

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



Volume XVII

DR. COFFEY (right), DR. HUMBER, MRS. CONNORS

They: "What's good in California should be good in New York."
(See MEDICINE)

Number 21



Appetites that money can't buy ...BUT THAT YOU CAN SATISFY!

APPETITES like these don't grow on druggists' shelves. They bud and blossom only in Nature's Great Outdoors. Garden-grown appetites, indeed! Appetites worth a king's ransom—yet appetites that money can't buy!

The man whose garden lies close to his heart *works* at it because it's *play*! By some mysterious alchemy of Nature, earth and hoe and rake and trowel merge into magic. Magic that sharpens a man's quest for life and his zest for *food*!

Multiply the above scene 1,400,000 times and you have just a "taste" of the

vast food-market presented by Better Homes & Gardens. Here is not only the fastest growing non-fiction monthly in America but the *one* magazine edited exclusively for the *gardened home* family.

That means a home where appetites are not coaxed but catered to; where there are more mouths to feed per family and more meals at home; where cooking is not a hateful chore but a natural habit; where food is a family problem—not a quick, snatch-and-run "delicessen" affair.

The gardened home is *more* than a

badge of pride. It is a badge of buying power—a mark of caste. Ask Mr. Alert Grocer who his best customer is. He'll say, "Give me the home-owner every time!" In other words—

"Give me the sturdy, substantial folk who welcome Better Homes & Gardens into their homes and hearts...1,400,000 families strong in city, town and suburb...85% of whom *own their own homes*... wholesome, virile Americans who not only have the kind of appetites that money can't buy but have the money to satisfy them!"

BETTER HOMES & GARDENS

The Gardened Home...a Better Market for

**BETTER
FOODS**



© MEREKITH PUBLISHING CO.
DES MOINES, IOWA

Quit Work at 55

THIS page tells how you can provide a life of leisure for yourself by following a simple financial program called the Retirement Income Plan.

You don't have to be wealthy to follow this plan. All you have to do is to make a deposit of a few dollars a month—the exact amount depending on your age.

Your retirement income begins at any age you say—55, 60, or 65. It can be any amount you wish—\$100 a month, \$200, \$300, or more.

This life income is as sure and as safe as a government pension. It is guaranteed to you by the Phoenix Mutual Company, an 80-year-old company with more than 600 million dollars of insurance in force.

Once you have provided an income for yourself under the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan, you may rely on that income completely and

implicitly. Nothing can stop it. Nothing can delay it. Nothing can take that income from you.

There are other benefits which may be included in this plan. A guaranteed income for your wife, in case anything happens to you. Money to send your children to college. Money for emergencies. Money to leave your home free of debt. Money for other needs.

Send for the facts

Perhaps the greatest advantage of the plan is this: The minute you pay your first deposit, your biggest money worries begin to disappear. Even if you were totally and permanently disabled the next day, you would not need to worry about finances. Shortly thereafter, you would be paid a regular monthly income to live on. Your deposits would be paid by us out of a special reserve fund provided for that purpose. For completeness, for safety, for absolute freedom from money worries, there is nothing that can equal the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.

Think of it—the thrill of it! The rockbound security of it! A guaranteed income you cannot outlive. What a load off your mind. What a weight off your shoulders. The sudden lifting of your biggest financial worries gives



A guaranteed income of \$200 a month for life

you a new lease on life—a new outlook—a new freedom you never experienced before.

An interesting 28-page book called "How to Get the Things You Want," explains how this plan works. Send for your copy today. There is no cost. There is no obligation.



PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
607 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.

Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book,
"HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT."

Name _____

Date of Birth _____

Business _____

Address _____

Home _____

Address _____



**PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**

Home Office: Hartford, Conn.

First Policy issued 1851

Copyright 1931.
P. M. L. I. Co.

RUBBER!

6 years ago **\$1.23 per pound**
3 years ago **.38 per pound**
1 year ago **.16 per pound**
TODAY **.07 per pound**
and cotton correspondingly low!

WITH this situation on basic raw materials, the matter of economical manufacturing and distribution counts mightily. Firestone Factories are the most efficient in the world. Firestone have invested \$25,000,000.00 with their tire dealers, establishing a great economical distributing and standardized service system, with standard prices, and gives them the outstanding tire values of history. *That is why Firestone Service Dealers can save you money and serve you better.*

MOST MILES per DOLLAR

COMPARE CONSTRUCTION and QUALITY				
Firestone Gives You	4.50-21 TIRE		6.00-19 H. D. TIRE	
	Our Tire	*Special Brand Mail Order Tire	Our Tire	*Special Brand Mail Order Tire
More Rubber Vol.	172 cu. in.	161 cu. in.	298 cu. in.	267 cu. in.
More Weight . .	16.99 lbs.	15.73 lbs.	28.35 lbs.	26.80 lbs.
More Width . .	4.75 in.	4.74 in.	5.98 in.	5.84 in.
More Thickness .	.627 in.	.578 in.	.840 in.	.821 in.
More Plies at Tread	6 plies	5 plies	8 plies	7 plies
Same Price . .	\$5.69	\$5.69	\$11.40	\$11.40

Call on the Firestone Service Dealer or Service Store and **see for yourself sections cut from various tires.**

➡ **Compare Quality—Construction—and Prices.** ➡

COMPARE THESE PRICES

AUTOMOBILE Manufacturers do not take chances with special brand tires. Why should you take the risk when you can save money by buying Firestone quality Oldfield type from our dealers and in addition get their service.

We list below the leading replacement sizes.

MAKE OF CAR	TIRE SIZE	OUR DEALER'S CASH PRICE, EACH	SPECIAL BRAND MAIL ORDER TIRE	OUR DEALER'S CASH PRICE, EACH PAIR
Ford	4.40-21	\$4.98	\$4.98	\$ 9.60
Chevrolet				
Chevrolet	4.50-20	5.60	5.60	10.90
Ford	4.50-21	5.69	5.69	11.10
Ford				
Chevrolet	4.75-19	6.65	6.65	12.90
Whippet				
Erskine	4.75-20	6.75	6.75	13.10
Plymouth				
Chandler				
DeSoto				
Dodge				
Durant	5.00-19	6.98	6.98	13.60
Gr'n-P.				
Pontiac				
Roosevelt				
Willys-K.				
Essex	5.00-20	7.10	7.10	13.60
Nash				
Mary'tte	5.25-18	7.90	7.90	15.30
Olds'bile				
Buick	5.25-21	8.57	8.57	16.70
Auburn				
Jordan	5.50-18	8.75	8.75	17.00
Reo				
Gardner				
Marmion	5.50-19	8.90	8.90	17.30
Oakland				
Peerless				
Stud'b'k'r				
Chrysler	6.00-18	11.20	11.20	21.70
Viking				
Franklin	6.00-19	11.40	11.40	22.10
Hudson				
Hup'bile				
LaSalle	6.00-20	11.50	11.50	22.30
Packard	6.00-21	11.65	11.65	22.60
Pierce-A.	6.50-20	13.10	13.10	25.40
Stutz				
Cadillac	7.00-20	15.35	15.35	28.90
Lincoln				

* A "Special Brand" Tire is made by a manufacturer for distributors such as mail order houses, oil companies and others under a name that does not identify the tire manufacturer to the public, usually because he builds his "first line" tires under his own name. Firestone puts his name on EVERY tire he makes.

Double Guarantee.—Every tire manufactured by Firestone bears the name "FIRESTONE" and carries Firestone's unlimited guarantee and that of our 25,000 Service Dealers and Service Stores. You are doubly protected.

Now you can buy
Firestone
Gum-Dipped Tires
for

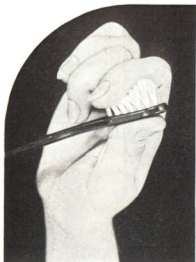
\$4⁹⁸
AND UP



6
PLIES
UNDER THE
TREAD

Firestone

L E T T E R S



BETTER BRISTLES

This photograph almost catches the quick snap-back of Tek's lively bristles. Tek bristle facts will interest you. Each bristle is a "first-cut"—near the base. Each without a flaw... and of the same strength. Only first quality bristles pass the Tek standard test of our laboratory.

Tek bristles keep upright and efficient even after months of daily drenching. All tufts are active with every stroke... no bristles at leisure.

It's good to know that Tek costs no more than old style brushes. Sterilized and Cellophane-sealed. A guaranteed product of the world's largest makers of dental accessories.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



Tek
the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

Dry Hoovers

Sirs:

In TIME of May 4, subject, The Presidency, referring to the attendance of the President of the U. S. and Mrs. Hoover at the Cape Henry Pilgrimage, extract, "President Hoover got soaked."...

Raincoats and umbrellas were provided against just such an emergency, which was not unanticipated. Rear Admiral Burrage, Commandant of the Norfolk Naval District (and with the members of his staff, each a subscriber to TIME) had detailed Warren Owens, a Coxswain in the Navy, as orderly to the President to be on hand with the raincoats and umbrellas if necessity arose. While it is true that almost all the Pilgrims were pretty well soaked, the President and Mrs. Hoover, through timely preparedness, suffered little.

C. E. CONEY
Lieut. U. S. N.

Aide to the Commandant

Norfolk, Va.

Wounded Narcissist

Sirs:

I am, as your critic suggests in his review of *My Plesk and Blood* frequently astounded at myself, but I am even more astounded by his accusation that I am "heavily humorless" (TIME, May 11). Among the gifts which I have received from the fairer I value none more than my funny bone. It is because of the delightful humor with which you manage to present the news that I enjoy TIME so immensely. But I don't like your review of my autobiography.

Your critic speaks of the "many ponderous plums" which can be "pulled out of this (my) heavy Teutonic pudding." I like plum pudding but I always thought that it was an English, not a Teutonic dish. His description of me "thick, spectacled, thick-lipped and thick-nosed" wounds my Narcissism. . . .

It is not true that the War put a stop to *The Fatherland*, and it was resumed later as *The American Monthly*. Nothing ever put a stop to *The Fatherland*. It was published uninterrupted. It is still published, though no longer by me. I changed the name before the rupture of our relations with Germany to indicate its essential Americanism.

And why, in your list of my books, do you leave out the most important ones? *Glimpses of the Great*, a record of my adventures as an interviewer, *Spreading Germs of Hate*, an impartial analysis of propaganda with a preface by Colonel House, and my chronicles of the Wandering Jew and the Wandering Jewess, written with Paul Eldridge. . . . To list my books without including these is like printing a bibliography of Shakespeare without mentioning Hamlet!

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

New York City

New & Good

Sirs:

I have just seen the excellent drawing of Hubert Lyautay on the cover of TIME for May 11 and should be much obliged if you would let me know who did it.

I am sorry to bother you but he seems to be a new man and a very good one and I should like to get in touch with him.

RAYMOND P. R. NELSON, A. N. A.

New York City

Marcel Maurel, able young French artist and gallery-keeper of No. 689 Madison Avenue, Manhattan, drew the Lyautay cover.—Ed.

April Fakery

Sirs:

Enclosed please find illustration from *Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung*, April 5, 1931. The two views of the *Los Angeles* are supposedly photographs by Sontrick.

Your publication gave no mention of this occurrence. Why?

E. R. HABICHT

Charleston, W. Va.

One of the two pictures enclosed by Reader Habicht shows the U. S. Navy's dirigible *Los Angeles* moored to the mast of the oiler *Patoka* at sea. The second picture shows the *Los Angeles*, blown skyward by a sudden gust, sweeping the 16,800-ton oiler after it high out of water.

No such incident ever did or could occur. Let Reader Habicht examine his copy *Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung* more closely. Let him note that it is the annual April Fool's edition. Other pictures in that issue:

A "3,000-year-old bas-relief of priceless worth," showing Assyrian gentlemen, playing the saxophone, their ladies drinking cocktails through straws at a bar.

Scenes of "Al Capone at Home," showing the gangster's "Louis Quinze" boudoir through an enormous circular bank-vault door; an unwary visitor plunging through a trap door as Capone, sitting at a richly carved desk, presses a push-button; Capone's "daughter" stepping into her armored limousine big as a moving van.

A similar but not so expert array of faked pictures was published April 1 by the *Chicago Daily News Midweek*. These pictures showed bathing beauties riding under water on pikerel, an old-time chorus girl on a high-wheel bicycle dropping from a blimp by parachute; a monkey-headed robin perched beside a nestful of dice.—Ed.

Sourdough Editors

Sirs:

In your issue of March 2, we saw (under press) a very greatly interesting article, I think about the two Mussolini boys. And their weekly paper *The Boys' Pen*. Which says they are 14 and 12 years old.

We think you will be very interested to hear of our *Alaska Weekly Herald*, which my brother who is nine years old, my chum, and I have been publishing since January. We do it for fun. We like to do it. Billy is twelve, and

(Continued on p. 8)

There is
only one
Newsmagazine
and the yearly
subscription
price is
\$5

ROY E. LARSEN

CIRCULATION MANAGER, TIME, INC.

350 E. 22nd Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

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

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



The Packers Know a Good Investment

Wilson & Co., famous packers, use International Trucks. They bought their first Internationals five years ago. Since that time they have repeated to the extent of 140 trucks . . . and 138 of these are still in active service today.

Wilson & Co. send these trucks to their many branches throughout the country. "Once an International has been put in service by a branch," the home office tells us, "that's the last we seem to hear of it, and no news in this case is the best kind of news." A detailed daily cost-and-upkeep record on every truck testifies to the soundness of the International investment . . . and to remarkably low operating costs and upkeep. Some of these trucks run 200 miles or more per

day . . . well over 60,000 miles a year.

International Trucks are highly favored in the packing industry. Swift, Armour and Cudahy use them and so do other packers the country over. There is only one answer . . . Internationals give, unfailingly, the fast, reliable transportation upon which the success of the packing industry largely depends . . . and give it economically!

That is one industry. International Trucks meet the transportation needs of every industry. Your trucking needs may be different . . . but they are no exception to this rule! Every International meets the constant common demand for sound economy and solid dependability . . . by the mile and by the ton.

**182
International
Company-Owned
Branches
in the United States
and Canada**

render exceptional service for widespread organizations or for single unit users.

There is a full line of International Trucks, from $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton to 5-ton. Request a demonstration and one will be arranged immediately—a convincing demonstration, on your own job.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 So. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA Chicago, Illinois
(INCORPORATED)

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS



Mother and Father didn't *miss a word*



From their seats in the last row of the school auditorium would they be able to hear their little girl recite? The parents were pleasantly surprised when her childlike treble came across the distance clear and natural,

brought by Western Electric amplifying apparatus.

Public Address Systems widen the hearing circle. They enable hundreds or many thousands, indoors and out, to hear distinctly every word of a speaker or the pianissimo tone of a musical instrument.

This equipment gives its true-to-life tonal results because it was made by an organization with fifty years' experience in *sound*—the makers of your Bell telephone. It is additional proof—along with apparatus for talking pictures, for broadcasting, for police radio, for aviation communication—of Western Electric leadership in the whole field of sound.

Western Electric

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



The Western Electric Public Address System is
distributed by Graybar Electric Company.

NO LONGER NEED PRICE WORRY YOU . . .

TIDEWATER RED CYPRESS

(FINISH GRADE)

NOW COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY WOOD



Of the countless structures built or altered in past years, only a fraction of the owners felt that they could afford to bring into their homes the matchless charm of Tidewater Red Cypress.

For that significant reason, this message will come to thousands of people as surprisingly good news:

At any lumber yard, you will now find Finish grade Tidewater Red Cypress selling for the cost of ordinary wood!*

Just take the money you are planning to spend on other kinds of lumber; you will find it sufficient to buy this Wood Eternal whose exquisite grain now marks with glowing beauty the interiors of many of America's finest homes.

Used for panels, doors, windows, beams—the Finish grade is like a mirror of loveliness. Used for shelves, cupboards—for any woodwork—it lends richly warm effects which age can only mellow.

But, perhaps, the most unique merit of this Wood Eternal is its amazing versatility. For whether you paint it, whether you stain it, wax it, varnish,

sand-etch, char or leave it just as it comes from the yards—you can always be sure of attaining the rich distinction of castle rooms.

You will, of course, want to consult your architect before spending a cent to build or alter. His excellent taste and experience can not only save you time and money but also make your home the beauty of your dreams.

If your dealer is not stocked with Finish grade Tidewater Red Cypress, he can get it for you quickly, or you can write direct to the Southern Cypress Manufacturers' Association, Jacksonville or New Orleans.

This advertisement is published by the following members of the Southern Cypress Manufacturers' Association, Jacksonville, Florida, and New Orleans, Louisiana:

J. Ray Arnold Cypress Co., Groveland, Fla.; Big Salkenhatchie Cypress Co., Varnville, S. C.; Burton-Swartz Cypress Co., Perry, Fla.; Cummer Cypress Co., Jacksonville, Fla.; Dibert, Stark & Brown Cypress Co., Dunner, La.; Everglade Cypress Co., Loughman, Fla.; Putnam Lumber Co., Glenwood, Fla.; Putnam Lumber Co., Shamrock, Fla.; Reynolds Bros. Lumber Co., Albany, Ga.; Reynolds & Manley Lumber Co., Savannah, Ga.; Weaver-Loughridge Co., Boyd, Fla.; Weiss-Patterson Lumber Co., Pensacola, Fla.; A. Wilbert's Sons Lbr. & Shgl. Co., Plaquemine, La.; F. B. Williams Cypress Co., Ltd., Patterson, La.; Wilson Cypress Co., Palatka, Fla.

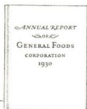
*Every cypress log yields two types of lumber. One is the Heartgrade—no uniquely torturing that it is in tremendous demand for exterior structures—the other is the Finish grade, for interior use. Because of the demand for Heartgrade lumber, it is possible to produce and sell the Finish grade at remarkably low price.

TIDEWATER RED CYPRESS

(COAST TYPE)

THE WOOD ETERNAL

WHAT 1930 REVEALED ABOUT AMERICA'S LARGEST BUSINESS.. THE FOOD INDUSTRY



THE past year emphasized the stability of food manufacturing concerns. Taken by and large, the leading food companies maintained almost normal business.

General Foods, with 20 nationally advertised products, represents, in a measure, a cross-section of the package food business.

Many interesting facts about this company are brought to light in the General Foods year book, which is now being offered to the public. This book shows how a wide variety of products has helped stabilize sales. How research activities are producing new and improved products. How economies are being effected in manufacture and distribution.

This is the kind of information the thoughtful investor likes to have. You may secure a copy of the General Foods year book free upon request.

GENERAL FOODS

DEPARTMENT 4-J 250 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

Maxwell House Coffee, Log Cabin Syrup, Jell-O, Certo, Post's Bran Flakes, Minute Tapioca, Postum, Hellmann's Mayonnaise Products, Walter Baker's Chocolate and Cocoa, Franklin Baker's Coconut, Calumet Baking Powder, Grape-Nuts, Sanka Coffee, Swans Down Cake Flour, Post Toasties, La France, Satina, Diamond Crystal Salt, Whole Bran.

I am eleven years. We have had fine support for our paper from all the Sourdoughs and old-timers for miles around. And out the Trail, too.

We did not see March 2 TIME before, because the railroad was tied up between here and the Coast. It was glaciation and snow. So we did not have any train for more than seven weeks. Usually we have a train here two or three times a week and get mail from the States once a week. Or every ten days anyway. During the tie-up we sometimes got letter-mail by Gilliam Airways. We did not get 2nd class mail nor magazines. So please excuse us for not writing sooner.

At the first we made our newspaper entirely by hand on an old second hand typewriter of our father's. And used carbon paper. But its circulation increased so fast we bought a mimeograph on instalment. It is a \$131 machine. But we got it at wholesale. At present we use the typewriter only just to print our stencils.

You will be glad to know that we have 87 paid subscribers on our out of town mailing list. And that we sold 220 copies this week. We think that is good because there are not that many population in this town. Some people buy two or three to send Outside to their friends. Billy, Philip and I are the only boys in town except babies.

Our mother says she could correct our newspaper work and censor it. Each week. But she



PHILIP & ADRIAN C. NELSON
Sourdoughs prefer them uncensored.

does not. The reason: the Alaskan people and Sourdoughs all like it better just exactly the way we set it out. They say they don't want it changed from the way we make it.

All three of us boys are real Alaskans. Sourdoughs as they say. As Billy was born at Cordova, Alaska. I was born at the Kennecott Copper Camp. Philip came up here when he was only five months old. We have all had a trip Outside, one summer. Billy went to Illinois and we went to the Atlantic Coast. And stayed quite a while in California on the way back. All three to visit relatives. Billy's Daddy is a foreman on the Alaska Road Commission. And is in charge of Camp of the Road Commission, on the Fairbanks Trail. Our Daddy runs the water system here. And the hydro electric plant. And is the U. S. Commissioner.

... We enclose a few editions. When you have read them you will have a pretty keen idea of the way Alaskan people live right now. Here in the Interior of Alaska at least.

ADRIAN C. NELSON
Editor

Chitina, Alaska

To Editor-Publisher Nelson & associates, all praise for a newspaper far more honest, vivid and entertaining than most. Excerpts from its columns:

HOUSE BURNS

Mr. John Gravdahl's house burned up on
(Continued on p. 12)



3 year guarantee



General Electric Features

The Monitor Top's steel walls contain all the mechanism, hermetically sealed, operating in a bath of oil. New sliding shelves. Porcelain lined interiors resist acid and stain. Finger-tip latches . . . chromium plated hardware. Broom-high legs. Plug-in installation. And every General Electric guaranteed for three long years.

✓ ✓ ✓

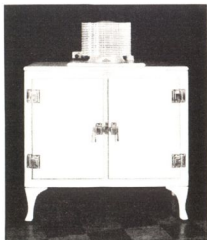
Over a Million Satisfied Users ask your neighbor

A MILLION General Electric Refrigerators already—tangible, self-evident proof of public preference—preference based on performance, and performance alone! A million homes in which the Monitor Top signifies the very ultimate in expense-free, attention-free refrigeration service. Ask *your* neighbor.

Learn about the new General Electrics—the added refinements—the lowered prices—easy terms—let him tell you how the General Electric can actually save its modest cost—the features that will make *you* one of the second million satisfied General Electric users! Call a General Electric refrigeration expert today.

Write us for the latest issue of our magazine, "The Silent Hostess". It contains valuable information regarding proper food preservation and its relationship to health. Address Section H 52, Electric Refrigeration Department, General Electric Company, 1400 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

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



GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

DOMESTIC, APARTMENT HOUSE AND COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS, ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS

A NEW BUILDING SEEMED HIS ONLY SALVATION

BUT HE FOUND ROOM TO SPARE
AFTER TALKING WITH THE LYON MAN!

A Montana motor car dealer was pinched for room at every turn. His parts-service department was overflowing. Two cars made his display room look like a traffic jam. Cramped facilities were forcing away customers. After weeks of figuring, he felt compelled to build a \$3,000 addition—until a salesman from the local automotive jobber called, accompanied by a Lyon Man from the factory.

After going over his difficulties with the jobber salesman and The Lyon Man, the dealer found he could rearrange his parts department, commodiously, in half the space, thereby adding 350 square feet to the display room—simply by installing a



Lyon Steel Automotive Parts-Storage System and several Lyon Steel Racks, costing only \$585. Lyon blue prints, furnished gratis, confirmed this recommendation, enabling the dealer to obtain his needed room at a saving of \$2,415.

You probably don't sell automobiles; very likely you're not cramped, not now—yet the chances are ten to one that your business can profit similarly by this unique service which The Lyon Man offers. In some instances it has effected savings upwards of one hundred thousand dollars per annum . . . by eliminating "hidden overhead" in manufacturing, warehousing and merchandising operations through the intelligent application of steel equipment.

For 30 years Lyon has been designing steel fixtures to fit the specific needs of every business; factories and offices; schools, clubs, hotels and hospitals; warehouses and retail stores. For three decades

The Lyon Man has been showing business how these installations contribute daily to lower overhead . . . to savings in inventories, in space, in labor, in time, in insurance.

It is a fact: you will save more with Lyon Steel Equipment. Once you see Lyon's sounder engineering, superior design . . . once you feel Lyon's stronger construction, greater rigidity . . . once you test Lyon's more durable finishes . . . once you experience Lyon's service . . . you will understand why Lyon is awarded the majority of jobs, despite sharp-penciled competition.

You can obtain a blue-printed analysis of your storage, display or locker problem—without any obligation. To obtain the service of The Lyon Man, address: Lyon Metal Products, Incorporated, Aurora, Illinois. Branches, Jobbers and Dealers in All Principal Cities.

WHEN The Lyon Man calls he speaks with authority, not about your business, but his own—more efficient storage and display through the use of Lyon Steel Equipment. He places at your disposal an economy-effecting experience compounded over thirty years from many, many industries. To his success in that, the nation's greatest institutions will bear witness, gladly. . . .

A Few Representative Users of Lyon Equipment

American Can Company
Bauer & Black, Division of The Kendall Company
Caterpillar Tractor Co.
Commonwealth Edison Company

General Electric Company
New York Central Lines
Reading Company
Reo Motor Car Company

Studebaker Corporation of America
The Pennsylvania Rubber & Supply Co.
The Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Co.
Thor Canadian Company, Ltd.



LYON

SERVICE

STEEL LOCKERS • SHELVING • STORE FIXTURES • TABLES • FOLDING CHAIRS • BINS
CABINETS • DISPLAY CASES • COUNTERS • AUTOMOTIVE PARTS-STORAGE SYSTEMS



MORE PEOPLE ARE CARELESS THAN DISHONEST...

And this insurance for your records doesn't cost a cent

SURPRISING, the number of important documents—agreements, contracts, even checks—bearing “fugitive” signatures, signatures which a few drops of water can wash away. And it's the *signature* that gives these papers their value!

A risk usually unrecognized—but no less a risk. Glasses of water get spilled . . . windows are left open . . . fires break out (fireproof vaults are often not waterproof). More people are careless than dishonest.

Most business men and women use fountain pens . . . demand free-flowing inks . . . “fountain pen” inks. And many such inks, undeniably free-flowing, deep-colored, are “washable”—merely dye dissolved in water.

A risk entirely needless

Now Carter offers a strictly permanent ink that flows freely, evenly, dependably, through the delicate feed of your fountain pen. It's called RYTO—doesn't cost a cent more.

RYTO flows a deep, pleasing blue. Gradually turns to imperishable black. Flows evenly no matter how slowly, how rapidly you write, or whether you use a steel or fountain pen. Keeps its brilliant initial blue indefinitely, in the ink bottle,

inkwell or fountain pen . . . won't go “watery” through oxidization as many inks do.

Water can't wash it out, for the chemicals in RYTO *penetrate the fibres* of the paper. RYTO “rivets” itself in, makes a mark as permanent as the paper itself.

Time cannot fade it. Alterations, except when freshly written, are hard to make, easy to detect.

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Feb. 17. The fire started at 15 to 4:00 in the early morning. Mr. Gravdahl woke up at about 4:00. He opened the door into the living room and the flame hit him in the face. He slammed the door, broke his bedroom window with a chair and tossed his clothes out of the window, and then jumped out himself. It was the coldest for several nights. It was ten below zero. He stood in the snow and dressed himself and ran up and down the trail yelling FIRE! FIRE! FIRE! In half an hour after it caught the hot water tank in the bathroom blew up. This explosion blew out two of Dean Kelsey's windows. Some people thought it was an earthquake. It got so much of a start that no one could do anything about it. So it burned down flat to the ground. It would cost about 1,000.00 or may be more, to build another as good. It was built by Tom Holland. It was moved from its location on the top of the hill at the northwest end of town. It was moved to a location between Moore's where the old Overland House was. They moved it with cats. Mrs. Gravdahl had some valuable furs which she took outside with her. She shot and trapped some of them herself. She would be sorry to lose them. The only thing he saved was a chest of drawers which he was painting, and which was outdoors. Everything was burned. Except a ladder that was standing against the house. The house burned so fast that the ladder was left standing there. He had \$1,800.00 insurance on his house.

GUS WILSON LOST MISSING SINCE DEC. 25

Gus T. Wilson, the Copper River fur trapper has lived along the river for the last fifteen or more years or his life. He has been missing since Christmas day. No traces of him have yet been seen. He lives right across from the old Indian village of Taral which has been battered down. It is about 4 or 5 miles down the track from Chitina, which is N. 131. The R. R. boys have very frequently seen him get his mail because he has to walk across the ice to the Railroad side of the river to get to his mail box. When he did not get his mail at Christmas they surely expected him to get it at New Year's anyway. When the New Years past and still he had not come, they began to watch for smoke issuing from his chimney of his cabin. When this proved a failure, they decided that they would have to get volunteers to go to find him. Fred Bertling, called Swager, Geo. Todd and Andrew Swanson offered to go.

As two of his pairs of snow shoes and other trapping and hunting paraphernalia were still found in his cabin, they claim he may have fallen into the river. Experienced trappers say that the Copper River has been very soft as this has been a warm winter for Alaska. The volunteers were seen going down the R. R. on a gasoline speeder toward the south-end again yesterday. The search will be continued.

Soph: “What is an ice-berg?”
Freshman: “Oh, it's a sort of permanent wave.”

—ED.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine
(One Year, \$3.00)

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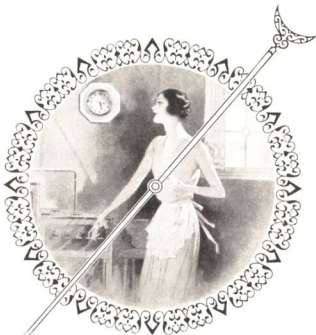
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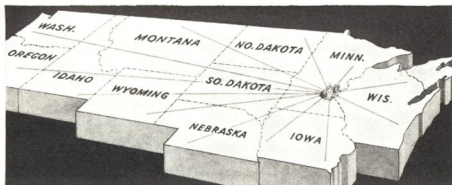
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TIME

Vol. XVII, No. 21

The Weekly Newsmagazine

May 25, 1931

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

The Hoover Week

To his Rapidan camp President Hoover last week took his tall, angular friend Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, and eight Wilbur assistants. Their purpose: to devise Interior economies to help reduce the prospective billion-dollar budget. When the executives came down the mountainside (their cars in low gear because of mud), a plan had been worked out whereby \$4,000,000 would be snipped out of Interior expenditures this year, \$6,000,000 next year, \$8,000,000 the year after. Added to the War Department pruning planned the previous week-end (see p. 19), the Interior cut will take \$8,000,000 off the 1932 budget. Next Departments for presidential pruning: Agriculture, Post Office, Treasury.

■ Last week President Hoover engaged a new literary secretary to replace French Strother, resigned. He was George Aubrey Hastings, 46, of New York, oldtime news-hawk and press agent. His title will be Executive Clerk instead of Administrative Assistant and he will do the research and "ghost-writing" the President requires for public pronouncements, in addition to supervising the President's quasi-official conferences and commissions on child health. Press photographs showed him to the country wearing a little dark mustache and goatee. But he shaved these off his round, pleasant face some time ago.

