Asia, faces the Gulf of Siam, darts a narrow tongue of Siamese territory 600 miles down the Malay Peninsula. Population: 11,500,000. Area: more than four times that of the State of New York.

Royal Progress. Steaming away last month from sunny Bangkok, King Prajadhipok and Queen Rambai (115 lb.) were imperially fêted fortnight ago in Japan, the only other independent oriental monarchy.

In Tokyo in the Phoenix Hall of the Imperial Palace, the Son of Heaven colored King Prajadhipok with the Grand Order of the Chrysanthemum with Collar. Queen Rambai received from His Imperial Majesty the Order of the Sacred Crown First Class, and from Her Imperial Majesty a symbolic Japanese doll richly bedight. Neither Queen nor Empress has ever had a son. Sorrow unites them.

Emperor Hirohito addressed King Pra-

jadhipok in Japanese. He replied in English. An interpreter did the rest.

According to cables from Japan, His Majesty highly praised the cherry tree grove of His Imperial Majesty, then gracefully introduced a less weighty topic, saying: "Have you a golf course?"

"Yes we have," replied the Son of Heaven, "six holes—and you?"

"Nine holes," admitted King Prajadhipok who plays both golf and midget golf but prefers: as an exercise, rowing & punting; as a hobby, color photography* (still & cinema); and as a penchant, collecting canes (the unrivaled Royal Siamese Cane Collection is publicly exhibited once a year).

Statue of Liberty Puzzle. Conspicuous in the Royal Party as they sailed from Japan for Vancouver in the *S. S. Empress*



Ralph Hayes

SIAM'S PRINCE SVASTI

Now his riddle will be spoiled.

of Japan was handsome, majestic old Prince Svasti, father of Queen Rambai.

For the last time a few favored U. S. passengers were regaled by His Royal Highness with his favorite humorous puzzle, which would be killed the moment he stepped on U. S. soil. Puzzle:

"I have been inside your Statue of Liberty, and yet I have never been in America. Can you explain that?"

While the statue was being built in Paris (1876-84), Prince Svasti by going inside it laid the firm foundation of a goodwill puzzle that has made Americans smile half a century.† Another Siamese good one is this:

*Films exposed by the King of Siam are developed by experts attached to the Royal State Railways. Ably administered by His Majesty's brother, Prince Purachatra, the Royal State Railways develop & print merely as an accommodation, are justly famed for punctual service, punctual profits.

†To what U. S. appetites for the statue a forearm was sent to Philadelphia for the Centennial Exposition in 1876, transferred to Madison Square, New York, for the next ten years, was finally joined by the rest of the statue in 1886 when the whole was solemnly unveiled on Bedloe's Island in New York Harbor.

"Who was Prince George Washington?"

"George Washington was not a prince," answer the unwary, "he was the first President of the United States."

"Wrong my American friend! You must know that in Siam we had at one time an official called the 'Second King' or as you would say the 'Vice President.' The last Siamese who held this office, which has now been abolished, was Prince George Washington. That was his real name but people called him 'Prince George' for short.

"I suppose you know, my American friend, that the first treaty your country ever made with an oriental power was signed in Bangkok on March 20, 1833? That was ten years before your first treaty with China, twenty years before your first treaty with Japan!

"Our friendship, you see, is very old. Of their own free will our kings have hired American advisers." For the past five years King Prajadhipok has employed the former Vice-Chairman of your Shipping Board, Mr. Raymond B. Stevens, as adviser to the Royal Foreign Office.

Golden Umbrellas. After landing at Vancouver, after greetings from Canadian officials, Siam's King & Queen will board the Canadian Pacific private car *Van Horne*, their suite will board two compartment Pullmans, detectives and guards will board two ordinary Pullmans, and, with diner, club car and baggage car attached the Royal special will speed Eastward, crossing the U. S. frontier at Portal, N. Dak. about midnight April 19. Drowsy officials despatched 1,700 miles by the State Department will extend greetings to H. R. H. the Prince of Sukhodaya (King Prajadhipok's incognito).

Not until he reaches Washington, and then for only 48 hours, will Prajadhipok assume the style of King. Sensible & modern, His Majesty will not use in the U. S. his more poetic titles, inherited from long ago: King of the North and of the South, Descendant of Buddha, Supreme Arbiter of the Ebb and Flow of the Tide, Brother of the Moon, Half-Brother of the Sun, Possessor of the Four & Twenty Golden Umbrellas. (Resembling in theory the Pope's triple-tiered tiara, multiple umbrellas are in many parts of the Orient the symbol of regal power.)

Incognito, and with scarcely more pomp than surrounds the movements of J. P. Morgan for whom a private gangplank, etc. is always provided, Siam's somewhat frail King will spend some three months in the U. S. taking what would be called in Europe "the cure."

First a cataract must be skillfully extracted from one of His Majesty's eyeballs.

All through the Spring convalescence will take place at "Ophir Hall." This stone messuage, owned by rich & widowed Mrs. Whitlaw Reid, castellated like an English royal residence of the time of William the Conqueror, is at Purchase, N. Y.

"Land of the Free." Siamese call their country *Muang Thai* ("Land of the Free") and are in fact free to drink, to take plural wives, etc. etc.

Foreign News—(Continued)

The last two Kings of Siam have fostered temperance and monogamy by precept & example. After studying conditions throughout the Occident, after pondering the advisability of restrictive regulations, King Prajadhipok and his predecessor decided that the risk of inflicting on Siam bootleg liquor and bootleg immorality was too great.

Matter of fact, Siamese polygamy is steadily on the wane, has been for at least two generations, and is expected to die out because increased living costs are making it difficult to support more than one wife.

Just as the last King of Siam lay dying his only child was born. Had the babe been a boy and born a few hours later it would have been "born a king" like Spain's Alfonso XIII. Had the dying monarch been polygamous he might have had a son long before.

The babe turned out to be a girl. The Crown passed to Prajadhipok (brother). Today, since his monogamous Majesty has no son, the heir is his brother, Prince Paribatra of Nagor Svava.

Pride & Piety. Siamese are famed as a genteel people, prone to smile and take life easily; but they are intensely proud of independence won by ceaseless vigilance (both Britain and France have seized Siamese territory by a process called "rectifying the frontier").

Today the Siamese Army is modern, mechanized. Siamese build all their own airplanes, importing only the motors. On the Royal Siamese Air Mail bi-weekly service has been maintained for seven years, 44,000,000 pounds of mail and merchandise have been carried, with two accidents, no deaths.

Siamese are proud that 91% of their paper money is covered by securities readily convertible into gold, almost a world record. They are proud that their budget has balanced for years, grateful that King Prajadhipok has cut the royal civil list 30%, pepped up princely officials by discharging duldards no matter how royal they may be.

Finally Siamese are unaffectedly religious, which is not to say good or goody-goody. Buddhist priests in plain yellow robes go from house to house in the early mornings, stop motionless and silent before each door proffering a bowl. If no food is placed in the bowl the priest moves on. If food is forthcoming, as it nearly everywhere is, he hurries with his bowl to the Buddhist monastery, shares with his fellows, devotes the rest of the morning and the day to religious duties.

Anyone can see that the priests are popular, that Buddhism is popular in Siam. The eighty-odd French and English cars in King Prajadhipok's garage are all the color of a Buddhist's robe, yellow, national color of Siam.

Educated in England (Eton & Woolwich), preferring U. S. advisers, the King of Siam nevertheless transacts the business of his realm at Bangkok in an Italian setting. Like Dictator Benito Mussolini, this mighty little monarch has as his workroom a vast white marble hall, pure Renaissance in style, alien to Siam as an iceberg, but dramatic, breathtaking.

JAPAN

Romeo & Chrysanthemum

Surprise, pleasure at discovering that any Japanese is so Occidentally pretty, so Parisian chic, was the warm reaction of most U. S. citizens last week to Princess Kikuko (Chrysanthemum).

"She is only just out of school!" beamed her bridegroom of a year and two months, Prince Takamatsu, second youngest brother of the Emperor of Japan. Having honeymooned from Japan to Europe and from Europe across the Atlantic, Their Imperial Highnesses landed in Manhattan still with a rapturous, bright-eyed



Wide World

KIKUKO & TAKAMATSU

She outfoxed her Paris dressmakers.

air of finding the world one great big bridal cake.

At City Hall, after crass cracks from Mayor Walker, Prince Takamatsu cried like a Japanese Romeo, "New York has been the city of my dreams! . . . Statue of Liberty. . . . Marvelous panorama. . . . We knew at once that this New York was great beyond all the dreams we had dreamed of it! . . . As we stand here . . . we cannot but feel that this city is as generous as it is great. . . ."

Shakespeare's Juliet was a practical, intriguing chit. What tickled Manhattan most about Princess Chrysanthemum was the story of how she got her little Paris suits and gowns and hats. On the recent official visit of Their Royal Highnesses in France, representatives of the big Paris houses called obsequiously, begged for the honor of creating costumes *pour son Altesse*, expected to charge top prices, for the Japanese Imperial Family is known to be vastly rich.

"But you have already made Her Imperial Highness' gowns!" said the Japanese lady-in-waiting sweetly. "You made them for Her Imperial Highness when she was in Paris a few weeks ago incognito. Is it possible you did not know?"

BRAZIL

Um Braco

Disquieting news from England that George V's lungs were again slightly ailing caused Edward of Wales and Prince George to advance fortnight ago the date of their departure from Brazil. But last week George V told his sons by radio-phone to stay on, said his condition was not serious, indeed that he was almost well.

Reassured, T. R. H. plunged again into a round of sports, balls, night-clubbing and worse. By "worse" is meant the escapade of Prince George. Having bathed at Copacabana Beach last week he walked out of the water, removed the upper half of his suit, lay down Gandhlike on the sand for a tan.

Agitated Brazilian police gathered at a respectful distance, but by this time Prince George was dozing. Did he or did he not know there was a law against taking off one's top on that beach?

A grinning crowd gathered. Prince George, mistaking the crowd for a normal one, sat up with his usual cheery smile, soon bethought him of his top, put it on without anyone's having mentioned it to him.

Satisfied, relieved, the police moved on. But next day Rio editors burst out in a tirade against the law, called it silly, praised the Prince.

Pleased at having made a hole-in-one on the golf course at Santos, Edward of Wales finally sailed for home last week with Prince George on the Royal Mail ship *Arlanza*. "He is," agreed Brazilian editors, "um braco—a jolly good fellow."

NICARAGUA

Man after Nature

Banditry, which seemed to crouch quiet like a startled beast after Nicaragua's earthquake (TIME, April 13), sprang again last week. Possibly the No. 1 bandit, General Augusto Sandino, who had voluntarily announced suspension of hostilities, was not to blame. But on Nicaragua's east coast bandits of some sort killed U. S. Marine Captain Harlem Peffley, Lieut. Darrah and Sergeant Taylor at Logtown, surrounded another Marine detachment from the U. S. cruiser *Asheville* (rumor said 25 Marines were killed), caused the U. S. cruiser *Memphis* to dash over from Guantanamo Bay with a rescue force of 250.

In Managua, quake-devastated capital of Nicaragua, damage was estimated to total \$20,000,000, only one-two hundredth of this being covered by earthquake insurance. One per cent of the city's stone & concrete buildings were declared "reparable." Bodies buried were estimated to total 975. Two children were extracted from an earthquake-made dungeon, physically unharmed, totally insane.

By air to the stricken city came Will Rogers, contributed \$5,000 to relief, appealed to the U. S. for more, quipped: "The water works were destroyed. . . . Everything was destroyed but the brewery. . . . An act of Providence."

THE PRESS

Boldness v. Wit

Like oldtime court jesters, newspaper columnists are privileged—nay, obliged—to play horse with the serious news of the day. But just as the jester was in danger of having his head lopped off if his boldness should outrun his wit, so must the columnist watch carefully lest he shock the Average Reader's sensibilities. Readers of Columnist Harry Irving Phillips ("The Sun Dial") in the New York *Sun* one day last week wondered whether he had gone too far.

Columnist Phillips' offering that day was a "letter" from President Hoover, inviting Bryan Untiedt, 13-year-old hero of the school-bus catastrophe in Colorado

short time, but here I am with my party still stalled in the drift. . . . I doubt that I will ever get over it. So you and I have a lot in common and we should have an interesting time matching experiences."

In the real bus tragedy, three small children were really frozen to death, two died later.

London Calling

The political fate of the Chicago mayor whose slogan was "Keep King George Out of Chicago," and who had threatened to "bust King George on the snoot," was front-page material in London last week. Nearly every paper in the city reported the defeat of William Hale Thompson (*TIME*, April 13), in page-wide banners and lengthy editorials. Even in Paris the headline of *La Liberté* was BIG BILL BEATEN.

As soon as they learned the outcome of the election, six London dailies telephoned across the ocean for interviews with Mayor-Elect Anton Joseph Cermak. *Mirror*, *Mail*, *Express*, *Herald*, *Post*, *News* in turn put nearly identical questions.

"Do you attribute your election to Thompson's campaign against King George?"

"The answer is: not appreciably. Only that the slogan helped among other things to convince some people that they had been fooled long enough."

There were questions concerning reform, the prospective status of Al Capone, crime in general. Each reporter hung up his phone well satisfied with a thoroughgoing interview. What he did not know was that he had been talking not to Mayor-Elect Cermak but to a self-appointed spokesman, John F. Delaney.



Acme-P. & A.

COLUMNIST H. (ARRY) I. (RVEING) PHILLIPS

. . . jested with Death.

(*TIME*, April 6, 13), to visit the White house. Excerpt:

"There is a peculiar bond of sympathy between us, my boy, and I am in a particularly fine position to appreciate what you have suffered, as I, too, have been through a terrible storm. In fact, the storm I have been caught in has lasted two years and I am still stalled in the bus. . . . When I got in the bus every thing was warm and sunny. . . . Almost from the moment I got . . . under way, however, the temperature began falling. I never knew it could get so cold in such a short time. . . . It blew some of the business boys and bankers right through the bus windows. They managed to scramble back again however. I called a conference . . . [and] issued a statement assuring everybody that the storm had passed and not to worry. Well, no sooner did the words leave my mouth than another gale came up. Then it began to snow. . . . I looked around and saw that one of the boys, Charlie Curtis, had a coating of ice on his moustache. Claudius Huston had both ears nipped and . . . Andy Mellon . . . was sitting on the floor of the bus rubbing his big toe. . . .

"Well, Bryan, you were rescued after a

"A Lot of Fun"

From a Manhattan pulpit last week handsome Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, president of Union Theological Seminary, sermonized the virtue of monogamous marriage with love as its basis. Said he:

"A most apt comment on the papal encyclical concerning marriage appeared in *The New Yorker*. The article said: 'What Pope Pius seemed to us to have missed about Christian marriage was this: that with all its falling from grace, it is still a lot of fun.'"

"That magazine is seldom quoted from the pulpit. I thank God for *The New Yorker* in this case."

Front Page

WALTER BURNS: *Get Hildy to tell you some time about how we stole Old Lady Haggerty's stomach of the coroner's physician. We proved she was poisoned.*

HILDY: *We had to hide for a week. . . .* Nearly everyone knows that the Hildy Johnson of these lines from the stage and screen play *The Front Page* was a literal translation of Reporter J. Hilding Johnson of the Chicago *Herald & Examiner*, who covered Cook County Criminal

*Two years ago Writer Elwyn Brooks ("Andy") White of *The New Yorker* married his staff-mate Mrs. Katherine Angell.

Courts for 15 years and was tsar of the building's pressroom. But only newsmen knew that such an exploit as stomach-stealing was not exaggerated as an instance of the real Johnson's work.

Last week Columnist Louis Sobol of the New York *Evening Graphic* printed an autobiographical column prepared for him by the real Hildy Johnson. Death took Hildy Johnson last month before he had finished the sketch, so Johnson's good friend George E. Wright of the Chicago *Tribune* supplied a few more chapters. Excerpts:

"Then there was the night Giuseppe Viano was to hang. Hildy wanted to know whether hanging really killed a man. He arranged through Viano's family to have the body immediately after the trap fell. They had a car and doctors waiting outside. With the use of adrenalin they



International

THE LATE J. HILDING ("HILDY") JOHNSON

"Go get hit by a truck."

brought Viano back to life for a few moments. Following the exposure of this a ruling was made that the vital organs of all condemned persons be removed before they were officially pronounced dead."

"Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur dropped into the pressroom one day during a poker game. Hildy asked the boys to sit in. 'Hildy,' said Hecht, 'Charlie and I have written a play.' 'I bet it's lousy,' chimed Hildy. 'No, it's a newspaper play. . . . and we want to make you the leading character.' 'Do I get free tickets?' . . . 'Sure,' said Hecht and MacArthur in chorus. 'Okay,' said Hildy. 'Why the hell don't you deal the cards?' . . . He might have held out for a price and royalties, but that was Hildy."

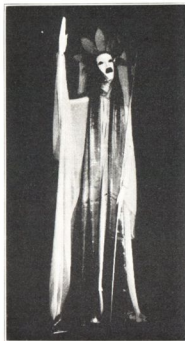
Reporter Johnson got his free tickets for the opening in Manhattan but he never saw the play. On his way, he was hit by a truck and severely injured. He sued for \$40,000, settled for \$11,000, and enjoyed telling friends who pitied him for his suffering: "Go get hit by a truck and provide for your family like I did."

Hildy Johnson died of a stomach ailment a week before the film version of *The Front Page* appeared in Chicago.

MUSIC

Stokowski Translates

Oracles and angry gods submitted to a strange purpose last week in Philadelphia. They were the oracles and gods of ancient Greece which Sophocles told about in his *Oedipus Rex* 2,300 years ago. As of old they decreed and prophesied that Oedipus, son of Laius, would murder his father and marry his mother, Jocasta. They served also last week to provide the material for one of Conductor Leopold Stokowski's most ambitious flights into modernistic musical production: the first U. S. stage performances of the *Oedipus Rex* of Composer Igor Stravinsky, an opera-oratorio with a text recast by Frenchman Jean Cocteau, then Latinized. *Oedipus Rex* will be repeated April 21 and 22 at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera House, the only difference being that Harvard youths



Maurice Goldberg

"BOBBY" JONES' JOCASTA

... disappeared before the hanging.

will sing the choruses instead of the Princeton Glee Club. A sound film was made of the Philadelphia dress rehearsal. The Manhattan performance of April 21 will be broadcast, the first performance ever to be radioed from the Metropolitan Opera.

A modernized *Oedipus* might involve psychoanalysts and Freudian complexes but Stravinsky's *Oedipus* follows no such obvious trend. He wrote it when he was tired, perhaps incapable of cutting a trail any further into the forest of such untied dissonances and rhythms as he used in *Le Sacre du Printemps*. He had long discarded the skirling imagery of *Petrushka* and *The Firebird*. When he wrote *Oedipus* he was deep in a desire to return to the classicists, anxious perhaps to begin all over again, to see where a new trail would

take him. He chose an old, formal pattern fundamentally similar to the Handel oratorios.

It is doubtful if Stravinsky in his austere mood would approve the performances which Stokowski and his orchestra gave last week in collaboration with Manhattan's League of Composers. Stravinsky's intention was to scorn theatrical devices, even program notes. He put his text into Latin for the sake of still greater obscurity; illusion was to come from the music alone. But a part of Stokowski's genius is expressed in his willingness to walk where angels fear to tread. It is nothing new for him to appear to know more about a piece of music than the man who wrote it. Much of Stravinsky's *Oedipus*, despite its rigid pattern, is powerful dramatic music, worthy of translation. So, for Philadelphia, last week Stokowski proceeded to translate it, using modernistic idioms: The speaker (Negro Wayland Rudd) recalled the story in English through a loud speaker attached to the proscenium arch. On a platform above the singers, puppets 15 feet tall represented the Greek protagonists, themselves nothing but puppets manipulated by the gods.

