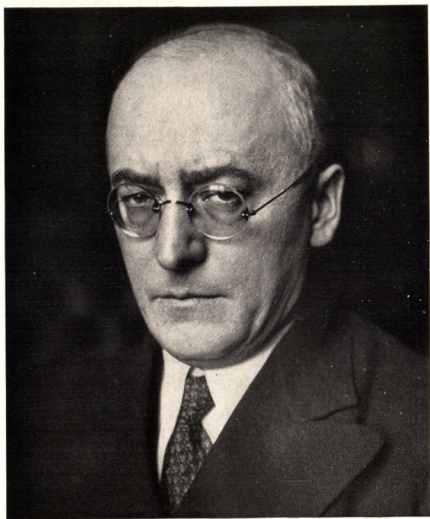


FIFTEEN CENTS

June 15, 1931

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



International

Volume XVII

NEW GERMANY'S IRON CHANCELLOR

"After the Young Plan . . . imagine Germany's disgust!"

(See FOREIGN NEWS)

Number 24



.. in Athens, Greece, or Athens, Georgia

It grins at speed .. it laughs at miles

Hard going in "second" scares some oils. High speed scares other oils.

But Mobiloil *likes* it when the going is rough. Mobiloil grins at speed when the going is smooth. Drive as you like—where you like—any country, any climate, any road—Mobiloil will always *stand up*.

The ability of Mobiloil to *stand up* is made, not found. Its makers have not relied alone on the pick of the world's finest crudes. Mobiloil's ability to *stand up* starts with the famous Vacuum Process. Each step in making Mobiloil adds something important to Mobiloil's remarkable ability to *stand up*.

Remarkable ability to *stand up* has made

Mobiloil the largest-selling quality oil in the world. Last year, every day—over two hundred motorists bought Mobiloil every minute. Because day after day—mile after mile—Mobiloil *stands up* in their engines.

No matter where you live, Mobiloil is easy to get. Mobiloil is carried by more dealers than any other oil. Look for the familiar Mobiloil curb sign in your town today. Drive in and ask for Mobiloil by name. There's a copy of the famous Mobiloil Chart there. It shows the recommended grade of Mobiloil for your car.

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



Mobiloil stands up

because it is Made .. not Found

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

An enlarged reproduction of this photograph, suitable for framing, will be mailed upon request — Oakland Motor Car Co., Pontiac, Mich.



MAKING
NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING
THE OLD

HEARTY APPROVAL OF THE TASK WELL DONE

Don't you think this is true about commencement: It isn't the ceremonies that count so much, nor even one's satisfaction in a job well finished, but, isn't it rather the generous appreciation—the hearty approval of friends, relatives and the family—that makes the day so very happy and memorable?

That very same thing is true of business. The 1931 Oaklands and Pontiacs have been very successful. We like that, of course, but what we like a great deal more is the hearty manner in which our friends express approval of these cars whenever and wherever automobiles are discussed.

Of course, different people like different things about automobiles, but we believe that if you

ask almost any Oakland or Pontiac owner about his car, the first thing he would say would be about this:

He likes the way his car performs—the fact that it gets away quickly, never labors and has a top speed he'll hardly ever use. He likes the appearance of his car—his friends like it, and his family is proud of it. And, finally, both he and his family like the comfort of their car—the quiet ease of its Fisher body, insulated against heat and cold, and with adjustable, deep-cushioned seats.

You'll probably like the same things, but after all, the only satisfactory way to know a car is to drive it. Won't you visit your nearest Oakland-Pontiac dealer and take the wheel yourself?

OAKLAND 8

PRODUCTS OF

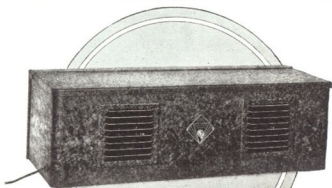


PONTIAC 6

GENERAL MOTORS

Bodies by

Fisher



This is the AIRGARD

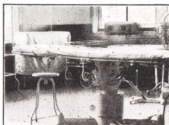
A Complete Ventilating and Air-Purifying System in a Cabinet 24 x 9 x 7



In the Home



In the Office



In the Hospital

What Modern Air Filtration Does for the Largest and Finest Buildings, the AIRGARD Does for a Single Room or Office

Medical and industrial science have had their heads together for years in researches concerning the menace of dust. But only recently have we realized that the destructive properties of dust have been responsible for the loss of more lives and property than war or famine, earthquake, flood or storm. Medical authorities make the startling report that 60% more people are dying of diseases caused by contaminated air than of all other diseases. Industrial science estimates the enormous toll dust takes in employee health and efficiency, in property value and upkeep, in production costs and quality.

Business First Banned Dust

It was business that first determined to be rid of this menace to profit sheets and advancing standards of efficiency. Business demanded clean air, and got it. Today such buildings as the Empire State Building, the Chrysler Building, the United States

Capitol and thousands of theatres, hospitals, hotels, schools and other buildings throughout the country insure dust-free, germ-free air by *in-built* systems of air filtration.

Preceded by 10 Years of Research

But the savings and comfort and protection afforded by clean air are *no longer limited* to public and industrial buildings. Now your home, office, individual rooms anywhere may enjoy the same purity and vitality of air that the finest buildings have. The *Airgard*, a miniature air-filtering unit that operates on the same principle as the great filtration systems, was developed after ten years of research and study by the world's largest manufacturers of air-cleaning equipment.

The *Airgard* can be installed easily and quickly in any sliding window. It draws

in an abundance of fresh outside air, thoroughly cleanses it of

dust, dirt and bacteria, and releases it, without drafts, into the room in sufficient volume to push out the stale, polluted air. It shuts out noise, and the consequent wear and tear on nerves. By removing pollens and other irritants from the air, the *Airgard* makes any room a comfortable haven for sufferers from hay-fever and bronchial asthma.

Low Purchase and Operating Costs

The *Airgard* is inexpensive and costs no more to operate than a 40-watt light bulb. In savings to health, property and furnishings it quickly repays its cost. Sales agencies in many cities. Demonstrations arranged in your own home or office.

Write for further information and interesting free booklet, *The Air You Breathe*, the story of the conquest of dust and germ-laden air. See coupon below. AMERICAN AIR FILTER COMPANY, Incorporated, 173 Central Ave., Louisville, Ky. Consult your telephone directory for local address.



Types of leading buildings ventilated with American Air Filters. (1) Harbor View Hospital, Seattle, Wash.; (2) New Waldorf Astoria Hotel, N. Y. City; (3) Capitol of United States; (4) Empire State Bldg., N. Y. City.

AMERICAN AIR FILTER COMPANY, Inc.

173 Central Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky

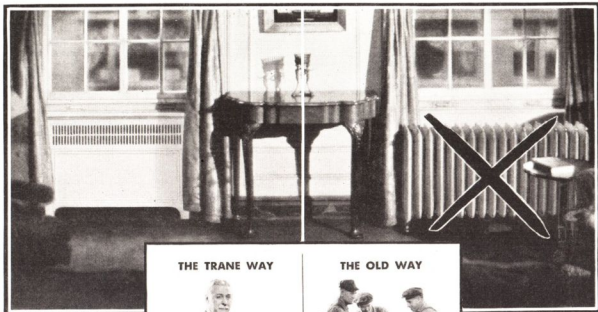
Please send your free booklet, *The Air You Breathe*, describing the dangers of polluted air and the savings effected by clean air.

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City and State. _____

Good-bye Old-Fashioned Radiators



THE TRANE WAY



The Trane Convection Heater was designed to be placed in the wall—installed with practically no changes in construction.

THE OLD WAY



Good-bye old-fashioned radiators—catch-alls for dust and dirt and interfering with harmonious interior decoration.

Trane develops new-type heater designed to be placed in wall—produces convection heat which warms only the air you breathe — no stabbing, penetrating rays to create a feverish condition in the body.

FOR years heating engineers have tried to design heating systems that would allow the concealment of the old-fashioned radiator. To enclose it and get the same room temperature meant a great increase in size and extra cost. Yet thousands objected to these unsightly obstacles to harmonious interior decoration.

At last this problem is solved. Trane engineers have developed a new-type heater that is designed especially to be placed in the wall. A new convection-type heater that weighs only one-twentieth as much as a cast-iron radiator yet which gives as much heat.

More healthful heat

This new heater can be attached to any standard heating system and has many unique ad-

vantages. The convection heat it produces has no penetrating stabbing rays to create a feverish condition in the body. The air from the breathing line to the floor is evenly heated to the desired temperature. There are no drafts, no sudden changes in temperature or other conditions to cause colds or chills.

Low first cost, too

In addition the Trane Heater provides instant control of heat—just turning a knob starts or stops the flow of warm air into the room; walls and ceilings stay much cleaner and you save 15 to 25% of your fuel because of greater efficiency.

In first cost, too, the Trane Convection Heater has been brought down so that it is within the range of the cast-iron radiator.

Trane Concealed Heaters are made in sizes to fit any installation with only the slightest change in construction—that of providing for a recess in the wall. (Or they may be installed in cabinets that also harmonize with the interiors without any change or may be installed

when remodeling.)

Trane has also won nation-wide recognition in the manufacture of vapor-vacuum heating specialties, unit heaters for space heating, Air-o-lizers for school and office ventilation and blast heater surface for heating, drying, cooling and air conditioning applications.

Mail coupon for attractive booklet showing, in full color, room interiors designed by one of America's leading interior decorators.

THE TRANE COMPANY,
Dept. 6, 400 Cameron Ave.,
La Crosse, Wis.

Please send me literature fully describing Trane-Concealed Convection Heaters.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____



TRANE CONCEALED HEAT

THE

Analgetic

SHAVE

"IT LULLS THE SKIN"



MILLIONS of faces... saved by this new kind of shave!

COTY'S SHAVING CREAM embodies the "analgetic" shave. It lulls the skin because it contains a balm-like ingredient perfected by Coty which tranquilizes—comforts—making the skin indifferent to the razor-touch. And this lulling sensation l-i-n-g-e-r-s—saves your skin from after-burn!

What a treat for your face! The "analgetic" shave... learn how smooth it is—how fast—how pleasant! Send the coupon below for a free trial tube of Coty Shaving Cream—today.

COTY
SHAVING CREAM

Other "analgetic" preparations for the man—each supremely finer, in the Coty tradition of excellence: After Shaving Lotion Talc Hair Lotion Hair Dressing

COTY, Dept. Y, 714 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
I want to test the "analgetic" shave. Please send me my free trial tube of Coty Shaving Cream (Postpaid).

Name.....

Address.....

L E T T E R S

Summer Traveler

Sirs:

... Is it asking too much of your Circulation Department to send the magazine to me care of the Bankers Trust Company, Paris, with the issue commencing a week before July 1 until the middle of August? This is perhaps the only way I can keep up with events in America while I am abroad. I get my regular issues here.

BERNARD M. BARUCH

New York City

The Circulation Department will gladly send TIME to Subscriber Baruch at Paris, and to all other traveling subscribers who will advise TIME of their forwarding addresses.—Ed.

Marie's Automobism

Sirs:

Your note about Queen Marie of Yugoslavia in TIME for April 20 suggests sending you this more recent incident in Her Majesty's automobism.

Certain staff generals have the right, in emergency, to commandeer a ride in any passing car. The other day one of these dignitaries found himself out in the country with a car paralyzed by broken gearing and with an important meeting in town within half an hour. He stopped the first car which came along, headed cityward.

It was driven by a lady in helmet and goggles, quite like the dozen or more other Belgrade ladies who drive their own cars, but when the general had stated his request and the lady said "get in" he was horrified to recognize the Queen's voice. Embarrassed attempts to excuse himself were unavailing. "If you need to get to Belgrade, I'll take you," said Her Majesty, insisted upon knowing his address, delivered him at the door. A few days later at a public function the general encountered King Alexander. "I hear you have a new chauffeur," said His Majesty with a twinkle.

DONALD A. LOWRIE

Belgrade, Yugoslavia

Crosley Anachronism

Sirs:

TIME of May 25 carries an advertisement with historical background for The Crosley Radio Corp. Josephine is represented having a little marital discussion with Napoleon about his Moscow campaign. I wasn't there with a Crosley but Marie Louise of Austria and not Josephine, was Napoleon's wife then.

C. SCHILDKRAUT LEE

Cowanville, Quebec

Napoleon divorced Josephine in 1809, retreated from Moscow in 1812. Hereafter, let Crosley Radio exercise more care in preparing ads for historically-minded TIME-readers.—Ed.

Hidden Paris Profit

Sirs:

TIME of May 11, just arrived here and welcome as always, has this in reference to the death of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid:

"She refinanced the unprofitable Paris Herald, made it pay."

So the legend created by James Gordon Ben-

nett the younger is long-lived. It would have given the "Commodore" great joy to know it.

Presuming that by describing his Paris Herald as unprofitable, very costly, a rich man's toy, he would keep out competitors, Bennett ever emphasized his disbursements, never revealed his takings.

The penurious nobility of Europe made many calls on his purse, as did the many sycophants revolving in the orbit of a rich man. Of such he made society correspondents of the Herald, to two ends. Firstly these people had their entire in society; secondly, their salaries helped to keep down profits. And the salaries were high. Real newspaper men on the Herald could not aspire to them.

When Alfred Harmsworth was considering publication of his Continental Daily Mail, Bennett sought to scare him by printing editorials on the cost of an English-language paper in Paris. Harmsworth was not scared.

But the legend persists.

Frank Munsey, by the way, paid for the "unprofitable" Paris Herald less by several million francs than the actual cash in the bank at the time to the credit of the Herald account.

G. H. ARCHAMBAULT

Former Managing Editor Paris Herald
Paris, France

Begetter

Sirs:

In last night's "Jamboree" broadcast a jubilant father of new-born twins averred that "the Lord had smiled" on him, only to be told that the Lord had more than smiled—he had laughed out loud. How He must laugh also at egotists like Chief Justice Russell (TIME, May 25, p. 21) when they boast, not of bringing up but of begetting 8 children!

His Honor strains my credulity by implying that women hanker after repeated child-births. It would be hard enough to believe they do dishwashing from preference rather than as penance for love.

If His Honor is typical of Georgia's ascendant philosophy, it is just as well his State has lost two congressmen. It may help us to make birth control effective soon enough to avoid ever having to assign a majority of the House to Georgia, or to establish a quota against immigrants from there.

Fortunately economic conditions are potent. Those wishing to rival, if not to equal, brutes in some ways, such as prize fighting, may possibly be encouraged. Those desiring to emulate rabbits (TIME, May 25, p. 40) or fishes, hardly will be. Indeed, economics seems likely to make Mrs. Sanger far more prolific spiritually than Georgia's jurist is physically.

O. C. GOULD

Oakland, Calif.