■ President Hoover again turned to the personnel of the Wartime Food Administration when he selected Harvey H. Bundy, Boston attorney, as an Assistant Secretary of State. For two years Mr. Bundy was assistant counsel under Food Administrator Hoover. Also appointed last week by President Hoover, to be Surgeon General of the Army, was Col. Robert U. Patterson.

■ The State Department keeps a list of special anniversaries in all foreign countries of which the President of the U. S. should take notice. On each anniversary the Department sends out a message of congratulation and signs the President's name. Last week such messages went to King Carol II of Rumania, President Guggiari of Paraguay, President Moscicki of Poland (two Independence Days, one Constitution Day).

■ Edwin Thompson, Lord Mayor of Liverpool, lately called on President Hoover. Last week he broke the White House tradition whereby a visitor never quotes the President. He told a luncheon audience in Manhattan: "President Hoover said he felt a great deal of the difficulties of the present commercial situation were due to the mental condition of business."

THE CABINET

Very Serious Thing

It was after midnight when Senor Dr. Don Carlos Leiva, Salvadorean charge d'affaires, returned from a friendly card game to his legation on Connecticut



Acme-P. & A.

SENOR DR. DON CARLOS LEIVA

He hopes his bite was poisonous.

Avenue one night last week. In the dark hallway a light was flashed into his face. He saw the glint of a revolver. "Stick 'em up!" a hard voice ordered. Instead, Dr. Leiva, 51 and husky, fell upon the in-

truder, grappled for his throat. They wrestled about. The pistol fired wildly. "Pete! Pete!" called the stranger and up from the basement came "Pete" to join the tussle. Dr. Leiva was given a hard pate-pounding with a revolver butt. Blood blinded him. He dropped to the floor. The burglars escaped out a rear entrance.

Somehow the doughty diplomat staggered across the street to Achilles Orphanos' delicatessen store where the alarm was sounded. An ambulance carried the chief representative in the U. S. of the Government of Salvador to the Emergency Hospital where 27 stitches were taken in his head. X-rays showed a fractured skull.

Police investigators quickly discovered that it was diplomatic liquor the burglars were after. They had jimmied their way into the legation, almost wrecked the liquor storeroom in the basement. At the back fence, cases were stacked up for removal. Seventeen boxes of fine whiskey had already been hauled away.

When Secretary of State Stimson read of the assault in his morning newspaper, he immediately wrote Dr. Leiva: "I was shocked to learn of the injuries which you suffered last night and I hasten to extend to you an expression of my regret. I assure you the police will make every effort to apprehend the offenders. I trust that you will recover promptly and I want you to know that you have my deepest sympathy." To newsmen the Secretary of State declared that it was a "very serious thing" when diplomats failed to get the protection to which their official immunity entitles them. President Hoover sent his personal physician, Dr. Joel Boone, to the hospital to see Dr. Leiva.

The Washington police department was asked to explain why it did not give foreign embassies and legations better protection. Its chief insisted they got the best attention the force could afford on its limited budget.

Meanwhile Dr. Leiva, not so badly hurt that he could not express himself freely, told newsmen: "It might have happened to anybody. But the Washington police force is the worst I have ever known. . . . One man [during the fight] thrust his hand into my face and I nearly bit his little finger off."

Hopefully he added: "Sometimes such bites are poisonous. The police may be able to find him when he goes to a doctor, for I bit to the bone."

Under international law Dr. Leiva could collect handsome damages from the U. S. Government for his injuries and the rape of his liquor storeroom. Following U. S. precedent, he might even land Salvadorean marines in Washington to safeguard Salvadorean life & property. Good-humored, he took no action, made no claim.

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National Affairs—(Continued)

ARMY & NAVY

Great Green Snake

Last week a great olive-green snake with a hiss-like thunder hovered in the skies over the eastern half of the U. S. Sometimes it strung out in a disjointed line 20 mi. long. Sometimes it coiled in angles and echelons over cities. In the evenings it disintegrated, scattered down to rest for the night. For the first time, the Army had mustered its entire air strength for maneuvers. The 672 green-bodied, yellow-winged planes—205 pursuit, 335 observation, 51 attack, 36 bombardment, 45 transport—composed the greatest peacetime concentration of aircraft in U. S. history.

Segments of the green snake came from Mitchel Field, N. Y., from Kelly Field and Fort Crockett in Texas, from Crissy and Rockwell Fields in California, from all over the country. When the armada assembled at Wright and Fairfield Fields in Dayton, it became a dire aerial weapon capable of firing 2,000,000 shots a minute or loosing 100,000 lb. of bombs. Its title: The First Provisional Air Division.

First problem of the maneuver was its concentration which took place without serious mishap, in spite of dirty flying weather. Some bombers from the West were held up, and at Bolling Field (Washington, D. C.) the pilots watched a grey sky, chafed at delay. Finally three planes started off. An hour later two of them were forced back by the weather. The other plane was the only one to get through to Dayton from Bolling Field that day. It was piloted by bald-headed, pipe-smoking Brigadier General Benjamin Delahaf ("Benny") Foulois,* 51-year-old Assistant Chief of Air Corps, senior airman in point of service, commander of this year's maneuvers.

In 1898 Benny Foulois rode his bicycle into New York from Washington, Conn. He wanted to join the Navy. Finding no Navy recruiting station, unable to get into the merchant marine, he enlisted in the Engineer Corps. He rose from the ranks, was a Signal Corps lieutenant in 1908. The first Army man to be taught to fly by Orville Wright, he was assigned to operate the Army's first plane, which he flew after 90 minutes of instruction. During the War he was chief of the A. E. F. air service.

Over Dayton, birthplace of heavier-than-air craft, General Foulois and his staff of 150 watched the first demonstration of the three-week maneuvers. Flight after flight took the air, darkening the sky, drowning the city's traffic roar. For the first time since the War militia planes, 99 of them from 18 States, and cadets from Kelly Field, took part in regular Army formations. Main event of the first day was a contest for honor position during the maneuvers between the 95th squadron, 20th Pursuit Group (Rockwell Field), and the 36th squadron, First Pursuit Group (Selfridge Field). The California squadron, led by Captain Frank O. Hunter (War ace credited with nine planes), beat its rival under Captain Victor Strahm

(War ace credited with five planes) in a smooth tactical and acrobatic operation.

After further divisional maneuvers over Ohio, the armada went on to Chicago for two days this week, whence by diverse



International

BRIGADIER GENERAL FOULOUS

Only he got through.

routes it would cross the country, reassemble on four Long Island fields. After a three-day demonstration over New York City, the planes will fly to Boston, then to upper New England, then back to New York, Philadelphia, Washington. The green snake will disperse at Washington. By that time the Army's Chief of Staff, General Douglas MacArthur, who is keeping in direct communication with the armada, will know how well the Army's flying branch is able to protect U. S. cities from a major aerial invasion.

No military demonstration so large as the present concentration could expect to pass without criticism. The Baltimore *Sun* thought it detected a gigantic Army publicity stunt, pointed out that Secretary Davison's own publicity man, Hans Adamson, has been releasing bulletins on the maneuvers for the past three months. Pacifist organizations protested the Army's show as being boldly jingo. The National Guard units did not want to fly until the Army agreed to give them free gasoline. Airminded Senator Bingham of Connecticut felt called upon to defend the \$3,000,000 expense of the maneuvers. Some of New York's citizens became frightened when they heard that there were to be night air operations over their city at low altitudes. When General MacArthur called off the night maneuvers over New York, citizens complained that they were not getting all the show that was coming to them. General MacArthur explained that he had canceled the night show for fear of exhausting his aviators. For although every precautionary method has been taken for the safety of the armada's personnel, Army casualty charts predict that during the 26 days of mobilization, six men shall die.

War Without Profit

When the U. S. went to war in 1917, critical citizens declined to take at face value President Wilson's pronouncements of an idealistic national purpose. Right or wrong, they insisted that the country had been driven into the fight for selfish economic reasons. Bankers who had made large military loans to the Allies were charged with seeking to protect their investment. Industrialists whose factories already hummed filling foreign munitions contracts were accused of fostering U. S. participation to increase their own profits. After the Armistice this skepticism of U. S. war motives was increased by the presence of Government contractors who had grown inordinately rich, big corporations from which the U. S. could never recover excess war profits. Veterans, drafted to fight in France at \$30 per month, returned to the U. S. in disgruntled amazement to find free workers drawing \$300 per month in safe factories. Bankers seemed more prosperous than ever.

W. P. C. Growing with the years, this dissatisfaction with the last War has crystallized into a demand to take the profits out of the next. The American Legion has agitated for what it calls the "Universal Draft." Oftener and oftener is heard the suggestion that Capital and Labor, as well as mere soldiers, be conscripted hereafter. So politically insistent has this movement become that the last Congress created a War Policies Commission. The duties of the W. P. C. were to investigate the details of the last war and prepare legislation "to equalize the burdens and minimize the profits of war."

Secretary of War Patrick Jay Hurley was named the Commission's chairman and with him sat the Secretaries of the Navy, Agriculture, Commerce, Labor, the Attorney General, four Senators, four Representatives. In March the Commission held a short series of hearings at which it went straight to the economics of war. Last week it returned to the task of devising ways & means of conducting the next armed struggle more efficiently, more economically, without profit to anyone.

Baruch Plan. Most important proposal before the W. P. C. came from Bernard M. Baruch, astute white eagle of Wall Street. As chairman of the War Industries Board, which mobilized and controlled business to supply the Army during the War, Mr. Baruch learned from experience all about war profiteering. To eradicate it he proposed a Federal command of still-pond-no-more-moving. "In modern warfare," he testified, "administrative control must replace the law of supply and demand. To measure inflation of price and profit we must have some norm. The obvious norm is the whole price structure as it existed on some antecedent date near to the declaration of war. . . . That determined, we need a method of freezing the whole price structure at that level. The obvious way to do this is simple: By proclamation to decree that every price in the whole national pattern

*Pronounced Foo-loy.

National Affairs—(Continued)

as of that determined date, shall be one maximum that thenceforth may be charged for anything—rents, wages, interest rates, commissions, fees, in short, the price of every item and service in commerce. . . . Such a system would reduce the cost of war by 50% . . . eliminate war profits and inflation . . . conserve the country's resources and preserve the morale of its people. . . .

Pocket Flaps; Cajolery. Impressed was the W. P. C. by Mr. Baruch's account of the activities of his War Industries Board: "Had the War gone on another year our whole civil population would have gradually emerged in cheap but serviceable uniforms. Types of shoes were to be reduced to two or three. The manufacture of pleasure automobiles was to cease. Flaps for pockets and unnecessary trim in clothing would have disappeared. Steel had already been taken out of women's corsets. . . .

"We withheld Swedish iron from the Central Powers by buying it ourselves, persuaded Chile to disgorge nitrates by the discovery that her gold reserve was sequestered in a Berlin bank, cajoled from Spain the mules she had refused us by dangling before her a supply of ammonium phosphate for which she was starving, procured jute at a reasonable price by threatening to cease the withdrawal of silver dollars from circulation, which we had done to stabilize Indian currency."

"Freezing." Mr. Baruch's plan to "freeze" prices at a war's outbreak became the focal controversy before the W. P. C. Newton Diehl Baker, Wartime Secretary of War, opposed it on the ground that wars and their economic management could not be deliberately arranged in advance. Said he: "Laws passed in anticipation of war hampered more than helped the prosecution of the World War." But last week Mr. Baker's colleague, Benedict Crowell, Wartime Assistant Secretary of War, declared enthusiastically: "The freezing of prices is one of the most important factors . . . and I am heartily in favor of it. I don't see how the Baruch plan can be improved upon."

While he favored price-fixing for a few essentials like metals, textiles and chemicals, Col. Leonard Porter Ayres, Cleveland economist, doubted if the Baruch plan would reduce war costs more than 10%. William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, opposed any "freezing" which might hold down the workman's war wage.

Last week the War Department, in the person of General Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff, threw itself against the Baruch "freezing" idea. Said he: "Injustice and hardship would develop to such an extent as to incite popular dissatisfaction and create distrust toward governmental orders and programs. . . . Attempts along this line have fostered subterfuge and evasion and dried up the sources of supply."

The only alternatives which critics of the Baruch plan had to offer were heavy taxes, voluntary agreements among producers and public opinion, all of which

they admitted had failed to curb the excess profits of the last war.

Conscript Labor. So politically powerful is the A. F. of L. that it compelled Congress to exclude specifically from the



Wide World

BERNARD MANNES BARUCH

In case of war, still-pend-no-more-moving.

W. P. C.'s considerations the question of conscripting labor. Nevertheless this question continued to bob up at the hearings despite the efforts of Chairman Hurley to suppress it by citing the constitutional prohibition against involuntary servitude. What some witnesses could not see was the difference between "military slavery" in the trenches and "industrial slavery" at home. Nevertheless the weight of authoritative testimony was against drafting labor. General MacArthur, speaking for the War Department, opined: "The enforced employment of labor would not receive the support of public opinion and even if tolerated would be so resented by the workers that they would not lend their best efforts to the production of needed supplies."

Armies. Last week General MacArthur revealed to the W. P. C. the General Staff's arrangements for a general mobilization. Registered for the draft would be all men from 18 to 45 (the World War draft age was 21 to 30). There would be no exemptions, only deferments. Six field armies totalling 4,000,000 men would be in service within a year, leaving a reserve force of 7,000,000. A new wartime contract to eliminate excess profits would be used for industrial procurement. In readiness are 15,000 manufacturing plants to which the War Department can go immediately for the 4,000 items on its "shopping list." (The 1918 list was 700,000 articles.) Great cantonnements would not be constructed but "full utilization of Federal, State, county and municipal buildings will be made as troop shelters." This program, according to General MacArthur, would give the country "victory, immediate and complete."

Targets of Economy

Two-score Army posts throughout the land last week found themselves on the defensive, fighting for their political lives. Anxious to economize for deficit reasons, President Hoover had picked the Army as his first big target (TIME, May 18). He knew he could not reduce the fighting force below its 118,000 men without encountering violent public objections. He did not want to retrench on river & harbor improvements and flood control because they were essentials of his Unemployment relief program. Therefore he selected as the most likely bull's-eye for economy some of the Army's 340 forts, garrisons, depots, camps, hospitals, flying fields and arsenals. To the country he issued a statement:

"The [General] Staff has insisted for great numbers of years that the Army must be more largely concentrated. . . . We have actually abandoned 13 posts during the last two years.* The Staff probably will report between 20 and 30 more posts that should be abandoned . . . if we are to accomplish some very considerable economies. . . . I have appointed a committee to study these proposed abandonments and see which of them could be used by other departments of the Government. . . . There are some of these posts that might be of very great value to the States for institutional purposes. It would relieve the feeling of deprivation of the local communities if these posts could be adapted to some other public purposes. We are endeavoring . . . to create as little hardship as possible and will effect economies in many directions."

Well aware was President Hoover of the political battles his proposal invited. The War Department was swamped with inquiries from anxious and excited Congressmen as to whether this or that Army post was to go. A garrison, no matter how old or useless, in his district is a great feather in the political cap of any Representative. Supplies are bought in his community. Soldiers spend their pay among his constituents. Troops are on hand for all local celebrations. So tenaciously have Senators and Representatives fought for their Army posts that, as a group, they have succeeded in blocking practically all of the War Department's elimination proposals.

Despite President Hoover's earnest effort to economize, War Department realists expected little to result. The upkeep of all Army posts is only \$20,695,990 and the abandonment of 40 of them, even if Congress consented, would save only about \$2,000,000, a small drop out of a billion-dollar bucket. Coast artillery posts may be chopped but the War Department has up its sleeve as a defense substitute a \$100,000,000 program for 14-in. railroad guns firing from 100 shoreposts. Cavalry stations may go but the cost of mechanizing that service with \$75,000 "combat cars" instead of horses will wipe out any saving.

*Of these nine were abandoned, four made inactive. Of the abandoned stations five were flying fields and two outside the continental U. S.

National Affairs—(Continued)

UTILITIES

Power Probe: Phase II

The Federal Trade Commission's three-year-old investigation of the electric light, gas, & power industry is now in its second, most politically explosive phase. The first



Henry Miller

SMITH WILDMAN BROOKHART JR.

His father's friends expect dynamite.

phase was investigating the industry's propaganda in schools, colleges and the Press (TIME, July 16, 1928 *et seq.*). Then the investigators tackled the more difficult job of ascertaining the financial set-up of the industry, the relationship between holding and operating companies, stock ownership, management fees, interlocking directorates. After a year's secret work, the investigators are now ready to state their findings. Since this phase of the inquiry will touch the public pocket nerve, it is the phase for which professional foes of the "Power Trust" on Capitol Hill have most eagerly waited. Eminent in this group is Iowa's loud, intransigent Senator Smith Wildman Brookhart. Like Senators Norris, Nye, Howell, La Follette *et al.*, he is ready to seize upon the Commission's disclosures and therefrom argue for stricter Federal regulation of interstate power.

As the Commission's hearings started Phase II last week in a schoolroom atmosphere of charts and maps, who should be called to the witness stand but Smith Wildman Brookhart Jr., the Iowa Senator's slender, soft-voiced, studious son, aged 25. When the Senator arrived in Washington in 1926, Son Brookhart had been given a clerical job with the Trade Commission. Graduated from George Washington University in 1929, he was promoted to the rank of a Commission economist and investigator. Married, father of a year-old daughter, he is now studying law.

Phase II began with a scrutiny by Son Brookhart of huge North American Co.'s structure and functions. Examiner Brookhart testified that 76 companies, most of which North American controls, servicing 687 communities, produce about 7% of

the electric power consumed in the U. S. Its holdings are particularly heavy in Ohio, Wisconsin, Missouri, Illinois, Iowa, California, District of Columbia. Its largest single owner is Harrison Williams, New York utilityman, who holds 27% of its stock through New Empire Corp. Other witnesses gave North American a fair bill of industrial health on the ground that it allows its subsidiaries free operating control, does not charge them exorbitant management fees.

One North American subsidiary, Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co., received high praise from Judson Dickerman, Commission examiner. This Ohio company was called a "model concern which conforms to the best ideal of public regulations." Its rates (3¢ per kilowatt hr.) are low, its securities well secured, its management efficient, its service high-grade. Examiner Dickerman pointed out, however, as one possible reason for the Cleveland company's excellent record, the fact that it operates in competition with a municipal power plant which charges a nominal rate of 3¢ per kilowatt hr.

LABOR

Strikes v. Wage-Cuts

At a convention of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen at Houston last week Secretary of Labor William Nuckles Doak pulled from his pocket an old, flat, Irish potato. This, he announced, was his "magic potato." It brought him good luck. Said he: "It is even good for neuras-thenia."

Secretary of Labor Doak had good reason last week to be glad of a "magic potato." Throughout the land the following events were taking place:

In St. Louis when Public Service Co. announced a 10% wage-cut for its 3,500 streetcar employees, the motormen and conductors promptly voted to strike in protest. After two days of negotiations, city officials secured from the company and its men a tentative agreement to arbitrate.

At Mansfield, Ohio, Empire Steel Corp. ordered 15% wage-cut in its plant. Out walked 1,600 Empire workers in the first steel strike of the Depression. Three days later Empire officials rescinded their pay-cut order. The victorious strikers trooped back to work.

At Indianapolis building workmen ended a 13-day strike against a blanket 20% pay-cut and went back to their jobs when the contractors capitulated.

At Glen Falls, N. Y., a 10% wage-cut for shirt-cutters in the Yorke, McCullen Leavens and the Brome factories precipitated a protest strike.

At Pittsburgh, Vesta Coal Co. (Jones & Laughlin steel subsidiary), announced a pay-cut from \$6 to \$5 per day, affecting 3,000 men.

In New York the U. S. Lines (*Leviathan*, *George Washington*, etc.) cut all salaries over \$150 per month by 10%. Affected were 600 non-seagoing employees.

These and other reductions last week had spread to such an extent that William Green, conservative president of the

American Federation of Labor, began to talk publicly about strikes. Said he: "We feel we are being driven to the point where we must resist attempts to reduce wages, even though it may be necessary for workers to go on strike." At the White House conferences in the first days of the Depression, Mr. Green had pledged Labor not to strike for higher pay in return for Industry's promise to maintain existing wage scales. Now he suspected Industry of beginning to break its promise. He felt labor would thus be automatically released from its no-strike pledge. Cited was the fact that the 1921 Depression produced 2,400 strikes whereas this one has witnessed less than 40, most of them small and local—so far.

At Indianapolis the national executive committee of the American Legion voted to petition President Hoover to call a non-political national conference to do something about Unemployment and Depression. Legion reports to headquarters showed 6,000,000 jobless of whom 750,000 were former service men.

At the White House the Hoover secretariat announced: "Mr. Hoover is as interested in maintaining the American wage scale as any man alive." Returned to Washington, Secretary Doak took credit for settling six threatened strikes during the week, announced that any wage reductions by Industry would be considered by the Administration a violation of confidence, would justify Labor's demand for pay increases.

STATES & CITIES

Grand Sachem

The Society of Tammany, patriotic mainspring of New York City's practical Democratic machine, violated its own by-laws for the 19th consecutive time last week when it allowed John R. Voorhis to continue for another year as Grand Sachem. Under its rules a Grand Sachem



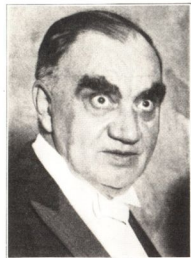
Acme-P. & A.

CENTENARIAN VOORHIS

... has outsmarted Tammany for 19 years.

National Affairs—(Continued)

serves one year, cannot be re-elected. Mr. Voorhis was chosen Grand Sachem in 1912 when he was 83. He has served ever since as honorary head of Tammany Hall through the inability of the Sachems to



International

PORTLAND'S BAKER

... to Paris with ham sandwiches.

(See below)

muster a majority vote in favor of someone else. Each passing year they have expected Time to settle their Grand Sachem-harassment by making a vacancy, but Mr. Voorhis, now nearly 102 and in good health, has continued to outsmart them.

Mayors' Junket

More than 7,000,000 U. S. citizens were temporarily mayorless, last week, when the chief executives (or their delegates) of 24 cities sailed for France. The cities were those which entertained transatlantic Air-men Costes & Bellonte on their cashing-in tour last year (TIME, Sept. 15). The mayors are to be guests of the French Republic, to see the International Colonial & Overseas Exposition in Paris (TIME, May 11) and take a whirlwind junket through France. Entrusted to the mayors by the U. S. exposition committee was a bust of the late Ambassador Myron Timothy Herrick, carved from a beam of the original White House, to be placed in the Paris Hôtel de Ville.

Oldest mayor in the party came from the smallest town. He was Alvin Parker Gray, 78, of Pasco, Wash. (pop. 3,500). He said he was going to "team-up" with the youngest mayor, R. B. Marvin of Syracuse, N. Y., who is 33. Bigger and louder than even St. Louis' Victor J. ("Oh, Boy") Miller was Mayor George L. Baker of Portland, Ore. Large, breezy, beetle-browed Mayor Baker lost no time in making himself the personage of the party. He wore a 10-gallon hat, was elected chairman of the delegation, gave out the big interview during the party's two-day stay in Manhattan. Excerpts: "It may seem like taking a ham sandwich to a banquet,

but you'll notice that all of us who have wives are taking them along, too. The party is sure to be dignified and the ladies may lend some grace to an otherwise motley assemblage. All classes, kinds and politics are represented here, but we're going to try to sink our political differences over there."

Oldest Mayor Gray also had something to say. He bridled when Mrs. Gray, ardent W. C. T. U. supporter, told news-hawks: "Liquor is wicked in itself, and the source of most of the world's wickedness." Said her husband: "Oh, don't listen to her. She's not just a Dry, she's a Prohibition crank. Prohibition will never work, in my opinion." He is proud that little Pasco has not had a murder in 30 years.

When the mayors get to France, where Boston's Curley will join the party, Mayor William Frederick Broening of Baltimore will have \$8,000 in extra spending money. Just before he sailed he decided to accept the back pay from a salary increase which his city granted him in 1927 but which he had hitherto rejected.

Set to watch the behavior of the 26 executives including Los Angeles' Porter, Cleveland's Marshall, New Orleans' Walmsey, Atlanta's Key, Milwaukee's Hoan and Omaha's Metcalfe, and mayoral representatives from New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Indianapolis, was a United Press correspondent. He slyly observed that "three Western mayors" were drinking in the ship's bar the first day out, refrained from naming them.

Common Practice

Last week the personification of Birth Control visited Georgia. Mrs. Margaret Sanger arrived in Atlanta to argue her cause. Up to debate with her arose lean-faced, white-haired Richard Brevard Russell, 70-year-old Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and father of 18 children.

Judge Russell's son and namesake is Governor-elect of Georgia. Declared the tobacco-chewing jurist, who still works on the State road for fun:

"Everyone in Georgia who needs to know about birth control already knows it. Furthermore its practice is common. Otherwise, how would the State have lost two Congressmen as a result of the last census? It's not the self-sacrificing, home-loving, man-making woman who wants birth control but the so-called ladies who want to attend the theatre and the club instead of staying at home caring for their children. ... Birth control matter is cess-pool literature and I don't want the mails in my State opened to injurious matter to be placed before the immature minds in the home. ... When I face God at the Judgment Day I will be able to tell Him that, whatever shortcoming I may have had, I have at least obeyed His commandments about producing children."

Retorted Mrs. Sanger: "Absurd!"

Arizona Overruled

Angry Arizona lost its big and probably final chance to block construction of Hoover (Boulder) Dam last week. The Supreme Court dismissed Arizona's suit to enjoin California, Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming and the Federal Government from undertaking this enterprise as a trespass on its sovereign rights (TIME, Oct. 27). Ruling that Arizona's rights were not injured by the project, Mr. Justice Brandeis declared: "As the Colorado River is navigable and the means which the act provides are not unrelated to the control of navigation, the erection and maintenance of such a dam and reservoir are clearly within the powers conferred upon Congress. Whether the particular structures proposed are reasonably necessary is not for this court to determine. ... It is clear we cannot question the motives of Congress."



GEORGIA'S RUSSELLS*

The Chief Justice: "When I face God I'll be able to tell Him I have obeyed His commandment about producing children."

*Second row from the top: Mother Russell, Chief Justice Russell, Governor-Elect Russell.

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

"Unanimous Desire"

"Uncle Arthur" Henderson, beefy British Foreign Secretary, is a Scotsman who stands by his friends. Only he of all the 20 Foreign Ministers gathered at Geneva last week went down to the station to meet Aristide Briand, just defeated in the election for President of France (see p. 23). Warmly Uncle Arthur and Br'er Briand clasped hands.

Nobody knew then whether the Frenchman was still Foreign Minister or just Citizen Briand. His resignation was in the hands of Prime Minister Pierre Laval of France, but the Cabinet had issued an evasive *communiqué* suggesting that it might be withdrawn.

Briand himself had said sturdily, "I resigned—it was my duty, wasn't it?" On leaving Paris, cheered wildly at the station by a French crowd in which prominent Frenchmen were conspicuous by their absence, M. Briand had accepted a large bouquet of red roses from a young woman, apparently of the working class. Her face was tear-stained. Overcome by emotion she managed to gasp,

"I—I love you, Monsieur le Président!"

For a moment the old, defeated man standing at the door of his Pullman did not reply. Then accepting the roses with a low bow, he said:

"I would rather hear those words from you, Madame, than from the best qualified member of the National Assembly."*

After the train steamed out, the crowd remained for some time, shouting "Vive Briand! Vive la Paix!" But even though news of this demonstration reached Geneva, no friend of cabinet rank was at the station except the Scotsman.

"All That Is Best." It was said that M. Briand had come to Geneva only to preside as Chairman at the meeting of the Commission on European Union ("The United States of Europe") of which he is President. When the Commission met next day, the entrance of Chairman Briand was received by the representatives of 27 nations in dead silence.

At this Uncle Arthur boiled over. Jumping up, he delivered extempore a Scotch tribute, restrained but vibrant with suppressed intensity:

"M. Briand, in my humble judgment, symbolizes in his ideals, in his spirit, in his years of devoted and capable service, all that is best in connection with the League—and when we say that in these days, it means all that is best for the peace of the world and for harmony in international relationships.

"In view of what has taken place it would be idle for us to pretend to each other that the position of M. Briand remains exactly the same as it was. . . . I have risen for the purpose of expressing what I believe to be the unanimous desire of this gathering—as it would be the unanimous desire of a larger gathering like the Assembly [of the League of Nations] if that were gathered together—to say

that M. Briand retains to the very full all the confidence any one of us or all of us ever had in him and in his work in connection with this League and the European Commission.

"We can only express the hope that he may be long with us to guide us, lead us, advise and inspire us."

At this roar from the British Lion, the other animals in the League Ark took their cue, applauded.

Square Head? Dr. Julius Curtius, smooth-shaven German Foreign Minister—the man whose policy of Austro-German *Zollverein* (customs union) dealt such a blow to M. Briand's presidential chances—conferred privately with Chairman Briand before the Commission met. They agreed that neither would raise the *Zollverein* issue in commission, leaving it to be discussed by the Council of the League.

Dr. Curtius then got it into his German head that he could keep this promise by talking about the merits of customs unions in general, not mentioning Austria or Germany. When he proceeded to do so, Chairman Briand, his nerves raw, may have thought Dr. Curtius was either a square-head or no man of his word. Briand cut in: ". . . We must not attempt what it is forbidden to attempt! . . ."

This enraged Dr. Curtius, who seemingly thought he had been betrayed. "Monsieur Briand," cried the German, "has declared this plan for a customs union forbidden. It is not the business of this committee to decide that! That is a point for the League Council to consider."

Figuratively M. Briand threw up his French hands—adjourned the session soon afterward to prevent more blundering. In Germany a large section of the Press was indignant. *Germania*, the Cabinet organ, flayed "M. Briand's astoundingly sharp answer to a calm and purely objective speech by the German Foreign Minister."

French Plan. The Curtius-Briand quarrel brought United-States-of-Europe talk to an abrupt halt. It also weakened the slender chance that the League Council (which can only act by unanimous vote) would be able to get anywhere with its May agenda. When the Council met, two days later, two of its biggest jobs were: 1) to prepare for the (League) World Disarmament Conference, which may or may not meet in 1932; 2) to give a decision on the legality of *Zollverein*. Ordinarily the Council dodges important decisions, was expected last week to dodge by sending *Zollverein* to the World Court.

To create a diversion the French delegation circulated a plan 50 pages long. In essence it proposed (as a substitute for bi-lateral customs unions) a pan-European pact for economic and financial co-operation. As France now holds the lion's share of Europe's gold, and as money talks, much may come of this plan. But on its face it looked only a trifle less vague than the "United States of Europe."