These puppets, designed by famed Robert Edmond ("Bobby") Jones, executed by Puppet-Maker Remo Bufano, cleverly emphasized the tragic impotence of Oedipus and Jocasta. Tenor Paul Alt-house sounded like a great heroic king as he offered to save his people from the pestilence. His dummy, with scrawny arm uplifted, pictured his power more truly. Contralto Margaret Matzenauer gave thrilling force to Jocasta's proclamation that all oracles lie. But her dummy, too, was a skeleton creature, its face a vacant mask with cavernous eyes and mouth. Jocasta hung herself when she discovered that Oedipus was her son. Oedipus gouged out his eyes with the clasp of her brooch. But the enacting of this awful climax was far too vigorous for the Jones-Bufano puppets. They discreetly disappeared behind the curtain while the orchestra and the chorus swung into a finale magnificently tragic. Oedipus puppet, blinded and bonier than ever, came back in time to disintegrate before the final curtain.

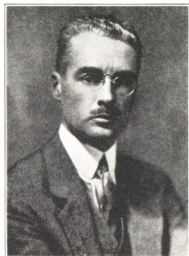
Pas D'Acier. For the second part of the program, Serge Sergeievich Prokofiev's *Pas D'Acier* (*Age of Steel*) had its first U. S. stage presentation, with a new scenario by Lee Simonson of the New York Theatre Guild. Prokofiev's music is full of rapid, repetitious rhythms and striding, driving energy. His strings whir, his trumpets bleat in celebration of the triumph of steel. But Simonson sees it all satirically. His two main characters are Efficiency Experts, done up in what resemble divers' costumes with wires run over their bodies and down their arms, and grotesque telephone arrangements for hats. Jumping and gyrating about they goad plodding laborers into fast mechanical production, organize iron, coal and steel, represented by dancers in three metallic shades of grey. Bucolic laborers threaten to hurt the System with their happy, carefree prancing. The Efficiency Experts kill them while the foolish-looking bourgeois look on admiringly.

ART

By Businessmen

With some diffidence a big studio in the top of Manhattan's swanky Barbizon-Plaza was opened to the public last week for the second annual exhibition of the Business Men's Art Club, New York branch of the Associated Amateur Art Clubs. That organization is devoted to the proposition that in the world of art, tycoons may become more than just customers. Works exhibited last week were more monuments of industry than of art, but critics beamed encouragement, realized that this club and the others associated with it are the finest refutation of the interminable stories of philistinism among U. S. businessmen.

The New York club that exhibited last week is not the oldest but one of the newest branches of the organization. Parent lodge is the Business Men's Art Club of



Underwood & Underwood

STANLEY ADAMS SWEET (OVERALLS)

... can sympathize with the Masters.

Chicago which was started in 1920, now boasts nearly 200 members, has handsome clubrooms on South Dearborn Street, classes five nights a week. Besides Chicago and New York, businessmen have art clubs in Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Denver, Philadelphia, Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, Los Angeles. Together they claim a membership of more than 600 bankers, lawyers, salesmen, manufacturers, who would rather paint pictures than play golf in their spare time. Admission rules vary between the cities. The New York club admits no one under 30 (average age 45), no one who is not actively engaged in business.

"Women are not admitted," explains the president, Patent Attorney Conrad A. Dieterich, "because they are not businessmen."

The sympathy that physicians, surgeons and dentists have for the fine arts is well known. (Vienna boasts a symphony orchestra composed entirely of practicing physicians.) But there are no physician-members of the New York Business Men's Art Club. Manhattan medics have their

P E O P L E

own Medical Arts Club. Several dentists, however, are on the B. M. A. C. roster.

Critics paused before a well constructed, firmly drawn portrait by the club's treasurer, grey-haired, dapper Stanley Adams Sweet. Treasurer Sweet in private life is president of Sweet-Orr & Co. (overalls), generally recognized as the first company to market a high grade, tailored overall. Treasurer Sweet has no false ideas of his own prowess as a painter, but insists that his membership in the club has been invaluable in showing him the technical problems that great masters have had to overcome.

Critics last week were inclined to award first prize to Harry Hering, in civil life a photo-engraver, for his boldly painted Maine lobstermen's houses. Like some college football teams, Artist Hering, technically a businessman, is open to the charges of professionalism. He has had exhibitions in professional dealers' galleries.

33rd Henry

The Wildenstein Galleries, increasingly known as the prime spot for socialite artists to exhibit their wares, had a tearty last week to open their swankiest show of the season. Visitors with slightly buttery fingers wandered through three rooms to see drawings, water colors, etchings and oil paintings by Prince Henry XXXIII of Reuss, his cousin the Countess Regina Félicie Hélène Louise Amadée zu Stolberg-Stolberg, and a Mr. Purcell-Jones.

Mr. Purcell-Jones, apparently another member of Britain's languid gentry, contributed a roomful of slightly improper drawings of ladies and gentlemen in fancy dress in which he combined the manners of Aubrey Beardsley, Botticelli, Benozzo Gozzoli and Florenz Ziegfeld. His pictures bore such titles as: *La Chevalier (sic) de la Jarretière*, *Lady Woudnaght*, *Sir Adam Coudnaght*, *Odalisque*, *Lady Couch*. Prince Henry and his cousin-countess showed views of France, Africa, Egypt and New York, painfully wrought.

Though they have yet to make their mark in the world of art, the Princes of Reuss (Germany) are the delight of genealogists. More spectacular is the fact that ever since the 14th Century all male members of the House of Reuss have been named Henry and numbered serially. There are two systems of numerology. The elder branch of the House of Reuss names its Henrys from 1 to 100, then starts in with 1 again. This branch is now extinct in the male line. The first and second limbs of the junior branch name their Henrys according to the centuries: the first male Reuss born after New Year's day of 1600, 1700, 1800 and 1900 was Henry I again.

Prince Henry XXXIII, who exhibited his paintings last week, married Mrs. Alene Tew Hostetter Burchard of New York in 1929. He is a member of the second limb of the younger branch of the House of Reuss, and his son, born 1916, is Henry II. If possible he is not to be confused with the head of his branch of the house, his cousin, Prince Henry XXXIX who married the Countess of Castell-Castell (at Castell) and whose sons are Henry IV, Henry VI and Henry VII.

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

Home from the hospital, **Bryan Uatiedt**, 13, hero of the Towner, Colo., school-bus catastrophe (TIME, April 6 & 13), sat on the livingroom couch with his frost-bitten feet in a pan of hot water and watched his younger brothers and sisters play. All had been frost-nipped except Virgil, 11, who had not attended school that blizzardy day. "He wouldn't be so fresh if he'd been on the bus," Bryan remarked to a visiting newsgatherer.

"Yes," piped Virgil. "But I was unconscious nearly two weeks when I was burned with gasoline three years ago!"

"There is nothing fundamental in American life of today for young Americans to admire," said Director **Alexander Meiklejohn** of the soon-to-be-suspended experimental college at the University of Wisconsin.

Having just discovered that there is a racehorse named **Coolidge**,* the *Christian Science Monitor* commented editorially: "This may be all very well, but suppose he does not 'choose to run'?"

In Philadelphia **Ethel Borden**, socialite daughter of **Mrs. J. Borden Harriman** of Washington, D. C., became so ill she could not, for a time, continue her first role as a Broadway actress—that of a maid in *The Truth Game*, with **Billie Burke**. Substituted for her was **Patricia Ziegfeld**, 14, daughter of **Actress Burke** & **Producer Florenz Ziegfeld**, who happened to be visiting her mother during a school holiday.

A New Orleans physician announced that a rash which had appeared on **Ethel Barrymore** **Colt**, stage-touring with her mother **Actress Ethel Barrymore**, was digestive in origin, not measles.

Justice **John A. Ford** of the New York Supreme Court leaped to escape a speedy motor truck in lower Manhattan. A fellow pedestrian had an even closer call. Breathing hard, steadying himself on the Justice's arm, the stranger gasped: "If that guy had knocked me down and sent me to the hospital, what could I do about it?"

The Justice told him he could bring suit for damages.

Cried the stranger: "What good would that do me? With nothing but crooked lawyers and crooked judges on the bench, I'd have a fair chance to collect anything, I would!"

Among the councilmen elected by Dallas citizens under that city's new council-manager system (TIME, Oct. 27) were **Edwy Rolf Brown**, vice board chairman of Standard Oil Co. of New York, and **T. L. Bradford**, board chairman of Southwestern Life Insurance Co.

*The seven-year-old bay gelding trotter **Coolidge** 2:07½ (1910), out of **Zarrine** by Guy Awarthy, bred by Alfred Houston Cooden of Southold, L. I., now anonymously owned.

Queen Marie of Yugoslavia bundled her three young sons into an automobile, took the wheel and went spinning down Prince Michael Street in Belgrade. Out from a sidestreet raced another car, whacked resoundingly into the royal one. BANG! went all the royal tires.

Handy Park was the name bestowed by the city of Memphis, Tenn., on its onetime Beale Street Square, in honor of Negro Composer **William Christopher Handy** of the jazz-classic "Beale Street Blues."

In Kansas City, where Novelist **Harry Sinclair Lewis** observed the clergy and evolved **Elmer Gantry** (TIME, March 14, 1927), **Rev. Jesse E. Baker** recently surprised his respectable Avondale Methodist Church congregation with a sermon defending a local widow who had been the subject of much moral gossip. Last week he surprised them further by marrying the widow, a Mrs. Stella Gibson.

R. C. Geddes, son of **Rt. Hon. Sir Auckland Geddes**, onetime British Ambassador to the U. S. (1920-24), was discovered incognito working in an oil refinery at Martinez, Calif.

Arriving in Manhattan en route to Canada to investigate the advisability of speculating in grain futures there, **Sir Josiah Stamp**, famed British financial authority, said: "I think that everyone is looking to this side of the Atlantic to lead the way back to better times."

Tennessee's Governor **Henry Hollis Horton** ordered a raid on his wife's farm when autopsies on three fine cows revealed they had died from eating alcoholic corn mash. Arrested for distilling: **William Bryant**, Mrs. Horton's resident farmer.

Alert Dr. Frank Horace Vitzetelly, famed lexicographer, had remarks to make about a word used in a radiator recently by **Mrs. Gifford Pinchot**, wife of the Governor of Pennsylvania. The word was "radiator." Said Dr. Vitzetelly: "The lady probably pronounced it radiator but . . . my feeling is that the general public would pronounce it radiator—which would be a horrible thing."

Among those ill were: **King George** of England (sub-acute bronchitis); ex-Prime Minister **Yuko Hamaguchi** of Japan (second operation to relieve condition caused by shooting—TIME, Nov. 24); **Mrs. Ida Young**, mother of **Owen D. Young**, who hastened from Phoenix, Ariz. to her side (skull-fracture sustained in a fall down stairs); Cinemactor **Harold Lloyd** (appendectomy); Publisher **William Howard Gannett** of Augusta, Me. (hip-fracture from slipping on a gravel road); onetime Brewer **Jacob ("Jake") Ruppert**, owner of the New York American League baseball team (bronchitis, acute); Novelist **James Joyce** (waning eyesight, necessitating a third operation); Singer **Mary Garden** (bronchitis).

C I N E M A

The New Pictures

The Millionaire (Warner). There is nothing spectacular about this picture except that George Arliss the Great, hitherto always decked out in fancy dress for the cinema, wears plain clothes through it all and even—a good deal of the time—overalls. It is still nothing much, only a story about a millionaire whose doctor makes him retire from his business, the manufacture of automobiles, and go to California to rest. Idleness makes him sick, so he sneaks out of his fine house and, under an assumed name, buys a half interest in a filling station. He goes to work at the filling station every day and when he comes home he hides his overalls, tells lies about where he has been. In the end



GEORGE ARLISS

... makes a filling station funny.

he beats out the man who runs the filling station across the street. His partner marries his daughter. Quietly literate dialog by Booth Tarkington helps the effect, but it is always Arliss who gives the little picture distinction. He finds many things to do that make moments and the character come alive: mummery with the medicine, which he carefully measures out, and then throws through the window; his manner with his young partner (David Manners) whom he promotes as a suitor for his daughter by pretending, with his wife, to oppose him; little bits of business to express an old man's eccentric love of the spectacular. It is a picture unremarkable except that it is perfectly done and that it possesses a quality rare in cinema products, the quality of charm. Typical shot: George Arliss filling his wife's car with gas, and making it funny.

Strangers May Kiss (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). This is one of those handsomely staged, well-acted, rather silly productions which confound critics who try to reveal their silliness. The story is by Ursula Parrott, author of famed *Ex-Wife*; it will probably gross several million dollars. Norma Shearer is a working girl who says,

"A girl may kiss and ride on as well as any man." Yet when Neil Hamilton, her journalist lover, companion of an illicit week-end in Mexico, says a casual goodbye to her, she is seen in one of those rapid sequences indicating a shattering of feminine morale—broken scenes in which Miss Shearer dances in the arms of successive admirers, always to the accompaniment of a shrill, annoying laughter that is the keynote of the picture. The dialog is wretched. Most tiresome shot: Robert Montgomery's half-filled cocktail glass.

Beyond Victory (RKO Pathé). The spirit of a masterpiece can be reflected more easily than its technique and it is the spirit of *All Quiet on the Western Front* that animates this little war story. Three years ago war would have been glorified in such a piece of cinema trade-goods as this, even if it were glorified only as a background for heroic actions; now war is presented simply to be pilloried. The framework—four men assigned to hold the enemy in a beleaguered post while the main body of troops retires—has possibilities. Each man, faced with almost certain death, tells how he came to go to war. But things get started too slowly. Several dozen U. S. flags, tons of dynamite, miles of barbed wire, thousands of tin hats, intended to galvanize the horror into realistic terms, merely become constituents as familiar and therefore as unnoticeable as the advertisements for grain and hardware on the back-drops of rural vaudeville houses. Best sequences: James Gleason, hen-pecked husband of a knife-thrower, telling why he went to war.

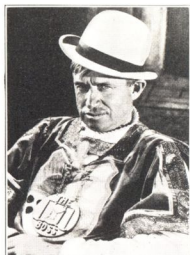
Cracked Nuts (Radio). This is a nonsense comedy of which the humor, if any, depends on seeing Edna May Oliver, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey go through their routines on the same set. The plot is a contest between Wheeler and Woolsey for the mythical kingdom of Eldorania which Woolsey believes he owns because he won it in a crap game with a former ruler, and which Wheeler claims because he bought an Eldoranian revolution for \$100,000. Unfortunately such acts as the long dialog in which the word "well," used as an interjection, is dragged through every possible shade of meaning, and the scene where Wheeler and Woolsey come through an airplane bombing with most of their clothes torn off, were not good even when they were new.

A Connecticut Yankee (Fox). Mark Twain's story was made into an effective farce in silent cinema days, starring Harry Myers; then it became a successful musical comedy. But not until its present metamorphosis into a talking picture has a form been reached in which the many-faceted material is properly displayed. Few creative works are translatable from one medium to another, but *A Connecticut Yankee* is no less trenchant as a picture than as a novel; it is wonderful entertainment, rippling with chuckles, expanding often into resonant Twainian belly-laughs. Director David Butler has omitted the

sociological satire of the novel. He has concentrated on the humor of anachronism and made a thorough job of it. His method is not subtle, but the book is not either, and the picture is just as funny as the book.

The old outline has been preserved: the Yankee finds his dream is real, he is at the Court of the Round Table, and he amazes King Arthur by causing the sun to become dark on the day he is to be executed, a feat which he announces after consulting his pocket almanac. The Yankee organizes factories in which modern appliances are turned out for the use of medieval people and sends the knights out riding with sandwich boards slung over their armor advertising corn cure, liver pills, fountain pens.

The producers have not cabined themselves by letter-reverence to the script. They have gone on inventing, adding to the



International

OKLAHOMA YANKEE

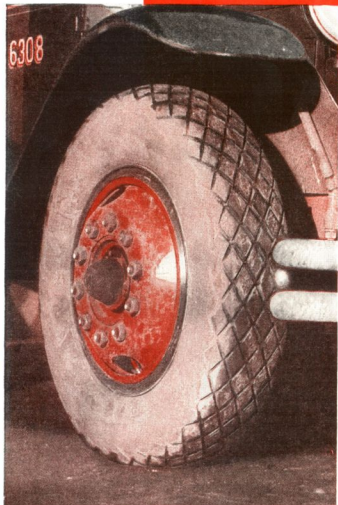
... at Camelot, comic.

details of the fantasy, just as Mark Twain would have delighted in doing: the knights storming the castle of Queen Morgan Le Fay use sub-machine guns and ride in Austin cars; an autogiro arrives to rescue King Arthur; the tilt between Sir Boss (Will Rogers) and Sir Sagrator is announced in the manner of the modern prize-ring and broadcast by a whiskered radio man who begins McNamically: "Well, here we are at Camelot. . ."

In this tilt Will Rogers, on a cow-pony, cuts figures around the knight on his lumbering charger and finally yanks him off with a rope and drags him round the field as western ranchers used to drag a horse-thief when they caught one. Will Rogers' deliberate awkwardness, his shamble, mock shyness and ability on horseback, are all ideal for the rôle, and it does not matter that his drawl is Oklahoma instead of Connecticut. His personality and his multifarious activities (see pp. 15, 24) have made him by this time, even to Americans, a figure symbolic of Americanism. Next best part: dignified old William Farnum, the hero of many a two-fisted thriller some ten years ago, as King Arthur.

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MEDICINE

Tweenbrain & Stomach

Harvey Williams Cushing, Harvard's great brain surgeon, celebrated his 62nd birthday last week in Toronto, by hypothesizing that stomach ulcers are caused by brain trouble.

Deep within the brain is a biologically ancient section called the diencephalon, or tweenbrain.* Here the sensations on smell, sight, visceral activity, body position, temperature and pain pause a jiffy on their way to the thinking part of the brain. When one has a general feeling of discomfort, his tweenbrain is trying to tell his main brain an incoherent story. Vague emotions reflect the tweenbrain's mentally low-grade activities. Stomach "nervousness" must also have some relation to the diencephalon, for it to some



Wide World

Dr. HARVEY WILLIAMS CUSHING

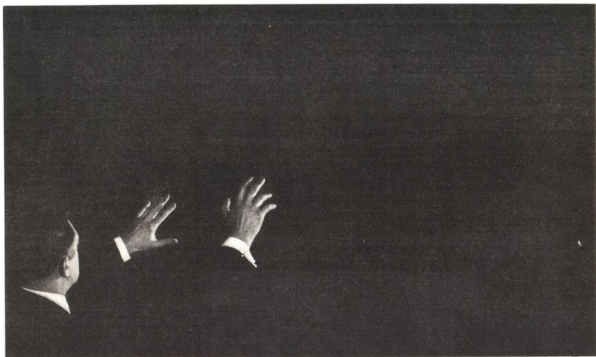
... sleuthed out a strange seat of stomach ulcers.

extent controls digestion and other vegetative processes.

Seventeen years ago Dr. Cushing operated on a tumor of the brain. He had performed the same operation successfully many times. This patient died. Dr. Cushing was puzzled. Autopsy showed extraordinary cracks and ulcers of the stomach. Three times during subsequent years, among thousands of successful cerebrotomies, did the same fatal conjunction of gastric ulcers and diencephalic tumors occur. Was there causal relationship? Dr. Cushing has decided affirmatively.

Validity of Dr. Cushing's hypothesis (now that it is offered it can be tested in many ways) lay in his primacy among brain surgeons and medical scholars. A dozen institutions have loaded him with honorary degrees in arts, medicine, science, law and literature. He is a Distinguished Service Medalist, a Companion of the Bath, a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Medicine has given him a "homage book," like the one it recently gave

*I. e., between-brain.



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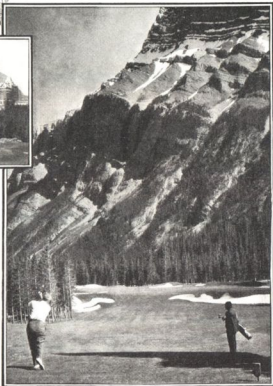
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LOW FARE EXCURSIONS—PACIFIC COAST TOURS, ALASKA, CONDUCTED TOURS

Professor James Ewing (TIME, Jan. 12). Not his least valued kudos is the Montclair Yale Bowl given each year by Yale alumni living in Montclair, N. J. to one distinguished Yale man who has achieved his "Y in Life."

Additional validity of the Cushing hypothesis lay in the fact that the cause of gastric ulcers has been unknown. Simple acute gastric ulcer occurs more often among young anemic women, chronic ulcer in men. Especially prone to the ailment are housemaids and shoemakers. Ulcers may occur after a blow in the region of the stomach. Anemia predisposes, especially in women. The disease may be found in connection with diseases of the heart, arteries, liver, gall-bladder and appendix. The present tendency is to charge infections, especially of the teeth and tonsils, as the probable cause of stomach ulcers. A deeper-aid cause is, according to Dr. Cushing's suggestion, emotional stress, worry, overwork arising from the contingencies of life. These derange the tweenbrain. The tweenbrain deranges the stomach.

Work for the Blind

A Nobel Prize winner is blind—Dr. N. Gustaf Dalen of Sweden, inventor of automatic, flashing lighthouse lamps.

A famed advertising manager is blind—George S. Hurst of J. B. Williams Co. (shaving accessories).

A newspaper editor is blind—B. Frank Irvine of the Portland, Ore. *Journal*. (So was the late Publisher Joseph Pulitzer.)

Two U. S. Senators are blind—Thomas David Schall of Minnesota and Thomas Pryor Gore of Oklahoma.

An institutional director is blind—Robert Benjamin Irwin of the American Foundation for the Blind.

Such men were prime examples by which a World Conference on Work for the Blind, which met in Manhattan last week, could prove that the blind and the purblind* can succeed in man-to-man competition, if given opportunity. The limits of their ability are far wider than commonly supposed. The necessity of providing work for the blind is great. The U. S. has 100,000 blind, the world six to ten million. Vast numbers could support themselves.

Four men made the Conference possible: John Davison Rockefeller Jr., Robert Benjamin Irwin, William Nelson Cromwell and M. Charles Migel.

Mr. Rockefeller paid traveling and living expenses of all delegates, invited from 35 countries, who needed help. Expenses of blind delegates included their seeing companions.

Mr. Irwin, the most important U. S. blind man where the blind are concerned, organized the Conference. Blind typists handled his correspondence.

Mr. Migel is president of the American Foundation for the Blind. Mr. Cromwell is founder-president of the American Braille Press. The two organizations sponsored the Conference (in association with

*1/2. The King of Siam (see p. 23); James Joyce, who last week was preparing for an operation to prevent total blindness; Booth Tarkington, whose sight has largely been restored by surgery; Earl Musselman (TIME, April 13).



OLDIERS OF SILENCE



ALONG thousands of far-flung fronts, weary but courageous men have plunged into the gray of early morning to engage the enemy in battle. Glorious in victory, pathetic in defeat—they are the soldiers upon whom poets and historians have pinned the decorations of immortality.

But there are other soldiers whose valor and sacrifices, though not inscribed in tablets of bronze, are inspiring figures of determination and the will to achieve. They are the men who, in the evening quiet of home, are studying to equip themselves for the business campaigns of the present and wider conquests in the future. They are the Soldiers of Silence!

This very night, on many thousands of fireside fronts throughout the world, ambitious men will mobilize the energies remaining from a day of hard work and devote themselves to mastery of International Correspondence Schools Courses. For forty years this institution has furnished the ammunition of practical and authoritative training to these Soldiers of Silence, these men who defy the entanglements of circumstance and push on to positions of personal success. Their inspiration is the knowledge that by making themselves more valuable to their

employers, they also earn victory for themselves.

Almost every sector of population has its self-made men, heroes of spare-time study. Many of them, by combining natural ability and I. C. S. training, have become national leaders in their respective lines—men such as S. E. Conybeare, Edward V. Rickenbacker, R. J. Yawnsley, Frederick G. Erbe, Francis J. Yawman, Chester M. Lindsley, and others.

Today, because of the efficient and humanized machinery of this organization, industrial concerns recognize the adaptability of I. C. S. instruction to the peculiar needs and desires of their own employees. I. C. S. instruction is as

flexible as it is thorough. Evidence of this is demonstrated in the fact that more than 2300 leading industrial concerns and 355 railroads have agreements with I. C. S. for training their employees. Prepared and constantly revised by outstanding authorities, the I. C. S. offer a choice of more than 240 standard courses and scores of technical courses.

The International Correspondence Schools are known as "The University of the Night" and "School of the Second Chance." Since 1891 they have been companion and counsel to Soldiers of Silence in many lands. A request will bring our interesting booklet, "The Business of Building Men."

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Instructors of the Blind and Workers for the Blind). Both gentlemen see well. Their interest in the blind arose, like Mr. Rockefeller's interest in health and education, from a rich man's desire to identify himself with a specific philanthropy.*

About Mr. Cromwell, international corporation lawyer, everyone knows. He negotiated the transfer of rights for a Panama Canal from French investors to the U. S. Government. He was one of the organizers of U. S. Steel Corp. He reorganized many a great U. S. corporation and put them, he likes to repeat, "all on a paying basis."

Mr. Migel, aristocratic, Texas-born, is less famed, except in the silk industry, one of whose few tycoons and Lotos Club members he is.

The Conferees emitted no vapors about jobs the blind can fill efficiently. The U. S. delegates listed 206 separate kinds of jobs. The Europeans added a few more. Occupations range from the mental (lawyers, writers, singers, salesmen), through the semi-manual (osteopaths, masseurs, typists), to the manual (farmers, carpenters, mechanics). The blind are peculiarly deft at assembling parts. A profession whose unexpected obviousness makes it surprising is Miss Emma Most's of San Francisco. She is a coffee-taster.

Rent Heart

A diagnostic error by distinguished Professor Ferdinand Sauerbruch, Berlin Specialist in lung surgery, astounded the German Surgical Society last week. He tried to make a joke of the matter, which his colleagues helped out. They like him.

A girl had gone to Professor Sauerbruch with a bulge at the right side of her chest. The bulge had appeared after an attack of influenza. Professor Sauerbruch ordered an X-ray made. The picture indicated a tumor in her chest cavity. Nothing but a blister, decided Professor Sauerbruch. He had but recently operated on a man for the same thing.

He cut a hole through the girl's ribs and stuck an aspirating needle into the "blister." No fluid oozed through the needle's lumen. The professor poked again. Unexpectedly bright red blood spouted from the hollow needle. The "blister" was really an aneurism, a bulging of the girl's weak-walled heart, and he had ruptured the heart. Her blood was flooding through the rent.

Like the Dutch boy at the pierced dike, the professor stuck his finger in the hole. As an excited assistant stitched up the hole, Professor Sauerbruch slowly withdrew his finger-plug, until all was laced tight, like a football. The girl got well.

Admitted the professor last week, with a smile at himself: "I should never have dared to operate if I had known that the apparent blister was a cardiac aneurism. The diagnosis was wrong, the operation successful."

*Other examples: Edward Stephen Harkness (education, medicine), George Crocker (cancer), Lucius Nathan Littauer (pneumonia), George Barton French (deafness), George Fisher Baker (business education), Cleveland E. Dodge (Presbyterianism), George McDonald (Roman Catholicism), Francis Patrick Garvan (cancer, chemistry).



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Old-fashioned RADIATORS BANISHED!

by these new-type heaters concealed in walls

Not a makeshift—but a heater designed expressly for convection heating to be used in walls or cabinet enclosures—can be used with any standard boiler or piping system.

At last a practical successor to the unsightly, old-fashioned radiators which have been an everlasting obstacle to harmonious interior decoration. For here is a heater, developed by Trane Engineers after years of experience, that is designed especially for convection heat. When concealed in the wall or enclosed in a cabinet it gives healthful, economical heat by the natural air circulation method . . . instead of radiant heat which authorities now recognize as uncomfortable and unhealthful.

INSTANTLY CONTROLLED

One of the outstanding advantages of Trane Concealed Convection Heaters is that the heat flow can be started and stopped instantaneously by simply turning a small knob which controls the grille damper. Just open the grille and heat starts to flow instantly. Close the grille and the heat flow stops at once. No waiting for radiators to cool.

HEALTHFUL—COMFORTABLE

Trane Concealed Convection Heat is more healthful and more comfortable because convection heat warms only the air you breathe and thus establishes the proper heat balance in your body. Your body absorbs no radiant rays which always create a "feverish" condition. The room is maintained at a more even temperature—from floor to ceiling. No cold spots. No draft zones. Comfort throughout!

CLEAN

The cleanliness of Trane Convection Heat for homes and offices is a revelation. Curtains stay clean infinitely longer. Streaks and smudges on walls and ceilings are practically eliminated. *Trane heaters are a joy to the housekeeper because dirt and dust cannot cling to them.*

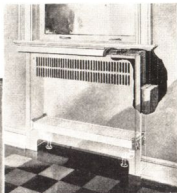


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Trane Convection Heaters overcome one of the greatest obstacles of the interior decorator. In the past, decorators have tried to hide cast-iron radiators in various types of cabinets. But this greatly reduces the heat output. Trane engineers designed Trane Convection Heaters expressly to be concealed. They do not mar the beauty of the room or destroy valuable floor space.

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T O W A L K W I T H C O U R A G E . .

seem to come to us in this existence so much more readily than things that are good. And at first glance we might find excuse in this for those of us who walk timorously. Yet to quail beneath a blow is never to soften it. And to shrink from a crisis is never to turn it aside : : : There are men who must learn the value of the strength that lies in courage through personal experience and through that alone. But there are men—more thoughtful, perhaps, more judicious—who can

learn from the experience of others. So it occurs to us that another great use for a magazine is to have it unroll those paths upon which men must put their feet . . . so that all can see, and seeing, find the need and resolve to walk with courage



: : : Such a magazine follows life . . and in representing life so that it gives guidance to others, does not life then follow it!

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MILESTONES

Seeking Divorce? William Harrison ("Jack") Dempsey, fisticufter; from Mrs. Estelle Taylor Dempsey, cinemactress; in Reno, Nev. whither he went for a "rest." Said he: "We've had a scrap. I might file a divorce action. . . . It depends mostly on letters I've written to her. . . . I want to patch the thing up. . . . But I want a home, a family and family life. . . ."

Said Cinemactress Taylor: "I'll never let him get a divorce. . . . I don't believe he said any of those things. . . . I have given up dozens of engagements in order to be with him. . . . I have always wanted babies more than anything else in the world."*

Died. Lee La Follette Siebecker, 40, Milwaukee lawyer, nephew of the late Senator Robert Marion La Follette, cousin of Wisconsin's Governor Philip Fox and Senator Robert Marion La Follette Jr.; by his own hand (hanging), because of ill health and financial difficulties (his law partner was a suicide in 1929); in Milwaukee.

Died. Kahlil Gibran, 47, Syrian philosopher, artist, poet (*The Prophet*, *The Earth God*; *Jesus, the Son of Man*); of cancer of the liver; in Manhattan.

Died. Tom Santschi, 50, hulking, fighting cinemactor (*The Spoilers*, *The Hell Cat*, *Three Bad Men*); of heart disease; in Los Angeles. Famed was his battle with oldtime Actor William Farnum in *The Spoilers*; but their attempt to duplicate it last February in *Ten Nights in a Bar Room* (TIME, March 9) was a pathetic shambles.

Died. General Lazaro Chacon, 56, President of Guatemala who, stricken with a cerebral hemorrhage, resigned last December (TIME, Dec. 29); after a paralytic stroke; in New Orleans, La. He became Provisional President in 1926, following the death of President Jose Maria Orellana, was soon elected for a full six-year term. Quiet, business-like, he governed ably, suspended the Constitution once, kept Guatemala's perennial rebels in check until his physical breakdown. Four Presidents have followed: Dr. Baudilio Palma, General Manuel Orellana, Dr. Jose Maria Reina Andrade, General Jorge Ubico.

Died. William Stevenson Baer, 58, orthopedic surgeon, clinical professor at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine. Wartime chief orthopedic consultant of the A. E. F.; after a paralytic stroke; in Baltimore, Md. His chief discovery: a method of injecting sterilized oil into a stiff joint to prevent the reformation of adhesions. A later observation: that bone infections could be cured by the use of flybottle fly maggots.

Died. Mary Desti, 59, friend and biog-

*"Babies? Never!" said Cinemactress Taylor two months ago (TIME, Feb. 9).

(Whose wife married 1906, separated 1928) sued him for divorce last week. Charge: desertion.



The Treasure Houses of England

Canterbury Cathedral, the birthplace of English Christianity, rises triumphant in the faith that keeps her ever young. Worcester framed by the Severn invites to mediaeval dreaming. Bath Abbey is still known as the lantern of England. Winchester recalls Edward the Confessor and the glory of long-departed kings. Wells, the Feminine, is the life of our Saviour in stone. Glastonbury Abbey raises its solemn arms to heaven over a heath of green. Noble Salisbury Cathedral, the perfectly proportioned. Norman Gloucester of the deep bells. Time-toned Exeter can remember when Drake returned from the Indies with silver strapped to every mast.

St. David's and Llandaff in Wales, now reborn, were once ivy-clad ruins. And tragic Tintern Abbey, the loveliest fairy tale of them all—all its pride gone as it humbly kneels in a meadow of poppies.

The treasure houses of England look as though men sang all day as they built them—mellow with ancient wisdom—beautiful beyond words. No experience can affect you so profoundly as this unveiling of a glorious past which England shares with you.

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rapher of the late great Dancer Isadora Duncan, mother of Playwright Preston Sturges (*Strictly Dishonorable*) who is the son of her first husband, Solomon Sturges of Chicago (she divorced him, married Capt. Howard Perch, from whom she later separated); of superabundance of white corpuscles in the blood, a rare disease which she contracted soon after the death of Dancer Duncan in Nice in 1927; in Manhattan.

Died. Nicholas Longworth, 61, 40th Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives; of pneumonia; in Aiken, S. C. (see p. 15).

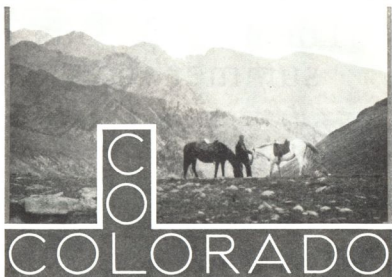
Died. Samuel Woolner Jr., 64, president of the Rubber Association of America, retired (two months ago) president of the Kelly-Springfield Rubber Co.; in Manhattan; after a lingering illness.

Died. Col. Michael Friedsam, president of B. Altman & Co. (Manhattan department store), art collector, philanthropist; of heart disease; in Manhattan. Born in Manhattan some 70 years ago (not even his friends knew his exact age), son of Collector of Internal Revenue Morris Friedsam, he entered at 17 the employ of his cousin Benjamin Altman. In 1913, at Mr. Altman's death, he became president of the store and of the Altman Foundation (philanthropic). His military title was earned as Quartermaster-General of the New York National Guard during the War. His \$10,000,000 art collection he bequeathed to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, provided it be kept intact.

Died. Isaac Gimbel, 74, board chairman and retired president of Gimbel Bros. Inc. (Gimbel Bros. and Saks, seven department stores in Manhattan, Chicago, Philadelphia, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh); of bronchial pneumonia, after several years paralysis; at "Chieftains," his Port Chester, N. Y. home. Born in Vincennes, Ind., son of a Bavarian immigrant storekeeper, he grew up in the business, ran many a store with his father and his brother Jacob. Opening the Manhattan store in 1910, he succeeded President Jacob ("The Judge") Gimbel at his death in 1922, merged the business with Saks & Co. in 1923. He retired in 1927 in ill health caused by a fall when riding horseback.

Died. George Henry Hathaway, 86, president since 1903 of Redpath Lyceum Bureau Inc., one of the oldest chautauqua bureaus; after a fall last fortnight; in Boston, Mass. He booked as lecturers Philosopher Ralph Waldo Emerson, Humorist Mark Twain, Preacher Henry Ward Beecher; Singers Liza Lehmann and Lillian Nordica.

Died. Major Laban K. Miles, 87, uncle of President Herbert Hoover, onetime (1878-95) U. S. agent for the Osage Indians; after long illness; in Pawhuska, Okla. Known to the Indians as "White Father," he lived on the Osage Reservation for 53 years, advised, aided them in their local government. Young "Bert" Hoover lived in his home for a year at the age of 9, and at 14 after his father's death.



TOP: The perpetually cool high places offer thousands of miles of summer paradise. RIGHT: The Cache la Poudre River is one of Colorado's famous trout streams. BELOW: Harvesting extra-vitamin mountain lettuce, along upper Rio Grande, in the San Luis Valley.



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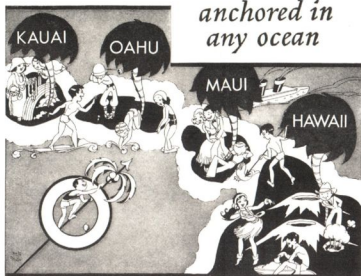
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ANIMALS

Atrocity

Somebody in Cincinnati last week caught a dog which he evidently hated. Procuring a length of wire, he took the dog to a secluded section, wound the wire around the dog's muzzle to prevent outcry, strung up the creature by neck and forelegs from a tree-limb. Then he built a bonfire under the writhing, whimpering animal and went away. When police found the charred result, they indignantly started searching for Somebody.

Plague of Females

In northern Mississippi last week first one farmer and then another found himself beleaguered in a swarm of dancing, biting, infinitesimal gnats. Oldtimers, swatting at the little pests, knew that an old plague had returned, bringing irritation to man, and danger, perhaps painful death, to his beasts.

Before levees were thrown up to keep the river from overflowing, buffalo gnats (*simuliidae*) used to deposit their eggs in the shallow waters of the annual inundation. As the larvae hatched and took the air, clouds of gnats would spread over the surrounding countryside, feeding on its fauna. Only the female gnat bites, affecting the victim like the puncture of a blunt, hot awl, and leaves a dull agony in its train.

The past winter, milder than most, permitted buffalo gnats to breed in the streams, hitherto too cold for them. Therefore, after 20 years of immunity, the lower Mississippi valley is suffering again.

As the week wore on, the swarms grew thicker. They swept through Mississippi, into Arkansas and Louisiana. Hordes of the stinging females would select a mule or cow, settle on it, ride out its frantic, bucking efforts to escape, and leave it dead. Reports began to come in: 125 mules killed in Coahoma County alone. There two days later were 400 mules and cattle dead. Around Helena, Ark., 500 farm animals expired in the lowlands. More & more deaths were recorded to the southward.

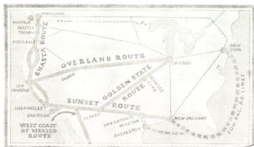
Frightened livestockmen fought through the swarms to set smudges and dump oil on all exposed water. A few, fearing an epidemic of anthrax might follow, inoculated their stock. At Yazoo City, Miss., someone oiled his mules with axle grease; they were not bitten. The news spread and soon most mules in the adjacent territory were slick and glistening.

Oldtimers said the gnats would soon move down the river and die. Apprehensive, farmers south of the afflicted area hastened protective preparations.

Wheat Cutters

The army cutworm (*Euxoa auxiliaris*) is a sluggish, fat, green thing striped with a nauseous yellow. Army cutworms march on wheatfields in squadrons. Each soldier worm chooses his spear of wheat. Carefully he cuts it down, ignores the grain, devours the root, moves on to the next spear. An army of worms cuts a clean swath across any field it enters, then cuts an-

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"After the pick of the Evergreen Playground you speed down the coast to San Francisco and Los Angeles. Returning, you follow the valley route with a stop-over at Yosemite and Tahoe, if you wish.

Then direct home via the historic OVERLAND ROUTE—going to sea by rail across Great Salt Lake."