Frogs' Hair

Sirs:

In the reprint of my ballad, "The Legend of the Bronx" in your issue of June 1, the frogs are made to hail the founder of New York's northern borough as "Bronch"—a typographical error of which no intelligent frog would have been guilty. The gentleman's name was Jonas Bronck. He was a well-to-do Danish Lutheran who came to New Amsterdam about 1640 and settled on the quiet stream thereafter known as "Bronck's Kill" from which the Borough of the Bronx derives its name. . . . No, it isn't very im-

"CURT, CLEAR, COMPLETE"

—and the Subscription price is \$5 yearly

ROY E. LARSEN, CIRCULATION MGR., TIME, INC.
350 East 122nd Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Please enter my subscription for TIME, for one year, and send me a bill (\$5.00).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



TOMORROW LIES IN THE TEST TUBE

IN 1921 an event took place, unknown except to a small number of men. Yet the whole world now enjoys a variety of better food products because the clean white heat of the electric furnace was applied to the problem of making pure phosphoric acid.*

Today, a series of such events is in the making. And no man can tell where their influence will end. For whenever a new chemical is made commercially available—civilization takes a great stride forward.

Your chemists will tell you that, given chemicals with certain properties, they can make your product far better. But, they will also tell you,—such chemicals are often rare and costly. And the added cost overbalances the improvement that would result—bars you from the change.

*Swann Electrothermal Acid

So Swann Research, set up to achieve these essential ingredients, to bring them into the reach of Industry, to make them available to the chemists of the world, is opening up the doors of Tomorrow, and helping you advance the progress of civilization.

If your industrial development is impeded for lack of an essential ingredient, turn to Swann as have many of the leaders of American Industry. Our chemists will gladly discuss with you the possibility of solving the problem.



THE
SWANN
CORPORATION
BIRMINGHAM
NEW YORK ST. LOUIS
CINCINNATI

Divisions of THE SWANN CORPORATION

SWANN RESEARCH, INC., Birmingham
FEDERAL ABRASIVES CO., Birmingham

SWANN CHEMICAL COMPANY, Birmingham and New York
PROVIDENT CHEMICAL WORKS, Saint Louis

THE ILIFF-BUFFY CHEMICAL CO., Hoopston, Ill.
WILCKES, MARTIN, WILCKES COMPANY, New York and Camden

Remember...?

Mac swore his golf ball "ACTED QUEER!"



● How to lop from 4 to 19 strokes off your score!

Remember Mac's surprise when he walked out to his drive on the first hole? Thought he'd slammed one out for 250 or so (he said it had felt like it) and there the fool ball was, lying just short of the 200 marker!

And later, putting another ball of the same brand on the 5th green... remember how he barely tapped it... and how it skipped gayly right over the cup? Yep, and that 5th is the slowest green on the whole course.

Well, Mac's not so mystified now, because now he knows that some makes of golf balls have "temperament"! He's seen the Consistency Tester prove it and he's also seen the Consistency Tester prove Silver King to be the most untemperamental, the most consistent-acting golf ball of them all!

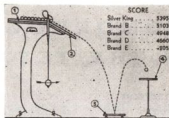
Really, gentlemen, the new construction Silver King is more likely to go where your stroke sends it, *every time*, because it is actually 4.9% to 19.9% more consistent. And this may mean anything from 4 to 19 strokes difference in your score!

In the Consistency Tester, Silver King registered 292 more "hits" than its nearest rival... and this nearest rival got accuracy only at the expense of distance. That's because of

Silver King's uniform high compression. (Uniformity = consistency; high compression = distance.)

Play Silver King, gentlemen. Your eye may be off the ball... your eye may be off your form—but you can always count on Silver King... the one invariable in your game!

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



SILVER KING'S "SCORE" out of 6000 "shots" on the Consistency Tester was 292 "bull's eyes" better than any of the four brands tested. These 4 brands sell for 75c each, together with Silver King, account for 90% of all regular golf balls used each year in the United States! The Consistency Tester tests golf balls for uniformity of compression, consistency of behavior, and for distance. It proves that Silver King's new patented construction can help take from 4 to 19 strokes off your score! For full details of this test write for a free copy of "Golf—what a game!" Address: John Wanamaker, Wholesale Golf Department, New York City.



PLAY

85c NEW SIZE...
NEW CONSTRUCTION

SILVER KING

... it's more Consistent!

portant, but we historians are terribly fussy about these little things.

ARTHUR GUTERMAN

New York City
To Historian Guterma & Intelligent Frogs, apology.—Ed.

Cause-Seeking

Sirs:

Flying men bemoan—and rightly— that no other public activity is so generally misapprehended as aviation. They contend—and not without justice—that the press (hence, the layman) does not differentiate causes and effects in flying. Accidents are accidents—no matter when, where or why.

But if flying men ask others to differentiate, they must do so too. They must—and many of them do—appreciate the press's loyalty to facts in air reporting. The latest instance, and the one inducing this letter, was your item regarding Royal Air Force fatalities. The observation that Britain's frequent accidents are attributable to fear of bombing raids and the resultant development of "interceptor" fighters of high performance and low safety factor, is not only accurate but informative. It indicates, as have other items of the past that *Times* given effects, seeks causes. The aircraft industry appreciates such discriminate reporting.

Times's proofreaders must, however, occasionally be taken to task. It's rather disconcerting to find, for example, a Consolidated Commodore flying boat described as a consolidated (lower case c) Commodore. We hope it, and all other flying boats, are consolidated. We know only the Commodore is Consolidated. Likewise, there are many fleet training planes. There is only one model Fleet training plane.

ROBERT B. RENFRO
Editor

The Sportsman Pilot
New York City

Shoals of Germans

Sirs:

I notice in *TIME* of May 18, a letter by D. A. Hathaway, of Santiago, Chile, regarding the uncivil treatment of Chileans by some traveling Americans.

My husband, Dr. P. B. Hardy and myself traveled 17,000 miles around South America three years ago, and we received the utmost courtesy from all South Americans we met.

I speak Italian and Spanish, so that we were enabled to get nearer the people and learn their inner sentiments.

Everywhere we heard complaints from the natives of the rudeness of American visitors, and we had ourselves ocular demonstrations of it, which at this late day still make us blush for the American representatives in South America.

... We are disliked all over South America and with reason. And then we wonder that England, who sends her best, the charming courteous Prince of Wales, wins their good will, and that the Germans, who speak perfect Spanish and Portuguese are arriving in shoals. . . .

JENNY C. LAW HARDY

Tucumseh, Mich.

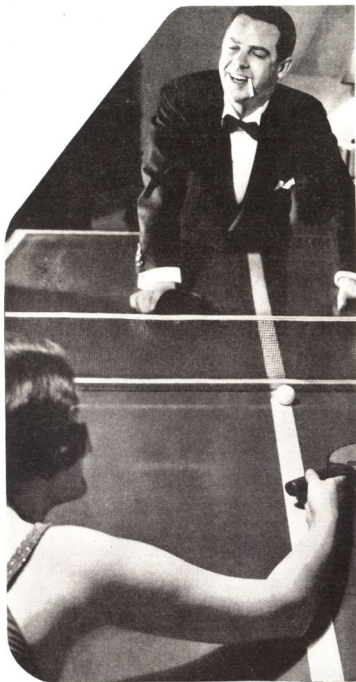
Careful investigation discloses that the three U. S. travelers complained of by Mr. Hathaway—Reporter Ward Morehouse of the *New York Sun*, Reporter Leo Kieran of the *New York Times*, Publicity Man W. I. Van Dusen of Pan American Airways—created no such grave incident as suggested by Mr. Hathaway. In their flying trip of 19,000 mi. through 20 countries, hardworking Messrs. Morehouse & Kieran sent 63 and 20 stories, respectively, to their newspapers, constructively describing South American places & peoples.—Ed.

Casual Twaddle

Sirs:

I note, under the heading People in your issue of May 25 short commentaries on Coolidge, and proffer this one.

One night last spring, the frail but powerful attractions of Northampton having been harried indoors by the Smith College authorities, I found myself unable to collect myself for retirement, lost in the midst of an evening conversationally inclined. In a modest confectionery shop I engaged the wizened old proprietor in casual



**THE
"OCCASION"
SMOKER*
SAID,**

**"...on account
of the
Clean Taste."**

"I'm not a particularly heavy smoker," he explained, "except on occasion . . . such as at parties, when there's a lot of conversation and good fun going on. That's why I smoke Spuds. Because no matter how much I smoke, Spuds always leave my mouth sort of moist-cool . . . you know, with a swell clean taste . . ."

Yes, we know. That seems to be everybody's Spud story! In one way or another, they all say Spuds keep them mouth-happy! Try Spud's cooler smoke for this cleaner taste, ladies and gentlemen! Then you'll know why Spuds are being hailed everywhere, by new thousands of smokers daily, as the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment!

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

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

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



Small bubble lather works at the "skin-line"



... a closer, smoother shave that lasts longer

If you could only see how small-bubble lather works. In a jiffy, a peppy little army of bubbles works its way right through the toughest whiskers down to the base of every hair. There it softens each whisker right where the razor works.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen; first, the soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. Second, billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your

beard... crowd around each whisker... soak it soft with water right at the skin-line. The result of this Colgate small-bubble action is a closer, smoother, longer lasting shave.



ORDINARY LATHER
This lather picture (generally mistaken for ordinary shaving cream) shows how large air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air instead of water, against the whiskers.



COLGATE LATHER
These representative, close-up, microscopic-size bubbles, being so numerous, get down to the base of the beard. This softens every whisker right where the razor works.



COLGATE, Dept. M-1129, P. O. Box 375
Grand Central Post Office, New York City

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name.....

Address.....

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

twaddle. Did he know Coolidge? He did not but he was an intimate of the fellow Coolidge had roomed with before he was married. And the roommate used to say, "You know, a fellow couldn't have a more kind and generous roommate than Cal. Cal used to go out and buy two oranges, come home and eat one himself, and save the other one to eat later."

BENJAMIN HARRIS JR.

San Angelo, Texas

Burial at Night

Sirs:

In your May 18 edition I have just read some letters, "Burial at Night," and I want to add my story:

Several years ago a cousin of mine, John C. Sherwin, passed away in Michigan. His brother and I were bringing the body to Aurora, Ill. for burial with those he loved. Our train was delayed by storms and it was dark when we arrived. His old comrades of the Army and friends were still waiting for us and the services were held that beautiful evening with ground white with snow and the moon lighting our path. I have never seen any service with such inspiration and beauty.

MARY F. FERGUSON

Aurora, Ill.

Sirs:

In your column, Letters, H. K. Artkinson states that "Christ was buried at night," citing *Matt. XXVIII: 37*.

The "even" referred to was not our "evening," but some time before sunset when, according to Jewish custom, a new day began. As Christ did not die until 3 p. m., "the ninth hour" (*Matt. XXVIII: 46*), and the burial must be accomplished before the Sabbath, there was need for haste, the reason assigned for the burial in Joseph's tomb (*Jno. XIX: 42*). Your correspondent's point, therefore, that Christ was buried at night is lost.

MRS. R. W. ORR

San Benito, Tex.

On

Sirs:

You must admit *TIME* is gloriously self-conscious in one respect and that is in its unique use of the middle full name of all those it mentions. But I am on to your method: you look 'em up in *Who's Who*. Fess up now, am I not right?

JAMES CUNNEA FITZGIBBON

Union League Club of Chicago

Chicago, Ill.

Who's Who is part of every good reporter's gear.—Ed.

Display

Sirs:

May we assume that *TIME*, too, is an addict of Cinemaadvertising?

Witness *TIME* prominently displayed in the "at home" scene of *It's A Wise Child* (*TIME*, May 25).

PALMER C. MENDELSON

Sacramento, Calif.

The copy displayed is that of Jan. 5, 1931, Gandhi on cover. To Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, all thanks for co-starring *TIME* with Marion Davies.—Ed.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Editor: Henry R. Luce

Managing Editor: John S. Martin

Associate: John Shaw Billings, Laird S. Goldsborough, Parker Lloyd-Smith, Myron Weiss, *Weekly Contributors*: Elizabeth Armstrong, Carlton J. Balliet Jr., Noel F. Busch, David Carter, Washington Dodge II, Mary Fraser, Albert L. Farth, David W. Hubbard Jr., E. D. Kennedy, Peter Mathews, T. S. Matthews, Frank Norris, Francis deN. Schroeder, Cecilia A. Schwind, Fred Smith, S. J. Wolf.

Correspondence pertaining to editorial content should be sent to 205 East 42nd Street, New York.

Subscription rates: One year in the U. S. and possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Dominican Republic, Haiti, Spain, Central and South America, \$5.00; Canada, \$5.50; elsewhere, \$6.00.

Address all correspondence regarding subscription, index, binders, bound volumes, to the Circulation Manager, 250 East 224 Street, Chicago, Ill.



A vital influence in the lives of over
LADIES' HOME

married in June!"

"... I'm the happiest girl in the world. And we're to be married in June!

"It seems natural to be asking you for advice about my trousseau, because I've really been brought up on the Ladies' Home Journal. When I was a baby, mother used to write to you and ask you how to feed me.

"Could you give me a complete list of what a moderate-sized trousseau should include?

How many evening gowns should I have to start with? And how much house linen will I need? And will you tell me if colored sheets are considered in good taste?

"Also, I shall be so grateful if you will suggest a menu for the wedding reception... I want every detail of my wedding to be perfect."

In countless American families, the *Journal* today is forming, training the girls who will build the homes, rear the children, make the life of the future.



"He is shutting me
out of his life..."

"NIGHT after night my husband shuts himself up with his work until long past midnight. It disturbs him to have me even sit in the same room quietly reading or sewing. I can feel how intensely he wants to be alone.

"He used to talk over all his plans with me, was always frank and open about his affairs. What has changed him? Is it worry? Is it ambition? Is it some secret antagonism?

"I have read your answers to other women, and you show so much sympathy and common sense, I feel you can surely help me."

By his wise, constructive counsel, Dr. Karl Menninger is helping women everywhere to straighten out problems of family maladjustment.

EDNA FERBER
begins her new novel
"American Beauty"
in July

2,600,000 Modern Women
JOURNAL—10¢

on sale Tuesday, June 16

The good word that one man speaks to another . . .



"More important than all the deliberations of the industry are the family councils on the performance of cars, the atmosphere of service stations and the courtesy of salesmen. Millions of daughters, mothers, sons and fathers are writing the future of the automotive business around the fireplaces of America with no one there to plead the case of the manufacturer, car or dealer. And the verdicts are final".
— Motor Magazine

Everyone values friendship—loyal, lasting regard—and the motorists of America long have given the finest kind of friendship to the Buick car.

Buick craftsmen build into this Eight its quality and character. They give it excellence. But it is the motoring public that confers upon Buick the distinction of winning *more than fifty out of every hundred sales* of the fourteen Eights in its field.

This is the result of the good word which one man speaks to another—his enthusiasm as he tells how faithfully his Buick serves him, how finely it performs, how amply it repays him every dollar of its price. *This* is the result of the loyalty of Buick owners, more than eighty-eight per cent of whom buy Buicks again and again. The builders of Buick can never repay in words a tribute that is without parallel in the motor industry. But they can, and do express appreciation, by continuing to make Buick cars ever more worthy of this friendship.