Abruptly the League was startled by

Soviet Foreign Commissar Maxim Maximovitch Litvinov. In an unheralded speech he proposed a Pact of Economic Non-Aggression between Russia and other States "for the peaceful co-existence of the Soviet and Capitalist systems." Russia, he said, would agree with Capitalist countries on a program of no dumping by anyone. "Let the States represented here," he shrewdly concluded, "adopt a general convention providing for compulsory sale of commodities in home markets at the same low prices which prevail in foreign markets."

Forty Years After

Rerum Novarum. Forty years ago last week, the long-headed little old man in the Vatican peered out into the revolutionized industrial world and saw that all was not going to be peaceful. To 81-year-old Gioacchino Vincenzo Pecci, his Holiness Pope Leo XIII, who had been Civil Governor of Benevento and Governor of Perugia and far more a man-of-the-world than his dogmatist predecessor Pius IX, it seemed a good moment for Mother Church to say her say about social and industrial reform. So he composed and issued a great encyclical entitled *Rerum Novarum* ("Concerning New Things"). Firmly rejecting the new Socialism and its "community of goods" as "directly contrary to the natural rights of mankind," he enunciated a platform which he was later to expand so as to put Mother Church on record for trades unionism, the eight-hour day, minimum wage laws, old age pensions and much else that was "radical" then, commonplace now.

"There is no intermediary," he said, "more powerful than Religion (whereof the Church is the interpreter and guardian) in drawing the rich and the working class together, by reminding each of its duties to the other, and especially of the obligations of justice." He recognized the occasional justification for strikes, the necessity for labor unions and decent wage standards, but he made clear that Mother Church could go no further. "As for those who possess not the gifts of fortune," he said, "they are taught by the Church that in God's sight poverty is no disgrace, and that there is nothing to be ashamed of in earning their bread by labor."

Quadragesimo Anno. As last week's 40th anniversary of *Rerum Novarum* approached, the round-headed, 73-year-old man in the Vatican who 40 years ago was an energetic priest fond of mountain-climbing, and who since has shown himself one of the great Statesman-Popes, beheld the industrial and financial worlds again seething with a great unrest. In Russia the overturn had come, violently, and Mother Church had suffered there with Capitalism. Throughout the world, even Capitalists were saying, "Capitalism is not perfect. It must mend itself and mankind." Achille Ambrogio Damiano Ratti, His Holiness Pope Pius XI, perceived that the appropriate moment again

*France holds that Austro-German union of any sort, political or economic, is forbidden by the post-War treaties.

*Which elects the President.

Foreign News—(Continued)

had come for Mother Church to announce her attitude towards the social scheme.

To the Vatican printshop last fortnight went a long document entitled *Quadragesimo Anno* ("In the 40th Year"). To the world Press and to a throng of the faithful assembled last week at the Vatican for the occasion was handed another long document, an official resumé of *Quadragesimo Anno*, Pius XI's encyclical on the social and industrial world of today, amplifying and interpreting Leo XIII's. Finally, a throne and microphone of gold and silver were set up in the Courtyard of St. Damascus and the Pope came forth in person to address the workers and employers of the world.

John Jacob Raskob, member of the finance committee of General Motors, sitting with Mrs. Raskob and their daughter

in Italian, German, French. His keynote: "Prayer, action and sacrifice—there is what is necessary for you, the children of our predilection. That is what you need, you, the workers; you, the financiers; you who finance all industry, labor in justice and charity, in fraternity and in peaceful co-operation. . . . May the Holy Spirit descend upon you. . . ."

FRANCE

Briand Defeated, Doumer Elected

Once every seven years the chic thing to do is to motor out from Paris to Versailles, taking in your Renault limousine a Senator. You are followed by 29 smart friends in eleven cars which should also contain two Deputies and Yvonne Printemps.

You are perhaps the Baron de Rothschild—which ever one you like. With an air of going to Deauville for the *Grand-Prix*, you are off to the greatest race in France, "*le Grand-Prix de l'Elysée*," the election of the President of the Republic.

Six thousand troops and 900 policemen surround and invest Versailles as though war were about to be declared. In the light green woods through which your car is flashing, batteries of artillery are concealed. A special train waits at the Versailles station to convey the President-Elect to Paris. It will not be used. The President-Elect will go by motor, as you are coming, but the special is ready with steam up, and soldiers guard its track. It waits. It pants. Gaudily uniformed, the Garde Républicaine waits to salute the President-Elect.

Paris behind you is celebrating with a holiday. So is all France. Versailles as you enter it is so excited that even you, the Baron de Rothschild, jaded as you are, become excited too. As your motorcade sweeps up to the Hôtel des Réservoirs the scene is of such animation, sparkle and smart push that even your party has to fight its way out to a table set for 40 on the terrace. It is 1 p. m.

To elect a President of France takes hours and frantic hours, even though the people do not vote, only Senators and Deputies, three of whom you have brought. You and they are going to lunch—they scampering out to vote and scampering back as many times as necessary—at least all afternoon, and the lunch may become dinner. Rumors are buzzing. Briand is the favorite, but dark horses often win. Your Senator might, the bearded old duffer!

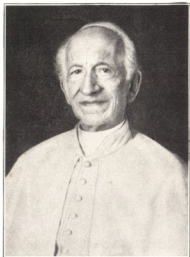
Other tables have begun to take straw votes. Briand has been elected 18 to 12, and Senator Paul Doumer, Speaker of the Senate, has been elected 8 to 6, but that was a small table. The first straw vote at your table last week was Briand 21, Doumer 20 and two for Jean ("****") Hennessy. Something queer about that, as your party was only 40. Your Senator, no friend of Briand, snorted that Briand's friends would beat him yet! Some of them, he said, were circulating in the lobbies U. S. newspaper clippings—all

praising "Briand the Man of Peace," of course.

"Disgusting! Have we met then to elect the President of the United States?"

Germany and Austria elect their presidents by popular vote. Most other European republics follow the French plan; but in France alone the world of wealth and fashion makes the election a social event of the first magnitude, their Champagne luncheons crowding every hotel at Versailles.

To hold a card to one of the narrow galleries surrounding the actual chamber in the Palace of Versailles where the President was elected last week—a chamber used for no other purpose and seldom shown to tourists—is to prove oneself potent. Last week the asparagus-loving U. S. Ambassador to France (see p. 43)



New York Public Library

LEO XIII

He: "Poverty is no disgrace."
Pius XI: "A fair and just wage."

Elizabeth in a reserved seat near His Holiness, may well have wondered what would happen to Capitalism if Mother Church should move her great weight leftward from the position taken by Leo XIII. But the official resumé of *Quadragesimo Anno* dispelled all fear. It said that *Rerum Novarum* was still "the Magna Charta of all Catholic activity in the social sphere. . . ."

"It is . . . absolutely necessary to reconstruct the whole economic system by bringing it back to the requirements of social justice so as to insure a more able distribution of the united proceeds of capital and labor. Thus will be achieved that uplifting of the proletariat which Leo XIII so ardently desired. . . . In the present order this can be accomplished only by a fair and just wage. . . ."

Extremepore. To the world's surprise, Pius XI did not read his official resumé into his world-reaching microphone. Instead he extemporized for over an hour in three languages, repeating each sentence



Acme-P. & A.

YVONNE PRINTEMPS

She stopped her country's show.

and Mrs. Walter Evans Edge, the U. S. Minister to Switzerland and Mrs. Hugh Wilson, tried to crash the gallery with only one ticket among them. The doorman refused positively to let them in. Ambassador Edge had to circulate for some time among potent French friends before he finally wangled his party's entrance.

"Cheer for Briand but Vote for Doumer." The *Salle du Congrès*, where Chamber and Senate met last week as the National Assembly, is shaped like an oblong box, the rostrum being at the centre of one of the longer sides. Behind the rostrum is a stately backdrop for the show, a wall against which brown columns stand like sentinels with ornate Corinthian caps. Around the other three sides of the room galleries rise tier on tier. A magnet for every eye is the great green-&-gold Voting Urn.

As everyone knows, Aristide Briand, twelve times Prime Minister of France, Foreign Minister for the past six years,*

*Except in the two-day Herriot Cabinet of 1926.

Foreign News—(Continued)

"Man of Locarno," winner of the Nobel Peace Prize (1926), co-author of the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact, author of the scheme for the United States of Europe, greatest orator and Master Parliamentarian of France, failed of election as President of the Republic last week, although only five days earlier he had obtained a vote of confidence from the Chamber 430 to 52.

The defeat of Aristide Briand, not the victory of Paul Doumer, was the event of the day. France has dozens of Doumers, small and intensely nationalistic bourgeois who have become Senators. She has only one Briand, stooped, untidy, sleepy-eyed and droop-mustached—world-great. When he reached Versailles last week it was seen that Br'er Briand had submitted to one of the few decent haircuts he has ever had. Even the mustache that has drooped and wandered where it would for years had been neatly trimmed, sleeked down. The Great Man wore a sack suit which had actually been pressed! His valet hovered in the offing with a hatbox and a suitcase. Out of the box could come a high silk hat, and out of the case a full dress suit. Put these clothes on Briand and you would have the President-Elect—*voilà!* It was the valet's great and tragic hour.

Afterward Frenchmen cynically said: "Briand's friends all cheered for him—but many voted for Doumer. *Comprenez?* The vote of confidence in the Chamber was public, the vote for the President secret. Briand could not hold his 'friends'."

This personal factor must be given due weight. But larger reasons why the Man of Peace was defeated are to be found in Germany. Had Adolf Hitler not won over 6,000,000 votes on a platform of "Scrap the Treaty of Versailles" (TIME, Sept. 22), much might have been different at Versailles last week.

M. Briand ignored Herr Hitler last year, continued his peaceful rapprochement with Germany. But half the shopkeepers in France had been scared out of their wits. The Hitler threat had time to fade and blend, but suddenly came the threat of *Anschluss* (TIME, March 30, April 6). Dr. Julius Curtius, the German Foreign Minister, negotiated with Austria a plan for a *Zollverein* (customs union) with Germany, in such heavy-handed fashion that everyone knew *Anschluss* (a political union) to be his object. France mortally hates & fears to see her former enemies unite.

Had the late, great Dr. Gustav Stresemann remained German Foreign Minister, he would have been smart enough to keep *Anschluss* dark for a few more months, until after the French election. But Stresemann the First is dead, there is no second. German diplomacy is back to bungling. Too late many German papers fervently mourned Briand's defeat last week. Groaned Berlin's famed *Tageblatt*: "A black day!"

"France," declared the industrialist *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, "has decisively disavowed peace politics."

The *Vossische Zeitung*, leading German

organ of "Liberal intellectuals," moaned: "There is no one in Europe to succeed him. Should he make good his word and resign as Foreign Minister [see p. 22], the loss would be irreparable—and not to France alone. The era of peaceful post-war politics has ended today with a shrill note of discord."

Doumer is Elected. Even before balloting began last week, Paul Doumer was "the Second Citizen of France," that is to say, Speaker of the Senate, a post of as much and little dignity as that of U. S. Vice President. It is of record that three Second Citizens have been elected First Citizen of France. It is also of record that, although French Senators are much older as a class than French Deputies, all Senator Presidents have completed the full term of seven long years and no Deputy President has (one died, one was assassinated, three resigned). M. Doumer is 74, the oldest Senator and the oldest man elected President since Adolphe Thiers at the same age was chosen First President of the Third Republic in 1871.

For all his three-score-and-14 years, M. Doumer is mighty spry. He comes from Auvergne, the high, central, flint-rock "Coolidge Country" of France. Frugal to the point of acute parsimony, he eats *table d'hôte* lunches *vin compris* (wine included), and it is said that his favorite restaurant makes a small reduction because M. Doumer never drinks the free wine. With his white spade-bred glistening, his old figure spry as a centenarian parrot, Speaker Doumer of the Senate took up his gavel last week as Speaker of the National Assembly which was to elect him President. Twenty-five years ago, when he was Speaker of the Chamber, the National Assembly gave him 371 votes for President, electing Armand Fallières by 449 votes.

Deliberately M. Doumer opened the dictionary on the Speaker's desk at random. A Communist Deputy was shouting "Long Live the Soviets!" And others were shouting him down. That was unimportant. With invincible bourgeois calm, M. Doumer noted that he had opened the dictionary among words beginning with "L." He made this vital fact known. The alphabetical vote began. With Coolidge luck, Doumer had stumbled on the most appropriate letter of the entire 26. Leader by alphabetical right of the "L's," Prime Minister Pierre Laval of France advanced first with his white ballot toward the Urn.

The ballot was taken from the Prime Minister by the presiding teller, held aloft and dropped in the sight of everyone into the first and only important Urn. A brown ball was then given to M. Laval who dropped it into a second urn for checking purposes. Total ballots must equal total balls. One by one, minute after long minute for two hours, Senators and Deputies came forward to ballot and ball until the entire 901 had voted. Cheers for each popular parliamentary echo as he balled. But the great Senator-mathematician, Paul Painlevé, twice Prime Minister of France, did not receive his cheer. Startled by the silence, he shot a

darting glance, then smiled. The great comédienne, the wife of Dramatist-Actor Sacha Guitry, the peerless Mlle Yvonne Printemps had just entered the gallery. Everyone was too busy looking at her to cheer.

Comedy before tragedy. P-for-Painlevé before B-for-Briand. When Bachelot Briand advanced to vote it was noticed that ladies in the gallery cheered particularly hard. The National Assembly cheered, but not enough of it, although those who cheered Briand fairly split their gullets. They were of the Left-Centre and Left. Enemies of the Foreign Minister professed to know then, for a certainty, that he had been beaten, and this may have influenced later votes. There was all the way from B to K to go yet. M. Briand as he voted glanced up expressionless at M. Doumer, and he expressionless looked down. After B, then C, then D-for-Doumer who jerkily leaned forward and voted, cheered by the whole Right-Centre, Right and a sprinkling of others. Tediously the vote went on & on. When it was over, 45 minutes more were taken to count it, check and double-check. The count:

Paul Doumer	442
Aristide Briand	401
Jean Hennessy	15
Marcel Cachin	10
Gaston Doumergue	7
Paul Painlevé	2
Scattered	20
Blank	4
Total	901

Thus on the first ballot nobody got a majority of over half the votes, the necessary minimum to elect. But M. Doumer had failed to win by only seven votes, M. Briand by 48. The result, to a practiced parliamentary eye, was decisive—for a large block of centre National Assemblymen were known to have pledged themselves to vote on the second ballot for whomever received most votes on the first. M. Briand promptly withdrew his candidacy, and soon after left Versailles for Paris where, as he admitted, "feeling a little faint," he went early to bed.

At Versailles the vote proceeded again from "L." Smart luncheons lengthened into weary dinners. At 8:30 p. m. Paul Doumer was elected 13th President of France by 504 votes, at least two score more than necessary. It was of no interest to anybody except Senator Pierre Maurad that he was runner-up with 334 votes. The Left, after Briand left, had to vote for someone.

M. Doumer, as President of the Assembly, was already in *his dress suit*. His valet's work was done. Triumphantly the President-Elect left Versailles, saluted by the Garde Républicaine. He motored directly to Paris, directly to the Élysée Palace of President Gaston Doumergue, which, after June 13, will be the Palace of President Doumer, the "guy" being dropped. Doumer and Doumergue publicly shook hands, then retired into the Presidential drawing room and shut the door.

Foreign News—(Continued)

Paul Doumer was born March 22, 1857, son of a railway gang foreman at Aurillac. His father died, and aged 14 he went to Paris where his mother did scrub-woman's work and such. He was apprenticed to a jeweler, graduated as an engraver of medals.

By the time he was 21, Engraver Doumer had studied enough nights to be graduated at the University of Paris, became Professor Doumer of mathematics. His throat would not stand the strain of lecturing, and he became Editor Doumer of the journal *Voltaire*.

Meanwhile he had married "for love," his wife bringing no dot. But poor Husband Doumer managed to do everyone proud by becoming private secretary to Charles Floquet, Speaker of the Chamber and later Prime Minister. In 1888 Deputy Doumer was elected. In 1895, aged 38, he became Finance Minister Doumer under Prime Minister Bourgeois. He championed the income tax (then considered dangerously radical) until the Bourgeois Cabinet ignominiously fell.

M. Doumer at this time was personally in debt. He had just prestige enough left to get himself "kicked downstairs" as Governor General of French Indo-China. *La bas* he saved his money, governed 17,000,000 natives in approved martinet fashion, and returned with such an incontestable sound record that the Nationalists (conservatives) put him in as Speaker Doumer of the Chamber in 1905.

Once again, when he failed of election as President of France in 1906, his political fortunes ebbed and he became President Doumer of a bank. During the War he served on this & that commission. In 1921 he accepted Prime Minister Briand's invitation to become Finance Minister Doumer 2nd for a year, and in 1925-26 (again under Briand) he was Finance Minister Doumer 3rd.

Like the *bon bourgeois* and banker that he is, Doumer 3rd included in his budget repayment of 17,500,000,000 francs to the Bank of France sooner than the Bank of France had expected to get it. The Bank of France is an institution semi-political and its semi-permanent officials have great influence in the long run.

Paul Doumer is without taint, a water-drinker who has paid his debts, and encouraged France to pay hers. He is sound. He typifies the meek and the industrious who inherit the earth. When his limousine entered Paris from Versailles last week the fickle populace—who pelted President-Elect Loubet with potatoes in 1899—cried "Vive Doumer! Vive Doumer!" Doubtless Doumer and Mme Doumer will live out his term. They have outlived five of their eight children, including four sons whom Father Doumer "gave to France" and later made the subject of a best-selling War book *The Book of My Sons*.

Retiring President Gaston ("Gastouner") Doumergue said last week: "I shall re-read *Dominique Crusoë*—the joy of my youth! Ah, *Messieurs*, there is a book which awakens a taste for long voyages." In short, Gastouner expects to travel, have fun.

GREAT BRITAIN

Great Gobbet

Twenty U. S. women practiced in London last week the curtsies they proposed to make this week to King George and Queen Mary. Along with the other 19, Mrs. Charles Gates Dawes, wife of the Ambassador, would present in an atmosphere breathless with awe her own Virginia. Meanwhile Their Majesties savored with relish an emotion no less potent than awe.

They go seldom to the opera, seldom to serious plays, occasionally to farce, repeatedly to a musical comedy. They saw



International

EUKONA CAMERON, AL TRAHAN

King George: "That man . . . made me laugh very much."

Rose Marie four times (TIME, Nov. 18, 1929). Before the Royal Courts last week came the night of Their Majesties annual "command performance" at a music hall.

Occasion: charity. (His Majesty's liege subject Charles Spencer Chaplin had refused to perform (TIME, May 18), sent a charitable contribution of \$1,000 which he contemptuously called "about as much as I earned in my last two years on the English stage.") Place: the Palladium Music Hall, jammed as usual with men and women who like belly-laughs, smoke and beer.

Because this was George V's first public appearance since bronchitis last put him to bed (TIME, April 20), the Palladium had wished to take steps; but George V ordered that "no smoking" be not ordered. The air was faintly blue when the King entered in opera cloak and dress clothes, the Queen in a long, fur-trimmed cloak of gold lamé, her silver hair surmounted by a diamond and emerald bandeau.

"Ooraw for 'is Majesty!" roared an oystermonger or perhaps a fishwife, and the cheer was on. Smokers then spontaneously knocked out their pipes, trod on their gaspers (cheap cigarettes).

"Pipe Lady May," whispered some to others. In the box with Their Majesties sat Lady May Cambridge (mentioned as George V's candidate for the hand of Edward of Wales) with her mother Princess Alice of Albany and her father the Earl of Athlone, brother of Queen Mary and just retired from his Governor Generalship of the Union of South Africa.

On the bill were two U. S. acts, many British. Juggler Rich Hayes (British) drew royal smiles. Blackfaces Alexander & Mose (British) caused Lady May Cambridge to titter. Xylophonist Teddie Brown (U. S.) realized his ambition of some years to play at a "command performance" and thus swell his British gate. But with a gobbet of chewing gum, Broadway's robustious Al Trahan stopped the show, rocked the Palladium with mighty mirth and convulsed the Royal Party.

Mr. Trahan's act (he was lately in *The Second Little Show*) consists in messing with a huge wad of chewing gum while he plays the piano and is mauled by Miss Eukona Cameron when she is not singing. Last week Miss Cameron did not tear off quite so many of Mr. Trahan's outer clothes as usual. But the chewing gum oozed and blobbered from Mr. Trahan's lips, was stuck under the piano, retrieved, chewed, stuck again, smeared on the piano keys, frantically stretched in all directions, finally gathered together for the supreme effort of mirth. This comes when the lump appears beneath Mr. Trahan's posterior and he hastily sits down on it, thus sticking himself to the piano stool where he antics gummily in mad dismay.

The King-Emperor said afterward: "That man, Al Trahan, the American comedian, made me laugh very much."

Great Swindles

In London, where some of the world's greatest swindles are performed (Londoner Clarence Hatry still holds the record with his \$67,000,000 job—TIME, Oct. 21, 1929 *et seq.*), Justice dealt in Old Bailey Court last week with Brynjar James Owen.

Swindler Owen, soon after the recent Imperial Conference of the Empire Prime Ministers (TIME, Oct. 13 *et seq.*), walked into the office of International Harvester Company of Great Britain, Ltd. He said that he was the director of the Institute of Agricultural Engineering & Research at Oxford University, a project financed by the Ministry of Agriculture. This was strictly true. He said that the Institute had been commissioned by the Imperial Conference to nominate firms from whom 100,000 tractors costing some £65,000,000 (\$325,000,000) would be purchased to carry out a four-year plan of Empire Development.

In their willingness to be nominated, I. H. C., Ltd. could understand Director Owen's willingness, which he presently disclosed, to accept £30,000 for the conduct of "experiments" at his Institute preliminary to the four-year plan. Impressive letters on stationery headed *Treasury and Imperial Conference* gave Swindler Owen the cachet not only of honor but of friendship with the great.

Foreign News—(Continued)

Soon Dr. Owen got Oxford to give him an honorary M. A. He pretended that he already had the rank of Doctor (of Engineering), a rank highly esteemed in Europe.* He went about Oxford arm-in-arm with England's intellectually great and smart.

Dr. Owen next persuaded the Ministry of Agriculture that he should visit the U. S., to study advanced methods in agricultural schools. He returned to England with the glad news that in California his wife had stumbled upon her long-lost mother and that the old lady, believe it or not, had become fabulously rich in oil! She had given her daughter an income of \$50,000, which accounted for the lordly way in which the Director of Oxford's Institute of Agriculture was now living (his salary was only £1,000). As late as Feb. 2 last "Dr." & Mrs. Owen were having in London a grand & glorious time.

On Feb. 3, Dr. Owen was called upon by Augustus Maxwell Rode, controller and assistant treasurer of International Harvester Company of America, whose office is in Brussels. Mr. Rode and Dr. Owen had words. "Does this mean that your company doubts my *bona fides*?" drawled Oxonian Owen. Controller Rode stood his ground.

On Feb. 12, Dr. Owen contemptuously offered to repay I. H. C., Ltd. out of his own pocket the whole \$150,000 they had advanced. Did they really want it, with all that such a transaction would imply? They did. He wrote a check, which they promptly deposited. When next I. H. C., Ltd. saw this bit of paper it bore the rubber stamp, "Account closed."

On Feb. 18, Dr. Owen was deep in conversation at the Savoy Hotel with Alexander Roland Smith, general manager of Ford Motor Co., Ltd.

As I. H. C. were now out of the picture, Ford, Ltd. were willing to be nominated, although General Manager Smith expressed surprise, pleased surprise, that so large an order as one for 120,000 tractors should be placed by the Imperial Conference at a single clip. Dr. Owen dispelled this surprise, borrowing at the same time from Ford, Ltd. \$170,000 for his Institute's "experiments."

Thus Dr. Owen had enough money to make good his worthless check—although it did not appear last week that he ever did so—and \$200,000 more. Thirty-one days quietly passed. Not until March 21 did Ford, Ltd. smell a rat, on hearing that Dr. Owen had been suspended as Director of the Oxford Institute. General Manager Smith called up Dr. Owen at his luxurious hotel in Cannes. Dr. Owen said that his suspension was due to a "personal quarrel" at Oxford and would not affect Ford, Ltd.'s nomination.

Suspicion, during the next three weeks, built its nest around the Perfect Swindler. His letterheads and his clichés, it was noticed, were not quite like British officialdom's letterheads and clichés. By April 16, Dr. Owen was in the grasp of efficient

British Justice at Bow Street Police Court. "I plead not guilty," cried Swindler Owen, looking Chief Magistrate Sir Chartres Biron in the eye. "I have a perfect answer to these outrageous charges!"

He gave the answer last week in Old Bailey, or rather there was no answer. Sentence: four years penal servitude. Next case?

"Jake the Barber." About to break last week was a swindle story which U. S. Department of Justice operatives in Chicago and Philadelphia said will reveal a "monster ring of British swindlers" led by Chicago's dapper John ("Jake the Barber") Factor. According to the Secret Service, Mr. Factor, operating with British associates in London and at Le Touquet, has fleeced numerous prominent Britons, including Edward of Wales, out of no less than \$7,000,000.

To Department of Justice sleuths it seemed credible that H. R. H. was sold stock at Le Touquet in a non-extant oil well. Le Touquet croupiers remembered last week that Mr. Factor and H. R. H. have played baccarat at the same table—which proves nothing. In Chicago last week Mr. Factor got away from his luxurious apartment just before the Secret Service men arrived. But they nabbed in Philadelphia an Englishman called Harry Geen, said to be Factor's swindling lieutenant.

GERMANY

Hitler's Oldenburg

Lately Adolf Hitler's strength has seemed to wane. In the German State of Oldenburg last week he waxed mightily. The election was for the local Diet, but Chancellor Heinrich Brüning of all Germany went out to electioneer against the Fascists.

Result: In the Oldenburg Diet of 44 members, the Hitlerites raised their representation from three to 19, thus becoming the leading party. Roman Catholics and Jews, bitterest Hitler foes, number in Oldenburg 124,000 Catholics, 1,500 Jews. Total population: 545,172.

RUSSIA

Rubles to Burn

Josef Stalin is both the Man of Steel and the Man of Prudence. Ruthless he can be, but he knows the limit beyond which rashness lies. Also he has the G. P. U. (nationwide spy service) to tell him. Recently there have been signs that one feature of the Five-Year Plan would not be stood for by the people much longer: standing in line. Last week Dictator Stalin acted.

As General Secretary (leader) of the Communist Party, he signed with Prime Minister Vyacheslav Molotov (figurehead) a decree abolishing the card rationing system throughout Russia for most classes of goods and foods.

Previously a Russian has had to apply for a ration card in order to buy a pair of shoes or a scuttful of coal. Having ob-

tained this card (after wrangling and explanations as to why he needed shoes—it being no explanation to wiggle one's bare toes) the next step was to take the card and stand in a slow-moving line of perhaps 500 persons.

In the boxoffice would be a clerk, bored and discourteous. When the barefoot man with the card got to this clerk, perhaps after standing in line half a day, he might be told that only women's shoes were left, or the boxoffice window might slam in his face.

"Everything sold out! More tomorrow, maybe. Better come early!"

Under the Stalin decree of last week Moscow's boxoffices will be replaced as fast as humanly possible by 200 stores. Also, several thousand stores will be opened in other cities and towns. The decree voiced confidence that the Government can fill these stores with goods faster than the people can empty them. That is the crux.

Shortage of goods and standing in line had produced a state of affairs in which a Russian with 1,000 rubles might literally not know where or how to spend it. Months ago the Government ruled that anyone who wanted to deposit money with the State could do so at any boxoffice, and for this purpose could go to the head of the line. He could also go to the head if he wished to draw money out. But this arrangement was not widely popular.

From a Soviet fiscal point of view, the effect has been to immobilize so many rubles in Russian pockets that the Government (which conducts nearly all business) has repeatedly run short of rubles with which to pay wages, has had to print more. This is inflation. Last week Soviet officials prophesied that the new Stalin stores will catch so many rubles and return them to the Treasury that no more will have to be printed. They hope to have rubles to burn, and for each burned ruble there will be that much deflation. But there was one flaw in the bright new plan last week. The Government, having switched from cards to stores, raised most prices 50%. This may or may not choke off the expected rush of buyers. If it seems to choke too hard, the State will prevent strangulation by lowering prices.

German banks, who do a little bootleg business in rubles,* reported last year that they were getting batches of Soviet banknotes all bearing the same serial number. Naturally the holder of U. S. Treasury silver certificate number M71525894A entitling him to one silver dollar, hopes that nobody else has a bill of the same number entitling them to his dollar—for that is what such duplication would amount to. German banks have denounced the Soviet Treasury for "counterfeiting its own money."

Object of such counterfeiting would presumably be to prevent the holder of a banknote from jumping to the conclusion that the entire issue was inflated when he saw a serial number in the billions.

If some deflation can be achieved in Russia "state counterfeiting" may stop.

*Soviet law prohibits export or import of rubles.

*The late, great Dr. Gustav Stresemann won his degree with a thesis on the development of the Berlin market in bottled beer.

S P O R T

Kentucky Derby

Three days of fair Kentucky weather had made the track at Churchill Downs hard and dusty, a strip of yellow cardboard between the high white stands and the infield where, from an immense Maypole, hundreds of small flags slanted to the green turf. Mutuel clerks in their shirt-sleeves leaned in the windows along the brick terrace behind the club-house. Equipoise, the winter-book favorite owned by Cornelius Vanderbilt ("Sonny") Whitney, but no longer favored since his beatings in the Chesapeake Stakes and the Preakness, had been scratched because of a blind quarter (hidden bruise) discovered in his right fore leg that morning. Twenty Grand, coupled in the betting with Surf Board and Anchors Aweigh, was the favorite. A. C. Bostwick's Mate, the Preakness winner, was second choice and the rest of the dozen starters were at lengthening odds to the field horses and one absurd long shot, Prince D'Amour, at more than 75 to 1.

Wrestler Jim Londos who had won a match the night before put a bet on Sweep All, horse of Charles T. Fisher (Bodies). Barney Oldfield, smoking a cigaret, sat on the club house veranda talking to Jack Curley who once taught him how to ride a bicycle. Boxer Max Schmeling stood and looked at the crowd with his habitually puzzled expression. Actress Queenie Smith made excited comments to her escort Dramacritic Robert Garland. Blind Thomas Pryor Gore, onetime Senator from Oklahoma said he liked Twenty Grand. John Hertz remembered the year his Reigh Count won the Derby. Jockey Earl Sande, who won last year, said he liked Mate and leaned his back against the paddock rail, waiting for the moment when he would be called to say a few words over the N. B. C. hook-up. Late in the afternoon, the crowd began to climb into the stands for the fifth race, the Derby.

In a black cap and the black striped sleeves and pink of Mrs. Payne Whitney's Greentree Stable, Jockey Kurtsinger on Twenty Grand was the first to come out of the tunnel under the stands from the paddock to the track. The horses dashed past the club-house, where swart little Vice President Curtis sat in the stand built a year ago for the Earl of Derby. Then they turned and danced back, a noiseless, brilliant procession, to the starting line where the track straightens into the home stretch. They were there for only a moment, too far away to be seen without glasses, an obscure line against the dusty background. Then the line grew narrow and began to come toward the grandstand.

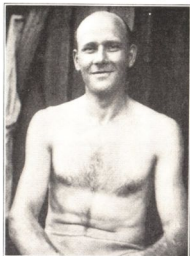
Going past the stand, Boys Howdy and Prince D'Amour were in front. Ladder, Sweep All and The Mongol bunched behind. Ladder took the lead at the half-mile. In the back stretch, with the jockeys' backs profiled above the rail like mechanical rabbits, Sweep All moved up and passed Ladder. Twenty Grand saved his speed for the last half-mile. George Ellis who had brought a Negro jockey all the way from Baltimore so he could rub his head for luck, was up on Mate. He

and Kurtsinger drew their whips at the same time coming into the straight. Mate was tired but Twenty Grand passed Sweep All and moved away so easily he was four lengths ahead at the finish with Mate in third place, three lengths behind Sweep All.

Over the fast track, Twenty Grand's time for the mile-and-a-quarter was 2:01.3, a new track record and almost two seconds better than the Derby Record of 2:03.3 made by Old Rosebud in 1914.

Yale Derby

At Derby, Conn., 10 mi. west of New Haven, the Housatonic River runs into a wide curve above a mill dam. Two miles above the dam, three crews last week waited for the start of the Carnegie Cup



CORNELL'S McMANUS

... a beat almost insultingly low.

race. In the Yale boat, as the result of the latest of many shifts by Irascible Coach Ed Leader, Dave Manuel sat at the No. 6 slide in place of James Gamble Rogers Jr., the architect's son and varsity captain who had occupied it for two years. The Cornell boat, almost unchanged from the one which won the Poughkeepsie Regatta against the best crews in the land last year, was the favorite. In it were Bob Wilson, last year's stroke; Peter McManus, the bald-headed, 30-year old No. 5 who watched 14 Poughkeepsie regattas from his father's farm on the Hudson and, ten years after he got out of high school, made up his mind to go to college and become a crewman. Princeton, in the east lane, had about the same outside chance as the last Princeton crew which won the Carnegie Cup (1927).

It so happened that the start of the race synchronized almost exactly with the start of the Kentucky Derby (see above), but otherwise there was no connection between the two events. Derby Day at Yale, the day of the first big spring regatta, usually falls before Derby Day at Churchill Downs. It is a festival touched by ceremonial mania, causing juniors to add to the gaiety of fraternity houseparties

the absurd and jovial dignity of top-hats, frock-coats and waistcoats with pearl buttons. Seniors rig themselves on Derby Day in the clownish regalia of sailors, goat-bearded farmers, raffish monks or intoxicated nuns. When, four years ago, this mood of conviviality caused an undergraduate to establish a bar in the bottom of a two-story charabanc, efforts were made to modify the diversions of Yale's Derby Day. It remained, last week, the chief holiday week-end of New Haven's spring. A quota of canoes, rocked by apparently inebriate paddlers, capsized above the dam. Presumably due to Depression, only half the seats were sold in the observation train.

Critics who doubted the ability of the championship Cornell crew were embarrassed by the race at Derby. Cornell, in the unlucky west lane, did not bother to use a racing start, moved into an effortless paddle less than a length behind Yale & Princeton. Yale was rowing about 36 to Cornell's 28 or 29—an almost insultingly slow beat for a two-mile race. Princeton kept up a fatiguing high beat for the first mile and had begun to tire when Jimmy Burke, the Cornell coxswain, began to raise his stroke. At the mile and one-half, there was a fraction of a second when it seemed that Cornell might lose. Wilson faltered, but Burke splashed water on his face. At the finish Cornell was two lengths ahead of Yale, five ahead of Princeton.

Harvard v. Navy v. Penn. Last fortnight a Harvard crew coached by Syracuse graduate Charles Whiteside beat Princeton and M. I. T. Last week rowing a little more smoothly, much more confidently, the same crew beat Navy by a length and one-half with a spurt over the last third of a mile and one-half course on the Schuylkill at Philadelphia. Penn was a poor third.

Columbia v. M. I. T. Columbia and M. I. T. lined up on the Harlem and rowed a mile and three-quarters in water that was rough as well as filthy. Columbia, favored to win by three lengths, got away faster but M. I. T. caught up and led for the first mile. Going under the last bridge, they were even; in the last half-mile Columbia pushed ahead a length and one-quarter.

Who Won

William Tatem Tilden II; his series of matches against his onetime doubles partner, Vincent Richards, for the indoor professional tennis championship of the world (TIME, May 18); by winning the second match in Boston, 6-3, 3-6, 6-1, 1-6, 6-3; the third, more easily, in Philadelphia 6-4, 5-7, 7-5, 6-2. Continuing the tour to Chicago Tilden won 7-5, 1-6, 4-6, 6-1, 6-4.

A team of U. S. amateur boxers: five out of eight bouts against an imported team of French amateurs at Soldier Field, Chicago.

A team of French soccer amateurs, to the great surprise of themselves and a hat-throwing crowd of 35,000; a match against a team of seasoned English professionals, 5 to 2, at Colombes, France.

The Philadelphia Athletics: Nine baseball games in a row. In the ninth, beating Cleveland 15 to 10, Simmons, Foxx and Cochrane hit homers, each with two men on base.

THEATRE

Exit a Character

Of the hundreds of characters which Producer David Belasco created and presented during his more than 50 years in the U. S. theatre, the greatest by far was David Belasco. For all the time that he was bringing new realities to the stage—placing live roses at the heroine's bed, using real antiques for historical settings—he was busy fictionalizing himself. When he died in Manhattan last week, debilitated by a severe attack of pneumonia in November, his last words were: "Doctor, I



Wide World

THE LATE DAVID BELASCO
He mothered his legend.

am fighting for my life." So well had Producer Belasco warped the web of legend about himself that his age could only be approximated at 77.

The Belasco legend begins with his father, Humphrey Abraham Belasco, a descendant of Portuguese Jews who fled their native land because of religious persecution. Abraham Belasco emigrated in 1852 from England to San Francisco. The records of Son David's birth, a year later in San Francisco, were presumably destroyed by the earthquake-fire of 1906.

David Belasco's theatrical record is less hazy. In 1882 he went from California to New York with enough stage experience to obtain work as lighting expert and stage manager for the old Madison Square Theatre. He claimed to have been the first to sink footlights into the stage. Later he began writing and producing plays with Daniel Frohman.

In 1889, Caroline Dudley Carter was sensationally divorced by her husband Leslie of the Little Liver Pills family. Wise theatrical heads shook dubiously a year later when Producer Belasco had the temerity to star Mrs. Leslie Carter in *The Ugly Duckling*. The show and its leading lady were outstanding successes. Mrs. Carter worked for Belasco for the next 16 years, quarreling with and leaving him when she married again. Thereafter no star, once wedded, could shine in the Belasco firmament. The suggestion of rup-

tured romance between Actress Carter and Producer Belasco helped the latter's legend. Successively he discovered, developed, dropped Blanche Bates, Frances Starr, Ina Claire, Lenore Ulrich. Leo Dietrichstein and David Warfield also owe their careers to Producer Belasco.

As carefully as he cultivated his famed Anglican clerical costume,* Producer Belasco fostered the properties, attitudes, legends which identified him. At times he was apt to croon about himself and his profession: "I am a mother at heart." At other times he was obsessed with a persecution mania, declaiming against imaginary slanderers: "I'd like to know who started all that talk. I'm sick and tired of it. I'd kick him around the town!"

Equally extravagant are the tales about him. Once he stuck a pin in Frances Starr to get her to scream correctly. Once he took an axe to a set which Ina Claire had criticized. Once in Washington, he heard an audience wildly applauding at one of his shows, was bitterly vexed when he learned it was an ovation for President Wilson.

Further evidence of his personal showmanship was his propensity for surrounding Character Belasco with the proper dramatic setting. Visitors at the studio above his theatre were shown his fire-place from the Alhambra, his chair made from a pew in a church at Stratford-on-Avon, his collection of 300 watches, knick-knacks and curiosities of all sorts. In his apartment in a quiet family hotel (the Gladstone) he had a miniature cathedral chancel in one of the closets.

It is not likely that any of the 43 plays he wrote, collaborated on or revised (among them: *The Girl Of The Golden West*, *A Grand Army Man*, *Kiki*) are sufficiently significant for immortality. The glamour and daring of his earlier productions has been imitated and surpassed by more youthful competitors, making some of his most recent productions seem merely the queasiness of an old man. But as a character of the U. S. theatre, David Belasco has a good chance of enduring. He saw to that.

New Play in Manhattan

Perfectly Scandalous. In the beaver-board Park Avenue apartment of Capitalist Sydney North lives a curious set of people—North, his young and frivolous wife, his adopted daughter, his sister and her stepson. Their domestic entanglements are set forth right away by having Mr. North's private secretary read off an explanatory statement, as in the oldtime first-scenes between butlers and maids. Mr. North's sister's stepson is loved by Mr. North's adopted daughter. His wife is loved by the private secretary who wants her to elope with him. Mr. North's sister's stepson, a vapid character, does not know whom he loves. Mr. North loves nobody.

The sister's stepson is caught drunk, having chastely spent the night in Mrs. North's bedroom. The adopted daughter learns that she is really Mr. North's illegitimate daughter. In the end the two young folk are mated, the private secretary goes off to Spain without his employer's wife.

*He was buried, last week, from Manhattan's Central Synagogue.

A R T

Simple Things

Sixty-two-year-old Artist Leon Dabo is well known to the older art-critics and active women's club members of the U. S. Before the War he was ubiquitous; his paintings were bought by such museums as the Luxembourg at Paris, the Imperial at Tokyo, the National at Ottawa, the National at Washington, the Metropolitan at Manhattan, the Fine Arts at Boston. He was acquainted with the great & famed everywhere. Since the War he has been shy about his paintings but bold about



Arnold Hoffmann

LEON DABO

... reassumed his pre-War personality.

his conviction that while U. S. men are growing more material-minded, their women may save the race for Art by becoming more spiritual. Result: he has averaged 15 lectures per month to U. S. women's clubs, with such success that recently he had to decline invitations to deliver 30 per month more.

Last week he reassumed his pre-War personality, gave a one-man painter's show in Manhattan.

Leon Dabo was born at Detroit, Mich. into a French-Canadian family, spoke "Canuck" French in his youth. Aged 16 he went to Manhattan to study under the late famed John LaFarge, who later sent him to Puviss de Chavannes in France. That artist enrolled him in the *Académie Julian*, added his own instruction afterwards. Whistler was his final master. Then Leon Dabo set out to range the world, meeting celebrities and learning languages—acquiring, incidentally, a love of the sea, which became his favorite theme. He knows Asia, the Near East, Africa. He spent 1904 in Greece.

In France before the War he met Georges Clemenceau at the studio of Claude Monet. In 1914 he offered his polylinguistic services to the Tiger. He served as an officer in the French, British and U. S. Armies successively. Especially adept was he at detecting whether or not a man's dialect in any language corresponded to the town he purported to be

THE PRESS

from; by this means he exposed many a German spy, sent him out to be shot. Once acting the spy himself, he was dropped from an airplane behind the German lines, gained his information and escaped. Leon Dabo thoroughly enjoyed the War.

Dabo seascapes are not Nature as the ordinary man sees it. They are all alike in treatment, grey predominating, as in subject—beach, sea and sky. Artist Dabo retained well what he learned of composition from Whistler, of color from Puvion de Chavannes. His almost academic rendering and semi-symbolism date him definitely as of their time. For his simplicity and haziness of detail there is further explanation. He has delved deep into occult literature, emerged with a great faith in the Simple Things of Life. Last week a fellow-believer, the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, cousin of the late Tsar Nicholas, dropped into the exhibition and interrupted Artist Dabo's explanation of his works for an involved discussion of these Simple Things.

Bliss Collection

In the five rooms and hallway that constitute the Museum of Modern Art in the Heckscher Building, Manhattan, last week hung the best collection of modern painting yet seen there—woodcuts and paintings by Gauguin, several vivid Cézannes, a Seurat seascape, a colorful Degas, splendid examples of Frenchmen Monet, Renoir, Redon, Daumier, Picasso, Matisse, Guys and of U. S. Artists Davies, Charles and Maurice Prendergast, Dougherty, Kuhn. More newsworthy than the exhibition's quality, however, was the fact that these paintings were now the Museum's property. Before the public was invited to look, a memorial service was held for the lady who had not loaned but given her collection. She died last March at 66, Miss Lizzie P. ("Lillie") Bliss, daughter of the late Cornelius Newton Bliss, President McKinley's Secretary of the Interior and rich president of Bliss, Fabyan & Co. (wholesale drygoods).

For her father, Lillie Bliss was hostess and housekeeper, until he died in 1911. She had learned kindness and sociability in this career, and in 1912 she stepped not only into wealth but popularity. Artists such as the late Arthur B. Davies, actors like Walter Hampden, Ruth Draper, Ethel Barrymore, and many a musician attended her formal, wireless soirées. By 1913 she was helping organize the historic exhibition in Manhattan's Squadron "A" Armory which introduced a continent to Modernism. One of the earliest collectors of modern paintings, in 1929 she was co-founder (with Mrs. John Davison Rockefeller and Mrs. Cornelius J. Sullivan) of the Museum of Modern Art, to which she bequeathed almost all that she had bought, pruned, guarded. A loan exhibition of her good friend and adviser Artist Davies hung beside her bequests last week. Critics agreed that the Bliss Collection has now made the Modern Museum what it was founded to become, a lively purgatory wherein promising new arrivals may await, as French artists wait in the Luxembourg for the Louvre, admission to the musty paradise of the Metropolitan Museum.

Two Old Gentlemen

Recently the newspapers carried a story about a girl in Missouri who won a \$1,500 award from a railroad because a brakeman kicked her in the head to remove her from the path of an onrushing train.

Last fortnight the newspapers told about a girl who was standing in a Manhattan telephone booth when a mouse jumped into her blouse.

When learned President Nicholas Murray ("Miraculous") Butler of Columbia University read these stories he chuckled heartily. On the second story he wrote,



BANKER CROCKER & PEDAGOG BUTLER

A brakeman and a mouse and two girls helped make life worth living.

"Illustrating the dangers of communication by telephone,"—and sent both clippings to old chum and fellow Republican National Committeeman, President William Henry Crocker of Crocker First National Bank of San Francisco (who arrived last week in Manhattan).

It was revealed that for nearly 25 years, since they first met at the Bohemian Club's jolly grove near San Francisco, Pedagog Butler and Banker Crocker have been regaling each other across the continent, exchanging things they find amusing. Sometimes they send jokes, sometimes crank letters; but mostly clippings of those little boxed stories called "freaks" which are the delight of make-up men striving to fill holes on their front pages.

Explained Banker Crocker: "Dr. Butler is very human. We have found our friendly interchange by mail has helped to make life worth living. Sometimes they come daily, sometimes a rather longer period elapses, but it is never a great while."

Odds, Ends

¶ To be publisher of his father's New York *American*, William Randolph Hearst Jr. appointed Eugene Forker, lately advertising director of Hearst's International Magazine Co. Inc. Publisher Forker broke in as a cub on the Los Angeles *Herald* in 1908, later serving as International News Service correspondent on the Mexican border, working on various papers about

the U. S., returning to the Hearst fold in 1917 as editor of *Harper's Bazaar*.

¶ Economist Henry Parker Willis, with the New York *Journal of Commerce* for 30 years, resigned the editorship which he had held since 1919. Reason: "Clashes of opinion" with the Brothers Joseph, Bernard and Victor Ridder, publishers. Managing Editor Frederick W. Jones also resigned.

¶ In Girard, Kans., Publisher Emanuel Haldeman-Julius (Little Blue Books) announced that within three weeks he would revive the defunct Socialist journal *The*

Appeal to Reason. The War killed it in 1918. Publisher Haldeman-Julius said he would reinstate the former editor, Fred B. Warren.

¶ Duped into printing a famed poem ("Memory," by T. B. Aldrich) as an original contribution, the New York *Times* was deluged with indignant letters. The *Times* hid its confusion beneath a philosophical attitude: "... It is gratifying to find so many readers who are faithful followers of poetry."

Three-Way Hearst

In Hearstpapers throughout the land last fortnight, readers beheld a new column of news notes headed "The Globe Trotter." Radiowen were told they might tune in and hear "The Globe Trotter" relate his stories in more detail. At newsreel theatres were showing shots of the events thus Globe-Trotted. This ingenious co-ordination of press, radio and screen was the latest development of Hearst Metrotone News. The reels, distributed twice weekly by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, are prepared in Manhattan but can be modified to include events of local interest where they are displayed. The name of the "sponsoring" newspaper is worked into the radio broadcast and into the title of the film, e. g.: "Hearst Metrotone News ... The New York *American* ... WOR ... The Globe Trotter." In cities where there are no Hearstpapers, other dailies may engage in the three-way plan.

M U S I C

The Pumpers

*Oh, Doppel-gedickel, gerohrgedeckt,
Gerohrgedeckt, gerohrgedeckt,
Oh, Doppel-gedickel, gerohrgedeckt,
Gerohrgedeckt, ge-doo.*

The lionine head and thick-lensed spectacles of Archer Gibson, private organist for Charles Michael Schwab, bobbed over the keys of a small portable organ. The broad back of Author-Aeronaut Samuel Taylor Moore (*Hetty Green*) rose and fell over the pump-handle projecting from the organ's side. Some 80 tycoons, lesser businessmen, artists and writers boomed out their official anthem (chorus given above*) to the rhythmic accompaniment of pounded beer mugs in a big private dining room of the Hotel Brevoort, Manhattan. It was the "49th, 48th & 47th Fiscal Meetings and First Bicentennial Hard Times Party" of the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers, a thriving, purposeless organization of men who at some time or other manned the pump-handle of an organ.

Last week's meeting was typical of most (there have been nine), but it was bigger & better. Presiding was the founder and Grand Diapason, spare, bald-pated Author Chester Wernitz ("Chet") Shafer. As usual, most of the hilarity was provided by the "business" report, weightily and pompously delivered by Author Moore, Vox Humana (and Acting Tremolo) of the Guild.

Vox Humana Moore pointed with pride to progress in one of the Guild's prime missions: conservation of the wild cast-iron animal life which is so fast disappearing from U. S. lawns. Congress was now considering the Guild's demand for a preserve, probably to be near Metropolis, Ill., "about three miles from Tillie Ephardt's place." Meanwhile the Guild was to make a great demonstration. Next day 10,000 members were to march from the Battery to Manhattan's Empire State Building, there to form a "living flag" while 25 cast-iron pigeons were released from the dirigible mooring mast on the tower. Vox Humana Moore had many another point to make: 1) He viewed with alarm the Guild's dwindling deficit: nothing but a membership drive would restore the deficit to its former whopping dimensions. 2) Fellow Pumper Richard Whitney, president of the New York Stock Exchange, had promised to have the Guild's diplomas listed on the exchange. 3) Despite the venomous gossip of enemies, the Guild was in no way responsible for the burning of convents in Spain; unbiased, the Guild would have burned all kinds of churches if it were burning anything.

Somewhat more rational speeches were made by Pumper Benjamin Franklin Affleck of Chicago, president of Universal Portland Cement Co. (he once pumped for 35¢ a Sunday in Belleville, Ill.); by Pumper Frank D. Waterman (fountain pens), 1925 candidate-reject for Mayor of New York City; and by Pumper John M. Gibbons, general counsel for New York.

*Tune: "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush." Theme: *doppel-trahgedickel*, the name of the organ-stop that produces a flute effect. *Gedickel* is meaningless, inserted to jingle.

New Haven & Hartford Railroad, who pumped for five years without pay in St. John's Catholic Church of Honesdale, Pa. After many a rousing hymn (favorite: "Touch Not the Cup") and a Big Free Magic Lantern Show presented by Grand Diapason Shafer, the meeting adjourned.

History. "Chet" Shafer, an amateur student of Americana, collector (at his home in Three Rivers, Mich.) of old shaving mugs, cross-stitch mottoes, cuspidors and headless wooden Indians, wrote for the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1926 an article called "The Pipe Organ Pumper" wherein he recalled the experiences of many a small boy (like himself) whose weekly chore before the electric-blower fan was to sweat and grunt over the pump-handle in the organ loft. Theirs was the duty, indispensable to organist and choir, of keeping a crude pressure-gauge above



GRAND DIAPASON SHAFER

... for the conservation of wild cast-iron animal life.

the danger mark. On rare occasions, dreadfully unforgettable, the pumper might lag from exhaustion "and wreck a full throated anthem or a shrill soprano solo in the agonized screeches of the high pipes and the guttural grunts of the low ones as the wind suddenly expired." Least penalty for such dereliction: dismissal in disgrace. Reward for faithful service varied from nothing (except the privilege of sitting out of sight during the sermon) to Boston's lavish 50¢-per-Sunday. Average pay was about 15¢. Concluding his article, Author Shafer whimsically proposed an organization of former pumpers. To his amazement, he was flooded by enthusiastic letters. Pumper Affleck wrote first, enclosing a check for 35¢—his weekly stipend at pumping—as proposed membership fee. U. S. Senator James Couzens demanded to join: for two years he had pumped at the Presbyterian Church of Chatham, Ont. for \$5 a year. Third charter member was Julius Rosenwald (now Grand Quint of the Chicago

Loft) who shrewdly earned 25¢ a Sunday for labor at the First Presbyterian Church of Springfield, Ill. (not at the temple attended by his parents). At last year's meeting of the Chicago Loft, Pumper Rosenwald delivered a report on "My First Pair of Double-Seated Bike Pants"; and Pumper Robert Arthur Wood, president of the Chicago Stock Exchange, explained his "Neat System for Picking Up Old Razor Blades."

Founder Shafer scarcely knew what had happened before he had an organization on his hands (now numbering about 1,000 with additional Lofts in Boston, Syracuse & Detroit). Membership requirement: proof of bona-fide pumping, plus a life-membership fee of \$5. Some of the members: the late Myron T. Herrick, Will H. Hays (who had to put his weekly 10¢ wage in the Sunday School collection box at Sullivan, Ind.); Author Arthur Pound; Harold Cunningham, onetime master of S.S. *Leviathan*, and his successor, Albert Randall; Managing Editor Kenneth C. Hogue of the *Wall Street Journal*, Colymist Robert Hobart ("Bob") Davis, Artist Tony Sarg, Funnyman Tip Bliss, Actor James Gleason, Funnyman Milt Gross, Banker Phelps Newberry of Detroit (Guardian Detroit Bank); Broker Edward H. Kittredge (now Augmented Bombarde of the Guild).

Occasionally a former pumper who has heard vaguely of the Guild, takes it seriously, and, upon joining, attempts to guide its affairs into purposeful channels. His effort never survives his first meeting.

Wolle's Week

If John Frederick Wolle 50 years ago had decided to go to college instead of becoming a drugstore clerk in his home town of Bethlehem, Pa., there probably never would have been founded the famed Bach Festival which was repeated for the 25th time in Bethlehem last week. Fred Wolle chose the drugstore job because he thought it would leave him more time for music. He had learned the rudiments of the organ by himself in the old Moravian Church. It was mostly on his drugstore earnings that he began formal lessons with blind David Duffield Wood of Philadelphia, at 21 went to Munich where he became absorbed in the music of pious Kapellmeister Johann Sebastian Bach.

In spirit the Bach Festival in Bethlehem has stayed surprisingly the same as when Fred Wolle started it in 1900. Steel now possesses Bethlehem but Steelman Charles Michael Schwab helps support the Choir. Lehigh's Packer Memorial Church houses the performance because the Moravian church will no longer accommodate the crowds. But the Moravian Trombone Choir plays from the tower before each session, as it did in 1900 from the Moravian Church Tower, as its forerunners did when George Washington passed through the village. Last week of the past: cantatas were sung the first day, the great B Minor Mass the second. The capable soloists were the same as last year's. Players from the Philadelphia Orchestra again assisted the chorus, nearly all amateurs from Bethlehem and environs who, since October, have rehearsed, imitating Director Wolle's simple devotion to the music of Bach.

*Enlarged to book form: THE PIPE ORGAN PUMPER—Greenberg, New York, 70pp. (\$1.50).

M E D I C I N E

Red Cross Assayed

The American Red Cross last week, just before its 50th anniversary, was in the hands of diagnosticians.* Public apathy toward last winter's drive for \$10,000,000 for Drought relief and the fierce criticism of the U. S. Senate (TIME, Jan. 26 et seq.) made the brains of the organization, Chairman John Barton Payne and his Central Committee, suspect that they did not look well, were systematically deranged, might need a purge.

The Red Cross is not on a permanent financial basis. Annual contributions do not pay for annual expenses. The difference has amounted to \$37,000,000 the past twelve years. That money came out of the \$51,800,000 surplus left over from Red Cross War work and from the income of the organization's \$10,400,000 endowment.

The investigators are asking why every recent Red Cross dollar was spent, of what use every Red Cross worker is, the wisdom of every Red Cross operation. Chairman Payne, as he remarked last week, "is more or less on trial." His "trial" judges, acting for the organization's Central Committee, are Eliot Wadsworth, Boston financier, onetime (1921-25) Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; George Eaton Scott, Chicago steel founder, a fisherman (past president of the Isaac Walton League); and Mrs. August Belmont, Manhattan dowager. They expect, as does he, that he will soon know enough facts to purge the Red Cross of consequential expenses and personnel, to balance its budget, regain popular esteem. Conducting the actual investigation: Edwin G. Booz Surveys of Chicago.

California v. New York

(See front cover)

Lucifer, who was thrown out of Heaven for wanting to carry his particular Light to mankind, would have grinned sardonically had he looked up through the floor of an official chamber in Manhattan last week. Dr. Walter Bernard Coffey of San Francisco was again asking the State of New York's Department of Social Welfare permission to open a cancer research laboratory and clinic at Huntington, L. I. (TIME, March 23). His cohorts surrounded him. Opposed were Dr. John Augustus Hartwell, president of the New York Academy of Medicine, spokesman for organized Medicine, and his cohorts.

The simple question was: Should the State authorize the cancer clinic? But in the train of that simple question came a most extraordinary range of considerations—the nature and cause of cancer; the nature and authenticity of the Coffey-Humber cancer treatment; medical ethics, human nature, public policy, money, fame, and even national politics. Representing great wealth, prestige, knowledge and political power, the contestants in this greatest medical fight of many a year in some degree represented buoyant, bouncing, sometimes crass California against bal-

anced, urbane, sometimes effete New York.

The Protagonists. In the room were: Dr. Coffey, 53, square-faced, burly, choleric.* He is chief surgeon of Southern Pacific Co. and Dollar Steamship Lines. For the railroad he has 600 doctors working under him. They care for 70,000 railroad men and their families. On the principle that "the health of the community is the wealth of the railroad," Dr. Coffey's staff help public health officials throughout the railroad's territory. Dr. Coffey is an important California executive and a political power in the State. Professionally he is a surgeon. Characteristically he is an empiricist. "What works must be good." His first case, when he began practice in San Francisco 35 years ago, was a Negro who needed a minor operation. When the Negro saw the operating scissors he hauled on his clothes and ran. Dr. Coffey ran



JOHN BARTON PAYNE

"... more or less on trial."

(See col. 1)

after. He, very poor, needed that first fee. A patrolman halted the patient and made him return to Dr. Coffey's office. Under threat of the patrolman's club the Negro, howling, submitted to cutting, paid his small fee, left. Dr. Coffey was obliged to give part of his small fee to the patrolman, who argued that he was the anesthetist.

Dr. John Davis Humber, 36, short & stocky, pallid from years of laboratory work. He worked out, under Dr. Coffey's direction, the anatomy of the sympathetic nervous system. Together they have proved that the sympathetic system carries sensations of pain, that the terrific pain of *angina pectoris* is sympathetic. Dr. Coffey stops the pain by cutting sympathetic nerves in the neck. The Coffey-Humber sympathetic studies led them to their cancer work.

Mrs. Grace Isabell Hammond Conners,

*He has high blood pressure. At the hearing he carried in his pocket a soothing telegram from Mrs. Coffey, urging him to keep his temper.

31, the slim, comely, brown-eyed, determined widow of the late William James ("Fingy") Conners, Buffalo steamship, newspaper and political tycoon. The Conners lived so gaily at "The Monastery," their estate at Huntington, Long Island, that since he died (1929) she has refused to return there. (One of the rooms is paved with old tombstones.) She also gave up the motor-boat racing at which she was enthusiastically expert. Last summer while she was traveling in California and thinking of founding a children's home somewhere with her inherited wealth (she is a devout Roman Catholic convert), she heard of the Coffey-Humber cancer work in San Francisco. She visited the Southern Pacific General Hospital unannounced and found the patients praising Coffey, Humber and God. Injections they had received had relieved their pain. Their cancerous growths were sloughing off. Mrs. Conners was persuaded that Drs. Coffey & Humber were on the track of a positive cure for cancer. Later, in Manhattan, Mrs. Conners met the Californians personally. For their further experimental work they could have, she then told them, "The Monastery" which with its 15 acres was worth \$1,000,000. She would also see that they had an endowment. Dr. Coffey replied that he would accept the gift only in the name of the Better Health Foundation of California.

Celestine James Sullivan, 58, doctor of laws, is secretary of the Better Health Foundation. Its purpose is to improve general health in California. To that end it co-operates with California medical schools and research institutions (like the Hooper Foundation); publishes health advice in the daily papers; prints *Better Health*, a magazine like the American Medical Association's *Hygieia*. Dr. Sullivan, physically a huge man, when he learned of the proposed Conners gift, went to

C. Walcott Durbrow, 51, the physically tiny valuation counsel of the Southern Pacific. Mr. Durbrow was in Washington early last week, trying a case before the Supreme Court of the U. S. He dashed to New York to try to consummate the legal work he began in San Francisco last autumn. That work was the chartering of a New York Better Health Foundation to take possession of "The Monastery." His legal counterpart in New York is

Herbert Livingston Satterlee, 67, silver-haired, silver-bearded, blue-eyed corporation lawyer and humanitarian. Near him as he stood at the Manhattan hearing last week sat his wife, who is John Pierpont Morgan's sister. She knew that this cancer dog-fight was distracting Mr. Satterlee from his battle to get back for depositors the savings they entrusted to the failed Bank of U. S. (TIME, Dec. 22 et seq.). She knew how he had got into the cancer fight: at Lawyer Durbrow's request. Mr. Satterlee had organized the New York Better Health Foundation. Then he had learned of harsh medical opposition to the Coffey-Humber work. Why should they not have opportunity to work in New York as in California? he wondered. Let them have opportunity to prove their value or their futility. He dashed into the professional battle with all his tenacity and brilliance, despite the fact that some of his best friends, potent New York

*A row is on because commemorative stamps carry the picture of one Marie Bard, artist's model, instead of Clarissa Harlowe (Clara) Barton's, cantankerous Red Cross foundress.

medicine men, were opposing him.*

Dr. John Augustus Hartwell, 61, president of the New York Academy of Medicine, a great surgeon and teacher, is one of those friends. He and Mr. Satterlee sat immaculate at opposite ends of a long table. They intermittently scowled and smiled at each other. Dr. Hartwell, a tall, bald, big-boned, well-groomed gentleman, thoroughly hated his chore of speaking for New York medicine. But he and most of his associates want Drs. Coffey & Humber and their cancer extract kept away from New York. They are positive that the Californians have no scientific foundation for their work and claims. They fear that the hope of a Coffey-Humber cancer cure will persuade the cancerous to abandon the orthodox treatment of surgery, X-rays and radium. To support his arguments he had present the presidents of every county medical society in and adjacent to New York City. In addition he had:

Dr. Clarence Cook Little, 42, onetime (1925-29) president of the University of Michigan, now managing director of the American Society for the Control of Cancer. His Society for the Control of Cancer, he explained, took no side on the Coffey-Humber matter. But he personally believed that Drs. Coffey & Humber had better follow up their work in California.

Dr. Francis Carter Wood, 61, the ruddy, learned director of the Crocker Institute of Cancer Research, editor of the new *American Journal of Cancer* (TIME, Jan. 12) was also present. Dr. Wood is one of his country's greatest experimenters in cancer. Francis Patrick Garvan and his Chemical Foundation act upon everything that Dr. Wood says regarding cancer. He said last week that there was no established merit in the Coffey-Humber extract; better leave it alone.

Dr. Burton Thorn Simpson, 58, the rotund, chubby director of the New York State Institute for the Study of Malignant Disease at Buffalo, spoke for himself and for Dr. Thomas Parran, State Commissioner of health. Dr. Simpson agreed with the other Easterners.

Dr. Shirley Wilmott Wynne, 48, New York City's health commissioner, who has a row on with the New York Academy of Medicine and other local medical organizations (he believes in socialized medicine; they do not), sat through four hours of the hearing, on a hard seat, hard-eyed, alert. Dr. Hartwell, prosecutor for the opposition against Drs. Coffey & Humber, asked Dr. Wynne if he would say something. Said he with the others: "There are enough institutions for cancer work in and around New York City. We don't need another. Let Drs. Coffey & Humber supply our institutions with their extract. We'll give it a fair trial."

Dr. James Ewing, 64, to whom Medicine paid rare homage this year (TIME, Jan. 12) was the delight of the whole hearing. He knew everybody and everything they

knew about cancer. Dark, wearing dark glasses, slightly stoop-shouldered, he would sit slumped into a chair until cramped. Then he would limp out to the hall for a few puffs at a cigaret. Between puffs he would take a whimsical glance at the tense group of recriminating doctors and lawyers, whose time for the afternoon was worth at least \$100.00.

Cancer Situation. When the time came for Dr. Ewing to give his opinion, the cancer situation was well understood. Cancer is, after heart disease, the worst killer in the U. S.—111,569 in 1929, more in 1930, still more for 1931. (Federal data.) The cause is undetermined. Best thought advises minute study of both healthy and abnormal cells. At present the only approved method of attacking cancer is to recognize its presence quickly (the propaganda of the American Society for the Control of Cancer) and then to destroy the malignant growths by surgery (knife or cautery), X-rays or radium, alone or in combination. They can cure certain types of cancer in reachable parts of the body. They also, especially X-rays and radium, can do profound harm. Sometimes a cancer clears up of its own accord and gives the charlatan cause for boasting. With advanced cases of cancer, the specialist can only make the victim more comfortable while he slowly, painfully dies.

Coffey-Humber Extract. Drs. Coffey & Humber make a water extract from a part of the cortex (not the entire cortex as those not in the secret believe) of the adrenal glands of sheep. That cortical extract is a vasodilator, it relaxes the blood vessels. The walls of the blood vessels are threaded with sympathetic nerve fibres which, Drs. Coffey & Humber are positive, transmit the pain of cancer. Very quickly after a sufferer gets a Coffey-Humber injection, his pain quiets, and in 71% of the cases disappears.

In most of the cases who do not die (Drs. Coffey & Humber will treat only the moribund, cases rejected as hopeless by at least two reputable doctors), the cancer becomes necrotic, ceases to smell, and sloughs off leaving a clean hole. That undeniably happens.

Why that happens is debatable. Drs. Coffey & Humber reason *a priori* and inductively that cancer is a constitutional disease; that some principle in the body, probably a hormone, regulates cell growth; that when that principle becomes scant or disappears, body cells (flesh or bone) are apt to effloresce noxiously. Empirically they began some three years ago to locate that principle. After 211 experiments with various organs they found their principle —they sincerely believe—in a part of the adrenal cortex.

If they have a cure or a palliative for cancer—they are uncertain of the cure, positive of the palliation—the rewards are stupendous in fame and wealth. For the wealth they care little. Dr. Coffey's professional income is more than \$50,000 yearly, from the Southern Pacific, the Dollar Line, and private surgery. Dr. Humber "makes a living." His wife Agnes, a war nurse, is content. Say they: let the Better Health Foundations in New York and California get the royalties for the manufacture of Coffey-Humber extract. (They patented the process of extraction last year, before they knew exactly what

they had, primarily to keep the drug away from quacks.)

But for fame the two men—Dr. Coffey, 63, and Dr. Humber, 36—are avid.

"A Square Deal." When Dr. Ewing's turn came last week to say why Drs. Coffey & Humber should be excluded from New York, he was a benign Dutch uncle: "The most important question is whether Drs. Coffey and Humber are getting a square deal from the organized medical profession. I am very much concerned about that. A good many physicians have said that it would be a great pity if the organized medical profession should by virtue of its power prevent competent investigators from carrying out research of great value.

"Strong financial, social and political forces have been enlisted in California and elsewhere to support the Coffey-Humber process. It has more backing than any other cancer remedy ever put forward. Therefore, there is no danger of them missing a square deal.

"I advise you [Dr. Coffey and Dr. Humber] not to push this undertaking in New York in the face of this organized opposition. Confine your activities to California for the present. Other men have been burnt by cancer remedies. I've been burnt by one or two myself."

Last Word. The New York State Department of Social Welfare which conducted hearings last week and in March on the Coffey-Humber fight, issued no immediate decision on the Coffey-Humber permit. It is not stretching a point to say that this decision involves Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt's candidacy as Democratic Presidential nominee. Ambitious Governor & Mrs. Roosevelt are striving mightily to build up voters' goodwill and sympathy. (So preoccupied is he especially, that Mrs. Roosevelt must make specific appointments for any of their five children and two grandchildren to visit him.) Governor Roosevelt dares not alienate the powerful medical profession and its allied professions, arts and businesses. And he needs, apart from the populace, the goodwill and co-operation of political machines. In California Dr. Coffey, chief surgeon of the Southern Pacific and the Dollar Line, is a powerful political force. If Californian Coffey is not treated well in New York, New Yorker Roosevelt might not be well-treated by Californians at the Democratic nominating convention. Most potent of all is William Randolph Hearst, whose 23 newspapers have been whooping characteristically for Coffey-Humber cancer extract.

In his own State, with Tammany Hall in New York City lukewarm to him, Governor Roosevelt has need of solid support from Buffalo. Mrs. Connors' late husband was the Democratic boss of western New York. Although his namesake, her stepson, who has the heritage and power of the Buffalo *Courier-Express*, keeps his newspaper free from partisanship, the Connors machine still grinds. There was real power in Mrs. Connors' exclamation after last week's Coffey-Humber hearing ended: "What's good in California should be good in New York! If they [organized Medicine] won't let Dr. Coffey take my estate and stop the sufferings of human beings, I'll see Governor Roosevelt myself."

*Other Eastern directors of the New York Better Health Foundation are James Joseph Irvin, Jr., lawyer Satterlee's junior partner (David Milton, son-in-law of John Davison Rockefeller Jr. is another junior partner); and Dennis Russell Scanlon, pneumonic, square-headed young Irishman who has risked the prosperity of his surgical instrument business to fight Coffey-Humber opponents.



Goodyear Rubber Flooring as specified by James E. McLaughlin, Architect, for Billiard Room Lounge, Bradford Hotel, Boston

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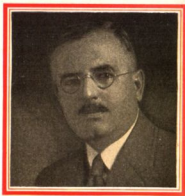
JAMES E. McLAUGHLIN—Architect

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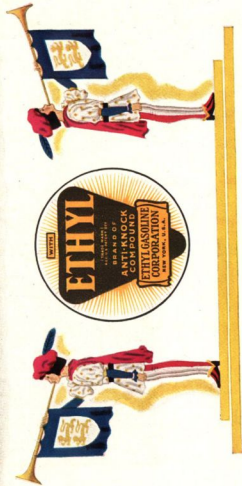
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ETHYL IS EVERYWHERE

1 PUMP IN 5 NOW HAS IT
MILLIONS OF MOTORISTS BUY IT

SLIGHTLY more than eight years ago, one lone service station was selling Ethyl Gasoline. Today 100 oil refiners sell it through their own and dealer stations, and through thousands of independent local oil companies.

Ethyl Gasoline has become the largest selling brand of motor fuel in the United States and Canada.

There must be a reason for such success. There is! Every gallon of Ethyl Gasoline is *good* gasoline, tested for all the qualities that make a gasoline good, *plus* Ethyl fluid, the ingredient that *controls* combustion.

Ethyl fluid prevents the uneven explosions of gasoline that cause power-waste, harmful "knock," and overheating. It delivers added power to the pistons with a smoothly increasing pressure that brings out the best performance of *any* car.

Try Ethyl in your car. Whatever its age or make, Ethyl will improve its performance and you will effect a *real* saving in operating costs in the long run.

Ethyl is a premium-priced gasoline by the gallon, but it is the most economical motor fuel you can buy by the year. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

NAMES MAKE NEWS!

HERE ARE THE NAMES OF LEADING OIL REFINING COMPANIES LISTED IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY STARTED TO SELL ETHYL GASOLINE



MINAKI

in CANADA'S pine-clad Lake-of-the-Woods region



*At Minaki
swimming,
boating, fish-
ing tempt
you to be on
or in the
water all day.*



*You can step
from Mina-
ki's broad
veranda to
this perfect
course on the
forest's edge.*

*For the sportsman, Minaki Lodge is
only a short way to swift streams and fish-
ing solitudes—to lakes where trout abound.*

*Silver streams, sparkling
lakes, fragrant forests and
every form of summer sport.*

"MINAKI" is an Ojibway Indian word. It means "beautiful country"—for this wonderful Lake-of-the-Woods region cast the same spell on the Indian centuries ago that it casts on the white man today.

In the heart of this land of lakes and streams, Canadian National has built Minaki Lodge. Here is a golf course ringed by cool pine woods. Here are tennis, fishing, swimming, motor-boating, canoeing, aquaplaning . . . islands to visit and rivers to ex-

plore . . . Here at night are blazing fires, delightful dinners, gay dancing, charming companionship.

Send for booklets about this perfect North Woods vacation. Or ask any of the Canadian National offices listed below, to arrange for you free showings of Minaki and other Canadian films in your club or your church.

* * * * *

Canadian National takes you everywhere in Canada. It operates 23,000 miles of railways, steamship lines, telegraph and express services and 14 broadcasting stations. Its hotels, camps and lodges stretch from one end of Canada to the other.

CANADIAN NATIONAL

The Largest Railway System in America



KESTON
186 Tremont St.
BUFFALO
429 Main St.
CHICAGO
4 So. Michigan Ave.
CINCINNATI
49 E. Fourth St.
CLEVELAND
923 Euclid Ave.
DETROIT
1625 Washington Blvd.
DULUTH
430 W. Superior St.

OFFICES
KANSAS CITY
705 Walnut St.
LOS ANGELES
607 So. Grand Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS
624 Marquette Ave.
NEW YORK
421 Fifth Ave.
PHILADELPHIA
1422 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURGH
386 Fifth Ave.

PORTLAND, ME.
Grand Trunk Ry. Bldg.
PORTLAND, ORE.
302 Yamhill St.
ST. LOUIS
214 So. Broadway
ST. PAUL
63 East Fifth Street
SAN FRANCISCO
648 Market St.
SEATTLE
1329 Fourth Avenue
WASHINGTON, D. C.
361 13th Street, N. W.

France

Where You Travel at Small Cost

Railroad travel is inexpensive in France... no surcharges on fast express trains... entire sleeping car service of single and double-room compartments, each forming a private room. All of France intersected with comfortable buses under railroad management, where one can spend the day at a famous resort and sleep in a charming little inn at a remote village. Paris, the incomparable, with her glittering string of week-end resorts... Le Touquet, La Baule, Dieppe, Dinard... Deauville for the racing season; polo, golf, tennis, yachting... days and nights watching that miniature and spectacular drama of Empire building at the Colonial and Overseas Exposition. Biarritz, St. Jean de Luz, Hendaye... a trio to shrug slim shoulders at the North and dare it to be as chic. The Riviera, even smarter in its informal sun-tanned summer than in its exotic winter incarnation. The Pyrennees, frosty against the blue... Gavarnie of the glaciers... Font Romeu and the highest golf course in Europe. Mont Blanc and the route des Alps, a gorgeous motor road with passes Napoleon crossed, cutting the roof of the world... baths and cures at Evian, Aix les Bains and dozens more. Picture-book Brittany of the villages and the pardons... if we want history... Roman France, the Chateau Country, Alsace-Lorraine. Isn't it time you treated yourself to the holiday you deserve?



Information and literature on request

RAILWAYS OF FRANCE

General Representatives

INTERNATIONAL WAGONS-LITS, 701 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, OR ANY TOURIST AGENCY

MILESTONES

Married. Bina Day Deneen, 24, daughter of U. S. Senator and Illinois Boss Charles Samuel Deneen; and Thomas House IV, 27, nephew of Wilsonian Adviser Col. Edward Mandell House; last month, in Covington, Ky.

Seeking Divorce. Curtis Arnoux Peters (Peter Arno), caricaturist; from Mrs. Lois Long Arno, *New Yorker* writer ("Lipstick"); in Reno.

Seeking Divorce. Charles Hamilton Sabin Jr., executive commander of the Crusaders (anti-Prohibition organization), son of Board Chairman Charles Hamilton Sabin of Guaranty Trust Co., stepson of Mrs. Charles Hamilton Sabin who is chairman of the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform; from Mrs. Ruth Ogden Sabin; in Reno. Grounds: cruelty.

Divorced. Mrs. Florence Davenport Rice Smith, comely daughter of Sports-writer Grantland Rice; from Sydney Andrew Smith, Manhattan socialite; in Reno. Charge: cruelty. Mrs. Smith denied reports that she planned to marry Artist Peter Arno (see above).

Divorced. Joe Cook (Joseph Lytell Cook, born Joseph Lopez), stage and cinema funnyman; from Mrs. Beatrice Helen Reynolds Cook, onetime vaudeville actress; secretly, last month; in Newark, N. J. Named: Edward Mewing, his neighbor at Lake Hopatcong, N. J.

Honored. Martha McChesney Berry, founder of the Berry Schools for mountain children at Mount Berry, Ga., protégée of President Theodore Roosevelt; with the third annual medal of Manhattan's Town Hall Club for "an accomplishment of lasting merit." Other nominees for the award: Author Newton Booth Tarkington, Producer Daniel Frohman, Playwright Marcus Cook Connelly, Banker George Foster Peabody.

Retired. Thomas Bucklin Wells, 56, from the editorship of *Harpers Magazine* and the board-chairmanship of Harper & Bros., publishers. Editor Wells had been associated with Harper & Bros. since 1899, three years after his graduation from Yale. In 1919 he succeeded the late famed Henry Mills Alden as editor of the magazine. He functioned as general literary adviser in Harpers' book publishing, led the firm's financial rehabilitation in 1921-24.

Willed. By the late George Fisher Baker (TIME, May 11): \$60,000,000 to his son George Fisher Baker Jr.; \$5,000,000 to his daughter Mrs. Howard Bligh St. George; \$5,000,000 to his daughter Mrs. William Goadby Loew. To charity he left \$550,000; to his secretary \$25,000; to

*Previous medalists: Representative Ruth Sears Baker Pratt of Manhattan, U. S. Senator Dwight Whitney Morrow.

Cruises PANAMA-HAVANA

16 Days... \$185 UP

All expenses included

The supreme short vacation. You cruise to the Caribbean's choicest countries aboard a sparkling new "Santa" liner. You see the world's miracle of engineering, the Panama Canal... you thrill at the cosmopolitan gaieties of Havana, "Pearl of the Antilles." A wealth of interest on this most inexpensive cruise. No passports required.

GO ABROAD ... by Panama Mail Service... to CALIFORNIA

It's 5000 miles to California through the Panama Canal. While traveling so far, why not see several foreign countries en route? Visit Colombia, Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Salvador, Guatemala and Mexico... all on your way to California! Yet this 23-day voyage is only \$250... less than \$9.00 a day!



PERU

... Vacations that take you beyond commonplace horizons! Travel adventure... far away from the conventional. Explore fabulous ruins of pre-Incan empires... gasp at the skill of your favorite matador in Lima... glittering City of Kings. 23-day cruises from \$395 up, all expenses included... on the newest, fastest, largest liners to West Coast. No passports required.

CHILE AND SOUTH AMERICA

A fascinating "Around South America" cruise, sailing from New York every Saturday. To Valparaiso via the Panama Canal, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Chile. Returning from Buenos Aires by East Coast route. Rates from \$665.

WRITE FOR DETAILS

GRACE LINE

10 Hanover Square
New York City
or Authorized Travel
or Railway Agent

There are TWO BEST PLACES to
delight in CRÊPES SUZETTE
and one "place" is on any French Liner



Crêpes Suzette on the Ile de France—every gourmet knows that each of the six French Liners is one of the best "places" to delight in crêpes Suzette.



The quiet, deep-carpeted restaurant in Foyot's—just across from the Luxembourg. Since 1768, Foyot's has been famous for its crêpes Suzette.

OF course the one best "place" in France for these marvelous pancakes, bathed in silver in the richest, rarest liqueurs, is really two places—Foyot's perfect restaurant on the Left Bank and the much-sought Hotel Savoy at Rheims, where crêpes Suzette are supposed to have been discovered. Every way-wise traveler, every gourmet, every chef, will choose one of these spots.

But there's another best "place," which is really six places—all much nearer to you! They're the dining-rooms of every French Liner. For French Line chefs, without exception, will match dish for dish with Foyot in Foyot's *specialité*—crêpe for crêpe with the Savoy—duck for duck with the Tour d'Argent—sole for sole with Marguery. French Line chefs studied and cooked in the best of the Paris restaurants; they are not copyists, but masters in their own right—covered with honors, and earning more honors each day as they serve you food which makes the French Line unique on the Atlantic.

This food (and drink) is only a part of the peculiar genius of the Line for making you utterly happy over and back. Attentive service (in English) is part; so are the immaculate comfort, the rich *décor*,

the completely contented ease of getting to Europe on "the longest gangplank in the world." Haven't you noticed that everyone who sails French Line has something very special to cheer about—something "different"? Yet have you ever heard such unanimous enthusiasm?



ILE DE FRANCE

June 5, June 24



PARIS

June 12, July 1



FRANCE

June 17, July 6



LAFAYETTE

June 18, July 16



DE GRASSE

June 4, July 2



ROCHAMBEAU

June 27, July 23

French Line, 19 State Street, New York City
or authorized French Line agents everywhere



faithful servants, \$68,500.* To his granddaughter, Florence Loew, he willed his country place at Tuxedo, New York.

The size of the Baker estate caused surprise, as it had been estimated at \$150,000,000. The drop to some \$75,000,000 was explained by the transfer of many securities to George Fisher Baker Jr., including 10,000 shares of First National Bank with a market value of \$35,000,000. The market decline caused other great shrinkage. In 1929, with his Steel holdings worth \$22,000,000, his First National holdings worth \$8,500 a share, Banker Baker's wealth may well have neared the monster figure of a quarter-billion dollars.

Died. Hiram Royal Mallinson, 59, president of H. R. Mallinson & Co. Inc. (silks), member of the board of governors of the Silk Association of America; of heart disease; in Manhattan, upon being sued for \$1,000,000 by his son-in-law, one Eugene V. Bowen. He claims the Mallinsons caused his wife, Lorna Mallinson Bowen, to kill herself three years ago by disparaging her marriage and demanding a divorce.

Died. Dr. Samuel Palmer Brooks, 67, president since 1902 of Baylor University (Waco, Tex.) who sought vainly on his death bed to sign the 468 diplomas of this year's graduating class (TIME, May 18); of abdominal cancer; in Waco.

Died. Edmund Arthur Stanley Clarke, 69, secretary since 1923 of the American Iron & Steel Institute, onetime (1904-18) president of Lackawanna Steel Co., president of Consolidated Steel Corp. (export firm for independent steel makers) until it was dissolved; of pneumonia; in Rumson, N. J.

Died. Eugène Ysaye, 72, famed Belgian violinist, of diabetic phlebitis which necessitated the amputation of his leg in 1929; in Brussels. Onetime (1919-22) conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony, violin teacher for more than 15 years in the Brussels Conservatoire, his pupils included Elisabeth Queen of the Belgians, who went in grief to lay a wreath upon his bier.

Died. E. W. Clark, 73, board chairman of Union Oil Co. of California, oldtime railroad executive, president of Union Oil Associates, an organizer and onetime (1927-28) president of the American Petroleum Institute; of heart disease; in Los Angeles, Calif.

Died. Bernard Albert Eckhart, 70, president of B. A. Eckhart Milling Co., director of many a big corporation (Armour, Dodge Bros., Montgomery Ward, Erie Railroad), onetime (1924) assistant treasurer of the Republican National Committee; of heart disease; in Chicago. Onetime State Senator (1887-89), he was active in civic and State affairs, donor of Eckhart Science Hall at the University of Chicago.

*In his only codicil, Mr. Baker revoked a \$2,000 bequest he had made to Frank Healy, who lately left his employ.

Is "Pink Tooth Brush" really serious?

A Conversation between
you and your Dentist!



YOU: Is "pink tooth brush" really serious?

DENTIST: It can be. But its seriousness largely depends on how long you have had it.

YOU: I've had it quite a long time—for years, I suppose. I remember I was rather worried when I first noticed that my gums were tender and bled easily. Why should I have "pink tooth brush"? I take such awfully good care of my teeth!

DENTIST: Anybody may have "pink tooth brush"! Modern diet, you see. Soft foods. The gums need exercise to keep them healthy, just as one's muscles need work. Without exercise—work, if you please—your gums grow lacy and dull. They get soft—a bit flabby—and in time they begin to bleed.

YOU: And after that?

DENTIST: Well, "pink tooth brush" makes it easy for any one of an entire group of gum troubles to get a start. Vincent's disease, for instance, gingivitis. Sometimes, even pyorrhea, though that particular one is rather rare.

YOU: I haven't any of those terrible things, have I?

DENTIST: You'd probably know it if you did! But there's another reason to stop "pink tooth brush" quickly! An unhealthy condition of the gums is likely to spoil the natural polish of your teeth. Neglect it and the roots of some may even become infected. And that may threaten some of your sound teeth.

YOU: No, thanks. I'll get rid of the "pink tooth brush" instead of my teeth! What's this about massaging Ipana Tooth Paste into the gums, to stop "pink tooth brush"?

DENTIST: Ipana has ziratol in it. Ziratol is what we dentists use for toning and stimulating the gums back to health. You see, Ipana plus massage speeds up circulation and firms the gum walls. Try it. Just clean your teeth with Ipana. Then massage some more Ipana lightly into your gums. Once or twice a day. In a month or so your gums should be considerably harder and healthier than they are right at this minute.



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. T-51,
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

Name.....

Street.....

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

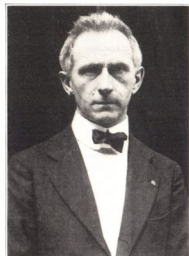
Ipana tooth paste

SCIENCE

Expeditions

Sir George Hubert Wilkins, lacking his hat as he usually does in springtime, strode into an obscure store of lower Manhattan last week. The store is only locally obscure. Among explorers it is world famed. The sign outside carries the legend: Fiala Outfits. That is sufficient. Anthony Fiala, 61, is the foremost U. S. outfitter of expeditions. Originally a lithographer and photographer, he sidled into the outfitting business after twice trying to reach the North Pole—with the Baldwin-Ziegler (1901-02) and the Ziegler (1903-05) expeditions. He accompanied Roosevelt through Brazil in 1913-14.

Explorer Wilkins found Outfitter Fiala sitting back of a glass partition at the store's rear. The proprietor was not busy. He rarely is these days. The exploring business is at low ebb. And that is strange. Heretofore during business depressions idling executives and fortune seekers have packed off to far wildernesses. But not



Anne-P. & A.

OUTFITTER FIALA

... to Brooklyn by the stars.

this year. They visit Mr. Fiala, gossip wistfully a while, then go mooning home. He has performed reduced his advertising.

The exploring business this season is mainly professional. Mr. Fiala's big customers are the Wilkins and Williams expeditions into the Arctic, the Dickey expedition through the Orinoco country. A goodly number of U. S. amateurs, notably Artist Rockwell Kent, are heading for convenient sub-Arctic regions. For the effete, the Soviet Government has organized a tour this summer aboard the ice-breaker *Malign* from Archangel to Franz Josef Land and Nova Zembla. When the *Malign* reaches its "top," above 83° N. Latitude, ambitious tourists may make a short airplane flight towards the North Pole.

The minute last week that hatless Explorer Wilkins had finished his rapid queries concerning stores for his Arctic-going submarine and had strode from the



COMMONER. King, or Lord High Executioner—it makes no difference to us! If you're a Commoner, we'll try to make you feel like a King; if you're already a King, we'll try to make you feel like visiting us again. For instance, whether you engage our largest suite or smallest room, we'll undertake to serve your hot dishes *piping hot*. We have dumb-waiters to whisk trays from our kitchen to your floor in jig time... special ovens on every floor... waiters not at all dumb to serve you right in your room... and all through our house a very sincere desire to indulge your lowliest wish in royal fashion. Now may we serve you?

The ROOSEVELT

Madison Avenue at 45th Street, New York
Edward Clinton Fogg—Managing Director

.... get off
MAIN STREET

CALIFORNIA

You've seen plenty of towns and cities on the ordinary tracks of travel across the Continent. Get off Main Street this time. See both coasts of America and the Great Panama Canal, one of the world's greatest achievements. Touch at Havana, that foreign port suggesting Spain, Monte Carlo, Paris.

Take the new, spacious restful way—the way of delicious sea air and sunshine—the way of delightful deck games and other recreations. Arrive feeling at the top of condition instead of travel-worn. Take one of the great, new electric liners, *California*, *Virginia*, *Pennsylvania*—largest, finest, fastest ships in inter-coastal service. Fortnightly, 13-day express sailings. Also special water-rail round trips from wherever you live.

REDUCED SUMMER FARES

HAVANA TOURS—9-day all-expense inclusive tours to Havana and return by Panama Pacific liner. Ask for folder.



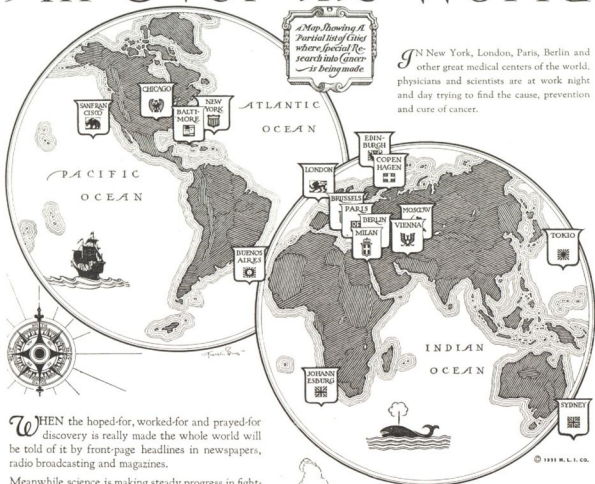
Apply to No. 1 Broadway, New York; 400 Market Street, San Francisco; our offices elsewhere or authorized S. S. or R. R. agents.

Panama Pacific
Line ALL NEW
STEAMERS
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

Exclusive Designs
WOODS AND IRONS
BTN
BEST IN GOLF

BUTCHART-NICHOLLS CO., SPRINGDALE, CONN.
Pacific Coast Dist. Curley-Bates Co., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle. Leading Pros and shops sell the B.T.N. Line

All Over the World



WHEN the hoped-for, worked-for and prayed-for discovery is really made the whole world will be told of it by front-page headlines in newspapers, radio broadcasting and magazines.

Meanwhile science is making steady progress in fighting the disease which kills more people, past 40, in the United States than any other disease but one—heart disease.

As in many other wars against disease, the great weapon at present is education—spreading the knowledge that cancer in its early stages can often be destroyed by radium and x-rays or removed by surgery. But there is no accepted proof that any drug, serum or local application can cure it.

Cancer itself is neither hereditary nor contagious. Its early development is usually painless.

But while cancer prowls, like a thief in the night, attacking and robbing the unwary, alert defense against it is saving thousands of lives. Complete health examinations, made in time to locate the presence of the enemy, are the best defense against cancer.

Be suspicious of all abnormal lumps, strange growths, swellings, sore spots that refuse to heal, or unusual

discharges from any part of the body. Look out for moles, old scars, birthmarks or warts that change in appearance. If you have jagged or broken teeth, have them smoothed off or removed. Continued irritation of the tongue or any other part of the body is often the beginning of cancer trouble.

Quacks and charlatans, who claim to have discovered secret cancer "cures", prey upon the ignorance of their victims—and their victims lose precious time when every hour is of utmost value in preventing the growth of the disease.

Modern science appeals to intelligence. Many untimely deaths can be prevented by getting rid of cancerous growths. More especially is this true while they are local and confined to a small area.

Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, "A Message of Hope". Ask for Booklet 631-Q which will be mailed free.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

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

Here's delightful coffee and HEALTHFUL SLEEP

WHAT cheer coffee gives to breakfast! And it can give the same glorious cheer to dinner. For with "the coffee that lets you sleep"—Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee—you can enjoy all the delights of good coffee at any time—day or night!

The new IMPROVED Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee is a wonderful new blend of the choicest coffees in the world. It is real coffee—not a substitute—with all the delicious flavor and aroma you love.

But it cannot affect your nerves or cause sleeplessness. The harmful effect of caffeine is entirely removed by a special process in the new Kellogg plant in Battle Creek.

If you have not tried this new Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee recently, you cannot imagine how much it is improved—how good it is! Try a pound tomorrow. Serve it to your guests at evening parties.

Or, if you prefer, the coupon below will bring you a generous sample.



Kellogg's KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over WPA and associated stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening at 10:30 P. M. S. T. Also see Los Angeles, Komo Seattle at 10:30, and Woon Denver at 10:30.

KELOGG COMPANY
Dept. Z-5, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, sample can of Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

Name _____

Address _____

shop. Outfitter Fiala clapped on his hat and started on a minor expedition of his own. He lives in the far reaches of Brooklyn. Wending his way afoot to that remote region, he habitually guides himself by the stars.

Arctic. Sir George Hubert Wilkins expects to take his submarine *Nautilus* to the North Pole this summer. Dr. Hugo Eckener may meet him there with the dirigible *Graf Zeppelin*. If those *toirs de force* come to pass, the world may acquire important stores of meteorological data. Both men want to add to man's knowledge of weather. The *Malin* tour is also primarily a weather hunting trip. Indeed the main purpose of every serious current Arctic expedition is to record weather conditions. Both the British and the Germans have had parties on the Greenland ice cap all winter. The German leader, Professor Alfred Wegener, is now considered dead (TIME, May 18). The isolated British watcher, Augustine Courtland, feared dead, was reported safe last fortnight.

Packing up in Manhattan is the Williams American Polar Expedition, under Flavel Manley Williams, retired Navy officer. The Williams party will go to northern Greenland where they will set up a strong radio station. The station will collect and relay weather reports of the 1932-33 Polar Year, observations to which official expeditions from all the northern nations will contribute.

Artist Rockwell Kent will be at southern Greenland, more for solitude than for science. David Binney Putnam, 18, as soon as school term ends will go on the *Johalla* to Labrador and Iceland in order to write another "David Goes" book. Commander Donald Baxter MacMillan will make his annual skirt of Labrador and Baffin Land, this time with a flotilla of three boats.

Antarctica. A tourist trip to Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd's Little America last Antarctic summer was abandoned, may occur next December. Last season Consul Lars Christensen, Norwegian whaling tycoon, steamed completely around the Antarctic Continent, looking out for whale feeding grounds and spotting a few landmarks. Sir Douglas Mawson, the Australian, spotted a few more.

Africa. On Jan. 27, 1863 the late David Livingstone took a sheet of blue foolscap* and wrote to "His Excellency the Governor of the Cape" a report on trade and slavery. The old letter was found this Spring. It reads in part: "Marianno was a guest last year at the Governor's [of Quelimane] table after undergoing punishment for some 40 murders and attacking the village of Senna. He then ran away and the Governor ran after him, and, of course, could not catch him.

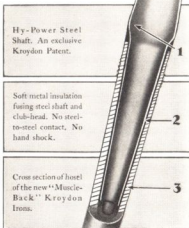
"Another, and yet another, turned slave hunter. Indeed, any one may do so who has a few slaves and guns. No notice is taken of him till he has plundered enough to stand a good squeeze. He is fined and then allowed to begin again.

"This system, carried on from Cape Delgado to Delagoa Bay, completely neutralizes all the efforts of our citizens.

*Real British foolscap, 13 1/2 x 17 in., is so-called because the watermark is a fool's cap & sells, U. S. foolscap measures 13 x 16 in., the same as legal cap.

The new Kroydon HY-POWER Steel Shaft

The only steel shaft in one piece that actually duplicates hickory in shape, whip and feel. Individually graded for every different iron in a matched set. Guaranteed even against breakage. New short, deep-faced blades that add distance and increase accuracy. Play the new Kroydon clubs for better golf.

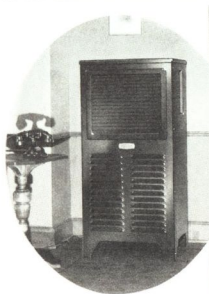


Write to The
Kroydon Co.,
Maplewood, N. J.
Dept. "T" for
1931 Catalog.

5, 6, 8, 9 or 10 Matched Irons	\$41.75 - \$100.
3 Matched Woods	\$30. - \$75.
Individual Irons	\$5. - \$10.
Individual Woods	\$5. - \$25.

Kroydon

Clubs for Better Golf



This cabinet is standard, but the cooling mechanism can be built into a piece of furniture or into any type of cabinet.



NOW YOU CAN

Turn on the Cold

AS EASILY AS YOU TURN ON THE HEAT!

This brings you news that will be as welcome as the first hint of autumn on a blistering August day. For it tells you how you can work in comfort even when the mercury climbs for a record and heat waves shimmer in a broiling sun outside your windows!

The Frigidaire Room Cooler is now ready—ready to transform hot, stuffy offices into places with an atmosphere so fresh and invigorating that “nerve-fag” never has a chance.

You can actually “turn on the cold” whenever you feel like it! For the minute you start it going the Frigidaire Room Cooler begins to draw the warm air in and throw the cold air out—all without creating

annoying drafts or breezes. And as it takes out the heat, this marvelous device also takes out the humidity—just as a sponge picks up water.

Yet, despite the magic it performs, the Frigidaire Room Cooler is surprisingly simple—as simple as Frigidaire Refrigeration.

The Frigidaire dealer will be glad to tell you and show you how this appliance works and explain about the different models for offices, homes, stores, restaurants and other places where real warm-weather comfort is wanted.

We suggest that you get in touch with the Frigidaire dealer today. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

FRIGIDAIRE Room Coolers

Also Electric Refrigerators for Homes . . . Heavy-duty Refrigerating Equipment for Stores and Public Institutions . . . Electric Water Coolers . . . Ice Cream Cabinets . . . Milk Cooling Equipment.

FAMOUS WATERHOLES OF AMERICA

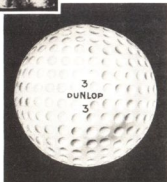


*When you
tee up here
you need*

**DUNLOP
DISTANCE**

*Ninth hole at
Shackamaxon Country Club,
Westfield, N. J.*

ONE look at this island green shows why you need Dunlop distance here. The tee is set far back, requiring a fine drive and good iron to reach the pin. Just the kind of a hole that you play with confidence, when you play the Imported Dunlop. And with the Imported Dunlop you get more than distance. You get dependability on the fairway, accuracy on the green. Look back over all your golfing experience: Have you ever heard anyone ask for a better golf ball than a Dunlop—At your pro's today.



**IMPORTED \$1
DUNLOP**

MESH OR RECESSED MARKING

On the West Coast the squadron kept down slaving till the influences of civilization and Christianity spread inland. Twenty missions have been established and 20 dialects have been reduced to writing. Over 12,000 communicants sit down in various churches. And lawful commerce has increased from £20,000 to between £12,000,000 and £13,000,000."

In the Belgian Congo Dr. Arthur Torrance, Los Angeles wanderer, is now seeking a tribe of black hermaphrodites.

Near Lake Chad Herbert Edwin Bradley and Harry Augustus Bigelow, Chicago lawyers, are trying to accumulate a side-show for Chicago's 1933 Exposition—a village of pygmies.

(Next week TIME will report the progress of other expeditions, coming & going.)

ANIMALS

Mad Squirrel

At Englewood, Col., last week Mrs. Roy Zilk saw a big squirrel in her chickenyard. She shushed at it, but it did not behave like an ordinary squirrel and run away. Instead it turned, glared, leaped at her, sank its teeth into her hand and arm.

Mrs. Zilk beat off the astounding animal. It scurried away, crossed the street, leaped at Lois Miller, 4, who was playing in her family's front yard. Lois screamed so loudly that neighbors came running from a block away. She tripped and fell. The mad rodent was savagely biting her scalp, her hands, her arms. When she got up it still clung to her by its teeth, embedded deep in her flesh.

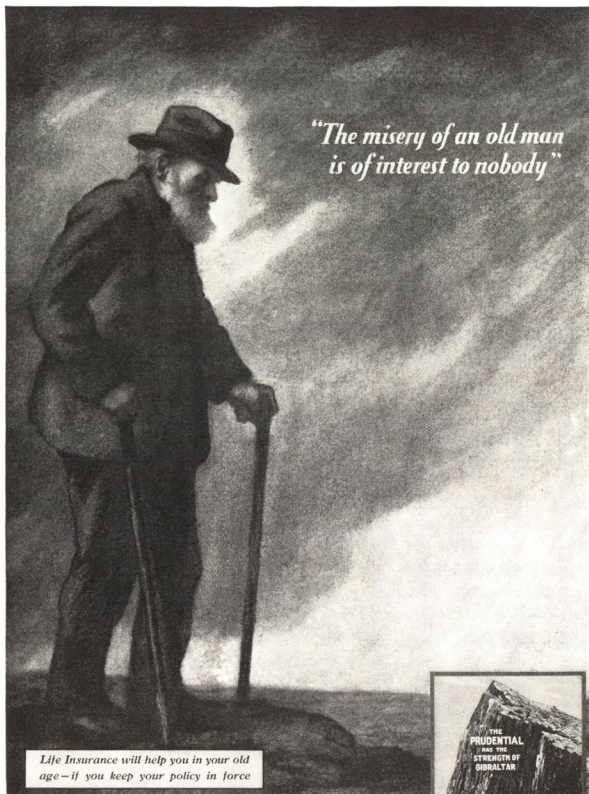
Chief Jack Russell of the Englewood Police answered his telephone and heard a woman shout: "Come quick! A squirrel has a little girl down on the ground, biting her like a dog!" Incredulous, Chief Russell sped to the scene of action. He found frightened, bloody Lois in her mother's arms.

"It went down there!" they cried, pointing to a cellar door. Chief Russell drew his revolver, started downstairs. The squirrel, hiding just inside the cellar entrance, darted at the Chief, fastened itself on his trouser-leg. Believing at last, the policeman calmly kicked the animal to the bottom of the stairs. It sat there, blinking up at him. It must have rabies, he thought; he must not destroy its head, which the health authorities would want to examine. Carefully he aimed his service revolver, steadily fired, blew a hole through its shoulders. Then he went down and picked up the body of a huge male fox squirrel.

Throughout the U. S., suburban residents have been complaining this year of what amounts to a squirrel plague, while rural citizens bemoan that squirrels are near extinction. Naturalists explain that pothunters and automobiles have slain thousands over the countryside, while squirrels in close city trees and garrets are zealously, fondly protected.

Those Rabbits

A side industry popular among U. S. countryfolk is raising rabbits to sell for fur and meat. But last week into the bankruptcy court of East St. Louis, Ill.,



*"The misery of an old man
is of interest to nobody"*

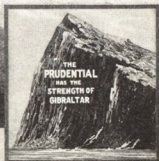
*Life Insurance will help you in your old
age—if you keep your policy in force*

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY of AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President

©

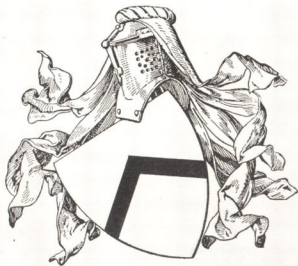
HOME OFFICE, Newark, N.J.



THE
PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR

FOUNDED BY
JOHN F. DRYDEN

Distinction always carries its mark of recognition.



CRANE'S BOND

FOR BUSINESS STATIONERY

CRANE & CO., INC.
DALTON, MASS.

marched Mrs. Anna R. Brown of Chester, Ill., a rabbit-raiser of wide renown. She had debts of \$39,570. Her only assets were 300 rabbits.

Like other big rabbit-raisers, Mrs. Brown had done business in this fashion: Starting with a few rabbits of pedigreed stock, she would farm out pairs of their offspring to smaller raisers, promising to buy the grandchildren back at \$2 a head.* Then she would market the lot in huge batches.

Prices and customers at first were all Mrs. Brown could ask. Her rabbits multiplied with their well-known rapidity (six litters per year, of four to eight offspring per litter). But suddenly the booming U. S. rabbit industry became overproduced everywhere. And last week bankrupt Mrs. Brown explained: "About a year ago rabbits began coming in from everywhere, thousands of them, by parcel post, truck and express. I couldn't tell if they were the offspring of my rabbits or not, but the people had my contracts, and I had to take them. They ate me out of house & home, and wouldn't go when I turned them loose. I hauled them to St. Louis and sold them for 10¢ apiece, or gave them away to motorists. Nearly all these claims against me are for rabbits sent me by contract customers, as high as 1,000 from one customer. . . . Those rabbits!"

Frog Jump

Had Mark Twain seen the 20,000 people who milled about last week in the little town of Angels Camp, Calaveras County, Calif. he would have been astounded. Yet they were there because he once wrote a story called "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" which told how Jim Smiley's frog Dan'l Webster was defeated at Angels Camp when the opposition loaded it with buckshot. In 1926 Angels Campers, grateful for their town's only fame, instituted an annual International Championship Standing Broad Jump for Frogs to honor Mark Twain and to have fun. Last week they dedicated a Mark Twain Monument before the jumping began.

The sport has grown so that there were 150 frogs assembled, of all types, all sizes. The rules allowed the owners to place their entries on a line, say "Go!", make them hop three times. Only other rule: Each frog might be shaken to insure against the traditional buckshot.

All the way from Berlin and "streamlined" by a bath in wart-remover, the frog Wilhelm was a betting favorite. But while the crowd shrieked, jostled, fired revolvers, he covered only 4 ft. 8 in. in his three jumps. A pampered creature called Zenobia, imported from Kinston, N. C. in a tub of native water, raised cheers by doing 8 ft. 6 in. Then Angels Camp went wild as the bright green veteran Budweiser thrust thrice with his long green legs, shot down the course 11 ft. 5 in., was declared winner.

Prouder and richer was Louis Fisher of Stockton, Calif. Budweiser's owner, who also won with him in 1928 and whose other frog, Pride of the San Joaquin, won last year, establishing the record of 12 ft. 10 in. (TIME, June 2).

*Current market price: 45¢ per lb. Full grown rabbits average 3 lb.

PEOPLE

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

Elinor Whitney and Dorothy, buxom, frizzy-haired daughters of Manhattan Pastor **Harry Emerson Fosdick**, were appointed "grass cops" at Smith College. Armed with whistles, they will blow a smart blast whenever they see trespassers treading tender turf.

It became known that at a recent dinner in Berlin, U. S. Ambassador **Frederic Moseley Sackett** was placed next to the wife of the Japanese Ambassador to Germany. He spoke only English; she spoke only Japanese and French. When asked how he enjoyed himself he grinned, said: "It was as tasty a dinner as ever I sat to." Pressed for details of his conversation, he grinned more broadly, explaining: "Well, it was this way. The lady reads English. I read French. So rather than speak, we wrote. Questions written in English were answered in French, or were written in French and answered in English. It worked perfectly."

U. S. Ambassador to France **Walter Evans Edge** cabled to Camden, N. J. for fresh asparagus. Two crates were promptly shipped to him on S. S. *Ile de France*.

President **Thomas Ayllette Buckner** of New York Life Insurance Co. revived the waning reputation of Colymist **Calvin Coolidge** for terseness and cogency with these stories: "We were having a [directors'] meeting not long ago, and the matter of waiving certain of our requirements for the benefit of our more elderly agents came up. There was a pause, and [Director] Coolidge said: 'What would this cost us?' Well, he had us stumped. . . . We told him so, and he said: 'About how much?' We just made a guess and let it go at that. . . ."

"The Governor of Hawaii was visiting him at the White House. He . . . told how many, many thousand crates of pineapples were shipped from [the islands] every year. 'How many to the crate?' Mr. Coolidge asked. 'The Governor, like us at the board-meeting, was caught.'"

Also last week a letter-writer to the *New York Sun* told this story: "President Coolidge was taking one of his morning walks with a friend. . . . 'There's **Borah** on his horse,' remarked the President's companion. 'Is he headed in the same direction as the horse?' asked President Coolidge."

In Tokyo a Mrs. Irvin H. Correll, 30-year-old U. S. Missionary, related that in the late 19th Century she and her husband had encountered in Nagasaki a Japanese teahouse girl named **Cho-San (Butterfly)**, who told how she had been betrayed by a Russian officer. Some years afterward, said Mrs. Correll, she was in Philadelphia and told the story to her lawyer brother, the late **John Luther Long**. He sat up all that night. At breakfast he showed his sister a completed manuscript of a story called *Madame Butterfly*, with the Russian changed to U. S. officer. In

OREGON MARKET
SALEM FLAX " BURNS WOOL*Ways to warm up and keep cool*

In hot countries, linen is favored because it keeps the wearer cool. Northerners find wool an effective protection against extreme cold. Highly essential commodities these — and two Oregon towns furnish them in abundance.

They keep you cool at Salem

Salem, Willamette valley city, is the center of the long fiber flax industry of the United States. Here flax acreage and mills boost Oregon's annual income \$944,000. 5,200 acres grow 11,000 tons of flax equal in quality to that of Ireland and Belgium, with 194,500 acres still available for flax cultivation.

At Salem the state owns the largest, best equipped flax plant in the United States—probably the largest in the world. Great modern mills, manufacturing salmon twine and fish nets, sack sewing twine and shoe thread, make Salem the

the annual wool clip tips the scales at 18,849,000 pounds.



"Have you any wool?"

"Goals to Newcastle"

Mills of the world look to Oregon to keep their wheels spinning. 60 per cent of the flax fiber is exported to eastern, European, even to Irish mills. Oregon's export wool clip with that of Idaho totals 27,000,000 pounds. These with other Oregon products reach the world thru



... salmon twine and fish nets, sack sewing twine and shoe thread,

leading flax and linen city west of New York state.

To Burns for a warm reception

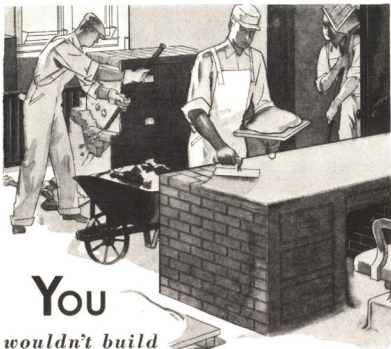
Across the Cascades is Burns, center of Oregon's wool industry, which annually pours over six million dollars into the pockets of Oregon residents. Thanks to abundant grazing land, ideal climate and a long grazing season, Oregon sheep break all records for wool production with an average of 9 pounds each. .

Portland, shipping center of the Pacific Northwest and the second wool export port in the world!

Consequently at Portland is concentrated the wealth of the rich Oregon empire. Business executives find this a responsive market. They reach it thru *The JOURNAL* with its complete coverage of Portland's 300,000 population.

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

Visit Portland during the ROSE FESTIVAL . . . June 11 to 13, 1931



You
wouldn't build
IMMOVABLE
office equipment - - **WHY**
build **IMMOVABLE** partitions?



Hauserman Partitions are as movable as your furniture.



Write for this Complete Guide to Office Layouts.

THERE is as much justification for immovable office equipment as there is for the erection of partitions that must be moved with a sledge-hammer and wheelbarrow. † The advanced engineering of Hauserman steel partitions has placed those subdividing walls in the same classification as office equipment. † Hauserman Movable Steel Partitions give better subdivision without any of the disadvantages of "permanent" partitions and they are fire-retarding; beautiful in design and finish, and are as movable as any other piece of office equipment. † Write today for a copy of "Office Planning Studies," a 46-page book showing what can be done with these efficient business walls of movable steel.

THE E. F. HAUSERMAN COMPANY

"Organized for Service Nationally"

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Factory Directed Planning and Erection
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Newark	Boston	Pittsburgh	St. Louis
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Buffalo	Chicago	Cincinnati	New York
	Washington, D. C.	Albany, N. Y.	

HAUSERMAN MOVABLE
STEEL PARTITIONS

1900, David Belasco hastily wrote a play from Mr. Long's story, produced it successfully in Manhattan, transferred it to London. The stage manager of Covent Garden opera sent a message to famed Composer **Giacomo Puccini** that he had just the libretto for him. Puccini hastened to London, saw *Madame Butterfly*, wrote the opera.

The smartchart *New Yorker* recently published verses by Poet **Arthur Guiterman** complaining that the fountain statue which confronts Manhattan's Hotel Plaza was in bad condition. Two weeks later it published a long rhymed response by **Ralph Pulitzer**, whose father gave the Lady of the Plaza to New York City. Excerpt:

*For know! The lady's guardians ad item,
Aroused by her attempts to mock and
spite 'em,
Have joined the city in a contribution
To give her an immaculate ablution.*

It was estimated that Mr. Pulitzer's share in the contribution would be nearly



RALPH PULITZER

... gave his father's Lady a scrubbing.

\$30,000. Doris Doscher, a model who posed for Sculptor Carl Bitter when he made the statue, wrote to the *New York Times*: "I want to take this opportunity to offer my thanks to Mr. Pulitzer for enabling me to again stand exalted—and scrubbed—above the grounds on Fifth Avenue, generously spurting precious, clear water—flush, in these times of dried-up prosperity."

Thomas Alva Edison announced that he would give no more of his annual examinations to scientifically-minded boys, no more scholarships. Explanation offered: none.

The name of the Yale junior who last month in *The Harkness Hoot* attacked Yale's senior honor societies and urged his classmates to boycott them by staying in their rooms on Tap Day, was **Richard Storrs Childs** (*TIME*, May 4). Last week came Tap Day. Junior Childs stayed in his room. When a senior from Scroll & Key knocked on the door, Junior Childs let him in, took the tap, joined.

"The March of Time"

10:30 P.M. (*Eastern Daylight Saving Time*) FRIDAYS

The applause increases:

"'March of Time' is splendid! Best thing on the air! Don't popularize it by seeking a lower common denominator. Let there be one intelligent thing on the air! Couldn't you make it *twice* a week?"

D. S. BABCOCK,
1st Lt., 1st. F. A.

Fort Sill, Oklahoma

"The mag TIME's broadcast is a thrill!"

WALTER WINCHELL

"Someone deserves a medal for 'The March of Time.' The idea and its execution are perfect. Nothing on the air today can approach it."

LAWRENCE E. SPIVAK

National Sportsman, Inc.
Boston, Massachusetts

"'The March of Time' will make radio history—watch it!"

WENDELL HALL

"*What's On the Air*"
Cincinnati, Ohio

"In my judgment 'The March of Time' has become the foremost feature on the air. The Belasco who is staging it, the actors who are dramatizing it, and the Ted Husing who is announcing it are between them all doing a superfine job."

FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE

Washington, D. C.

"We would vote to award Mr. Fred Smith of TIME the season's Gold Medal for distinctive achievement in the presentation of an outstanding Radio program."

EDITOR, *Radio Digest*

New York City

"Here at KMBC we consider 'The March of Time' one of the best, if not the best, chain program on the air."

ARTHUR B. CHURCH
General Manager

KMBC

Kansas City, Missouri

"Your inimitable radio program 'The March of Time' is just as far ahead of other radio programs as your magazine is out in front of other news gathering and news dispensing publications."

H. R. PAXTON

South Bend, Indiana

"Represents the apex in radio showmanship. It is provocative in form and potent in listener interest."

Variety

New York City

The Stations:

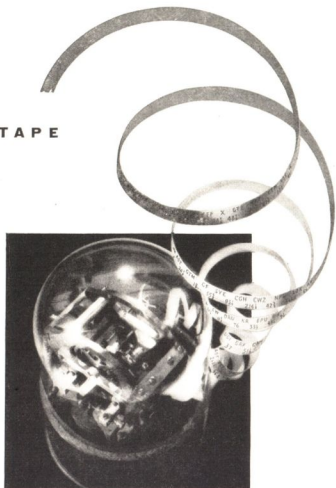
Akron (WADC); Baltimore (WCAO); Boston (WNAC); Buffalo (WKBW); Charlotte (WBT); Chicago (WBBM); Cincinnati (WKRC); Cleveland (WHK); Detroit (WXYZ); Fort Wayne (WOWO); Hartford (WDRC); Kansas City (KMBC); Minneapolis (WCCO); Nashville (WLAN); New Orleans (WDSU); New York (WABC); Omaha (KOIL); Philadelphia (WCAU); Pittsburgh (WJAS); Providence (WEAN); St. Louis (KMOX); Syracuse (WFBL); Toledo (WSPD); Washington (WMAL).

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

Tune in on "The March of Time" this Friday!

MEASURING TAPE



Does it mean anything to say that an agency has "the business viewpoint"? We believe it does. We believe it means a primary interest in sales results. Advertising may be the star performer in producing these results. Or it may play a supporting part and measure its success by the helpfulness of its teamwork . . . Of the 19 clients of McCann-Erickson listed on the New York Stock Exchange and paying dividends in 1929—only one paid a lower dividend in the past year of depression. Four *increased* their dividends.

McCANN-ERICKSON, Advertising

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • SAN FRANCISCO • DENVER
SEATTLE • LOS ANGELES • TORONTO • MONTREAL
VANCOUVER • WINNIPEG • LONDON • PARIS • FRANKFURT, a.M.

BUSINESS & FINANCE

Sporting Proposition

Last month Gerard Barnes Lambert, retired lord of Listerine, was made president of Gillette Safety Razor Co. (TIME, May 11). Last week a Gillette stockholders meeting was called for June 10, at which time an interesting sporting proposition will be voted upon. The essence of the proposition is that President Lambert will receive a bonus rather than a salary. If Gillette earns less than \$5 a share (\$10,000,000) during any year, he will be paid nothing. If it earns \$5, he will get 20,000 shares of stock. If the earnings exceed \$6, he will be given another 20,000 shares. Should Mr. Lambert

It is thought that Mr. Lambert has disposed of some of his Lambert holdings and acquired a large interest in Gillette. Last week Gillette was glad to announce it has increased its payroll by 30%. In the chairmanship is Henry Jacques Gaisman, previously on the executive committee, and before that head of AutoStrop Safety Razor Co. He is active in the company's new management. With long experience as an inventor and razor technician he can face such problems as arose last month when American Safety Razor Corp. put a new *Gem* on the market. Banker John Edward Aldred resigned last fortnight as chairman of Gillette, but remains a director. Last week it was asserted that the changes which have ended by placing Mr. Lambert in the position once held by proud King Camp Gillette, have not altered the company's banking sponsorship.

Big Suit. What may be a \$10,000,000 special profit for Gillette, but what would not be counted as earnings, was sought last week. Gillette sued United Cigar Stores for \$10,000,000 damages, charging that in 1927 the two firms entered into a ten-year contract by which United was to retail Gillette products, but in which United misrepresented facts. The facts concerned the number of razors and blades United is able to sell. United at the time was under the management of the Whelan Brothers, bought out in 1929 by the Brothers Morrow.

Milky Way

A distinguished structure is the 40-story Equitable Office Building at No. 120 Broadway. It is the only office building listed on the New York Stock Exchange; it has Francis V. du Pont as president, Matthew Chauncey Brush and August Heckscher as vice presidents; its tenants include many famed brokers, bankers and industrial concerns.* One of its most distinguished tenants is the big company on the 13th floor.

When the directors of this company meet, they test its products as well as discuss its affairs. Orange juice from National Juice Corp. slakes their thirst. Dietician Marye Dahnk of Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corp. sometimes makes them cheese sandwiches on a special griddle. Sheffield milk, butter and ice-cream are served from the big refrigerator which adjoins the president's office. For these foods and many others are the stock-in-trade of National Dairy Products Corp., brightest star in the industrial milky way.

Thirty-one directors sit on National's board. Among them are Jerome H. Remick of Detroit, longtime head of the famed song publishing company bearing his name ("Smiles," "Till We Meet Again," "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"); Banker George Franklin Rand of Marine Midland Corp.; Sidney J. Weinberg of Goldman, Sachs & Co., whose trading corporation owns 23,000 National shares; James Lewis Kraft, the cheese man. But the director whose word carries the most weight

*Indicative of rising Wall Street rents, Equitable charged \$2.50 per square foot in 1919, \$7 last year. It has 1,250,000-sq. ft. of rentable space.

is Thomas Henry McInerney, 64, founder and president of the company.

An ideal success-story would show President McInerney setting out on his march to dairy tycoonship along a pretty, rural cow path. But he admits and does not lament the fact that he has never milked a cow, never attempted it. He was raised in Dubuque, went to University of Illinois where he studied pharmacy. For five years he owned and ran a drugstore in Chicago. This he found less to his liking than he had expected and his next experience was the general managership of Siegel, Cooper & Co., Manhattan department store. In 1914 he returned to Chicago, formed Consumers Co. (coal, ice, building materials). Later Consumers bought Hydrex Ice Cream Co. In 1917 Thomas McInerney bought Hydrex away from Consumers and



GERARD BARNES LAMBERT

His pay: zero or a million.

succeed in pushing Gillette's 1930 earnings of \$3.62 up to \$5, it is reasonable to expect that the stock will rise from its present level of \$34 to \$50, which would make his bonus worth \$1,000,000. Earnings of \$6 a share might result in a bonus of \$2,400,000. Reserved by the directors is the right to change the plan to a straight salary should it be mutually desirable.

A good host, an enthusiastic yachtsman, able Gerard Lambert has enjoyed himself since leaving the presidency of Lambert Co. in 1928. Last week friends said that the Gillette management has long been seeking him, admiring his huge success in the merchandising of Listerine. To him is credited the famed *Halitosis* campaign which was carried on largely under his direction. He formed Lambert & Feasley, an advertising agency owned by Lambert Co. Its present accounts include Phillips Petroleum, Prophylactic Brush, McKesson & Robbins, Inc. and, of course, the \$5,000,000-a-year Lambert Pharmaceutical account. An accomplishment of which Mr. Lambert is specially proud was some advertising copy used in *American Mercury*, bearing the caption: "In Defense of Babbits." When he left Lambert Co.'s presidency, he was succeeded by his friend John Lawrence Johnston, previously vice president of Bond & Goodwin, Inc.



McInerney

DAIRYMAN MCINERNEY

... has never milked a cow.

planned a dairy products combination on a scale that would have pleased even Paul Bunyan.*

Contrary to downtown Manhattan legend, President McInerney does not sit at his desk munching Kraft-Phenix cheese all day and quaffing Sheffield milk. The quaffing and munching at directors' meetings are only a stunt. Mr. McInerney's office is a luxurious, paneled room containing much Florentine leather. Next to his interest in music (one of Mrs. McInerney's closest friends is Soprano Queena Mario), Mr. McInerney's favorite indulgence is the collection of Florentine furniture. His Fifth Avenue apartment and his Winnetka, Ill., summer home are filled with Florentine pieces gathered on his annual trips with Mrs. McInerney to Montecatini.

Last week President McInerney had

*Paul Bunyan's four queenly milkers at his Old Home Camp had no fancy names. They were just Suke, Boss, Baldy and S'manthy. Their clover pastures were so big that Paul's two bees, Bum and Bill, could get there all the honey the buggers needed all winter (3,500 lbs.). Some idea of the amounts of milk Paul's four cows gave may be obtained from the fact that to haul it from stable to table he had to invent the tank steamer. S'manthy's milk was pretty thin stuff, but her hankering for balsam boughs resulted in a fine supply of potent cough medicine for the camp.

Reserves Which Serve Vital Purposes

CORPORATE TRUST SHARES represent an ownership interest in these 28 companies, the shares of which are deposited with an independent trustee.

Industrials

Amer. Radiator & S. S.
American Tobacco
du Pont
Eastman Kodak
Ingersoll Rand
International Harvester
National Biscuit
Otis Elevator
United Fruit
United States Steel
Woolworth

Railroads

Atchison, Top. & Santa Fe
Illinois Central
Louisville & Nashville
New York Central
Pennsylvania Railroad
Southern Pacific
Union Pacific

Oils

Standard Oil of California
Standard Oil (Indiana)
Standard Oil (New Jersey)
Standard Oil of New York
Texas Corporation

Utilities

and Quasi-Utilities
American Tel. & Tel.
Consolidated Gas of N. Y.
General Electric
Westinghouse Electric
Western Union Telegraph

MOODY'S COMPOSITE
PORTFOLIO RATING "A"

CONSERVATIVELY managed corporations, banks, insurance companies and other forward looking businesses establish funds which they term "reserves for contingencies." But they do not employ these funds except as the contingencies arise. Neither do aeroplane pilots continually use their reserve supply of fuel. But both business executives and fliers know how vital such reserves are to their welfare.

The Corporate Trust Shares reserve fund, designed to provide a fixed base coupon rate, also serves a vital purpose. When June 30, 1931, arrives, and holders of Corporate Trust Shares receive a semi-annual distribution of at least 35¢ per share, they will recognize the soundness and fairness of the Corporate Trust Share plan—a plan designed to protect against reduction of return below a fixed base rate.

The reserve fund is but one example of the soundness and inherent fairness of Corporate Trust Shares. The trust agreement provides that the investor shall receive interest on the reserve fund. It also provides that monies belonging to the investor shall not be turned over by the trustee to the sponsors if unclaimed for a certain period.

These, and other desirable features, are giving Corporate Trust Shares an outstanding preference by thoughtful investors.

CORPORATE TRUST SHARES ARE INTERNATIONALLY ADVERTISED, INTERNATIONALLY SOLD, AND ENJOY AN INTERNATIONAL MARKET

Ask your investment house or bank about

CORPORATE TRUST SHARES

Price at the market



This is one of a group of investment trusts sponsored by

ADMINISTRATIVE AND RESEARCH CORPORATION

120 WALL STREET • NEW YORK

much business before him. National Juice Corp. was expanding its business of making orange juice in Florida, quick-freezing it, shipping it north to be delivered with the morning's milk. The National laboratories, headed by vitamin-expert Dr. Elmer Verner McCollum (TIME, April 6), were experimenting with two new products: soft curd milk and sweet acidophilus. More important, National was pressing, on two fronts, its bold expansion policy. For though people may weep during Depression, still they must eat and drink and National Dairy is marching steadily on.

An important ice-cream distributor in the New Jersey-New York-Connecticut area is Consolidated Dairy Products Corp., which also sells dairy products, soda fountains. Mr. McInerney knew last week that Beatrice Creamery Co., third largest U. S. dairy company (1930 sales: \$82,000,000) and an ice-cream specialist, was after Consolidated. But he also knew that Consolidated's shareholders had adjourned their meeting because National also had bid for Consolidated. The Beatrice bid approximated \$8.45 a share for Consolidated stock which sold as low as \$3 1/4 this year. The National bid approximated \$9.93.

Through Kraft-Phenix Cheese, National has properties in California. But not until last week did it really enter the Pacific Coast field. This it did by acquiring Golden State Milk Products Co., a concern with 3,200 employees, sales of \$34,000,000 and a net income of \$7,062,000 last year. That National should acquire Golden State, with its poppy trade-mark, was not unnatural, for Goldman Sachs Trading has working control of the company with 175,686 out of 472,052 shares.

It is through deals such as these that President McInerney has put National Dairy Products at the forefront of the \$4,000,000,000 dairy industry, an industry whose products have greater value than any manufacturing industry. National has not, of course, been without competition. Biggest rival has been Borden Co., started in 1857. Since National's formation in 1923 the struggle between it and Borden for supremacy has been written in sales and net:

	National (figures in millions of dollars)		Borden (figures in millions of dollars)	
	Sales	Net	Sales	Net
1923	13	1	100	5
1924	25	2	109	5
1925	105	5	123	6
1926	134	10	124	6
1927	145	10	112	7
1928	217	16	136	11
1929	300	21	328	20
1930	374	26	349	21

At the end of last year the consolidated assets of Borden and its 125 subsidiaries came to \$188,000,000; those of National and its 160 subsidiaries were \$233,000,000. National has 36,000 employees, Borden 34,538. National paid \$12,486,000 in common dividends last year against Borden's \$12,079,000.

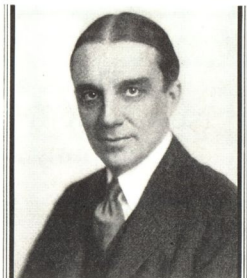
Last week the battle continued intense. When National invaded the Pacific Coast by acquiring Golden State, Borden announced that its Pacific Coast group had been enlarged with the purchase of Golden Gate Ice Cream and Fountain Supply Co.

Other big U. S. dairy units besides National, Borden and Beatrice: Carnation Co. of Wisconsin, specializing in evaporated milk; selling dairy products from the

Owen D. Young says:

"The time is not far off when buying will have to be resumed. Then surpluses will disappear, bringing a new upswing of production."

AT A MEETING OF THE NEW YORK STATE
BANKERS' ASSOCIATION, JANUARY, 1931



OWEN D. YOUNG
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD—GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY



A BUYER'S MARKET

THIS is indeed a buyer's market—with commodity prices practically at rock bottom.

- Modern conveniences for the home—electrical appliances, refrigeration; reroofing and remodeling; a new automobile or perhaps a used one; modern machinery for factory or mine; all of these things and many more are priced today at attractively low figures.
- And by using Commercial Credit service the buyer does not have to pay cash.
- The time to buy in a buyer's market is NOW—before demand sends prices upward. Take advantage of the present. Insist on Commercial Credit service if it is not convenient to pay cash.

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100 BROADWAY

40TH STREET AND MADISON AVENUE

57TH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE

Pacific to Tulsa; Western Dairy Products; Foremost Dairy Products, Inc. of Florida, headed by James Cash Penney, famed Methodist and booster for scientific farming; Pet Milk Co. of St. Louis.

Customers' Man

No great Wall Street novel is *Customers' Man* by Boyden Sparkes, published last week by Frederick A. Stokes Co. (\$1.50). But in swift-moving, unadorned narrative style it sets forth a good portrait of a Customers' Man of the Coolidge era. Before publication, the Board of Governors of the New York Stock Exchange had pamphlet copies privately printed for their own reading. To them the subject is especially interesting, for since the Crash of 1929 the Exchange has done much to lessen the evils of which Mr. Sparkes writes.

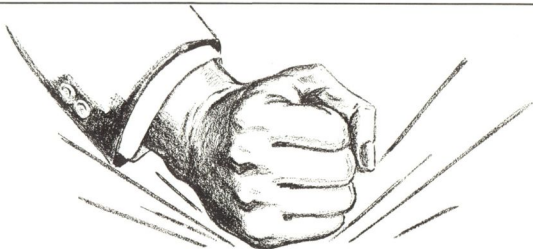
Customers' Man Robert Loomis had a pleasing personality and was an excellent barytone. He stopped his music studies to work in Wall Street when some such strategy was demanded in order to appease the capitalistic father of the girl he wooed. He quickly learned the trade's tricks. "Down here in Wall Street we are all selling the same service at a fixed price. . . . There isn't any competition in price," his boss told him. "What you sell is service—and personality. Ninety-five percent of all our business is done with friends. Therefore we got to have a lot of friends. . . . We need people who can make friends with the rich."

Loomis, with his good voice, went to many parties, made friends with the rich. He learned to make his customers trade as much as possible. On one \$1,800 account he bought (and sold) \$1,700,000 worth of stock during a year. The account ended the year at \$2,000. The firm collected almost \$10,000 in commissions. Customers' Man Loomis was, of course, not paid commissions. But he knew his salary would be "adjusted" to the business he brought the firm, that a yearly bonus would be determined on the same scale.

One customers' man in the firm had two big accounts, a dummy account for himself and a discretionary account for a customer who was abroad. He would shout "name later" when he gave orders in the morning. If the transaction showed a profit he would put it in his account. This was against rules but the order clerk got a nice slice. Harrison Welch was running a pool and arranged with certain customers' men that they would get \$1 a share for every share they sold.

Customers' men have short office hours. But their work extends far into the night. Wherever there are rich people there are customers' men, angling for accounts. Lack of interest in the market, stricter rules, the desire of people to trade only on fundamentals, have eliminated many of the worst types of customers' men at present. But Writer Sparkes is not dealing with a vanished race. Many a Wall Streeter will be amused by *Customers' Man*, many a Main Streeter instructed.

Harold Russell ("Night") Ryder, 35, business-getting partner in the defunct brokerage house of Woody & Co. was



"Give us the Facts"

Industries expanded in the past two years with more than ordinary caution. They charted their way before a move was made. They had to see clearly the possibilities for profitable manufacture and sales.



During that time many industries considered locating in New Orleans. "Give us the facts about your city," was their demand. With the facts before them 742 important concerns established themselves in New Orleans.

Sales directors required actual market data. And the Association of Commerce showed them possibilities to dominate new growing markets in Latin America . . . 110,000,000 people who have made this key port of the Mississippi

Valley their first source of supply. They saw their industries' growth based on the assured growth of the New South with New Orleans as its capital. And sales executives influenced their companies to locate here.

Production managers sought economies in manufacture. They learned that New Orleans' mild climate helps keep labor efficient throughout the year. And labor, 97% American born, has testimonials to its loyalty and intelligence. With the facts before them production managers gave New Orleans their okch.



Traffic managers were interested in New Orleans "3 Brothers of Transportation"—Federal Barge Lines, Steam-



ship Lines, 9 Trunk Railroads, bringing raw materials at low freight rates, speeding merchandise to waiting markets.

The 742 concerns who located in New Orleans could tell you of their profitable operations here. They represent nationally known business names. To their list could be added four hundred New Orleans enterprises who have made material expansions during "depression years."

Perhaps you would be interested in learning how your business can use New Orleans' industrial advantages. If you want to get the facts . . . the same uncolored facts that proved convincing to others . . . write to the Industrial Bureau of the New Orleans Association of Commerce.



..and in 2 years

742 new businesses established themselves in..

NEW ORLEANS

NEW ORLEANS ASSOCIATION OF COMMERCE

IN OUR FORTIETH YEAR

We find confirmation of our original viewpoint that the principal assets of our business must always be:

The Confidence of our Clients. 80% of our present work is repeat business.

A Sense of Stewardship. We are pledged to the principle of working for the best interests of our client.

Experienced Personnel. Currently handling a wide range of engineering and construction work from the most complicated and technical to the simpler problems.

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Flexible Contract. May cover any or all parts of the work.

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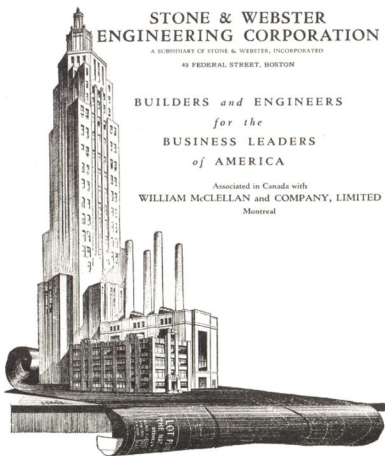
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BUSINESS LEADERS

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Associated in Canada with

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Montreal



last week sentenced to not less than three nor more than ten years in prison for grand larceny. He used to say he had \$4,000,000 before he was 30, used to call himself "the brightest young man in Wall Street."

Woman in Banking

In 1907 John Dodge, a widower, took unto himself a second wife, Mathilda Rausch of Detroit. When two years after his death in 1922 the Dodge Bros. motor interests were sold for \$120,000,000, his widow was one of the richest women in the U. S. She took an active part in the disposal of the company, showed business acumen. That same year she married Alfred George Wilson of Detroit. She became a director of Fidelity Bank & Trust Co. (then Fidelity Trust Co.), later was elected to the board of Graham-Paige Motor Corp. She built the Wilson Theatre in Detroit, has managed it herself. Sometimes she plays bridge, but her chief interests are business, the Y. W. C. A., the Salvation Army. She is an excellent public speaker but makes little capital of her business positions. In winter she lives at Grosse Point, socialite Detroit suburb; in summer she goes to Rochester, Mich. Little publicity has ever been given to her.

Last week, however, the Dow-Jones newstickers ticked out the name of Mathilda Dodge Wilson. The directors of Fidelity Bank & Trust (which has \$10,000,000 in deposits) had created a new position and given it to her. The position was chairman of the board, making Mrs. Wilson the most prominent woman in U. S. banking.

Shrewd Shopper

In the basement of U. S. industry are bargain counters on which lie many slightly worn companies, awaiting buyers with the cash and skill to restore their earning power. Recently Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co. (electric-equipment, heavy machinery, farm equipment) has been revealed as such a buyer. Last fortnight it acquired the business of Advance Rumely Corp., unprosperous maker of farm machinery (TIME, April 27). Last week it again went forth to shop. This time it angled (with cash plus stock) for the unprofitable electrical business of American Brown Boveri Electric Corp. Boveri was formed in 1925 to succeed New York Shipbuilding Corp., and acquired the U. S. licenses of Brown Boveri & Co., Ltd. of Baden, Switzerland, one of the world's leaders in the electrical equipment field. In 1928 it contemplated sale of its shipbuilding business but changed its mind when the Jones-White law was passed, sending it much new business. In 1925 Boveri made \$1,607,000; in 1929, \$402,000; in 1930, \$1,527. During the first three months of this year it lost \$137,000. Last year it billed and completed \$22,000,000 worth of work. Allis-Chalmers is the third biggest electrical equipment company, will be strengthened considerably by the deal. No statement was made of how much cash or how much stock is being paid. Officials merely said that the deal will be effective as of Jan. 1, 1931.

PAYING BILLS In Small Installments . . . without keeping creditors waiting

WHEN families want a radio, washing machine, vacuum cleaner, or motor car they can get it at once and pay while they enjoy its advantages.

How much more important it is when a family wants to pay an accumulation of past due bills, to have some means of doing so in small installments!

Families can usually get along without buying a new household device or luxury. They cannot get along without paying their current bills for necessities, even though they haven't the money.

Yet sickness, tax assessments, temporary lay-offs, and dozens of other unavoidable emergencies frequently wipe out surplus and bring indebtedness.

What then may families do who have not the collateral necessary to borrow from banks? They may go to a family finance company, borrow the money to pay off all their debts at once, keep their credit clear, and repay the finance company in installments over as long as twenty months.


The charges made for the loan are comparable to charges on installment buying plans. They are fixed by the wise laws of this state



to be fair to the family and to the finance company.

Household, America's foremost family finance company, has voluntarily reduced its rates on loans above \$100 and up to \$500 nearly a third under the maximum fixed by law.

In 74 principal cities, 133 Household offices are helping hundreds of thousands of families pay bills promptly, and repay in small installments. More, Household is helping them to budget their incomes so as to keep out of debt in the future.

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

 **HOUSEHOLD**
FINANCE CORPORATION . . .
Headquarters: Palmolive Building, Chicago, Illinois
... 133 Offices in 74 Cities . . .
(Consult your telephone directory for the office nearest you) . . .



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

 An aggressive effort to hasten business recovery . . .

Many an industry could not have introduced its products so quickly and attained its present size as rapidly without installment buying. Installment paying of past due bills (without keeping creditors waiting) offers an even more essential means of hastening business recovery. How the average family may consolidate its debts, repay creditors at once, and repay the family finance

company in small installments is the subject of this advertisement. It is one of a large series that is now appearing in newspapers of four and three-quarter million circulation. Public spirited citizens are invited to write for more information about personal finance as an essential for insuring prosperity. Address Dept. T3, Household Finance Corporation, Palmolive Bldg., Chicago.



What can you profitably spend for SALES in the ROCHESTER AREA?

SEVEN counties comprise the Rochester, N. Y. Buying Area. You should devote 60% of your sales effort to one county—Monroe—if you sell “products bought by everybody”. The farm market is quite evenly distributed over all seven counties—all are “good”—and together should yield about 8% of your New York State farm sales.

Similar data on the other eight buying areas in New York State are available in the new marketing manual published by the 16 banks of the Marine Midland Group. This book also outlines sound sales control methods. It contains one section devoted to jobber outlets. It lists 375 directors of Marine Midland Banks with their other affiliations. It is free to executives.

In addition, each of the 16 Marine Midland Banks, located throughout the state, offers a detailed knowledge of the ever new business happenings in its area. We shall welcome an opportunity to serve you.

Banks of the MARINE MIDLAND GROUP

The 16 New York State Banks that compose the Marine Midland Group are:

NEW YORK CITY	Marine National Trust Company	BUFFALO	Marine Trust Company
THROY	The Manufacturers National Bank of Troy	EAST AURORA	Bank of East Aurora
BINGHAMTON	Peoples Trust Company	JAMESTOWN	Union Trust Company
JOHNSON CITY	Workers Trust Company	LACKAWANNA	Lackawanna National Bank
CORTLAND	Cortland Trust Company	SNYDER	Bank of Snyder
ROCHESTER	Union Trust Company	TOWANANDA	First Trust Company
ALBION	Orleans County Trust Company	NORTH TOWANANDA	State Trust Company
LOCKPORT	Niagara County National Bank & Trust Co.	NIAGARA FALLS	Power City Trust Company



Write Marine Midland Group, Inc., 702 Marine Trust Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y., for this book.



EDUCATION

Appraiser

“The supreme need of American society is for men who can think,” said Thomas Sovereign Gates last year as he retired from partnership in J. P. Morgan & Co. and Drexel & Co. to become 16th president of his alma mater, the University of Pennsylvania.

Taking thought again last week, Tycoon-President Gates at Pennsylvania’s annual Class Day and Hey Day ceremonies told his departing senior class: “The



THOMAS SOVEREIGN GATES

Again he announced What Is Needed.

world needs men who understand sound political and economic principles, men who can appraise the great ideas that control human affairs and men who possess scientific knowledge.”

Strike Won

The students of Washington & Jefferson College at Washington, Pa. went on strike last March. Their complaint: that their president, Dr. Simon Strousse Baker, was “autocratic” (TIME, March 30). A committee of trustees investigated the charges, was ready to report last week. But the report was not read. Dr. Baker resigned.

Rare indeed is the student strike which accomplishes thus easily its aim. The W. & J. students had protested against Dr. Baker’s domineering methods, his “dress rules,” his lack of sympathy with their athletic program. His capitulation last week was complete. Though ill health influenced his decision to resign, he said: “So far as the student body is concerned, I have tried to win their friendship but have been unsuccessful. Sometimes I think have been unsuccessful. Sometimes I think the fault is mine. . . . As a whole they are serious and well-behaved. . . . The faculty is an able group of men.”

Graduate of W. & J. (1892), a football player in his time, 64-year-old Dr. Baker is a great-great-grandson of Dr. Thaddeus Dod, first principal of Washington Academy which became Washington & Jefferson College in 1865. In his ten-year

régime he was liked by most of his trustees and by many a townsman. But his students found his temper uneven, his educational and religious principles too conservative. And though sympathetic, he was known to be pliable, easily imposed upon.

A good conversationalist, Dr. Baker likes to read Greek, Roman and Early American history, to play golf and take long walks. For some 25 years associate superintendent of Pittsburgh's schools, he still belongs to many a smart Pittsburgh club, still takes his wife to opera or theatre there. But he has been ill ever since he underwent a serious operation last year, and his health and temperament were affected long ago by the death of his only son, Lieut. Edward David Baker, an aviator who was shot down in France in 1918.

Quietly Dr. Baker said last week: "I hope my resignation will benefit the college." Acting president will be the College's Dean Edward Moffat Weyer.

¶ In Valladolid, Spain, 50 medical students demanded to be passed in their courses without examinations because so much time-out had been taken by this spring's Revolution. The faculty refused. The students last week locked their professors in a classroom, would not let them out until they waived the examinations.

¶ Dr. Robert Judson Aley, 68, president since 1921 of thriving little Butler University at Indianapolis, Ind., resigned last week voluntarily to "write, travel, and play."

Art at Andover

To Andover, Mass., last week went many a friend and patron of Phillips Academy to see a unique preparatory school art collection: Andover's Addison Gallery of American Art, now installed in its new Georgian building. In the nine skylit gallery rooms are some 100 U. S. paintings valued at \$1,500,000. Among them: three Winslow Homers, George Wesley Bellows' *Anne in Purple Wrap* and *Dempsey-Firpo Fight* (lithograph). James Abbott McNeill Whistler's *Battersea Bridge*, works of Abbott Thayer, Thomas Eakins, Childre Hassam, Arthur B. Davies, Julian Alden Weir, John Singer Sargent, William Merritt Chase, Frank Weston Benson, and many another modern; Early American works by Gilbert Stuart, John Trumbull, Benjamin West. There are six rooms for permanent and loan exhibitions of contemporary works, U. S. ship models, silver, glass, etchings and prints. In the basement are studios, work rooms, a library.*

Andover chooses to call the donor of its gallery "anonymous." But most people are sure it was given by Morgan Partner Thomas Cochran, patron and alumnus of Andover and Yale. Headed by Architect Charles Adams Platt who designed the building, the Art Committee includes Mr. Cochran and his good friend Mrs. Cornelius Newton (Zaidee Cobb) Bliss. Because he first became interested in art through the efforts of Mrs. Bliss and her

*Fewer paintings than Andover but a more pretentious art school has the Cranbrook Foundation in Bloomfield Hills, Mich., endowed with \$15,000,000 by Publisher George Booth of the Detroit News.



He could shut his eyes
if the selection were

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NICHOLSON

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FILES

RUNNING along twin rails of quality, the work of Nicholson Files and Black Diamond Files satisfies the rigid requirements of leaders in every great industry.

The parallel performance of Nicholson and Black Diamond Files is accounted for by the fact that each is the choicest product of the largest file organization in the world.

Industrial buyers of files who must have the utmost in file value do not need to hesitate between these two leading brands. Figuratively speaking, they can shut their eyes and select either Nicholson or Black Diamond Files.

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A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE



He never knew — there was something better

It had never occurred to him that the towel service in his washrooms could be improved. He had never thought much about it.

Until one day he tried a DUBLTOWL. Here was a towel finer and better than any he had ever known. Certainly his employees deserved a towel like this.

DUBLTOWLS please every user. They are soft and soothing to the skin. They are strong and do not tear easily or fall apart when wet. They are so much faster in absorption that they eliminate the careless waste of towels. One DUBLTOWL, or two at the most, dries the hands thoroughly.

The coupon will bring you free samples and full information.



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Each DUBLTOWL is two sheets of pure krait fibre and is 73 times as fast in absorbency as the average paper towel.

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sister-in-law, the late Lizzie P. Bliss, Mr. Cochran is believed to have given the gallery as a memorial to Mrs. Keturah Addison Cobb, mother of Mrs. Bliss. Curator is Charles H. Sawyer. Most of the Gallery's choice paintings were selected by Robert G. McIntyre of Macbeth Galleries and Miss Bliss (whose private collection was inherited by Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art—see p. 29).

Morgan Partner Cochran played football at Andover (1890) and Yale (1894). Returning later to Andover for a commencement reunion, he found it again to his liking, went back to Wall Street to establish a pool from which the school has received some \$11,000,000 in anonymous donations. Other notable gifts: A bronze sculpture by Paul Manship (*The Cycle of Life*); a fund to increase professorial salaries and insure sabbatical years for Andover's older teachers; \$1,000,000 for keeping the campus trees and shrubs in order. A Cochran theory: Anyone who likes Nature will never become a Bolshevik.

AERONAUTICS

Britain's Troubles

When the dirigible *R-101* crashed and killed 48 occupants on its first long flight last autumn, it cost Britain practically her whole staff of dirigible experts; it cost millions of dollars; worst of all, it cost public confidence in Britain's lighter-than-air program. Last week that loss was recorded in an announcement by Prime Minister James Ramsay MacDonald that the Government had temporarily abandoned its airship building program.

Between the alternatives of building more ships and scrapping all equipment on hand, the Government compromised on a static program. The *R-100*, which made a laborious flight from Cardington to Montreal and back last autumn, will be maintained as a sort of flying laboratory (like the U. S. *Los Angeles*), but it will not be reconstructed or lengthened for additional lifting power as was its sister *R-101*. The mooring masts at Montreal, Karachi (India) and Ismailia (Egypt), erected as part of Britain's ambitious scheme to link the far-flung parts of the Empire by air, will be kept in repair. Annual cost of the new retrenched program is estimated at \$700,000.

Obviously Great Britain, which expended about \$11,000,000 on dirigible practice to scarce advantage, intends to mark time and watch what results befall the U. S. and Germany in their elaborate developments. The U. S. Navy has unofficially invited Britain to send officers and men to Lakehurst for training.

The heavier-than-air phase, too, of Britain's military aviation is suffering evil days. Last fortnight brought the death of famed speed flyer Flight Lieut. Henry Richard Danvers Waghorn, 41st pilot of the Royal Air Force to die by crash since the first of the year. In London last week the Marquess of Donegal charged that Lieut. Waghorn and many another R. A. F. flyer would be alive today but for the "obsolete" type of parachute issued by the Air Ministry. This 'chute, he said, is not

Famous Anachronisms No. 5



"Oh Yeah?"
said Josephine

"I know better—
I was THERE with a
CROSLLEY"

"DON'T brag to me about your Russian victories. I'm up on things these days, Nappy. While you were gone I invested in a radio so I could hear all the latest news. I know all about it. When you retreated from Moscow I was THERE with a Crosley." You, too, can be THERE with a Crosley when great future events occur.

These Anachronisms are the basis for an interesting radio program from WLW, Cincinnati, (700 KC., 428.3 Meters) every Wednesday night at 8:30 P. M.

The CROSLLEY line of super-sensitive and ultra-performing radio receiving sets ranges from The CROSLLEY "WIGIT," at \$39.75, complete with tubes, and The CROSLLEY "BIDDY BOY," at \$59.50, complete with tubes, up to The CROSLLEY SENIOR SUPERHETERODYNE (PHIODYNATION) Series of Console models ranging from only \$109.50 up, complete with tubes.

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Homes of "The Nation's" Station—WLW
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Years Greatest Travel Bargain!
EUROPE \$219
5 COUNTRIES—30 DAYS—ALL EXPENSES
See Canada, England, Holland, Belgium, France, Bremen on Europe's Continental Pacific Company's liners. Lots of motorcar in Europe. Booklet "219".
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A UTILITY STEEL ECONOMY CABINET
For conveniently holding
all cancelled checks,
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Lacquered dark olive
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18 drawers, 12" x 24" x 17".
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**\$12.50
SPECIAL**
Shelves weight 100 lbs.
Steel case and metal
HOBART CABINET CO., TROY, OHIO

guaranteed to open under 800 or 1,000 ft.

But Lord Donegall made no reference to the need for "chutes, viz: the frequency of crashes. One theory lies in Britain's peculiar problem of aerial defense. More than any other form of aggression Britain fears a bombing attack from the Continent. Hence she has concentrated upon development of "interceptor" planes, some of which can reach an altitude of 25,000 feet in 17 minutes. Such speed and high rate of climb can be built into a plane only at some expense of safety factor. And diminishing the safety factor may accentuate the daredevil attitude in personnel.

Right Side Up

Fire. A big Curtiss Condor of Eastern Air Transport, New York-bound from Richmond with 18 passengers, was 20 min. past Baltimore when smoke began rolling through the cabin. A poorly insulated heater pipe in a rear compartment had set the fuselage afire. Hostess Elizabeth Westwood (all E. A. T. planes carry young and personable women as hostesses) circulated among the passengers, assuring them there was no grave danger, while Co-Pilot G. J. McDonald fought the flames with fire-extinguishers. Pilot E. C. Kondat raced to an emergency landing at Fort Hoyle, Md., sideslipping the plane to blow the flames away from the cabin. By the time the burning ship had landed, fire apparatus from the Fort was on the field. Unhurt, the passengers continued to New York in the company's next plane.

Wheel. When Pilot Charles ("Chuck") Weiblen of Pittsburgh Airways took off from Pittsburgh's Bettis Field for Buffalo with three women passengers, airport officials saw one of his wheels dangling crazily. Unaware of the damage, Pilot Weiblen would naturally attempt a normal landing at his destination—and crack up. A mail plane was dispatched with a sign "broken wheel" hastily painted on its side. Pilot Weiblen saw, turned back, made four attempts to land on one wheel. On the fifth he succeeded, dug a wingtip into the ground, damaged the ship only slightly. The three passengers took off in another plane.

Engine. Over Lake Erie flew an amphibian of Transamerican Air Line, bound from Cleveland for Detroit. The engine tore partly loose from its mounting, caught fire. Pilot Otis Beard "sat her down" on the water, put out the fire, signaled to a Coast Guard boat for a tow. His four passengers, too, continued by air.

"Speed"

Charles W. ("Speed") Holman, famed speed and stunt pilot, winner of many an air derby, flew into Omaha for the air races last week. He volunteered to "put on a few stunts" to enliven the afternoon's program. After taking much of the crowd's breath with routine acrobatics, he put his fast Laird biplane into a 2,000-ft. power dive, rolling it over on its back. As plane & pilot flashed low over the grandstands, spectators saw Holman hanging head down by a precarious knee-hold, clutching desperately for the controls. He did not reach them. The plane rocketed to the ground with a screeching smash, bowled over & over, came to rest 150 ft. away. Pilot Holman was obliterated.

"QUIET please!"



How can you expect efficient work from a stenographer whose nerves are hammered throughout the day by the annoying din of typewriters, jangling telephone bells, voices and other office noises? You can't! Nor can executives concentrate—think clearly—unless business quarters are quiet.

That's why you'll find Acoustex Sound Absorbent Tile on the ceilings of typewriting rooms and private offices of more and more up-to-date business organizations. For Acoustex is the sign of a modern office. It effec-

tively quiets irritating, costly noise and in addition provides a very attractive decorative treatment that will make you proud of your business home.

Our interesting bulletin on Office Quieting tells the whole Acoustex story. Ask your secretary to drop us a line or mail the convenient coupon for your copy.

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Acoustex harmonizes with any interior—any office furnishings. Supplied pre-decorated to order, it is fire-safe, sanitary, easily cleaned and redecorated. An efficient light reflector, Acoustex does not increase lighting costs. Leading architects have installed Acoustex in many prominent buildings for

Sound Quieting in
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Proper Hearing in
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Acoustex will reduce the noise in your office 50% to 75%! Mail the coupon and find out all about it.

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() Send information on Office Quieting or
() Send information regarding acoustical
treatment for ☐ School ☐ Theatre ☐ Church
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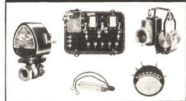
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This is the first of a series describing recent developments in Automatic Controls

C I N E M A

Cinemadvertising

With the exception of those frayed asbestos curtains which, bordered with gauche testimonials, used to hang in provincial opera houses, the theatre has always been a form of entertainment reasonably free from extraneous advertising. Less for ethical than for practical reasons the cinema maintained the same policy until about a year ago when, searching shrewd methods to combat Depression, producers hit on the scheme of making short advertising films which were paid for twice—first by the advertisers, second by cinemaddicts who paid to see them as entertainment. The scheme was bound to arouse resentment from other fields which combine advertising with amusement. It received its first public attack last week in the form of a complaint to the Federal Trade Commission, made by Eugene W. Castle, head of Castle Films, a small independent Manhattan company which produces short industrial pictures.

Producer Castle attempted to secure newspaper support by pointing out that in some cases merchandising campaigns undertaken by film companies have resulted in an advertising loss to publishers. He argued that sponsored advertising films constitute deception and unfair competition. Said he: "The whole thing is based on trickery. . . . [Companies] should state clearly in their newspaper advertisements, in the theatre lobbies, and on the films themselves that advertising films, paid for by the sponsors, are being shown."

So far, advertising films of the type alarming to Producer Castle have been produced only by Warner Bros. and Paramount. Paramount samples: a series entitled *Movie Memories*, comprising old newsreels, early shots of current stars, by courtesy of Liggett & Myers; *My Merrie Oldsmobile*, song cartoon; *Jolt for General Gern*, cartoon extolling Lysol. Warner Bros. samples: one-reel plays advertising Chesterfields; *On the Slopes of the Andes*, a coffee cultivation panorama to Andrew Great Atlantic & Pacific grocery sales. Warner Bros. have contracted for a dozen or so more advertising shorts, Paramount for 50.

Advertising films which cost advertisers \$12,000 a reel, \$40 a reprint, \$5 per thousand "circulation" have already, according to Mr. Castle, made more than \$3,000,000. Other producers have been reluctant to conduct similar experiments in the belief that exhibitors would resent them, attendance fall off. But RKO, affiliated with Radio Corp. of America, is thought to be on the fence. And alert reviewers have observed that recent Fox newsreels have contained enticing views of Cunard week-end tours and Cunard boat launchings which could easily have been construed as advertising.

The New Pictures

Seed (Universal). In a sentimental effort to set forth the disadvantages which may result from having too many children, Author Charles Gilman Norris wrote in *Seed* the story of how bothersome

progeny caused an ambitious writer to leave his wife, take up with a lady who had less exaggerated views on domesticity. Birth control is not a precept which the cinema is encouraged to advertise, but the producers of *Seed* found an easy way to escape the apparent necessity for doing so. By making his five children a very minor reason for the writer to leave home and a major reason for him to return there after ten years, *Seed*, as a cinema, tells essentially the same story and by a shift of emphasis defends the conduct which Author Norris attempted to discourage.

This change does not impair the values of the story so much as does the repetitious photography of the children—first as obstreperous small fry, later as simpering adolescents. Bart Carter, the writer, lives with his wife, Peggy, and urchins in a Manhattan suburb while slaving comfortably as a publisher's clerk. Mildred, a sprightly girl who remembers his literary ambitions, encourages him to make efforts



Frealich

GENEVIEVE TOBIN

... wrecks homes pleasantly.

at novel-writing in her apartment. Presently the Carters are divorced, Bart marries and goes abroad with Mildred, while Peggy supports the children by running a dress store. After ten years, celebrated and so rich that he can afford an automobile (which, by an oversight, greatly resembles the one in which Mildred took him away), Bart Carter returns. Pleased with his children, he loses his enthusiasm for Mildred.

Authentic episodes—such as the one in which Peggy (Lois Wilson), when her children have gone away to school, consoles herself with a plateful of cinnamon buns—make *Seed* at times a convincing as well as mildly entertaining homily. John Boles, whose previous rôles have included opportunities for barytone singing, maintains a placid demeanor as Bart Carter. Genevieve Tobin, who has become recognized as the most civilized home-wrecker of the talkies, sparkles pleasantly as Mildred.

It's a Wise Child (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). One of the minor stage contributions of the late David Belasco (see p. 28) was this obstetrical little farce, fragile and

You can trust OLD FRIENDS

**HAMMERMILL
MEN
MAKE IT**

MANAGEMENT BOND
A HAMMERMILL PRODUCT

IN this case, it's the word of old friends on a sheet of paper. So when considering a lower-priced bond, hold a sample of it to the light.

When you see the watermark, "MANAGEMENT BOND—A HAMMERMILL PRODUCT," you can buy with confidence.*

Eight colors and white in the full range of usual commercial weights. Your printer stocks Management Bond, or can get it for you promptly.

May we send you samples?

*Hammermill men and Hammermill methods produce this new paper, Management Bond, at Hoquiam, Washington.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY
Erie, Penn. T8

Please send me a Portfolio of Management Bond, the lower-priced paper made by Hammermill men.

Name.....

Position.....

ATTACH YOUR COUPON TO YOUR OFFICE LETTERHEAD



Treat that corn sensibly

Why tolerate a throbbing corn . . . or let feet that are charming turn clumsy with pain . . . when relief is simple, swift, waiting for you at any drug store? Buy and apply Blue-jay, even at the last minute, and know that neither misery nor humiliation will haunt your evening.

Blue-jay stops the pain and starts its gentle, safe, certain treatment instantly. A ring of velvety felt circles the corn and protects it from pressure and friction. The mild Blue-jay medicinal softens and separates it for easy removal.

On or off in 20 seconds. Bath-proof, invisible in use. Made by a house famous for surgical dressings. At all druggists, 25 cents. (In Canada, 35 cents.)

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago • New York • Toronto

Do you know Protect-O-Pads, smart new members of the famous Blue-jay family of foot comforts? These trim oval shields, hollow-centered, velvet-soft yet tough, guard tender spots and prevent corns, calluses, blisters. Ask your druggist—or send 10c for samples to Bauer & Black, 2568 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

inoffensive, which deals glibly with a complicated case of mistaken pregnancy. As cinema, the obsterical aspects are made to seem even more innocent by the writhing cuteness of Actress Marion Davies. Part of the comedy depends upon the fact that no one dares utter such a rude phrase as "have a baby," not even the iceman, who complains euphemistically of his fiancée's infidelity: "While I was trying desperately to keep the wolf from the door, the stork flies in the window." Actress Davies appears in the rôle of Joyce Stanton who, while trying to conceal the pregnancy of the iceman's fiancée, causes herself to be suspected of a similar predicament. She is engaged to an elderly banker but more interested in one of his clerks. When both are discouraged by rumors of her misbehavior, she marries the family solicitor who has behaved more generously in the apparent emergency. Far funnier than the almost morbidly polite comicalities supplied by this situation are those contributed by the iceman (James Gleason) and Marie Prevost as a maid-of-all-work whose comments are ponderous, amazing. Sample—her rebuff to Iceman Gleason: "All I want from you is ice."

Up Pops the Devil (Paramount). Novel-writing is a career which the cinema often sees accompanied by domestic disagreements. It takes effect as an irritant in this one after Steve Merrick (Norman Foster) has given up his job to produce a book while his wife (Carole Lombard) supports him at a revue. Painful results: Anne Merrick is pursued by a publisher, Steve Merrick makes expensive gestures toward a pretty neighbor. Pregnancy is presently established as a motive for reunion. What makes *Up Pops the Devil* as amusing in film as it was recently on the Manhattan stage is expert dialog by Arthur Kober and the treatment of important trivialities.

Party Husband (First National). It is not hard to guess what turns a domestic comedy will take with a young couple who love each other but have made up their minds not to let marriage interfere with their separate individualities. The husband (James Rennie) appears with a smudge of lipstick on his cheek, later pursues a lady to her apartment. His attractive wife (Dorothy Mackaill) endeavors to get even by accompanying an admirer on a night-boat trip. The separation that follows is adjusted in a scene that puts Dorothy Mackaill into pajamas. All this is accomplished in the *moderne* environment and respectfully blasé manner which have been mastered by Hollywood producers so recently.

The Good Bad Girl (Columbia). The penalties of an anti-social career are here set forth in the case of a well-intentioned country girl (Mae Clarke) who becomes friendly with a gangster, later marries an honest youth of impeccable connections. The scandal of her past associations forces her back into disreputable surroundings but she is last seen re-united with her husband. Marie Prevost, now grown from a svelte ingenue into a buxom comedienne, gives a gay impersonation of a gun-moll's friend, but the picture should help kill the underworld's screen vogue.

ANOTHER BIG CUNARD TRAVEL BARGAIN

The CRUISE to ALL EUROPE

MEDITERRANEAN and NORWAY

Think of it! 51 days visiting 12 countries for as little as \$12 per day including all expenses on ship and shore, hotels, guides, fees, etc. Cunard S. S. Lancastria sailing June 30. Rates from \$590 up. Best accommodations for early applications. Act today.

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A MODERN
MID-TOWN HOTEL
15 floors devoted to luxurious hospitality. Every room with bath. Single, \$14. Double, \$16.50-17.
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"The March of Time"

A new kind of radio entertainment
presented by the Editors of TIME

Every Friday Night

10:30-11 Eastern daylight saving time; 9:30-10 Central daylight saving time; over the basic network of the Columbia Broadcasting System; Stations

WADC WCAO WNAC
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WOWO WDRC KMBC
WDSU WABC KOIL
WCAU WJAS WEAN
WFBL WSPD WMAL
WCCO KMOX WLAC

RELIGION

Reformed Hymnal

To deepen the religious consciousness of U. S. Reformed Jewry, to improve their congregational singing, a committee of ten rabbis has been working for the last five years on a revised Jewish Hymnal. Rabbi Louis Wolsey of Philadelphia, chairman of the committee, announced last week the completion of "Songs and Prayers of Jewish Worship," to be submitted next month to the Central Conference of American Rabbis, representing 400 Reformed Jewish Congregations.

Less "oriental," less burdened with pathos than Orthodox Jewish music,* which Rabbi Wolsey calls "a pretentious attempt to revive the Jewish religious life of Palestine," the new Reformed hymnal aims to reshape oldtime melodies in modern forms without losing their essential



JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

... the only living non-Jew included.

Hebraic spirit. From the two previous hymnals, published in 1897 and 1914, the committee has removed 177 hymns written by non-Jewish composers, and substituted some 300 authentic Judaic compositions.

Still to be part of the service, but not employed by any other sect, Jewish or Christian, are hymns with verses by Louisa May Alcott (*Little Women*), Poets William Cowper, Thomas Moore and John Addington Symonds, Thomas Tallis (1515-85, "the father of English cathedral music") and John Haynes Holmes, Manhattan preacher and civic reformer. Once a Unitarian, Dr. Holmes became an independent in 1919. Friend of many a Jewish

*Jazz Singer Al Jolson, son of a cantor, received his early training in rhythmic, highly-colored Classic chants.

†Last week Dr. Holmes listed the "ten greatest women of today," as follows: Jane Addams, "greatest among modern women"; Theosophist Annie Besant; Catherine Breshkovsky, "Grandmother of the Russian Revolution"; Scientist Mme Marie Curie; Anarchist Emma Goldman; Helen Keller, "most perfectly triumphant of women"; Poetess Edna St. Vincent Millay; Mme Sarojini Naidu, "first among Indian women"; Margaret Sanger, "indomitable advocate of birth control"; Authoress Sigrid Undset.

How to be as Carefree as Huckleberry Finn!



"Seeing America with Aetna" is the most unique touring and recreational guide ever offered to motorists! 22 Tours, covering the principal scenic and historic attractions in America. Each tour illustrated with a large 2-color map; each easily adaptable to the limits of your vacation and your pocketbook. Send for your copy today.

The Aetna Casualty & Surety Company, The Aetna Life Insurance Company, The Automobile Insurance Company, The Standard Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut, write practically every form of Insurance and Fidelity and Surety Bonds.

IF this picture fills you with longings to take the car and go places, far-away places, to really see and enjoy America this summer, then mail the coupon below for Aetna's fascinating new —

BOOK OF MOTOR TOURS

"Seeing America with Aetna"

But even more important, see the Aetna-izer in your community before you go. An Aetna Combination Automobile Policy covers every insurable motoring risk; meets all the requirements of the new Financial Responsibility Laws; guarantees personal, friendly service from Coast to Coast through —

25,000 Aetna Representatives — leaving you as free from care and worry, and as ready to enjoy life as Huckleberry Finn himself!

Æ T N A - I Z E

SEE THE ÆTNA-IZER IN YOUR COMMUNITY — HE IS A MAN WORTH KNOWING



MAIL THIS TODAY

The Aetna Casualty & Surety Co., Hartford, Conn.
Gentlemen: Send me your 48-page Tour Book, "Seeing America with Aetna", I enclose 12¢ to cover mailing costs. (Canada 22¢)

Name

Address

John Hancock Series

Always ready for the day's work

We all know him—the busy man who always looks and feels fresh, on whom the daily grind leaves no apparent impression.

Generally his good health and spirits are no accident. He keeps fit by observing a few simple rules of health, which any man can easily follow.

We have prepared a booklet which outlines the sound principles of healthy living. You may have your copy by mailing the coupon below.



Inquiry Bureau, 197 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass.
Please send me your booklet, "Living the Healthy Life."

Name.....

Address.....

Over Sixty-Eight Years in Business



Around Pacific CRUISE

luxurious adventure
on the MALOLO

New York Asia and the Indies, modern Australia, romantic Fiji and Samoa, on this third Malolo cruise! By ricksha thread the streets of teeming cities, by motor penetrate jungles thick with orchids. One day visit a Sultan's palace; another, dine on plantains and breadfruit served by Javanese maidens. Luxuriously tour 19 strange ports in 14 countries—enjoy everything for as little as \$1,500! Sail Sept. 19 from San Francisco (20th from Los Angeles); back again Dec. 16. Itinerary at your travel agency, or:

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PORTLAND 271 Pine Street
SEATTLE 814 Second Avenue

leader, he is especially close to Rabbi Stephen Samuel Wise, with whom he lately agitated against Manhattan's dapper Mayor James John Walker (TIME, March 23 *et seq.*). Three of his works are included in the Reformed Hymnal. One stanza, in his hymn No. 76, is not recommended by the committee:

*Dear Father, we would learn to trust
The doing of Thy will,
And in Thy perfect law of love
Our doubts and fears would still.
Help us to know, in joy or woe,
Thy ways are always best.
And we, Thy children evermore,
By Thy great goodness blest.*

Jews do not hold an anthropomorphic (human-formed) conception of the Deity. Dr. Holmes stipulates that hymn No. 76 be used in its entirety if at all.

North Porch Begun

Spreading a blob of mortar with a silver trowel, tapping lightly a great block of white limestone, Mrs. Herbert Hoover announced last week: "On behalf of the National Women's Committee of the Washington Cathedral, I declare that the first stone of the North Porch is duly and truly laid. May God bless and prosper the work of our hands upon us."

The North Porch thus consecrated is the gift of U. S. womanhood to the nation's Westminster Abbey: the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, a-building these many years on Mt. St. Alban, 400 ft. above the city of Washington. Less pretentious and less costly than Manhattan's Cathedral of St. John the Divine, it will nevertheless with 71,000 square feet of floor space exceed in area the famed cathedrals of Notre-Dame de Paris, Rheims, Cologne, Canterbury and Westminster Abbey. Units of its Gothic, cruciform plan already completed are the apse and choir (top of the cross), the entire foundations, the crypt of the nave, three crypt chapels, a Children's Chapel. Now being constructed are the two arms of the cross: the North and South transepts. To complete these in time for the bicentenary celebration next year of the birth of George Washington is the object of the Washington Cathedral's National Committee. The Women's Committee, formed last November with Mrs. William Adams Brown as its active chairman, busies itself with getting subscriptions—from male and female alike—to the National Cathedral Association, which now has 10,000 annual contributors. Last week the association reported 3,145 new members in the last twelvemonth and \$52,183 in donations.

Planned in 1891, chartered in 1893, the Cathedral was begun in 1907. Its ultimate cost will be some \$14,000,000.

*Chairman: Gen. John Joseph Pershing. Executive chairman: wartime U. S. Senator George Wharton Pepper. Treasurer: U. S. Secretary of the Treasury Andrew William Mellon. Other commitment: Bishop of Washington James Edward Freeman, Assistant Secretary of War Frederick Truett Davidson, Under Secretary of the Treasury Ogden Livingston Mills, Assistant Secretary of State William Richards Castle Jr., Canon August Phelps Stokes, etc., etc.

The cathedral received \$250,000 from the will of the late Banker George Fisher Baker, filed last week (see p. 33).



Made for Men

—and EVERY Man Needs it

AFTER THE SHAVE: Mennen Talcum for Men protects your skin, removes face shine, makes you look and feel clean all day long. Doesn't show . . . Great after a bath, too. Slightly deodorant. Large size tin, 25c.

Mapleine Baked Oranges

Grate rinds of 6 oranges, then boil 40 min. Cut into 1/2 in. slices or sections. Place in deep baking dish, cover well with syrup made of 2 cups sugar, 3/4 cup corn syrup, 2 1/2 cups water, 2 teaspoons Mapleine. Bake

about 2 hrs. Moderate oven. Remove cover last 1/2 hr. to thicken syrup. Delicious with the roast, or at any time. Write for "Mapleine Cookery," 200 choice recipes, FREE. In the meantime, recipe folder comes with every bottle of Mapleine—at your grocer's. Crescent Mfg. Co., Dept. 80, Seattle, U. S. A.

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BOOKS

Artistry*

TWO SYMPHONIES — André Gide — Knopf (\$2.50).

"Quietly! Quietly!" says André Gide. "Is life disorderly, noisy? Art is not." In these *Two Symphonies* of his (published separately in Paris some ten years ago) you may hear some of the faint harmonics. No lavish diapason of thundering chords, André Gide picks out his effects with a spare but accurate choice.

Isabelle is the story of love at first sight that withered not from Time but from a second glance. Young Student Lacase, searching materials for his thesis, visits the queer country household of La Quartfourche. They are all old people there except one crippled boy, grandson to one couple, great-nephew to the other. The boy's absent mother, Isabelle, still young, still beautiful, is never mentioned. But she is allowed to come back twice a year, at the dead of night, to see her child. Young Lacase falls in love with her, first from her picture, then from an old letter, then from a glimpse of her. His visit ends, he goes away. Months later he returns. The old people are dead, the house is to be sold, creditors are cutting down the trees, his ideal beloved Isabelle is living with the estate-agent, just for want of somebody better.

The Pastoral tells how a Protestant country pastor takes home a destitute little blind girl to his astounded wife & family. The child is not only blind

after her wife & family know better. When his son falls in love with the girl the pastor sends him away. A successful operation is made on her eyes. The pastor is anxious, and with cause; for when she sees her perfect man she tries to drown herself, dies from the effects. But not without telling him a few things that leave his life a desert.

The Author. André Paul William Gide, reputed the most powerful figure in contemporary French literature, looks like a lean and sinister clown, loves mystery, theatrics. Bald, he often wears a skullcap, a shawl over his shoulders. His early books were such immediate failures he thought seriously of abandoning writing. At 40 (he is now 61) he learned English and translated Shakespeare, Joseph Conrad, Walt Whitman into French. Gide's chief claim to notoriety is his sympathetic exposition of homosexuality. His consuming curiosity once nearly cost him his life when he followed an African native marriage procession into the forbidden chamber. Some of his (translated) books: *Strait Is the Gate, The Counterfeiters, The School for Wives, Travels in the Congo, The Immoralist*.

Gossip

WHEN THE WICKED MAN . . . — Ford Madox Ford — Liveright (\$2.50).

When a gossip is going well he is not necessarily wicked, is often entertaining, sometimes even slightly edifying. Ford Madox Ford's books are gossip, mostly entertaining but occasionally like the vapors of the club bore. He is a great one . . . for three dots.

Notterdam and Kratch had been through thick & thin, up a deal and down hell together. They were now twin tycoons lording it in Manhattan. Kratch had many an iron in the fire; Notterdam's only one was the rod with which he ruled the great publishing house of Post, Gelatly & Jeaffreson. Cronies but always cantankerous, Notterdam and Kratch came to grips, almost to blows, over the House's policy. When the dust settled Kratch had left sulphurously for Europe, Notterdam had determined to buy out his partner, never see him again. Then things began to happen to Notterdam. . . .

When not quite sober he had been persuaded to sign a long-term contract with an obscure author. He repudiated the contract. The author, who was starving, killed himself. Notterdam had a peck of trouble hushing up the story, was first helped, then hindered by the author's disreputable wife. Notterdam was in love with his secretary, Henrietta Felise, and it was mutual, but when he found his wife had been for years in love with Kratch it seemed to complicate the situation. He tried to cut out drinking and could not. Coming back from a business trip to Europe he decided there was only one feature of his life he could reform: give up Henrietta Felise.

He cabled her to that effect. But she was waiting for him on the dock.

Author Ford's subject is not humorous and he never tries to be funny with it, but occasionally comedy descends on him unawares, as in this passionate whisper from Henrietta Felise: "You must take care of me. . . You must never leave me. . . You don't know how sick at



FORD MADOX FORD

"Even if it were only passing S. A. . ."

heart. . . You don't know how I long. . . We must try out. . . Even if it were only passing S. A. it might be . . . oh, very beautiful. . ."

The Author. Ford Madox Hueffer changed his name to Ford in 1919, "for family reasons." Born in England (1873) of a German father, he loved Germany but during the War fought in the English army. With his good friend Joseph Conrad he collaborated on two novels: *The Inheritors* (1901), *Romance* (1903). After the War he wrote two angry novels (never published), intended to write more but changed his mind. Ford considers England will not be normal again till a new generation has grown up. He divides his time between Manhattan and Paris, waiting for that day. Tall, fair-haired, lumbering, Ford looks like a cartoonist's Englishman, speaks with a wheeze (he was gassed), wears baggy tweeds, smokes cheap French cigarettes. He is a Roman Catholic. Other books: *Some Do Not, No More Parades, A Man Could Stand Up, The Last Post*.

Fairly Civil War

MANY THOUSANDS GONE — John Peale Bishop — Scribner (\$2.50).*

Not only in biography but, more significantly, in fiction U. S. writers are more & more turning to U. S. subjects. And to a generation that is still scraping off the mud and blood of the War to End War the comparatively chivalrous affair between North and South has an increasingly romantic appeal. These five short stories, with one exception, are tales of the Civil War from the Southern point of view.

A Southern farmer comes home to find his mother's grave ripped open by Yankee



ANDRÉ GIDE

. . . has tom-peeped in Africa.

but apparently dumb, beast-like, filthy. With infinite patience, amazing success, the pastor teaches her to talk, educates her into a flower of intelligence and purity. Naturally she loves him. His affection for her he considers purely paternal, long

*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.

*Published May 8.

raiders. He traps them in the cellar, kills them one by one.

A girl watches a wounded Confederate die all night long in her kitchen, gives first her bed and then herself to the exhausted soldier sent to bury him.

A Virginia town has the misfortune to be occupied by troops of a Yankee colonel who was born there; resentful orgies ensue.

Two old maiden ladies after the War find a Negro cook whom they consider a perfect jewel till they discover he is insane. They keep him anyway. "With him they lived in terror, but in the tradition."

The Author. John Peale Bishop, Southerner-born (in Charles Town, W. Va.) of the Princeton generation of Author Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald and Critic Edmund Wilson, seemed to have fallen by the wayside. After college and the War he and Wilson went to Manhattan to play the literary game, ran *Vanity Fair* together, published a partnered book *The Undertaker's Garland*. Then Wilson went on to higher things, Bishop to France and Italy. He lives near Paris in a Louis XIII house. *Many Thousands Gone* (containing the Scribner \$5,000-prize story of that title) is his second book. His first: *Green Fruit* (poems).

Dialect

MARDEN FEE—Gerald Bullett—*Knopf* (\$2.50).

"And the next I do know, us be floaten across the grass, and there a-front of us, setten on our green downs, neighbors, be a parcel of blessed angels. Hugy gurt baastards they be, twenny feet or more

from crown to anklebone, and some of 'em as black as coal. . . ."—thus honest Yokel Mykelborne holding forth in the tap-room to his fellow-worthies, who listened chop-fallen, goggle-eyed. Such fine and pungent talk was to be had almost any evening in the inn at Marden Fee, and it is the chorus of talk, not the incidental pastoral melodrama you will remember from Author Bullett's book.

The story opens in prehistoric England, in the "squat" (hut-settlement) of Koor, Koor, hitherto invincible patriarch, is aging, and the young hunters are beginning to mutter to each other. Soon the inevitable happens. The tale suddenly skips to 1750; Koor's squat is now the drowsy village of Marden Fee, its people outwardly a placid yokelry. But in many of them still runs the blood of Koor. When Gipsy Noke kills the highwayman he instinctively tries to placate the ghost as his ancestors did. And nothing could be more prehistoric than the love-making of Tom Shellelt and his half-sister Charity. The Squire marries, gaffers die, murder is done and bastards begotten, but every evening the village worthies gather at the inn to have their tankards and their talk. And here, Author Bullett implies, is Life; the rest is mere incidental History.

Orienteles

BEHIND MOROCCAN WALLS—Henriette Celarié; translated & adapted by Constance Lily Morris—*Macmillan* (\$5).

Mme Celarié, wife of a French officer in Morocco, whiled away long garrison days by finding out what she could about Moroccan women. From the two books

which she wrote (*Amours Marocaines, La Vie Mystérieuse des Harems*) Translator Constance Lily Morris, herself a sojourner in Morocco, has culled this collection of true stories and sketches. Macmillan has printed it in a big folio; Artist Boris Artzybasheff has illustrated it in sumptuous black & white.

No aphrodisiac Arabian tales, these sketches are almost feminist documents. Author Celarié tells only what Moroccan women told her about their shut-in lives. Batoul's husband wanted to divorce her, nagged her to admit she had a lover till in desperation she fell into the trap. His concealed lawyer-witnesses made the divorce. Batoul was sent away; when her son was born he was taken from her; she never saw him.

But occasionally these *Morocaines* turn the heavy tables: their wives are compressed but not crushed by four walls. A woman who had succeeded in cuckolding her husband returns too late one night, to find him awake, angry, suspicious, herself locked out. Pretending despair, she says she will drown herself in the well if he does not open the door; throws a big stone down the well and hides. The husband, hearing the splash, comes out to investigate; the wife slips in, bars the door. Now it is her turn to shout abuse and call on Allah and the neighbors.

Another story: Two men claimed the same wife; the French magistrate could not tell who was lying, appealed to the woman, who would say nothing. Finally he told them to go home, think about it, agree, come back in a week. They never reappeared; he found later the two men had sold the woman to a bawd, divided the money. The magistrate decided that "here was a solution that no Westerner would ever have thought of."

Claudine (Cont'd)

YOUNG LADY OF PARIS—Colette—*Boni* (\$2.50).

This sequel to *Claudine at School* continues Claudine's diary from the point where she left Montigny and her school-girl days, went to Paris with her absent-minded widower father. Seventeen, with no companions but her cat Fanchette and an old servant whose trustiness was slightly surpassed by her bawdiness, with a father who rarely knew where she was or what she was doing, only Claudine's sturdy female common sense kept her out of serious scrapes. As it was, she had some minor adventures which a mother would have deprecated.

When Claudine met her cousin Marcel she thought he was beautiful but girlish, soon discovered she was absolutely right. Her old schoolmate and adorer Luce turned up in Paris, living in the lap of sinful luxury. When Claudine visited Luce's apartment she was first impressed, then disgusted. She discovered the reason why young girls did not go about Paris unattended when she was followed and even pinched by perfect strangers. Cousin Marcel's middle-aged father, Renaud, did not much fancy his fancy son, having more normal tastes himself. His jaded experience, her thirsty ignorance, drew them together. She wanted to be his mistress but he insisted on marrying her. You get the impression she will be his darling, but that for her it will be just a beginning.

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Fortune for June

Niagara Hudson: Exhibit A of Superpower

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Lloyd's, London

Which is *not* an insurance company. Which is as profoundly British and almost as historic as the Navy itself, but which has less and less to do with the sea.

Genus Simplissimum: The Trout Fisherman

Herewith a few laboratory specimens, born in an utterly antagonistic century. In a proud industrial civilization, the fly fisherman remains an anachronism; proud only of the skill of his hands, affected only in his choice of bait, worshipping repose.

The Seven Ages of Johns-Manville

A typical American corporation grows up. From single-hearted production to many-handed distribution. From hard-fisted Manvilles to hard-headed Morgans. From a family's source of livelihood to a nation's speculative favorite.

Mr. Goodman's 18,000 Exclusives

In spirit, Edwin Goodman was always present at the doings in Mrs. Vanderbilt's Fifth Avenue château. Now present in the flesh, he constantly expands both his mer-

chandise and his technique of selling it. And he guards against the repetition of Bergdorf Goodman's most calamitous day.

Nebraska and the \$

America's central state, wherein the West begins, has created itself out of dirt and sky. Every profitable thing is an immigrant. Of these, the last to be domesticated is the dollar. Wherefore, Nebraska's paradox of radicalism.

The Most Interesting Line in *Who's Who*

... follows the name of Mary Averell Harriman. Herewith its explanation. Together with a guess at some lines for the *Who's Who* of the future.

Some Industrial Revolutions

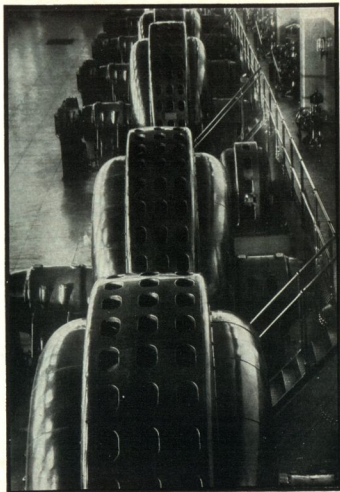
Which a generation that cannot remember the War will inherit . . .

Fortune

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