Bill Travers urged the combination of Southern Pacific's SHASTA and OVER-

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Please send me complete itinerary, including the places I have checked: ☐ Pacific Northwest ☐ Mt. Rainier ☐ Columbia River Gorge ☐ Crater Lake ☐ Oregon Caves ☐ The Redwoods

☐ San Francisco ☐ San Diego ☐ Agua Caliente ☐ Phoenix ☐ Tucson ☐ El Paso ☐ San Antonio ☐ Houston ☐ Magic Valley of the Rio Grande ☐ New Orleans

Name

Address

1704



The French Liners "France" and "Paris" at covered Pier 57, New York, with the "Paris" about to sail for Plymouth and Havre. The "Paris" sails again on April 30th and approximately every 20 days thereafter.

All you need is \$247.50 and a 'traveling mind'...

—TO BURROW into the knee-deep comfort of the French Line (remarking to the steward: "Havre, Pierre, if you please"); to board the Paris and eat her incomparable food—to drink her pedigreed v-n-t-g—to let her able sea-going staff be your gentle host—and to own the Atlantic's infinite relaxation from such a cabin as number 74 on the Paris. It's only one of 292 marvelously comfortable hiding-places-away-from-it-all—on a ship notable for its steadiness and express speed.



Cabin 74 on the "Paris," with large private bath and trunk storage space, costs but \$527.50 for two people (\$247.50 per person). Other beautiful outside rooms cost but \$247.50 and up per person.

THE PARIS sails at 6:00 P. M. April 30—and about every 20 days thereafter. Tweedy travelers with the marks of the smart world on them are quietly bootlegging the discovery that the Paris is the greatest bargain in well-bred hospitality on the seas. Maybe. Certainly she is a noble carrier, with the stability of a tried friend, and the gracious welcome that is warmest France. *Take a look at the perfect taste of her new bright cabins!*—then telephone your French Line agent, who will take rather special care of you. French Line, 19 State St., New York City.



French
Line

other swath. A listener can hear the concerted champing of their mandibles.

In northwestern Nebraska these worms annually destroy a negligible amount of wheat—perhaps 50 acres. But already this year 1,000 acres have been leveled in that area. Therefore last week Nebraska farmers were to be seen at a strange occupation. They were spreading bran mash, poisoned with Paris green or white arsenic, throughout their wheat fields. It is a well-known cutworm remedy.

Grouse

Grouse, a kind-faced English setter belonging to Mr. & Mrs. Robert Thompson of Rahway, N. J., has been limping in his left foreleg since Christmas. At first they thought Grouse had bruised himself, but this month they had him X-rayed.

Sadly the doctor informed Mr. & Mrs. Thompson that osteogenic sarcoma (cancer of the bone) had set in. For that disease, rare in dogs, common in humans, the preferred remedy has been amputation. The famed Mayo Brothers, in their clinic at Rochester, Minn., were trying to develop a therapeutic treatment for it, said the doctor, but their method was by no means established, and it was not for dogs, anyway.

But then the doctor, Loren Morris of Raritan, thought: "Not for dogs? Why not?" He communicated with the Brothers Mayo, who said they would be delighted to try their new method on Grouse instead of a human, offered to pay his transportation to the clinic. Last week hopeful Master & Mistress Thompson kissed Grouse goodbye, sent him off to Rochester.

White Plains Revolt

Not everything that makes the fire engines clang is a fire. Sometimes it is a child's prank; sometimes it is a cat—a cat which, having climbed higher than it can bear, is meowing so piteously, so tediously, that the neighborhood sends for hook & ladder.

Last week the Fire Department of White Plains, N. Y. revolted against cats, announced that in the future it would untree no cats whatsoever. Reasons: 1) too many firemen had been badly scratched; 2) apparatus off cat-chasing is not quickly available for fires.

Ladybugs

To each fruit-farmer of Merced County, Calif. who asked for it last week, Dooley P. Wheeler, agricultural commissioner, presented a quart jar. The farmers went to their farms, opened the jars and cried, in effect:

Lady bug, lady bug, fly away home!

The jars had been filled with ladybugs and placed in a cold-storage warehouse last Autumn by a force of men under Commissioner Wheeler, who scoured the countryside near El Portal, Calif. Some 8,000,000 bugs had been netted and stored. The reason: A ladybug is capable of eating in a season several thousand of the Aphis (green plant lice) which annually menace vineyards, peach and apricot orchards, and truck gardens in Merced County.



A big company has made it a business to help travelers travel

Travel has become an important industry. Great nations now seek travelers as they seek trade. America itself, within the last decade, has become a nation of travelers.

This industry has made possible the world-wide organization of the American Express. It has enabled it to establish offices in 25 countries—to maintain a staff of men and women in the United States and Canada—to assist travelers in planning their journeys and in securing their accommodations—to station an additional staff of people abroad for their assistance when away from home.

Of this number, 190 men in uniform are stationed at docks and other critical points where travelers most need a helpful, friendly hand. Others are assigned the task of looking after the tourists' mail. In proportion, others are continually aiding travelers with their travel needs or caring for their financial requirements.

The rapid growth of this travel industry has prompted 17,000 of the leading banks of the United States to furnish travelers with the Travelers Cheque, devised by the American Express Company forty years ago as an international currency.

More than two billion dollars of American Express Travelers Cheques have been carried by travelers to every corner of the globe. Foreign countries have come to recognize them as a distinctive American institution. They welcome Travelers Cheques as they welcome American travelers. To them they are the insignia of a big American company devoting its energies to the travel industry. One million people, men and women, last year, had safer and pleasanter journeys because the American Express Company has made it a business to help travelers travel.

This service is available merely by writing or calling at any American Express office or American Express, 65 Broadway, New York City.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY
WORLD SERVICE FOR TRAVELERS





Be a Golf ROBOT

Knock them out automatically without nerves or moods or off-days! Start this program by choosing D & M meticulously matched Greystone clubs.

By matching all clubs, both woods and irons, for weight, balance, length and feel, we give you a set of clubs that make your swing just as nearly automatic as possible.

D & M Greystone clubs are handsome-looking clubs. They have True-Temper graduated steel shafts heavily chromium plated. The irons have a lower concentrated weight in the hand which gives a cleaner pick-up and a longer shot. The woods are weighted in back directly behind the hit-spot. See these clubs at your dealer's—you'll like the sweet feel of them. They are the clubs for the new bulls. You'll be cheered up at the prices.

All-Leather Bag \$21.89!

For a short time we are offering a special D & M tan cowhide 7-inch stayless golf bag with laced cuffs, zipper fasteners on hood, shoe and ball pocket at the astonishing price of \$21.89. Ask your dealer or send the coupon for descriptive circular.

Three Wonderful Ball Values

D & M Balls are the best you can buy in each class. The Skull at 75 cents will go far! The Owl at 50 cents will stand up under hard use. The White Streak sells three for a dollar and is a wonderful ball for the money. If your sporting goods dealer does not carry D & M golf equipment we will gladly ship direct to you.

Send for Complete Golf Book FREE

Send the coupon today for our latest book showing all the golf equipment you need, with photographs, descriptions and prices. Also many helpful hints for improving your game. Mail the coupon now.



Please send me your complete free golf book with circular on the special golf bag offer.

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

AERONAUTICS

Sky Cannon

Near Berlin last week newsmen stood behind protecting steel walls, stoppered their ears and watched a small cannon-like device vomit gases with a nerve-shattering roar. Two minutes of the din was all they could endure. The "cannon," mounted on an engine block, was Inventor Paul Heylandt's latest rocket motor propelled by burning of liquid oxygen and an alcoholic liquid. It was only two feet long, weighed 15 lb. Installed in a hermetically sealed cabin airplane for stratospheric flight, the inventor said, it would propel the craft from Berlin to any point in Europe in 12 min.

Prophet With Honor

Seldom have so many famed flyers gathered together as in a banquet room of Manhattan's Hotel Roosevelt one night last week. There were bronzed "Lon" Yancey, meek-looking Clarence Chamberlin, debonair Col. Fitzmaurice and his rescuer, sturdy Bernt Balchen, nearly bursting out of a tight dinner jacket. There were beauteous Ruth Elder Camp, mope-headed Amelia Earhart Putnam, and the recluse Lindbergh; Armand Loti of the *Yellow Bird* who came from France to be present that night; Rear Admiral Byrd, Frank Courtney, Harry Connor, (Brook & Schlee, too, would have been there had they not been forced down flying from Detroit to Manhattan.) They were assembled not to be honored, but to honor belatedly Dr. James Henry ("Doc") Kimball of the New York office of the U. S. Weather Bureau, who has never flown but who is largely responsible for the success of every oceanic flight starting from the Atlantic coast.

Gentle, grey-haired, looking somewhat older than his 57 years, Dr. Kimball was literally "overwhelmed," moved nearly to tears by the demonstration. He made a speech reviewing the critical stages of the flights he had helped to prepare "partly for the thrill I get out of them." Also he said: "A greatly improved weather map is sorely needed [before scheduled transatlantic flight can be considered]. Inadequacy of information, not unsatisfactory weather, is often the reason for postponed flights. Unknown weather is bad weather when the only hope of success lies in full recognition of all hazards, including weather."

"And now for a dream—Byrd whispered it to me before the tumult had subsided on his return from Paris; I've heard it from each of you, and yesterday Lindbergh and I toyed with it—a crossing at 25,000 feet; far above an unfriendly ocean; at 300 miles an hour; no fog, no ice, and a glorious sky overhead—well, not yet, but we hope, soon!"

The flyers who lauded Dr. Kimball were well aware that his service to them was no simple business of glancing at the sky, reading a barometer and delivering a glib verdict of "go" or "stay." He dislikes the notion that he issues categorical decisions, or that he functions as an official transatlantic ship dispatcher. All that he will undertake is to inform a waiting flyer

when he may expect "reasonably favorable conditions" on his projected course. And that alone means long, laborious work for Dr. Kimball in the Weather Bureau offices atop the Whitehall Building at the lower tip of Manhattan Island. It means working all night, making a weather map from radioed reports received from ships



Keystone

JAMES HENRY ("DOC") KIMBALL

"And now for a dream . . . !"

at sea, that a flyer hoping to take off at dawn may have last-minute information. For this service, in addition to his regular duties to marine navigation, Dr. Kimball is compensated by a salary of about \$4,000 per year, plus vicarious joy in the achievements of his "boys and girls."

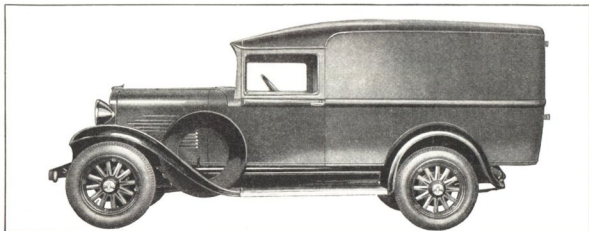
Dr. Kimball's *magnum opus* is to be a complete daily weather map of the ocean—some day of the upper air. To the completion of that task he is as devoted as a painter to an unfinished canvas. That, he says, is why he has never flown. "I don't believe I ever will. I want to see this work through. I see no reason I should take the extra chance."

Southern Cloud

Even as Col. Lindbergh joined the staff of T. A. T. and Pan American Airways, and as Capt. Coste took office with France's Air-Union, so did Wing-Commander Charles Kingsford-Smith return home from his famed flights to become managing director of Australian National Airways Ltd. One day last month one of his company's Fokker monoplanes, the *Southern Cloud*, took off from Sydney for Melbourne, over 450 mi. distant, with five passengers and two pilots. It passed over Wangaratta, about 300 mi. along its course, was reported again near King Lake, 40 mi. north of Melbourne, was not again heard from. As did Lindbergh when the T. A. T. plane *City of San Francisco* vanished in New Mexico in 1929, Commander Kingsford-Smith flew to the search. Day after day planes criss-crossed the wilderness north of Melbourne. In

NEW WILLYS SIX TRUCKS

Rugged and Economical



Chassis and DeLuxe Sedan Panel Delivery, \$645. Smart appearance. Inside body measurements, 72 inches long, 46 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide at floor, 52 inches wide at belt.

$\frac{1}{2}$ ton chassis (113" wheelbase)

\$395

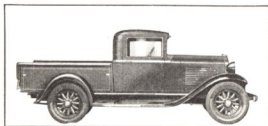
$1\frac{1}{2}$ ton chassis (131" wheelbase)

\$595

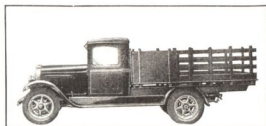
f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio

New Willys Six Trucks are smart, distinctive and dependable . . . Powerful six-cylinder engine . . . 65 horsepower . . . Full force-feed lubrication . . . Floating type oil suction . . . Rugged frame with sturdy cross members . . . Large Duo Servo four-wheel brakes. The $1\frac{1}{2}$ -ton truck has four forward speed transmission and full floating rear axle. Bodies are built to custom standards, full streamline design with large loading space.

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio — Willys-Overland, Ltd., Toronto, Canada



Chassis and Cab, \$495. With Pick-Up or Open Express Body, \$522. Inside body measurements, 66 inches long, 45 inches wide, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch sides.



Chassis, Cab and Stake Body, complete as shown, \$780. Inside body measurements, 108 inches long, 79 inches wide; stakes 32 inches and 42 inches high.

A B O D Y T Y P E F O R E V E R Y B U S I N E S S N E E D



THE SAN FRANCISCO
OPEN

THE PASADENA
OPEN

THE MIAMI
OPEN

THE AGUA CALIENTE
\$25,000

THE TEXAS
OPEN

THE MOTION PICTURE
MATCH PLAY OPEN

*Six of the first seven Golf Tournaments
of the new season were won with*

THE NEW-SIZE Spalding Ball

In the San Francisco Open, out of 160 players entered, 154 played the Spalding Ball.

In the Pasadena Open, the first 8, 16 of the 20 prize-winners and 90% of the field played the Spalding Ball.

In the Miami Open, the first 8 and 43 of the 50 qualifiers played the Spalding Ball.

In the Agua Caliente Open, 25 of the 36 prize-winners played the Spalding Ball.

In the Texas Open, the first 9 used the Spalding Ball, as did 92% of the entire field.

In the Motion Picture Match Play Open, all semi-finalists and 25 of the 32 qualifiers played the Spalding Ball.

Many golfers had the erroneous impression that the change in golf-ball

specifications meant a new start, from scratch, for all golf-ball makers.

We, at Spalding's, knew that was not so. But we decided to let actual play correct that impression in its own convincing way.

It has! It has shown that the Spalding Ball, in the new size and weight, retains those qualities that have made it known throughout golfdom as the Ball of the Champions... that it still is the longest and greatest ball in the world.

If you're in the low-handicap class, play the Spalding. If you're given to topping at times, play the Kro-Flite—brother to the Spalding, and the toughest golf ball made.

These lists contained members of Spalding's Field Advisory Committee—who carry out Spalding's policy of testing in actual play. © 1931, A. G. S. & BROS.



Spalding
Golf Balls

each
75
cents

such territory survivors might live for many days without reaching means of communication. Last week hope for plane and occupants was abandoned.

Damages: \$89,000

One Sunday just two years ago a trimotored Ford of Colonial Western Airways, Inc. faltered over Newark Airport, glided smack into a railroad car loaded with sand. All 14 passengers were killed, Pilot Lou Foote alone surviving what was then U. S. aviation's worst accident. Last week ended the joint trial of six \$100,000 damage suits—largest aviation damage trial in the U. S. Verdict: awards of \$89,000, varying from \$7,500 to \$46,000.

As in other crash cases the defense pleaded Act-of-God (TIME, March 30 *et ante*), summoned such expert witnesses as Frank Monroe Hawks, Bernt Balchen and Charles Sherman ("Casey") Jones to testify that the company had taken reasonable care, that the pilot had done his best in an emergency. But for the plaintiffs Attorney Ernest P. Biro (his famed witness was Clarence Chamberlin) argued that the emergency was of Pilot Foote's own making: attempting to turn at low altitude after a motor had cut out.

Flights & Flyers

Publicity Ladies. Nicely timed to give publicity to the planes exhibited at the National Aircraft Show in Detroit, three record flights by women were made last week: Elinor Smith flew a Bellanca Skyrocket to (apparently) 32,500 ft. over New York; at Philadelphia, Amelia Earhart Putnam piloted a Pitcairn autogiro to 19,000 ft., higher than an autogiro had ever been flown; at Detroit, Ruth Nichols streaked along a 3-kilometer course at 210 m. p. h.—almost 30 m. p. h. faster than a record set by Miss Earhart.

Graf over Egypt. Because the British Government was understood to object to the *Graf Zeppelin* flying over Egypt in its Mediterranean cruise of 1929, Dr. Hugo Eckener then tactfully let "unfavorable winds" blow the dirigible away from that course. Last week, however, the *Graf* flew to Cairo and the Holy Land not only with full British approval, but with Squadron Leader R. S. Booth of the British dirigible *R-100* among its 25 passengers.* Arriving over Cairo a half-day ahead of schedule the *Graf* commander learned by radio that mooring preparations were not complete. He circled the city, dipped the airship's nose three times in salute to King Fuad and his Queen who watched from a terrace of the palace, and disappeared toward Asia Minor to kill time. On its return next morning a member of the *Graf's* crew dropped by parachute to Almazra Airdrome to give final instructions to the ground crew of 350 British soldiers. These were commanded by Flight Lieutenant Luck who had gone to Egypt last autumn to take charge of the mooring of the ill-fated *R-101*. After an hour's visit at Cairo the *Graf* flew on to Jerusalem, returned to Cairo, headed home to Friedrichshafen.

*But the French Government disappointed the *Graf Zeppelin's* passengers by stipulating that no photographs be taken over French soil. Cameras were collected by the crew, locked up until France's frontiers were passed.

THIS INSURANCE DOESN'T COST A CENT

YET IT MAY SAVE YOU THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS

"FUGITIVE" RECORDS have no place in business. And many important documents are just that.

Take a contract... a business agreement... a will... even a check—merely sheets of typewriting, until *signed*. After that, worth perhaps thousands.

Many business executives rarely touch pen to paper except to sign their names... and then do so with an ink that a few drops of water will wash away.

A risk entirely needless, but no less a risk. Far-fetched? Not at all. Glasses of water get spilled... windows are left open... fire breaks out (vaults that are fireproof often provide no protection against water damage). More people are careless than dishonest.

A *modern* risk, too. For today most executives use fountain pens... demand a free-flowing ink. "Fountain pen ink" must be supplied them. Many such inks are washable... "fugitive" inks.

Now Carter offers a *strictly permanent ink that yet flows freely, evenly, through the most delicately adjusted fountain pen. The name of this ink is RYTO.*

RYTO is a unique ink. Writes a deep blue. Gradually turns to an imperishable black. Flows evenly no matter how rapidly, how slowly you write, or whether you use a steel pen or a fountain pen. Keeps its brilliant initial blue indefinitely in the ink bottle, inkwell, or fountain pen... won't "go watery" through oxidization, as many inks do.

Water can't wash it out. Time can't fade it. Alterations are hard to make... easy to detect. Its discovery is no accident. Its formula grew out of 73 years' experience, research, experimentation in ink chemistry.

Here's an Interesting Fact...

There are two *kinds* of ink. One is a dissolved dye—which redissolves when water touches it. This kind of ink stays on the surface... washes off easily. Hence the term "washable."

The other kind is a *colorless liquid* to which dye has been added so you can see what you're writing. This liquid *penetrates the fibres of the paper—"rivets" itself in...* gradually turns black... makes a mark as permanent as the paper.

There's a place for each kind of ink... Carter makes both. *But keeping or signing important business records in washable ink is a risk that might involve a loss of thousands of dollars.*

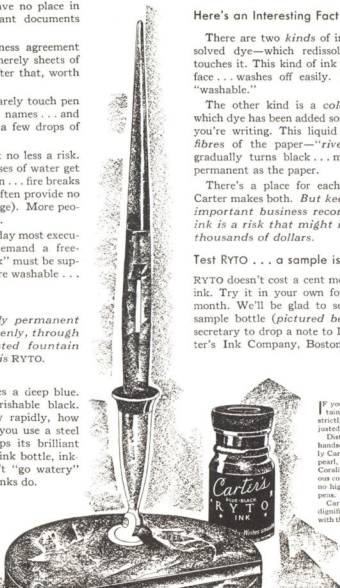
Test RYTO... a sample is offered you

RYTO doesn't cost a cent more than ordinary ink. Try it in your own fountain pen for a month. We'll be glad to send you the free sample bottle (*pictured below*). Ask your secretary to drop a note to Dept. T1, The Carter's Ink Company, Boston, Massachusetts.

If you're exacting about fountain pens, try Carter's. A strictly handmade, hand-adjusted pen.

Distinctive-looking, too, in handsome Penrites—exclusively Carter's. Black pearl, white pearl, and colors. Also made in Coralite, in black and in various color combinations. Prices no higher than other fountain pens.

Carter desk stands, too, are dignified, practical, and made with the same painstaking care.



THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY HOME STUDY COURSES

YOU CAN CHOOSE IF YOU WILL

CHANCE governs the general trend of too many lives. By chance many people live in a certain place, attend a certain school, take the opportune job, they chance upon certain associates, books, and thoughts. . . . But by courage and determined effort they could choose often times where to live, what to study and, to a large extent, what to accomplish. . . . Hundreds of thousands of ambitious people are studying at home in their leisure time. Increased earning capacity is the objective that many are attaining. But whether the attainment be greater efficiency in business, or a more interesting social life, or the real joy of developing a more cultured point of view, the studies that lead to these objectives are available, wherever one lives, through Columbia Home Study Courses. The range of subjects is wide.

PARTIAL LIST OF HOME STUDY COURSES

Accounting	Greek
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Chemistry	Machine Design
Child Psychology	Magazine Article Writing
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Contemporary Novel	Personal Administration
Corporation Finance	Philosophy
Drafting	Physics
Drawing and Painting	Public Speaking
Economics	Religion
English Composition	Secrecial Studies
English Literature	Short Story Writing
European History	Sociology
Fire Insurance	Spanish
Friendship	Typewriting
French	World Literature, Etc.
Geometry	
German	
Grammar	

Subject elasticity has been allowed for adaptation to individual needs. This system of instruction assures the student the opportunity to master every part of a course under the personal guidance of competent teachers. . . . A bulletin showing the complete list of courses available for home study will be sent you upon request. A special high school bulletin, listing courses that cover complete high school and college preparatory training, is available also.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
University Extension—Home Study Department,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me full information about Columbia University Home Study Courses. I am interested in the following subjects: _____
Time 4-10-31

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Street and Number _____

City _____ State _____

Occupation _____

S P O R T

At Notre Dame

"The eyes of the football world are on Notre Dame. Everyone wants to know what we will do without Rockne. You will answer. So carry on."

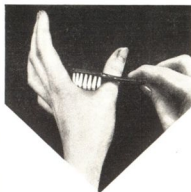
Thus Rev. Charles Leo O'Donnell, president of Notre Dame, to the 320 candidates for next autumn's football team, assembled for spring practice. He said that Heartley ("Hunk") Anderson would be the new coach. A famed Notre Dame guard from 1919 to 1921, then line coach for six years, and for two years head coach at St. Louis University, Anderson coached the Notre Dame line last year. His first assistant will be Jack Chevigny, shrewd backfield man of the 1928 team, who also coached last year under Rockne. Anderson's title will be "Senior Coach"; "Head Coach" was buried with Knute Kenneth Rockne.

Washington v. California

In the East, where rowing is important chiefly because it gives occasion for pleasant water-fêtes, crews last week were still trying to get used to the feel of a shell after the solid oar-machines in their gymnasiums and tanks. In the West, true home of present-day U. S. rowing, great races start early. Down Oakland Estuary last week came two crews pulling easily along with bows almost exactly aligned. They were Washington and California, off in their first race of the year. For two miles and a half they moved along side by side, then something happened in the California shell. Coxswain Graham raised the stroke to 36. The Golden Bears rowed harder, faster, more jerkily. They gained no distance. The shells were still almost even, the finish a half-mile away, but the rowing-wise knew from that moment that California was beaten. The Bears were rowing 37 when suddenly, with a smooth rush of power, Washington raised their stroke to 38, moved away. Going under the bridge they had almost a length; coming through on the other side water showed clear between the shells. Washington's time was a new record, 14 min. 53½ sec. for three miles on the estuary. The Washington junior varsity and freshmen crews also won, also set new records for their distances.

Mr. Fish

In Manhattan, a customs inspector bent over a trunk. A bottle of Irish whiskey had broken in it, rousing his suspicions. He took four bottles which had not broken and was about to clear the trunk and its owner, one D. Fish of London, when from a bundle of laundry tumbled unexpectedly several little books of paper slips. They were lottery tickets. Further search of Mr. Fish's baggage revealed a total of 1,000,000 tickets on the Irish Free State Hospitals Sweepstakes on the Epsom Derby. Convinced that the U. S. would be a fertile market after the publicity given the winning of \$886,360 by Clayton Woods of Buffalo last month (TIME, April 6), Mr. Fish himself stood to make some



BETTER SHAPE



BETTER BRISTLES

Tek leaves nothing to the imagination! See its distinctive arch-conforming and crevice-seeking shape. Feel its clean, springy bristles. Laboratory-tested for quality and efficiency.

Try Tek. In one minute your mouth will feel the difference. You'll say. "It's the best tooth brush I've ever used."

Better Shape and Better Bristles mean cleaner teeth and firmer gums! Tek, sterilized and Cellophane-sealed, at your dealer's. .50¢, Tek Jr. 35¢. Guaranteed product of the world's largest makers of dental accessories. . .

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek
the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

\$400,000 when his sale was finished. The sellers of the lottery tickets would get two free for every ten sold at \$2.50 each. All the tickets were confiscated under Section 305 of the U. S. Tariff Act of 1930 pertaining to "Immoral Articles or Prohibited Importations."

Davis Cup

Last week the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association picked a team for the Davis Cup match with Mexico next month: Wilmer Allison, member of two previous Davis Cup teams; tow-headed, 19-year-old Sidney B. Wood Jr.; strong, swart Francis X. Shields, 20. J. B. Adoue Jr. is the non-playing captain. He was picked because he is an experienced player and because he lives in Dallas, Tex., so that it will be easy and cheap for him to get to Mexico. National Champion John Doeg was not picked because he announced that he could not take time off from business (advertising) to play in Davis Cup matches this year.

Who Won

Slender George Terry Dunlap Jr. of Princeton, intercollegiate golf champion; the North & South Amateur at Pinehurst, beating Samuel Parks Jr. of Pittsburgh 6 & 5 in the final.

Miss Belle Baruch, dark, slender eldest daughter of Financier Bernard Mannes Baruch; master of hounds of the Georgetown, S. C. Hunt, sailor and—like her sister Renée—an expert rifle shot, owner of a big racing and hunting stable at Pau, France; on her famed Arab jumper, Souriante III: the President's Cup at the Paris Horse Show from 119 contestants, most of them French cavalry officers or professional riders; for the second year in succession.

Wisedom, owned by Miss M. Lark, at 100 to 8; the Welsh Grand National at Cardiff on a wet course, with Vincile second and Quite Calm third. John Hay Whitney's Dusty Foot was scratched.

Albert ("Whitey") Michelsen, cadaverous, spook-faced, 35-year-old marathoner: the Metropolitan A. A. U. 26-mile marathon in Hudson County, N. J.

Miss Marion Lloyd, Manhattan fencer, so tired she could hardly hold her foil: the women's U. S. senior foils championship in a triple-fence-off with Mrs. Leon Schoonmaker and Miss Dorothy Locke.

The French Rugby team: a match with England in Paris, 14—13, which will be the last rugby match between these countries for some time. France has just been expelled from the British Rugby Federation after a squabble over play and tactics. This year three players have been killed in France; numerous have been the charges and counter-charges of brutality, foul play.

The City of Cleveland: a contest with the City of Chicago for the Max Schmeling-Young Stribling fight now planned for July 3. Mayor Daniel Morgan and George H. Bender, manager of Cleveland's huge new stadium, made successful terms with Madison Square Garden Corp.

King Gustaf of Sweden, 72, and Henri Cochet, playing together: a doubles tennis match from Pierre Landry and Christian Bousous; at Paris. (Score unannounced.)



Golf Clubs that fit YOUR form

THIRTY-THREE years' experience in making fine golf clubs has taught MACGREGOR, among other things, that no two golf swings are exactly the same. They are as individual as thumb prints.

It is because of this very fact that MACGREGOR offers the widest range of golf club selection in the world—a set to fit every manner of swing.

Some golfers swing slowly, but follow thru with lots of rhythm. Others stroke the ball crisply—while still others are really powerful hitters. Each style requires a different sort of club if the swing is to flow freely and the shot timed properly.

Whether you are tall or short, light or of heavier build, there is a MACGREGOR set to fit your game and give you that "feel" which only clubs that really fit you can inspire.

MACGREGOR offers a wide range in price as well as selection—whether you prefer shafts of hickory or steel. Remember, too, that these clubs are created by Golfer-Workmen who have proved them on the MACGREGOR course before they are offered to you.

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GOLF CLUBS

T H E T H E A T R E

New Plays in Manhattan

The Wiser They Are. Bruce Ingram had an uncanny fascination for women. They buzzed about him like gnats on a Mississippi mule (see p. 40). When he came home from Europe he was pursued all the way to his apartment by a Juno-esque married lady. "How did it happen?" asked his friend.

"That's what I wondered," said Mr. Ingram, "when I woke up."

"And you call that living?"

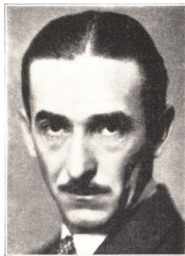
"No. Traveling."

But then Mr. Ingram falls in love with his ward Trixie, a chronic flirt. Thereafter neither can trust the other. Even on their honeymoon they are tagged after by cast-off friends. And as the final curtain falls, although Mr. & Mrs. Ingram have settled their entanglements of the

discovers what a handsome fellow Mr. Woolf is, she abandons her disguise. But by this time the niece is unwilling to give up the buccanery, makes him marry her. Mr. Woolf, blustering about with hair on his chest, is embarrassingly exhibitionistic.

Joy Of Living is a comedy of German extraction. It uses four characters, the two most important being a gambler and the man whom he has made his valet in lieu of pressing for payment of gaming losses. After three acts of this entertainment, one concludes that hokum is the same the whole world over. Sample lines given to the female character named Ly, who intrudes into the gambler's flat: "They called me the tiger cat—and they had good reason for it. . . . So he's the master and you're the valet, eh? Life's queer sometimes, isn't it?"

The Rap. The producers of this melodrama have concluded that, with Manhattan newspapers bearing tales of civic corruption on their front pages edition after edition, it is high time to have a play about crooked judges and police. In spite of its sensational and opportunistic motive, *The Rap* manages to be a pretty good crime play. It has to do with a lawyer and a reporter who are killed, one just as the spectators are getting their hats tucked under the seats. As the play continues its uneven but earnest way, it develops that someone with a cold hand has been perpetrating the various assaults and murders, someone, most likely, in the police department, for the constabulary of this mythical municipality is evidently a gang of thoroughgoing rogues. The question is: who is the owner of the cold, paralyzed hand?



De Mirjau Studio

OSGOOD PERKINS

When he woke up, he wondered.

moment, one foresees for them a merry married life and a short one.

The Wiser They Are is Producer Jed Harris' lightest comedy to date. It is eminently agreeable, very amusing. Osgood Perkins led the cast of Philip Barry's *Tomorrow & Tomorrow* to take the part of Bruce Ingram. Urbane Mr. Perkins, whose dramatic touch is deft and definite, is quite at home under the Harris aegis. He was the kinetic editor of the now almost legendary *Front Page*, also the frustrated doctor of *Uncle Vanya*.

For the part of Trixie, Producer Harris selected Ruth Gordon (*Hotel Universe*, *The Violet*). Miss Gordon is one of the few actresses who can portray the character of a loose young girl without being offensive.

The Great Man is a cheap show about a pirate (Walter Woolf) who kills, conquers and seduces with equal good humor. In one of the towns he raids, the Governor's wife plans to protect her virtue by making herself ugly, sacrificing her unmarried niece. When the Governor's wife

AETNA selected floors that increase employee efficiency

For its stately new home in Hartford, Connecticut, the Aetna Life Insurance Company ordered some 270,000 square feet of Sealex Battleship Linoleum. For its new building at 22 William St., New York, City Bank Farmers Trust Co. purchased 180,000 square feet.

To land orders of this magnitude, a material must be more than merely durable or moderate in price. It must be an all-round business floor.

Sealex Battleship Linoleum is a resilient floor. It's live! This natural buoyancy comes from the finely ground cork which is one of its principal ingredients.

Hard floors make the day harder for everyone who walks on them. On the other hand, to install Sealex Floors is like putting shock absorbers on an automobile. They take the jolts out of the day's work.

Being resilient, Sealex Battleship Linoleum is also quiet. Workers are not disturbed and distracted every time someone walks down the aisle.

The "Battleship" in the name of this floor means that it conforms to rigid U. S. Government specifications. Figured on the cost-per-year-of-service basis, this is undoubtedly the most economical resilient floor money can buy.

"Sealex" means that this material is manufactured by the revolutionary Sealex Process. Invisible dirt-absorbing pores, which make ordinary linoleum difficult to clean, are hermetically sealed.

Sealex Battleship Linoleum comes in several colors and weights—the lighter gauges offering substantial economies for spaces where traffic is not too heavy. For full information, address our Business Floors Dept.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

KEARNY, NEW JERSEY



ÆTNA spent
a year trying to find a better
floor for the same money—
or as good a floor for less



LARGE corporations are accustomed, it would seem, to spend time before spending their money.

Aetna Life investigated for upwards of a year trying to find a better buy than Sealex Battleship Linoleum. It couldn't be done.

Western Union even went so far as to conduct actual service tests with many floor materials. Sealex Floors won this competitive contest also!

City Bank Farmers Trust Co., Standard Oil, Equitable Life, Westinghouse, are other leaders who have chosen Sealex Battleship Linoleum. Purchasing floors by the acre, these buyers could not afford to make mistakes.

See page 50, third column, for further facts

SEALEX
LINOLEUM FLOORS

New building of Aetna Life Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn., Architects: James Gamble Rogers. General Contractor: George A. Fuller Co. 270,000 square feet of Sealex Floors installed by G. Fox & Co., Hartford.

MARKETS ARE people

BACK OF THE CHARTS . . . back of the graphs and maps and tables . . . at the very corner-stone of all commerce and industry, lies the human equation.

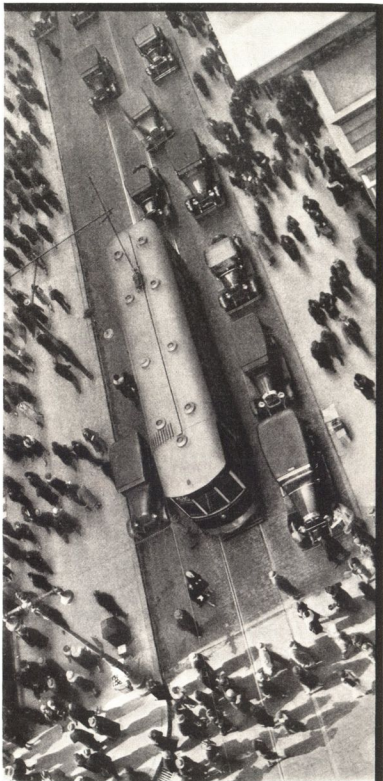
Markets are simply people. Charts can tell us how many of them there are, where they live, and approximately how much they have to spend. But no chart can tell us what they are thinking . . . no graph can give us their inward hopes and prejudices, their secret ambitions and desires.

These are things which to a great degree determine the design and sale of modern merchandise. Upon a turn of popular taste . . . upon a slight shift in public favor . . . whole industries may rise or fall. Who wears hats today? Who plays the harmonium? What woman is without the once-maligned lipstick? What man does not own a safety razor?

All these changes have occurred in our time, and life is vastly different because of them. Now, at this moment, others are taking place, and tomorrow will see still more of them. So long as human nature is human nature, people will grow tired of things, alter their ideas, and seek ever-new avenues to greater comfort and happiness.

A knowledge of human nature . . . a thorough understanding of, and sympathy with, the thoughts and impulses underlying human behavior . . . is a business asset of incalculable value. And in the well-established advertising agency, familiar as it is with many shades of public thought and feeling, this knowledge has of necessity been developed to a very high point.

In almost any business, human nature is an important factor. Here, if anywhere, is concrete evidence of the practical worth of Alexander Pope's wise observation: "The proper study of mankind is man."



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BUSINESS & FINANCE

Matches, Groceries, Fords

Three gigantic corporations selling cheap and universal products last week issued their 1930 reports, revealed that fortune was not all frowns last year.

Matches. Far flung are the operations of Krueger & Toll Co., holding company for the great "Swedish Match Trust," for 21 industrial banking and real estate operations, for the Grangesberg Co. iron mines (Europe's biggest), for the control of L. M. Ericsson Telephone Co. Master of its many operations, getter of its matchmonopolies is close-shaven, quick-speaking Ivar Krueger, self-made, much publicized "world's richest bachelor." To shareholders last week he reported that Krueger & Toll during 1930 earned \$24,163,000 from dividends and interest received, against \$4,738,000 from those sources in 1929. Trading profits however were \$8,626,000 against \$14,816,000. The net result was that Krueger & Toll in 1930 had profits of \$32,789,000 against \$29,095,000 in 1929. If investments had not been marked down to reflect market conditions, Ivar Krueger could have reported earnings of \$43,000,000. Total assets of the company are now carried at \$405,939,000.

Groceries. When Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co. of America closed its books on Feb. 28, it had 15,737 stores in operation, a gain of 319 during the year. Last year stores turned in a volume of \$1,065,806,000 despite lower commodity prices. Sales up, the margin of profit also increased, jumping from 2.49¢ per \$1 of sales to 2.88¢. The result was a net profit in 1930 of \$30,000,000 against \$26,000,000 in 1929. Assets are now listed at \$170,000,000.

Ford. Since Ford Motor Co. is privately owned, it does not make public what it earns or what it pays in dividends. But it has to report a balance sheet in Massachusetts, and from changes in the surplus account a fair indication of Ford fortunes is obtainable. During 1930 the Ford surplus jumped \$44,000,000, against a gain of \$81,000,000 in 1929. These years thus handsomely offset losses of \$47,000,000 and \$72,000,000 in 1927 and 1928 when models were being changed. The brief, jumbled-up Ford balance sheet shows cash (including notes and accounts receivable, securities and patent rights) at \$182,000,000 against \$346,000,000 at the end of 1929. Inventories last year fell from \$118,000,000 to \$112,000,000 while accounts payable were sliced from \$73,000,000 to \$45,000,000. Total assets are at \$781,000,000.

Large Ghost Laid

Not even the stately halls of the world's largest banks are free from corporate ghosts. For almost a year one of them has lurked disturbingly in the recesses of Chase National Bank. Were it articulate this ghost might well have slid into the offices of Governor Albert Henry Wiggin and whined: "I am the ghost of William Fox's mismanagement of Fox Film Corp. I was created during the wild days of

1929 when he expanded quickly and without funds. Last year I was temporarily silenced when Fox Film fought off receivership by selling \$55,000,000 notes to mature in twelve months. Since then I have haunted Harley Lyman Clarke, who is president of Fox. Also I have haunted Halsey, Stuart & Co. and Pyncheon & Co. who played close to Fox. If you fail to silence me, nobody else can. What are you going to do, Banker Wiggin, when those \$55,000,000 notes fall due?"

Knowing well what the ghost might be saying, knowing well how much was at stake, Wall Street guessed that Banker Wiggin, hero of many emergencies, would rise to the occasion. Yet how he would do it remained a mystery for many



Tiffany Studios

HARLEY LYMAN CLARKE

"The motion picture business has suffered remarkably little."

months. Even eleven days before the notes fell due they sold \$2 below par, indicating there was still considerable doubt on how the problem would be handled. Last week, however, shrewd Banker Wiggin was glad to announce a ghost-laying party. The notes were redeemed as promised.

Preparation. Late in March, Fox Film Corp. began to prepare for the ghost-laying by electing Glenn Griswold, long-time editor of the *Chicago Journal of Commerce*, to vice president in charge of publicity (TIME, March 23). Swart Mr. Griswold is so familiar with the ways of the press that soon many items got themselves into newspapers, to the effect that the financing would be taken care of in due time. President Harley Clarke gave out an interview. "The motion picture business suffered remarkably little from the period of depression," said he. Although reliable figures on motion picture attendance are not available, Wall Street, judging by the market, did not agree with that opinion. Warner Bros. Pictures bonds may be bought for 50¢ to 60¢ on the dollar. Paramount: Public common stock

yields almost 10% at its current price. Many mortgage bonds of Fox Theatres, sold by Halsey, Stuart & Co., can be purchased at between 50¢ and 70¢ on the dollar. Loew's common sells at less than 5¢ times earnings.

Withdrawal. Last year when Fox Film was hovering near receivership, its old bankers, Halsey, Stuart & Co., put up a marvelous fight. But this year Halsey, Stuart & Co. did not behave as intrepid ghost-layers should. On the eve of Mr. Wiggin's party an announcement was made that Halsey, Stuart & Co. had retired from the entire proceedings. Wall Street became a little more nervous. The ghost, it seemed, must indeed be a big ghost if Halsey, Stuart & Co. backed out, for the firm was one of the first houses to finance motion picture enterprises. Rumored as the chief reason for the withdrawal was Halsey, Stuart & Co.'s objection to the relationship between Fox Film and General Theatres Equipment, which sells much equipment to Fox-controlled theatres.

Recruits. Banker Wiggin, however, had no idea of meeting the ghost alone. Hardly had Halsey, Stuart & Co. withdrawn than President Clarke called upon Fox's shareholders to elect six new directors. At the head of the list was Banker Wiggin, director of a myriad of mighty companies, also of less prosperous ones such as American Woolen, Armour & Co., International Agricultural Corp. Proposed to stand beside him were General Cornelius Vanderbilt, whose directorships include Chase National Bank, Illinois Central Railroad, and Saratoga Association for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses; Phillip Ream Clarke, president of Central Trust Co. of Illinois; Frank Overton Watts, chairman of First National Bank in St. Louis; George Monroe Moffett, vice president of Corn Products Refining Co.

No More Plum. When such financially august gentlemen were elected to the Board it was certain that the ghost would be laid. But there soon was evidence that it was a trying party. In Wall Street there is a phrase well known among bankers—"O. P. M." which means "Other Peoples' Money." Usually O. P. M. is used to solve problems, but in the Fox case although a total of \$75,000,000 was put up last week, only \$30,000,000 was O. P. M., obtained by selling new bonds to the public. And Fox stock instead of being strong on the announcement of the party dropped from \$33 to a new low of \$24. Searching for reasons for these two developments, Wall Street decided that perhaps a prime cause lay in the fact that Fox's big holdings in Loew's, previously considered a rich plum, henceforth are no longer strictly Fox's.

Film Securities Corp. A new company was formed last week, christened Film Securities Corp. From Fox Film it took the 660,000 shares of Loew's which Cineman Fox bought in 1929. In return, it gave Fox \$28,800,000 cash, also nine-tenths of its common stock. The common stock, however, was divided into voting and non-voting classes, and that which Fox received may not vote for Film Securities' directors. The other one-tenth went to the Chase-headed syndicate which underwrote the \$30,000,000 worth of Film Securities notes and preferred stock. Thus

Fox no longer controls the 660,900 shares of Loew's which amount to working control (48%) of that company. Although a Government suit against Fox's investment in Loew's was thought to have prompted this deal, many Fox holders last week regretted it; they had always thought that Fox could sell its Loew's investment any moment at a fancy price.

Figures. The recently weak condition of the bond market probably prohibited the bankers from attempting to sell more than \$30,000,000 worth of Fox securities last week. But there may have been other reasons why O. P. M. was not forthcoming at once for the \$30,000,000 Film Securities Co. issues and a \$15,000,000 bond issue of a Fox subsidiary which the bankers also bought last week. Fox Film has always carried its Loew's investment at the price which Mr. Fox paid. Yet the market is now less than half that price, and if Fox were to rewrite its Loew's investment down to market, its \$5,000,000 surplus would become a \$35,000,000 deficit. Another factor which made O. P. M. scarce last week was the absence of any Fox balance sheet later than Sept. 27, 1930. The stated reason for this absence was a difference of opinion on how to depreciate talking films. The bankers for Fox said that their accountants have deducted more than \$3,000,000 from previous Fox earnings because of a more conservative system. Accounting difficulties were also cited as the reason why bankers and company could make no estimate of the per-share Fox earnings even for the prosperous Sept. 27, 1929-Sept. 27, 1930 period.

Essence. Thus the ghost-laying party was expensive to both the company and its bankers. The company has surrendered one-tenth of its equity in Loew's, also sole voting power for its Loew's stock. The bankers have apparently temporarily invested \$45,000,000 in the Fox structure, although they are expected to sell these holdings to the public later. Yet Wall Street last week was inclined to view the whole affair as masterful handling of a tremendous problem. Men shuddered to think of what would have happened to the stock and bond markets had Fox defaulted on a \$55,000,000 issue.

Probably the least concerned person in the whole affair was William Fox, who is still a director of the company which bears his name, who for four more years will be given a salary of \$500,000, and who can still go to the village moviehouse in Woodmere, L. I. to see Fox productions bearing the once magic legend: "William Fox Presents. . ."

Idea

Col. Edward N. Johnston and Robert C. Cutting, consulting engineers, last week brought suit for \$500,000 against Refined Syrups, Inc., of which tall young Charles Shipman Paysen, son-in-law of the late Payne Whitney, is a big stockholder. They told this story:

For many years Refined Syrups lost money. Its chief problem lay in the heavy duty of \$40 a ton on the sugar-syrup which it imported from Cuba. Consultants Johnston and Cutting were called in. They found that if the solution were 48%

sugar instead of 68% the duty would be 83¢ a ton. But this solution would ferment within ten days. Hence they suggested that syrup ships halt at the three-mile limit while the syrup was being mixed with water to reduce its sugar content. They charged that the company had promised to let them patent the idea and then to buy it for at least \$500,000, but waited not, paid not.

Deals & Developments

No Violation. In the Federal Court of Chicago in January 1930 the U. S. Government won an important suit. For it was decreed that five primary defendants (chief among them: Standard Oils of New Jersey and Indiana, and Texas Co.) and 45 secondary defendants were guilty of violating the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Their guilt lay in the patent pool and cross-licensing system by which they kept unto themselves and licensees the valuable oil-cracking patents. But last week this important anti-trust suit, now in its seventh year, was lost by the Government. The Supreme Court held that the companies had created no monopoly, hindered interstate commerce not at all.

Circus Suit. Sells-Floto Circus and Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey last week faced charges that they have conspired to create a monopoly. Plaintiff in the suit, and asking for \$1,000,000 damages, was Miller Brothers 101 Ranch show group. Alleged monopolistic acts: defacement of plaintiff's advertising, spreading of malicious rumors, the enticement of Cinemactor Tom Mix away from Miller Bros. to Sells-Floto at \$12,000 per week.

Receivership for P. R. T. "Subservient directors who did the Mitten bidding at a glance or a nod, to the end that the nefarious schemes hatched at before-dawn breakfasts, might, in their opinion, have the stamp of legality," was denounced last week by Judge Harry S. McDevitt who thereupon ordered the Mitten-managed Philadelphia Rapid Transit Co. into receivership. Mitten Management, Inc. is headed by Dr. Arthur Alan Mitten, son of the late famed Thomas Eugene Mitten, transit expert.

Hydrogenation. While world-wide overproduction of oil exists, little demand is seen for the process of hydrogenation in which powdered coal is converted into oil. But last week it was evident that the great international hydrogenation patent pool is still active. The little town of Vaduz in the tiny principality of Liechtenstein (between Austria and Switzerland) was named as the home of a new company called International Hydrogenation Patents Co. which will develop the process outside of the U. S. and Germany. Another company to exchange patents will soon be formed in The Hague. Linked together by these deals are Standard Oil of New Jersey, I. G. Farbenindustrie, Imperial Chemical, Royal Dutch-Shell, all of whom have been known to have a strong community of interest in the process. Perhaps the nation most anxious to see hydrogenation widely used is Great Britain whose coal industry remains in great depression.

Wiggy Saunders. The last great cor-

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APRIL 15—ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER "HOLDING COMPANIES," by Mr. Martin J. Insull, President, Middle West Utilities Company.

APRIL 22—THE FUTURE OF TALKING MOTION PICTURES, by Mr. J. E. Otterson, President, Electrical Research Products, Inc., Subsidiary of Western Electric Co.

APRIL 29—HOW TO KEEP THE PRICE OF MERCHANDISE DOWN, by Mr. D. F. Kelly, President, National Retail Dry Goods Association, and *The Fair*, Chicago.

MAY 6—BANKING, by Mr. Rome C. Stephenson, President, American Bankers Association.

MAY 13—AGRICULTURE AND THE PACKING INDUSTRY, by Mr. T. George Lee, President, Armour and Company.

MAY 20—THE BUILDING INDUSTRY, by Mr. Truman S. Morgan, President, F. W. Dodge Corporation.

Keep this list for future reference

EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING 9 P.M. Eastern Standard Time **8 P.M.** Central Standard Time **7 P.M.** Mountain Standard Time **6 P.M.** Pacific Standard Time
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- A booklet containing reprints of the addresses will be available upon the conclusion of the series, at which time the Old Counsellor will resume his talks on investment. Requests will be held and filled at that time. On all these programs, distinctive music is played by the symphony orchestra.

ner on the New York Stock Exchange was in 1923 when Clarence Saunders massacred bears short of stock in his Piggly Wiggly Stores, Inc., sent the shares up from \$55 to \$124. But soon afterwards Storeman Saunders lost control of his chain, had to begin again. Last fortnight the State of California halted his stock-selling plans, led him to sell his holdings in a new California chain. Last week Clarence Saunders Stores, Inc., with headquarters in Memphis, was sold by a Federal bankruptcy referee after almost a year of receiverships for its 132-store system. It was bought for \$445,400, by a group whose leaders were the chain's creditors. Also last week, Storeman Saunders talked of big plans for a new chain of stores.

Gold Move. For several weeks gold mining shares have been on the climb, because low commodity prices have made the industry more profitable (*TIME*, March 30). Last week famed American Smelting & Refining Co. through its affiliate, Premier Gold Mining Co., Ltd., entered the Kirkland Lake gold field in Ontario. Cautious announcements made it clear that the venture is officially regarded as highly speculative. The new property, said a Premier Gold announcement, "has a very fair mining plant. . . . There is at present no ore, other than a trivial amount, in sight." But mining men suspected that Smelters' move may be the first of many by big mining companies. Premier Gold was formed in British Columbia in 1919, has lately concentrated on silver.

Manhattan Up-State. On exhibit in the Bank of Manhattan Building is a great iron-bound box which was used to transfer valuables between the bank's Manhattan office and its Utica and Poughkeepsie branches between 1869 and 1819. These branches were closed many long years ago, but under the broad charter which was granted it in 1799, Manhattan Co. may do things denied to younger banking companies. Last week it used this charter to enter the up-State field again, buying two banks in Corning, N. Y. Control is thought to have been bought from Alanson Bigelow Houghton, glass man, onetime (1925-28) U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain. This move brings competition upstate to Marine Midland Corp., holding company for 15 banks in northern New York and Manhattan's Marine Midland Trust Co. of New York.

Personnel

Samuel Wallace Reyburn resigned as president of **Lord & Taylor**, Manhattan department store, to devote all his time to the presidency of **Associated Dry Goods Corp.**, which controls Lord & Taylor and James McCreery & Co. in Manhattan, Hahne & Co. (Newark); J. N. Adam & Co. and The William Hengeler Co. (Buffalo), Stewart & Co. (Baltimore), Stewart Dry Goods Co. (Louisville), Powers Mercantile Co. (Minneapolis).

Edward L. Love, vice president of **Chase Securities Corp.**, was made a director of **Arnold Constable Corp.**, holding company for Arnold Constable & Co., Manhattan department store.

General James Guthrie Harbord, president of **Radio Corp. of America**, was made a director of **Bush Terminal Co.**

•

“WHAT DID THE M A R K E T D O T O D A Y ?”

• The next time you are in a small group and a newcomer is introduced as a member of an investment banking organization, note the inevitable question put to him—"What did the market do today?"

• Perhaps the query will take a different form but the substance of it will be some reference to the "market."

• To the man in the street the business of investment is very often largely a matter of the stock market and its course from day to day. This attitude implies that the principal function of the investment advisor is to pick the next market leaders and that the only test of successful investment is the making of speculative profits.

• Certainly the movement of important stock prices has a significance for business and the investor, but it does not by any means sum up the process of investment. After all, the purpose of investment—the conservation and effective employment of savings—indicates the nature of the activity. It starts logically with a program laid out to meet individual situations. It is made effective by balance and strict adherence to well tested principles. It is not a matter of quotations but of intrinsic values.

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Using the warehouse phone number, you may list your name in each local phone book, and the warehouse operator will take your salesmen's calls. Yet your identity is carefully preserved, for the warehouse can use your labels, your billheads, your stationery or any of your personalized forms.

Charges are made on a "piece work" basis. Your costs are based on the number of units of your goods that are handled. During dull periods you are not burdened

with fixed overhead expenses, as you are if you operate your own branch houses. The AWA Plan cuts distribution costs, speeds freight charges, speeds delivery, enables you to increase sales through the strategic location of spot stocks. Full details in our 32-page booklet, sent free on request.



**AMERICAN
WAREHOUSEMEN'S
ASSOCIATION**

1872 Adams-Franklin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Compass Boy

Charles Gleason Jr., 12, of Newton, Kan., who is as inquisitive as a young fox terrier, never gets lost. As soon as he opens his eyes a morning, he automatically recognizes compass points. All day long thereafter he knows exactly where he is. He is as clever and undeliberating as any bird or animal when it comes to homing.

Last week Inquisitive Charles strutted before the neighborhood boys. He had been to Dr. Harry Reginald DeSilva's psychological laboratory at the University of Kansas in Lawrence, and had gone through experiments never before told behind a barn.

In the laboratory, Dr. DeSilva blindfolded Charles, turned out the lights, and repeatedly whirled him rapidly in a chair. At first, Charles pointed correctly to North, East, West, South. By & by he became dizzy. Then he began making mistakes, big ones. Obviously his sense of direction was not infallible. The way his mind worked—and this seems the probable method of homing birds and animals—must be this: without his being conscious of the details he was able to register automatically every turn he made, every landmark he saw, every fixed sound and smell he perceived.

In Precision's Palace

Washington last week caught up with Leyden, Berlin and Toronto in the matter of liquefying helium (after hydrogen most volatile of gases) and keeping it liquid—a scientific feat first accomplished 23 years ago. The jubilant men who did it were staff members of the U. S. Bureau of Standards—Drs. George Kimball Burgess (director), Hobert Cutler Dickinson and Ferdinand Graft Brickwedde and two aides. In cylinders stout enough to withstand the tremendous expansion of gases they compressed air to liquid (-310° F.). Liquid air helped liquefy hydrogen (-432.4° F.); liquid hydrogen helped freeze helium to a colorless liquid at -456° F. That temperature is less than 4° F. above Absolute Zero, unrealizable goal of cryogenists. At such low temperatures molecules almost stand still, display fantastic electromagnetic properties.

The Bureau of Standards wanted to liquefy helium to refine the accuracy of (among other measuring apparatus) kitchen thermometers.

Director Burgess' current interest in extreme cold is the antithesis of his preoccupation with extreme heat at the beginning of his scientific career. That was while he was studying with Henry Louis Le Châtelier in Paris. In 1901 he accomplished four things: Earned his Sc. D.; translated Le Châtelier's *High Temperature Measurements* with additions; published *Recherches sur la constante de Gravitation*; and took Suzanne Babut across the Atlantic to his home at Newton, Mass. for a New England marriage.

Concurrently a fifth thing soon important to him was happening. Congress had created a Bureau of Standards in Washington. President McKinley in 1901 took Professor Samuel Wesley Stratton

from the University of Chicago to be the bureau's first director. A couple of years later he had Dr. Burgess with him. When Professor Stratton became president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology (1923), Dr. Burgess became Bureau Chief. Just a month ago President Stratton, for a year now Tech's board chairman, was back in Washington, guest of his onetime subordinate at the bureau's 30th anniversary celebration and the unveiling of a Stratton portrait in the old institution.

When they and the bureau were young, they had scarcely a score of men on the staff. Their research home was a temporary shelter. Now the bureau occupies



Keystone

STANDARDIZER BURGESS

At last: liquid helium.

more than 20 buildings in a wooded, 43-acre Washington suburbs park. Scientists and assistants number more than 1,100.

The first laboratory was so rickety that passing wagons made the measuring instruments rattle. Now Dr. Burgess has structures so solidly poised that an earthquake could not joggle a butterfly on a pendulum. He also has instruments sensitive enough to detect the streetcleaners' brushing a block away.

Precision is the bureau's prime purpose. Deep within an unshakable vault, where temperature and air pressure are constant, lies the master measuring stick of the U. S., a platinum bar one metre long. Bureau men know that it is one metre long because they measured with an eternal, invariable standard, the red light waves of cadmium.

Then there are standard quarts and bushels, standard tin cans and hotel dishes, machines which weigh an electron, others which weigh bridges. They bend steel girders at the bureau and blow up steel tanks. One device, an interferometer, indicates how far a 40-in. brick wall is deflected by the pressure of one hand. They have an ultra-micrometer which measures a movement of one-millionth part of an inch. But it is "too sensitive for any known use."

**SPARKLING -
SPOTLESS -
SANITARY -**
the metal of a New Day
ENDURO



CENTRAL ALLOY DIVISION
REPUBLIC STEEL
CORPORATION
MASSILLON, OHIO



Enduro is the sparkling, tarnish-proof metal now used so widely by manufacturers of hundreds of products. This unretouched photograph by Margaret Bourke-White shows how effectively The Bishop and Babcock Sales Co. of Cleveland employ Enduro on their new "Red Cross" soda fountains.

CLEANLINESS is a great salesman. A sparkling, stain-free soda fountain is a better profit-maker than one that has to be continually cleaned and polished.

Kitchen, cafeteria and restaurant equipment that is inherently bright and spotless builds business—and saves time.

Dairy machinery that is not affected by milk or milk products—is an invaluable sales asset.

Hospital equipment that is sanitary—and easily kept that way—is a tremendous aid in fighting infection.

Enduro, the perfected stainless steel, has taken these fields by storm, because of its eternal lustre—its permanent cleanliness—its stain-proof properties and its absolute resistance to rust, corrosion and the attacks of most acids.

Enduro is firmly established in the automotive industry. It has already proved its value in the building field. It is a boon to the chemical and oil industries.

Enduro is stronger than carbon steel. It does not tarnish—and takes a mirror-like polish.

It works easily and can be machined, cast, welded, deep drawn and wire drawn. Hundreds of products can be made more useful and more salable through the proper use of Enduro.

A request on your business letterhead will bring an interesting set of booklets dealing with this metal of the new day, and its many uses.



EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, New York City, World's tallest structure. The volume of air cleaned every fifty-six minutes by American Air Filters in this building is equal to the building's total outside displacement, 38,000,000 cu. ft.



Photo © Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

NEW YORK'S Finest Buildings are Shielded from DUST by AMERICAN AIR FILTERS

DUST drives its vicious barrage on New York at the rate of 61,199 particles to every cubic foot of air. In a single day one person breathes millions of these danger-laden particles. Unless their approach is blocked, they make their way into every air-filled space. They spread a damaging film over fine merchandise in stores. They soil linens, draperies, and carpets in hotels. They contaminate manufactured products in factories. They short-circuit sensitive electrical machinery in power plants, and break down the capacity of giant Diesels. They penetrate into hospital operating rooms. They can be barred. American Air Filters

have converted hundreds of buildings in New York City, and thousands in other cities, into safety zones from dust pollution. These results are concrete and can be studied in terms of actual performance and savings. Solve the dust problem in property you administer. Learn, with the help of our engineers and research staff: (1) What dust is costing you; (2) How it can be controlled. Our services are at your disposal without obligation. American Air Filter Co., Incorporated, General Office, 170 Central Ave., Louisville, Ky. Factories, Louisville, Ky., and Bradford, Pa. Represented in N. Y. by Reed Engineering Co., Graybar Bldg.

A Partial List of Buildings in New York Equipped with American Air Filters:

Standard Oil Bldg.	3	John Wanamaker	41	New York Public Library	66
International Tel. & Tel.	4	Metropolitan Life Ins. Bldg.	44	Empire State Bldg.	68
Corn Exchange Bank	5	New York Life Ins. Bldg.	45	Gimbel Bros.	70
Kuhn Loeb & Co.	6	Chrysler Bldg.	47	Macy's	71
Equitable Trust Co.	7	Stratton Hotel	48	Paramount Theatre	75
New York Stock Exchange	10	Daily News Bldg.	49	Hotel Adlon	76
New York Curb Exchange	16	New York Edison Co.	51	New York Athletic Club	78
Central Hanover Bank	17	Waterside Station	52	Doctor's Hospital	80
Irving Trust Bldg.	20	Tudor City	52	Acolian Hall	84
J. P. Morgan & Co.	21	Rockefeller Institute	53	Savoy Plaza Hotel	85
Chase National Bank	22	Junior League Club	56	Mt. Sinai Hospital	95
American Tel. & Tel. Co.	24	Montclair Hotel	57	Hotel Pierre	96
Equitable Trust Co.	26	Waldorf Astoria Hotel	60	American Academy of Art	107
Barclay-Vesey Tel. Bldg.	27	Leifcourt Colonial Bldg.	63	Hotel New Yorker	122
New York World Hotel	32	Arnold Constable Bldg.	65	New York Times	126
Woolworth Bldg.	34			National Biscuit Co.	128
Welters Union Bldg.	35			Governor Clinton Hotel	130

AMERICAN **AIR** FILTERS

EDUCATION

Barnard's Unselfish

Barnard College in Manhattan announced last week that it had accepted a bequest of \$3,000, income of which will go annually to that Barnard senior who "has given conspicuous evidence of unselfishness during her college course." Donor of the fund is the late Mrs. Ella Fitzgerald Bryson of Manhattan (Barnard 1894) who wished so to honor her late husband, unselfish Frank Gilbert Bryson.

Barnard trustees at first hesitated to accept the prize money. They wondered how their most unselfish girl might be discovered. Barnard's Student Council suggested that the prize should go every year to the senior who has given most willingly her time and service to her college, the girl to be chosen at a meeting of her class, with nominations open, ballots secret.

Golden Tuskegee

A great fat-pine bonfire crackled and shone one night last week at the railroad station of Tuskegee, Ala. With dark faces shining, 1,600 students of Tuskegee Institute cheered, hollered and sang Halle-lujah as two special cars brought trustees, alumni & friends to celebrate Tuskegee's Golden Jubilee. Came Secretary of the Interior Ray Lyman Wilbur, Chairman William Jay Schieffelin of Tuskegee's board of trustees, Canon Anson Phelps Stokes of Washington Cathedral, Manhattan Banker Paul Moritz Warburg, and representatives of 24 Governors. President Hoover was to speak to them over the radio, on "Race Relations."

It was 50 years since Booker T. Washington, with a shanty, a church, a teacher and 30 students, founded an institution to minister to the Negro's greatest needs: industrial training, agricultural development, inter-racial goodwill. Tuskegee now has 2,000 acres of land, 120 buildings valued at \$2,000,000, an endowment of nearly \$8,000,000. There is no white man among its 270 teachers and 3,600 students enrolled in high school, college and summer school courses. Because Dr. Washington wished to "put brains and skill into the common occupations of life," Tuskegee has remained an industrial school. It now teaches 42 trades as well as agriculture, home economics, and the academic and religious courses.

Tuskegee's work goes far beyond its campus. Among institutions it has sponsored are an annual conference of Negro farmers, the National Negro Business League, National Negro Health Week. It launched the farm demonstration service, now taken over by the U. S. Government. A truck goes through Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi carrying instructors who teach the Negro farmer how to improve his farm, his wife how to manage the farmhouse. Tuskegee attempts to better the quality of local livestock: it will swap a pedigreed cow, chicken, hog with a farmer, take in exchange his meager stock for its larder. Tuskegee sponsors the only clinic in the U. S. where Negro doctors may meet and discuss their special problems; last week 300 Negro physicians & surgeons attended the annual meeting.

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*Employ the distributing facilities
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"FEEING" the popular Chesterfield Cigarettes to the entire metropolitan area of New York is almost as rapid-fire as delivering the morning papers. Numberless retail outlets must be kept constantly supplied with Chesterfields. Liggett & Myers have found that they gain speed, efficiency and economy by using the distributing organization and facilities of Bush Terminal.

Bush Terminal provides floor space in flexible units for reserve stock of Chesterfields. The responsibility for incoming and out-going deliveries and the physical distribution organism is placed on Bush.

UNITED CIGAR STORES, R. C. A. PHOTOPHONE, DEL MONTE and BEECH-NUT are a few of the large manufacturers who use one or more divisions of Bush Terminal Service. Apartment house living provides added conveniences at low cost—and "apartment house"



manufacturing, warehousing and distributing does the same, on a scale that is of vital economic value. MANY MANUFACTURERS ARE SAVING AS HIGH AS 50% OF THEIR FORMER PRODUCTION COSTS. Eight enormous ocean steamship piers; miles of railway sidings; massive warehouses and manufacturing units; 10,000,000 square feet of floor space available in any size unit—single floor units from 5,000 to 100,000 square feet; cold storage; heat, light and power in any quantities—at low cost. These are only a few of the Bush features.

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Why not let Bush industrial engineers survey your manufacturing, warehousing or distribution? They may find the opportunity of saving you many excessive costs, of speeding production and distribution. There is neither cost nor obligation. You want FACTS. Our engineers will find them and report them to you.

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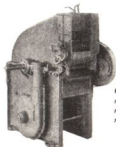
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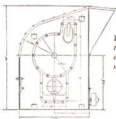
FOREIGN DISTRIBUTION—BUSH SERVICE CORPORATION

LET US MAKE PROFITS FOR YOU AS WE MADE PROFITS FOR THE MAN WHO BUILDS GRINDERS



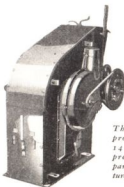
1

Old style 15" machine with many parts made of castings.



2

Redesign (with the help of YPS engineers) of new lower cost 10" machine.



3

The finished product using 14 different pressed steel parts manufactured by YPS.

RESULTS

Increased sales due to a definite reduction in costs. Lower shipping and handling costs from greatly reduced weight. "Eye-value" increased through the sleek, clean-cut lines of pressed steel.

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May we do for you what we have done for many, many others? A survey costs you nothing. Does not obligate you in the slightest. Write for free booklet, "Adventures in Redesign"—it tells the story.



"Press it from Steel Instead"

The
YOUNGSTOWN PRESSED STEEL
Company

610 UNIVERSITY ROAD

WARREN, OHIO

A COMPLETE ENGINEERING AND MANUFACTURING SERVICE

Tuskegee has succeeded in training its men to serve the communities in which they were born. Of its 20,000 graduates, 75% have remained in the South. About half of the remaining 25% originally came out of the North, returned there after graduation. Tuskegee estimates that 35% of its graduates go into teaching, 35% into industry, 20% into "home-making," 12% into business, 3% into the professions. Dr. Robert Russa Moton, principal of Tuskegee Institute, says proudly: "From this we gather that 80% of our graduates are pursuing the line of work in which they were trained." Graduates whom his Institute views with satisfaction include: William Henry Holtzclaw (born in Roanoke, Ala.), founder and principal of Utica Normal and Industrial School at Utica, Miss.; James G. Carter (born in Brunswick, Ga.), U. S. Consul in Calais, France; C. C. Alleyne



Wide World

DR. ROBERT RUSSA MOTON

... the perfect incarnation.

(born in the West Indies), Bishop of the New York district of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church; Thomas M. Campbell, who received last January one of the Harmon awards (\$400 and a gold medal) in Farming & Rural Life.

Tall, deep-voiced, grey-wooled Dr. Moton was Dr. Washington's successor at Tuskegee, and like him a graduate of Hampton Institute at Hampton, Va. Ever since he was called to Tuskegee at Dr. Washington's death in 1915 he has devoted himself dynamically to its advancement. Though many Negro leaders believe that the salvation of their race is not to be found by such purely industrial training as Tuskegee offers, all recognize Dr. Moton as one of their great leaders, a potent contact-man between the Negro and the White. Last week Dr. Meredith Ashby Jones, white Baptist pastor from St. Louis, whose father was chaplain to General Robert Edward Lee, said: "Moton is the perfect incarnation in his personality of the ideal and dream of this republic, that the day shall come when all races and all castes and all classes represented in our country shall indeed have a fair chance to achieve the best in life."

RELIGION

Physicking Priestress

Keen was the lamentation, sonorous the drumming which last August howled from the strange Church of the Innocent Blood in a swampy outskirts of New Orleans. Mother Catherine Seal, mulatto foundress of a faith-healing Afro-Catholic cult, was dead in far-away Lexington, Ky.

Some nine years ago she remonstrated with her third husband for his philandering. He kicked her in the stomach. The kick caused a partial paralysis. She went to a faith-healer for relief. He was "not treating colored folks that day." The injured woman dropped to her knees and shrilled her prayers directly to God. If He would cure her, she would have faith to cure others, and she would cure them black or white. By & by she recovered, ministered to others, amassed "voluntary donations," built a "manger" in the swamps, swore never to leave the place.

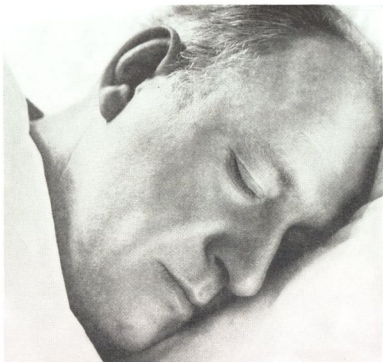
The establishment grew large. She surrounded it with a high board fence. Chief denizens were "saints," all female. Lesser in her hierarchy were "prophets" and "apostles." They bred fowl; dug for themselves a "Sea of Gethsemane"; prayed to a vast, crudely carved Jesus, who was black because the Scriptures did not say that he was not black. Awesome was the Deity, a towering figure the color of roast potatoes, made of clay and burlap.

Thousands of devotees, black and white, went to Mother Catherine for "cures." Her apostles searched them at the wooden gate for weapons. The unarmed entered, had a pinch of salt dropped in a palm, which they lapped up and made a wish for Mother Catherine's help. "Saints" lined up the applicants. The file approached the altar where stood stout Mother Catherine, adorned by a white headress and a starched apron with the word MOTHER embroidered in red across its bib. On a side table was a huge brown bottle of warm castor oil, which she had blessed, and a bowl of quartered lemons, "taste-killers." To each one with the "misceries," a saint gave a full tumbler of the tepid oil and a "taste-killer." Away each would prance, blubbering oil and lemon juice, shouting "bress sweet Jesus." Occasionally Mother Catherine conducted "Epsom Salts Sundays."

Last August she herself had the "misceries." An evil spirit, she told her devotees, was haunting her. "Lord Jehovah done told me to go to my old home in Kentucky and fight that spirit."

Heavily she left her "manger," took a Jim-Crow railroad car to Lexington, Ky. There within a few hours she died "of complications."

In the Church of the Innocent Blood "saints," "apostles" and "prophets" wailed, rubbed their drums, kissed the gaudy wounds of their Christ, fondled the feet of their Deity, groveled at their "Sea of Gethsemane," prayed with the soft-rubbed words of Louisiana Negroes for the fulfillment of their "vision": that Mother Catherine was coming back to them. Mother Catherine did not come back, and the tomb prepared for her in the temple



Sleep Tonight!

Sound, Natural, Unbroken Sleep This Drugless Way

YOU don't need to toss and turn and fret before you get to sleep tonight. You don't need to waken in the middle of the night and lose precious hours of rest.

If you want, you can get to sleep tonight almost as soon as you go to bed. And get 8 hours of sound sleep! Deep sleep! Natural sleep that really rests both mind and body! You can do this without the use of anything remotely resembling a drug or sedative. So you wake up in the morning clear-eyed, fresh, "fit" for anything the day may bring.

A food concentrate called Ovaltine will do this for you, as it has for thousands before you. Produced under license in the United States according to the exact Swiss formula, Ovaltine is a delicious food-drink. You mix it with warm milk—drink it just before going to bed—and go to sleep. Then while you sleep, Ovaltine does several remarkable things for you.

Does Three Things

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a natural process.

Second, it aids digestion, since it contains in high proportion a remarkable food properly known as diastase, which is a natural food substance with the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Ovaltine, because of its high proportion of diastase, will digest four to five times its own weight of other foods in your stomach, and thus lifts a great burden from your digestive organs.

Third, it rebuilds worn-out nerve cells. Because it contains in concentrated form a nerve restorative called "leicithin" which is taken from eggs. And this rebuilds nerve tissues as you sleep.

During the World War, Ovaltine was used

by the Red Cross as a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers.

Try It Tonight

Just try Ovaltine tonight. Note how quickly you go to sleep. See how differently you feel tomorrow. A few weeks' use of Ovaltine will make an amazing difference. Your whole appearance will show the result of this restful sleep and new vitality. Take Ovaltine not only for sleeplessness, but whenever you feel nervous or run-down. Thousands of people, on doctors' advice, take it as a stomach "conditioner."

Whenever you begin to "feel" your stomach, just take 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a half glass of milk with your meal. You will be surprised at the way it helps your stomach and rests your stomach. For Ovaltine, when taken with a meal, will digest the major portion of all the starch content of other foods you have eaten. In this way Ovaltine not only relieves distress but *actually* helps the cause of the trouble. Also this is one of the reasons why Ovaltine helps to put you to sleep at night, for digestive unrest is one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

Start tonight! Just 'phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink just before you go to bed.

Whatever you think of the claims made for Ovaltine, just try it! It has brought restful sleep and teeming energy to thousands. You'll be surprised at what it does for you.

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OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

A Clean Rapid Duplicating Outfit in Your Store Office or Study

Copies Anything Typed Written or Drawn

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Makes neat copies of anything, typed, written or drawn, in one or more colors, from postcard to 9x15 sheet [max. printing surface 7½x11 inches]. Turns out 1,000 to 1,500 perfect copies an hour, at an average cost of 25¢ per thousand. Matches work of highest priced duplicators.

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lay unused, the health authorities refusing permission for her to lie there.

Mother Catherine's mantle descended upon Mother Rita, whose career was last week checked by the public administrator. Although they owed neither debts nor taxes, the followers of Mother Catherine lost their temple. She forgot to make a will and left no heirs. The public administrator had to do his duty and order a public auction, the proceeds going to the State treasury after deducting official fees. Mother Rita declared that if the building were sold, the entire city of New Orleans would be destroyed by flood "so quickly that no one would have time to speak."

Hill of Torture

Director Arthur Caswell Parker of the Rochester (N. Y.) Municipal Museum (he is part Seneca Indian) was invited last week to solve what promised to be an interesting problem. At Auriesville, N. Y., site of the shrine to North America's eight Roman Catholic saints (TIME, April 7; July 7, 1930), excavators had discovered two complete skeletons and the skull of a third. Archeologist Parker was asked to determine their identity. They might be the remains of three of the eight saints—Isaac Jogues, René Goupil and John Lalande, Jesuit missionaries—who were slain near Auriesville by Iroquois Indians in the middle of the 17th Century.

The shrine already contains bones of John de Brébeuf, Gabriel Lalemant and Charles Garnier, Jesuit colleagues in the task of converting the Hurons, whom the Iroquois had vowed to exterminate. The cruelties and hardships to which they submitted were rewarded by canonization last June, the two requisite miracles for that purpose having been duly accepted by the Congregation of Sacred Rites. One was the perfect and instantaneous cure of Sister Marie-Maxima of the religious House of St. Hyacinth, in Quebec; the other, the equally perfect and instantaneous cure of Sister Savoie of the diocese of Chatham (Canada). Both Sisters were suffering from tubercular peritonitis. The cures were effected by the invocation of the martyrs, thus investing their relics with added sanctity. Thousands of pilgrims travel to the Auriesville shrine every summer. Additional remains could not but increase the veneration in which the shrine is held, attracting more visitors.

The absence of Indian relics near the new skeletons was what suggested they were the remains of white men. But without waiting for the arrival of Expert Parker, the excavators continued digging in the Hill of Torture. They found five more skeletons. Then Rev. Peter F. Cusick, director of the shrine, and Curator John E. Wyman of the Montgomery County Historical Society became suspicious. The hill crest must have been the burial ground not of the martyrs, but of those who had tomahawked them. A leaden trinket, tortoise-shaped, seemed to indicate an Iroquois burial ground.

Next candidates for North American sainthood are Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini, foundress of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and Mother Elizabeth Ann Seton of New York, foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the U. S.

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"A FLIP— and it's lit! RELEASE— and it's out!"

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

RONSON
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NEW DUAL MARKING SYSTEM!

Cash's Names mark your clothing and linen with full name AND laundry symbol. Result—positive identification, no unsightly ink marks. Neat, permanent, economical. Ask your dealer or write J. & J. Cash, Inc., 2514 St. N., Newark, Conn., or 1457 St. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles, Cal.

"The March of Time"

A new kind of radio entertainment presented by the Editors of TIME

Every Friday Night

10:30-11 Eastern Time; 9:30-10 Central Time; over the basic network of the Columbia Broadcasting System; Stations WADC, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBT, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, WXYZ, WOWO, WDRC, KMBC, WDSU, WABC, KOIL, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WMAL.

Also, starting May 1, Stations WCCO, and KMOX.

FROM THE CITY OF CENTRAL UNITED NATIONAL BANK



WITH CHEMICALS FROM CLEVELAND

business makes new conquests

Everywhere in industry you find chemicals from Cleveland—home of Ohio's largest national bank.

Review a few—speeding production in rubber factories . . . brightening the hues of paints and printing inks . . . helping to transform wood-pulp into lustrous rayon fabrics . . . vanquishing hordes of insect pests on farms . . . lending a magic touch that brings blank moving picture film to life.

As varied as industry itself are the victories which Cleveland chemicals help to win against time, costs, or restriction of markets.

Equally varied also are the business and industrial activities found among the Citizens of Central United National—depositors and customers who come for financial co-operation or protection to the Central United National Bank of Cleveland. And with standards of vigilance and safety akin to the exacting formulas of the industry in which so many of its customers are active, Central United National Bank meets the problems of finance brought to its doors daily by men of business and industry.



**CENTRAL UNITED
NATIONAL BANK** *of Cleveland*

The Largest National Bank in Ohio

MISCELLANY

"Time brings all things."

Rumpus

In Little Rock, Ark., in a hotel, H. G. Lansdale of Atlanta, Ark. telephoned the desk clerk, complained that W. U. McCabe, Arkansas State Legislator, was carousing most annoyingly in an adjacent room. Said H. G. Lansdale: "If you don't stop that rumpus I will." Forthwith he stomped into the room, shot and critically wounded Legislator McCabe.

Boy

In Los Angeles, Calif., Mrs. Anna C. Johnstone revealed that her late mother had forced her for years to masquerade as a boy in order to get a trust fund created in England by her uncle.

Squaw

In Reno, Nev., Mrs. Pearl Marconi, Indian squaw, spent a night in tiptoeing, presented her papoose to a friendly Negress, went to city jail, demanded a bed to sleep in.

Disturbance

In Winter Garden, Fla., George Brown, onetime chief of police, and Terrill Hobbs, onetime night marshal (both lost in last October's elections) were found shot dead in the streets. Nearly were Chief of Police G. S. Brazell, slightly wounded, and Night Marshal J. W. Burkes, unhurt. Said Chief Brazell: he and Marshal Burkes had gone out to investigate a disturbance caused by onetime Chief Brown and onetime Marshal Hobbs. Coroner's verdict: death at the hands of persons unknown; no eye-witnesses.

Lament

Sumner R. Kilmarx, an interior decorator, was one of a jury which had been sitting for three weeks hearing dull testimony in a Manhattan corporation case. One morning he came to court carrying typewritten sheets, which he distributed to his confrères, to all the lawyers, and the judge. On the sheets was an original composition—a poem by Sumner R. Kilmarx entitled "The Jurors' Lament." Excerpt:

*The Justice nods, the jurors yawn,
The hours tick away.
But still the lawyers argue,
And the case drags on its way.
If we came here in the prime of life,
The cause of right to seek,
But age is creeping on us
As we ponder week by week.*

Wow

In Chicago, Henry Magis was arrested for barking like a dog, thereby disturbing the peace.* He explained: "I was barking and howling to frighten away my daughter's boy-friends." But Mrs. Magis said: "Whenever Henry Magis gets drunk he thinks he's a dog. Anyway, he's a wow!"

*An able dog-barker once was bulky Author Carl Van Vechten, so able and so strident that he is said to have had his barks recorded for posterity.

Teeth

At White Plains, N. Y., Mrs. Mary A. Hudson left some platinum-based false teeth, one set more than 60 years old, "to the dental colleges in the hope that they may prove an incentive to dentists to equal or possibly excel the work of Dr. John Allen."

Bullets

In Atlanta, Ga., Negro Jeff Davis was shot in the stomach, complained of the pain. Physicians decided to operate. Before they found the bullet they were seeking, they found four other, old ones.

Bootjacks

In Kansas City, Mo., the National Bootjack Association held an exhibition. Best bootjack was that of Woodrow Weaver, 16. It was auctioned off for \$100 (for the Red Cross), sent off to General John Joseph ("Blackjack") Pershing. Governor Harry Woodring of Kansas exhibited a bootjack which was sold for \$6.

Burnside

Near Balboa, Canal Zone, Chief Electrician Leslie W. Burnside of the motor ship *Courageous* jumped overboard to commit suicide, changed his mind, swam about for twelve hours before the S. S. *Saboteau* picked him up.

Meyers

In Kenosha, Wis., Floyd J. Meyers, 24, unemployed for 18 months, went to bed with his brother Milton. Both fell to sleep. Soon, Milton Meyers was awakened by a shot, found Floyd Meyers dead beside him with gun in hand. Coroner's opinion: that Floyd Meyers killed himself in his sleep.

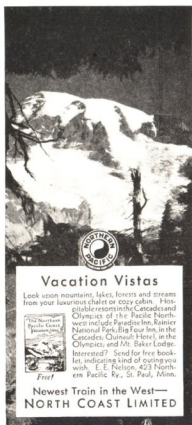
Eggs

In Phoenixville, Pa., the American Legion Post held a cinema show for children. Admission: two eggs. Twelve hundred were taken in, boiled, colored, then hidden in a field, to be hunted for next morning. All but two eggs were stolen during the night by one Andrew Kankarik and his neighbors.

In Mattoon, Ill., a theatre manager announced a performance for children. Admission: an egg apiece, to be given to charity. The theatre held 1,132, but 2,000 children came. Infuriated late-comers threw eggs at the manager, at passersby, at policemen. The manager put on a second, free show.

Dog

In Hartford City, Ind., a constable found a fox terrier reeling and lurching along the street. He followed it to the home of one Paul Garwood, whom he arrested for liquor law violation. Paul Garwood's fox terrier ate mash, was an habitual toper.



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TIME TABLE

COMING

National Affairs

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.

May 6—Reno's mayoralty election. Campaign refrain of the chief candidate: "A broad and tolerant viewpoint."

Foreign News

April 18—Departure from India of retiring Viceroy Lord Irwin. Successor: Freeman Freeman-Thomas, Viscount Willingdon.

April 18—Spring maneuvers of the German fleet; in Bay of Swinemünde, the Baltic.

April 19—Beginning of "Summer Time" (Daylight Saving) in England, 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, relict 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.

April 28—Prince of Wales's homecoming from his South American good-will trip; at Southampton.

May 1—International Labor Day.
May 1—Oct. 1—International Colonial & Overseas Exposition, at Vincennes, France. No passport, no visa (merely certificate of identification from resident French consul) required of entering visitors.

May 3—French presidential election. Likely successor to President Gaston Doumergue: famed Foreign Minister Aristide Briand. Other possibilities: Senate President Paul Doumer, Deputies President Ferdinand Buisson, Senators Albert Lebrun, Albert Sarraut and Henri Chéron.

May 7—Fête commemorating the victory of Joan of Arc at Orléans, France.

May 10—Rumania's Independence Day. Chief celebration: Coronation of King Carol.

Business

April 28—May 1—Meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the U. S.; at Atlantic City, N. J.

May 4—9—Meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce; at Washington. Radio broadcast address by President Hoover. Chief discussion topic: World Depression.

Musical

April 21—Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex*; at Manhattan. Production jointly by League of Composers and Philadelphia Orchestra Association. Scenic designs by Robert Edmond Jones. Radio by National Broadcasting system.

April 23—25—Festival of chamber music; at Washington, D. C. Sponsor: Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation.

*Pronounced Prah-chai-e-pok.

You may take it off, Sir; *we know you.*

We'll admit that dour mask of yours has given a lot of us quite a scare! But at last we're beginning to recognize the really genial old gentleman back of it.

Now, the point is, are we going to let you wear that frozen face every ten years or so?

Or are we going to do something about it?

Quite clearly, it's up to us.

We can, for example, endeavor to control the delicate interplay between production and consumption. Or we can let matters take their own sweet course.

We can try to keep our reserves

of supply materials down to fighting trim. Or we can pile up huge and wasteful stocks each in our own little storerooms.

We can put the burdens of carrying our supply materials (or marketing our finished products) on the efficient shoulders of the scientific distributor. Or we can all duplicate each other's facilities, use small-scale, expensive methods—and continue to pay the bill.

We can watch out for the germ of overproduction before it becomes malignant—because that particular germ makes itself immediately evident to the distributor,

with his fingertips always directly on the pulse of Demand. Or we can continue blissfully to ignore the early stages of the disease.

All this is anything but mere abstract economics.

Far-flung railroad systems, public utilities with their complicated needs, and many other industries have recognized the facts by concentrating their supply problems in hands whose sole function it is to bridge the gap between production and consumption.

And it is the size of this gap which makes our Uncle Sam sour—or smiling!



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B O O K S

*Victorious Victorian**

BURTON, ARABIAN NIGHTS ADVENTURER—Fairfax Downey—Scribner (\$5).

"One of the greatest explorers the world has ever known, if not the greatest . . . one of the two, or possibly three, most proficient linguists of whom we have historical authentication. None could match his peculiar ability in disguising himself. In almost all his undertakings the odds were against him, and it was his lot to be robbed of most of the glory he earned." Capt. Sir Richard Francis Burton (1821-90), most scholarly of adventurers, most swashbuckling of scholars, seems fated to be famed chiefly as translator of an "un-censored" version of the *Arabian Nights*.† If his wife had not burned many of his unpublished, scandalous and scholarly papers, his fame might have been even greater among orientalists, more shocking to laymen.

As a child he was independent, not to say ferocious. With his brother and their sister, he used to knock down their nurses, jump on them. They smashed shop-windows to get at cakes. At Trinity College, Oxford, young Richard got into plenty of trouble, was "sent down" after two stormy years. But his interest had already fastened on Oriental languages which he



CAPTAIN SIR RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON

In childhood he smashed windows;
in manhood, conventions.

studied by himself with no other help than a grammar and dictionary. "He used to say that when he set out to acquire a language, he learned swear words and after that the rest was easy." Burton was big, bearded, muscular. When he took up

†This version not one of the "recognized" translations last month made legally importable (by commercial houses) into the U. S.

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

fencing it was in no garden-party spirit; he became one of the foremost swordsmen of Europe.

Burton's soldier father was glad to further his son's military ambition, but was too poor to buy him a commission in a crack regiment. Young Richard had to be content with the native army of the East India Company. But the routine of army life soon bored him; he was always putting in for risky assignments: investigations in disguise among the natives, a journey to Harar in Somaliland, whence no white man had ever returned; searching for the source of the Nile (his companion Speke got the credit for discovering Victoria Nyanza, but Burton led the expedition). He made the pilgrimage to Mecca in disguise, went to Salt Lake City in the reign of Brigham Young, made an engineering trip to Iceland, wrote many a book on erotic craft & customs of the Orient. Some spoke of him as "ruffian Dick" and "that blackguard Burton," but nobody ever called him a coward or a bore. The East India Company was glad to get rid of such an embarrassingly spectacular servant. Her Majesty's Government grudgingly gave him poor, unimportant consular posts—Fernando Po, Damascus, Trieste—afraid of what he would do. In his last post (Trieste) the aging adventurer made his only lucky strike—a translation of the "*Arabian Nights*," *The Thousand Nights & A Night*, which brought him £12,000.

Burton was of the genus lion, even in society. "When a princess gave him a 'high handshake' he grasped her elbow and lowered her arm. 'That cured her.' Once an archbishop ventured to tease him about his interest in monkeys, asked if he was studying his ancestry. 'Well, my lord,' said Burton. 'I at least have made a little progress, but what about your lordship who is descended from the angels?'"

Nun Exhumed

MÈRE MARIE OF THE USULINES—Agnes Repplier—Doubleday, Doran (\$2.50).

You will be not only on the side of the angels but of two book-of-the-month clubs (Catholic and non-sectarian) if you like this book. In short, it is edifying as well as informative. If you want to be amused or entertained, try something else.

The Ursulines, as every good Catholic knows, are a teaching order of nuns (established 1572). Mère Marie de l'Incarnation (1599-1670) was born in Tours, married plain Marie Guyard. At 17 she named a M. Martin and bore him a son. Not till her husband was dead and Marie was 32 did she enter the Ursuline convent. There her mysticism and executive ability marked her for a super-nunnish career. When the call came for volunteers to go to Quebec, Mère Marie heard it and went.

Quebec in those days was not an old-world city. Wrote Marie: "We see ourselves here under the necessity of becom-

ing saints. We must consent to this change, or perish." Her daily business, however, was to turn little Indian girls into good Catholics, and she went at her job with a will. Smallpox, fire, sub-zero weather, the little Indian girls themselves were obstacles but no more. Mère Marie indomitably toiled on; before she died saw the Ursuline school an integral part of Quebec.



Keystone

AGNES REPLIER

. . . with Mrs. Gerould, shares first place.

(Its present buildings, with seven acres, 600 inmates, still stand on the same site.) Agnes Repplier does her best to humanize this factual account of missionary activity but admits finally: "Mère Marie was fundamentally humorless."

The Author (who pronounces her name Reppliy) has more than the ordinary good Catholic's interest in Mère Marie, for she was educated at the Ursuline Sacred Heart Convent at Torresdale, Pa., before she submitted herself to the non-sectarian influences of the Universities of Pennsylvania, Yale and Columbia. Many a spring freshet has gurgled under the bridge since she published her first book of essays in 1888, but she is still one of the mainstays of Boston's august *Atlantic Monthly*. With Princeton's equally down-right Katharine Fullerton Gerould, Agnes Repplier shares first place among present-day U. S. women essayists. Unmarried, 73, she lives in Philadelphia. Some of her books: *Essays in Idleness*, *Counter Currents*, *Points of Friction*, *Life of Père Marquette*.

Life's Troubled Bubble

THE WEIGHER OF SOULS—André Maurois—Appleton (\$2).*

André Maurois's trademark of polite irony will not fit this Poe-like yarn. Smoothly and deftly written as ever, it has not a chuckle in it, but many an eerie frisson, many an un-Gallic, shivery surmise.

Narrator of the story is a Frenchman who is in London on business and looks up an old trench-comrade, a doctor. The doctor is wrapped up in some very strange experiments; he shows the Frenchman

*Published March 27.



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what he is doing. When a patient at the hospital dies the doctor puts the body on scales, and shows his friend that the corpse loses weight not only gradually but after a time suddenly. The Frenchman, impressed but skeptical, suggests putting the whole business under a glass bell, so that the "vital essence" may not escape. They try it. Nothing happens. Then the doctor bethinks himself of ultra-violet rays. When he shoots the ray through the top of the glass bell, the "vital essence" is beautifully visible. Both are tremendously excited; but the Frenchman, only scientifically interested, is a little scared; the doctor has a personal motive.

Years pass before they meet again. One day the Frenchman gets an urgent summons from his friend, arrives to find the doctor and his recently-married young wife both dead. He finds also instructions for carrying out the final experiment the doctor has spent his life in preparing. But alas, an officious official has smashed the queer-looking apparatus.

The Author. André Maurois (né Hertzog) returned to his native France last January after lecturing for a term at Princeton University. The War rescued him from an uncongenial business career; his knowledge of English got him a job as liaison officer with the British Army; his own scrupulous artistic conscience has made him one of the most meticulous of living writers. Dismissed by the big-wigs as "slight," he changed his key and wrote a full-length biography of Byron. Many an admirer will be glad he has once again written a short book, will admit its size fits the author more nearly. Other books: *The Silence of Colonel Bramble*, *Ariel*, or *The Life of Shelley*, *The Life of Disraeli*.

Lyre v. Orchestra

GOETHE AND BEETHOVEN—Romain Rolland—Harper (\$5).

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe and Ludwig van Beethoven were contemporaries, but it was long before they met, not long before they parted. In these four essays Romain Rolland, music-lover, Goethe expert, discussed in scholarly but readable fashion their queer relationship toward each other and toward the enthusiastic girl who tried to bring them together.

Her name was Bettina von Arnim-Brentano. She was the child of Maximiliana von Laroche, one of Goethe's many loves, and may have thought (thinks Rolland) that she was actually Goethe's daughter. Her own affair with Goethe was rapturous but platonic, except for some early scenes in which the poet behaved himself like Daddy Browning. When Bettina met Beethoven he was still unfamous but very conscious of his worth, and she wrote rhapsodically to Goethe about this unappreciated musical genius. When they finally met, however, Goethe thought Beethoven uncouth; Beethoven considered Goethe an anxious snob. When they met some royalty-a-walking, Beethoven barged right through the middle of them, snorting plebeian resentment, while Goethe stood hat in hand by the roadside, bowing, murmuring, "Your Highness! Your Highness!" When Beethoven played and Goethe's eyes filled with tears, Beethoven "lectured him sharply on his sentimentality."

Afterwards Goethe seldom mentioned Beethoven, but sometimes he had his music played. But the music scared him, he never really liked it. He would sit in a corner and growl: "It is stupendous, absolutely mad. It makes me almost fear that the house will collapse. And supposing the whole of mankind played it at once!"

The Author. A citizen more of Europe than of France, Romain Rolland was one of the few top-flight intellectuals who not only tried to prevent the late Great War but refused to succumb to it. The result: exile in Switzerland, where he still lives (aet 65). When he digs into a subject he digs deep. His ten-volume *Jean-Christophe* won him the Nobel Prize (1915). *The Soul Enchanted*, a study in feminism, ran to three volumes. Since then he has been working the Beethoven vein, has published one (U. S.-translated) book on *Beethoven the Creator* (TIME, Sept. 16, 1929). Rolland's scholarship is a mine from which he does not care to emerge. Says he: "My connections with my generation are broken."

Love's Old Sweet Song

FATAL INTERVIEW—Edna St. Vincent Millay—Harper (\$2).

Now that Elinor Wylie is dead, Edna St. Vincent Millay has become by popular acclamation the foremost U. S. poetess. But Elinor Wylie had an unmistakably individual style; Edna St. Vincent Millay is distinguishable from the ruck of modern poets only by the uniformly high plane of her language, the clarity of her line. Like most of her fellows she is lyrical (i. e. plaintive). In this book of 52 sonnets love is all her plaint. Most tell of love lost, losing, or going out by the window; a few are hortatory:

When we are old and these rejoicing veins

Are frosty channels to a muted stream,
And out of all our burning there remains
No feeblest spark to fire us, even in dream,

This be our solace: that it was not said
When we were young and warm and in our prime,

Upon our couch we lay as lie the dead,
Sleeping away the unreturning time.

O Sweet, O heavy-lidded, O my love,
When morning strikes her spear upon the land,

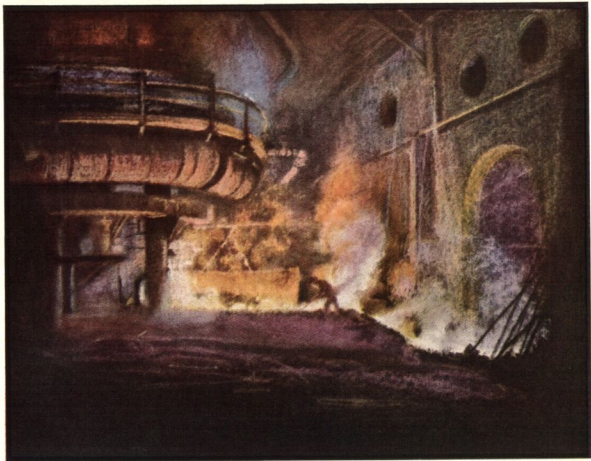
And we must rise and arm us and re-prove

The insolent daylight with a steady hand,

Be not disheartened if the knowing know

We rose from rapture but an hour ago.

The Author. Once mistress of a style faintly flippant, almost Dorothy-Parkeresque, Edna St. Vincent Millay has settled into seriousness. Still young (39) but not so young as she was, her line, her bobbed hair, tip-tilted nose have begun to "date." A Vassar girl, married (to Eugen Jan Boissevain), a Pulitzer Prize winner (1922), she has sought poetry and ensued it in many a book. Four years ago she wrote the libretto to Deems Taylor's opera, *The King's Henchman*, got as much praise as he did. Other books: *Renascence* and *Other Poems*, *Figs from Thistles*, *Aria da Capo*, *The Buck in the Snow*.



"Running Slag," by Artist Roderick D. Mackenzie. One of a portfolio of steel mill pastels reproduced in a recent issue of FORTUNE.

FORTUNE announces for early publication a series of articles on America's basic industry—steel. The series begins in the May issue with a discussion of America's ore reserves. Other articles soon to follow will discuss transportation, smelting, distribution.

In the course of these articles, FORTUNE will tell how mountains of iron ore are carried away from the Mesabi Range in gondola cars; how the world's longest freighters are loaded in an hour and unloaded at five cents a ton; how men and machines race the ice that closes the Great Lakes in November; how Pittsburgh, Birmingham and Gary battle with freight rates for great markets, and how Baltimore may challenge their supremacy with sea-borne ore from Cuba, Chile and Brazil.

FORTUNE's articles will touch upon almost every important company engaged in the mining, smelting and fabricating of steel for industry. They will reveal the men behind the scenes of the steel empire. They will unfold the steel

map of the U.S.—a map determined not by political boundaries but by cost per ton of iron ore and coal, by ownership of railroads and steamship lines. FORTUNE will explain the sudden changes in this map wrought by scientific engineering innovations that outdate many a plant before completion.

These articles, lavishly illustrated as only FORTUNE can illustrate, are written as only FORTUNE can write, with the same clarity, color and authority that have distinguished FORTUNE's articles on copper, aluminum, oil, gold. And, like all FORTUNE stories, the story of steel is a story worth telling, a story worth knowing.



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helps us all
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—From the Twelve Boy Scout Law

WHEN you work hard or play hard, as most of us do, pause for an ice-cold Coca-Cola. This little period of relaxation and rest is known the world over as *the pause that refreshes*. After that tingling, delicious taste of Coca-Cola and the cool after-sense of refreshment it imparts, you come up smiling. Such a wholesome moment gives you a fresh start. You do more work and better work. You get more fun out of play.

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9 OVER
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Drink
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It had to be good to get where it is