When Better Automobiles Are Built, Buick Will Build Them

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY • FLINT, MICHIGAN

TIME

Vol. XVII, No. 24

The Weekly Newsmagazine

June 15, 1931

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

The Hoover Week

President Hoover's mind was full of meat last week. The National Live Stock & Meat Board invited him to review a "steaks-hams-chops-on-the-hoof" parade in Chicago the day after he dedicates the new Lincoln Memorial at Springfield. The parade was to advertise the "critical situation" in low livestock prices. As it always does at this season, the Public Health Service advised the country to eat less meat during the summer. Immediately President Hoover was bombarded with protests from meat producers. The Kansas Livestock Association wired: "Such propaganda evidently prompted by food faddists and cannot be substantiated by facts or sound national policy." The Institute of Meat Packers pointed out that Eskimos eat meat all summer long. Secretary of Agriculture Hyde called the Public Health's statement "regrettable." But Government doctors stuck by their assertion that meat makes you hot.

President Hoover last week held Economy Conference No. 5 at his Rapidan Camp. Thither from Washington flew Secretary of the Navy Adams in an autogyro, piloted by Assistant Secretary Ingalls. For hours he, the President and a school of admirals pored over departmental figures trying to find ways to save a dollar here and there. After the conference it was announced that the Navy would spend \$10,000,000 less than its \$380,000,000 this year, \$10,000,000 or \$15,000,000 less than its \$360,000,000 next year. Economies had been effected by decommissioning older naval craft, holding the enlisted personnel 4,700 below the authorized maximum of 84,000. As of no further strategic value, Guam was stricken from the Navy's list of Pacific bases, plans prepared to demilitarize it.

President Hoover earlier in the week whittled \$11,000,000 out of the Department of Agriculture's expenditures this year, hoped to shave away another \$20,000,000 next year. The amount of reductions continued to seem small compared to the size of the deficit. Last week the President announced that the June 30 deficit would be "from about \$900,000,000 to \$950,000,000."

Last week President Hoover received and turned over to the Press another report from his National Commission on Law Observance & Enforcement, which has sunk into anticlimactic obscurity since its deal with Prohibition. Its findings dealt with prosecutions. All the world knows it discovered an evil link between criminal organizations and local politics. Declared the report: "In some cases campaign funds

are derived from what amounts to licensed violations of the law." It found that the grand jury had ceased to be an agency for real criminal investigation, advised that it be done away with as a source of indictments. Its recommendations included: 1) elimination of politics in appointing U. S. attorneys; 2) better selection of States'



International

Mr. VICE PRESIDENT

Mayflower prickles.

(See col. 3)

attorneys; 3) centralized control of prosecutions in each State under a Director of Public Prosecution.

Retired: William Strauss, after 43 years domestic service in and about the White House. Cleveland was President when he began as an assistant gardener at \$1.50 per day.

THE CABINET

Job & Suite

No Republican Vice President has ever been re-elected. This profound historic fact Vice President Curtis has long and silently pondered. Should he try to be original? Or should he announce simultaneously his retirement and his candidacy for his old Kansas seat in the Senate? Looking for an answer, Charles Curtis, who sits in the Cabinet by presidential courtesy, last week journeyed back to Kansas to canvass. Not until next winter, though, would he announce his plans.

Vice President Curtis likes presiding over the Senate. The grandson of an Indian squaw, the onetime jockey-boy enjoys the social prestige that goes with his position, the public salutes, the dinners out. He would, if he could, keep the job he now has. But, more important, he would keep a job, a fact which amply explains his present uncertainty of mind. If he were dead sure a Hoover-Curtis ticket would be re-elected next year, he would defy Republican tradition and run again. But he knows as well as any man that G. O. P. victory in 1932 is far from certain. What G. O. P. leaders fear most is that his withdrawal from the Vice-Presidency would be widely interpreted as an admission that President Hoover cannot be re-elected.

In Washington, Mr. Curtis makes his home in an eleven-room suite at the swanky Mayflower Hotel on Connecticut Avenue. Ordinary tenants would have to pay \$150 per day for these quarters; the Vice President gets them for \$5.53. The Mayflower is controlled by the American Bond & Mortgage Co. of which short, stout, thick-necked William J. Moore, 65, is president.* Since last autumn the Department of Justice has been investigating American Bond & Mortgage. Thousands of investors have complained that this company gobbled up their money, returned them nothing. Charges have been made in court that Mr. Moore had a technique of financing a new construction, letting it slip close to bankruptcy and then somehow emerging as its sole owner.

Lurid stories have got into tabloid print as to how he and his associates gave whoopee parties with show girls to dazzle public officials and promote their questionable bond sales. Their inflation of real estate values was denounced in the Senate.

Last month a minority Mayflower interest, led by Mabel Walker Willebrandt, managed to put the hotel into receivership

*Other American Bond & Mortgage ventures: Brookline's Longwood Towers, Manhattan's Park Central Hotel, Brooklyn's Leverich Towers, Palm Beach's Whitehall.

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National Affairs—(Continued)

(TIME, June 1). Last week a higher court took it out again only after receivers had reported a shocking state of financial affairs. The hotel company filed suit for heavy punitive damages against the minority stockholders on the ground that the hotel's reputation had been damaged and its credit impaired.

Vice President Curtis found himself mixed up with this sorry affair in two ways: 1) His cut-rate Mayflower residence led to a suspicion that Mr. Moore was trying to use him for political protection; 2) the 1928 Curtis-for-President campaign was conducted from headquarters in the Mayflower where one Al Gross, who served a term in Sing Sing for robbery, was active enough to get his picture taken with Candidate Curtis. Always touchy on the subject of his Mayflower residence, the Vice President of late has been flying into a blazing rage at any query about his connection with Mr. Moore.

Vacations

By custom a Cabinet must stick by its President through the hottest Washington summer. Last year the Drought kept President Hoover and therefore most of his Cabinet in and around the Capital. This year, however, it is generally assumed that the President will go holidaying somewhere, sometime. On the strength of this assumption his Cabinet members have been busily planning how and when to get out of Washington. First to announce his vacation plans last week was Secretary of State Henry Lewis Stimson. Late this month he will sail for two months in Europe, visiting Italy, France, Germany and Britain. In August he will go to Scotland to shoot some grouse. The fact that he will meet Europeans en route and discuss current diplomatic questions with them exalted his trip in press speculation almost to a mission.

Other Cabinet vacations so far arranged or considered:

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon sails this week, as is his wont, for Europe.

Secretary of War Hurley fancies Ireland.

Attorney General Mitchell, if nothing better turns up, will go to his usual resort on Minnesota's White Bear Lake.

Secretary of the Navy Adams will spend Friday-to-Tuesday week-ends yachting at Marblehead.

Secretary of the Interior Wilbur will swing through the national parks for a holiday at his Sierra Nevada Mountain camp.

Secretary of Agriculture Hyde will go to California to meet Mrs. Hyde on her return from the Orient.

Secretary of Commerce Lamont will rusticate on his son's ranch at Larkspur, Col.

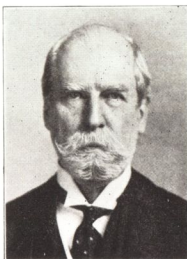
Secretary of Labor Doak, because he is the newest member of the Cabinet without a full year's service behind him, will probably spend an all-Washington summer.

About the country is junketing many a Senator and Representative on the \$200,000 the last Congress voted for investigational trips during adjournment.

JUDICIARY

Earned Holiday

Last week the U. S. Supreme Court rose for the summer. Chief Justice Hughes prepared to sail for a vacation at Palermo. Justice Holmes returned to his home at Beverly Farms, Mass. to read and rest.



Wide World

THE CHIEF JUSTICE

... makes Marshall tremble.

Justice Brandeis hurried away to his summer cottage at Chatham near Cape Cod. The golf courses about Buena Vista Spring, Pa. drew Justice Butler. Justice Stone waited for warmer weather before going to fish on his own private island near Isle au Haut off the coast of Maine. Justice Sutherland will spend the summer quietly at Burlingame, Calif. Justice Roberts will farm strenuously at Phoenixville, Pa. Justice Van Devanter is planning a trip to Scotland for golf, going on later to Germany for the Wagner festival. Being a bachelor Justice McReynolds has not yet made up his mind what he will do this summer.

All the Justices could leave Washington with a clear conscience of work well done because the Supreme Court had disposed of a record number of cases since last October and its calendar was clear. When it adjourned a year ago, 172 cases on the docket were carried over into this last term during which 833 more were added. Out of a total of 1,005 cases, the court in eight months acted on 892, compared with 794 the term before. In none of the 113 cases which will go over to the next term has counsel filed briefs or made any argument. To Chief Justice Hughes goes chief credit for the court's dispatch. Following the methods of William Howard Taft, he has kept the court abreast of its docket by having all petitions for review, particularly those in criminal cases, acted upon in a week or so, winning out the real questions from the dilatory technicalities. Fortnight ago the Supreme Court refused to consider Albert Bacon Fall's

bribery review after his petition had been on file just five days.

Traditionally the Supreme Court likes to present a solid front in its opinions. Nevertheless at the last term the Justices divided 5-4 in no less than seven important cases, due to recurrent liberal leanings by Chief Justice Hughes and Justice Roberts. Together they made the liberal wing of the court prevail four times whereas one or the other of them created a conservative majority in the other three instances. Revelation that the court was not infallibly conservative made this the most notable term in years.

Chief Justice Hughes is having the most enjoyable time of his career on the Supreme bench. When delivering an opinion, he throws back his black robe, lifts his white head, speaks out in a voice so loud and clear that John Marshall's bust trembles in its niche.

CRIME

Caponed Chicken

Last week the relentless forces of the Federal Government were closer than ever before to an inevitable show-down with Chicago's Alphonse ("Scarface Al") Capone. Out on appeal from a six-month sentence for contempt of Federal Court (TIME, March 9), Capone was arrested for Federal income tax evasion, released on \$50,000 bond.

The newest Capone indictment contains 21 counts, chief of which is that during the years 1924-29 he failed to make returns on a known income of \$1,038,654. Were he convicted on all counts, Public Enemy Capone would face a fine of \$80,000, 32 years imprisonment.

The man who would rejoice most should Gangster Capone get 32 years is U. S. District Attorney George E. Q. Johnson. So far Attorney Johnson has prosecuted eight Chicago racketeers on tax evasion charges, has convicted all of them. Among them are Ralph ("Bottles") Capone, who has appealed his three-year sentence; Sam Guzik, another Capone-man, who started serving his year-and-a-day last week; Frank Nitti, Capone treasurer, who is locked in Leavenworth doing 18 months.

The charges against Gangster Capone are the result of two years of patient enterprise on the part of 100 Federal investigators. Rarely could the sleuths find an authentic bank account for the racketeer. Many records under aliases in Cicero, Ill., his suburban suzerainty, had been destroyed. But the archives of the bank did reveal canceled checks made in payment to the Capone organization for liquor consignments. Queried about their checks, saloonkeepers blandly replied: "Chickens; we bought chickens to serve our customers." "One saloonkeeper," said Attorney Johnson, "had given checks for enough chicken to feed all Chicago."

That Capone's maximum annual income had not been found to exceed \$260,000 (1925) was explained by the fact that the wily criminal conducts most of his business on a cash basis, used currency to purchase his \$175,000 estate, \$40,000 yacht.

National Affairs—(Continued)

STATES & CITIES

Arteries Flushed

The Tarrytown, N. Y. Chamber of Commerce last week chose an ingenious method to pump money through local business arteries whose circulation has grown sluggish with Depression. Five dollar checks were sold to Chamber members and members of patriotic organizations, each recipient promising to pay an old debt or buy merchandise with his checks within 24 hours. As the checks cannot be banked until after June 30, each one will theoretically change hands 30 times, do \$150 worth of business. Tarrytown hopes to wipe \$60,000 in old accounts off its books by the end of the month.

Brother to Brother

Arkansas Governor Parnell went to French Lick, Ind. last week to attend the Governors' Conference. That left Lieutenant Governor Lawrence Wilson in charge of the State with all the powers and privileges of a chief executive. One of his first official acts was to pardon his brother Fred, convicted last March of grand larceny and awaiting formal sentence of four years in jail.

Lawrence and Fred are the sons of Mrs. Leon Wilson, 63, who lives on a large farm near Stephens, Ark. Brother Fred's conviction filled his mother with shame and anguish. Last week Brother Lawrence declared that he had "no apologies to offer" for Brother Fred's pardon, that he had issued it largely because of his "grief-stricken mother." Two days later he went to a raspberry festival at Wynne where he told merry-makers: "You people of Cross County are all my friends and don't hesitate to call on me for help. Remember, I can still grant pardons."

In Reno

A gambler's quarrel, hot words, a slap in the face and five revolver shots took Reno (whose Mayor boasts that in his town "everybody can do what they please") another step further back into the tradition of the Old West last week. Into the Haymarket Club, a recently licensed palace of chance on Douglas Alley, strode one W. H. McCracken, a gambling dealer. Night before, McCracken had wrangled with William Graham, one of the "Big Four" of Nevada's gaming fraternity, over money matters. Graham had finally knocked McCracken down.

The lookout at the Haymarket Club told Graham that his enemy was approaching. When McCracken passed the door he started firing. One bullet hit the bar, another went through Graham's sleeve. Then the gun jammed. Graham fired three times, killed McCracken instantly. True to the canons of Wild Bill Hickok and Kit Carson, next day a corner's jury exonerated the surviving duelist as having killed in self-defense. On July 4, Gambler Graham will promote a prize fight with William Harrison ("Jack") Dempsey, who is in Reno for the sport and to get a divorce from his wife, Estelle Taylor.

Fiat City

One day late in 1905 Elbert Henry Gary, board chairman of U. S. Steel Corp., set a well-manicured finger firmly down on a map of northern Indiana. Said he to his directors: "This will be our metropolis. We'll build near the railroad junction of Chicago where acres of land can be had



Acme-P. & A.

THE LATE, GREAT GARY

He dumped \$100,000,000 on a waste.

for almost the asking, midway between the ore regions of the North and the coal lands of the South and East." The Steel directors nodded consent.

Purchased were 8,000 acres of barren sand dunes. On March 12, 1906 surveyors drove their first stakes among the tumbleweeds for U. S. Steel's fiat city. Streets were laid out, houses built, water and gas mains sunk. Top soil was brought in to spread over the sand, to grow trees and grass in. Great scoopers chewed a mile-long harbor back from Lake Michigan. Railroad connections were made. Against the sky began to rise the jagged outlines of steel mills, foundries, tin-plate plants. Within a year \$100,000,000 was dumped into this desolate Indiana waste and out of it by industrial magic rose Gary, greatest single steel city in the U. S. A public demonstration occurred in July 1908, when, with the city finished, the first cigar-shaped ore boat nosed its way into Gary Harbor, unloaded its cargo, set the mills to thundering.

Last week it took Gary four days of boisterous civic celebrating to commemorate its 25th anniversary and the passing of the 100,000 population mark. Parades moved down its smoke-begrimed streets (Gary has aged far beyond its years). Schoolboys drilled, bands played, horns tooted—and the mills closed for a whole day while workers of 50 nationalities made merry. A downpour bedraggled the last day of the celebration, caused a postponement of park pageants.

What the late Chairman Gary would have liked best about his city's jubilee

was a banquet at the Hotel Gary at which was formed the Pioneer Society of Gary, composed of men who helped build the city a quarter century ago. Presiding was William Palmer Gleason who superintended the construction of the steel plants. Near him sat H. S. Norton, now president of the Commercial Club who as agent for the Gary Land Co. did as much as anybody to develop the city. Present also was William Albert Wirt, the first and only superintendent of schools, who devised the famed "Gary Plan."

Empire Dust (Cont'd)

Three days' vituperative debate last week preceded a vote in the Tennessee House of Representatives on Impeachment Article No. 1 against Governor Henry Hollis Horton. The charge was that he had conspired with Col. Luke Lea, newspaper publisher, and Rogers Clark Caldwell, financier, to manipulate State funds for their private profit in building up an economic empire in the South (TIME, June 8). In four defunct banks, subsidiaries of the bankrupt Caldwell & Co., Tennessee had some \$6,400,000 in public funds tied up. Governor Horton was depicted as bowing to the dictation of Messrs. Lea & Caldwell in return for their political support.

Leader of the impeachment drive was U. S. Congressman Edward Hull Crump, Democratic boss of Memphis. Cried one of his Memphis henchmen in the Tennessee House: "Don't let anybody tell you Governor Horton's not listening to Lea and Caldwell. They pour water into his ear and tell him it's raining." Defenders of Governor Horton argued that the attempt at impeachment was "nothing more or less than a political conspiracy to overthrow the State government and seize its reins by a few ambitious men." They insisted no specific wrong-doing was charged against him, no positive evidence adduced to sustain the general charge. When the House finally voted (58-to-41) to dismiss Impeachment Article No. 1, the capital at Nashville thundered with cheers and applause.

Still pending against Governor Horton, however, were seven other articles of impeachment, brought in earlier last week. Frankly trivial, these accused him, among other things, of spending \$2.800 in State funds for a grand piano for the Executive Mansion three days after publicly stating that he would not do so; of pardoning a Memphis gambler while he was still a fugitive from justice; of dismissing two State highway commissioners because they would not "abdicate and surrender their official consciences"; of failing to account for public funds until after his re-election.

*Under this plan public schools operate 48 weeks per year. Work, study and play are joined together as one educational unit. The school plant combines classrooms, playgrounds, gardens, workshops, library and social centre. High-school subjects are started in grammar school. The school capacity is doubled by operating on an 8-hour day with indoor and outdoor activities conducted simultaneously. Critics once loudly complained that this school system was arranged by the efficient Steel Corp. to meet the domestic needs of employees who used to work 12 hr. per day in the mills.

National Affairs—(Continued)

The Governor's friends and allies were confident, however, that the defeat of the conspiracy charge, a political catch-all, doomed the other seven articles to an early dismissal also.

Happy was Governor Horton. Happier still was Col. Lea who viewed the House's action as a turning point in his own political tide. His attorneys assured him he would be quickly cleared of the indictments against him at Knoxville and Asheville, growing out of the Caldwell & Co. crash. He expected shortly to get back his Memphis *Appeal* and his Knoxville *Journal* which have been in receivership. Then he would start battling again against the Crump faction of Tennessee Democracy, attempt to regain his lost political ascendancy in the State. Gradually in the public mind a distinction was being made between Col. Lea and Mr. Caldwell. The latter was the promoter who had undertaken to finance the expansion of the Lea papers as only one of his many empire-building schemes. Col. Lea remained the publisher-politician who had little or nothing to do with the other Caldwell structures which toppled into economic ruin last November.

Mr. Caldwell was in a much worse fix legally than Col. Lea. In the first place he was flat broke. In the second public sentiment was more bitterly arrayed against him. Last week at Nashville he went on trial for fraudulent breach of trust. The charge was that he had substituted inferior securities in his Bank of Tennessee as collateral for county deposits without getting, as agreed, the county's permission for the substitution. Overruled was his plea for a postponement of his trial on the ground that the Horton impeachment case inflamed public opinion against him. Forthright ago Governor Sampson of Kentucky asked Governor Horton to turn over Mr. Caldwell to stand trial in that State on another banking charge.

The Missouri Senate last week for the first time in the State's history was trying an executive officer on impeachment charges. He was State Treasurer Larry Brunk. The Missouri House had impeached him after the State Supreme Court had denied Governor Henry Stewart Caulfield the power to remove him from office. Larry Brunk was accused of collecting interest on State funds deposited in the now defunct Bank of Aurora in his home town. These collections, according to the charge, went into a "Brunk Rent Account" from which the State Treasurer's private indebtedness to the bank was gradually liquidated. Another charge was that Brunk got a \$10,000 gift from a Chicago bond house for authorizing one of its issues on a St. Louis apartment house as collateral for State deposits. The Brunk defense claimed he knew nothing of the Bank of Aurora arrangement, that the \$10,000 was a personal loan.

Dismissed (81-10-2) last week by the Florida House of Representatives were 14 impeachment charges against State Controller Ernest Amos.

PROHIBITION

"A New Deal"

A new Dry organization came into being last week. It was called Allied Forces. Its organizer was Dr. Daniel Alfred Poling, head of the World's Christian Endeavor Union, editor of the *Christian Herald* and director of the J. C. Penney Foundation.

For months lay Drys have been restive under the domination of their cause by such ecclesiastical organizations as the Anti-Saloon League and the W. C. T. U. Muffled complaints were made that clerics were always in high command of Prohibition campaigns, that churches were the only rallying places for the 18th Amendment. To secularize the Dry cause became the purpose of Allied Forces. Dr. Poling called it a "new deal." Among its sponsors was no long list of churchmen but such names as Thomas Alva Edison, Gifford Pinchot, Jane Addams, Evangeline Booth, Patrick Henry Callahan, Oliver Wayne Stewart, Raymond Robins, William Gibbs McAdoo, Orrin R. Judd.

The organization is divided into four groups: 1) Allied Youth; 2) Allied Businessmen; 3) Allied Women; 4) Allied Campaigners.

POLITICAL NOTES

Governors in Conference

Upon French Lick, famed Indiana spa 42 mi. from the centre of U. S. population, converged last week 23 Governors of 23 States for their 23rd annual convention. Through the broad lobby of the big, buff French Lick Springs Hotel, set among wooded hills, they marched back & forth smoking, joshing, talking politics. They drank Pluto water ("If nature won't, Pluto will") at 35° direct from the spring—or piping hot at the hotel buffet. Many were the regretful comments on the absence of their friend, the late great Tom Taggart, Democratic boss of Indiana and millionaire proprietor of this resort.*

Governors' conferences are, by tradition, made as dull and tame as possible by a ban on all "controversial subjects."

But last week's conference did make big and unexpected news when three Governors rebelled at restraint and dared to debate the debatable in national life. All three are potential contenders for the Presidency.

New York's Democratic Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt had been assigned the unlikely topic "Land Utilization and State Planning." The bulk of his ad-

dress was on New York's reforestation program. But he did manage to preface it with as neat a little political appeal as any of the Governors ever heard, in which he outlined a presidential platform for himself. Naming no names he flayed the Hoover Administration, mentioned the Depression, struck a distinctly national note. Excerpts:

"At a time when our country is suffering from a severe dislocation of economic progress, people are naturally asking questions about the future. . . . Some new factor is needed in our economic life. . . . It is not enough to talk about being of good cheer. It is not enough to apply old remedies. . . ."

"The ultimate answer is that the Government, both state and national, must accept the responsibility of doing what it can . . . along definitely constructive lines . . . such as scientific tariff aimed to create a movement of world commodities . . . a better thought out system of national taxation . . . a plan to cut the excessive cost of local government . . . the extension of the principle of insurance to cover sickness and unemployment. . . ."

Governor Roosevelt was followed in the afternoon by Pennsylvania's Republican Governor Gifford Pinchot. The program committee had assigned him a safe and sane topic: "Timber Needs of the Future." This he swept aside to launch into a tirade against public utilities, his favorite political theme. He warned the Governors of the political domination of the Power Trust. He named four groups: Mellon-Morgan, Insull, North American, Harris-Forbes. These, he said, generated about 95% of U. S. electricity. He predicted their merger into one colossal combination. Excerpts from a speech which got the biggest applause of any at the conference:

"As Pennsylvania and the nation deal with electric power, so shall we and our descendants be free men . . . or the helpless servants of the most widespread, far-reaching and penetrating monopoly ever known. Either we must control electric power or its masters and owners will control us. . . . These interests work together harmoniously under a common policy and toward a common end which is to milk the public. . . . Through the device of the write-up [and overcharges] the public utilities generally are collecting in Pennsylvania alone \$50,000,000 a year over and above a fair return on their investments. . . . In the U. S. at large the electric utilities alone are [likewise] collecting \$50,000,000. . . . The people are being sweated to pay high rates upon this immense mass of fictitious wealth."

"So here is graft and, so far as I know, the most gigantic graft ever collected by any single business since the world began. . . . The doctrine of States' rights is as impotent to settle this gigantic problem of commercial slavery. . . . as our history has proved it impotent to settle the problem of human slavery. . . . The power of public utilities is manifest in every political assembly from the Congress of the U. S. to the smallest town meeting. In

*Taggart, Irish-born, started life serving coffee at an Indianapolis lunch counter, made influential friends, earned \$50,000 per year as Marion County auditor, was thrice mayor of Indianapolis. As Democratic national chairman in 1904 he piloted the Parker presidential campaign to defeat. He acquired French Lick Springs 35 years ago, built the hotel, developed it as a convention centre, grew rich bottling Pluto water. Noted for gambling, French Lick was repeatedly investigated by the State but nothing was ever proved against Taggart or his hotel. In 1926 he caused Edna Ferber to revise her *Show Boat* because of the implication in that novel that he had once been a professional gambler. He died of heart disease in 1929 at the age of 73.

National Affairs—(Continued)

Pennsylvania the Republican Party is in power. The public utilities do not dominate the Republican Party . . . but they own and operate the party machinery. They control the State Chairman [Edward Martin], the National Committeeman [William Wallace Atterbury] and other officials of State Committee; and these officials are busily occupied in doing the will of the public utilities and in defeating the will of the voters. . . . This is not a matter of good parties or bad parties. . . . If the Democratic party were in power in Pennsylvania . . . its party machinery would also be controlled by

Democratic Governor Albert Cabell Ritchie. Said he:

"Is there any imaginable reason why [Governor Pinchot] should not have spoken on public utilities? . . . What could be more appropriate than for the Governors to discuss it when their people are so seriously concerned. . . . The States are the governmental laboratories of the nation. . . . The outstanding illustration is prohibition. If this question has dynamite in it, isn't this because the country endeavors to enforce temperance by a standard rule instead of considering the needs and problems of the different states?

muster 10% of the delegates to the national convention, he became an anti-Hoover symbol around whom disgruntled Republicans could rally. Last week Nebraska's glum old Senator Norris remarked: "Pinchot would make an excellent man and I'm for him 500 times more than I am for President Hoover."

Upon Governor Roosevelt played the press spotlight throughout the conference. Other Governors treated him as if he already had the Democratic nomination. Homeward bound, he stopped off in Ohio to greet potent Democrats in that State. Political speculation in the press, outrunning the facts, began to turn on a Roosevelt running mate for the national ticket. Last week's announcement of Col. Edward Mandell House, oldtime Wilsonian adviser, that he was for the New York Governor for President, seemed to put Mr. Roosevelt closer than ever before to the White House.

Though the Roosevelt lead over other candidates was certainly commanding, the nominating convention was still a year away and much could happen in that time. Alfred Emanuel Smith had yet to speak his mind on candidates. John Jacob Raskob's purposes were still obscure. A New York legislative committee had twelve months to investigate Tammany Hall and embarrass its candidate. None of the "favorite sons"—Ohio's Baker and Cox, Maryland's Ritchie, Arkansas' Robinson, Virginia's Byrd, Illinois' Lewis, Tennessee's Hull—had so much as hinted that Governor Roosevelt's candidacy was too far "out in front" to beat. Owen D. Young's friends were working with covert vigor. Almost overlooked in the Roosevelt rush was the fact that a two-thirds majority is needed to nominate at the convention, which means that the leading candidate does not always win.

But one sure evidence of Governor Roosevelt's lead toward the nomination was the recent spread of unfavorable stories about his health. He could not stand four years in the White House, said his opponents. In the summer of 1921 Mr. Roosevelt was at his camp in New Brunswick, Canada. After a hard cross-country tramp, he went swimming in the icy Bay of Fundy. Exhausted, he, aged 39, was stricken with infantile paralysis. In 72 hr. his body was dead from the waist down. His physician told him he would never walk again. But he began to try, first on crutches. At Warm Springs, Ga. he found mineralized water that seemed to help his shriveled legs. In 1924 he put on braces, learned to hobble on sticks. Masseurs and special exercises aided his improvement. He can now walk 100 ft. without aid, climb specially built undersized steps. He has to be helped in and out of his car, generally supports himself on a friend's arm when standing. Aside from his paralyzed legs, his health is reported good.

In 1928 before Mr. Roosevelt's nomination for Governor, Democrats complained to Mr. Smith: "We can't have a cripple for Governor, can we?"

Shot back the Brown Derby: "What do you want, an acrobat?"



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CANDIDATES FOR THE PRESIDENCY

Governor Roosevelt (left): "Some new factor is needed . . ."
Governor Pinchot: "The people are being sweated . . ."

the organized public utilities of the State. . . .

The Pinchot speech made Pennsylvania's G. O. Politicians boil with rage. Old talkative Samuel Matthews Vaulain, board chairman of Baldwin Locomotive, took it upon himself to send each and every one of the 22 Governors at French Lick a telegram beginning:

RESPONSIBLE CITIZENS THROUGHOUT PENNSYLVANIA DEPLORE THE MISLEADING STATEMENTS MADE BY GOVERNOR PINCHOT. . . .

The conference's no-controversy rule was directly attacked by Maryland's

Isn't this a question the Governors should debate?"

Though officially the Governors' Conference accomplished nothing more than it ever does, it did serve to point up presidential politics for next year. Newsmen were quick to interpret Governor Pinchot's outburst as an opening sound off for the Republican nomination against President Hoover. Recalled was their long personal antagonism which culminated fortnight ago when President Hoover spoke alone at Valley Forge while Governor Pinchot was memorializing his old idol Theodore Roosevelt at his Oyster Bay tomb. While nobody seriously expected Mr. Pinchot to

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

Elections

Egyptian Fraud. As everyone knows, Great Britain must control the Suez Canal, vital "backbone" of Empire trade. Therefore she must control Egypt. She does so through Puppet-King Fuad. In the past



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HON. GEORGE WILLIAM FORBES
... needs plenty of boots.

(See col. 2)

two years His Majesty has cut himself off, step by step, from the Egyptian people and their elected representatives. When the anti-British and popular *Wafd* party won the last election by a majority of 19 to 1 over all opponents combined (TIME, Jan. 13, 1930), it became clear that if King Fuad was to remain on his throne and remain a British puppet the next election would have to be a fraud. Last week Premier Ismail Sidky Pasha, creature of the King, was busy perpetrating this fraud.

Egyptians went to the polls to elect 150 members of Parliament. Instead of winning 19 to 1 as it did last year, the *Wafd* lost last week 1 to 17 according to the Government's official count. The same authority gave parties adherent to the throne a victory of 4 to 1 over all opponents combined.

Rumanian Cheat. Somewhat less revolting than the Egyptian fraud was Rumania's election last week—for in Rumania each party has its turn at cheating.

Rumania's last election was in the brief reign of Boy King Mihai, since ousted by his father King Carol II. The Three Regents for King Mihai had just appointed as Premier Dr. Iuliu Maniu, leader of the Peasant Party. In the ensuing election the Peasant Party won 333 seats which they still held up to last week.

Recently King Carol appointed as Premier his old tutor Professor Nicholas Jorga, sly & bewhiskered (TIME, May 11). Last week in an election held by the Jorga Government the Peasant Party's repre-

sentation dropped from 333 seats to 30. The Jorga Party skyrocketed last week from 7 seats to 275.

There can be no explanation for such electoral returns except cheating.

On Election day last week eight Rumanians were killed, seven by policemen. **Liberian Barclay.** There being no general world interest in the black Liberian Republic, no white correspondent is maintained in Monrovia. No Negro paper has a regular cable news service from Liberia. Therefore the U. S. State Department is the chief U. S. source of Liberian news. Last week the big white State Department announced that Liberians had elected as their President big black Edwin Barclay.

When charges of "Slavery in Liberia" broke (TIME, Jan. 19), Mr. Barclay was Secretary of State, answered Statesman Stimson's urgent inquiries with tact. Presently the then President of Liberia, Mr. D. B. King, resigned. As Secretary of State Mr. Barclay automatically became Acting President, which he was until elected President.

So far as slavery is concerned, Liberia has now flung herself enthusiastically open to a League of Nations' tutelage commission, preferring that to one from the U. S. Little by little the slavery scandal is being hushed and ameliorated.

NEW ZEALAND

Sister Nations' Spat

Months of bickering between two sister dominions ended in an ominous quarrel last week when Sister New Zealand said in effect:

"Sister Canada, from now on you are a foreign nation to me—so there!"

New Zealand's spokesman was of course her potent Hon. George William Forbes, Premier, Finance Minister, Minister of External Affairs, Minister of Customs, Minister of Stamp Duties and Minister in charge of Public Trust, Legislative, State Advances, Land and Income Tax, Scientific and Industrial Research and High Commissioner's Departments. As one competent to speak with authority about almost anything, Mr. Forbes postulated the impossibility of reaching an agreement with Canada for reciprocal tariff favors. This being so, the only thing for New Zealand to do—in Premier Forbes's opinion—was to discipline Sister Canada.

The Discipline: the New Zealand Government last week deprived Canadian imports of the benefit of "imperial preference" which is the lowest tariff rate in all British countries (see Canada). Hereafter Canadian goods entering New Zealand will be dutiable at the "general [highest] rate" charged on goods from "foreign countries."

To this new and drastic rule, Mr. Forbes made three exceptions. New Zealand being a pastoral country, needs plenty of rubber boots and wire. Also she is not averse to buying paper cheap from Canada's famed mills. Therefore all kinds of Canadian rubber boots, Canadian wire of certain kinds, and Canadian paper of certain types will continue to enter New Zealand by "imperial preference."

GREAT BRITAIN

Crown v. Kyslant

Picture "John Bull." Now make him taller—6 ft. 6 in. tall. Swell his girth, expand his barrel chest. Make him the biggest, handsomest, beefiest John Bull in England. Dress him in a well-cut



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KNIGHT OF JUSTICE OF ST. JOHN OF
JERUSALEM

An awful man jingled chains.

morning coat, impeccable striped trousers and white spats. Give him a handsome cane. Crown him with a high silk hat. Make him a Knight of Justice of St. John of Jerusalem. Make him the colossal figure who merged under the British Royal Mail Steam Packet Co. the largest group of shipping companies ever created (TIME, Feb. 23). Do all this and you have Baron Kyslant of Carmarthen.

If this Colossus of Britain were a monstrous swindler and a mean cheat, what Court, what Law would be so mighty as to overawe or punish him? Last week in the ancient, musty Guildhall of London, Lord Kyslant was brought to trial before a man even more impressive than himself. Without the consent of this awful man (always readily granted) the King of England himself cannot enter his own City of London. The Awful Man is Sir William Phené Neal, Lord Mayor of London. Sir Phené Neal is also Chief Magistrate of the City of London. In his great stiff robes, in his flowing full-bottomed wig, and adorned with his cumbersome, jingling golden chains of office, Sir Phené Neal personified last week British Justice—the world's quickest, most impressive, best.

Paradoxically the case of Crown v. Kyslant is not, from a purely legal standpoint, either complex or remarkable. In lucid British fashion King's Councillor D. N. Pritt put the case last week at Guildhall thus:

"What the Crown alleges is that Lord Kyslant did in 1926 and in 1927, by a profit-and-loss account balance sheet, for

Foreign News—(Continued)

the form of which we allege he was personally responsible, represent to shareholders and the world in general that in each of those two years the [Royal Mail] group had made large trading profits, whereas it had made serious losses. . . .

"One of the matters of which the Crown complains is that for these two years large hidden reserves—the existence of which was perfectly proper and legitimate but which never had been disclosed to the shareholders, which is not illegitimate—were passed off as profits so as to misrepresent to the shareholders that the company was in fact earning profits in its trading. . . .

"We submit that the profit shown by the Royal Mail Steam Packet on the face of the accounts for 1926 is \$1,776,625. The true position, we say, including the losses in the subsidiaries, is that there was in 1926 an actual trading loss of \$4,023,315. . . ."

From a purely fiscal standpoint, the case promised to be most complex. Van-loads of ledgers and papers will be produced by both sides. For example, every phase of the \$10,000,000 Royal Mail 5% debenture bond issue of 1928 will be minutely examined, the Crown trying to prove that this was a barefaced swindle by the Knight of Justice of St. John of Jerusalem. He sold these shares, the Crown charges, by telling the public that Royal Mail was earning enough in 1928 to cover interest on the debentures *five times*, whereas for the past *seven years* the Royal Mail had not earned but lost money.

Four months ago occurred the *débacle* to which the trial of Lord K. (except for its pomp and circumstance) was anti-climax. At that time the preferred shareholders of White Star Line, all of whose common stock was held by Royal Mail, discovered that their own company was in horrid condition and Royal Mail was worse off. Lord Kysant, controller of 34 shipping companies and 2,770,000 tons of craft, was roundly vilified by the shareholders (TIME, Feb. 23).

The case did not warm up last week. When it does, Lord Kysant will be defended by Britain's No. 2 Liberal (Lloyd George is No. 1), famed Sir John Simon. The Crown's major champion will be a former Liberal who suddenly switched into the Labor Party when Scot MacDonald offered him the post of Attorney General of Great Britain in the second Labor Government. Switcher Sir William Jowitt was elected a Liberal M. P. at the last general election (1929), but later in a by-election was returned as Labor M. P. by his old constituents.

Jewish Birthday

When a knight, even a Jewish knight, has been appointed Governor General of a British Dominion, he has every right to expect that he will be made a peer the next time His Majesty makes a batch of peers.

As the 66th birthday of George V rolled round last week, Australians expected that among the "birthday honors" would be a peerage for Sir Isaac Isaacs, new Aus-

tralian Governor General, only native-born G. G. of a British Dominion (TIME, May 5, Dec. 15, 1930). When the Honors List was published at London, Australians were disappointed. Native Sir Isaac Isaacs got nothing—possibly because of the uncelebrated anger of George V, who objected vigorously when the Australian Government refused to accept the Duke of York as Governor General, forced His Majesty to appoint Sir Isaac, a man whom he did not "even know by sight" (TIME, Dec. 15).

Jews in general were not disappointed by George V last week. Mr. Montague Burton, by birth a Polish Jew but today London's biggest merchant tailor, became "Sir Montague." The Jewish assistant Secretary of the General Post Office, Mr. Leon Simon, became "Sir Leon." Others who received Birthday Honors last week were:

Albert Montefiore Hyamson, Jewish Chief Immigration Officer of Palestine: Order of the British Empire.

Sigfried Hoofien, general manager of the Orient Anglo-Palestine Co. Ltd.: Order of the British Empire.

Plainly and obviously the distribution of these honors was a move by Prime Minister James Ramsay MacDonald to regain the Jewish favor he lost at the time of the Palestine crisis (TIME, Nov. 3). Anxious, too, about Arab goodwill in Palestine, Mr. MacDonald "advised" (i. e. caused) His Majesty to knight Zahda Haddad, Arab Medical Officer at Haifa.

With a second Indian Round Table Conference looming at London, now is obviously the time to honor Indians, and many figured in last week's Honors List.

Only British M. P. to be knighted was sturdy Ben Turner, staunch Labor henchman of the Prime Minister, onetime weaver, now textile union head. In general the Honors List reflected Scot MacDonald's disapproval of the peerage—no new peer was created.*

There are signs that the Labor Party will try to fight the next election on a platform of "Reform the House of Lords!" By "reform" the average Laborite understands a complete emasculation of the powers of the House of Lords, preparatory to its abolition.

Harmless items on last week's List were:

☛ A baronetcy for Sir Edward Elgar, composer of what has become a "sound effect" in the newsreels: *Pomp and Circumstance*.

☛ Creation of Actress Sybil Thorndike, "foremost British tragic actress," a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

☛ A baronetcy for Sir Herbert Gibson, rich British resident of Buenos Aires, this being his reward for his aid in puffing & pushing Edward of Wales's British Empire Trade Exposition in Argentina.

*Peerages and baronetcies are hereditary, knighthoods die with the holder. A baronet bears the title "Sir" by right. A knight is "Sir" by courtesy. In ascending order of rank, peers (members of the House of Lords) are barons, viscounts, earls, marquesses, dukes.

GERMANY

Fighting for Fatherland

(See front cover)

Seven columns wide the mammoth headline WILL GERMANY GO BANKRUPT stared London in the face one day last week. It spread across the entire front page of the MacDonald Government's party organ the *Daily Herald*. Paradoxically this super-scarehead was a friendly gesture. Silver-haired, silver-tongued Scot MacDonald was welcoming that day the first German Chancellor to set foot in England since the War: Dr. Heinrich Brüning, a young clean shaven statesman of but 46, a Catholic of stern fiber who won the Iron Cross fighting *für Kaiser und für Vaterland*.

Dr. Brüning came to London last week for the express purpose of persuading World public opinion that Germany faces bankruptcy and revolution unless her Reparations burden is reduced. Mr. MacDonald seemed ready to help—the British



Wide World

PRIME MINISTER, DAUGHTER & "CHEQUERS"

In the garden a monastic, at lunch red whiskers, everywhere Reparations. . . .

attitude being that such reduction is entirely up to the U. S. Under the friendly headline WILL GERMANY GO BANKRUPT Scot MacDonald's hospitable *Herald* said:

Foreign News—(Continued)

"The possibilities of American co-operation in a joint revision of Reparations and War debts must be sounded. . . . Dare the United States face even the possibility of Germany suspending all payments? Dare the American banks and Government face the wrath of hundreds of thousands of small American investors who were persuaded to take up German securities? Wouldn't the United States, rather than face this, co-operate in an attempt to save the situation?"

Germans en Route. Young Chancellor Brüning took with him to London his slightly older Foreign Minister, Dr. Julius Curtius, 54, a by no means brilliant successor to the late, great Dr. Gustav Stresemann.

Dr. Curtius thoroughly bungled the Austro-German attempt to form a customs union (TIME, March 30 et seq.). Dr. Curtius has yet to win a major diplomatic victory. He is a family man, devoted to his small children. Whenever he returns to Berlin from an official mission the crust of his formal reception at the railway station is punctured by their loud whoops. Studious and a hard, clear thinker, Husband Curtius has much that a Foreign Minister should have—has no genius.

With Bachelor Brüning, Husband Curtius entered a sleeping car at Berlin. Both statesmen pulled down their blinds. Both went to sleep. Whenever the train halted on its way to Hamburg crowds gathered to cheer the German Delegation, but the blinds of Drs. Brüning & Curtius remained drawn. They gave no sign of life whatsoever en route.

Arrived at Hamburg, the German Delegation went aboard the Hamburg-American liner *Hamburg*. Drs. Brüning & Curtius at once went up on the bridge. Playfully an officer took Chancellor Brüning by the arm, saying: "It is a rule of the Hamburg-American Line that all passengers must sleep in their berths from two to four in the afternoon."

From two to four Bachelor Brüning slept in his berth. Husband Curtius said he would sleep in a deck chair, cheated, was caught reading Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.

Arrived off the Isle of Wight, the *Hamburg* transhipped the German Delegation onto the British destroyer *Winchester* which brought them with all honor to Southampton—honor particularly precious to a war-defeated nation.

Monastic Spartan. George & Mrs. Bernard Shaw were late for the luncheon party of 19 which Prime Minister James Ramsay MacDonald gave to welcome Drs. Brüning & Curtius to "Chequers," the British summer White House. Mrs. Shaw appeared mortified, George, breezy and brazen as usual. By arriving late in a car which he drove himself, the red-whiskered Irishman kept waiting not only the Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers of two Great Powers but also Governor Montagu Norman of the Bank of England and the personal representative of George V at the Chequers Conference, His Majesty's private secretary Sir Clive Wigram. Host-

ess No. 1 was famed Miss Ishbel MacDonald, charity worker. Hostess No. 2 was obscure Miss Sheila MacDonald, bicycle rider, basketballer. Lunch was the merriest Dr. Brüning has eaten in a long time. As a friend of his once said: "Heinrich is more than Spartan, he is monastic!"

Three years ago the obscure name of Heinrich Brüning was not in Germany's



HUSBAND CURTIUS

. . . was caught reading *Macbeth*.

Who's Who. He was born in 1885 at Münster in Westphalia, son of a distiller who knew for certain the names of his prosperous ancestors as far back as the 16th Century.

Heinrich had a brother who became a priest, lived much of his life in America, died in New York City in 1924. Heinrich, after winning degrees at the Universities of Strasbourg, Munich and Bonn, traveled widely and intensively in Europe, visited his brother in America, went home and looked about for a Catholic duty to perform.

"Wilhelm II ruled by divine right," quipped a Berlin humorist recently, "but Chancellor Brüning rules as a divine duty."

Zentrum for Chancellor. His first duty, young Dr. Brüning felt, was to strive as an underling of the Catholic Zentrum Party in Westphalia—his chief and successful effort being to organize Catholic Zentrum trade unions. Came the War and sterner duties. Bepunctured Dr. Brüning became, in an amazingly short time, bespectacled Captain Brüning, commander of a crack Prussian machine gun unit. In action he won the Iron Cross, both second and first class, returned to Westphalia wounded, hard.

In the crazy post-war years of inflation, Dr. Brüning moved with the Catholic Centre from staunch Imperialism to staunch Republicanism. Six years ago his party put him into the Reichstag. There his sheer erudition made him valuable to politicians who needed to ask questions before talking about budgets and such.

Quietly, modestly, but authoritatively

and rapidly Dr. Brüning forged upward to Party Leadership which he assumed in 1930. He was and is close to Dr. Gottfried Treviranus, "Hindenburg's Colonel House." It was as the potent old President's protégé that Dr. Brüning became German Chancellor (TIME, April 7, 1930) before he was known to *Who's Who*. In amazement people all over Germany asked each other, "Who is our new Chancellor?"

Brüning's Mistake. Young Chancellor Brüning showed a prompt distaste for "tightrope walking," the maneuver by which a German Chancellor keeps his Cabinet balanced on the shifting support of half a dozen quarreling coalition parties. Boldly, rashly Dr. Brüning dissolved the Reichstag, hoping to win a stronger position in the ensuing election. This hope was utterly mistaken. Adolf Hitler won a sudden, unexpected 6,000,000 votes for his Fascist Party (TIME, Sept. 22). The fall of Chancellor Brüning's Cabinet would have followed—except that a majority of Reichstag Deputies were scared out of their wits! They dared not let Catholic Brüning fall for fear of Fascist Hitler.

To triumph on such ashes of defeat takes an Iron Chancellor. This Dr. Brüning is. Aided by equally resolute President von Hindenburg, he has managed to rule Germany for the past eleven months as a semi-dictator, forcing the Reichstag into dissolution and ruling by Presidential decree. Thus the 13 other luncheon guests at Chequers saw last week a great man whose big mistake has proved to be his big chance. The question (in minds less frivolous than Mr. Shaw's) was last week whether Chancellor Brüning was then and there making his second big mistake, and if so whether he can make it a second triumph.

"Unbearable Reparations." The daring stroke, the possible mistake of Chancellor Brüning he made in Germany while he was in England! This paradox is not impossible. Dr. Brüning left with President von Hindenburg for promulgation after he reached England: first a high pressure manifesto signed by every member of the Brüning Cabinet; second a drastic decree clapping new fiscal burdens on the German people in order to balance the budget.

The manifesto spoke of the decree as "putting forth the last power and reserves of the nation," declared that this act "entitles the German Government and makes it its duty towards the German people to tell the world: the limits of the privations we have imposed on our people have been reached. . . . The direly-menaced business and financial position of the Reich calls imperatively for alleviation from the unbearable reparations obligations. . . ."

Privations imposed on Germans last week by the decree were: 1) upping of the Fatherland's income tax, even in the low bracket of Germans earning only \$75 per month; 2) slashes in the salaries of Germany's enormous class of petty public officials; 3) upping of the tobacco, sugar and gasoline taxes; 4) drastic cuts in the benefits paid to Germany's army of unemployed, now totaling 4,000,000.

Midnight Talk. By his Iron decree, by

Foreign News—(Continued)

his polemical manifesto, Dr. Brüning created a world sensation well calculated to conceal the fact that he and Mr. MacDonald did and could do precious little at Chequers.

George & Mrs. Bernard Shaw were cleared away with the lunch. Arm in arm, Chancellor and Prime Minister strolled in the Garden. On the porch Dr. Curtius sat and sat with British Foreign Minister "Uncle Arthur" Henderson (the rock-ribbed son of Glasgow to whom Pacifist MacDonald turned over leadership of the Labor Party during the War).

Mr. Henderson has been elected Chairman of next year's League Disarmament Conference (TIME, June 1). He and Dr. Curtius talked about that. Laborite A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the British Admiralty, also talked with the representatives of disarmed Germany about disarming other countries—an academic discussion. The BIG TALK at Chequers, secret, lasted until well past midnight—with a strange result.

The British seemingly feared that, in expressing sympathy for Germany and hope that the U. S. will agree to scale down Reparations, they had played a trifle too far into Dr. Brüning's hands. Emotional, sympathetic Host MacDonald had to ask his guest *please* not to give an interview when he got back to his London hotel. Dr. Brüning promised, kept his promise, gave a subdued interview later "on German soil" at the German Embassy. In a joint MacDonald-Brüning communication the statesmen promised each other respecting Reparations "close collaboration with other governments concerned."

Buckingham to Berlin. As a final British gesture, George V received the Germans at Buckingham Palace. From there "Iron Cross" Brüning set out for home to face German music, loud music, menacing music, stirred by his decree. In Berlin Communists had staged "hunger riots" against "Brüning the Hunger Dictator." Roaring defiance, these rioters broke windows, seized "hunger loot" and ran. . . .

Exactly opposite was the conduct of 1,400 Rhine & Ruhr industrialists meeting at Düsseldorf, appalled by the new income and other taxes they will have to pay. *Their idea:* As a quasi-dictator Dr. Brüning must be harder on rich men than he would need to be as an out-and-out Mussolini. Acting on this idea the 1,400 rich men voted a resolution urging Dr. Brüning to tear off the mask, proclaim himself what he almost is: Dictator!

One year ago Dr. Brüning said: "After the passage of the Young Plan, Germans thought there would be a decrease of taxation and better times. . . . Imagine their disgust, then, to find themselves confronted with the possibility of increased taxes!" This possibility Chancellor Brüning has made an actuality, raising taxes again and again, raising them a fourth time last week. Knowing the extreme depth of German disgust, advertising it to the world, Heinrich Brüning must have anxiously asked himself as he returned to Berlin: "Is it my Catholic duty to proclaim myself Dictator?"

CANADA

Empress of Space!

To fill their eyes with the biggest ship that ever came to Canada, biggest plying between Empire ports, biggest built in Britain since the War, Canadians came by excursion trains to Quebec last week,



CAPTAIN "JOCK" LATTA

Blue pilasters, pink curtains, white stars.

roared through a new 1½ mile-long Canadian Pacific Railway tunnel under the city, came out at a spandy new pier and suddenly beheld the towering white, three-funnelled *Empress of Britain*.

To say that a ship was decorated by artists of the British Royal Academy is to stamp her with a definite *cachet*. From George V and Queen Mary down, British aristocracy gathers every spring on "Varnishing Day" (which opens the London Season) to "oh" and "ah" at what members of the British Royal Academy have done since last spring. Astutely Canadian Pacific turned to Sir John Lavery, R. A. for the "Empress Ballroom" of the *Empress of Britain*.

Sir John stood pale blue pilasters around the ballroom, hung it with coral pink curtains, placed above the dancers an oval blue sky with dancing white stars. Edmund Dulac did the smoking room, "Cathay Lounge," with a silver ceiling, panels of black & silver glass, accents of Chinese red lacquer and Macassar ebony.

Artistically the significance of the *Empress of Britain* is that she is the first major British ship in modern style. But last week Canadian Pacific officials stressed the fact that she has one Renaissance room, the "Mayfair Lounge," by Sir Charles Allom. In treatment it is not later than King Edward VII, stirs appropriate memories of his mother, Victoria, First Empress of Britain.

At Balmoral, her Scotch estate. Great Victoria liked to surround herself with just such big weatherbeaten Scotsmen as Captain Robert Gilmore ("Jock") Latta of the *Empress of Britain*. Twenty-seven

years ago, "Jock" Latta joined the Canadian Pacific fleet as fourth officer of the *S. S. Montezuma*, 8,360 tons, 480 ft. long, speed 9½ knots. His twelfth and biggest command is the *Empress of Britain*, 42,500 tons, 758 ft. long, speed 25½ knots. On her maiden voyage to Quebec she broke the Britain-to-Canada record, crossing in 5 days, 5 hr., 40 min. With other ships she stacks up thus:

She is "ninth largest," White Star's *Majestic* being "largest."^o

She is one of the 13 (and there are only 13) speed aristocrats that cross the Atlantic in six days or less:⁺

<i>Europa</i>	5 days	<i>Berengaria</i>	6 days
<i>Bremen</i>	5 days	<i>Aquitania</i>	6 days
<i>Mauritania</i>	5 days	<i>Olympic</i>	6 days
<i>Leviathan</i>	5½ days	<i>Paris</i>	6 days
<i>Majestic</i>	5½ days	<i>Admiral</i>	6 days
<i>France</i>	6 days	<i>De France</i>	6 days

Of these, the world's 13 undisputed superliners, Germans built six, Britons four, Frenchmen three, U. S. citizens none.

Finally, the *Empress of Britain* challenges the Atlantic with an intangible quality, "space." What ship is the most spacious? What if it is?

In shipping circles bad blood will soon flow in the quarrel (now just beginning), about "space"—big cabins, big decks, BIG public rooms. Significant of this new trend is the fact that the *De France*, first ship with a top deck completely clear and flat from side to side, first ship to make a bulabuloo about "space," carried more first-class passengers across the Atlantic last year than any other. The *Empress of Britain* and nearly all "newest ships" now have flat-top, full-width sport decks. Last week the *Empress of Britain* sloganized: "MORE THAN SIZE AND SPEED—SPACE!" added a now abstruse but soon-to-be important claim "36 tons of ship for each passenger."

Bennett Budget

Squawks from U. S. Senators in Washington greeted last week the budget speech to Canada's House of Commons made by Richard Bedford Bennett, rich & pious Dominion Premier & Finance Minister. At the last election Canadians gave Mr. Bennett a mandate to up their tariffs in Uncle Sam's face. Last week Conservative Bennett upped high, upped quick.

Nothing in the World is quicker than a British budget. In London, in Cape Town, in Canberra or in Ottawa all that the responsible minister has to do is to state that on item of revenue, tax or tariff is changed and it is changed. New revenue rates are automatically effective unless the

"Bitter is the White Star v. U. S. Lines battle about whether *Majestic* or *Leviathan* is 'the largest ship in the world.' The *Majestic* is unquestionably 8 ft. longer than the *Leviathan*, but a difference in U. S. and British rules of gauging tonnage gives the following curious statistics:

	Tons British	Tons U. S.
<i>Majestic</i>	56,521	61,266
<i>Leviathan</i>	54,382	59,957

Thus, if both ships are measured by the same yardstick (either British or U. S.) the *Majestic* is obviously the larger. But the U. S. Lines measure their ship by the U. S. Yardstick (59,957 tons), measure the *Majestic* by the British yardstick (56,521 tons) and state that the *Leviathan* is therefore larger than the *Majestic*.¹

¹Ratings by Thos. Cook & Sons.

Foreign News—(Continued)

budget is rejected by Parliament—which almost never happens. Therefore when Hon. Mr. Bennett rose to speak in Ottawa last week he held in his hand the fiscal fate of Canada. Bang—he upped letter postage between Canadian cities from 2¢ to 3¢! Bang—up went the Canadian basic income tax from 8% to 10%! Bang—the sales tax quadrupled from 1% to 4%! Bang, bang, bang—spectacular is the exercise of a British Finance Minister's power.

"Reprisals?" On the tariff side of Hon. Mr. Bennett's budget speech—and to hear U. S. squawks last week one might have thought there was no other side—the Canadian Premier made courteous pretense that he was not offering "reprisals" to the U. S. Hawley-Smoot Tariff upping (TIME, June 2, 1930). Mr. Bennett said that Canada's depressed "infant industries" and her unemployed workers were uppermost in his mind. By protecting industries he would make jobs. Indeed, two days after his speech Premier Bennett proudly explained just exactly why he raised the tariff on wire netting (from 30% to 35%) and reduced that on steel and iron tubing (from 30% to 7½%). His reasons were first that a group of rich men have promised to open a wire netting plant in Hamilton, Ont. if protected by a high duty; second that another group have promised Premier Bennett to build a factory at Windsor, Ont., and make things in it out of steel and iron tubing, if allowed to import these at reduced duty.

Out of 800 classifications on Canada's tariff list 174 were upped. Also, one embargo was laid. Totally excluded from the Dominion by this embargo are all second-hand automobiles except those brought in by "tourists" or "settlers."

New motor cars have been classified for some time in Canadian tariff acts under three heads. Cars selling for \$1,200 or less will continue to pay the old 27½% tariff. But the Bennett Budget ups the tariff on cars selling between \$1,200 and \$2,100 from 27½% to 30%, ups the tariff on "luxury cars" (above \$2,100) to 40%.

In her own plants the Dominion now makes Canadian Fords, General Motors cars, Chryslers, Dodges, Studebakers, Willys-Overlands and Durants.

Tariff Items. Apart from motor cars, the chief U. S. products which will feel most sharply the Bennett Tariff pinch are: coal and coke machinery, leather, building stone, furniture, prepared food and other products delivered in cartons; live hogs, fresh meats, hams, shoulders; canned or preserved fruits and vegetables, jams and jellies; raisins and numerous fruits including both Florida and California oranges. Hitherto oranges have entered Canada duty free, must now pay the very stiff duty of approximately 1½¢ each.

In Washington the Department of Commerce estimated that \$200,000,000 worth (roughly one-third) of current U. S. annual exports to Canada will be "affected" by the Bennett Tariffs—unfavorably in almost all cases. Cool-headed guessers at the Department guessed that the net result will be to cut U. S. sales to

Canada only 4%. But Democratic senatorial hot-heads echoed Virginia's Carter Glass who saw "nations . . . all over the world . . . retalliating against our insurmountable tariff."

Wheat & Coal Bounties. Of direct interest to Canadian farmers and miners, but indirectly of vital interest to U. S. farmers & miners, are two subsidies contained in the Bennett Budget.

Subsidy No. 1 is a Canadian Treasury bounty of 5¢ on each bushel of Canadian export wheat. Thus in selling his wheat abroad the Canadian farmer will have a 5¢ edge over his U. S. competitor. This provision is likely to stir another demand in Congress for the Export Debenture whereunder U. S. wheat growers would get a bounty of 50¢ of the tariff rate (i. e. 21¢) for every bushel of wheat they sold outside the country.

Subsidy No. 2 is an elaborate sliding scale of Treasury freight bonuses to Canadian coal producers, the size of the bonus being adjusted to the distance coal must be shipped. Complacently Hon. Mr. Bennett estimated that this subsidy will stimulate the movement of an extra 1,870,000 tons of Canadian coal this year at a cost to the Canadian Treasury of "only" \$2,000,000.

Budget Figures. Total Canadian revenue for last year was \$356,213,000 according to the Bennett Budget figures—a decrease of \$90,000,000.

Total "ordinary" Government expenditures were \$394,000,000—an increase of \$36,000,000.

Expenditures other than "ordinary" ran the Canadian deficit up to \$75,244,973; but this deficit Premier Bennett hopes to wipe out by his taxes, tariffs and certain economics. It was at first understood last week that all Canadian air mail services would be shortly abandoned in the interest of economy. Later the Canadian Post-office Department announced that only certain air mail services will be abandoned "temporarily," declined to say which.

Periodicals Threatened. Is the *Saturday Evening Post* educational or religious or scientific? If it is, it will not be affected by a clause in the Bennett Tariff which, under the "general rate," lays a staggering duty of 15¢ per pound on all foreign periodicals in English, except those which are educational or religious or scientific. (The *Satevepost* costs 10¢ in Canada, often weighs nearly two pounds.) These three excepted classes of periodicals will continue to enter Canada duty free, as all periodicals did until last week, when news of the Bennett Tariff reached Philadelphia. *Satevepost* officials announced that they will accept no more Canadian subscriptions until the Canadian Government decides whether *Satevepost* is educational or religious or scientific or not.

In Ottawa local newsmen took an alarmist view, said that the new tariff on U. S. periodicals would force them to raise prices so much as to decrease their sales drastically. They predicted "dire unemployment" in newsdealer ranks, for readable Canadian magazines are few.

ITALY-PAPAL STATE

Eat Mussolini?

So profound grew the disquiet of Pope Pius XI last week that in Vatican City he fervently exclaimed:

"God desires good, but He also permits evil, and our saddest thought is that it is our own sons who work evil against other good sons who are dear to us."

Chief of those "sons who worked evil" fortnight ago, by charging that *Azione Cattolica* (the Italian League for Catholic Action) was busy with a Catholic plot to seize the Italian State, and who forthwith padlocked some 15,000 Catholic clubs throughout Italy (TIME, June 8), was of course Benito Mussolini.

In his huge, high-ceilinged Renaissance offices in the Palazzo Venezia last week,



International

KNIGHT HEARN

Children plunge off his platform.

Il Duce summoned and addressed the Directorate of Fascismo. The session was secret, but a summary of what Premier Mussolini said was issued. In substance he pictured Pope Pius as surrounded by a Vatican camarilla who concealed from His Holiness every fact favorable to Fascism and furthermore concealed from the Holy Father that *Azione Cattolica* was plotting against the State.

Il Duce said that proof of all he charged was in his possession—"documentary proof." He declared that after the Italian Government suppressed all parties except the Fascist Party, members of the former Catholic Party took refuge in *Azione Cattolica*, soon made it political. As time passed, continued Premier Mussolini, numerous and nondescript elements hostile to Fascism have taken refuge from the Law by joining *Azione*, have evolved an organization which is subversive of the Italian State.

At the close of *Il Duce's* remarks his Fascist Directorate cheered lustily, adopted a resolution. Full text:

"The Directorate of the Fascist party,

Foreign News—(Continued)

with regard to the recent controversy originated by the document evidence of open and occult hostility of some sections of Catholic Action, while reaffirming its profound and immutable respect toward the Catholic religion, its head, its ministers and churches, declares in a most explicit manner that the Fascist party has firmly decided not to tolerate those anti-Fascists so far spared, under any new or old banner whatsoever, under which they may seek shelter.

"The directory, therefore, orders the leaders of 9,000 Fascist groups in Italy to govern their action by such principles, and reminds them that those who fell in the triumphant [Fascist] revolution demand that the revolution be defended inflexibly against anybody, at whatever cost."

Next day Pope Pius XI exclaimed most fervently:

"If they drive us from our home we will pray in the churches! If they drive us from the churches we will pray in the catacombs, as our predecessors did 2,000 years ago."

No Catholic was driven from his home or church in Italy last week. To dramatize the passive struggle of the Church, Pius XI suspended all open air religious services and processions. Thus on Corpus Christi Day (which exuberant Italians have always celebrated in the street with the romp and frolic of a Mardi Gras fête) the only Catholic observances last week were services in church. To their subdued congregations, priests distributed printed copies of utterances by the Holy Father which censorship kept out of the Italian press.

In certain towns on Corpus Christi Day Fascists paraded with placards reading: "Our Parade Is In Honor Of Those Churchmen Who Do Not Meddle In Politics."

Neither State nor Church made public last week any documentary proof of anything. Blanket Fascist charges were met by blanket Papal denials.

Italians love intrigue, stealth. In Rome last week currents and cross currents of intrigue wove a maze. One day it was Pietro Cardinal Gasparri, great ex-Papal Secretary of State, who had emerged from retirement to reconcile Vatican and Quirinal. Next day it was Marquess Francesco Pacelli, brother of the new Papal Secretary of State, Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli. Next day it was two other Papal diplomats. . . .

But certain things were certain:

❶ Informally Premier Mussolini offered to reopen Catholic women's clubs as a first and friendly gesture by the Italian Government. But informally Pius XI rejected this offer, stipulated that all Catholic clubs must be reopened.

❷ Premature announcements to the contrary, the \$500,000 U. S. Knights of Columbus playgrounds for children in Rome were not reopened last week. In vain Boston's Edward L. Hearn, key Knight of Columbus in Rome, repeated his attempts

to persuade the U. S. Embassy to protest.*

❸ As is well known, Pope Pius XI abhors any gymnastic display by women in public, even though they wear bloomers. Last week at a leading Rome athletic field 30,000 mixed Fascists watched and cheered while 1,500 Fascist males and 500 Fascist females performed gymnastics.

Two years ago there was a similar Fascist demonstration. One year ago the female athletes were omitted in deference to His Holiness. Last week, with *Il Duce* present and smiling grim approval, the females gymnasted.

In clerical circles throughout the World numerous non-Catholics expressed warm sympathy for the Holy See in its struggle with *Il Duce*. Said popular U. S. Congregationalist Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, addressing a convocation of pastors in Cleveland last week:

"The Roman Catholic Church has taken bigger men than Mussolini and eaten them for dessert!"

SPAIN

Republic's Week

❶ Titles of Spanish nobility were nullified and swept away last week by the Provisional Government. But their decree, by no means ruthless, permits use of former actual titles as "courtesy titles" by Spain's:

97 Grandees
1,310 Marquises
900 Counts
145 Viscounts
148 Barons

❷ To increase confidence in the sunk but slowly rising Spanish peseta: Provisional President Alcalá Zamora declared: "I have not a large fortune, but what I have I have now transferred from France to Spain, from francs into pesetas."

❸ The Provisional Government set July 14 as the day on which a Constituent Assembly will meet in Madrid to draft a new Constitution, set up a Constitutional Government. Elections will be held on June 28 throughout Spain. Whichever party wins more votes than any other one party will receive 80% of all seats in the Constitutional Assembly, the other 20% of seats being distributed proportionally among all other parties.

❹ Export of certain foodstuffs (tomatoes, rice, meat, etc.) from Spain was forbidden by decree. Reason: shrewd foreigners have been buying pesetas dirt cheap, using them to buy Spanish food dirt cheaper, thus depleting Spain of things to eat at an alarming rate.

"In Rome a visiting U. S. Catholic may pray in the church of his U. S. cardinal (every cardinal, wherever situated, is a priest of some church in Rome); he may contact the Vatican for an audience through Monsignor Burke, Rector of the North American College; but if playgrounds be his hobby he must go to Knight Hearn, Ometine Supreme Knight, European Commissioner of the K. of C. during the War, he is today the friend of every Roman child who wants to play on grounds or swim in the Tiber. Off the K. of C.'s handsome Tiber platform little boys and girls daily plume.

*Par: 10.3¢ per peseta. After sinking to 7.9¢ it was up last week to 9.6¢.

CHINA

Dear White House Friend

"Soldiers, officers, they who call me a military dictator slander me!"

"Soldiers, officers, I am your comrade!"

Thus last week spoke shrill, wasp-waisted little President Chiang Kai-shek to troops at his capital, Nanking. Shrilly he continued:

"I leave now to direct the anti-bandit campaign! If I succeed I will retire to my birthplace near Ningpo—thereby proving to the world and to the nation that I have no ambition to establish a dictatorship nor another dynasty, as charged by my reactionary enemies. If I fail, I will die fighting!"

By his "reactionary enemies" (whom he hopes to clean up next after the bandits) President Chiang meant the new



VENERABLE TANG

He complained to Mr. Hoover about a rococo façade.

self-styled Chinese Government at Canton (TIME, June 8). Its most august member is wizened Tang Shao-yi, in 1912 First Premier of the Chinese Republic.

When charges were made in the last U. S. Presidential campaign against "Hoover's Chinese record," venerable Tang refuted these charges, testified that in China young Engineer Herbert Hoover was an honorable man. Last week the President presumably saw in the New York *Herald Tribune* (No. 1 Republican newsorgan) a message addressed to himself by Tang Shao-yi, commencing, "My dear friend.

"Behind Nanking's rococo façade, which some foreigners have helped to erect, there is working a political system, or rather a family corporation whose idea of running the country is the management and exploitation of China as the property of Chiang Kai-shek and his so-called family."

Modestly, Venerable Tang called his message a mere "explanation" of why he joined the Canton Government. It implied, delicately, a plea for U. S. recognition.

T H E P R E S S

Christian Daily

A score of years ago religious people turned to their church weeklies for interpretation of current news, for leadership in opinion. Church weeklies are still abundant; their aggregate circulation great. But their influence is gone; a fact of which the Evangelical Churches have



Acme-P. & A.

MR. GANNETT

"VERY" said Mr. Brisbane.

become acutely aware in their fight against liquor. As far back as 1928 the Methodist Episcopal General Conference of Kansas City recognized by official resolution the need for a national newspaper of church goers. Again, three months ago, youthful Stanley Hoffund High, Methodist editor of the non-denominational *Christian Herald*, was quoted: "The time is overdue for the establishment of a Dry newspaper, and lots of people are thinking about it." Last week the subject again became news when the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, meeting in Pittsburgh, commended the efforts "of a group of substantial citizens . . . to establish and maintain a national daily newspaper to be published in metropolitan New York, the same to be distinctively Christian in its spirit and outlook. . . . The proposals . . . that it stand squarely for Prohibition, support every cause of political, economic and social righteousness, keep its news columns clean and trustworthy and its advertising space open only to unquestionable products are worthy of hearty recommendation. . . . The General Assembly believes that such a national daily newspaper, if adequately financed, ably edited and managed . . . would be of great benefit to the cause of righteousness."

To the last sentence, all-wise Arthur Brisbane added this amendment in his Hearstpaper column: "It would, of course, and it would have to be VERY adequately financed."

Finance is the first obstacle which has been engaging much of the attention and energy of Stanley High for the past year.

Some \$6,000,000 or \$7,000,000 must be within sight before action is taken. But, according to Editor High, the paper must sustain itself on its own merits or it will be abandoned.

Therefore it must have an extremely able publisher. Who? One name appeared last week to be the key to the situation: Frank Ernest Gannett of Rochester, N. Y., Unitarian, Dry. Most famed of 17 Dry Gannett dailies (fourth largest group in the U. S.) is the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Probably the new paper would be published in the *Eagle's* plant but in no other way would the *Eagle* be affected.

One morning last week Publisher Gannett rose very early to open the doors of the Elmira (N. Y.) *Star-Gazette* himself. It was a gesture of sentiment. Twenty-five years ago he, onetime newsboy, bought a half interest in the old *Gazette* from the late U. S. Senator David B. Hill, on meagre savings and smart financing. High-minded but not pious, Publisher Gannett built himself a great newspaper fortune not alone by the cleanness and honesty of his papers, of which he is so proud, but also by shrewdness, good sense and uncommon business nerve.

He would never undertake the "Christian" daily unless it made sense as a newspaper.

Publisher Gannett's Dry convictions he accounted for in an article written last September for Editor High's *Christian Herald*. As a youngster he worked his way through high school as barkeep's assistant in a hotel. ". . . After watching booze ruin men, I made up my mind that if I ever got a chance, I would fight it. . . . [now] I think that the eighteenth amendment is an asset to the folks who read our papers."

Aside from the question of who is going to put up how much of the money for the proposed "Christian" daily, there is the question whether Publisher Gannett and the religious sponsors will agree on publishing actualities. Both Messrs. Gannett & High agree that the paper should not be primarily an organ of propaganda for Church or Prohibition.

Names in the News

During the past decade no U. S. families have appeared more sensationally in the nation's newspapers than the McCormicks of Chicago and the Stillmans of New York. Last week, both families made one big story. At Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Mrs. Anne Urquhart Potter ("Fifi") Stillman, 52, obtained an amazingly secret divorce (grounds: infidelity) from James Alexander Stillman, 60, onetime president, now director and largest stockholder of National City Bank. A few hours later Mrs. Stillman married, at Pleasantville, N. Y., Harold Fowler McCormick Jr., 32. These were the glittering names which the news conjured up:

Cyrus Hall McCormick, inventor of the harvester, founder of an immense fortune, grandfather of the groom. He was 47 years dead.

John Davison Rockefeller, astute nono-generian with potent holdings in National

City Bank, who reputedly advised the younger Stillman to resign the institution's presidency because of scandal ten years ago. Grandfather of the groom, he kept to his home in Pocantico Hills, N. Y., sent his blessing.

Cyrus Hall McCormick II & III, respectively uncle and cousin of the groom. While Alexander (Farm Board) Legge rules International Harvester Co. the uncle presides respectably as Board Chairman. The cousin—popular "Cy" to thousands of employees—had just published an able book, *Century of the Reaper*.

Harold Fowler McCormick, father of the groom, now married to Ganna Walska. In Chicago he said: "I have known for some years of Fowler's unwavering devotion to Mrs. Stillman and of his desire for this outcome, and I have known, too, of her deep regard for him. . . . Basing my thought on what I know of them both, I not only hope but truly believe that they will find in this marriage lifelong contentment and comradeship."

Edith Rockefeller-McCormick, mother of the groom, an extraordinary lady who eats from gold plates and indulges a fancy for advanced psychology and a faith in the real estate operations of two friends, Krenn & Date. From her castle-home on Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, she sent word through her secretary that "she had nothing to say."

James Alexander Stillman, the elder, who built up the great National City Bank, father of the divorced husband. He was 13 years dead.

James A. ("Bud") Stillman Jr., eldest son of the bride, who married a servant at his family's fishing camp at Grand Anse, Que., three years ago. In 1921 he and the



International

SALESMANAGER MCCORMICK & WIFE

He taught her to fight.

groom, longtime friend of the family, searched for evidence to aid Mrs. Stillman defend herself against her husband's divorce suit. Last week he was unable to leave his studies at Harvard Medical School, did not witness his mother's marriage ceremony. But his wife was her mother-in-law's maid of honor.

Florence H. Leeds, a red-haired chorus girl whom Mrs. Stillman showed during

the first suit to be the mother of two of Mr. Stillman's children. She was reported as having married a John Rousseau Metcalfe in London two years ago.

Mrs. Percy Rockefeller, sister of James Stillman, whose husband is a cousin of the groom. In other words Mrs. Stillman's onetime sister-in-law becomes her cousin by marriage.

S.S. Olympic also figured in the news. On it, last week, Mr. Stillman sailed for Europe, smiling, wishing the newsweds luck, denying that he would remarry. It was on the deck of the Olympic that Mrs. Stillman was served with her husband's first divorce action in 1920. The same ship carried the Stillmans to Europe for their reconciliation honeymoon in 1926. Asked about her affection for young Fowler McCormick at that time, said she:

"Fowler and I love and understand each other, but we are not lovers. Do you think I could have been able to leave him if we were lovers? . . . I owe a great deal to Fowler. He is the man who taught me to fight, who sent me first to Zurich [to seek, like his mother, the help of psychoanalysts], when my life was smashed like broken crockery.

"Has Fowler ever offered marriage to me? Of course not. We have been too good friends for that. And five years from now wouldn't it be ridiculous for a woman of 50 (and I am not imperishable, you know!) to be the wife of a young man of 32?"

Last week's story as it was developed through three front-page days was anything but a scandal: it was an idyl. Bride & Groom motored from court-room to a cottage on the ocean at East Hampton, L. I. Thither, eventually, came troops of newsmen, including many oldtime baiters of the Bride, to receive polite and smiling welcome. For eight long hours, the honeymooners entertained the Press. As they posed on the beach, on the cottage steps, in the hammock, the Bride jollied her old acquaintances. One remark: "Perhaps I have a vulgar taste. I've gotten a lot of enjoyment out of reporters, riding along with me on trains, telling me about their own troubles after their long stories had been filed. I like beautiful jewelry. I love beautiful clothes, stockings that cost lots of money. I'm going to like working with my husband."

What gave the story its clear and happy atmosphere of romance was the engaging personality of the Groom. "Yes," she smiled, "I proposed by telephone last summer." All kinds of people have entered Fowler McCormick's heterogeneous life and he remains a romantic. When very young he intimately associated with the folk in his father's and mother's Chicago Civic Opera Company (now Samuel Insull's). He left Groton School to drive an ambulance in France. Returned to the U. S., he was popular at Princeton. Encouraged by Mrs. Stillman, he went to Milwaukee in 1925, lived in a boarding house, worked as a laborer in the family business. He is now an enterprising sales manager of International Harvester Co. Said he: "In my business one never knows where one will be sent next, so it is impossible to plan very far ahead." Said she: "I'll live in Chicago and spend most of my life on steel Pullmans, going around with Fowler—if he will let me."

New Cleveland Magazine

Unless it be the backstage of the Woodlawn Neighborhood Playhouse an hour before the opening curtain of *The Torch-Bearers*, there is no scene of such dithering excitement as the office of a brand new magazine about to be published by amateurs. The A. S. Gilman Printing Co. of Cleveland gyrated last week when a group of smart young people of the town brought



Underwood & Underwood
BASSO WITHERSPOON

All his life, good.

(See col. 3)

forth the first issue of *Parade*, a "social, semi-humorous and pictorial" weekly.

But in *Parade*, Clevelanders found no puerile product of juveniles writing about their friends, but a trim, well-mounted magazine which came creditably close to its aim: a smartchart for Cleveland.

In vitality of photograph it easily equaled *Vogue & Country*. Text and drawing exhibited well the *New Yorker* technique but missed the master's polished cough and sigh. Only false note was a great photograph of, and leading article by, Randolph Churchill, jejune son of Winston, whose relation to Cleveland, if any, was nowhere explained. After that each page went well until the last which consisted of leering, Winchellesque questions without printed answers, e. g.: "Who is the minister who has the most complete collection of pornography in the city?" "Who is the financial power whose wife remarked when a maid complained of the master's attentions: 'Isn't that splendid! Between us both possibly we can keep him at home for a few evenings of the week,'" etc.

The Birth of *Parade* was the big moment in the youthful career of W. Holden White, 25, publisher and chairman of the board, and his good friend Winsor B. French, 25, co-founders. Publisher White is the polo-playing scion of the family which founded The White Co. Director French is a vivacious adman, versifier, socialite. For excellence of photography and art, credit is given to a young Cleveland, Jerome Brainerd Zerby Jr., himself an able sketcher.

MUSIC

Vice Presidents for Opera

In Maestro Giorgio Polacco the Chicago Civic Opera had from 1920 until last year an able musical director. But many a Chicagoan believed that the Company's activities—the long-delayed premiere of Hamilton Forrest's *Camille*, for example—were hampered by Maestro Polacco's domestic difficulties with his wife, Edith Mason, an excellent soprano. Married twice before, Soprano Mason became his wife in 1919, divorced him in 1928 charging cruelty. "This," he said, "is certainly a dreadful blow to me." Then she married Dr. Maurice A. Bernstein, Chicago surgeon. Last October it was made known she would sing no more with the Company and Maestro Polacco resigned in December because of ill health. Last month, divorced once more, Soprano Mason re-married him, and Dr. Bernstein said that "being married to Miss Mason [had been] like being married to him as well."

"Vice president in charge of opera" is the title of the company's newest executive, oldtime Basso Herbert Witherspoon, 57, appointed personally last week by the company's potent President Samuel Insull. Clearly indicated was a trend away from "impresario-ism" and temperament. In 1916 Harold Fowler McCormick, then president, appointed Herbert Morris Johnson as business manager. Yet despite his vigilance there followed such disastrous seasons as that of 1921-22 when, with Mary Garden as general director, the company performed brilliantly but turned in a whopping deficit. Maestro Polacco is an alien. Said Samuel Insull last week: "What I regard as the most important qualification of Mr. Witherspoon is that he is an American and has a fundamental understanding of the desires and hopes of the people of Chicago in regard to opera, and that all his life he has been a good citizen, interested in all the affairs of the country as well as in music."

Tall, imposing as a board chairman of the old school, is Basso Witherspoon. His gallant mustachios (see cut) have greyed in later years, lost something of the grand sweep which might have enabled him in his Wagnerian days at the Metropolitan Opera (1908-17) to sing such hirsute roles as Wotan and Hunding (*Die Walküre*) and Hagen (*Die Götterdämmerung*) with little extra adornment. Buffalo-born, great-grandson of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Yale graduate (1895), he studied architecture before becoming a famed singer. After leaving the Metropolitan he did Wartime Red Cross work, then taught singing for eight years. He became president of Chicago Musical College in 1925, resigned in 1929 to establish his own studio. He is founder of the Bohemians (Chicago musicians club) and president of the Chicago Concert Band Association. In his new job he will see to personnel, production, choice of operas (but selection of next year's repertoire has already been made). Business Manager Johnson, elevated to be vice president in charge of business (only), will manage finances and the post season tours, until this year administered by Clark A. Shaw.

EDUCATION

Exeter's 150th

In the extreme Southeast corner of New Hampshire, 50 mi. north of Boston, is the town of Exeter, where John Phillips in 1781 founded Phillips Exeter Academy. Twenty-five miles nearer Boston is Andover, where John's nephew, Samuel, founded Phillips Academy one year earlier. (His school later became "Phillips Academy at Andover" to distinguish it from his uncle's school at Exeter.) Exeter and Andover have flourished mightily, until today they are the twin giants of prep schools in size and in prestige. Other schools are certainly more fashionable, possibly more potent scholastically, improbably more prolific in first-string athletes. But no other schools have the glamour of Exeter and Andover, whose histories are as long as their rosters of students.

Last week Thomas William Lamont, outstanding Morgan partner, went back to Exeter, whence he was graduated in 1888, strolled about the elm-shaded Yard, greeted friends and classmates, some 2,000, who like him had come back to the old school to celebrate her 150th birthday. From the Yard Mr. Lamont could not see the modern, red-brick Lamont Infirmary, whose crack contagious ward is an echo of the time Mr. Lamont had scarlet fever at Exeter.* But he could see the modest basement offices of the school paper, the *Exonian*, where his sons, Corliss and Austin ("Egg"), spent much of their time while at Exeter. His reminiscing over, Mr. Lamont went to the new Thompson baseball cage and presided over an alumni luncheon, where he read a letter of congratulation from President Hoover and where another Morgan man talked: Vernon Munroe, president of Exeter's General Alumni Association. As Mr. Lamont looked around the tables, he saw such alumni as Senator George Higgins Moses (New Hampshire), '87, Roland William Boyden, '81, Bernard Walton Trafford, '89, and George Arthur Plimpton, '73.

But, true to its New England traditions, Exeter welcomed to its 150th anniversary not primarily men of wealth or family but men of learning. At the commemorative exercises, the platform was crowded with the deans and presidents of the great Eastern colleges and schools. Speech of the day was that of President Abbott Lawrence Lowell, of Harvard, who asked for less coddling and babying in modern education, declared that a child should read "fluently" at five and "certainly at six" and went on to say: "This retardation runs through the whole process. In the secondary school we study what should have been finished earlier; in college we do what should have been done at school. . . ."

More felicitous a theme could not have been chosen. For Exeter, with its sister school Andover, is noted for its grown-up

atmosphere. Its students are older and more mature than in most prep schools. Many of them come from the small manufacturing towns of Massachusetts and New Hampshire to work their way through Exeter by waiting on table at Alumni Hall and doing odd jobs around the school and town. Few boys who need special attention find their way to Exeter, or last long after getting there. There are few rules. Smoking is allowed in the rooms (though not on the street; seniors must be in their dormitory by ten, all others by eight; there is no "lights out" time. The chief faculty check on undergraduate amusements is the famed, and perhaps legendary, "Black List" of town girls. To be seen with a girl on this list means instant expulsion. This freedom, almost that of a college undergraduate, stems largely from the



Acme-P. & A.

LEWIS PERRY
No "lights out."

practice of letting students room in private houses around the town instead of concentrating them in dormitories. Though the new dormitories recently built have greatly reduced the number of "out students," the idea that a student's extracurricular activities are his own business still persists. Even the force of public opinion, so powerful in smaller schools, is comparatively weak in Exeter, where one can read Shelley or collect butterflies without running any bodily risk.

Though its roots go back a century and a half, Exeter has grown too big and heterogeneous for local color to survive in appreciable quantities. The school has its drink (the "lead shot": a fearful mixture of the sweetest and heaviest syrups of the soda fountain), its venerable professor (James Arthur ["Tullie"] Tufts, hollow-eyed, white-mustached professor of English), its mode of celebrating mighty victories (keeping the great bell in the Academy Building clanging for hours, building huge bonfires out on the Plimpton playing fields). But the great Exeter tradition is, of course, the rivalry with Andover,

which is all the more comparable to the Harvard-Yale rivalry because Exeter has been a predominantly Harvard school (though of late she has sent many sons to Yale and Princeton) and Andover has long been almost completely Yale. And so the climax of the sesquicentennial celebration, for the rank and file of alumni and boys, was not the impressive official ceremonies but rather the 50th Exeter-Andover baseball game, which was played at Exeter in the glow of the evening sun and which resulted in a victory for Exeter, 4-2-0.

Ancient though it is, Exeter is changing today more rapidly than any other prep school. For last November Philanthropist Edward Stephen Harkness, no Exeter man, gave \$7,000,000 for a House plan, salary increases, and new dormitories (TIME, Dec. 1). Also active was the late Col. William Boyce Thompson, who spent much of his great mining wealth in giving Exeter a big modern gymnasium, athletic, science and administration buildings and, last year, \$1,000,000 more (TIME, April 14, 1930). At present the school has, in addition to these, some 650 students from far & wide, 65 teachers, many handsome Georgian buildings, a Gothic church designed by Ralph Adams Cram, one of the outstanding prep school libraries, and an endowment of over \$6,000,000. Many of the blessings enumerated above, those coming from Mr. Harkness in particular, must be credited to Exeter's headmaster: Lewis Perry, brother of Bliss Perry, famed former Harvard English professor and onetime Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. After teaching at Lawrenceville School and at Williams, his alma mater (class of 1898), he came to Exeter in 1914. No scholar, he does not teach at Exeter, spends much time away from school spreading Exeter's fame and obtaining endowments.

Jobs

From a questionnaire to leading men's and women's colleges, it was evident last week that the 1931 graduate is having an exceedingly difficult time finding a job.

Fewer corporations than in previous springs have sent scouts to the colleges and universities.

The demand for college-trained men to sell things on commission (insurance, etc.) is still great. These, of course, are the least attractive jobs.

Calls for teachers have fallen off, except for teachers of Science and Mathematics in secondary schools. And for such teaching there is a dearth of adequately trained applicants. The same inadequacy of trained personnel applies to headships of private girls' schools.

Civil engineers, chemical engineers and building construction men have few openings. But prospective sales engineers and to a less extent prospective advertising men have a fair chance for employment.

Newspapers and magazines are closed tight.

While jobs are fewer, graduates need jobs more. College placement bureaus show a large increase of applications over last June. Applicants are less particular than heretofore. Formerly, especially at the New England schools, the graduate expected to spring from the commence-

*Andover, too, has its Morgan partner: Thomas Cochran, class of 1890, whose many gifts, the latest being the school's new art gallery (TIME, May 25), have made him Andover's greatest benefactor. Of late years the school has become his all-absorbing interest.

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In one respect the average 1931 graduate is finicky. He would rather avoid a business where the prospects of career are not clear. Hence many are deliberately taking time out. The majority of those who are not seeking work immediately after graduating are going into graduate schools, for two reasons: 1) to "escape from reality"; 2) to make themselves specialists. A large ratio of the aspirant specialists are trying to get into graduate schools of business, realizing that U. S. Business has become a skilled profession.

A sharp footlight on the whole situation glares at Smith College. Every girl in the June graduating class asked placement bureau help in getting work. Three out of four of the graduates expected to make work their profession for at least the immediate future. Only one out of 20 expected to marry, travel or remain at home the next year or so. Last June the expectant brides, travelers and homebodies averaged one out of ten.

Of all the colleges questioned Princeton, Stanford and Antioch stood out as least affected by Depression.

Antioch College this June reaped precious usufruct of its work-study plan. Co-operative arrangements between classroom and factory, office or field were maintained with difficulty through last year. But, exulted Antioch last week, "They were maintained." Antioch seniors who want jobs have them, even though one man has been cooking on a Venezuela oil tanker and another is barnstorming the U. S. with an autogiro.

An alleviation of this current economic situation suggested itself to Acting Dean George Walker Mullins of Barnard College. To the girl graduates he put a proposition:

"What are your needs? . . . Is it necessary for you to be gainfully employed? If not, perhaps the greatest service that you can render to the community and to the nation at this time, when countless thousands are out of work, is to have the courage to refuse work for gain, and to prolong your period of study with a view to better equipping yourself in a richer way for future work."

Kudos

Berea College (Berea, