

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



Stroup & Schermer

Volume XVII

KENKICHI KAGAMI

*Boxes full of ships and silver.
(See FOREIGN NEWS)*

Number 20

Iron Ore—

Making and Re-making the Map of Steel

Some facts from the first page of FORTUNE's Iron Ore story in the May Issue.



WHEN in 1889, Leonidas Meritt clawed at the red earth under a tall pine, he was the first human being to dig the iron of the Mesabi Range of Minnesota. This property which Meritt discovered, Rockefeller foreclosed in the panic of 1893 for \$420,000. Eight years later Rockefeller's price was \$80,000,000. He got it—from the U. S. Steel Corporation, which later valued the property at over \$500,000,000.

The world burgeons with ore but the important thing about this Mesabi ore was its nature and its location. Rich in iron (two tons smelted would produce one ton of iron), it lay close to the surface so that the mining of it involved nothing more complicated than a steam shovel. And it lay not 50 miles from the Great Lakes, which meant that freight costs from Hibbing (in the Mesabi) to Pittsburgh totaled \$2.87 a ton. But by rail the same distance it would cost \$6, and with the price of pig iron around \$17 a ton, this difference would wipe out every cent of profit and the U. S. Steel Corporation would go out of business.

Thus the Mesabi and other ranges around Lake Superior almost immediately became the crux of the entire steel situation.

This the Steel Corporation realized in 1901 and set out to buy "every available pound of ore in the

Northwest." It was the most extravagant and far-sighted decision Gary and Morgan ever made. It involved hundreds of millions of dollars; it inevitably haled the Corporation before the government's monopoly-hunters; but it created a rock on which Morgan's then shaky structure could stand.

Wise Clevelanders had already staked vast claims, but Gary bought at least half the Northwest's ore and made it possible for the Corporation to fix a policy of neither buying ore nor selling it.

FORTUNE's story of iron ore serves as an introduction to a series of articles on the steel industry which will resume in FORTUNE's July issue with an animated survey of the routes by which raw materials are rushed to the nation's blast furnaces. These stories of the steel industry, like all FORTUNE stories, are stories worth telling, worth knowing.

Fortune

TIME, Inc., Publishers
 205 East 42nd Street, New York

By Subscription Ten Dollars the Year



MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD



LITTLE THINGS, TOO, MAKE FRIENDS

"Perfection," goes the saying, "is made up of trifles." And in a thousand incidents of life we see how much these trifles mean. In social contacts and in the realm of business, too, little things make friends.

Sometimes we think it isn't the obvious things at all that are winning so much favor for the Oakland and the Pontiac. You can't see the qualities of the steels. But they make for dependability. You will hardly search out the extra quality in the upholstery. But that is what provides enduring good looks. You may not

be aware of the felt padding which lines the floor-board and dash of the Fisher bodies. But it adds mightily to comfort on hot or cold days. You are not concerned with the hair's-breadth proportioning of one part or another. But this is just the thing that makes performance what it is.

Throughout chassis and body there are literally scores of points where better things lie hidden. All you will ever know about them is their results. These you can readily learn by talking with owners . . . and by seeing and driving the cars.

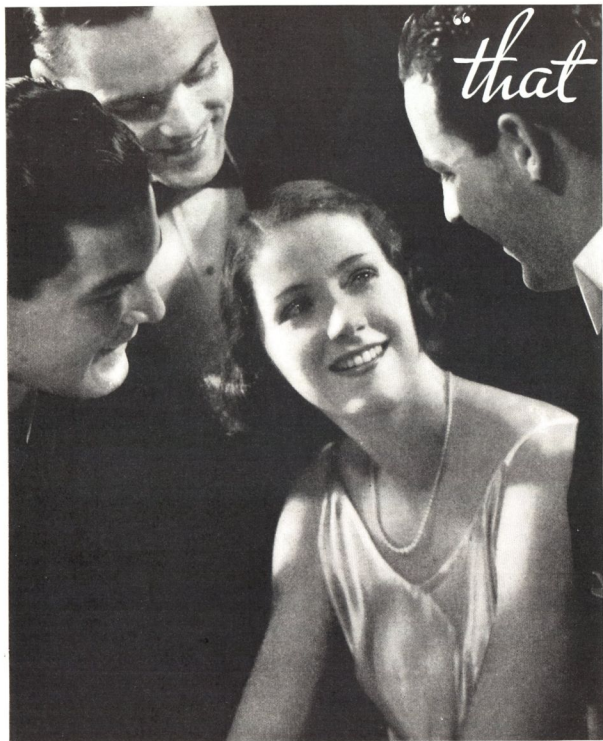
OAKLAND 8



PONTIAC 6

P R O D U C T S O F G E N E R A L M O T O R S

Bodies by Fisher



A vital influence in the lives of over
LADIES' HOME

Night every man in the room wanted to dance with me "

CLOTHES really *can* change your personality! This Spring it came over me that I was getting into a sort of rut. My clothes were dull, and I was dull—I didn't seem to have any pep or charm or anything.

"I have long been interested in

your Paris patterns, so I sent for three of them, chose the materials with care, and the dressmaker and I worked them out together. The results are too fascinating!

"The night I wore my new evening frock every man in the room wanted to dance with me.

"It isn't only that these are the love-

liest dresses I ever had—I feel like a different person in them; younger, better looking, and *more interesting*."

To wear the right dress on the right occasion—the right accessories with the right dress; to plan one's wardrobe to fit one's income and one's personality; in these things the Journal's Paris patterns and fashion articles are giving thousands of women clear, authoritative guidance.



"Giving our boy his chance"

WHEN my boy was gasping out his life with pneumonia I promised myself that if only he could be saved, he should have a better chance in future.

"The doctor said Jackie needed more sunshine and out-of-doors. So now we are moving to the suburbs. It was your tempting display of Journal House Patterns that gave

us the courage to decide on building. The plans arrived yesterday—House No. 334—and I felt I must just sit down and tell you how enthusiastic we are about them. My husband was especially pleased with the cardboard model; he has been spending most of his Sunday painting it. He and Jackie are both like children with a new toy."

New—a cut-out model, drawn to scale, with Journal House Patterns, so that you can visualize your new house!

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the third Tuesday of
each month

LETTERS

U. S. Newshawks in Chile

Sirs:

Recently the local papers heralded the coming of three prominent newspaper men—Leo Kiran, W. Morehouse and Van Deusen.* We, of the American colony here in Santiago, looked forward with pride to this, for we anticipated a visit of three men whom we could call countrymen—our own people. The most of us had not heard of these men before, but they represented well known periodicals from home. We knew not the object of their visit, but felt it must be one of importance to Chile, and we so talked to our Chilean friends and associates. Our humiliation and disgrace was complete. . . . Their insults and . . . actions in and about their hotel leaves a trail impossible to eradicate. God help us if American newspaper men number many in this class. . . . British, French, Italian and German representatives act quite in the opposite manner, and these are the people with whom we are competing for Chilean business. . . .

D. A. HATHAWAY

Santiago, Chile

Burial at Night

Sirs:

Your report of the midnight burial in Kansas City[†] has made me change my will. Old folks like me aren't much to look at any way and I have written, "Just close the coffin and put me down in the ground quietly without any one having to see more than necessary of this sadness." Death is going to be mysterious, I know, and if my friends are afraid to follow me to a graveyard at night I don't want them there. I'll go it alone. For any one who does care to go, it ought to make my passing more impersonal and happy. I'm surprised people haven't thought of this idea long ago and am grateful to TIME for having brought it to my thoughts.

STANLEY L. ROBINSON

St. Louis, Mo.

Sirs:

Far too many people have never stopped to consider whether or not they wish to be buried at night. I am glad to see the subject receive its merited place in TIME (April 27). It may interest you to know that on my father's side we have all been buried at night for the past four generations.

Personally, however, I feel that I shall break this family tradition. To me, and I have given the matter much thought, the moment when the sun sinks below the horizon is the right moment. What do others think?

It may interest you to know that my little daughter Doris was born precisely at dawn. If she should be buried at sunset I think that would be beautiful and appropriate. In fact it was her birth that set me thinking.

JOHN WILLIAMS

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

Christ was buried at night, so the Omaha mortician who put away the remains of Franklin E. Roosevelt had excellent authority for his ceremony (TIME, April 27). Matthew records

*Of the New York Times, New York Sun, Pan American Airways Inc., respectively.—En.

†Error. It was in Omaha, well before midnight.—En.

(XXXVIII:17) that the "even was come" when Joseph of Arimathea begged the body of Jesus from Pilate, wrapped it in a clean linen cloth and laid it in his own new tomb. John records (XIX:39) that Nicodemus came to the body of Jesus "by night" with myrrh and aloes and only thereafter was it buried in the sepulchre.

Despite this supreme precedent of night burials, I doubt if the custom would ever become popular in the U. S. Of course, it has its advantages; a convenient hour when friends can come without missing their work, a dark privacy for personal grief, a hushed solemnity. But are not pomp and ostentation an integral part of most funerals and is not daylight necessary to parade their magnificence? The Negroes of the South who take long days from their field and house work to commit their dead amid lugubrious festivities are not radically different from their white masters in this respect. For both, a burial is a show which the night would shroud and destroy. To most of us the earth is black enough already without darkening the sun on our last journey.

H. K. ARTEKINSON

Savannah, Ga.

Canned Rattlesnake

Sirs:

The time I have devoted to TIME as a subscriber reader for many years encourages me to believe that its editors are not victims of that most common and unfair prejudice which would



READER END'S MONSTER

... on toast, garnished with lettuce.

cause them to frown upon the item of novel interest I am submitting.

The prejudice referred to is the almost universal antipathy editors to reptilian news.

The clippings enclosed will give you the gist



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• PAINT •

of the matter referred to. The interest is not in the fact that rattlesnake was the *piece de resistance* at a dinner enjoyed by a party of Leconte nairs but that this rattlesnake was put up preserved in commercial tin cans. As one of the articles states, this is the debut of a new industry for the utilization of one of Florida's unique natural resources. The writer believes that he is the pioneer in this phase of the canning industry. One thing more, not covered in the articles—most of the guests at the Tampa dinner passed their plates for second helpings of rattlesnake. Furthermore they all knew what they were eating inasmuch as the writer at the beginning of the feast presented the photo [see cut] of the particular monster sacrificed to the cannery. . . .

GEORGE KENNETH END

ARCADIA, FLA.

The rattlesnake steaks were served on toast, garnished with lettuce. The flesh resembled salmon. Reported the "Gulf Glean" column of the Tampa *Tribune*: "We thought our comrades must have been bitten by a bottle of Tampa liquor and were taking the rattlesnake as antidote."—Ed.

Frogs in Cream

Sirs:

I wonder if all our English visitors must recite that carry-on tale about the frogs in the cream vat and the pat of butter. Here Cosmo Hamilton repeats it (*Time*, May 4). I heard that English-Aerop fable delivered during the War by an English clergyman spouting to the Catholic Actors' Guild. But the reverend gentleman said the two that hopped into the cream were mice, not frogs. A frog wouldn't die in cream, would he or she? Unless she or he ate till he or she sank? A mouse would drown.

WILL W. WHALEN

ORTANTA, PA.

Discontinued: Prosperity

Sirs:

I am enclosing a paragraph from today's *Times & Observer* which I thought might interest you.

(EDITOR) JOSEPHUS DANIELS

The News & Observer
Raleigh, N. C.

Excerpt from arch-Democratic Editor Daniels' paragraph:

"The Postal Bulletin, issued under direction of the Postmaster General, in its latest issue contains the following:

"Discontinued—Fourth Class

"NORTH CAROLINA

Prosperity, Moore County, 18407.

"Effective Apr. 30, 1931.

Mail to Highfalls."

—Ed.

Paul Bunyan's Cornstalk

Sirs:

In your issue of April 20, p. 17, under heading "Fall of Michigan," you state that when this tree crashed some of the pieces were hurled 300 yards. Some trees! Some crash—to hurl pieces of the tree more than a quarter of a mile!

Are you sure this was a sequoia tree and not a sprout from Paul Bunyan's famous cornstalk, whose top, when it was cut, whistled through the air for six weeks before it hit the ground?

JAMES B. HENDRYX

Suttons Bay, Mich.

TIME took the word of honest Californians that pieces of "Michigan" flew 300 yards.—Ed.

Albert at Annapolis

Sirs:

TIME issue of April 27, p. 62, reports interestingly about Japanese Prince Takamatsu's visit to the U. S. Naval Academy—amnesty for refractory midshipmen—"first time in the history of the U. S. Navy." WRONG, KING! When benevolent, generous Albert, King of the Belgians, visited the U. S. after the World War, he requested that the Academy's strict regulations

(Continued on p. 10)

मोबिल ऑइल मजबुत है.

मोबिल ऑइल मजबुत है (Mobiloil stands up!) That's how the motorist in India expresses the enthusiasm he shares with the American motorist for Mobiloil's amazing ability to stand up. This remarkable ability to stand up has made Mobiloil the world's leading oil.

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Idle while lights change. Then whip her up to sixty—to seventy. Hold it, mile after mile. Mobiloil will **stand up**. It's *made to stand up*.

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Stop where you see the famous Mobiloil sign. Have the attendant drain out the old oil and refill with the grade of Mobiloil recommended for summer driving.

Remember, not only is Mobiloil the world's leading oil—it is *made to give* rugged, unfailing lubrication in your particular engine. It's *made to stand up* in your engine.

We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, from W.E.A.F. and 31 associated N. B. C. stations.



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Kitchen in the residence of J. R. Warner, Essex Falls, N. J., as photographed by Margaret Bourke-White. H. G. Morie, architect. Percy Clark Quintard, Kitchen Plan Consultant.

requirements. It takes a beautiful, mirror-like polish that does not chip or wear off like a plated surface.

So easy to work—to machine, weld, cast and draw—this perfected stainless steel is rapidly creating new markets—and new uses.

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you want it—and its story is told in a set of interesting booklets that will be sent to anyone writing for them on a business letterhead. If you use metal or buy metal products you should know more about Enduro.

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Trouville (above), Gruen time-keeping Baguette, two diamonds set in 14-kt. solid gold case with open link bracelet; 17-jewel movement, \$165

Mayfair (left), 14-kt. solid white gold Gruen, with twisted mesh cord wristlet; 17-jewel baguette movement, \$70



Weigh all three carefully and
you will buy a **GRUEN**

Brighton (left), 17-jewel Gruen Baguette, cased in 14-kt. solid white gold, \$65

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Annapolis (below), new Gruen Quadrant, 17-jewel rectangular PRECISION movement; with case and link band to match, \$90*

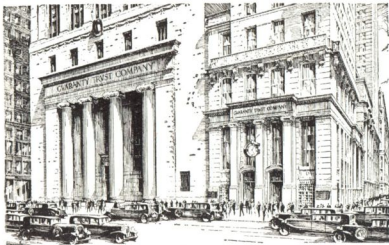


Gruen Pentagon VeriThin (above), "The Croix de Guerre for American Achievement," 21-jewel PRECISION movement, \$115. Other Pentagons from \$75

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MORE THAN \$295,000,000

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of punishment be set aside the day he reviewed the regiment of middies. Several hundred Navy alumni, many TIME readers, remember joyfully King Albert's thoughtfulness.

KENER E. BOND

Middletown, N. Y.

Touring Hosei

Sirs:

Your articles on Japanese baseball in TIME, April 6 and April 27 very interesting. At the present time, Hosei University, 1931 Champions of Japan, are touring the U. S., playing the leading colleges and universities, having games scheduled with Minnesota, Wisconsin, Northwestern, Chicago, Illinois, Michigan, Notre Dame, Washington, Luther, Navy, Pennsylvania, Fordham, Holy Cross, Boston, Yale and Harvard, and several others.

The Hosei Nine are a formidable aggregation of individual stars and are clean cut, aggressive young players that do honor to their nation. With such international competition annually, there would be little need for outstanding diplomats, as these "messenger of good will" do more to establish friendly relations and better understanding between the common people of their nations than any number of letters of state or diplomatic visits. . . .

LEON K. KNIGHT

Decorah, Iowa

Last fortnight at Ann Arbor, Mich., the score stood 5 to 0 in Hosei's favor after the fourth inning. Came seven Hosei errors and the University of Michigan won the game 12 to 5.—Ed.

Soul of a Spaniard

Sirs:

In your April 27 issue of TIME, p. 27, under heading of "Church and Land," you state that 99% of the people of Spain owe spiritual allegiance to ROME. This is in its essence incorrect. Spanish women are devout Catholics, and while it is true that the Spaniard lives against a background of eternity and his outlook is more religious than philosophic, spiritual allegiance is a partway of the soul, and the soul of a Spaniard belongs to God alone.

While the Spanish people feel respect and deference for spiritual orders, they have no use for church politics, always considered the Papal Nuncio in Madrid as an intruder and the clericalism of the Crown was what caused the rapid spread of liberalism and the consequent overthrow of the Monarchy.

PETER BORRAS
Host

Restaurant Madrilon
Washington, D. C.

Equipment

Sirs:

The enclosed marker is placed on the spot where B. Young's house stood and his birthplace. It is in the town of Whitingham, Vt. This town is in the southern part of Vermont.

C. E. WHITE

Shelburne Falls, Mass.

The inscription on the marker: "Brigham Young, Born on This Spot 1801, a Man of Much Courage and Superb Equipment."—Ed.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine
(Mag. & N. Y. City)

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The builders of Buick have only one aim . . . to continue to merit such preference . . . to continue to make Buick cars so superbly good that they will appeal to *all* needs and tastes.

When Better Automobiles Are Built, Buick Will Build Them

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY • FLINT, MICHIGAN

TIME

Vol. XVII, No. 20

The Weekly Newsmagazine

May 18, 1931

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

War Conference

There was a big war conference last week on the Rapidan. To his mountain camp President Hoover took Secretary Hurley, Assistant Secretary Payne, Chief of Staff MacArthur, Chief of Engineers Brown, Quartermaster General De Witt and Congressman Will Wood (appropriations). The President ushered them into a room by themselves, told them they had to find ways & means of cutting Army costs. While they pondered snipping and trimming the military establishment, the President went outside, sat down under a tree, worked over the rough draft of the address he will give at Valley Forge on Memorial Day.

The President was obviously, seriously, troubled about the deficit, which last week rose above the \$900,000,000 mark. Plain to him was the necessity of economizing somewhere, somehow. The Army was chosen to be whittled first because it is spending \$446,000,000 this year, will spend \$450,000,000 next year. What the President wanted to see was 10% shaved off all military activities without impairing the Army's efficiency or jeopardizing national defense. After the men in the closed room had tussled alone with figures, the President went back to their conference, was told that reductions were possible. What the cuts would be, Mr. Hoover kept to himself.

Because Senator Norris treats Regular Republicanism as he does, presidential patronage is something of which his Nebraska gets very little. This situation is specially well known since a Pulitzer Prize was awarded to an editorial on the subject. Therefore gossip tongues were set wagging last week when President Hoover picked a Nebraskan to be Agriculture's member of the Federal Reserve Board, *vice* Edward Henry Cunningham, deceased. The new man is big, husky, talkative Wayland W. Magee, 49, of Bennington. Mr. Magee did not have Senator Norris' endorsement, but he had the next best thing, the endorsement of Senator Robert Beecher Howell of Nebraska. Senator Norris' close political crony. Others who urged his appointment included Senator Carey of Wyoming, Samuel McKelvie of the Federal Farm Board, Governor Willis J. Bailey of the Kansas City Federal Reserve Bank, and many an agricultural college president. Mr. Magee, who runs a two-section farm in Nebraska and a 3,000-acre ranch in Wyoming, has served as a director of the Kansas City Federal Reserve Bank, has a good working knowledge of the relation between farm and finance. Married, father of four, he was educated

at the University of Chicago (1905), went west as a lawyer. Said he: "I'm a real dirt farmer and can catch my own bronco. The West holds a man like sticky flypaper." The campaign to "humanize Hoover" last week went on the air. To the White



MAGEE OF THE FEDERAL RESERVE

"I can catch my own bronco."

House went Jay Jerome Williams, oldtime newsman, who as Edwin Alger now works as a "radio reporter" for National Broadcasting Co. He arranged with Hoover Secretary Joslin, chief humanizer, to spend a day about the White House, interview

the President. Reporter Williams arrived at 7:45 a. m., talked with the President for 20 min., roamed about the house, sat in the Lincoln study, played with the six presidential dogs, watched the Hoover grandchildren from a distance, departed at 6 p. m. Last week in a "folksy" broadcast of his experiences, he declared: "Within the White House you can hear the shrill, excited laughter of little children. What if their grandfather is the President of the U. S.? That does not prevent him from keeping in the top right-hand drawer of his desk a glass jar of sticks of peppermint candy. . . . What if a small girl and her younger brother swarm onto their grandfather's lap and after them and onto the same lap leaps a flop-eared and gangly puppy dog while the grandfather is at breakfast? . . . The puppy dog can see and reach the presidential plate. . . . A lightning-like snip is made and a carefully fried egg, prepared for President Hoover himself, disappears into that bottomless pit that is every puppy dog's stomach."

ARMY & NAVY

Butler to Grocers

As every one is now well aware, Major General Smedley Darlington ("Old Gimlet Eye") Butler, U.S.M.C., has two congressional medals. Last month he defended his right to the second one by loudly protesting aspersions cast by the Haitian Minister to the U. S. (TIME, May 4). Last week, the State Department having accepted the Haitian Minister's equivocal apology, General Butler took time for the forelock and refreshed the country's memory of how he won his first medal. His immediate audience was a group of grocers assembled in the same Philadelphia Elks' Club where General Butler was cut off the air for broadcasting the word "hell" while talking about his second medal-winning exploit.

In 1914, the General told the grocers, President Wilson, preparing for war with Mexico, sent him to ascertain the garrison strength of Mexico City. General Butler was with the fleet at Vera Cruz. "So one night I went over the side and rowed ashore. After various experiences I landed in Mexico City as an American capitalist seeking to invest money in some substantial Mexican properties. After inspecting all the water works, electric light plants, transit lines and gas works, I noticed two forts overlooking the city. . . . I chased a butterfly and managed to look it all over before the soldiers ordered me out. The second fort was inspected in the same manner."

"Then I obtained a job in a railway office as an accountant. . . . The President of Mexico, Huerta, was afraid to trust

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National Affairs—(Continued)

Mexicans to guard him, so he employed Cubans, and I met one in the railway office. I told him I was an American Department of Justice agent and was after a murderer from Ohio, who I was sure was in the Mexican army. Then he helped me by showing me several garisons.

"I went to [U. S. Charge d'Affaires] O'Shaughnessy and together we bluffed our way into Chapultepec Castle. We went to the second floor and there was old Huerta drunk in bed. I became so intimate that I sat on the edge of the bed and emerged with an order to inspect all the garisons of the capital. After looking over the 23 garisons . . . I decided that I had better head for Vera Cruz and the fleet, because, if they learned I was an American Marine officer I would have been shot.

"As my train entered the outskirts of Vera Cruz, I saw two Mexican secret service men across the aisle watching my bunk. . . . I headed for the rear in my underwear as though I was going to wash. Then I slipped from the train and dressed under a box car. When I reached the American consulate I left my maps and went out to cable Mrs. Butler I was safe. . . . I learned later that they had spent two weeks dragging the bay as they felt sure I had fallen overboard. But I was restored to the Navy list and that ended that little junket."

HUSBANDRY

Again, Bumper

Disheartening to the Federal Farm Board were figures on the 1931 winter wheat crop, issued last week by the Department of Agriculture. Instead of reduced production, another bumper harvest was in prospect for the kind of wheat that makes up two-thirds of the whole crop. As estimated by Government crop reporters on May 1, winter wheat would produce this year 652,902,000 bu. or 48,000,000 bu. more than last year and 105,000,000 bu. above the five-year average. The condition of the crop was 90% normal, a figure unequalled in a dozen years. Though the acreage sown last autumn (41,993,000) was a trifle less than the autumn before, the acreage harvested (40,432,000) will be considerably larger than last year because of the small abandonment of planted fields.

The prospective increase in winter wheat will more than wipe out the slight reductions in spring wheat plantings reported last month (TIME, April 6). Plainly in the making was another thumping big wheat surplus to be piled on top of the 250,000,000 bu. of 1930 being carried by the Federal Farm Board.

Fortnight ago the Board began closing out its stabilization of the futures market by accepting final deliveries. In one day it took 36,000,000 bu. from contractors, paying them more than \$7,000,000 cash. What was described as the biggest single one-day wheat transaction occurred at Minneapolis where the Government took 23,000,000 bu. for \$18,000,000. Other big deliveries were made in Chicago, Omaha, Kansas City.

At the International Wheat Conference opening in London this week to deal

with world surpluses, the U. S. will be officially represented by Samuel McKelvie, wheat member of the Federal Farm Board, and Nils Andreas Olsen, chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

CRIME

Fascination

Lydia Southard had a way with men. She married Robert Dooley and he died. She married William Gordon McHavie



International

LYDIA SOUTHARD

Her jailmates were love-struck.

and he died. She married Harlan C. Lewis and he died. She married Edward M. Meyer and he died.* After each death she collected a big lump of insurance. She was on her fifth honeymoon when she was arrested, put on trial for murder at Twin Falls, Idaho, in 1921. The State attempted to show that she was a chronic husband-poisoner, did prove that she killed Meyer with a deadly fly mixture. Mrs. Southard, then 29, was sent to the State prison at Boise for ten-years-to-life.

Last week Lydia Southard, ten years older but no less fascinating to men, escaped from the penitentiary. Other women prisoners played a phonograph and sang loudly while she filed the bars of her cell, sneaked out to the yard. There she dug up a ladder, fabricated for her in the prison blacksmith shop by love-struck convicts and buried by an infatuated guard. She nimbly scaled the wall, let herself down the other side by a blanket rope. Waiting in an automobile to carry her away, prison officials believed, was one David Minton, a recently paroled prisoner who had fallen under her spell.

Began a great woman-hunt by men who stole themselves against the Borgiesque fascination of Lydia Southard.

*At Alexandria, La. last week a Mrs. Carolyn Willis, 64, wealthy, took Louis Paschall of Port Tampa City, Fla. as her eleventh husband. Three of Mrs. Paschall's husbands died; seven she divorced. She rid herself of her last on the ground that he was lazy, lacked ardor on their honeymoon.

Rat Hunters

One bright afternoon last week, sedentary little Mayor James John ("Jimmy") Walker of New York walked almost half way up Manhattan Island (5½ mi.) leading 6,000 members of his constabulary in the city's annual police parade. Bands played "Ninety-nine Out of a Hundred Wanna Be Loved"; rookies strode along in light blue bathing suit tops; the May sun glinted on the flanks of horses, on fixed bayonets, trench helmets, machine guns. Watching the show, New York Citizens quite forgot the bad odor in which the paraders had been since Referee Samuel Seabury began his police and judiciary investigation last winter (TIME, Dec. 29, et seq.). But it was not only the parades which caused New Yorkers to undergo a change of heart about their police. Two days prior had taken place a front-page police triumph which Police Commissioner Edward Pierce Mulrooney had called "the most sensational in my 35 years of experience."

In an upper west side flat two young criminals had been cornered with the aid of tips by one of their girl friends and a taxi driver. They were undersized Francis Crowley, 19-year-old lather, and Rudolph Durringer, 220-lb. truck driver. Durringer confessed that he had killed a red-headed dance hall hostess in a moment of drunken jealousy. Crowley, wanted for auto stealing and robbery, had shot down a Long Island policeman who approached while he was parked with his girl in a dark lane.

More than 100,000 people watched 100 officers fire 700 shots at Crowley, his 16-year-old sweetheart, and Durringer in a siege which cost \$7,600. Inefficient gas bombs flung by the police were flung back at them before they exploded. But after an hour, little Crowley, wounded and out of ammunition, surrendered. Fat Durringer had been hiding under the bed. Pleased that the murder of the red-headed dancer had taken the city's attention from the murder of another red-headed girl—Benita Franklin Bischoff alias Vivian Gordon, vice racketeer, whose death on the eve of giving testimony against a venal officer is yet to be solved (TIME, March 9, et seq.)—Commissioner Mulrooney sneered at Crowley: "Sure he fought when he was cornered. But so does a cornered rat. . . . He never really shot it out with anyone."

Far less spectacular, far more important than New York's rat hunt was the roundup of six criminals in an East St. Louis, Ill. flat last week. The capture, effected by State, Federal and local officers, ended an eight-month investigation by Post Office sleuths and other agencies. According to Patrick Roche, chief investigator of the Chicago States Attorney's Office, the prisoners were remnants of the now defunct Cuckoo and Shelton mobs of Southern Illinois. They were suspected of numerous bank robberies including the \$200,000 Denver Mint holdup in 1922, and kidnappings, including that of Fred J. Blumer, Monroe (Wis.) near-beer brewer, last month. Nine armed cars carried the prisoners to Chicago.

National Affairs—(Continued)

TRANSPORTATION

At the Blackstone

In Chicago's tangled railroad yards last week was parked many an official private car while at the Blackstone Hotel was meeting the advisory committee of the Association of Railway Executives. Behind closed doors sat 24 potent railmen including Baltimore & Ohio's Willard, Milwaukee's Scandrett, North Western's Sargent, New Haven's Pelley, Union Pacific's Gray, Santa Fé's Storey, Southern Pacific's Holden, New York Central's Crowley, Illinois Central's Downs, Missouri Pacific's Baldwin. When the doors opened just before dinner, the rail executives came out of their meeting with an important agreement. The association was about to launch a united drive before the Interstate Commerce Commission for a general freight rate increase.

The 24 potent railmen declared an "emergency" existed in rail revenue. Adopted was a resolution ordering an immediate study of rate structures with a view to their upping as much as 10%, which would add \$400,000,000 to the carriers' income. It was not planned, however, to revise all rates upward. In the South & Southwest they might be lowered to enable the lines to compete with trucks, gas and oil pipelines.

The railmen argued thus: Earnings have so declined as to endanger the three billion dollars in rail bonds held by insurance companies and savings banks; interest rates cannot be reduced; taxes are a fixed charge; supplies and equipment have already been cut to the bone; further economies, if necessary, will have to come in the form of deep wage cuts unless rates are increased to produce more revenue.

Recalled was the fact that the roads were allowed a blanket 40% rate increase at the height of the 1920 depression. Executives declared that this move helped break the post-War slump, that a similar increase now would do the same thing. In the last eleven years, they asserted, the I. C. C. with some 5,000 downward revisions, has whittled away most of the benefits of the 1920 increase.

During the Blackstone meeting, attorneys for 72 of the biggest railroads in the land appeared before a Federal court in Chicago, obtained a temporary injunction which restrained the I. C. C. from applying reduced freight rates to wheat. Ordered last year, this rate is being fought by the carriers as unreasonable.

SCOUTS

New President

When Mortimer Loeb Schiff was 13 years old he went fishing in the Adirondacks, caught a 23-lb. salmon trout. His father, rich Jacob Henry Schiff of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., joyfully cabled the news to friends abroad. Young Mr. Schiff's salmon trout did not help him win a Boy Scout merit badge, for the scouting movement did not reach the U. S. until 20 years later. But in 1910, when Mr. Schiff was 33 years old and an able financier (Kuhn, Loeb & Co.), he helped found scouting in

the U. S., became a member of the Boy Scout National Executive Board. Since that time his benefactions and active interest in the organization have made him an outstanding U. S. Scout. In Memphis, Tenn. last week, at the annual Scout convention, he was unanimously elected president of the National Council.

As head of the B. S. A., Scout Schiff will find neither novelty nor difficulty in doing his good turn daily. Among his numerous gifts to scouting was \$50,000



Acme-P. & A.

SCOUT SCHIFF

His turns are great & good.

which he gave Lt. General Sir Robert Baden-Powell at the World Jamboree in England two years ago for the extension of the organization's international work. Outside of Scouting, Scout Schiff's good turns have been numerous. He is President of the Jewish Board of Guardians, honorary vice president of the Jewish Social Service Association, second largest subscriber to the Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies. In 1923 he gave \$50,000 to help purchase the famed Adler library for the Jewish Theological Seminary of America.

As every Scout must be prepared to do, Scout Schiff has served his country, was one of the Committee of Eleven to co-ordinate Army Service Agencies during the War. He worked with the Y. M. C. A. in France. He is an officer in the intelligence division of the Army Reserve Corps.

Long vice president of the National Council and International Scout Commissioner, in 1926 Scout Schiff was among the first to receive the Scouts' highest awards, the Silver Buffalo which he wears around his neck when arrayed in khaki Scout tunic and shorts.

LABOR

Masons

The tiled floor of a Manhattan auditorium closed secretly last week. Behind it 2,000 men, many of them foreigners, performed a mystic ceremony.

After partaking in the ceremony, representatives from England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, Mexico, Rumania, and Yugoslavia went on a sight-seeing trip to avoid hearing a judge from Palmyra, N. Y. read for three hours from a list of amendments to the order's constitution. One amendment was a prohibition of smoking during the mystic rites.

Occasion for this and other similar meetings in New York last week was the 150th anniversary of the Grand Lodge of Free & Accepted Masons of New York State. While not the first "regular" Lodge established in North America, the New York unit was among first to have its charter renewed from London after the Revolution; it is the biggest in the world, with 1,026 lodges, 347,000 members.

Free. World Freemasonry began, according to impartial historical calculations, with the building of the great medieval cathedrals in Great Britain.* It was a trade guild of *freemen*, distinguished from medieval serfs. It was distinguished from other guilds because the masons—stonecutters and stonemasons—had to travel about, wherever a cathedral was building. Freemasons would set up near the works a lodge wherein to serve meals and prepare their stones. To these lodges no persons were admitted but freemasons initiated in the craft's mysteries, which included not only sure means of identification but technical secrets. Scottish and Irish lodges were formed, remain distinct type parents of lodges everywhere today. Minutes and "charges" to neophytes were written down, the date of the earliest preserved being approximately fixed at 1390 A.D.

The Word. For more than 500 years The Word, the secret of the order, has been unviolated. However, observers suspect that The Word is no more than trade mathematics, as expressed in the title chosen by the 18th Century French Mathematician Gaspard Monge, no Freemason tatter, who wrote about "Descriptive Geometry, or the Art & Science of Masonic Symbolism."

Accepted. As they spread their mutual aid, the Masons became powerful. Outsiders, including nobility, sought admission. Masonry required them to believe in a Supreme Architect, to pass certain mental and moral tests. By 1670 there were "Accepted Masons," as well as free, practicing Masons, in England. Bit by bit the accepted members predominated in the old Guild. Up grew military, philosophical and all sorts of lodges. These facilitated Masonry's growth over the world and its appeal to men of high position. While

*Rev. James Anderson, professing to be an historian of Masonry in 1723, wrote: "Grand Master Moses often marshalled the Israelites into a regular and general lodge. . . . King Solomon was Grand Master of the lodge at Jerusalem," etc., etc.

National Affairs—(Continued)

Prince of Wales, King Edward VII of England was Grand Master of English Masons. In 1909 H. R. H. Prince Frederick Leopold was "Wiseest Master" of



International

LORD AMPHILL & DR. JOHNSON

Hats off to the past; to the future, coats.

the German Masons, King Gustaf V was Grand Master of the order in Sweden.

Freemasonry reached the British American colonies early, but the first "regular" Lodge was established in Boston in 1733. George Washington was initiated into a Scottish lodge at Fredericksburg, Va., in 1752. More important to the meeting of celebrants last week was the fact that when Washington was sworn in as Manhattan as first President of the U. S. the Grand Master of the New York lodge administered the oath and the local Grand Secretary was marshal of the day. From then on, so many U. S. officials were Masons that in 1826 an Anti-Masonic Party was organized. It did not succeed; Freemasonry has prospered. But it is not even paralleled by the A. F. of L.'s masons' union. Its membership is mostly business and professional men, mostly "accepted" Masons. Its purposes have become purely fraternal and political. Among "accepted" who attended the celebration last week were onetime Presidential Candidate John William Davis, onetime Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby. Chief local "accepted" was Dr. Charles Henry Johnson, New York State Grand Master, who told the others: "The purpose of the organization is not merely to get more men into Masonry, but rather to get more Masonry into men."

Chief foreign "accepted" Mason present was Arthur Oliver Villiers Russell, Lord Amphil, oldtime British armsman and onetime (1904) *pro tem*, Viceroy of India. He brought the good wishes of the Duke of Connaught, Grand Master of English Masons, to the New York Grand Lodge. At a dinner following the meeting, he exclaimed: "You have a saying here: 'Hats off to the past and coats off to the future.' And to that I say: 'So mought it be!'"

Big Black Mountain

The dark and bloody ground of Kentucky grew darker and bloodier last week. Union warfare erupted in the Big Black Mountain coal mining district. Months of depression had seeded the rocky ridges of Harlan County for industrial trouble. With more than half the mines in the area closed down, organizers of the United Mine Workers of America circulated persistently among the jobless miners, exhorted them to unionize. Strikes followed. As bitterly opposed as ever to unionization were the politically powerful mine operators who hired small armies of deputy sheriffs to protect their property. Friction between miners, idle and sullen, and guards, armed and tough, generated sparks of hostility. Company commissaries were raided for food. Empty mine cabins were burned. Company property was dynamited. Non-union miners on their way to work were fired upon. Finally a deputy sheriff was shot dead at Evarts, focal point of the discontent.

Early last week Sheriff Johnson Henry Blair of Harlan County, accused of being a hireling of the mine companies, boasted: "We'll handle this thing ourselves. Hell, yes, I've orders to shoot to kill. When ambushers open fire on my men they'll shoot back and shoot to kill. That's what we use guns for here."

These words were hardly out of Sheriff Blair's mouth before three carloads of his men were ambushed from behind piles of railroad ties along the road out of Evarts. Under a rain of lead two deputy sheriffs dropped dead, two others fell severely wounded. A commissary clerk was also killed. Though the deputies sprayed the ambush with their automatic rifles, they got only one of the 100 attackers. Sheriff Blair was alarmed. No longer confident that he could handle "this thing" alone, he telephoned to Governor Flem Sampson at Frankfort for aid. Not until a petition of 50 substantial citizens was relayed to him would the Governor act. Then, ordering 350 National Guardsmen under Colonel Daniel Carroll into Harlan County, Governor Sampson declared: "A reign of terror has been precipitated. . . . Outsiders from Illinois and other States are responsible. . . . This must stop and stop now. . . . The troops will protect those who behave themselves and take charge of those who don't."

Cheers and flag-waving welcomed the militia with its machine guns to Evarts. Col. Carroll set up headquarters in a caboose. The local headquarters of the U. M. W. O. A. ran up an enormous U. S. flag that shrouded the single doorway. Col. Carroll called a citizens' mass meeting, declared his purpose was to maintain peace at any cost, contributed \$3 to a collection for destitute miners. The situation, for the time being, was under control.

Responsibility for Harlan County's labor war was hard to fix. Governor Sampson blamed everything on "Reds and Communists," though Col. Carroll later said he could find no evidence to support this theory. Sheriff Blair accused disgruntled "left wing" union miners for the

fatal ambush. Evarts' Chief of Police Asa Cusick insisted the deputy sheriffs guarding the mines were really to blame. The mine operators ingeniously pointed to "adverse freight rates" as the ultimate cause of trouble.

After investigating the fatal ambush for four days, a grand jury indicted Chief Cusick, his assistant and the city clerk of Evarts for murder. Arrested and taken before Col. Carroll, Chief Cusick declared: "This is all funny to me. I was in Evarts when the shooting took place and have 50 witnesses to prove it."

CATASTROPHE

At Gladewater (Cont'd)

Near Gladewater, Tex. one night last week, a 300-ft. mushroom of smoke and flame hung in the sky, casting dull yellow highlights on the charred holes of nearby pine trees, lighting the swifty faces of many men. Sinclair Oil Co.'s No. 1 Cole well had gushed in, caught fire, killed nine workmen, belched flame for eight days (TIME, May 11). Suddenly came an ear-splitting explosion heard 15 mi. away in Longview. The fiery mushroom lost its stem, swirled up into the night, vanished.

Heroes of this and many another well fire were the famed Kinley brothers of Tulsa—Myron, 35, and Floyd, 28—professional wild well tamers. Day after the Gladewater holocaust they flew to the scene of the disaster, began directing men in asbestos suits to clear away the derrick wreckage, kept white hot by the billowing flames. After the preliminary work, during which Brother Myron broke his leg, a sloping track of steel pipe was pushed to the well's mouth. Hobbling around on crutches, Brother Myron helped Brother



International

THE BROTHERS KINLEY

. . . picked another mighty mushroom.

Floyd load an insulated barrel with 70 quarts of nitroglycerine. As is the custom, both of the Kinleys spurned asbestos clothing, went about their work drenched by hoses in the hands of their assistants.

National Affairs—(Continued)

When all was ready, the barrel rolled down its track, was touched off by electricity when it reached the end. The first charge did not work, but the second did. Satisfied with their job, the flinty-faced Kinleys got ready to go home. Others prepared to cap the gusher which continued to spout 50 ft. into the air.

Of the two Kinleys, Myron, the elder, is the most famed. He has put out 50 oil well fires, has had his eyebrows singed often but has never been injured before. They learned about shooting wells from their father, who in 1913 saw the first blazing well ever extinguished by nitroglycerine, at the Midway field, Calif.

Last week's job was not the first the brothers had done for the Sinclair company. They put out the Stamper No. 3 fire on the outskirts of Oklahoma City two years ago (TIME, Oct. 21, 1929). Brother Myron has been summoned to blow out fires in Brazil, Argentina, Venezuela, Mexico, Rumania but either failed to arrive in time or, as in Rumania, was balked by red tape. Both are married, have children. When not snuffing wells, they run the M. M. Kinley Co. (air compressor operators, well surveyors).

publican William Frederick Broening, no candidate for re-election, carried his city by 20,000 votes in 1927. Herbert Hoover won it the next year by 10,000. Last week's huge Democratic turnover made



International

HOWARD WILKINSON JACKSON

... got Baltimore back.

Democratic national headquarters in Washington dizzy with delight. Executive Chairman Shouse pronounced it a major "trend" which, coupled with the Chicago election last month, foreshadowed Republican defeat in 1932. More pleased than anybody was Governor Ritchie who saw in Jackson's victory important assistance for his own presidential candidacy.

Renovation

It takes a six-week residence in Reno to become a divorcee. It takes a six-month residence to become a voter. Last week while "newcomers" were busy in court getting separated from their spouses, Reno's "oldtimers" went to the polls, re-elected Edwin Ewing Roberts, 61, as their Mayor for a third four-year term. Father-in-law of famed baseballer Walter Perry ("Big Train") Johnson, and once (1910-19) a Republican Congressman, Mayor Roberts won 3,773 votes by his loud espousal of easy divorce, legalized gambling and free barrels of whiskey. For Howard Doyle, Reno's Chamber of Commerce president, 2,988 citizens, including a conservative reform element, cast their ballots. Milburn Gregory's campaign for Reno's "scenic and health attractions" got 159 votes.

Meanwhile the divorce rush in the Washoe County Court slackened off after Judges Moran and Curler had dissolved 83 marriages the first day at the rate of one every five minutes (TIME, May 11, *et ante*). Three divorcees remarried within the hour, one of them taking the Reno lawyer who had just secured her decree.

Idaho's 90-day divorce law, enacted to compete with Nevada's, became effective last week. Not a single petition was filed the first day.

Dry Gotham (Cont'd)

"A river is more than an amenity; it is a treasure. It offers a necessity of life that must be rationed among those who have power over it."

So declared Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes last week in rendering a Supreme Court decision which meant life for New York City and death for six little hamlets in Delaware County, N. Y. By the court's order New York was allowed to divert 440,000,000 gal. per day from certain tributaries of the Delaware River to add to the city's ever-growing water supply (TIME, April 27). By the same decree Arena (pop. 216), Dunraven (pop. 104), Union Grove (pop. 204), Shavertown (pop. 219), Pepacton (pop. 27) and possibly Downsview (pop. 53) will be blotted out of existence by a great new reservoir which will rise over them when the East Branch of the Delaware* is dammed.

But it was not these doomed villages that tried to get the Supreme Court to stay the hand of New York. It was the State of New Jersey, fighting to save its stake in the flow of the Delaware. Seeking an injunction against New York, its attorneys had pleaded for a strict application of the common law doctrine of riparian rights forbidding diversion from one watershed to another. But the Supreme Court, overruling this argument, decreed, in effect, that domestic municipal supply is the highest and most important use to which interstate water can be put.

The Supreme Court victory of New York over New Jersey was a personal triumph for Thomas Penney Jr., smart young Buffalo lawyer, wartime aviator and Yaleman (1918), who as a special assistant Attorney General represented New York State. He and his arguments had beaten no less famed an advocate than Representative James Montgomery Beck, counsel for New Jersey. Another victor was Arthur Hilly, corporation counsel for New York City, who appeared before the Supreme Court to plead for enlarged municipal water rights.

New York City did not get its new water supply unconditionally. Before it may build dams for diversion it must erect plants at Port Jervis to purify sewage and eliminate industrial waste pouring into the Delaware. Also if the river drops below a specified level at Trenton, New York must release a part of its impounded supply. On the East Branch will be constructed an \$18,700,000 dam from which a tunnel big enough to drive an automobile in will be blasted 22 mi. through solid mountain rock to link with the present Catskill system. Another \$7,200,000 reservoir will be made on the Neversink River. Total cost of dams, reservoirs and aqueducts for the new project: \$210,000,000. Twelve years will elapse before its completion.

New Jersey officials refused to concede defeat. New Jersey, said they, gets "a deal so much better than anything formerly proposed that it is the cause of genuine rejoicing."

*Construction of the Ashokan Reservoir in the Catskills inundated five villages. Average price paid for the land condemned: \$485 per acre.

School Bus

At Merced, Calif., one afternoon last week, a Santa Fe freight train chuffed slowly toward a grade crossing. Also toward the crossing rattled and jounced a big school bus, packed with two-score children on their way home. Like thousands of other children throughout the land who bus to & from school, they were playing and chattering when the shrill whistle of the locomotive sounded. Next instant the engine struck the bus broadside, sent it splintering into a ditch. Children killed, 6; children injured, 23. Death came with such a sudden roar that there was no chance for heroism, publicity, White House invitations.

Investigators found that Driver F. D. Cregar, 62, had ignored the wig-wag signal at the crossing. Badly injured, lapsing into coma, he groaned: "I did not see the train."

STATES & CITIES

Baltimore's Portent

Democrats took Baltimore away from the G. O. P. last week. In a tepid municipal election, Democrat Howard Wilkinson Jackson was chosen Mayor by a record-breaking majority of 63,000 votes, which sent Republican Nominee William Albrecht back to book-binding. Mr. Jackson served as the city's chief executive from 1923 to 1927, was called the "best Mayor Baltimore ever had" by four-time Governor Albert Cabell Ritchie. A farm boy who went to Baltimore and built up a large insurance business, Mayor-elect Jackson, now 54, is a genial, handshaking politician who asks every stranger his first name and calls him by that thereafter. As a municipal administrator, he believes in inviting industrial experts to help run city affairs.

The present Mayor of Baltimore, Re-

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

*"Universal Crisis"**(See front cover)**Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind, from China to Peru.*

—Dr. Johnson.

From 35 countries, 1,000 business leaders went to Washington, D. C. last week, surveyed with extensive view what their president, onetime Belgian Prime Minister Georges Theunis, called **THIS UNIVERSAL CRISIS**. Never before since Business began have businessmen from almost everywhere publicly acknowledged that almost everywhere there is Depression, resolutely set themselves to grapple 1,000 strong with the economic troubles not of one race or region but of all mankind.

The great grapple was exciting. Officially it was termed the Sixth Biennial Congress of the International Chamber of Commerce (I. C. C.). Grapplers for the U. S. included President Hoover, Secretary Mellon and two vigorous Chicago citizens, Lawyer Silas Hardy Strawn, Chief U. S. Delegate to the Conference, and persuasive Melvin Alvah ("Mel") Traylor, president of Chicago's First National Bank, famed for his able work in setting up Europe's Bank for International Settlements (*TIME*, Sept. 23, 1929, et seq.).

The game of Messrs Hoover, Mellon, Strawn and Traylor last week was defensive. They were out to block efforts by European business leaders to stampe the Congress against (U. S.) high tariffs and in favor of (U. S.) cancellation of War debts.

War Debt Grapple. Just so long and no longer will a group of European businessmen keep still about "Uncle Shylock." The Hoover and Mellon speeches (see below), the daily struggles of Messrs Strawn and Traylor to steer the Congress steering committee, merely postponed the inevitable. Germans grumbled all week behind the scenes about what they now call not War debts but "international obligations." The French and Italians got in their able digs. But eventually the British Delegation took over in a fatherly way the job of making U. S. expectations that Europe will pay part of what she owes, seem as niggardly, as ungracious and as hateful as possible in U. S. eyes.

"The people of the great nation whose guests we are," declared British Delegate Henry Bell, a director of Lloyds Bank, Ltd., "are magnificent hosts, but they are awfully poor customers. . . . America sells twice as much to Europe as it will take in exchange. We come here today—I am sure without offending our friends at all—to put it up to them . . . whether they don't feel that in regard to [Europe's] debt . . . a rather larger, a rather kinder, a rather better attitude might be taken."

As well might U. S. statesmen call on Europe to take a rather larger, a rather kinder, a rather better attitude. But the only direct U. S. rebuttal in Washington last week was a yelp of mental pain, quite lacking in dignified rebuke or injured

moral rectitude. Yelped Representative Bertrand H. Snell, onetime upstate New York cheesemaker, chairman of the House Rules Committee: "Why is it that when a group of internationalists get together, they always decide that Uncle Sam must be the goat?"

Tariff Grapple. In Europe's onslaught against U. S. tariffs last week Britain Bell also led. Too much of a gentleman to flay by name the country in which he was a guest, Banker Bell politely remarked: "Tariffs, as I see them, are the intrusion into economic well-being of the cannon and the machine gun, the high explosive, the poison gas."

"They appear to be, in addition, a socialist blunder. Some one is empowered by government action—and such action is by no means always just or sensible—



Wide World

CHICAGO BANKER TRAYLOR
"Plain crapshooting!"

to prevent me buying and selling what I want, whence I want, in such a sort and quantity and price as I need for the conduct of my business and the provision of my livelihood. . . . I resent . . . interference. Even if I misjudge, I am entitled to my misjudgment."

Hoover on "Gigantic Waste." In contrast to eager European babble about cancelling what is owed the U. S. (some eleven billion dollars) the international congress received in stony silence last week what President Hoover had to say. He pointed out that nearly five billion dollars are being spent every year on armaments, an increase of about 70% over that previous to the Great War. This stupendous annual expense is 20 times greater than Europe's annual payments to the U. S. President Hoover's conclusion:

"Reduction of this gigantic waste of competition in military establishments is . . . of an importance transcendent over all other forms of . . . economic efforts!"

Thus the President avoided mention of Debts, Tariffs, Silver and every other subject on the agenda of the I. C. C. and

sprang as a neat surprise the syllogism that the way out of Depression is via Disarmament.

The only trouble with asking an international congress of businessmen to act on such a syllogism is that businessmen are accustomed to think of Disarmament as *political*, as no business of theirs, as the business of statesmen. Wailed Chicagoan Strawn, who in other respects cooperated closely with the President last week: "The minute the International Chamber of Commerce touches politics we're through!"

Stockmarket Flayed. Gambling in stocks is international. Britons, Germans, Frenchmen, the King of Spain, Chinese, the King of Afghanistan and speculators of every race were participants in the U. S. crash of 1929. Naturally, last week, the most popular speech at the Conference, the only one interrupted by incessant laughter and cheers was a great flaying of the New York stockmarket by Chicago's droll, drawing "Mel" Traylor.

Banker Traylor, of course, does not "trade," "speculate," or "scalp" in the market. As from an Olympian distance the president of Chicago's First National Bank declared: "I would urge consideration of the complete abolishment of floor trading which, as I am informed, has about it most of the characteristics of plain crapshooting (*gnifures*), and few, if any, more redeeming features than that delightful Ethiopian pastime." (*Cheers. Of the 1,000 business leaders present some 600 were Americans.*)

No prude, Mr. Traylor modified his strictures to the extent of saying that a man who trades in \$10,000 sums should be permitted to continue such crapshooting *de luxe*. But "scrubwomen, day laborers, small home owners, wives and youths" must be barred by law from market speculation.

Silver Grapple. While the Debt and Tariff grapples were straight U. S. v. Europe contests, everyone had something to say last week about the catastrophic fall in Silver's price, a world problem primarily affecting Asia.

Asia's grapplers made the politest speeches. But all flayed the West by implication for doing nothing to check Silver's collapse.

Japan's grappler was President Kenkichi Kagami of Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the Japanese Mail Steamship Co., largest, most luxurious operated by Asiatics. Bland, bespectacled, slightly plump, Mr. Kagami, an incessant smoker of U. S. cigars, got his technical training in the Occident, sailed home to become an executive genius of Japan's No. 2 house of merchant princes, the Mitsubishi, which controls the N. Y. K. (No. 1 is the House of Mitsui.)

In Japan potent President Kagami has a system of working from wooden boxes. One box for all papers about this, another box for all papers about that. Last week Mr. Kagami dipped into his wooden box on Silver and addressed the Congress thus:

"My own country, Japan, after many

Foreign News—(Continued)

years' lingering over the question of weak and fluctuating currency situation decided on a return to the gold standard. . . . No sooner had this courageous decision been put into execution, than the world-over Depression became more pronounced and caught Japan with all its force. It has proved to be something like jumping out of the frying pan into a conflagration fire. . . .

"Any scheme for control of the price of silver must be considered in conjunction with what monetary policy may best be adopted in China. . . . It is certainly beyond the ability of an individual or an institution or a government body other than China herself, to formulate any plan for the stabilization of silver currency for use in China."

Thus a spokesman for small, strong Japan momentarily proclaimed non-interference with large, weak China on the silver issue. For China spoke keen, aggressive young Tsuyee Pei, president of the Bank of China.

"As you all, no doubt, know," amiably began President Pei, "silver represents the wealth and savings of more than one half of the world's population. . . . The lack of confidence in silver as a precious metal by the peoples of the world. . . . has a great deal more to do with. . . . Depression than many are willing to recognize."

Softly Mr. Pei next breathed a threat that if Occidental countries do not cooperate with China in rehabilitating silver she may retaliate by an embargo against all silver imports. Today China buys more silver than any other country, and the Occident is anxious to sell. But Threatener Pei hastily added that China is still open, wide open, to any and all favorable offers. These he proposed to crystallize by calling under I. C. C. auspices an International Silver Conference later this year. In 48 hours this Pei plan was whipped into shape—Senator King of Utah (silver State) aiding—and on the last day was passed by the Congress. Score one for Asia's grapplers with Depression.

For India spoke a close friend of Mahatma Gandhi but by no means his representative, Mr. S. R. Bomanji, representative in London of the Indian Chamber of Commerce. "The silver conference will be called," said India's Bomanji bitterly, "but my country's delegates will not be heard. Such a conference was held at Geneva but when we wished to appear, the British chairman of the British delegation said to us, 'I am chairman and I shall name those who will speak.' We were not heard."

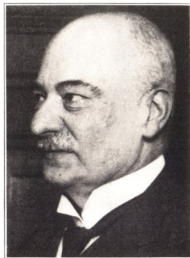
Soul of Andrew Mellon. Painfully conscious that people call him a "Capitalist," wincing at the term, U. S. Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, after giving the Congress to understand that further Debt concessions to Europe are not to be considered, bared his fiscal soul thus:

"Capitalism or whatever name may be applied to the system which has been evolved in adapting individual initiative to the machine age has defects, of course, and may be, as has been suggested, still in its infancy, but there is no disputing

the fact that it has produced an abundance of food and clothing. . . .

"Defects in the present system we shall overcome by degrees. . . . so that we shall not always have the painful spectacle of men willing to work but unable to find a market for the only commodity which they can exchange for food and clothing which they need and which the world can produce in such abundance."

Thus the Secretary of the Treasury made coldly a point which red-hot Communists consider one of their best; namely that Capitalism in its present form tends to create a periodic surplus of good things, yet leaves the worker destitute at such periods amid the abundance he has helped create. Mr. Mellon, perhaps not caring that Moscow would gloat over his words, made abrupt transition to his concluding



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BERLIN BANKER MENDELSSOHN

"Extraordinary straits!"

statement that "the standard of living which obtains in this country. . . . must be maintained at all costs. . . . In fact the ultimate solution of the world's difficulties would seem to lie in the possibility of building up a higher standard."

Points by Bigwigs. "We cannot conceive the saint, the hero, the poet or the artist seated before the calculating machine," complained Italy's Alberto Pirelli, one of her three richest men. "The outer life is killing the inner. . . . Vulcan has killed Apollo!"

"Nothing could be further from the fact," boomed Dennis F. Kelly, incorporator of Chicago's coming World's Fair (1933), "than the viewpoint of many Americans as to the origin of the modern department store, who erroneously consider it to be an American institution born and bred." As president of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, Mr. Kelly handsomely declared that "The *Bon Marché* in Paris, established in 1852, was the first general store to be operated along departmentalized lines."

Of U. S. automobiles Britain's Dr.

William H. Coates, famed economist, said: "When efficiency is very high, exports are natural. . . . The rest of the world wants to benefit by that efficiency. It wants American cars; they are good. But we shall shut them out if you will not take the products of our efficiency, whatever be their nationality."

Only Latin American country to be represented at the congress was Chile. Her Ambassador to the U. S., Don Carlos Davila, gloomed that imports by Chile of U. S. automobiles were off 90% at the beginning of 1931; hinted that all Latin America is tightening its belt, doing without luxuries; explained that due to Depression the total sum which Latin America received last year for all her exports was 33% less than in 1929.

Showdown Sessions. Members of the International Chamber point with most pride to its General Resolution of 1923 and claim with some justice that it gave an impetus which eventually produced the Dawes Plan. Last week in a secret showdown the night before the Conference adjourned, Mr. Strawn and others of the steering committee managed to agree on a General Resolution for 1931 which was quietly adopted next day, embracing three major resolutions:

1) A bow to President Hoover: ". . . The International Chamber commends the efforts being made by the governments of the world to reduce armaments to the lowest possible limit and urges that [this effort] should be redoubled. . . ."

2) A backward and forward bow, to both the U. S. and Europe: "International obligations have been made definite in amount and in terms as between nations. The integrity of such obligations is always fundamental to the maintenance of international credit and to the expansion of commerce and industry. The observance of this essential principle, however, is not inconsistent with an impartial examination of the effects of these obligations on international trade, if warranted by changed economic conditions. . . ."

3) A bow presenting the congress' rear to tariffs: "National and international trade should be encouraged by the removal of every obstacle possible. Tariffs should not discriminate unfairly between nations. . . ."

Mighty Mendelssohn. The House of Rothschild is not so great in Germany today as the House of Mendelssohn. Bankers to the House of Romanov up to 1914, Mendelssohn & Co. suffered temporary eclipse when Germany declared war on Russia, later emerged more potent than before. Sixty-five years old, tall, clean-shaven and of impressive mien, Franz von Mendelssohn did not go to Washington last week. He addressed the congress, whose president he will be next year, from Berlin. "My voice," said Mighty Mendelssohn, "as that of a single individual coming across the ocean, is weak and feeble. But I remind you that other voices are making the same appeal. . . . the voices of. . . the 20,000,000 unemployed in the world. . . ."

Foreign News—(Continued)

"The well-being of the creditor is endangered when the debtor is crushed under his burden. . . . The seller needs the purchasing power of the buyer. There is no method by which economic well-being can be permanently isolated in one country. . . ."

"Business is in extraordinary straits, such as it has hardly ever been in before. But equally extraordinary are the possibilities given to the leaders of business to release it from these straits, to convert scientific progress into progress in well-being, and to convert the riches of the earth which this progress has rendered available but which, owing to the present overproduction, seem almost to be a curse, into real riches and blessings for mankind."

Manhattan radio stations, deeming the speech of Mighty Mendelssohn of small importance, cancelled it at the last moment. It went by cable, radio-telephone, and land wire to 2,000 head phones clamped on the ears of the 1,000 delegates. Having heard, they went to their 1,000 homes.

"Unique Expedition"

While representatives of 35 countries talked and talked on a dozen world economic problems in Washington last week (see above), representatives of seven countries sat down in Brussels and did something tangible about one problem, World Sugar. Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Hungary, Java, Cuba signed and put into effect the Chadbourne Plan to limit production and export of sugar, restore sugar prices to a profitable basis (TIME, Aug. 18 et seq.).

"We have set in motion a unique expedition into a new field of world economics," said Thomas Lincoln Chadbourne, the big, handsome Manhattan lawyer (onetime policeman, onetime pugilist), who has worked over this plan steadily for the past nine months.

Lawyer Chadbourne will not have charge of the actual operation of the Chadbourne Plan. That task was delegated to an adroit elderly, distinguished gentleman whom some people call "the leading American in London"—Vice President Francis Powell of the English Speaking Union, resigning Chairman of the Anglo-American Oil Co. Lawyer Chadbourne, his job done, sailed for home in response to a cablegram from his two daughters, aged 7 and 9:

DADDY WE WANT YOU TO COME HOME. WE ARE TIRED OF THIS SUGAR BUSINESS.

*More ominous was another German voice heard last week, that of Oswald Spengler, long-winded philosopher, who has prognosticated *The Decline of the West* (1918). Said he at Munich, in a speech supposed to do honor to Thomas Allen Edison:

"The progress theory of the 19th Century is lurid. All progress is followed by decline. We have reached the end of the age of technique, which has tremendously increased the struggle for existence. . . ."

"Man in inventing machines estranged himself from nature, who is now having her terrible revenge by making him the slave of his own inventions. . . ."

"All that is left to us is to hold on, struggle on and not resign in view of the sad future."

GREAT BRITAIN

Majority

His Majesty George V was 21 years a King last week. In celebration a battery of the Royal Horse Artillery rattled the windows of Mayfair with a 21-gun salute. Other royal salutes were fired in Canada, South Africa, India, Australia—wherever a British regiment was quartered or a British warship lay at anchor. At Windsor Castle, George V went for a walk with Queen Mary in the park, knighted his doctor: Henry Linnington Martyn, surgeon-apothecary to the royal household.

A suggestion was made that would have sounded ominous in any other Empire but Britain: that George V should take a three-month holiday each year, "entirely free from the cares of State."

IRISH FREE STATE

Surplus

Proudest man in the Irish Free State last week was Ernest Blythe, Minister of Finance since 1923, Vice President of the Executive Council since 1927. Shrewdly waiting until fortnight after the British budget was read, he announced his budget last week. In the second year of World Depression, with formidable deficits facing the governments of Great Britain, Italy, Germany, the U. S., Australia, Argentina, etc., etc., Finance Minister Blythe was able to announce that the Irish budget for 1931-32 balances easily at £24,661,000 (\$123,305,000). Taxation yields for the past year have exceeded estimates.

"The net national debt," said Finance Minister Blythe, "of £115,274,000 represents an increase of £400,000 above last year's account because of abnormal

£250,000 but the liquor tax was disappointing."

The lush condition of the Irish Free State's finances was not arrived at without squeezing the taxpayers. Its income tax (three shillings in the pound) is almost as great as Britain's (four shillings sixpence), though its surtax is approximately 50% less. At the same time that Minister Blythe announced his surplus he announced a tax on gasoline of 8s a gallon, increased the entertainment tax on talking films to 6s a foot. Indirectly he increased the troubles of President Gerardo Machado of Cuba by raising the customs duty on sugar to 2½s a pound. Irish sugarbeets are providing a good share of the Free State's sweetening. One tax was abolished, that on race course betting.

Warning

Pride of the Irish Free State is the \$35,000,000 River Shannon canal and hydroelectric power plant which the Berlin firm of Siemens-Schuckert is rapidly completing for the Government. Part of the plant was in operation last week when pedantic German engineers hurried to the office of General Manager T. A. McLaughlin to complain about the Irish wording of some warning signs which workmen were hanging on the power lines:

DANGER
HIGH TENSION WIRES
TOUCHING THESE WIRES MEANS
CERTAIN DEATH.
OFFENDERS WILL BE
PROSECUTED

FRANCE

Into the Stretch

A thousand policemen in three cordons jammed the short distance between the Chamber of Deputies and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs last week. More police and Republican Guards were on reserve in the *Gare des Invalides* nearby. Precise reporters announced that it was the largest massing of police at the Chamber since that memorable day in 1926 when the people of Paris attempted to dunk Prime Minister Edouard Herriot in the Seine. Word had gone round that an attempt was to be made on the life of Aristide Briand, Foreign Minister.

One evening 300 Royalist students marched toward the Chamber shouting "Death to Briand." They were quickly dispersed. The real attack came inside the Chamber, not outside, and it was not aimed at M. Briand's life. Hour by hour, as the day approached when the National Assembly must choose a new President of France, gruff, sleepy-eyed Br'er Briand loomed larger & larger as leading candidate. His enemies selected a shock squad of eight orators under Deputy Henry Franklin-Bouillon to blast him.

Centre of their attack was the projected Austro-German *Zollverein* or customs union, which Frenchmen suspect, probably accurately, is only a first step toward a complete Austro-German political union (TIME, March 30, April 6). Anti-Briandists insisted that as Foreign Minister he should have foreseen, should have



FINANCE MINISTER BLYTHE

. . . balanced with ease.

charges, but from the standpoint of ordinary exchequer transactions the debt fell by £266,000. The income tax produced £50,000 more than in the previous year, exceeding the estimate by more than

International

Foreign News—(Continued)

prevented the announcement of the *Zollverein*. Deputy Georges Scapini, always potent in argument because of the sympathy aroused by his War blindness, cried for a greater show of force, a firmer foreign policy. M. Franklin-Bouillon introduced a motion: "Resolved: That for five years M. Briand has constantly been mistaken in his forecasts as well as his facts." Others accused him of "leading France into another war."

While the President of the Chamber jangled his big brass dinner bell for order, Aristide Briand climbed into the rostrum

candidate, I must be a candidate of all parties, of France as a whole."

Many observers believed that slouchy Aristide's hesitancy was genuine. Nomination was his for the asking, election was more than likely. To be President of France, with the Palais de l'Elysée for a home, \$144,000 as salary and expense allowance, would be a comfortable, honorable existence, a high climax to a distinguished career, an honor that few Frenchmen would refuse. On the other hand it would mean that Aristide Briand must retire from active politics at the age of 69

at the critics who blamed him for doing nothing to stop the Austro-German *Zollverein*.

"To this next meeting of European countries," said he, "France will go with a constructive plan for the absorption of the excess harvests of these countries, for financing their agriculture by loans, and for the organization in Europe, which is totally without it, of a system of production and exchange."

In other words the Briand way to combat *Zollverein* is to offer Germany and Austria something better, perhaps a general European cartel based largely on wheat. To maintain a balanced exchange of wheat and manufactures throughout Europe, the plan provides for a system of reciprocal tariff rebates between those countries which are buyers of wheat and exporters of manufactured goods and those which are exporters of wheat and importers of manufactured goods.

GERMANY

Swollen Neckar

In *Alt Heidelberg*, where flows the Neckar, the Neckar overflowed last week. While Heidelbergers in the lower part of the city sloshed through streets deep in yellow water, slash-checked *korpsstudenten* rushed from beer garden to beer garden with the news that the enormous floating bathhouses that line the Heidelberg quaysides were doomed. Thousands went down to the docks to watch.

First to go was the new men's bath, a 600-ft. barge whose bottom is pierced with innumerable holes, where Heidelberg men perform their ablutions. With a loud rending of the steel bands that held it to the wharf it broke loose, swung out into the racing yellow Neckar, crashed down on the solid Friedrich Bridge, split into a thousand fragments.

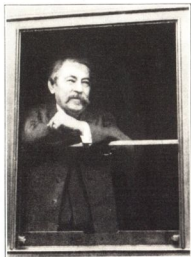
A rowboat renting float went next, slipped under the bridge successfully, then swung inshore again, ripped loose two big bathing barges and another rowboat float. Out in midstream again went the floating mass of derelicts, slowly spinning round and round. With a crash it broke against the Ernest Walz Bridge, but the Ernest Walz stood firm. Spectators cheered hilariously as the bathhouses went down with towels flying.

SPAIN

Impetuous Primate

Pedro Cardinal Segura y Saenz, Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of Spain, sat down and wrote a pastoral letter to his communicants last week:

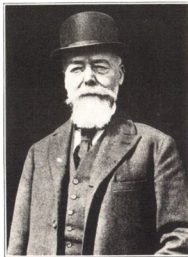
"As Republicans or Monarchists you can justly dissent over what form of government is best for Spain, or concerning purely human interests. However, when the rights of religion are imperiled it is absolutely essential for Catholics to unite to secure the election of candidates to the Assembly who will guarantee to defend the rights of the Church and the social order. . . . Let us remind you that King



Acme-P. & A.

Br'ER BRIAND

For anyone else . . .



Wide World

PAUL DOUMER

. . . it looked hopeless.

to reply. Scarcely glancing at the red leather portfolio of notes before him, Br'er Briand, calm, self-assured, talked for an hour and 45 minutes. He reviewed his entire career as Foreign Minister, he claimed full support for all his acts from the two most potent French politicians, Raymond Poincaré and André Tardieu. He ended with a burst of brilliant Briandism:

"I shall take full precautions and I shall maintain peace so long as I have the honor to be where I am. It has been charged against me that it is I who by my weakness am preparing for war. There are people who say and write that. *Eh bien!* Behind them are the people of France, who do not believe it!

"You too as Frenchmen desire peace, and those who desire peace and seek it are never dishonored."

The end was full victory for Br'er Briand. The Chamber voted confidence in the Cabinet, 430 to 52.

Hesitation. An official nomination from all the Left parties was Br'er Briand's for the asking, but with only four days before the presidential election, he suddenly turned coy. To a delegation of Deputies he rumbled in his mustache:

"Messieurs, I am greatly honored, but I must decline to be a candidate for the Left parties exclusively. If I am to be a

(Georges Clemenceau was a potent figure at 88) and at a time when the map of Europe is one great rash of international irritations for which the presence of peace-loving Aristide Briand in the French Foreign Office has long been a soothing poultice. He promised last week to give his final choice 48 hours before election day.

Draft Doumergue? At the week's end there were only two avowed candidates for President of France: white-whiskered, mildly conservative Paul Doumer, President of the Senate, and Brandy Distiller Jean ("****") Hennessy, candidates of the Opposition parties. M. Doumer was practically sure of the Senate's vote, was fairly sure of election against any one but Briand. As a candidate, *** Hennessy looked hopeless. Anti-Briand strategists talked seriously of drafting plump, smiling President Gaston Doumergue for a second term. "*Le bon Gastoumet*" issued no I-do-not-choose but remained as coyly silent as any Coolidge.

After communing with himself over night, Br'er Briand finally cast his die, accepted the nomination. At the same time he announced that whatever his status next week, whether he is president-elect of France or not, he would take train once more to sit in his accustomed seat on the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva. And he delivered a telling blast

Foreign News—(Continued)

Alfonso and his family steadfastly kept the Catholic faith."

Ever since the revolution Cardinal Segura has had gloomily in mind the rich church lands which seem likely to be taken away from him, some 50,000,000 gold pesetas of government tithes which he is almost certain to lose (though the cautious Alcala Zamora Government has made no definite steps toward the breaking of Church & State). Three weeks ago he attracted a certain amount of unfavorable

support to the formation of a clerical centre party, such as exists in Germany. Cardinal Segura was summoned to Rome to have a little talk with the Holy Father.

The Segura pastoral letter set off a hot rocket in Madrid. Ever since the departure of King Alfonso, Madrid has been quiet—a little too quiet to suit observers who recalled the deldrums that preceded the French and Russian revolutions. Last week shouting mobs bore down on the Jesuit Industrial School, burned it to the ground, swept on to a Carmelite convent, newly erected with funds collected in South America, and burned that too. In short order four more schools and convents were burned. Nuns and priests fled through back doors. Martial law was declared.

Pocketless Don Juan

"Mr. Speaker," said Will Thorne, British Laborite Member of Parliament, last week, "I wish to ask whether the former ruler of Spain should not be referred to as ex-King Alfonso, or Mr. Bourbon in these debates."

A conservative M. P. from the opposite benches leaped to his feet shouting, "Grossly offensive, sir! Grossly offensive!" Speaker Fitzroy ignored the interruption, scratched his chin under his wig:

"'King Alfonso' seems to me very suitable."

"Are you aware, sir," shouted Laborite Thorne, "that His Majesty's Government has recognized the Spanish Republic?"

"Yes, but the name given does not suggest that he is King of anywhere."

Alfonso XIII, King of Nowhere, Duke of Toledo, was comfortably settled in his quarters in Fontainebleau last week. Correspondents who have called him the ablest politician in Spain followed his maneuvers with interest.

First move was to make another of those sober, resigned, high-minded statements which are so useful in re-establishing the prestige of deposed monarchs. This one was given to the world by Marques de Luca de Tena, editor of the Royalist Madrid daily, *A. B. C.* Said King Alfonso to Marques de Tena:

"The monarchy in Spain was ended by suffrage and if, in the future, it returns, it will be by the same voluntary action of the citizens."

"I have decided absolutely to place no obstacles in the path of the Republican Government, which, for me, above all is now the Government of Spain. . . . It would be the greatest sacrifice of my life if I should be forced to abandon Spain. It would be very sad if, some day, history does not do me justice."

Second move was to hold a series of lengthy secret conferences in Paris, send the Marques de Tena hotfoot off to Madrid to beg the various Royalist groups in Spain to forget their differences for the time being and present a united front in the forthcoming June elections under that weepy-eyed, white-whiskered old gentleman, Jose Sanchez Guerra, Prime Minister

shortly before the Dictatorship of Primo de Rivera.

Canny Alfonso believes that with Spain still in the first flush of Republican enthusiasm, Monarchists will be lucky to win 80 seats out of 400 in June. Three things, said he, may split the Republicans, make possible a restoration of the monarchy in the not too near future: the growth of Communism and Syndicalism, the separation of Catalonia and the Basque provinces, an unpopular Moroccan policy.



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PEDRO CARDINAL SEGURA Y SAENZ

His "reminder" brought down fire.

attention by remarking in the course of a sermon: "May the Republic be cursed!" As it was impossible to blame this pastoral letter on any misquotation, Republican ministers raged. Fernando de los Rios, Minister of Justice, rumbled in his black beard:

"The Government cannot help but recognize the gravity of this document. It is a frank assertion indicating the hostility of the Church to the Republican régime."

"I cannot agree with the Cardinal's position," said Minister of Instruction Marcelino Domingo, and forthwith signed a decree abolishing compulsory religious instruction in the schools.

Minister de los Rios filed formal protest with the papal nuncio at Madrid.

Vatican City was reported not over-pleased with impetuous Cardinal Segura. From the office of the Papal Secretary of State Cardinal Pacelli had already gone a message to all Spanish prelates to the effect that the Vatican now considers restoration of the Spanish monarchy impossible, instructing the Church to quiet all reactionary elements, and to lend its



Underwood & Underwood

ALFONSO'S THIRD SON

In Spain, he had all the pockets he wanted.

But to start the ball rolling, a united Royalist front is imperative.

In Madrid, Marques de Tena, after blandly denying to reporters that he had received any "orders" from King Alfonso, ran against an immediate snag. White-whiskered Senor Sanchez Guerra stubbornly refused to have truck or traffic with any Spanish Royalists who had defended or been members of Primo de Rivera's dictatorship.

Alfonso's third move was to let it be known—unofficially—that he would give up his own rights to the throne, not in favor of his easy-bleeding firstborn, the Prince of the Asturias, nor in favor of his deaf-mute second son Don Jaime, but in favor of his third son, 17-year-old Don Juan Carlos, a cadet last week in the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, Devonshire.

Naval College authorities frown on visiting reporters, but U. S. correspondents last week succeeded in seeing and talking with Alfonso's two strapping daughters, the Infantas Beatriz and Maria Christina who were taking lessons in stenography before becoming paid secretaries to their father and mother.

"Juan has the hardest life of any of us," said black-eyed Beatriz. "He isn't even allowed to smoke at the Naval Academy. He hasn't a pocket in his English uniform. Think of it! In Spain he's always had all the pockets he wanted."

Foreign News—(Continued)

RUSSIA

Frivolous Alexandra

For many months Moscow citizens and U. S. visitors have learned to look sharp when street car No. 56 swung around a curve. At the throttle of No. 56 was buxom Motorwoman Alexandra Semecna, and Alexandra was a caution. Disdaining brakes, she made elderly Reds leap for their lives as she clanged through the streets. Heaven help the pushcart that dawdled in her path. Last week, a month after the event, Moscow papers reported the end of street car No. 56.

Motorwoman Alexandra had permitted a personable young man to ride the quarterdeck of No. 56 with her. With throttle open, brakes off, they whizzed downhill from Dzerzhinski Place to Theatre Place while traffic scattered and passengers clung screaming to their seats. At the bottom of the hill the car jumped the tracks so violently that its body was torn from the trucks. One woman was killed, six persons gravely injured. Alexandra Semecna, built of stern stuff, was unscathed. Inspectors discovered that the brakes were in perfect condition, had not even been applied.

Had Alexandra not been a proletarian in good standing, had she wrecked the car as an act of sabotage to hinder the success of the Five-Year Plan, she would either have been shot or exiled to a Siberian lumber camp. Because she was a true proletarian, had killed one and injured six only in a girlish madcap mood, she got off with 18 months in jail. She did not get off without a scolding. Editorialized a Moscow newspaper:

"She received a number of administrative rebukes for speeding, for deliberate changes of route without instructions, bearing witness to her unpermissibly frivolous relation to responsible duties in urban transport."

To improve interurban and maritime transport, the Council of Labor and Defense made two important rulings last week. At present important Russian trains arrive at their destinations from two to 24 hours late. The Council decreed that in future the pay of locomotive engineers would be docked for lateness, that all train crews would be paid on a piece-work basis. All train crews must run 1,125 miles or 192 hours each 30 days. If the average is less than that, pay is docked; if it is more, pay is increased up to 140%.

In all maritime nations but Russia, the master of a vessel at sea is an absolute monarch. He has absolute control over his crew and passengers, can marry or bury them. Until last week discipline on Soviet ships was in the hands of trades union committees, elected by the crews, which might consist of a cabin boy, two oilers and the purser. It did not work so well. Last week by order of the Council of Labor and Defense, Russian captains became in fact masters of their vessels again.

TURKEY

Unanimous

Mustafa Kemal Pasha, President and Dictator of Turkey, last month made known for the second time (TIME, Oct. 6; Nov. 24) that he must have an Opposition. Nothing drastic, of course, but the sort of genteel Opposition that used to make debates in the House of Commons so pleasant during the Victorian years when gentlemanly Whigs and gentlemanly Tories chased each other in and out of office. He gave orders that 30 Deputies of such an Opposition should be elected. Last week the new Parliament met, but Mustafa's Opposition was not even genteel; it was invisible. For the third time Mustafa Kemal Pasha was re-elected President of Turkey—unanimously.

ABYSSINIA

Sons of So-and-Sos

Addison E. Southard, U. S. Minister at Addis Ababa, respectfully sent a recent issue of the *Berhanena Salam* to the U. S. State Department. The Government's semi-official organ, printed on Emperor Haile Selassie's private press, only paper with a national circulation in Abyssinia (Abyssinians are more than 90% illiterate), *Berhanena Salam*'s leading editorial was marked for Statesman Stimson's consideration. Extolling the virtues of Temperance, expounding the evils of *tej* (native liquor, made from honey), the editorial was released by the State Department "not as Prohibition propaganda but as interesting reading." Excerpts:

"... Some young men approach the shops and listen. When they see the *tej* nicely presented in a row in decanters they say: 'Let us buy a piaster's worth and taste it. . . .'

"The musicians request them to give their names. The musicians begin to praise them by calling them so-and-so, son of so-and-so, and thus their hearts are filled with pride. . . . They begin to think about the ways of procuring money. Readers, you know what harm this causes the city.

"Therefore, we inform you that drink shops should be forbidden, as they have become the source of all sins."

SIAM

"I See Light"

Wishing to hear native music and reports while dark-closeted after his eye operation, King Prajadhipok conferred with Philadelphia's Norden-Hauk Radio Co. about a receiving set (similar to his Bangkok receiver) capable of picking up Siam from New York. He was told only one man, radio enthusiastic Roy C. Cool of Morristown, N. J. had invested in such a set and had it in working order. The company forthwith negotiated; Mr. Cool gladly loaned. After much painstaking dial-widdling by a Norden-Hauk expert, a Bangkok orchestra blared forth.

What time royalty from Japan was viewing with disappointment the mighty cataract of Niagara (see p. 24), Mrs. William Korker, anesthetist, squirted cocaine into the beady left eye of small King Prajadhipok as he reclined in an improvised operating room at Ophir Hall. Then Dr. John Martin Wheeler went to work with tiny instruments and extracted the cataract (clouded crystalline lens) that caused His Majesty's U. S. sight. Soon the King cried gladly: "I see light!"

JAPAN

Sitting Printer; Bean Soup

Six months ago Kiyoshi Tanabe won fame and a strike for fellow factory employees by sitting grimly on a factory chimney for 129 hours, disregarding all the blandishments of the Tokyo Police Force to coax him down (TIME, Dec. 1). Last week 200 employees of Japan Dyeing & Weaving Works went out on strike because of the discharge of a fellow workman. The dyers and weavers remembered the November success of Chimney-Sitter Tanabe, determined to emulate him. However, not a single striking dyer could be found who would volunteer to sit on the Weaving Works high chimney. This difficulty was solved when a sympathetic, bespectacled young man from the Amalgamated Printers' Union swarmed up the stack, sat on the chimney as proxy. The 200 weavers and dyers immediately locked themselves in a warehouse, went on a hunger strike.

Days and nights passed. The striking weavers starved in their warehouse, the Amalgamated Printer sat on his chimney. Chimney-Sitter Tanabe's 129-hour record was passed. Still the hard-hearted owners of Japan Dyeing & Weaving Works did not relent. The strikers had forgotten that the real reason Chimney Sitter Tanabe won his case in November was that the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, was scheduled to pass beneath that particular chimney. It is illegal, it is sacrilege for any Japanese to look down on the Son of Heaven.

Emperor Hirohito showed no desire to go anywhere near the Weaving Works last week. Three score of the self-starved strikers, drooping from exhaustion, were carried to a hospital. Hunger-striking was not in the contract of the chimney-sitting printer. Sympathizers threw him rice balls, hard boiled eggs and apples. Then he was provided with a rope and a bucket, hauled up plentiful nutriment hand over hand.

At the end of 150 hours the weavers in the barn modified their hunger strike, announced that they would eat bean soup but nothing else. Cauldrons of bean soup were rushed to their aid. A reporter of the Tokyo *Asahi Shimbun* scolded the chimney-sitter's stack asked his name. This sitting printer refused to give. Said he, his spectacles flashing in the setting sun:

"I am doing this for the workmen of the Japan Dyeing & Weaving Works, my brothers. I do not want admiration for my humble self."

ANIMALS

Trout v. Eagle

Bald eagles feed chiefly on carrion. Occasionally they snatch up water fowl, rabbits, fawns or lambs, or make the smarter, smaller osprey their catspaw for a fish diet. There is no authenticated case—even in Spring, when hungry eaglets are yammering in the eyries—of a bald



Acme-P. & A.

FARMER JOHN TROUT & KILL

He said it attacked his daughter.

eagle attacking the young of the animal who has made him National Bird.

Last week near Manoa, Pa., Farmer John Trout showed Game Warden Robert T. MacFarlane a bald eagle with a wingspread of better than seven feet which he had slain with two blasts of his shotgun. Warden MacFarlane exonerated Farmer Trout on the strength of Mrs. Trout's story; that she had seen the great bird swooping into the farmyard to carry off their daughter Dorothy, 5.

Death Comes to the Arch-Hippo

Ever since a huge hippopotamus waded 500 miles from its natural habitat in Zululand and dropped amicably in upon a town-councillors' meeting at Port St. Johns, and into a hotel lobby at Durban, South Africa (TIME, May 5, 1930), that hippo has been an arch-hippo, worshipped by the natives as a god, protected by local legislation throughout the Union. Somebody dubbed it "Hubert" and the name was accepted by all uninquisitive South African citizens.

Hubert the Arch-Hippo usually dwelt in the Umzimvubu River, occasionally, however, foraging over the land. Last week Hubert was wading and snorting in the Keiskama River when some sacrilegious native, scowfaw Afrikander or bloodthirsty American crept up and slew the beast with a bullet over each eye.

Next day 18 oxen were hitched to the bloated, floating body and it was hauled ashore. Soon Hubert was posthumously rechristened "Huberta." Poses were formed to scour the veldt for her murderer.

Red Stork

Waving red flags in the streets of Batak, Bulgaria, last week, a group of Communists were routed by the local police. Thereupon they snatched a stork from a good citizen's rooftop, colored it red like their flags, set it free.

Wily indeed were the Communists of Batak. Throughout Central Europe this superstition prevails: that the house upon which a stork rests is bound to be a happy home. Fearful of Batak's wrath should they shoot the stork, policemen chased it up & down the streets. When they drew near, it flapped quickly to a housepost. Reserves were called; at latest reports last week the entire gendarmery of Batak was still stork-chasing.

Lion v. Bull

Like Romans under Caligula, Mexicans at San Luis Potosi last week flocked to their arena to witness gory battle between a lion and a bull. Headlong the bull charged; swiftly the lion struck, clawed down its adversary's face, threw it flat, stalked proudly away.

Luigi Fernandi, owner of the lion (name: Prince), thought that was well enough. When the bloodthirsty crowd yelled for more spectacle, he demurred. He was arrested and Prince was returned to the ring. As Prince leaped again to meet the bull's charge, a horn impaled him, killed him, to the huge delight of the San Luis Potosians.

Lakehurst's Tige

Whenever the *Los Angeles* or the blimps *J-3*, *J-4* and *ZMC-2* are launched or landed at Lakehurst, N. J., a ground crew of U. S. sailors catches the ship's dangling ropes, holds on hard. Lately the crew's mascot, a nine-month-old bull pup named Tige, learned to help. He would seize a rope-end in his strong young teeth and pull amain.

Last week Tige was holding on to one of the *J-3*'s ropes when the blimp took off on a practice voyage. Tige's jaws were clamped bull-doggedly; he soared aloft. Valiantly, for five minutes, he clawed space and the yielding rope for a foothold. At 400 ft. of altitude, his jaws relaxed and he plunged downward, spinning, and smashed his life out in a forest of scrub pine and sand.

Flying Snakes

Dr. Raymond Lee Ditmars, famed herpetologist of New York City's Bronx Zoo, widened the eyes of a St. Louis audience last week with stories of a snake that can fly. It is the rare, seldom-captured *Chrysocopea ornata* of India and Malaya, a black snake with a yellow dot in the centre of each scale and a series of yellow, red-centred "flowers" along the back. These snakes climb trees, fling themselves off and by extending their ribs and sucking-in their bellies, create air-pockets on which they glide safely to the ground.

PEOPLE

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

As his part in honoring the late great financier **George Fisher Baker**, Financier **Adolph Lewisohn** of Manhattan took occasion to remind the public: "When I gave the School of Mines Building to Columbia [University] the building was to be named the Lewisohn Building and Mr. Baker, then one of the trustees of Columbia, advised me to call it the Columbia School of Mines Building. . . . He had inserted in the floor of the front entrance of the building a tablet reading: 'This building is the gift of Adolph Lewisohn. . . .' Mr. Baker was a good adviser in all matters."

Wreckers started to demolish buildings in Manhattan's West 49th and 50th Streets, clearing the way for **John Davidson Rockefeller Jr.'s** "Radio City," which is to be named **Metropolitan Square**. The Fine Arts Federation of New York proposed that the city run a new avenue between Fifth and Sixth Avenues from 42nd Street to Central Park and call it **Metropolitan Avenue**.

A spokesman for polite **Prince Takamatsu** & **Princess Kikuko** of Japan, after their Imperial Highnesses had viewed Niagara Falls, said: "There was a feeling in the royal party that the illumination of the falls which we saw last evening was somewhat gaudy. We are much impressed by the sublimity of this waterfall, but to



Acme-P. & A.

KIKUKO & TAKAMATSU

. . . thought Niagara was a gilded lily. light it in striking colors is like gilding the lily."

Unofficially the Princess said: "Why, this is not what I expected. I thought it would be greater."

Cinematictor **Charles Spencer Chaplin** refused to participate in a command benedict vaudeville performance before **H. M. King George V**, sent the vaudeville man-

A R T

ager a check for \$1,000 instead. Shocked at this apparent affront to Royalty, the London *Daily Express* sent a reporter down to interview Mr. Chaplin at Juan-Les-Pins, France. The interview: "What's all this nonsense? . . . I received no command from the King, but merely a request from the music-hall manager, named Black, to appear in a charity show. . . . Europe has bullied, misunderstood and misinterpreted me. I don't care a hang whether or not I ever make another film. . . . They say I have a duty to England. I wonder just what that duty is? No one wanted me or cared for me in England 17 years ago. I had to go to America for my chance, and I got it there. . . . I am by way of being a student of history. I know that the jester always pays, for the king inevitably kicks him downstairs. The most famous court clowns eventually are beheaded. But what happens to the monarch then? In nearly every case, kicking the jester has presaged the fall of the throne. . . . Patriotism is the greatest insanity the world has ever suffered. I've been all over Europe in the past few months. Patriotism is rampant everywhere, and what is going to be the result? Another war! I hope they send the old men to the front next time, for they are the real criminals of Europe today."

Cinematist **Mary Pickford** motored out from Manhattan to Ophir Hall in Purchase, N. Y. to pay a call on H. M. **King Prajadhikok**. At the gates she said: "My face is my only identification card!" She got in.

For Lux Toilet Soap, Actress **Billie Burke**, wife of Impresario **Florenz Ziegfeld**, testified: "I really am 39 years old!*" And I don't see why any woman should look her age."

The **Maharani of Kashmir**, just returned to Jammu City, India from Europe, rode through the streets without a veil, first wife of a ruling Prince to do so. Two hundred thousand Indians packed the streets, peered & cheered from rooftops.

Late one night **Felix, Count ("Sea Devil") von Luckner** was walking through the business section of Dallas, Tex. when two policemen halted him, wanted to know what he was about. He refused to answer them, so they took away from him a silver pipe presented him by the late **Tsar Nicholas**. He was kept in jail until his identity had been determined.

President Hoover sent his 13-year-old guest, **Bryan Untiedt**, back to Townner, Colo., in the custody of a Secret Service operative. They arrived with no fanfare. None of the Untiedt family met them. They drove the 12 mi. to the Untiedt farm and there Bryan, before going back to his work feeding the pigs, distributed gifts he had brought. One was a tablecloth for Mrs. Untiedt from Mrs. Hoover. Another was a cigar for Mr. Untiedt, "from President Hoover himself." It was a rubber cigar.

*According to *Who's Who in America*, Mrs. Ziegfeld was born Aug. 7, 1886, is 44. *Who's Who in the Theatre* makes her 45.

Little Savages

He who always wins, courts boredom. Threatened last week with such boredom was Eugene Francis Savage, spry and dapper Leffingwell Professor of Painting at Yale University. Again he beamed upon the annual list of Prix de Rome awards. Again a pupil of his headed the roll of



De Cusati Studio

PROFESSOR EUGENE FRANCIS SAVAGE

. . . knows the road to Rome.

honor. And, as usual the winning painting, a mother & child, faithfully imitated the painting style of Leffingwell Professor Eugene Francis Savage.

So strong is Professor Savage's influence over his students' style, so fortunate have been their depictions of attitudinous, great-muscled nudes (his favorite subject), that in Yale circles the coterie of Prix de Rome winners has come to be known as "The Little Savages." Last year the "Little Savage" who went to Rome was Salvatore De Maio. In 1929 John Fitton, and in 1928 Donald H. Mattison were the lucky "Little Savages."

To compete for the Prix de Rome, candidates are expected not only to submit paintings and sketches for exhibition in Manhattan's Grand Central Palace, but to present themselves at an afternoon tea. There the judges and trustees (of which Professor Savage is one) of the American Academy in Rome inspect each individual. The judges' choice, traditionally a personable as well as talented young man, receives from the Academy a studio and residence on Rome's Janiculum Hill for three years—an honorarium valued at about \$8,000—plus \$500 in traveling expenses.

Judges of painting this year were Artists Gari Melchers, Abram Poole, Ezra Winter, Barry Faulkner, Austin Purves Jr. They gave the prize to "Little Savage" Harry Gregory Ackerman, 21, of New York City, a graduate of the National Academy of Design's Manhattan school who worked his way through Yale by winning scholarships. He is a native of Rumania.

Sculpture. Winner of the Prix de

Rome in sculpture, also announced last week, was Warren Towle Mosman, 22, of Bridgeport, Conn. He is also from Yale; his winning figure *Ange Rebelle*, though he studied under another master, might well classify him with the "Little Savages."

Architecture. Henry Dustin Mirick, 25, of Washington will go to Rome also. His plan for a U. S. Army officers club in the tropics won the architectural exhibit. He executed it at the University of Pennsylvania School of Architecture, where he studied after graduation from Princeton in 1927.

In landscape architecture, the winner was Neil Hamill Park, 36, of Parkin, Ark., a graduate of Little Rock College and Cornell.

Though usually low on the Prix de Rome lists, Harvard is not without able art students. Harvardman William F. Pederson last week received \$1,000 for best paper in the College Art Association's examination. A second prize of \$500 was divided between Edgar Craig Schenck and Joseph Curtis Sloane Jr., both of Princeton.

Also awarded last week were prizes for the college art currently on exhibition in Manhattan. Winners included: oil-painting, Jean Elizabeth Wade of Yale; watercolor, C. E. Hewitt of Princeton; drypoint, Mildred Shute of Kentucky; sculpture, Robert Koepnick of Dayton Art Institute.

Ultra-Grey

More than 100 critics of Art and Literature crowded into a Manhattan soda-fountain at No. 1410 Broadway last week. Their purposes were: 1) to imbibe what flowed from the fountain's spigots; 2) to see the room the fountain was in.

Behind the bar, clad in white jacket, was the creator of both: versatile, temperamental Artist-Author-Inventor John Vassos. The room he had created was more original than the spigots. The upper parts were of aluminum; the lower painted grey. Grey predominated, even in the hangings and the seat-coverings of the modern furniture, although some of these were Chinese rose or black. Only other color: green spigot-handles. One of the critics called the designs "irrational versatility."

Pumping the green spigot-handles, Mr. Vassos explained: "The crowd that comes in here is grey. That is why my dominant motive is grey. . . . When you understand what I am doing, setting off the grey by the ultra-grey, you will like it even better."

Best known in the U. S. for his illustrations of Oscar Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol* (to prepare for which he lived in six prisons), Mr. Vassos began life in Constantinople, "son of a Turk and a Greek woman from Olympus." He cartooned on a Turkish newspaper but was ousted for sacrilege in 1915. He joined the British armies in Palestine, was transferred to mine-sweepers in the North Sea, was torpedoed and rescued by the U. S. Navy. Carried to the U. S., he lived by painting butchers' signs until commissioned to do the Wilde illustrations.

THE PRESS

Time-Lag

George Bernard Shaw is fond of saying that he was born about 50 years ahead of his time. In London last week he told newsmen of the Institute of Journalism that their minds function far behind their time. Their backwardness of comprehension he called "time-lag." Just as Great Britain long failed to recognize the United States as a permanent Republic and George Washington as anything but "one of the blackest scoundrels that ever existed," so today "the press has not yet recognized that the [Russian] revolution has taken place," said he.

"Do not start time-lagging, for example, about the customs union between Austria and Germany. They are bound to unite, not merely in a customs union but in a national union. . . . Do not write about [modern republics] like a very old-fashioned governess in a very old-fashioned cathedral town. . . . You will lose your power over the public mind and a great deal of that is already passing to the radio. . . . People for whom we write have never seen us or heard our voices, and I often think a journalist in a city should be made to go around in a large cart as if in a circus and people would say, 'Great respect. Look at him.'"

G. B. S.'s concluding toast: "The profession of journalism—God help it! Is it a profession or is it the last century of any young person hopelessly illiterate and hopelessly incompetent?"

Birthdays

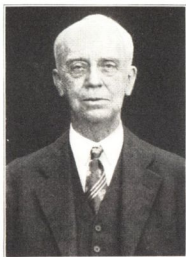
In Detroit. The boys who deliver the Detroit *Free Press* to the doors of subscribers granted and staggered under their loads last Sunday. The paper—largest ever published in Detroit—included 114 pages of rotogravure in addition to the usual sections, all for the glory of the *Free Press's* 100th anniversary.* The Centennial Edition, edited by Malcolm W. Binney who conducts the paper's daily "Good Morning" column, reviewed the history of the paper, of Detroit and of mankind for the past hundred years. Crowning item was a rotogravure page with a large photograph of Poet Edgar Albert ("Ed-die") Guest, pride of the *Free Press*, and a seven-stanza poem written by him for the occasion. First stanza:

"Tarry, Old Father Time,
"Put by your scythe.
"Still young and blithe,
"Untouched by rime,
"The paper that I love, behold!
"Here are no furrowed cheeks or palsied hand—
"The marks of old men who have past their prime
"And sigh to count the last few grains of sand,
"Knowing that soon the bells will chime

*Last year Editor Frank Parker Stockbridge of *The American Press* began organizing a Century Club of U. S. newspapers. The club's roster, completed last month, included 79 dailies and 100 weeklies which have been published continuously since 1831 or earlier. Oldest is the *Annapolis Gazette* (weekly), founded 1727. Oldest to be published continuously as a daily is the *New York Evening Post* (1801).

"Death's solemn dirge—but fearless, bold
"The *Free Press* wears a century on its brow,
"Facing the future with a young heart now!"

Detroit had some 2,500 population when, on May 5, 1831, John P. Sheldon turned from a creaking hand press the first copy of *The Democratic Free Press* and *Michigan Intelligencer*. First campaign of the paper was to agitate for Michigan's admittance to the Union. But its career of influence really began after the Civil War when the *Free Press* (a violent anti-slavery paper) was edited by



DEAN WALTER WILLIAMS

Devil into president.

(See col. 3)

William E. Quinby. In the 44 years of his control, Editor Quinby developed the late Charles B. Lewis, whose humor made famous the nom de plume "M. Quad." Poet Guest he hired as an office boy. Robert Barr ("Luke Sharp") worked for him many a year before going to London to found *The Idler* with Jerome K. Jerome. The paper ceased to be the *DEMOCRATIC Free Press* in 1896 when it repudiated the nomination of William Jennings Bryan, threw its support to McKinley.

Today the *Free Press* is Michigan's dominant morning paper (second to the Scripps-owned evening *News* in circulation), is strongly Republican, tinged with the liberal views of its publisher Edward D. ("Ed") Stair. A "clean, home-paper," it suggests somewhat the New York *Herald Tribune*; and like the latter it boasts an exceptionally able women's editor—Mary Humphrey. (*Herald Tribune* has Mrs. William Brown Meloney.) Some of the *Free Press's* following may be accounted for by its Chicago *Tribune* comic features. This situation may be affected by the *Tribune's* recent acquisition of the Macfadden tabloid *Detroit Daily* (TIME, April 13).

In Chicago. The Detroit *Free Press* was already 50 years old when, in a four-story building in Chicago's Washington

Street, James W. Scott and William D. Eaton founded the Chicago *Herald*. But the Hearst *Herald & Examiner* celebrated its Golden Anniversary last week with ten times the *Free Press's* fanfare. The celebration happily coincided with an All-Chicago Jubilee to celebrate the city's political "new era." At times it was difficult to discern where the *Herald & Examiner's* demonstration stopped and the city's jubilee began; the result was a pleasing impression that all of Chicago was agog over the newspaper's birthday.

The career of the *Herald & Examiner* ("Herex") as it is known today really dates from 1902 when William Randolph Hearst started his *Examiner*. In 1918 the *Examiner* swallowed the *Herald* which, prior to that, had absorbed the *Times*, *Record* and *Inter-Ocean*. The story of the *Herald & Examiner* is in general that of any Hearst paper in any big city; but even more sensational, more blatant because of Chicago's shocking newspaper history. Wherever seasoned newsmen gather, tales are told of the *Herex's* famed exploits. There was the time when the late "Hildy" Johnson (TIME, April 20) got an exclusive tip on the conviction of one Norman Cook for murder; he stole into the vacated jury room, wrote "not guilty" on a dozen bits of paper, scattered them on the floor where he knew a *Tribune* newshawk would find them. Next morning, before the verdict was returned, the *Herald & Examiner* was out with COOK FOUND GUILTY while the duped *Tribune* blazoned the fake verdict. Another great scoop was the 1920 street car strike, which the *Herald & Examiner* got from a grateful union delegate whom it had unconsciously flattered by referring to him as Mr. Boyle.

For the first three months of this year the *Herald & Examiner* has gained about 30,000 circulation (now 435,000) over the same period in 1930. During the same period the *Tribune* has lost about 30,000, is now running about 60,000 less than before the murder of its Racketeer-Reporter Jake Lingle.

Missouri Medals

At Columbia, Mo. last week the School of Journalism of the University of Missouri gave its annual medals for distinguished service in journalism. As in previous years, the selection of obviously dominant publications and individuals honored the School as much as the recipients. The awards:

Robert Paine Scripps, for "achieving and maintaining an intrepid, public-spirited and carefully informed journalism; . . . for seeing and meeting the need today for an aggressive, constructive liberalism to combat in the interests of that great middle stratum of our American people the domestic and international corruption and injustice which challenge the efficacy of the world's great social structure."

The Baltimore *Sun*, for "patriotic service . . . cause of peace . . . complete and highly intelligent coverage of the news of the world."

The Manchester *Guardian* for "its un-

*Not to be confused with the tabloid *Illustrated Times* now published in Chicago by Samuel Emory Thompson.

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Here's a tire to hold you



ANYBODY who tells you that modern trucks are so fast tires can't stand the speed hasn't heard about Goodyear Truck Balloons.

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Just because they ride like a million dollars, don't get confused about cost.

They save wear and tear on the truck, load and driver.

They save time—give trucks

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They save gas—as much as 20% compared to solid tires.

They save money—on tire costs per mile. On many operations they deliver as much as double the mileage of the tires they replace.

On high-powered express vans and motor coaches, in oil field and gasoline service, in sand and

gravel hauling, in farm and city trucking of all kinds, these new Goodyear Balloons are making these savings NOW.

How about putting them on your trucks? Any Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealer will give you expert recommendations—and because he sells all types of tires, he won't sell you balloons unless he knows they will make you money.

ON YOUR NEW TRUCKS SPECIFY GOODYEARS

GOOD YEAR

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paralleled line of distinguished editors . . . reliability and authority . . . courageous fight for peace."

Publisher Houston Hart of the San Angelo (Tex.) *Standard Times* and an alumnus of the School for "spirit of pioneering."

Editor Henry F. Childers of the Troy (Mo.) *Free Press* for "continuous publication of one journal for more than 50 years."

If the style of Missouri's citations seemed verbose and trite, it was no true measure of the calibre of the School of Journalism, to which Missourians point with just pride. Nor did it reflect upon the ability of the School's founder and administrator, Dean Walter Williams, president of the University, although it did recall the fact that he was once a "boy-orator."

Credit for the School's high standing belongs almost wholly to lean, white-haired Dean Williams, who has relinquished none of his supervision over it since being elevated to the presidency this year. Oldest journalism school in the world (1908) it is rated by some as the best because: 1) it has the most graduates in the profession and 2) its curriculum is undoubtedly the most comprehensive—everything from advertising to photo-engraving. The school's small-town atmosphere prepares more small-town editors than metropolitan, which is doubtless as it should be since most big-city papers are training schools in themselves.

Dean Williams was 15 when he quit school to take a job as printer's devil on the Boonville (Mo.) *Topic* at 70¢ a week. In 1908 he persuaded the University to let him set up an experimental school. He has been its dean ever since, "the university president who never went to college."

Monthly Freeman

Last week Editrix Suzanne La Follette announced that her distress-signals for funds to continue *The New Freeman* (liberal weekly) had been answered by generous friends (TIME, May 11). But beginning with the June issue, the magazine will become a monthly.

McC

Having sold their nickel weekly *Liberty* to Bernarr Macfadden, Publishers Robert Rutherford McCormick and Joseph Medill Patterson last week negotiated the sale of the factory which made *Liberty's* cheap paper at Tonawanda, N. Y., to International Paper & Power Co. for \$4,000,000. But the rumor that they would retire further from the publishing business, that they would sell their Chicago *Tribune* to William Wrigley Jr., Albert Davis Lasker et al. (TIME, April 13) had by last week lost most of its steam. First direct quotation of Publisher McCormick on the subject appeared in the form of a note to Managing Editor Edward Scott Beck, on the *Tribune's* bulletin board:

"Dear Mr. Beck: I have not dignified the rumor of the sale of the *Tribune* nor do I intend to do so. But if any of our people are worried you can tell them the *Tribune* will not be sold in my time.

"Sincerely yours,

"McC."

*Now where
in the world can
they be?*



Aboard the Resolute Perhaps they're taking tea after a swinging hike on the wide Promenade. Or have they gone trap shooting on the upper Sports Deck under gay awnings? Maybe they're at bridge or backgammon in the charming Winter Garden. Possibly a picture travel lecture holds them. Or they've been in the Gym and are now doing the crawl in the sun-splashed swimming pool. No, it is probably time they enter the festive Dining Salon with fascinating people all around. Then, on to the masquerade ball, with moonlit intermissions in the Open Air Grill... For truly, the RESOLUTE "is so full of a number of things."



Sight-seeing Ashore Are they motoring 'round the exotic isle of Bali? Or stepping into medieval times down the narrow streets of Mallorca? Maybe they are speechless before the Taj Mahal or awed by the throbbing savagery of Somaliland. Or they're in Benares, Malacca, Semarang, Siam's Bangkok or Zamboanga of Sulu... What odd corners have the thirty countries of this *greatest world cruise*—delightful corners where the 143 days pass as in a dream yet never are forgotten.

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By the luxurious RELIANCE, sister-ship of the RESOLUTE... 42 days starting on June 27th from New York, taking you to North Cape, Iceland, Scandinavian Capitals, fjords, islands under the Midnight Sun, and with four days exploring the mysteries of Russia. Rates as low as \$725 with many shore trips included. Send for illustrated booklet.



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Cincinnati's Festival

As in Baseball the World Series is followed by city series and barnstorming exhibitions, so in Music is there a season for the concentrated programs called festivals. Europe crowds hers into the summer months when tourists are passing her way. The U. S. has hers in the spring, after important artists finish their opera and concert engagements, before the citizenry starts vacationing. Festivals have been given already this spring in Washington, D. C., Emporia, Kans., Harrisburg, Pa., Manhattan's Greenwich Village, Hamilton, Ontario, and Halifax. May festivals are scheduled for Bethlehem, Pa., Ann Arbor, Evanston, Rochester, N. Y., Keene, N. H., White Plains, N. Y. This spring, looming above these is the 20th biennial Festival given last week in Cincinnati.

Cincinnati's Festival is of outstanding importance for several reasons: It is one of the oldest of U. S. festivals, started in 1873 by Conductor Theodore Thomas. It is a colossal affair, involving many amateur singers (610 grown-ups this year, 703 school-children), besides the Cincinnati Symphony and imported soloists. The programs are meticulously prepared and the performances attended by social pomp corresponding to that which Manhattan and Chicago bestow on their opera. Cincinnati newspapers devote columns to describing the costumes of local dowagers and debutantes.

Last week's Festival in no way let down Cincinnati's high traditions. The programs were for the most part ambitious and substantial. Brahms' great *German Requiem* came first in honor of the late Frank van der Stucken who for many years directed the Festival. Of the soloists, two from England made promising U. S. debuts—Tenor Walter Widdop and Contralto Muriel Brunkskill. Lily Pons, the Metropolitan's new French find, walked away with a program on which she sang three florid coloratura airs. But the hero for the duration of the five-day Festival was Conductor Eugene Goossens. Conductor Goossens, for seven years leader of the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra, was directing his first Cincinnati Festival, succeeding Chicago's Frederick Stock who no longer has the strength for a double job.

For Conductor Goossens the Festival was an important milestone, one which few conductors could put behind them at 38. Goossens is a Britisher, son of a conductor and an opera singer, brother of an oboist and two harpists. At ten he left England to study in Bruges, learned to play the piano well, the violin better. Then he returned to England, began playing in Sir Henry Wood's Queen's Hall Orchestra which, when he was 18, played several of his compositions, himself conducting.

Goossens' first job as a conductor was under Sir Thomas Beecham (opera, pits) after which he led the Diaghilev ballet for five years. In 1923 he went to Rochester where he was helped by his strong, handsome appearance. In Rochester last year he found a second wife for himself, pretty, 21-year-old Janet ("Jansy") Lewis, a student at the Eastman School of Music.

(His engagement to his good friend, Mrs. Christian Holmes of Fleischmann's Yeast wealth, had previously been rumored and denied.) Goossens' hobbies are Shakespeare and shark-fishing. His best known composition: the opera *Judith* done to the libretto of the late Arnold Bennett (TIME, July 8, 1929). Goossens' appearance in



Wide World

EUGENE GOOSSENS

Cincinnati was not let down.

Cincinnati last week was just an introduction. Next autumn he will be the Cincinnati Symphony's regular conductor, succeeding Hungarian Fritz Reiner.

Lowest Notes

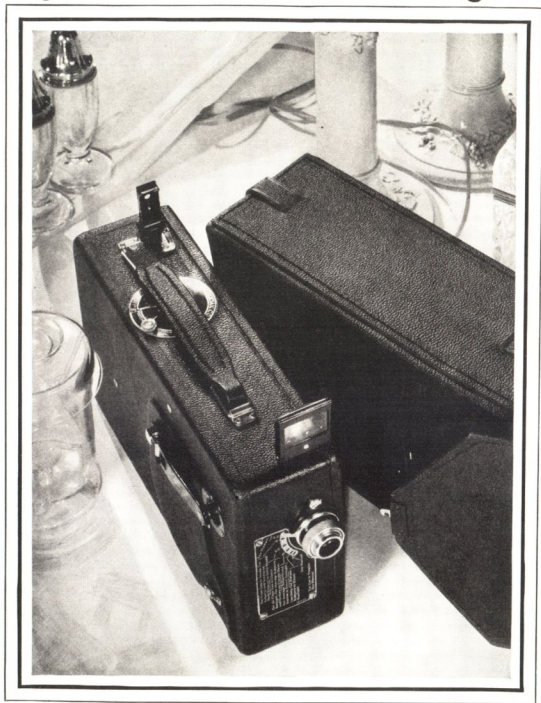
Low B flat, the lowest tone in music that is not just a grunt, is sounded in orchestras by the contra-bassoon or the contra-bass tuba. Beethoven used the big wood-wind in his Ninth Symphony; Haydn in his *Creation*, Brahms in his First Symphony. Wagner used the mighty-mouthed tuba to plumb the murky depths of his *Niebelungen Ring*.

The lowest tones in nature are made, not by thunder as many might think, but by giant waterfalls, according to an announcement made last week by Dr. William Braid White, acoustic expert for American Steel & Wire Co. (U. S. Steel subsidiary). Dr. Braid offered as evidence sound waves photographed this spring at Niagara Falls. The sound of water falling from a great height, or the echo-like undertone that falling water makes, shows from 30 to 42 cycles of vibratory waves. Thunder's pitch is considerably higher, starting at 50 cycles and crashing sometimes as high as 40 cycles above Middle C (261 cycles). Wind may moan at 100 cycles, whine as high as 600 cycles. Not even Niagara can go so low as the big bassoon or the brass tuba.

Handel at Smith

At Smith College in Calvin Coolidge's town of Northampton, Mass., where able, modern girls smoke, drink and carry on in a frank and open way that is distressing

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CINÉ-KODAK, for making movies . . . the perfect wedding present. And how different from the usual gift. Such exciting possibilities. Movies of the honeymoon . . . the new home . . . the many happy days ahead. For commencement, too, or birthday. Ciné-Kodak, Model M, \$75. Kodascope projectors, as low as \$60. See your dealer today. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.

Passion Fruit and Barking Sands

SURPRISING, laughable, restless...different Hawaii. Charming little experiences dance into a melody that will haunt you always. Passion fruit and Barking Sands. Mangoes and kimono; guavas and moonlight bathing. A tropic sunset so beautiful it makes your throat ache. Driving through a warm satin night...under a potent moon, a rainbow moon...white shadows of night blooming flowers. Cruising among her fleet of islands. Swimming in velvet water.

Leis? Before your ship docks you admire these strands of colored fragrance. Yellow plumeria, white and red carnations, white and yellow ginger blossoms, orange ilima, gardenias... Before you are many days in the life of Hawaii you are wearing them to dinner parties, at

In the evening, on your way to the dance you'll stop and buy a lei—perhaps of gardenias, and pay...50 cents



White shadows of night blooming flowers



Hawaii legends live again in colorful pageants

dances, native feasts. Through the custom of the flower lei Hawaii brings you its friendliness and its unbelievable beauty and profusion of flowers.

Hawaii offers: Luxurious hotels. Modest inns and cottages. Twenty golf courses. Cost? Base the estimate of the cost of your trip on the fact that *All-inclusive-cost* tours from Pacific Coast ports and return, can be enjoyed for less than \$350—some even lower than \$300—with good accommodations afloat and ashore. Write for full information.



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ANY TRAVEL AGENT WILL GIVE YOU FULL PARTICULARS

to many a rigid alumna, there occurs each spring an event which commends itself to the most conservative. Smith has given the U. S. premieres of six classical operas, three by Claudio Monteverdi, three by George Frederick Handel. Last week still further to Smith's credit was the U. S. premiere of Handel's *Rodelinda*.

The machinations by which *Rodelinda*, the Lombard Queen, rid herself of imposters and became reunited with Bertaric,



Acme-P. & A.

PROFESSOR WERNER JOSTEN

... notable at Northampton.

the rightful king, were by no means the most important aspect of the performance. Handel's plot is blatantly conventional, works its way out leisurely. The imported soloists, headed by Soprano Mabel Garrison, and the choristers from Smith and nearby Amherst wore conventional wigs and furbelows. It was Handel's clear, direct music and the finish with which it was given that won *Rodelinda* highest praise yet for a Smith premiere from the metropolitan critics. The orchestra, composed mostly of Smith girls, played surely, maturely. Professor Werner Josten, conducting, clearly displayed the intelligence and energy which have been responsible for Smith's operatic achievements.

Skull & Bones

When prolific, peace-loving Franz Joseph Haydn closed his eyes and died in 1809, all Europe reverently mourned him. In Vienna the admiration of two men expressed itself strangely: a jailer and the secretary of Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, Haydn's patron, bribed a gravedigger to spade open the grave, break the seal of the coffin, hack off for them the dead composer's hulking head.

Next year Austria plans to celebrate the 200th anniversary of Haydn's birth but over his skull & bones a dispute has arisen. All Haydn's bones up to his head are in Eisenstadt where for years Haydn lived and worked. Eisenstadt wants to stage the major celebration but she wants also the skull, possessed now by the Vienna Society of the Friends of Music. The Vienna Friends, loth to lend it, received it from the heirs of the morbid jailer. When the

To the Father



of a young woman about to go
in for housekeeping

Doubtless your daughter will receive a bountiful abundance of asparagus tongs, book ends and backgammon sets . . . and doubtless, too, there will be quite a nice check tucked away in an envelope marked "From Father" . . .

But, if you will ask your wife, she will tell you that a thoroughly modern electric refrigerator is about the best "surprise present" that can be bestowed upon a brand new homemaker . . . it's such a perpetual sort of gift . . .

Now, of course, the Bride (especially this particular Bride!) desires the Best . . . and there are many excellent electric refrigerators to choose from . . .

Did you know that Frigidaire, always in the forefront of its field, is responsible for developments in the past fifteen years that have made household refrigeration so healthful, convenient and economical?

The Frigidaire shown in the adjoining photograph, for instance, offers advantages you would possibly not expect to find in any refrigerator.

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This new Frigidaire stands for all that is modern in refrigeration. It provides a service so complete, so far beyond the ordinary, that once you investigate you will never be satisfied with less.

You will be delighted with the outstanding beauty of the pure white cabinet in Porcelain-on-steel . . . with the desserts you can freeze so quickly by turning the "Cold Control" . . . with the ice cubes that tumble so easily from the Quickube Ice Tray . . . with the crisp, fresh vegetables you take from the Hydrator.

And your enthusiasm will continue

to grow as you use Frigidaire. For time and use will bring out the advantages of the seamless, acid-resisting interior . . . the service-shelf top . . . the elevated food shelves . . . the quiet, concealed, surplus-powered unit that uses current only a few hours a day.

Best of all, the very improvements and refinements that combine to make Frigidaire the *advanced* refrigerator also make possible many important savings in the home. Frigidaire is the truly economical refrigerator to own. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation. Dayton, Ohio.

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authorities discovered and traced the theft ten years after it was made, the culprits procured the skull of somebody else, surrendered that one.

May Records

Some phonograph records are musical events. Each month TIME notes the noteworthy.*

Opera:

Tannhäuser, recorded at the Bayreuth Wagner Festival, conducted by Karl Elmendorff (Columbia, \$36)—The production to which the world's music-wisest flocked last summer, faithfully given as Arturo Toscanini prepared it. More thrilling than any recent flesh & blood performance in the U. S. is the "Venus" of Contralto Ruth Jost-Arden, the "Wolfram" of Baritone Herbert Janssen, flawlessly reproduced.

Cavalleria Rusticana, by Italian artists, La Scala chorus and the Milan Symphony under Lorenzo Molajoli (Columbia, \$15)—An authentic, full-blooded performance of Mascagni's only hit. Soprano Giannina Arangi Lombardi gives a vivid performance of the betrayed peasant girl.

Rigoletto, *Caro nome* and *Tutte le feste* by Soprano Lily Pons (Victor, \$2)—The singer who within the past fortnight has stormed Cleveland and Cincinnati. The first aria is the one which did the trick in Cleveland.

Symphonic:

Saint-Saëns' Symphony No. 3 by Conductor Piero Coppola and Symphony Orchestra (Victor, \$6.50)—A French importation of the French composer at his cool, smooth best.

Beethoven's Hammerklavier Sonata in B flat by Felix Weingartner and the Royal Philharmonic (Columbia, \$10)—A great conductor makes a satisfactory symphony out of a great piano sonata.

Sibelius' Swan of Tuonela by Conductor Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra (Victor, \$2)—A glowing account of a hero's approach to the Finnish hell.

Songs & Ballads:

"Without a Song" and "Life is a Dream" (Victor, \$1.50)—Baritone Lawrence Tibbett exalts songs from *The Porgies*.

"Wabash Moon" and "Prairie Skies" (Columbia) — A newcomer, Baritone Charlie Lawman is pleasantly old-fashioned.

Dance Records:

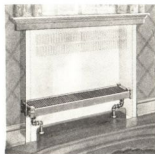
"Heavenly Night" and "It Looks Like Love" (Victor, \$1.50)—Leo Reisman alternately suave and chirpy.

"Mama Inez" and "Muchacha" (*Brinswick*)—Vincent Lopez makes the best Cuban rumba records. Honors go to his percussives.

"I've Got Five Dollars" and "We'll be the Same" (Victor)—Tunes from *America's Sweetheart* profiting by the Ohman-Arden pianos.

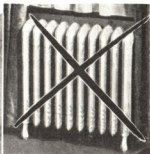
"Two Hearts" and "Soldier on the Shelf" (Columbia)—The lilting waltz from the German film, *Zwei Herzen*, coupled with a brisk, military bit. Ben Selvin plays them.

*Prices listed are for entire albums which include several records. Where the price is not given, it is 75¢, a standard rate for popular 10-inch records.



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Trane Engineers develop a device so small yet so efficient it may be completely hidden—attachable to any standard boiler and piping system

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S C I E N C E



There is little of the ordinary train about the "Golden Arrow" that leaves Victoria Station, London, at 11 a.m. for Paris. As the Kentish fields slip by you seem only mildly interested in the acres of apple blossoms outside. What does impress you is the vibrationless hum of the train. The swaying chintz and the still glasses deny that you are gliding along at anything like fifty miles an hour. At Dover the great SS Canterbury smiles at any fears you may have about the English Channel.

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Eka-Iodine

At Alabama Polytechnic Institute Professor Fred Allison early last year recognized Eka-caesium, the 87th element in the Periodic Table (TIME, Feb. 17, 1930). Last week he had eka-iodine, the 85th and last unknown element.

His method was to take materials which he reasoned might contain eka-iodine. Since eka-iodine would be a halide like fluorine, chlorine, bromine and iodine, only heavier, he used seawater, fluoride and other halogen compounds. He burned each of them and sent their complex light through a polariscope and then through a magnetic field. A magnet twists polarized light to a calculable extent. The fineness of this magneto-optic rotation is such that it can detect one part of a substance in 100 billion parts. The greatest amount of eka-iodine Dr. Allison could find in any of his substances was one part in one billion. Eka-iodine is the rarest, most fugitive thing on earth.

Visitor

Among other notables who mourned Albert Abraham Michelson (see col. 3) was Sir James Hopwood Jeans, British mathematician. He and Lady Jeans had gone to Pasadena a fortnight ago so that Sir James could see at first hand the "red shift" (lengthening rays of light) which Dr. Hubble has observed through the Mount Wilson telescopes. Sir James has calculated that the Universe is expanding at a tremendous rate and in some far future eon will disintegrate. The lengthening of stellar rays seems to prove his thesis, which is the opposite of Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan's.

Dr. Millikan believes that the Universe is constantly regenerating itself. His chief evidence is the cosmic ray, most penetrating known. The energy which this ray carries, he figures, is just the amount which would be released when four atoms of hydrogen, the primeval element, combined to form one helium atom.

Last week, two days before Dr. Michelson died, Dr. Millikan and Sir James joined in a comparative exposition at California Institute of Technology. Sir James's rebuttal to Dr. Millikan's synthesis argument was that as each proton pops away from the core of an exploding atom it generates a cosmic ray. Dr. Millikan agreed that this reasoning might be correct. Nonetheless, he held tenaciously to his own hypothesis.

The Jeanses left Pasadena last week (before the Michelson funeral and cremation) for Washington (a Carnegie Institution talk) and Philadelphia (where he will get the Franklin Institute's medal). Then he will lecture at Princeton, Yale, Harvard. He accepted another appointment, the *Scientific Monthly's* invitation to expound the Universe to Manhattanites the evening before he sails back to England.* Between lectures the Jeanses plan a visit

with Lady Jeans's mother, Mrs. Annie Tiffany Mitchell of New London. Fellow guests at the Mitchell home will be Senator & Mrs. Hiram Bingham of New Haven. Senator Bingham was a preceptor



International

SIR JAMES HOPWOOD JEANS

... went to the World's Eye.

in history and politics at Princeton when Sir James was professor of applied mathematics there. Lady Jeans and Mrs. Bingham are sisters.

Light & Death

A rapier of Light served Albert Abraham Michelson, master precisionist, to parry Death. Two years ago in Chicago he had a paralytic stroke. He was then 76. Life itself, although it was "so much fun," was no longer precious. It would have been easy to drop his guard. But mankind had taken his word for the all-important speed of Light, measuring stick of the universe, and he was not positive that his word was good. He must remeasure the speed.

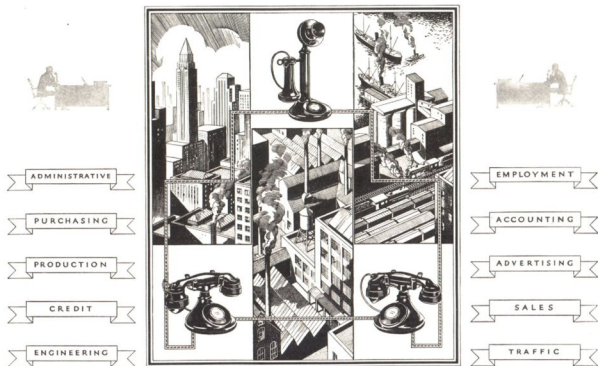
He and Mrs. Michelson moved from their Chicago cottage to a Pasadena bungalow, where they were last week. A few miles to the south, near Santa Ana, was a mile-long metal tube with a perfectly straight bore. Dr. Michelson had fixed mirrors at each end. Between the mirrors he could jiggle a beam of light. Because air modifies the speed of light, and Precisionist Michelson disliked taking airy variables into his calculations, he arranged devices to create a vacuum in his tube.

Near Pasadena is Mount Wilson, "Eye of the World," where Director Walter Sydney Adams, Dr. Edwin Powell Hubble and a corps of associates measure the distances, speeds, conditions and compositions of the universe by means of Dr. Michelson's light-stick. Any error on his part multiplies their errors.

This spring Dr. Michelson started the machinery of his tube. It was high time. Death was crowding him closely, might at any stroke get under his guard. Dr. Mich-

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elson tightened all his energies. When Albert Einstein, whose theories grew out of the Michelson light measurements, was at Pasadena, he noted how frail and nerve-wrought Dr. Michelson was. But no one could keep him from his work, not his wife, nor his four children, nor associates. He worked feverishly. His nerves broke down. He dared not travel between cottage and tube. Yet Fred Pearson, his longtime assistant, and Dr. Francis Gladheim Pease of the Mount Wilson Observatory, who were running his lights and mirrors for him, brought him their observations. Together they calculated and recalculated.

Last week he was paralyzed. Numbness crept up his legs, to his midriff. Nonetheless he was desperately at work to recheck and recheck figures which indicated that Light's exact speed was very close to 186,285 miles per second. He dictated a brief introduction to the scientific report of the experiment. Not before that was finished did Albert Abraham Michelson's guard go down and Death's numbness creep into his heart.

California gold attracted and European revolutions drove the Michelson family from their home at Strelno, Germany. Albert Abraham, then two, was just beginning to distinguish between German, Yiddish and Polish phrases. Nevada silver made the family pause at Virginia City, made with the Comstock Lode. There in 1869 Charles Michelson, now publicity director of the Democratic National Committee, was born. Tumultuous Virginia City was no place to raise a family, although the small clothing store the father operated was prosperous. The Michelsons moved to Calaveras, Calif., birthplace in 1870 of Miriam Michelson, dramatic critic and author (*Petticoat King*, *Duchess of Suds*). Three years later the "big bonanza" broke at Virginia City. Miners took \$21,000,000 of silver ore from the Comstock Lode in one year. The Mackays, Fairs, O'Briens and Floods became multimillionaires.

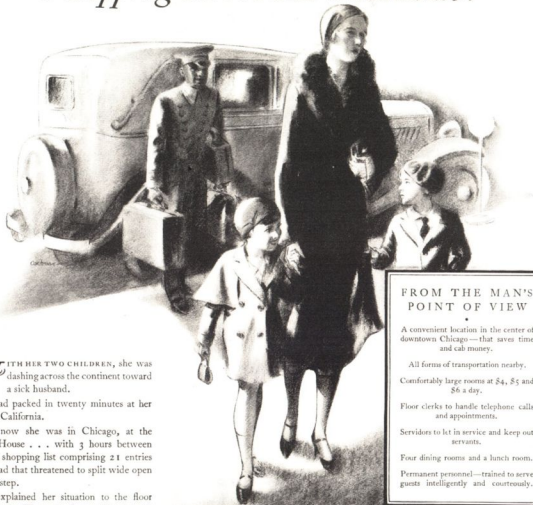
Any fortune qualms in the Michelson family did not annoy Albert Abraham. He was at the time graduating from the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. His father had insisted he go there. But he failed of appointment. Tenacious, he appealed to President Grant for special appointment, and won. At Annapolis the superintendent once scolded him soundly: "If you'd give less attention to those scientific things and more to your naval gunnery, there might come a time when you would know enough to be of some use to your country."

In 1873, the year of Midshipman Michelson's graduation, James Clerk Maxwell published his thesis on *Electricity and Magnetism*, which propounded that light was an electro-magnetic phenomena. That fascinated young Michelson as it did every contemporary scientist and led him, when later he became an Annapolis instructor of physics, to measure light's speed. Ever after, all that he did was related to the problem of light's behavior.*

*Dr. Michelson's only son Truman, ethnologist with the Smithsonian Institution, was born the same year (1879) as Albert Einstein. Dr. Einstein was at Oxford last week describing the Michelson work to local scholars.

Three Hours between Trains

a shopping list... and a headache!



FROM THE MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

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Permanent personnel—trained to serve guests intelligently and courteously.

WITH HER TWO CHILDREN, she was dashing across the continent toward a sick husband.

She had packed in twenty minutes at her home in California.

And now she was in Chicago, at the Palmer House... with 3 hours between trains, a shopping list comprising 21 entries and a head that threatened to split wide open at every step.

She explained her situation to the floor clerk on the Woman's floor. The hotel's hostess was summoned and things began to happen in her favor.

She was assigned a room that was exquisitely quiet and cheerful. The children were taken merrily upstairs by the playroom supervisor—to "let off steam" after their two days on the train.

One of the hotel's shoppers took over her shopping list, asked a few questions and promised to return within an hour and a quarter.

The hotel's doctor left something for her headache. A nurse, from the hotel's hospital, came in and administered a soothing massage.

Now she raised a compress from her eyes and glanced at her wrist watch. Ten-forty-five... surely it had stopped. The telephone op-



CHICAGO

Rates: \$4.00 and more; \$6.00 and more with twin beds (for 2 guests).
Every Room with Private Bath

erator reassured her... ten-forty-five it was. Twenty minutes since she had left her cab! Thirty minutes since she had left her train!

Such opportunities to assist travelers are

not infrequent at the Palmer House. Just recently another guest arrived at ten in the morning. She was to be married at three that afternoon. And at three she was married, in a wedding gown of our selection. In fact, along with the wedding gown, we selected her entire trousseau.

So the Palmer House, called the "safest hotel in the world" by engineers and architects, is widely known for its ability to *personalize* its service.

WALTER L. GREGORY—*Manager*
Send your name and address to the Palmer House,
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25 Favorite Recipes, for use in your home

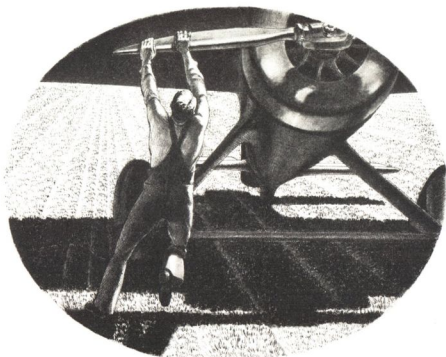
"NEXT DOOR TO EVERYTHING"—STATE STREET, MONROE STREET AND WABASH AVENUE

Perhaps we speak overmuch of "The good old days"—of their romance and color. When knights were bold; when Columbus sailed westward; when great John Ridd courted the lovely Lorna; when steamboats plied the great Mississippi—how drab

T H E S E G O O D N E W D A Y S . . .

our own day seems in contrast with those romantic and eventful times! : : : Yet there is no doubt that future chroniclers will write of our present day as one of high adventure and romance. For surely there never was an age more laden with color and daring . . . Earth and sea have always held the highways of the world; but it took our day to establish highways in the sky. Columbus' voyages were little more

exciting—certainly not more hazardous—than those recent flights over the frozen Poles . . . And are not the cities of today expressions of the romance of colossal achievement . . . Yes, and Youth still has its aspirations, while love blossoms as



freely in the shadow of a skyscraper, as ever it did in an Arcadian field of long ago : : : These are the good, new days. Color and romance are everywhere.

The Editor, REDBOOK MAGAZINE

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M E D I C I N E

Freud 75

Professor Sigmund Freud's 75th birthday last week was full of incident. The Vienna Medical Society, which derided his first exposition of psycho-analysis 45 years ago so brutally that the sensitive student vowed never again to enter its rooms, made him an honorary member. Professor Julius Wagner-Jauregg (Nobel Prize), long Freud's opponent, acclaimed him thus: "Recognition by enemies is worth more than any amount of applause from supporters." In Manhattan and other centres scholars assembled for Freud homage dinners. And one of his most successful acolytes, Dr. Fritz Wittels of Vienna and Manhattan, published *Freud and His Time*.*

The book is both a panegyric of Professor Freud and Freudism. Besides magnifying Freud's effects on psychology, philosophy, art, drama, education and law, all certainly profound, Dr. Wittels begins his *gloria in excelsis* by linking Goethe and Freud. He ends with Einstein and Freud. The Goethe-Freud link is generally justifiable. Both men began as empirical investigators and ended as rationalizing scientists. And it was a Goethe essay which transformed Dr. Freud's early disinclination to medicine into a probing interest. The Einstein-Freud theory shows that Dr. Wittels has knowledge of Albert Einstein, Sir Arthur Eddington and Sir James Jeans, but the best food in the book is its reports of Freud's and Wittels' clinical experiences.

The unacademic tone of Dr. Wittels' book is just the sort of thing which has stimulated opposition to Professor Freud's theories throughout his long career. Against that opposition he, always a shy man, built the fastness of his Vienna home. Last week, while savants did him homage the world over, he did not emerge from his retreat. Illness was his good excuse. His wife and Anna, the only unmarried one of their six children, would not admit even relatives.

Chiropractic Slugged

Chiropractic took a hard slugging in a Jamaica, L. I., court last week. William H. Werner, president of the American Bureau of Chiropractic, was on trial for practicing medicine without a license. His income from chiropractic treatments and teaching was figured to be \$70,000 a year. Some 200 of his patients, who believed him a martyr, jammed into the courtroom where they caused so much disturbance that the trial judges had them ejected.

Chiropractor Werner was a martyr to his cause in one sense. Regular medicine, including homeopathy, uses drugs, surgery, physical therapeutics, every possible means to prevent and cure disease. Chiropractic in essence believes that spinal manipulations (one form of physical therapy) is sufficient to prevent and cure. A great many chiropractors have amplified this philosophy to include many of Medicine's teachings, as have osteopaths with their theory. Hence 40 States recog-

nize chiropractic as a method. But not New York.

In New York when rich William H. Werner, doctor of chiropractic, treats the sick for pay, he has no more legal standing than a Pennsylvania "hexer." In court



Bert Roberts

CHIROPRACTOR WERNER

... six months in the workhouse.

he proved an undiplomatic protagonist of his cause. He tried to harangue the judges on chiropractic. They squelched him and sentenced him to six months in the workhouse.

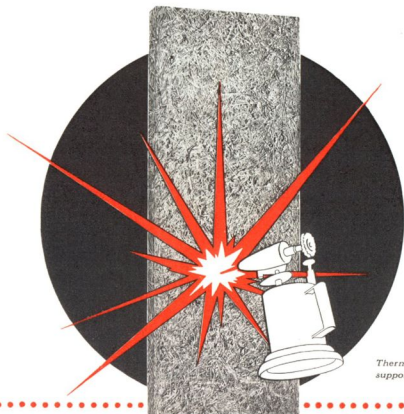
"Funny Noguchi"

A vivid biography of the late great Hideyo Noguchi who died while seeking the cause of yellow fever in Africa, appeared last week.* It uncloaks the tumultuous little scientist, of whom only intimate friends knew more than that he was born in 1876 to a Japanese peasant, that he eventually reached the U. S. where he produced important discoveries on snake venoms, syphilis, infantile paralysis, rabies, smallpox, yellow fever, that nations gave him kudos.

The Rockefeller Institute, of which he was a member, affects a scientific attitude by shrouding its researchers in their cold reports. For example, scarcely a soul knew that Noguchi was married—to a Manhattan girl named Mary Dardis, whom he called Mazie. She called him Hidey, as he insisted. They lived in a confused ménage near Central Park. He would come in at all hours, would sleep but three or four hours (when he was a child he reasoned that brief sleep was the essence of Napoleon's career). Nor did many know why the fingers of his left hand were stubby. When he was three, he rolled into a floor brazier of live coals. Before his mother could get to him his hand was a jelly. Later a country surgeon cleaned up the finger stumps, made the butts useful enough to hold test tubes and beer bottles.

The accident made his scientific career. For the subsequent operation turned his

* *Lighter* (\$4).* *Noguchi*—Gustav Eckstein—*Harper's* (\$3).



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CANADA

The Lakeland Playground

busy, acquisitive, ambitious brain to medicine, then to bacteriology. He learned very easily. So he lazed with geishas, saki, talk and chess. He borrowed money, for his schooling and travels, with amazing ingenuity. He always meant to repay loans, but rarely did with more than gratitude: "I hope the master [who financed most of his vagaries, including steamer passage to San Francisco] will take care of his honorable wife [who sold her precious marriage kimono for his maintenance]. . . . Please remember me to all who have eaten out of the same kettle. With bent neck. . . ."

In Philadelphia Dr. Simon Flexner got him a laboratory job at the University. The late Dr. Silas Weir Mitchell gave him patronage. He worked hard, brilliantly, but episodically, and got results. He pushed himself into this work and

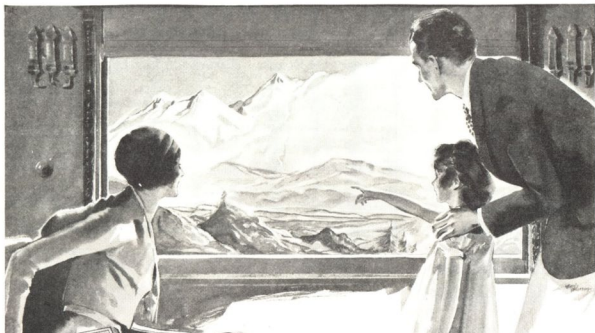


From portrait by Ichiro E. Hori
THE LATE "HIDEY" NOGUCHI
. . . out of a brazier into fame.

that, pushed himself to Germany and European elsewhere, gloated in honors: "In Copenhagen they gave me the Royal Medal. If I add what I got from Spain, I have two foreign decorations. It is said that the Swedish Crown intends to decorate me. . . . I was given audience by two royalties. . . ." He often referred to himself with naïve objectiveness, as "funny Noguchi."

Intense, irregular work and living gave him an enlarged heart and diabetes. He was gloomy when he went to Africa in 1927. Mrs. Noguchi remained behind, gloomy too. She still lives in Manhattan.

The Author obviously considers the tumultuous scientific life ideal. Of himself he reports: "Born, practiced dentist, taught physiology, learned not much, read two or three men, learned a little, came to know two or three women, learned a good deal, made friends with two rats, learned prodigiously, wrote about the rats, continued to write." Actually Dr. Gustav Eckstein, 40, has been a dental surgeon for 20 years, a medical doctor for seven, is salaried instructor of physiology at the University of Cincinnati. He lives across the Ohio River, at Fort Thomas, Ky. For most of his source material he went to Noguchi's old Japanese haunts.



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One combination—SHASTA-OVERLAND—is illustrated by the ticket and map shown here. You can choose any combination you want, to make your roundtrip ticket show you the places you want to see. See coupon.

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EDUCATION

Doctor Morris

Ancient Oxford University is cautious about passing out *kudos* to tycoons. But last year it bestowed an honorary D. C. L. upon the Archbishop of Canterbury's good friend, Banker John Pierpont Morgan. And last week old Oxford announced it would do the same for Sir William Richard Morris, British manufacturer of small motor-cars. To William Butler Yeats, Irish poet and Senator, will go a suitable but less exciting honor: honorary Litt.D.

Oxford-born, educated at Cowley, hard by the spires of Oxford, Sir William started life as a bicycle rider. He still is proud of his large glass case full of medals. Now, he often hustles off to play golf on the course he owns at Henley-on-Thames. His hired men there may see him playing, but they know they would be fired if they told any bystander that the man in the tacky-looking grey flannels is Sir William Morris. Sir William's factory whence issues the Morris-Cowley car has put Oxford town on England's industrial map.* Gentle, unimpressive, he is chairman of a potent body of British tycoons, the National Council of Industry, which he formed last year on a stout protectionist platform to save the Empire from the "muddlers" and "the old gang." His newest automobile, larger than many another "baby" model, will sell for \$500—so far Britain's cheapest.

When Sir William receives his D. C. L. degree he may mutter casually his favorite expression: "Not too bad, not too bad!" And he may reflect that his potent U. S. competitors Henry Ford, President Alfred Pritchard Sloan of General Motors, John North Willys, Walter Percy Chrysler, Errett Lobban Cord, have no such degree as his.†

Bravery at Baylor

"I will finish this job before I die. I can't disappoint the graduates."

These words were in the minds of all the students of Baylor University at Waco, Tex. last week. In a hospital three miles from the quiet campus their 67-year-old president, Dr. Samuel Palmer Brooks, was dying. Pain-racked, his once massive frame gutted by an abdominal cancer, he was spending his remaining force for his University: putting his signature to 468 diplomas for this year's senior class.

Fortnight ago physicians told President Brooks that he had two weeks to live. Though he knew that exertion would shorten his time, he said he would sign the diplomas as he had done every spring for 29 years. They brought a desk to his bedside. At first he signed about 60 a day, but weakness and almost intolerable pain, which even drugs failed to still, slowed up his later efforts.** There were more than 100 diplomas unsigned when he could write no more.

*Other Oxford products: marmalade, sausages. †But Albert Russell Erskine (Studebaker) received an LL.D. from Notre Dame in 1924.

**Because doctors and relatives refused for several days to reveal Dr. Brooks's condition, the Waco papers—the *Waco Tribune* and *Times-Herald*—carried little or no news on the city's biggest story. It was unearthed by United and Associated Pressmen.

Born in Georgia, Samuel Palmer Brooks grew up on a Texas farm. His father, Samuel Erskine Brooks, a poor Baptist preacher, taught school and farmed, sometimes drove 50 miles to Dallas to get a dollar's worth of kerosene so that his family could read and study at night. Young Samuel worked on the farm, hauled wood, became a section hand on the Santa Fe Railroad, taught school. He entered Baylor in 1887, worked and studied alternately until he was graduated in 1893. One year his roommate was Pat Morris Neff who became Governor of Texas in 1921. Taking his M.A. at Yale in 1902, Samuel Brooks returned immediately to become president of Baylor University, Baptist, Texas's oldest (founded 1845), its numbers



Keystone

BAYLOR'S BROOKS

"I have tried to teach them how to live..."

among its alumni U. S. Senator Tom Connally, Commander Ossee Lee Bodenhamer of the American Legion, onetime President Walter Splan of the University of Texas. In President Brooks's time its enrollment grew from 700 to 3,300, its resources doubled. A Wilsonian, Dr. Brooks ran for the U. S. Senate in 1916.

Last summer Dr. Brooks toured Europe. Impatiently trying to help move some baggage, he ruptured himself. He was operated upon in September. From then until January he was active in the campaign which raised \$500,000 to liquidate Baylor's debts. Then he was ordered to rest. A hearty eater but never active in sports, he was wasting away. An exploratory incision last fortnight revealed the cancerous condition of his abdomen.

Calling together his faculty, he said: "My only regret in going is that I shall never be able to stand before another Baylor student body." On the campus students asked: "What's the latest?" and the reply came: "Condition unchanged." The Texas Legislature sent a message of sympathy. His oldtime roommate came, Pat Neff who, chairman of Baylor's board of



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**"After all,
it's the
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"I'm a heavy smoker," he went on, "but I'm a regular chimney on a party. That's why I've switched to Spuds entirely. The cooler smoke keeps my mouth continually moist-cool and clean and comfortable. That's my Spud story."

And it's every Spud smoker's story! Because Spud leaves you always mouth-happy... no matter if it's a straight-through-the-pack smoking session. That's why Spud's lusty tobacco fragrance is the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. Switch to Spud and prove the "clean taste" for yourself!

* One of those interviewed in our recent survey amongst America's 2,000,000 Spud smokers.

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (U.S.),...20 FOR 30c (CANADA)



trustees, was a likely choice as his successor.

As Dr. Brooks labored over the diploma he looked up and said: "I have tried to teach them how to live. I wish now to teach them how to die." He sent a last message to be read in morning chapel: "Carry on. Men are mortal and pass away, but the ideals upon which Baylor University is built will never die."

Professors of Work

From the business and professional world into the academic world went 300 "professors of work" last week, to help celebrate the tenth anniversary of the famed "co-operative plan" of Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio. Members of Antioch's field faculty, representatives of 175 business and professional firms in 15 States, the Professors of Work supervise the periodic excursions of Antioch students into business. They are an essential part of Antioch's scheme, yet few of them had ever before seen Antioch's campus or their professional colleagues.

Plant. The physical background they saw looks much as it did in the régime of Antioch's famed, progressive first president, Horace Mann (1853-59). Though a new science hall, a new gymnasium, a library and a tea-room known as "Ye Anchorage" have been built on the big campus that has never been formally landscaped, still standing are the original four dingy brick buildings with their queer, concave-pointed towers. Hard by is the college's Glen Helen, a hilly, 1,000-acre forest tract where a century ago lived a

Communitist or Owenite colony. The village of Yellow Springs, named for the oxide of iron in its waters, resembles an oldtime New England town, for Horace Mann attracted many a New England



Keystone

ARTHUR ERNEST MORGAN

... carries on for Horace Mann.

settler when he moved from Massachusetts to Ohio.

Study & Work. Half of Antioch's 650 students were absent last week, for Antioch divides its undergraduates into A and B groups, sends the A's off for five

or ten weeks while the B's study on the campus. Then the groups swap places. Because study time is thus interrupted, the course lasts six years, though bright students may finish in five. Antioch was the first Liberal Arts college to adopt this co-operative plan, previously employed in the University of Cincinnati Engineering School.

Picking its students carefully by means of questionnaires and interviews as well as scholastic credits, Antioch aims to enroll only those who will profit by its system. Next autumn it will take in 45 fulltime students, applicants too young to go into outside work. These will take special courses, pay \$425 for their tuition. A & B students pay but \$300. Because the workers earn part of their way, their average expenses are not much more than \$500. Minimum expenses for a fulltime student will be about \$1,000.

Soon as possible after matriculation, Antioch freshmen are sent out to work. Some are prepared for it by studying in "gangs" under their resident Professor of Work, C. O. Schaub, an able, experienced Virginia agronomist. The Glenn Gang goes down into Glen Helen to clear underbrush and chop firewood; other gangs do painting, cleaning, repairing of college buildings and equipment. For this work they are paid, their earnings increasing with their responsibilities. Early in their career they take a course in "Personal Accounting and Finance" which trains them to care for their money. Then Antioch sends them out into business. If after two weeks' trial it suits them, they must remain in the job a year. Many a big firm takes in Antioch students—Macy's, Marshall Field, Swift, Dennison Manufacturing Co., International Harvester, Detroit Edison, Cadillac, Ford, National City Bank, General Electric, Westinghouse, as well as local firms in Springfield and Dayton, Ohio. Though it is too soon to point to any nation-famous Antioch graduates, Antioch finds its alumni on the whole sticking to the trades they have chosen, eminent in the firms with which they started out.

Co-operative Educator. Many an Antioch field worker last week wanted first to meet the tall man who was eagerly, proudly showing visitors around his plant. President Arthur Ernest Morgan went to Antioch first as a member of its Board of Trustees. He soon (in 1922) became president of the obscure, dying college, reorganized it completely. An engineer, he was mostly self-educated. His only degree is an honorary D. Sc. from the University of Colorado. Experienced in flood control, he helped harness the Miami River after the disastrous Dayton flood of 1913. Then he turned to education, established schools for the children of his many subordinates, helped found Moraine Park School in Dayton. He looked to Antioch as a place to carry out his ideas, for its president, Horace Mann, had fought valiantly but ineffectually against local conservatism. He took it over, built up a system and a theory of education which has made Antioch many a friend in the business world as well as in pedagogy. A notable friend: Vice President Charles Franklin Kettering of General Motors, who gave Antioch its \$350,000 science building.

On Your Trip»» Binoculars by Bausch & Lomb

Those long-remembered high-lights of travel! Charming glimpses of odd scenes, usually too far from railways, boats and hotels for unaided vision, but brought close to you with such artistic fidelity by Bausch & Lomb Prism Binoculars.

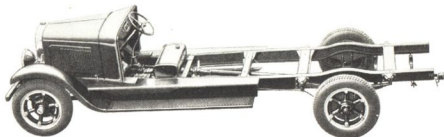
Recognized at home and abroad for their superior quality, Bausch & Lomb Binoculars are tested for unerring accuracy. Designed to give you a life-time of outstanding service. At better optical and sporting goods stores. \$53 to \$100.

Free 32-page book, "Roving Eyes," tells how to test any binocular before buying. Write for copy.

BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL CO.
750 St. Paul Street, Rochester, N. Y.

NEW WILLYS SIX TRUCKS

The new 157-inch wheelbase 1½-ton chassis designed to handle extra long or bulky loads, priced at \$35 additional over the standard 1½-ton Model C 131



WILLYS SIX LONG WHEELBASE 1½-TON CHASSIS MODEL C 157
Heavier frame, sturdier bridge type cross members. Available with oversize single tires and dual wheel options at nominal additional cost.

Modern, Dependable

Willys Six trucks of one-half to one and a half ton capacities now available in three wheelbases of 113, 131 and 157 inches.

½-ton chassis (113" wheelbase)

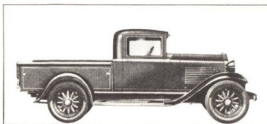
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1½-ton chassis (131" wheelbase)

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Superior truck value, 65 horsepower six cylinder engine, full force feed lubrication, floating type oil suction, four wheel fully enclosed Duo Servo brakes—cable type. The 1½ ton units have four speed transmission, full floating rear axles. Optional wheel and tire combinations, both single and dual, are available at small additional cost.



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S P O R T

Albany-to-New York

A monster shot under the Albany bridge of the Hudson River, heading downstream, a monster shaped like a huge boat, edged with foam and letting out an enormous engine-roar. Quickly the monster lost its symmetry, split up into 101 separate hydroplane, outboard and runabout motor boats. In its roar the drone of individual engines could be distinguished. In the boats, bouncing on the floorboards in their padded driving-suits, clutching their wheels with one hand while with the other they tuned their engines, could be seen the pilots, the ablest outboard and runabout "bugs" in the country, off again on the annual 142-mile race to Manhattan. Many of them were professionals little known outside the outboard motor trade, but there were amateurs too: Kirk Ames, stage funnyman; Harold Chapman, who won the race-around-Manhattan last summer; Bog Flagg, Worcester, Mass., school-boy; four girls, one of them—Anne Townsend of Greenwich—aged 13 and having her father with her as mechanic in her runabout; C. Phelps Stevens, whose trade nickname is Jonah because he usually gets the best times in the trials, then swamps at the start.

From Evanston, Ill., husky Wade ("Red") Woodworth had motored all the last two nights to get to Albany in time, towing his racing boat on a trailer. He had spent another night fitting out his boat—had only two hours sleep between Tuesday and Friday. Now he partly knelt, partly sat on the cushions in his bucking little ship, his red hair standing up in a crest, watching the curves of the narrow upper river between its marshy banks. Fourteenth at the start, he soon was racing for the lead with Ben Rhymer who lives beside the Hudson at Kingston and knows its every turn and tide.

Red Woodworth had with him his sweater with the varsity "N" (Northwestern) on it. That might bring him luck. It had in football. He never wore a head-guard but he never got hurt. Knute Rockne of Notre Dame had respected the Northwestern team, called Woodworth one of the greatest guards in the country. But outboard motor racing is different from football; the whole thing depends on your engine more than yourself. No use fooling with your gas on a race as long as this; leaded or etherized gas has speed but lacks power, and Woodworth needed power to make the light boat carry his 200 lb. No use fooling with imported spark-plugs; good though they are for sprints, they seldom last more than one heat. Everything depended on the balance between the *Miss Northwestern* and her capital Evinrude motor; the way the gas tanks and extra feed lines were placed.

At the Poughkeepsie bridge, Rhymer was leading. Behind Woodworth came a splash, then silence; the third boat had tipped over, must have hit a wave. At West Point, Rhymer ducked in for gas. All right, thought Woodworth, pull in with him. There's the gas pumped out into the feeder, ready on the dock.

Rhymer gained a minute at West Point

but in Haverstraw Bay, Woodworth caught him. When he passed the finish line at 155th Street, his average time for the distance was 41.9 m. p. h., course record for outboards. Second in his class, fifth in the actual finish was Jonah



Acme-P. & A.

WADE ("RED") WOODWORTH

... went ahead in Haverstraw Bay.

Stevens, lucky for once. Three other racers broke last year's time for the race.

At Lake Garda, Italy, Loretta Turnbull, 18-year-old Monrovia, Calif. outboarder, competed against the best professional drivers in Europe for the PFN cup, put up by the Fascist Party in a meet organized by Poet-Outboarder Gabriele d'Annunzio. She drove her *Sunkist Kid V* across the line first in the first heat, second in the next after fixing her motor which had faltered at the start, won the cup on her average time of 53.1 m. p. h.

Tilden v. Richards

William Tatem Tilden II had not played Vincent Richards for five years because Richards was a professional and the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association would not countenance official matches between pros and amateurs. But after Tilden turned pro himself (TIME, Jan. 12) a match between them loomed. Shrewdly Promoter Jack Curley, tsar of U. S. professional tennis, built up for this match a lusty Irish ballyhoos starting in tennis* although routine in Mr. Curley's boxing and wrestling enterprises. He had the rivals issue derisive statements about each other which neither would under any circumstances have uttered. Curley further built up Tilden by sending him on tour with Karel Kozeluh for 37 matches, of which Tilden won 33. Then he posted \$10,000 for the best three out of five matches between Tilden and Richards.

One night last week before a crowd which had paid \$40,000 to be in Madison Square Garden Tilden put the first ball of the first match in play and Richards re-

*Perhaps inspired by Curley's methods, Tilden has had himself incorporated. Outstanding securities are \$30,000 preferred stock at \$100, and 1,000 shares of common no par value. One of the largest stockholders in Tilden Tennis Tour Inc. is W. T. Tilden II.

turned it. Much fatter than he was in the old days, but still fast, a strong server, and with the possible exception of Borotra the best volleyer in the world, Richards had warmed up for the match by beating John Doeg, national amateur champion, four straight sets on an indoor court. Now, against Tilden, he started coming up to the net, ran out the first set 7-5. This first set seemed at terrific speed, but in the next set Tilden began really to unleash his serve. As Richards ran in to volley Tilden slammed drives at his feet, forced him into errors and defensive half-volleys, sent him racing back to the baseline for perfect lobs. Richards was beginning to tire. He stopped running up, hung on the baseline as Tilden wanted him to. For no player except Henri Cochet is able to beat Tilden in the back-court, and this evening Tilden was playing as he did from 1920 to 1926, when no one in the world had a chance against him. His drives, with the terrific leverage of the long, springlike body behind them, were hitting the lines for aces; his cut strokes were forcing errors; he was coming up to the net and volleying whenever he felt like it. In her mezzanine box, Cinematograph Gloria Swanson grew tired of clapping, but Promoter Jack Curley was not tired. Round and round the arena he tramped, carrying a cane, wearing white pants, a blue coat and the only straw hat in the house, his round face beaming on all the fine people who had come to see his tennis match. In the last part of the last set Richards, out-thought and out-played, rallied a little, but not effectively. It was Tilden's evening: 5-7, 6-0, 6-1, 6-3.

Bite

In Montreal bulky Henri Deglane wriggled out of a series of headlocks and clapped a flying mar on bullet-headed, cone-shouldered old Ed ("Strangler") Lewis, "world's champion" of the Sandow-Bowser group of wrestlers, and flapped him over. Loudly cheered Canuck partisans, for no one had expected Deglane to get a fall. Again they wrestled. Lewis threw Deglane. But when the French-Canadian got up he grimaced pitifully, held out his right arm, showed tooth-marks, swore that Lewis had bitten him. Indignant, the referee conferred with athletic commissioners, awarded the fall, the bout, the championship, to Deglane. Indignant, Wrestler Lewis accused the new "champion" of having like the hero of the old wrestling anecdote (who did it by mistake), bitten himself.

Who Won

❶ The Syracus crew: a race with the Navy at Annapolis; by one length and a half. The Navy Plebes and Junior varieties caught crabs, were also soundly beaten.

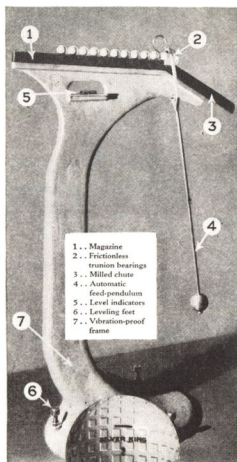
❷ Mate, three-year-old chestnut, owned by A. C. Bostwick: the Prekness at Pimlico, beating Mrs. Payne Whitney's Twenty Grand by a length and a half, with Ladder, an outsider, third, and Equipose, second choice and winter-book favorite for the Kentucky Derby, fourth. Twenty Grand and Equipose took each other out of the race at the clubhouse turn when both tried to go through the same hole along the rail.

Great Scot!... a

CONSISTENCY TESTER

for GOLF BALLS!

Here's great news for the 19th hole, gentlemen. And it's going to affect every stroke, every hole, every round you play from now on.



- 1... Magazine
- 2... Frictionless trunion bearings
- 3... Milled chute
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- 5... Level indicators
- 6... Leveling foot
- 7... Vibration-proof frame

● Remember that time you played for a hook... and sliced into a trap? The Consistency Tester would have labelled that ball an "erratic." Remember when you stroked what you thought was a perfect putt on the 17th... and it lagged a foot short? That ball was probably a "sulker." And that drive that sounded (and felt) like two-fifty... but died at one-ninety? Another "sulker."

Then where is the one "untemperamental" ball that goes where it's sent... every time? The Consistency Tester says that ball is the new and improved Silver King.

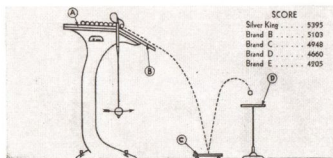
It proves the new Silver King the

most consistent, in point of accuracy plus distance. Silver King actually registered 292 more "hits" than its nearest rival... and this nearest rival got accuracy only at the expense of distance.

This, gentlemen, is because of Silver King's *uniform* high compression... always the same, wherever you buy or play Silver King. (Uniformity = consistency; high compression = distance.)

Play Silver King and eliminate one of the variables in your score. For you can always count on the consistency of Silver King... the one invariable in your game.

GET THE NEW SILVER KING FROM YOUR PRO OR AT ANY GOOD STORE. DISTRIBUTED IN U. S. SOLELY BY JOHN WANAMAKER



THIS IS THE GOLF BALL CONSISTENCY TESTER

Tests balls for uniformity of compression, consistency of behavior, and for distance.

Balls are released from magazine at A; roll down track at B; strike on steel bounceplate at C; automatically record their aligning places at D. Each "target" thus made is composed of 100 "shots." A 6-inch scoring circle registers greatest average number of "hits."

5 dozen new Silver Kings were tested against

5 new dozen of each of the 4 next most popular brands selling from 75c up. All balls taken from retail stock. All tests made by an accredited Testing Laboratory (name on request). Official scores, on basis of 6000 "shots" for each brand, shown above. Ask your pro for copy of a booklet giving complete details, or write to John Wanamaker, Wholesale Golf Department, New York City.

85_C EACH

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SILVER KING

... it's more Consistent!



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Because D & M Greystone Clubs are matched to a tee, you will find yourself swinging the identical swing automatically—and then down comes your score.

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The irons have a lower concentrated weight in the head 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—feel them, swing them. You'll like the low prices.

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

Three Wonderful Ball Values
D & M Balls are the best you can buy in each class. The Skull at 75 cents, the Owl at 50 cents, the White Streak, three for a dollar—all long balls that will stand abuse. If your dealer does not carry D & M golf equipment, we'll gladly ship direct to you.

FREE! Tees and Golf Book

Send coupon today for handy vest pocket book of tees and latest D & M Golf Book including photographs, descriptions, prices, and many helpful hints for improving your game. Mail the coupon now.



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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Young Sinners (Fox). Thomas Meighan quit the film business in 1929, spent a year travelling around the world, playing golf, meeting people. He found leisure boring and the Fox company thought this play, which it had on file, would give him just what he wanted to do. He wears corduroy breeches, a mackinaw, and a woodsman's boots and cap. He hums "The R-r-hiver Shannon" and when, with his broad brogue, he asks "What's the matter with Al Smith?" the audiences in Democrat towns start clapping. The picture is a comedy which critics passed off with an indulgent phrase or two when it was given as a play on Broadway last year but which the public unaccountably transformed into a hit. It is a better movie than it was a play, for the sequences showing the dissatisfactions of very young and very rich characters do not suffer the stage's three-walled circumscription. Meighan does no sinning. He is an Adirondack guide entrusted with the job of making a man out of Hardie Albright and keeping him off liquor long enough to be a respectable groom for Dorothy Jordan. She is the poetic, crinoline type of heroine whom no one can associate with sinful doings. Meighan is all right in his rôle, though too often his lines are sappy. Most tiresome shot: Albright registering the fascination he finds in a Bourbon bottle.

Indiscreet (United Artists). Composed by the able music-comedy firm of De Sylva, Brown & Henderson, and containing one song that ought to be a hit, this picture is not, except for moments when Gloria Swanson sings, a music-comedy, but a legitimate drawing room piece with a bright idea. Miss Swanson's indiscretion—a love-affair with that cad, Monroe Owsley—gives her trouble later when she is in love with the worthy Ben Lyon and finds her young sister in Owsley's toils. There are bad stretches of development: the meeting between Lyon and Swanson, a giggling scene with Swanson and Barbara Kent that is supposed to be so very jolly, and many other moments when Swanson shows a tendency toward coyness not at all becoming to her years. *Indiscreet* is uneven, but its moments of farce lift some of the curse of coyness. Hilariious is the scene with the ice-cream cones, which starts when Swanson spies a child who is crying because he has spilled his cone on the sidewalk. Hilariious are the window-breaking scenes, and the scenes in which Swanson tries to live up to the rumor that there is a dash of insanity in her family. It is too bad that a picture which is really good entertainment should suffer from sloppy photography (e.g. the shot of Swanson drying herself in a towel-robe after a shower, in which the spectator is allowed to discover that she has been taking a shower in a brassiere). Too free play has been given to the famed Swansonian mannerisms, goo-goo-eyeing and curling her upper lip to show off her teeth. Best shot: the fadeout, with Miss Swanson dreaming blithely in the arms of a ship's officer whom she has mistaken for her fiancé.

Like Marion Davies and Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson is one of those seasoned cinema wheel-horses who, though they pass through periods of taking themselves seriously, still do their best work in comedies. Gloria Swanson got her start in a striped, form-fitting bathing suit in the old Mack Sennett pie-&-water works. Once Chaplin refused to allow her a bit in *His New Job* because she was too solemn. Her sense of humor has now developed to the point of sending bundles of old newspapers to the staterooms of friends sailing for Europe with the greeting: "Just something to read. . . ." However, she sculpts a little and writes verse. Her singing is surprisingly good. For her



KENT & SWANSON

That cad, Monroe Owsley . . .

next picture she is deciding between two serious pieces—*Rockabye*, an unpublished English play, and *Love Goes Past* by Ursula Parrott.

Virtuous Husbands (Universal). "Remember that your wife is a shrinking violet," wrote Pansy Pomeroy, conductor of a colyum of advice to the lovelorn, in one of the countless letters of guidance which she left her son, Elliott Nugent. So in a hotel in Niagara Falls, while his wife is waiting for him in bed, Nugent sleeps on a sofa in the parlor. This honeymoon scene was the one which the audience, like the bride, had been looking forward to, but it is staged so much in the spirit of good clean Will-Haysian fun that it loses even the little vitality it had in the stage piece, *Apron Strings*, from which the scenario is adapted. Expert playing manages to make the story funny in a way that is partly meek, partly blatant. Nugent does not begin to behave humanly until friends have taken his mother's letters away from him. Jean Arthur, Allison Skipworth and Tully Marshall all work hard, and their combined efforts might have made a very funny piece indeed if the producers had had nerve. Typical sequence: the relatives of the wife, who had



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TIDEWATER RED CYPRESS
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It's the same lovely lumber whose exquisite grain has graced the interiors of America's foremost homes since before the Revolution.

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Before you build or alter, go to your architect and consult him on *Finish* grade Tidewater Red Cypress. He will tell you that it can be employed for paneling, doors, baseboards, beams, windows, shelves, cupboards—for all woodwork where you want the glowing pat-

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*Every cypress log yields two types of lumber. One is the *Heart* grade—so uniquely rot-resisting that it is in tremendous demand for exterior structures—the other is the *Finish* grade, for interior use. Because of the demand for *Heart* grade lumber, it is possible to produce and sell the *Finish* grade at remarkably low prices.

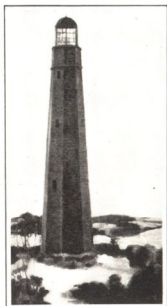
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Old Briar TOBACCO

OLD BRIAR continually gains new friends because its distinctive character inspires thoughtful preference rather than thoughtless habit. It has the body that the veteran smoker demands. It has the mildness that is found only in the finest ripe tobacco. It has an appetizing flavor with a sparkle that distinguishes it from the flatness of ordinary blends. Every pipeful wins a deeper, truer liking.



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gone home, searching the husband's house for the letters.

Uncle Carl

In London, the British Faculty of Arts, esthetic organization which gives money to young artists and recently conducted a campaign against "disfigurement of the English countryside," decided that *All Quiet on the Western Front* (already the choice of the U. S. Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences) was the best picture of 1930, awarded a gold medal to Producer Carl ("Uncle Carl") Laemmle, president of Universal. Mr. Laemmle, who recently had himself immortalized in a biography which Poet John Drinkwater was well paid to write (TIME, May 4), thanked the British faculty by radiophone, said that this year he would produce Remarque's *The Road Back*.

Television

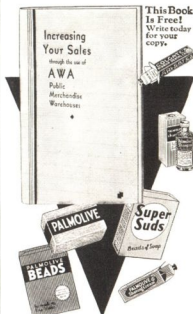
"Last year I predicted that television would come within the next five years. The result of our work in the past six months has brought the goal some years nearer. Commercial television is just around the corner. It will be the next great industrial development."

So spoke President David Sarnoff of Radio Corp. of America to a stockholders' meeting last week.

Delbert Earle Replogle, vice president of Jenkins Television Corp., laughed at Mr. Sarnoff's statement. Said he: "Commercial television will be here in six or eight months." Televisionary Mr. Replogle had just come from Washington where he had conferred with the Federal Radio Commission on licensing television stations for commercial work. Though vague about his talk, he said it had been "most promising."

The disagreement between Messrs. Sarnoff and Replogle is one of the first sparks struck in a trade-war that has been going on privately for a long time. On one side are independent companies which hold patents on television apparatus, the Jenkins company in Passaic, N. J., the Western Television Corp. in Chicago, the Shortwave & Television Laboratories in Boston. On the other side are the great electric interests, General Electric, Westinghouse and Radio Corp. of America, which have pooled all their television patents and are working secretly to perfect them, making none of their results public. This second group has put no television apparatus on the market because 1) it might reflect discredit on them to offer for sale any product which had not been perfected to a reasonable degree, and more saliently 2) they do not know how television will affect their other interests, radio and talking pictures. The independents, though not organized, are doing all they can to publicize their products, get people to buy sets. Bitterly the radio makers protest statements like Mr. Replogle's about the imminence of television, accusing him of ruining their business.

Great are the difficulties facing radio television. Images transmitted over the air are sometimes hard to recognize. Static interferes with them; the usual short-wave receivers are not satisfactory, yet no better form of receiver has yet been perfected. Great, however, is public interest.



The A.W.A. Can Be Your Branch House in 189 Cities

WOULD you like to increase your sales, improve service to your customers and at the same time cut your distribution costs? Read what G. W. Horstmann, of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, says about public warehouses in distribution:

"We have been using public warehouses for a great many years in the distribution of our products. The service available through these institutions, organized on the proper basis, would be very difficult to duplicate where goods are distributed in a national way. Except in the larger cities, the volume as a rule does not justify the development of a separate organization by a Corporation to handle the service; and there is no other way I know of that this work could be carried on as economically or as efficiently as through public warehouses."

"We have also effected economies by shipping cars into these locations and distributing in smaller lots. To any firm whose sales policy requires service with the utmost of economy, I could not think of any better place through which to operate than the up-to-date, efficiently-operated, commercial warehouses."

"This method is flexible, serving in large or small quantities with equal efficiency and economy."

A full description of the AWA Plan of Distribution (as used by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet and other famous national concerns) is given in our 32-page booklet, sent free on request. Write today for your copy.



AMERICAN
WAREHOUSEMEN'S
ASSOCIATION

1886 Adams-Franklin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Some 15,000 television receiving sets are in existence. Fortnight ago in Manhattan station WGBS-W:XR (Jenkins equipment) started broadcasting films, entertainments. Typical television day:

3 to 4 p.m. *School Days, Hello Hawaii, Glimpses of Yosemite, Working for Dear Life* (Films.)

4 p.m. Benridge Orchestra
4:30 p.m. Speech Correction (lecture)
6 p.m. Enchanters Trio
6:30 p.m. Theatrical Gossip
6:45 p.m. Sports Talk
7 p.m. Manhattan String Trio

At the inauguration of WGBS-W:XR, Puglist Primo Carnera showed his primeval face. Sir Guy Standing went through part of *Mrs. Moonlight*, Performers Peggy Joyce, Gertrude Lawrence, Frances Williams did skits which were broadcast and recognized, though distorted by static.

Jenkins Television Corp. makes a television receiving set (radio sound receiver comes separate) for \$119. Last week a Jenkins engineer married a Jenkins secretary in front of the television for publicity purposes.

No licenses have yet been issued to any station to broadcast commercial matter by television but advertising has been television under regular radio licenses.

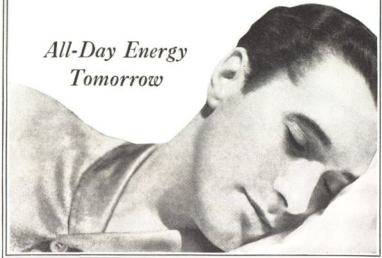
Telephonic Television is still the most satisfactory means of transmitting an image. In the U. S. there is one telephone-television circuit in regular operation. One end of it is in American Telephone & Telegraph Co.'s offices at No. 195 Broadway, the other in the Bell Telephone Laboratories at No. 463 West St., Manhattan. Anyone trying it out goes into a small pitch-dark booth and waits until the image of the person at the other end, the size of a desk-photograph, flickers on a little lens. Voices in telephonic television boom resonantly and recognizably (they are carried over regular telephone wires) but the image on the little screen is uncertain, like a snapshot taken out of focus. Weirdly this snapshot rolls its unfocused eyes and moves its puffy lips. Celebrities who have telephoned their pictures and voices include King Prajadhipok and Queen Rambai Barni of Siam, who chattered in their own language, and Banker Charles Edwin Mitchell, who said: "Why, if you linked up the important U. S. cities with this thing you would get enough business from the banks alone to make money."

A. T. & T. is not considering adopting Banker Mitchell's suggestion. They do not think that commercial telephone television is yet by any means practical. First, it is too expensive. A roomful of light-transmitting equipment, another roomful of motors, and at least two expert engineers are needed for each sending-receiving station. The transmission cost, without figuring equipment, is more than 20 times ordinary toll rates. A. T. & T. is experimenting because it feels that sometime a practical use for television may crop up. Only uses conceived so far: for separated sweethearts, for identifying criminals, for the convenience of bank depositors who want to cash checks away from home.*

*But signatures are already sent by telegraph at small cost.

8 HOURS OF SOUND SLEEP WITHOUT DRUGS

*All-Day Energy
Tomorrow*



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! The kind of sleep that really rests both mind and body!

You can do this without the use of anything remotely resembling the sleep-producing drugs. So you wake up tomorrow 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 property known as diastase, which is a natural food substance with the power to digest the starch content of other foods in your stomach. Thus it 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 "lecithin" 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, also take it as a stomach "conditioner." So whenever you begin to "feel" your stomach, just take 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine in a half glass of warm 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 combats 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.

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula 810R



TWO calculators in ONE!

Again Marchant leads with a calculator that figures extensions and accumulates them automatically! The new Marchant Duplex does the work of two machines—sub-totals and grand total at the same time. A great time and labor saver on invoices, payrolls, inventories, estimates.

Automatic mills clearance, too! The Marchant Duplex rounds out each calculation to the nearest cent in transferring it to the accumulator.

Try the Marchant Duplex Calculator on your own work. You'll be amazed at its duplex feature, its time-saving speed, its effortless operation.

Phone our local representative or use the coupon. Sales and service offices the world over.

• 18 years building calculators—electric, hand operated and portable models. As low as \$125.

MARCHANT Duplex ELECTRIC CALCULATOR

Fastest figuring in the World!

Adds... Subtracts... Multiplies
... Divides... **ACCUMULATES**

MAIL Marchant Calculating Machine Co.
Dept. 220, Oakland, Calif.

Please send me free literature and full information about the Marchant Duplex Calculator.

Name _____
Firm _____
Address _____
City and State _____ 113

MILESTONES

Engaged. Princess Ileana of Rumania, 22, youngest daughter of Dowager Queen Marie of Rumania, onetime fiancée of Count Alexander von Hochberg und zu Fünstenstein (TIME, Feb. 10, 1930), and Archduke Anton von Habsburg of Austria, 30, aviator, employe in a Vienna cinema studio; in Umkirch Castle, Freiburg, Baden, Germany. After the betrothal ceremonies the couple took off for a short *Verlobungsfahrt* (engagement trip) in an airplane.

Engaged. Archduke Leopold von Habsburg, brother of Archduke Anton (see above), who was tried and acquitted in Manhattan last autumn for fraud in the sale of the famed \$400,000 Maria Theresa necklace; and Mrs. Alicia Gibson Coburn, rich Canadian who arranged for his bail, visited him in the Tombs, sought to have him given a private room, bath and kitchen. Said Archduke Leopold: "I love American ladies and also love to live in America."

Engagement Denied. By Elisabeth Morrow, kindergarten teacher, eldest daughter of U. S. Senator Dwight Whitney Morrow, once reported engaged to Charles Augustus Lindbergh;* and Rev. Clyde H. Roddy, widower, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of North Arlington, N. J. (ten miles from the Morrow home).

Married. Dana McCutcheon Dawes, 20, freshman at Williams College, adopted son of U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain Charles Gates Dawes; and Eleanor Frances Dillingham, 20, sophomore at Mount Holyoke College, daughter of Professor Frank T. Dillingham of the University of Hawaii; secretly, last month; in Belchertown, Mass.

Married. John Sterling Rockefeller, Manhattan bank employe, grandson of the late President James Alexander Stillman of National City Bank, grandnephew of John Davison Rockefeller; and Paula Watjen, daughter of Alexander W. Watjen, representative of Guaranty Trust Co. for Central Europe; in Manhattan.

Died. Walter Ansel Strong, 47, publisher of the Chicago *Daily News*, president of The Chicago Daily News Inc. which bought it in 1925 after the death of its owner Victor Fremont Lawson for over \$13,500,000 (a record price for a daily newspaper); of coronary occlusion (stoppage of blood vessels at the heart); in Winnetka, Ill. A onetime (1926-27) director of the Associated Press, he was a guarantor of the Chicago Civic Opera, a member of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra Association. Publisher Strong also bought (1929) and consolidated with the *News* the Chicago *Journal*, Chicago's oldest daily.

*Returning from Europe in 1928, she was asked by ship newshawks if the report were true. Before she could reply, Banker John Pierpont Morgan, at her side, exploded: "This is an internal outrage!"



ONE WAY TO LOSE MONEY

Just time to catch his train... a porter grabs his bags... the taxi is paid off... a rush to the ticket window... no wallet.

It happens hundreds of times. People do lose money or mislay it or have it stolen. No need to worry, though, if the money is in A. B. A. Cheques—for it will be refunded.

A. B. A. Cheques are the modern way to insure yourself against the loss, theft or destruction of your money. Buy them at your own bank—spend them anywhere.



A·B·A CHEQUES

CERTIFIED

OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF
AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

Died. Dr. George Daniel Olds, 77, president emeritus of Amherst College (retired 1927), mathematics professor from 1891 and dean from 1909 until he succeeded Alexander Meiklejohn who resigned as president in 1923; after long illness; in Amherst, Mass.

Died. Dr. Albert Abraham Michelson, 78, Nobel Prize physicist, measurer of Light's speed; of paralysis following apoplexy; in Pasadena, Calif. (see p. 36).

Died. Rev. Dr. James Cameron Mackenzie, 78, organizer and headmaster (1882-99) of Lawrenceville School at Lawrenceville, N. J., which he modeled on the house plan of Phillips Exeter Academy and the British public schools, re-organizer of the Jacob Tome Institute at Port Deposit, Md. and its headmaster for two years; of heart disease; in Dongan Hills, Staten Island, N. Y. Founder and headmaster of his own Mackenzie School at Dobbs Ferry (later at Monroe, N. Y.) from 1901 until he retired in 1926, he declined invitations to be headmaster of Phillips Exeter, president of Lafayette College, superintendent of Philadelphia public schools. He was a co-founder of the Headmasters' Association of the U. S.

Died. Joseph Gilbert Thorp, 78, Boston lawyer, onetime president of the Massachusetts Prison Association, oldtime (1870) Harvard baseball player, amateur golfer, husband of Annie Allegra Longfellow, 74, who is the last surviving daughter of Poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; in Cambridge, Mass.

Died. Robert Weeks deForest, 83, Manhattan art patron, humanitarian, president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Russell Sage Foundation, the Welfare Council of New York and the National Housing Association, vice president of the American Red Cross, official in many another philanthropic organization; of heart disease after a long illness; in Manhattan. A Yale graduate, he practiced law in Manhattan, married Emily P. Johnston, daughter of President John Taylor Johnston of Central Railroad of New Jersey, became general counsel, director and vice president of the corporation. With his wife he collected early American furniture for many a year, presented the Metropolitan Museum in 1924 with the famed American Wing.

Died. William L. Black, 88, sheep raiser, inventor, last surviving charter member of the New York Cotton Exchange; at his ranch near San Angelo, Tex. In the Civil War Mr. Black, then 19, was convicted of piracy, with eight other youths who tried to seize a ship at Panama for the Confederacy.

*"From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra
And Edith with golden hair.*

*Do you think, O blue-eyed handiit,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?*

—The Children's Hour.
Grave Alice died in 1929, aged 79; Edith with golden hair, 61, in 1915.

IT'S SMART TO BE COMFORTABLE INSULITE

THE smartest hostess in the world can't do justice to herself or her guests if they are either sweltering from the heat or shivering from the cold. The real courtesy is to entertain your friends in your home, but . . . is your home suited for entertaining? It may be the last word in architectural design, in furnishings, in spaciousness, and in luxuriousness . . . but, after all, is it comfortable?

Your guests must be comfortable to truly enjoy the hospitality and the entertainment you provide. In the summer . . . is your home sweltering . . . do your guests wilt in the heat? In the winter . . . is your home cold, drafty, difficult to heat . . . do your guests shiver?

Insulite insulation built into your home eliminates these unfortunate, unnecessary discomforts. Insulite protects your home, your family, your guests against extreme heat and cold. In winter, it keeps your furnace heat within the house, makes your home easier to heat, eliminates drafts and fuel waste. In summer, Insulite protects against the burning rays of the sun, and keeps the torrid heat out, making your home cooler, more comfortable.

Insulite is not an extra expense in building. It replaces non-insulating



PROTECTED HOME GREAT AID
TO THE THOUGHTFUL HOSTESS

materials. It takes the place of lumber as sheathing, and as a base for plaster, Insulite Lath grips plaster with much greater strength than wood lath, and guards against cracks.

Your architect knows about Insulite, its value and importance. Your lumber dealer can supply you.

Let us send you a sample of Insulite and a copy of our free booklet, "Increasing Home Enjoyment". It's full of clever ideas on how to transform waste attic or basement space into attractive and useful rooms . . . such as extra bedrooms, recreation rooms, studios, dens, etc.

FILL OUT AND MAIL COUPON

THE INSULITE CO.

(A Backus-Brooks Industry)
1200 Bidden Exchange, Dept. 48E
Minneapolis, Minnesota

OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES
Send me a sample of Insulite, and a copy of your new, free booklet—"Increasing Home Enjoyment".

Name

Address

City State

INSULITE

THE WOOD-BRICK INSULATING BOARD

FOR EFFICIENCY AND ECONOMY BE SURE YOUR REFRIGERATOR IS INSULATED WITH INSULITE

An ordinary Paper and exerts more pressure



Through control of sound, Johns-Manville battles NOISE—estimated to cause an annual loss to business greater than the ravages of fire

BANG! It bursts. Just noise. Made by an ordinary paper bag. Receiver—the human ear, shortest avenue to the brain. Result—brain pressure raised to four times normal . . . a thirty-second interval before return to normal.

Crash! A tray of dishes drops to the floor. Nerve shock on the part of nearby persons who are eating.

Tap, tap, tap—click! Tap, tap . . . 300 girls are working in a room with 175 adding machines. Twenty-five a day visit the company's medical department.

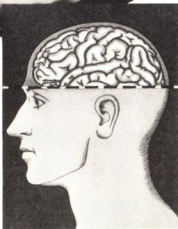
Loud noise . . . shrill noise . . . NOISE!

Whistles, bells, tramping feet, riveting machines, the fire siren, slammed doors, voices.

NOISE—drained energy, fatigue, inaccuracy. NOISE, labeled by science one of the chief causes of insanity.

And now a proved way to subdue noise—to control it—by Johns-Manville.

For over 18 years, Johns-Manville engineers have studied NOISE. They learned the elements of sound. They learned that sound energy must be absorbed if noise was to be deadened. Hence the development



"Morphine and nitroglycerine raise pressure on the brain more than any other drug, but sudden noise raised it suddenly more than did hypodermic injections of morphine or nitroglycerine."

From report of the Noise Abatement Commission, Department of Health, City of New York, 1934

of the complete line of Johns-Manville Acoustical Materials which are placed on walls and ceilings and which tend to absorb sound as a sponge absorbs water, or a blotter absorbs ink.

Sound waves are prevented from the violent rebounding which produces reverberation and to an increased degree, NOISE.

During years of development, the use of Johns-Manville Acoustical Treatment has

Bag bursts ... on the Brain than *Morphine**

*On experimental subjects: From 1930 report of the NOISE ABATEMENT COMMISSION, New York City

extended to more and more businesses, industries, institutions. Today, in offices, factories, stores, hospitals, schools, banks, it absorbs sounds produced within the rooms or adjacent streets, relieving workers or patients from an unseen burden.

In broadcasting studios, hotels, high-grade apartments, studio buildings, it isolates sound—confines it to the room in which it is produced—to the relief of neighbors.

In theatres, churches, auditoriums, places of outdoor assembly, it guides sound to the ears of the listeners, and quells reverberations.

Acoustical materials, as produced and applied by Johns-Manville, fit well with the scheme and decoration of any interior. In fact, their effect on appearance is altogether favorable. They are as easily refinished as plaster. They are not affected by moisture.

Most important, they bring the blessings and PROFITS of quiet ... What is noise costing YOU and your associates? In nerves ... health ... money?

The names of the firms and institutions which have met this problem through Johns-Manville read like an honor roll.



"Quiet aids restaurant business"

Errors reduced 42% in Western Union office ...



"Telegraphers find profit in quiet"

CLERKS at telephones typing messages. Pneumatic tubes or belt conveyors rushing messages to the Operating Room. Operators translating words into dots, dashes on the wires ...

This is the routine in the Cleveland Office of Western Union. Scores of typists. Scores of operators. NOISE. Johns-Manville Acoustical Treatment was installed ... Errors were reduced 42%. Speed increased. Cost of handling each message was reduced 3%. Net result, in money—a return of 67% yearly on the cost.

The Cleveland Office of Western Union is but one of 20 sound-treated by J-M. When the Western Union Building was built at 60 Hudson Street, New York City, approximately 300,000 square feet of J-M Sanaacoustic Tile were used to control sound in the telephone and operating rooms, clerical offices, restaurants and kitchens.

A church that is acoustically correct ...

THE First Baptist Church, Shaker Heights, Cleveland, makes services and sermon audible even in remote corners. Ordinarily, in a church building of this type, worshippers would find it increasingly difficult to hear beyond the fifteenth row.

J-M Sanaacoustic Panels—4300 square feet of them—were used to insure audition.

J-M engineers were called in, noted dimensions, angles, areas. The acoustics of the church were studied, charted. Sound control was prescribed to meet the conditions exactly. As a result, there is no difficulty in hearing the words from the pulpit, even in the farthest pews. Attendance has grown steadily in "the church that is acoustically correct."



"Worshippers in every pew can hear clearly"

Business increases 6% in a dull month

PATRONS didn't complain, but the management of Greenfield's Restaurant, Detroit, Mich., realized that the scraping of chairs and clatter of dishes were not assets of the business. It was determined to bring sound conditions in this eating place up to the quality of food and service.

Johns-Manville Acoustical Treatment was

installed, and business increased 6% in the dull month of August, 1930, over the previous seven months' average. Moreover, the August, 1930 business was 3% ahead of that in August, 1929—before the Great Crash.

The management of Greenfield's is satisfied that Johns-Manville Sanaacoustic Tile has pleased customers, built business.

Johns-Manville



Controls

HEAT, COLD, SOUND

Protects against

FIRE AND WEATHER



The SUPREME COURT of business

SHE IS IMPARTIAL in her decisions . . . the American wife and mother . . . and exacting in her standards. She looks on qualities with clear, penetrating eyes. In her management of the home, she puts to practical daily tests soaps, linen, kitchenware. She finds out intimately the aesthetic values of rugs, reading-lamps . . . the virtues of clocks, refrigerators.

She and her 29,000,000 sisters comprise, so to speak, the supreme court of decision for all merchandise for their families and homes. Here before them, foods, clothes, household appointments face their conclusive test. Here, patents and processes receive their final trial, values their ultimate appraisal.

Addressing these wives and mothers on the printed page becomes increasingly an art. They are increasingly discriminate in their buying. In a sense, they are still the chief competitors business has—in more or less clinging to their accustomed ways of fire-tending, long hours of cooking, sweeping.

Yet they are also a most alert, responsive market. They buy an overwhelming majority of the merchandise sold. They are the reason for endless experiments in commercial kitchens; constant research in laboratories. They keep their homes bright, comfortable, healthful . . . their children well-dressed, well-nourished . . . themselves amazingly young . . . through selections they make with their cool, sure decisions.

These 29,000,000 justices of the supreme court of American business have in their hands the spending of \$52,000,000,000 every year. Naturally they base their decisions on the facts they glean from advertisements, backed by day-by-day experience in the home. It follows with equal force that the manufacturer whose goods are sound, and ably promoted, has the best chance of getting a favorable verdict. . . . For in the weighing and assaying of relative claims and values these are the most just, the most discerning and unbiased judges in the world.

N · W · A Y E R & S O N , I N C . A D V E R T I S I N G

Washington Square, Philadelphia • New York • Boston • Chicago • San Francisco • Detroit • London

BUSINESS & FINANCE

Index

Anxious to give business a stimulant, last week the directors of Federal Reserve Bank of New York slashed its rediscount rate from 2½ (where it had stood since Dec. 24) to 1½. Money eased throughout the land.* The immediate aim and probable result was to aid England which has been losing gold to the U. S. Over a longer period, agreed bankers last week, it should encourage foreign financing in the U. S., likewise issues by domestic companies. Yet last week the state of U. S. business was such that no sudden demand for funds was expected, no immediate revival held likely.

News from the Iron & Steel industry continued bearish. April pig-iron production was up slightly from March as was expected, but was the lowest of any year since 1909 with the exception of 1921. Blast furnaces in operation stood at 113 against 116 on April 1. Steel operations throughout the country were placed at 47% against 48% the previous week, and steelmen hoped a gain by Chevrolet might offset Ford's declining production. Scrap prices dropped lower, tin and rail operations fell. The unfilled orders of United States Steel Corp. on April 30 stood at 3,897,729 tons, a drop of 97,601 tons from March 31 and of 436,591 tons from April 30, 1930. Pipeline awards were higher and structural steel business was reported better. The April daily average steel ingot production was 104,711 tons against 158,037 in April 1930; 190,395 in April 1929.

Construction during April 1930, and now lags 13% behind 1930. In March it was 22% behind. Public construction was 27% ahead of 1930, highways 33%. Public utility construction ran 23% behind last year. Residential building was about the same as in April 1930. Industrial and commercial building was 44% behind. The cost index of building materials (*Engineering News-Record's* index) was at 189 against 191 in April, 205 in May 1930.

Railroad earnings continue bad (see page 68), and industrial earnings unpromising (see col. 3). Car-loadings for the week ended April 25 were 759,000 cars against 906,000 a year ago. Sales of 38 chain stores for the first four months showed a 5.16% drop. These figures include three mail order houses, whose sales dropped 11.28%. April sales of the entire group were down 4.09% under April 1930. The mail order sales were down 9.74%.

Electric power production, after weeks of wide fluctuation, last week seemed stable at 86.2% of normal against 96.2% last year.

The index of cotton cloth production last week was slightly off at 93.5% but still up considerably since the first of the year.

Bank clearings are running 20% behind

*The New York bank's rate is the lowest in the country, and the lowest rate ever established by a central bank for member borrowing. In the past, however, an amplitude of idle funds has caused even lower rates. In 1894 (after the panic of 1893) 30-day funds in New York stood at 1%, while during the latter half of the next year open market discounts in London averaged but 5/8 of one per cent.

last year, and last week *brokers' loans* reflected the collapse of speculative activity by dropping \$31,000,000 during the week to the lowest level of the bear market. This figure stood at \$1,699,000,000 against the all-time high of \$6,804,000,000 reached on Oct. 2, 1929.

Public Be Charmed

How far Business has traveled from the public-be-damned era was illustrated last March when Fox Film Corp. elected a new vice president—Glenn Griswold, longtime editor of *Chicago Journal of Commerce*—whose prime charge is "public relations." Another illustration came last week, in almost perfect parallel. With something of a flourish, General Motors Corp. reached high up into financial journalism and picked Paul Willard Garrett.



Underwood & Underwood

PAUL WILLARD GARRETT

... will edit *General Motors*.

financial editor of the New York *Evening Post*.* Mr. Garrett did not receive a G. M. vice-presidency but his function will be the same as Fox Film's Griswold.

Red-headed Mr. Garrett, a graduate of Whitman College (Walla Walla, Wash.), joined the *Post* in 1920 at the suggestion of its president, Edwin Francis Gay, whose friendship he had made while writing a fat book on *Government Control over Prices*. At first he wrote a column called "The Investor," but in 1925 he became financial editor when his chief, Franz Schneider Jr., left to become financial editor of the New York *Sun* (a position he held until last year when he resigned to become vice president for Neumont Mining Corp.). Editor Garrett soon gained for himself great prestige. He wrote from the purely economic aspect, but fluently, vividly. Many a reader considered him, at 40, a likely candidate for the deanship of financial editors, a position now held beyond

*No kin of Financial Writer Garret Garrett of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

dispute by 68-year-old Alexander Dana Noyes, sage of the New York *Times*.

Looking younger than he is, soft-spoken Editor Garrett always seemed a little out of place at his railed-in *Post* desk, but seems to fit his new luxurious private office in the General Motors Building. His new salary (rumored): \$100,000. He gives the impression of an executive rather than a newspaperman. Unlike most financial editors he has not remained outside of actual business. He is a director of Washington Square National Bank, Manhattan, also of Research Investment Corp. and Equity Investors Corp., two highly successful trading companies. In handling General Motors' relations with its 263,528 owners, its 172,938 employees, and the public at large, Mr. Garrett succeeds Carl William Ackerman, the able newspaperman who joined General Motors last August after he had written a biography of George Eastman, and who was recently made dean of the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University.

C. P. R.

Have you ever seen the pistons

On the giant C. P. R.

With the driving force of a thousand horse?

Then you know what pistons are.

On Dec. 10, 1923, Baron Shaughnessy, K. C. V. O., of Montreal and of Ashford, County Limerick, Ireland, third president of Canadian Pacific Railway, was on his deathbed. His successor, Edward Wentworth Beatty, 45, was ushered in. To young Mr. Beatty, Lord Shaughnessy spoke 19 words which have lived in the lore of The World's Greatest Travel System: "Take good care of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is a great Canadian property and a great Canadian enterprise."

In the intervening years President Beatty, first native Canadian to head the company, has taken good care. Cocky, busy, he is a familiar figure all along the right-of-way from Halifax to Vancouver. But last week his great company was forced to admit that, temporarily at least, it has not been able to take the grade of Depression at full speed. After a long meeting in the grey Windsor Station, Montreal, last week the C. P. R. directors filed out slowly, grave in the knowledge that they had ordered only half the regular dividend payment. What was a 10% rate on C. P. R. is now a 5% rate. Not since 1902 has C. P. R. made so small a payment. From that year on the rate gradually worked higher until in 1912 it reached 10%, and there it was maintained even through the difficult War years. Last week C. P. R. stock sold at \$28, the equivalent of \$112 for the original shares—a price not seen since 1921.

Hurt by the dividend cut are 65,000 C. P. R. owners—20,000 in the United Kingdom, 27,000 in Canada, 13,000 in the U. S. And affected psychologically by the cut is each and every one of Canada's 9,000,000 citizens, for between the Dominion and the C. P. R. is a great bond. The C. P. R. has grown because Canada has grown; Canada could not have grown without the C. P. R.

The story of the C. P. R.'s construction is one of railroading's most spacious epics.

In many Canadian schoolrooms hang pictures of the driving of the last C. P. R. spike at Craigellachie, B. C., on Nov. 7, 1885. Symbolizing the hardships the road went through, the last spike was iron, not gold. And every man who went to see it driven paid full fare.

Since 1885 the C. P. R. has expanded by land and sea. Its assets exceed \$1,371,000,000. Yet they are under-stated if anything. Its main Montreal-Vancouver line runs 2,893.6 miles, but the 2,044 C. P. R. locomotives pull freight and passengers over 22,438 miles of track, including the 4,379 miles of the controlled Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie Ry. ("Soo" Line). Much of its equipment is made in its 200-acre Angus Shops at Montreal.

Anxious to secure freight at Vancouver, the C. P. R. early in its history chartered three ocean liners. Now its fleet of steamers carries the checkered C. P. R. house flag over Atlantic and Pacific, sometimes around the world. Greatest of the "White Empresses of the Pacific" is *Empress of Japan*. Greatest on the St. Lawrence-Europe route will soon be *Empress of Britain*, launched last summer. The ocean-going and coastal fleet of C. P. R. numbers 57 vessels with a gross tonnage of 468,717. Its inland lake and river fleet has 20 ships.

C. P. R. operates 16 hotels in Canada, most famed of which are the Château Frontenac at Quebec, the Royal York (1120 rooms) at Toronto, and the summer hotels at Lake Louise and Banff Springs. C. P. R. operates a worldwide telegraph and cable service, has its own express service, its own money-orders and notes for 59 currencies.

To dispose of its big land grants, the C. P. R. has encouraged immigration, run model farms, installed irrigation systems (C. P. R.'s \$20,000,000 project in southern Alberta is greatest in North America). It



Acme-P. & A.

EDWARD WENTWORTH BEATTY

... back to the 1902 basis.

still has 4,600,000 acres of town and country land for sale. Its stake in Canada extends to minerals. Its balance sheet shows 3,000,000 acres of coal land carried at \$1 although they have produced \$346,-

000 revenue. Natural gas rights which have produced similar revenue are also carried at \$1. One dollar is also the value given 445,000 acres of petroleum rights which have brought in more than a half-million dollars. Under C. P. R. control is Consolidated Mining & Smelting Co. of Trail, B. C., producer of lead, silver, gold and zinc, also an investor in other mining companies.

From its railroad last year C. P. R. earned \$38,000,000 against \$43,000,000 in 1929, but "other income" jumped \$5,000,000 so that the total stood at \$58,291,000 against \$58,376,000 and net at \$38,000,000 against \$41,000,000.

Sir Henry. Like the U. S. roads, C. P. R. faces hot competition from motor trucks and coaches, but in recent years its most potent competitor has arrived in the form of the once junky, now efficient Canadian National Railway system (whose one share of common stock is held in the name of King George V). Renovator of C. N. R., perhaps the greatest railroad man of the age, is Sir Henry Worth Thornton. Born in Logansport, Ind. Sir Henry studied under bush-bearded Leonard Fresnel Loree of the Delaware & Hudson. He headed the Long Island until, during the War, he was called in to make efficient the Great Eastern Ry. of Great Britain. After a brilliant performance there, he was called to Canadian National. He is a tall, husky democrat, different in many ways from his sprightlier but more standoffish rival, Mr. Beatty. It would be unfair to say C. P. R. cut its dividend because of Sir Henry. But if Sir Henry had never arrived in Canada, it is possible that C. P. R. would still be paying 10%.

U. S. Last week the Bureau of Railway Economics revealed that during the first quarter of 1931, Class I railroads of the U. S. (earning more than \$1,000,000 a year) had a net operating income of \$107,000,000 against \$176,000,000 in the same period last year and \$259,000,000 in 1929's first quarter. First-quarter earnings came to only 2.07% on property investment, and 52 of the 171 roads in the group showed a deficit. These facts have caused the venerable *Commercial & Financial Chronicle* to demand a reduction of railroad wages, to warn that the solvency of the whole industry is periled. But last week one cheerful note was heard among the railroads' many complaints. Palmer & Co., brokers, said: "In every period of general depression, public opinion has held that the railroads are on the verge of ruin. Yet in every succeeding period recovery of earnings and of security prices have followed rapidly."

Eloquent Milk Man

Rather than increase our present nine-hour day schedules, we are starting building a night force, thereby giving employment to additional people.

A rare bright light in Depression's gloom was this announcement made last week by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. Proud of it were the folk of Winston-Salem, N. C., home of Reynolds Tobacco, second-largest-earning company in the industry. Proud of it were the company's officials. But especially proud of it was the Man-

Representative Trust Shares

A convenient, low cost investment
for funds, large or small, in the
future development of business in
the United States.

Complete information and price
on application

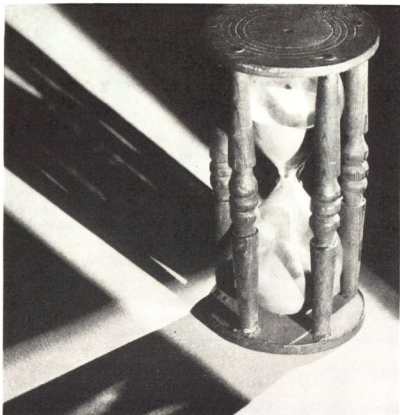
HORNBLOWER & WEEKS

ESTABLISHED 1888

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO CLEVELAND
DETROIT PROVIDENCE PORTLAND, ME. PITTSBURGH

Members of the New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburgh
and Detroit Stock Exchanges and the New York Curb Exchange.

TIME the TESTER



writes another emphatic O. K.



MANY of America's leading products made their packaging debut with the help of Pneumatic Scale packaging machines. Today, the majority of America's leading packaged products, in every industry, are packaged by this method . . . Pneumatic's leadership is as old as packaging itself, and time has made it more emphatic, more complete.

In 1906, when Stickney and Poor, one of the country's oldest companies, started to package their products automatically, they bought their first Pneumatic machine. Since then, we have served them continually, and today, Pneumatic are the most universally used packaging machines in the spice field.

That is typical of the experience of Pneumatic Machines in practically every packaging industry. When the time comes for your selection of packaging machinery, the reason for the universal choice of this system, as told by the users themselves, will prove valuable to you. It is contained in an unusual booklet, entitled, "An Interview." Write for it.

PNEUMATIC MACHINES

Carton Feeders—Bottom Sealers
—Lining Machines—Weighing
Machines (Net and Gross)—Top
Sealers—Wrapping Machines
(Tight and Wax)—Capping
Machines—Labeling Machines—
Vacuum Filling Machines (for
liquids or semi-liquids)—Auto-
matic Capping Machines—Auto-
matic Cap Feeding Machines—
Tea Ball Machines

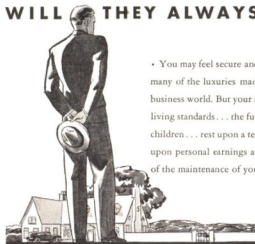
PNEUMATIC SCALE PACKAGING MACHINERY

PNEUMATIC SCALE CORP., LTD., NORFOLK DOWNS, MASS.

Branch Offices in New York, 26 Cortlandt St.; Chicago, 360 North Michigan
Ave.; San Francisco, 320 Market St.; Melbourne, Victoria; Sydney, N. S. W.,
and Trafalgar House, No. 9 Whitehall, London, England.

HOME
COMFORTS . . .
HAPPINESS . . .

WILL THEY ALWAYS BE YOURS?



BUILD 'STAND-BY' INCOME . . . WITH BONDS

• You may feel secure and comfortable in the possession of many of the luxuries made possible by your success in the business world. But your material happiness . . . your present living standards . . . the future comfort of your wife and your children . . . rest upon a temporary foundation if they depend upon personal earnings alone. • For you can never be sure of the maintenance of your salary, or the income from your

business. They are subject to countless risks and influences, sometimes completely beyond your control . . . a merger or reorganization . . . business reverses from new competition,

world-wide depression, or the loss of profitable contracts. And if you are fortunate enough to avoid these and many other day-to-day risks, there is one eventuality few can avoid — declining personal earning power that comes with advancing age. • As a business man, you know the importance of building reserves for contingencies and depreciation. As an individual, apply the same sound accounting principles to yourself. Build a reserve . . . a *stand-by* income from sound bonds to act as a buffer against unexpected reverses . . . an independent income for your later years so that you may maintain your present living standards when personal earnings decline. • Halsey, Stuart & Co. aims to serve those who recognize that the basic aim of investment is well-secured income. We shall welcome the opportunity to help you build a bond account to provide *stand-by* income which will supplement and eventually replace personal earnings. This subject is discussed in *Looking Ahead Financially*. Write for booklet TM-51.

HALSEY, STUART & CO.

INCORPORATED

CHICAGO, 201 SOUTH LA SALLE STREET • NEW YORK, 35 WALL STREET
AND OTHER PRINCIPAL CITIES

The Program That Does More Than Entertain

Every Wednesday evening you may increase your knowledge of sound investment by listening to the Old Counsellor on the Halsey, Stuart & Co. radio program. Broadcast over a nationwide NBC network.
8 P. M. Eastern Time, 7 P. M. Central Time, 6 P. M. Mountain Time,
5 P. M. Pacific Time. Daylight saving time — one hour later.

BONDS TO FIT THE INVESTOR

hattan advertising agency (with offices also in many another city) of Erwin, Wasey & Co. Three months ago Erwin, Wasey received the Camel account. They immediately launched a \$1,000,000 campaign running for eight days in 1,713 dailies, 2,139 weeklies, 426 college and financial papers, which promised prizes of \$50,000 for the best 200-word letters on Camel's new cellophane wrapper. Last week's activity in Winston-Salem seemed proof of Erwin, Wasey's costly pudding.

On March 4 the Camel contest reached its "deadline." A deluge of 952,228 letters swamped the Winston-Salem post-office, in which a special corner was roped off for Camel answers. About 20,000 answers arrived special delivery. The four special delivery messengers in Winston-Salem receive 9¢ for each special; the contest made them each almost \$500 richer. In the Reynolds Building 122 employees on day and night shifts sorted and stapled the mail. Within a few days they stopped being surprised at such oddities



CAMEL MAN SHARKEY

His used to get wet.

as a letter in a crate so it would attract attention, letters in little-known foreign languages, answers sent in on phonograph records, sometimes set to music, answers in fancy leather volumes, others engraved on metal, some cast in plaster, one wrapped around a baby's shoe. Many contestants sent in pictures of themselves, many appealed for aid. Not immune to the deluge was E. I. duPont de Nemours & Co., maker of cellophane. So many people wrote for a description of cellophane that duPont had to print a special booklet on it.

Each answer was read two or three times by the judges' "staff," then the best ones (about 500) were bound, sent to Editor Ray Long (*Cosmopolitan*), Chain-Publisher Roy Wilson Howard and Artist Charles Dana Gibson (*Life*) for final judgment. Only last week were the winners decided.

To James Thomas Sharkey, 32, Irish-born, Boston milkman, went the first prize of \$25,000. He used to get his cigarets wet while delivering milk.

Mrs. Walter Sweet, Radcliffe graduate,

WHEN YOU PRESENT A CHECK — a check made on La Monte National Safety Paper — your signature has the benefit of an added endorsement, the endorsement of confidence

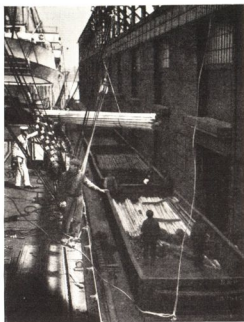


that the paper itself carries. For sixty years La Monte has been the standard in check papers, widely accepted for its safety and sturdiness, instantly identified by its wavy lines, appreciated for its color and crispness.

George La Monte & Son, 61 Broadway, New York City.

LA MONTE NATIONAL SAFETY PAPER FOR CHECKS — Identified by Wavy Lines

8.40
Freight
9.40
Cargo



...that's the Port of Baltimore

THERE'S more to a port than mere access to the sea. For example, what happens to your freight when it reaches the port? Does it catch the boat intended or is it subject to delay?

The Port of Baltimore is famed for the ease and speed with which export freight is handled at its rail-water terminals. Classified outside the city, such freight is then consolidated for terminals and steamship lines. Reaching the terminals—a stone's throw from the piers—it is immediately responsive to orders from the steamship agents.

The cargo-stowage plans of steamship agents are oft-times

changed overnight. If such sudden shifts are necessary, the freight is ready and waiting. Very often the change is effected upon less than an hour's notice.

Thus Baltimore joins unusual rail and water efficiency with substantially lower rates for export freight than other ports to the north—a combination hard to match.

And the Baltimore Trust Company plays a most important part in the financing of such exports and imports.

Write for our booklet "Locate in Baltimore".

BALTIMORE
COMPANY
BALTIMORE • MARYLAND



TRUST
MEMBER
FEDERAL
RESERVE
SYSTEM

mother of three children, much-traveled wife of a captain in the Marines, won the second prize of \$10,000.

Julius M. Nolte, Duluth realtor and English instructor, Phi Beta Kappa, outdoor man, War flyer, father of four, won third prize of \$5,000.

The other 35 winners included stenographers, doctors, spinsters, a Finnish lumberjack, a Swiss nurseryman, an aerial photographer, a chauffeur, a welder, two dentists, two locomotive firemen.

Texts of the winning letters were reserved for further Camel advertising.

Williams Up. Credited with playing a large part in the contest was Samuel Clay Williams, 46, Reynolds vice president. Last week massively large Mr. Williams had another reason to make him proud. He was promoted to the company's presidency, succeeding bespectacled Bowman Gray who became chairman. William N. Reynolds, brother of the late Founder Richard Joshua Reynolds, resigned from the chairmanship, became chairman of the executive committee. Mr. Williams is quietly jovial, speaks with a slow drawl. If he hears any error, however small, about Camels or their advertising, he immediately challenges, corrects it in a slow, logical, legal manner. He is a booster for North Carolina, has for hobby a 1,500-acre sheep ranch 15 miles from Winston-Salem.

Contest Crescendo. Advertising through contests, long popular, seemed to gain favor immediately after the Camel competition, which advertising men call the first great one since *Liberty* sought its name in 1924 and offered \$25,000 in prizes. Awards to \$10,000 were offered by Studebaker for the best slogan describing free-wheeling. Eastman Kodak Co. then announced a \$100,000 international contest for amateur photographers. Other current contests include the following:

\$10,000 for slogans for La Palina cigars (Congress Cigar Co.).

\$1,500 for new uses for crêpe paper (Dennison Mfg. Co.).

\$500 for a name for a new motor oil (MacMillan Petroleum Corp.).

\$1,200 for new uses for Mongol pencils (Eberhard Faber Pencil Co.).

\$1,525 for an answer to "Why I'd buy Pabco Shingles." (Paraffine Cos. Inc.).

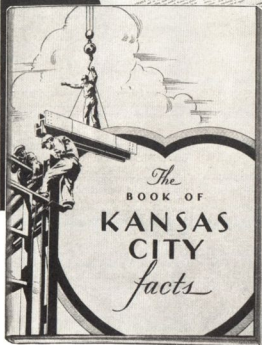
\$500 and 50 packages of cigarettes for answers to "Why I changed to Marlboros" (Philip Morris & Co.).

Deals & Developments

Trap. Wall Streeters made up new jokes last week when the New York Curb announced admittance to unlisted trading privileges of the 75,000 shares of Animal Trap Co. of America, Inc. The company carries on a business started in 1896, manufactures "traps for ensnaring rodents and fur bearing animals." Its office is in Lititz, Pa. Depression has not passed it by, for in 1928 Animal Trap Co. sold \$1,475,000 worth of traps, made \$284,000; last year its sales were \$777,000, its net, \$81,000. The first sales were at \$143 and "Trap" gave little indication of becoming a trading favorite.

Bread & Gas. *Panem et circenses*, bread and circuses, were the prime requisites of happiness for the plebs of

KANSAS CITY'S



GROWTH IN TWO YEARS
In Kansas City



LOWEST TRANSPORTATION COST
TO 18 MILLION PEOPLE



POWER IN KANSAS CITY

BOOK OF FACTS

rated high among industrial fact offerings, has gone into the Fifth Edition, just now off the press. Whether you have had former editions or not, you ought to have this informative book.

INDUSTRIAL COMMITTEE OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF

KANSAS CITY

Nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ million people live within one hour by motor car from Twelfth Street and Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

Industrial Committee, Chamber of Commerce, Kansas City, Mo. Please send me the Book of Kansas City Facts. I am interested in the _____ industry.

Name _____

Firm _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(I saw your advertisement in Time)

Resourcefulness

and the World of Undeveloped Resources

IN the business world of undeveloped resources, man's own *Resourcefulness* is the most alluring and the most desirable of development.

Resourcefulness is that mental capacity which sees clearly how to do the seemingly impossible—and does it.

Modern Business demands it. Progress requires it. Notable success is pure luck without it. It discards old standards of accomplishment; exacts a double yield from the soil; opens the skies to traffic, and turns manual labor over to machines. It urges men to use their brains. Its presence commands the highest premium.

Modern Accountancy inspires and develops Resourcefulness in men. With its enlightened application of facts and figures, its Budget, its System Method and Order, it *makes men see* the possibilities which lie in their world of undeveloped resources.

ERNST & ERNST

ACCOUNTANTS AND AUDITORS
SYSTEM SERVICE

AKRON	FORT WORTH	PITTSBURGH
ATLANTA	GRAND RAPIDS	PORLAND, ME.
BALTIMORE	HARTFORD	PROVIDENCE
BIRMINGHAM	HOUSTON	READING
BOSTON	HUNTINGTON, W. VA.	RICHMOND
BUFFALO	INDIANAPOLIS	ROCHESTER
CANTON	JACKSON, MISS.	ST. LOUIS
CHICAGO	KALAMAZOO	ST. PAUL
CINCINNATI	KANSAS CITY	SAN ANTONIO
CLEVELAND	LOS ANGELES	SAN FRANCISCO
COLUMBUS	LOUISVILLE	SEATTLE
DALLAS	MEMPHIS	TAMPA
DAYTON	MIAMI	TOLEDO
DENVER	MILWAUKEE	TULSA
DETROIT	MINNEAPOLIS	WASHINGTON
ERIC	NEW ORLEANS	WHEELING
FORT WYKE	NEW YORK	WINSTON-SALEM
	OMAHA	YOUNGSTOWN
	PHILADELPHIA	

ancient Rome. Bread and gasoline are prime popular requisites today. Last week no wise Emperor but two ferocious price-wars made bread and gas fantastically cheap in San Francisco—three loaves for 10¢, and 7¢ a gallon.

Bruce to Baltotrust

Prominent in the U. S. banking structure is the \$97,000,000-in-resources Baltimore Trust Co. (cable address: Baltotrust), founded in 1882. Several years ago a Baltotrust vice president was James Bruce, son of onetime Senator (1923-29) William Cabell Bruce, brother of Andrew Mellon's son-in-law David K. Este Bruce. He left to become connected with International Acceptance bank, Manhattan, became a vice president of National Park Bank and was given a similar position in Chase National after they merged. Last week young (38) Banker Bruce returned to Baltotrust in the position of president. At the same time the executive structure of Baltotrust was changed to a plan similar to Chase's. Donald Symington was moved from the presidency to chairmanship of a newly created governing board. Still chairman of the board of directors is Senator Phillips Lee Goldsborough.

Earnings

Shocking as 1931 earnings have been, fresh shocks last week forecast more shocks to come. Last fortnight's news that great U. S. Steel had earned only 5¢ per share in the first three months of 1931, as against \$3.44 last year, was a keynote. Dividend actions have continued adverse. By April's end, 429 companies had passed their dividend, 251 ordered a reduction. Last year these figures were 58 and 219, respectively.

Further representative industrial earnings reported last week included:

	First Quarter 000's omitted D=Deficit	1930	1931
American Rolling Mills	730	603 D	
American Steel Foundries	1,019	66	
Anacosta Wire & Cable	59	161	
Art Metal Construction	157	30 D	
Atlas Tack	22 D	26 D	
Barnsdall (oil)	1,470	1	
Columbian Carbon	810	860	
Commercial Credit	1,085	86	
Container Corp.	135	124 D	
Cresley Radio	696 D	471 D	
de Long Hook & Eye	38	48	
General American Tank Car	1,703	1,704	
Grand Union	235	249	
Hayes Body	106 D	91 D	
Long Bell Lumber	305 D	700 D	
Luftman Steel	40 D	16	
Mac Truck	490	178 D	
Maytag (washing machines)	391	215	
Murray Corp. (motor bodies)	295	204 D	
National Candy	313	112	
Newport Co. (chemicals)	410	210	
Parino Mines (tin)	150 D	163 D	
Pittsburgh Screw & Bolt	778	3	
Philadelphia & Reading	630	636	
Coal & Iron			
Peor & Co. (railroad equipment)	679	211	
Sell Union Oil	3,155 D	9,903 D	
Shinn Petroleum	37 D	396 D	
Standard Oil of Calif.	9,410	4,368	
Timken Roller Bearing	3,106	1,314	
United Aircraft & Transport	900	806	
White Rock	257	212*	

*Last fortnight TIME reported White Rock Mineral Spring Co. as showing a 2,885,000 DEFICIT during the first quarter. This was a typographical error. White Rock's first quarter showed earnings of \$212,000, a drop of \$45,000 under 1930. White Rock's annual net has averaged \$1,000,000 for seven years.

AERONAUTICS

Lost & Found

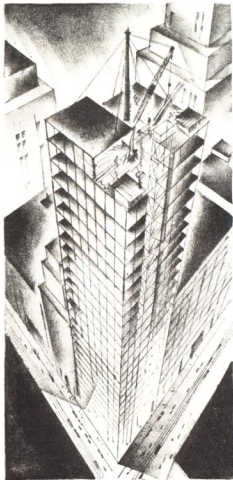
Airmen missing in remote regions, or searching for persons lost there, make international news. Last week there were three such news stories:

Green Hell. About a month ago Count Edmondo di Robilant and Mechanic Mauranta Quaranta left Sao Paulo, Brazil in a fast Fiat pursuit plane, to reconnoitre a prospective air line to Bolivia. Forced down on a tiny clearing in a green hell of jungle, near the bank of the Parapanema River, the two men set out on foot. They lost their map and compass. A box of crackers, their only food besides a jar of marmalade, was consumed by red ants while they slept. Bitten raw by insects, torn by thickets, nearly starved, the men pushed on through the swamps until, on the eighth day, Quaranta collapsed, out of his head with fever and suffering. Di Robilant struggled on, was found on the twelfth day by an Indian and four white fugitives from justice. Next day di Robilant was strong enough to lead his benefactors to the rescue of Quaranta. The latter, to escape further torture, had hung himself with his belt.

White Silence. To Greenland last July went a party of 15 youthful English scientists headed by H. G. Watkins, 23, to chart part of a prospective Arctic air route between England and Canada (TIME, July 14). One of the party was Augustine Courtauld, 27, son of rich Tycoon Samuel Augustine Courtauld (artificial silk). He volunteered to remain alone through the winter on the Greenland ice cap to make meteorological observations. According to their agreement, Watkins led a party from the base camp near Angmagssalik in March to relieve Courtauld. They searched in vain for his hut in the snow, finally had to return for more supplies. Once again Watkins went to get his friend (who had provisions to last only until May 1) and failed again. (The expedition's two little Moth planes were out of commission.) Then in London, great activity began. Capt. Ralph Raynor of the British Royal Signal Corps, who is engaged to marry young Courtauld's sister, organized a relief expedition with the unlimited backing of the elder Courtauld. He hired Capt. Albin Ahrensberg, Swedish flyer who last year attempted an Arctic flight to the U. S., to fly to the rescue in a big Junkers seaplane. Last week Capt. Ahrensberg flew over the Greenland ice cap, saw below him a sturdy party of four men following a dog team. Leader Watkins had succeeded on his third attempt, was already eading Courtauld back to the base. Ahrensberg dropped supplies and mail, returned to civilization with the good news.

Wegener. Capt. Ahrensberg then planned to fly in search of Professor Alfred Wegener, head of a German expedition farther north in Greenland, whose mission was similar to that of the British party. Professor Wegener set out from his base last September to take supplies to two men who, like Courtauld, were stationed at a central observation camp on the ice cap. Professor Wegener never re-

FROM MOUNTAINS OF ORE TO PYRAMIDS OF STEEL *in* Cleveland



EACH year, new pyramids of steel rear towering heads and add new grandeur to the skyline of Cleveland, home of Ohio's largest national bank. In other cities also — from Maine to California — continually rise these great monuments to co-operation between business enterprise and finance.

In these basic and significant activities today, Cleveland organizations — many of whom look to Central United National Bank for financial aid — assume a commanding position. For through Cleveland goes the world's greatest traffic in iron ore. And steel products — shaped in Cleveland mills, factories and foundries — are shipped to every point of the compass. Of the 10,000,000 gross tons of iron ore that reach Cleveland yearly in normal times, approximately 3,000,000 tons are poured in Cleveland smelters.

The shipping, manufacture, and distribution of iron and steel brings into play every type of business activity. Broad as these requirements are, the facilities of Central United National Bank are equally broad. From financing a shipment of ore to handling bills of foreign trade, Central United National Bank provides a source of financial helpfulness adaptable to every business situation.



**CENTRAL UNITED
NATIONAL BANK** *of Cleveland*

T h e L a r g e s t N a t i o n a l B a n k i n O h i o

This NEW WAY to type multi-copy forms cuts record-writing costs 25 to 50 per cent

Three easy operations!



1. Type—without interruption



2. Remove forms—one easy motion

3. Slip out all carbons at once—like this



Rediform Interleaved:



Comes in flat packs—easy to handle



Forms are in continuous lengths—zigzag

Carbon is already interleaved between sheets



Never, before the introduction of Rediform Interleaved Speed Stationery, was it possible to write multi-copy forms with these three operations: 1—Type; 2—Remove forms from machine; 3—Slip out carbons with one pull... then type the next set.

Always, with loose forms and loose carbons, the operator must spend nearly half her time getting ready to type. She must pick up forms, insert carbon sheets, jog, place in machine, and adjust for typing... preparatory, unproductive labor that reduces her daily output, interrupts her attention, and increases likelihood of errors.

Rediform Interleaved transforms this intermittent typing into continuous typing. Forms are in continuous lengths. Carbon paper is interleaved. As soon as one set of invoices, purchase orders (or any multi-copy form for which you wish to use it) is typed, the next set is in place. Users of Rediform Interleaved report saving as much as 50 per cent in time and clerical costs.

Let a Rediform representative demonstrate what Rediform Interleaved can do for record-writing costs in your office.

AMERICAN SALES BOOK COMPANY, Limited
EXECUTIVE OFFICES: ELMHURST, N. Y.
Factories: Elmira, N. Y. Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Sales and service offices in 60 principal cities

TRADE MARK
Rediform
SPEED STATIONERY
AND SPEEDY FORMS

Copyright, 1931, American Sales Book Co., Ltd.

Mail this slip to American Sales Book Co., Ltd., with your business card or letterhead and sample of typewritten or hand-written forms you are now using. We will give you more specific information on using Rediform Speed Stationery to cut record costs in your business.
T-5-18-31

turned. Just as Capt. Ahnberg was about to join the search last week, word was received from a relief expedition which had penetrated to the camp with a powerful portable radio. The occupants of the camp were alive and well—but Professor Wegener had started back to the base on Nov. 1. Hope for him was abandoned.

3 Months v. 21 Years

The farmer who used to collect from motorists for running over his chickens now brings suit against aviators for damaging his crops by forced landings. But not Farmer E. S. Porter of Hot Springs, Va. Last week Farmer Porter wrote to David Sinton Ingalls, Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Aeronautics, to tell airmen who fly over his place "to land anywhere on me regardless of crops. You know with any rain at all you can grow a crop in three months, but it takes 21 years to grow a man. . . ."

Fokker Fuss

Through the corridors of the Department of Commerce building and of Washington's Mayflower Hotel last week stormed an exceedingly irate Dutchman—Anthony Herman Gerhard ("Tony") Fokker. He shouted threats at the Department, at Assistant Secretary Clarence Marshall Young for the "hasty" "hostile" and "prejudiced" action of suspending Fokker planes from U. S. passenger service (TIME, May 11), hinted that certain airmail operators might cancel their contracts with the Government, out of sympathy for his cause. He issued angry statements to the Press at 4 a. m. and repudiated them at 4:30 a. m. He thrust his head inside the door where Department officials were meeting and announced "I'll give each of you \$100 if you ever see me again." Ten minutes later he returned to resume his plans.

So matters ran for three days until Publisher Frank A. Tichenor of *Aero Digest* arrived on the scene as mediator and persuaded explosive "Tony" to withdraw as spokesman in favor of more rational James M. Schoonmaker Jr., president and general manager of General Aviation Corp. (Fokker organization). Outcome of the final conferences, attended by officials of the transport lines affected, was this program:

Fokker tri-motors (35 in number) of the type in which Knute Kenneth Rockne and seven others crashed to death in Kansas six weeks ago (TIME, April 13) must be inspected by Department of Commerce agents before they can be restored to service. That inspection—a lengthy procedure involving removal of the plywood covering of the wings—must hereafter be undertaken regularly by the operators. The ailerons of the wings must be equipped with a counterbalance to make their manipulation easier.

From the week's sessions Col. Young emerged with an acute headache and the heightened respect of thoughtful airmen. Immediately after the Rockne crash (the cause of which remains unexplained save that a wing was ripped off in mid-air) he ordered a Fokker to Wright Field, Ohio for rigorous wing tests. The result did

not please him.* Fearing a repetition of the Rockne crash, Col. Young quietly ordered all operators to withdraw their Fokkers pending inspection—which he also intended to keep quiet. But the story was broken by astute newshawks who saw certain of the operators wheeling their Fokkers into hangars and Col. Young was forced to make a public statement.

British Tragedies

Charmed Life. Lieut. Commander George Pearson Glen Kidston, rich, young and debonair, was sometimes called "the man who cannot be killed." A naval cadet at 15, he was aboard the training ship *Hogue* when it was torpedoed, was rescued hours later and transferred to the *Abonkir* which likewise was torpedoed. A grown man and sportsman, he flew with the late Belgian Banker Alfred Loewenstein and crashed. He was piloting a speed boat at 60 m.p.h. when it broke in two. In 1929 he was one of two survivors of the crash of a Lufthansa plane in England which killed six. Lately he bought a specially-built Lockheed monoplane, flew it from London to Cape Town in 6½ days for a record, despite a crackup in Africa. Last week Commander Kidston and his friend Capt. T. A. Gladstone were flying from Johannesburg to Natal in a Puss Moth biplane. They encountered a dust-storm in the Drakensberg Mountains. A wing was wrenched off. Commander Kidston and friend crashed. Both died.

Daisy. Flight Lieut. Henry Richard Danvers Waghorn, 27, was the "baby" of the British Schneider Trophy team of 1929, won the thunderous meet with a speed of 328 m.p.h. In the War he flew with the Royal Air Force, was once reprimanded for failing in a report to describe the nature of the ground where he had been forced down. Few days later he made another forced landing, rendered a florid description of the daisy field where it occurred. Henceforth his nickname was "Daisy." Last week, the day of the Kidston crash, "Daisy" Waghorn and Civilian E. R. D. Alexander were flight-testing a new bomber near Aldershot, England. It went out of control at about 300 ft. Both flyers jumped. Two days later Lieut. Waghorn died—41st fatality in the R. A. F. this year.†

Escape. Day after Lieut. Waghorn's crash, within a mile of the scene, two R. A. F. planes collided in mid-air. Both pilots jumped, were unhurt. Same day, 13,500 ft. over Banbury, two Bristol *Bulldogs* smashed together. Their pilots, too, jumped safely—making twelve R. A. F. pilots saved by parachute this year.

*Last week the crew of a switch engine in Kansas City stated they had seen the plane brush a grain elevator with its wing-tip soon after the take-off. They said that three days later they found a dent on the fire escape of the elevator, about where the wing was supposed to have struck.

Upon news-stands last week appeared a booklet bearing on its cover a photograph of the wrecked plane, and this legend in red and black: "UNCENSORED TRUTH ABOUT ROCKNE'S STRANGE DEATH! At Last—inside Story of the Fatal Crash." The booklet merely hints that someone might have tampered with the plane; does not even hint at identity or motive. It was published in Minneapolis by Graphic Arts Corp. which is controlled by Fawcett Publications (Capt. Billy's *Whis-Bang*, *Jim-Jaw-Jew*, etc.).

†U. S. Army Air Corps deaths since Jan. 1: nine. Lives saved by parachute: 16.



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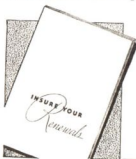
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THEATRE

New Plays in Manhattan

Rhapsody in Black. Producer Lew Leslie, who used to put on an annual *Blackbirds* review with colored chorus girls, funnymen and blackouts, has evidently become very serious about the Negro's part in the art of the theatre. *Rhapsody in Black* spurns the traditional habiliments of a blackamoor review, presents instead "a symphony in blue notes and black rhythm." That is to say, the show is not very amusing. It is not boring either.

All of the divertissement's activity takes place before a severe black velvet drop. A good band (Pike Davis' Continental Orchestra) is placed onstage and blares forth from time to time as a background for the production's various musical numbers.

You will like Ethel Waters singing "What's Keeping My Prince Charming?" You will endure the inimitable Black Berry Brothers' dancing. You will probably be indifferent to a colored woman named Valaida who dances, needlessly directs the band, sings "The Three Guitars" in Russian.

Her Supporting Cast. There is little need to go further into this rapid comedy after recording that on the inside of the program the title is spelled "her Supporting cast." It seems that the girl (Mildred McCoy of *It's a Wise Child*, is more or less kept by three very dull fellows, each of whom imagines her to be his own true love. One is a banker, another an artist, another a fustifer. She milks them all for money, then the stockmarket crash comes, leaving her men broke. But Miss McCoy, being such a smart girl, has invested their money wisely. She brings them all together, gives their money back, goes out of their lives. It is an awful show.

Revival

Revived last week in Manhattan was the Gilbert & Sullivan opera *The Mikado*, presented by Milton Aborn's Civic Light Opera Company. Oldtimers in the audience flinched when the curtain rose to reveal a meaningless shadowgraph sequence of Japanese town life, a very un-Gilbertian interpolation. But all was set right again when Howard Marsh stepped out and began to sing "Gentlemen, I pray you tell me."

A note of novelty is supplied by Hizi Koyke, a Japanese, as the opera's Yum-Yum. She is charming, has a good voice, but strangely enough the fact that she is really Japanese adds little to the show, detracts from the pleasant unreality of the doings in the town of Titipu. Librettist Gilbert knew nothing and cared less about things Japanese. The opera suggested itself to him as he gazed at a curved sword on his English study wall.

Although Producer Aborn's troupe is not careful about the authenticity of its production, the revival is on the whole a good one. Further items of the Aborn company's Gilbert & Sullivan repertory will be: *H. M. S. Pinafore*, *The Gondoliers*, *Patience*.

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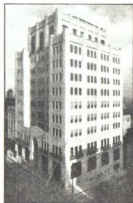
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MISCELLANY

"Time brings all things."

Poser

In Manhattan, Myrtle Miller, onetime artists' model, walked into a penny arcade, peeped into one of the undressed-girl machines. There she saw herself in a number of poses. Forthwith she asked for an injunction. The court denied it.

Organist

In the Churchman appeared a classified advertisement:

"Organist—Mature, reverent, devotional results. Expert voice development and always on the key. . . ."

Slave

In Los Angeles, Calif., hulking, red-haired Frank Glaser offered himself for sale as a slave. Said he: "[I am] happy only under a master."

Skrocki

At Kansas City, Mo., Anthony C. Skrocki, 20, drove up to a police station, shouted: "Arrest me quick! I've just stolen this truck. I haven't had a thing to eat for three days and it must be about time to eat in there!" Anthony C. Skrocki was arrested.

Sleepy

At Plymouth, Wis., James Mullen of Pittsburgh, drank deep of stimulants, entered a post office, robbed it, fell into a coma there. He was arrested, but escaped. Federal authorities searching for him found him unconscious from drink in a Des Moines warehouse he had robbed.

Neighbor

At Alexandria, Egypt, a Mrs. Stock-Given called on a new neighbor. As she entered the gate, a fierce-looking wolf-hound greeted her. She called out: "I'm afraid your dog is going to bite me!"

"I'm afraid he is!" answered the neighbor from her verandah. He did. Mrs. Stock-Given scurried home.

Fright

At Canon City, Col., boys who thought Edgar Watson, 16, was gullible told him his girl wanted to see him in a vacant house of the neighborhood. Edgar Watson went there, found people who posed as the girl's angry parents, died of fright.

Moving

At Detroit, Russell Rodgers, moving man, was haled into court by his wife, who charged that he frequently got drunk and beat her. The Court asked: "When do you get the whiskey?" Russell Rodgers replied: "Every day I work. When people move, they take stuff out of the cellar. They get most kind-hearted and insist that you have a drink. You do it as a matter of courtesy."

Collateral

In Manhattan, Mrs. Catherine Walsh, having to work for her living, boarded her ten-year-old son out with a Mrs. Frank



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Hump

In Chicago, one Walter Lang was arrested because he stood so long watching a roost of pigeons belonging to a local fancier. He pleaded: "I'm just a hunchback. I never did anything wrong." Turning to show his hump, he dislodged it—one of the fancier's pigeons concealed under his coat. Walter Lang went to jail for 30 days.

Tail

At Aberdeen, Scotland, Scot Robert Bruce saw his barn on fire, rushed in to save his cows. As he went in for the last one, he was overcome by smoke, but saw the animal he was after dash by him in a panic. Hazy Robert Bruce reached up, grasped the animal's tail, was dragged in a hurry into the open.

Tonsils

At Morgantown, N. C., Charles White-ner Jr., 6, convicted of putting rocks in the way of a railroad train, causing a passenger-car derailment and injury to four persons, was sentenced to have his tonsils and adenoids removed.

Umbrellas

In Memphis, Tenn., H. E. Mann was offered \$10 to appear at a benefit show and lift a 600-lb. bull. He refused the \$10, said he would do it for three second-hand umbrellas.

Insane

At Newport, Ky., Alexander Runyon, Federal prisoner on a car-stealing charge, filed suits for three divorces at once, saying that he was insane when he contracted with the three wives.

Minister

At Atlanta, Ga., Rev. R. P. Doss, 77, retired minister, was hailed into court for caning a neighbor because she had wanted to clean the entrance of his apartment.

Pickles

At Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., a Federal jury heard Ing Wu, Chinese laundryman, answer charges of illegal possession of alcohol. His answer: he had intended to pickle snakes as edibles. His fine: \$200.

Irons

In Newark, N. J., John Yezerski, 40 and drunk, beat his aunt to death with a flat-iron. Arrested, unrepentant, he shouted: "My aunt attacked me with an iron poker!"

Honorable

At Camden, N. J., Edward Holbaur was arraigned for deserting his wife, failing to support her. Said he: "I am in love with another woman, and I didn't think it would be honorable for me to spend my evenings with her and then go home to my wife."

The Judge said: "I can hardly help having a certain admiration for you."

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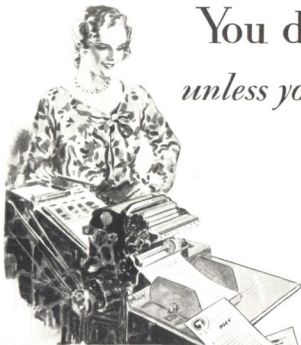
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*Adolescent Pachyderm**DAWN—Theodore Dreiser — *Liveright* (\$5).

Theodore Herman Dreiser, 60, has begun to take stock of himself. *Dawn, An Autobiography of Early Youth*, is a portentous beginning. Couched in inimitable Dreiserese, stamped on every page with his trade-mark of bewildered honesty, it begins thus: "The average earthling, as I have reason to know, has frequently the greatest hesitation in revealing the net of flesh and emotion and human relationship into which he was born and which conditioned his early efforts at living and too often his subsequent place in life and society. I am free to say here and now that I am in no way troubled by any such thoughts or feelings."

For Dreiser is not an "average earthling." Born in Terre Haute, Ind. of impoverished German parents, Theodore was

of passing the time." Back in Chicago he worked in a hardware store, drove a laundry truck, changed jobs usually for the worse. But then he entered the lists of love, acquitted himself not so badly. That perked him up. The book (and his youth, says Dreiser) ends with his discharge for "borrowing" money from his boss's funds. There is still a long way to go before this gangling 19-year-old becomes the ponderous, dewlapped author of *An American Tragedy*, the principal pachyderm of U. S. letters, unrebuked slapper of a Nobel-Prizeman (TIME, March 30). Dreiserians will hail *Dawn* for its candor, its shoulder-length, uncompromising lengthiness; antis will raise their eyebrows for the same reasons.

*Lawrence and Christ*THE MAN WHO DIED—D. H. LAWRENCE — *Knopf* (\$1.75).

David Herbert Lawrence's second novel to appear posthumously in the U. S. (the first: *The Virgin and The Gipsy*, TIME, Nov. 24) may not be his last word but it is a good place to stop. When published in Paris (1929) under the title of *The Escaped Cock* it drew words of high praise even from so belittling a Lawrence critic as John Middleton Murry. Devoutly orthodox Christians may find the story blasphemous (it will certainly be awarded a place on the Pope's *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*) but regular Lawrence readers will doubtless take it as it was meant.

Without once mentioning His name (Lawrence calls Him simply "the man who died") this anti-Christian searcher after Christ tells what might have happened to Jesus if He did not really die on the cross. As with George Moore's hero in *The Brook Kerith*, the agony of the crucifixion and the coma of the burial stripped the Man of his Messiahship. Moore's hero in his revulsion thought he had been wrong; Lawrence's, that his mission was finished. Lawrence's Man showed himself to his disciples but would have nothing more to do with them; he wanted merely to live, and in a fuller way which he had neglected. Till his wounds were healed he lived with a friendly peasant, then he set out on his wanderings.

One day he came to the seashore, when he begged a night's lodging of a priestess of Isis. In her he found his feminine complement, and was happy for the first time in his life. But her followers resented him, discovered his scars, and would have delivered him to the Romans. Just in time he escaped them, put off to sea in a boat. Like most Lawrence stories, this one ends without finishing. "So let the boat carry me. Tomorrow is another day."

The Significance. Lawrence was tortured all his life with the desire to be whole. A hater of Christianity, a praier of paganism, he was fascinated by the figure of Jesus, was by no means the first or last writer to essay his own Jesus-myth, to try to fit Him into his own ideal.

*Vegetable Compound*THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM—Robert Collyer Washburn—*Putnam* (\$3.50).

"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

"The feeling of utter listlessness, lack of energy, desire to be alone, or the 'don't care' feeling, are all shadows of coming events. No woman should permit these symptoms to gain ground, for, being forewarned, she should be forearmed. Lydia E. Pinkham's *Vegetable Compound* will dispense all those shadows. It goes to the very root of all female complaints, renews the waning vitality, and invigorates the entire system. . . . 'Reach for a vegetable instead of a sweet.'"

This proclamation, which may have given an idea to Tobacco Tycoon George Washington Hill ("Lucky Strike") and his ad-writers, was made in 1891. That was when the Pinkham business was booming and its ads were appearing in newspapers all over the U. S. At first, back in the 1870's, the *Vegetable Compound's* virtues



Keystone

THEODORE HERMAN DREISER

No hesitant earthling he.

one of 13 children. Late Songwriter Paul ("On the Banks of the Wabash," "My Gal Saf") was the only one beside his younger brother to become famed. Frankier than the average, Autobiographer Theodore tells of the religious mania of his father, the hell-raising of his brothers, the amorous experiments of his sisters (whom he protects by pseudonyms). Himself very shy, young Theodore trembled when he first saw a girl in tights, but seems to have been in love with love as soon and as much as possible.

After finishing high school he went to Chicago to get a job, and there ran into an old teacher of his who managed to get him into the University of Indiana. But Dreiser's year there was a failure, left him with little respect for formal education, which he regards as "a serviceable means



LYDIA ESTES PINKHAM

Her ad-writer worked for Lucky Strike.

were hidden under bushels of handbills. It was Lydia's son Will who first discarded the handbills, introduced the Compound in newspaper advertising columns. In the midst of mounting bills for printed circulars, Will was sent to Boston to cash an eighty-dollar check. Independently, he determined instead to try the newspapers, got a front page ad for \$60. "He . . . went home to face an irate family that had been counting on the check . . . and a good many sour words were spoken about his extravagance."

But orders came in faster to the "laboratory" at Lynn, Mass.; the money was put back into the business, especially into advertising. Lydia Pinkham came to believe in proclaiming, and it worked. In 1925 the Compound (its panacean pretensions much watered down by the Food & Drugs Act) grossed nearly \$4,000,000.

Lydia Estes Pinkham (1819-31) was married, but few people have heard of her husband, Isaac. Yet it was Isaac who first got hold of the basic formula for the Com-

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

pound; he took it as part payment of a debt. In the hard times after the panic of 1873 Lydia, who never liked doctors, began to fix it up, pass it out to eager neighbors. The first bottle was sold in 1875. When Lydia got the idea of printing her picture with the ad, she soon became best-known woman in the U. S. Pictures in newspaper offices were scarce; Lydia Pinkham's portrait often doubled for such stars as Queen Victoria, Actress Lily Langtry. But "Lydia never uttered a word of protest."

So hard did the Pinkham family work to make the Compound a success that two sons predeceased their mother (Dan at 33, Will at 28). Lydia died at 64 but the Vegetable Compound went marching on.

Biographer Washburn hazards no opinion about Lydia Pinkham's belief in her own invention, thinks her opportunism may have been socially useful. "The overwrought key of the advertising, its appeal to beware of vague symptoms, such as the blues and dissatisfaction with life, and the hysterical note of the testimonials, suggest that the Vegetable Compound cured that additional weakness that was largely psychic. Who is to say it may not have done this job as well as psychoanalysis?"

First U. S. Novelist

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER—Henry Walcott Boydton—*Century* (\$5).

There are signs that the critical market, more variable than the stock exchange, is beginning to raise James Fenimore Cooper, first great U. S. novelist, from the slump into which an unsympathetic gen-

eration let him slide. This biography, the first full-length one in 50 years, is one of the signs.

James Fenimore Cooper (1750-1851) came of a good New Jersey family. His father acquired some land on Lake Otsego, N. Y., started a settlement there which became Cooperstown. James Fenimore had all the advantages a squire's son could hope to have. He went to Yale at 13, was expelled for some "obscure" cause. At 17 he shipped as a foremast-hand in a Down Easter, next year got a commission in the Navy. But he saw no service in the War of 1812, for by then he had met and married Susan De Lancey, who "did not care to become the wife of a naval officer." Biographer Boydton comments: "The short of it is, he was the type of male who holds the strictest views about the subordinate position of woman—and is quite at her mercy."

Cooper moved to Westchester County so that his wife could be near her family. At 30 he was a successful trader in whale oil and cotton. One day, reading aloud to his wife, he flung aside the book in disgust, said he could do better himself. What he began as a joke she persuaded him to finish; to his surprise his first novel (*Precantion*) was taken seriously. Almost before he knew it Cooper was a literary man. Soon he was hailed (though he later resented it) as the Walter Scott of the U. S. Though no gentleman signed his name to a book in those days (Cooper's first signed publication was an open letter which he intended to be his valedictory, published 1834), Cooper's anonymity was an open secret.

When he wanted to take his family abroad, he was given the agreeable post of Consul at Lyons, with no duties, some privileges. The Coopers stayed abroad seven years, got back to the U. S. to find times had moved. Cooper became didactic, not to say cantankerous. "His view of the world . . . had ceased to be genial. He disliked many things, and disliked them more each year—reviewers, Yankees, newspapers, kings, Englishmen, mobs, national timidity and national complacency. And there steadily grew upon him a taste for laying down the law." Editors made libelous fun of him; he sued the editors, usually won. But his popularity slipped away fast.

"Burly, brusque and boisterous, like a bluff sailor, always bringing a breeze of quarrel with him," Cooper had warm friends; one of them was his wife. After 30 years of marriage he wrote to her: "I do not think I am a bad father, and yet I love my wife a little better than any child I have, good as all mine are. Can this be because the wife is so good, or because I am a fool?" He loved to play chess with her, Peppysly noted in his diary who won. He was a good sport. Once he sent some logs to the mill to be cut into boards. "The miller claimed the 'slab' and the first board in each log as a perquisite of the mill. Cooper demurred, and finally they clinched and wrestled and both fell into the chute. As they climbed out, Cooper shook himself and said: 'The board is yours.'"

Disaster at Sea

DEEP EVENING—Eugene Lohrke—*Cape & Smith* (\$2.50).

First to see the iceberg dead ahead of the super-liner *Glamorland* was Able Seaman James Morgan, look-out in the crow's nest. He saw it too late. At the same moment: Priggish, successful First-Class Passenger Thurlow Burton was finishing his expensive dinner in the grill. Waiter Giuseppe Ziemssen was hovering for the tip. Beautiful but harebrained Mrs. Gilpin was sulking in her cabin. Her would-be lover Major Wandrell was looking for her. Moses Vierstein, cloak & suit man, second-class passenger, lay in his bunk wondering why he was not a success. All of them felt the far-away shudder, noticed the engines had stopped, wondered why.

Thus, by a series of simultaneous glimpses into different niches in the liner, Author Lohrke reiterates his climax, leaves you in suspense till he is ready to tell you what happened after the *Glamorland* struck. Once again he makes the round of the ship, picks up his people where he left them, stays with them this time till the *Glamorland* dives. Reminiscent of the *Titanic* disaster (1912), *Deep Evening's* ingenious scheme and sure-fire subject would make an effective book even if it were badly written, which it is not.

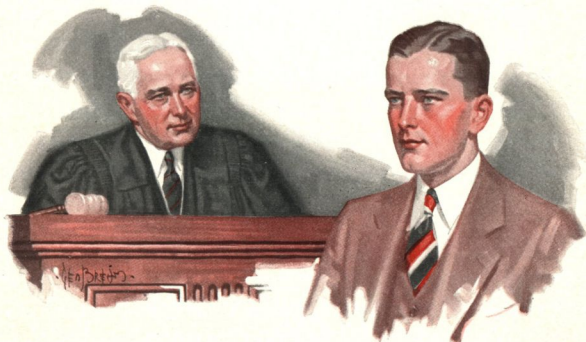
The Author. No German but a U. S. citizen (he served as lieutenant of artillery in the A. E. F.), Eugene Lohrke, 33, Williams undergraduate when the War broke out, after the War served his term as journalist on the *New York Sun*, *New York Evening Post*, *New Republic*. Married, he lives in Manhattan, has written one other book, *Overshadowed*, collaborated on another, *Jungle Gods*.

TWO AIDES TO SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINERS—



White Rock
The leading mineral water

The Testimony of a Face that's FIT



PRIMA FACIE evidence—evidence on the face of it. And there *is* evidence on the face of every man—that is the way the world at large judges him.

And, in literally millions of cases, the man whose face says "confidence" and "success" begins his day with Williams Shaving Service. The first step is Williams Shaving Cream. Here's a friendly lather that stands up cool and moist to the last razor

stroke. A lather that softens, soothes, lubricates the skin. No dyes, no harsh chemicals in Williams Shaving Cream—so, of course, no after-sting. A lather that's kind to the face as well as the beard.

Then Aqua Velva—made especially for after-shaving. Dash it on. There's refreshment in its tingly feel. It tones and firms the skin. Helps to care for unseen nicks and cuts. Conserves the natural moisture so essential to a good complexion.

That's the Williams way to face fitness. Try it. Your face will testify for you.



WILLIAMS SHAVING LIQUID!
Shaving lather in a very new form. Quick. Mild. Just shake a few drops from the man-style blue bottle onto your brush. And there you are. Great, too, for a shampoo.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

MAIL THIS! It will show you the way to Face Fitness
THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. T-140, Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address: 3552 St. Patrick St., Montreal

I am anxious to try Williams Shaving Service. Please send me trial sizes of Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

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"I've marched with the Foreign Legion



yet you sign for me at your country club"

What do the grim watchdogs of the desert know of luxuries? Well, try to take their Chesterfields away from them! Over there—and here too—a good cigarette means good tobaccos. What you taste in Chesterfield cigarettes is *milder and better tobaccos*—nothing else—blended and "cross-blended" to produce a satisfying fragrance, a flavor which is Chesterfield's alone!



Greater mildness
... better taste!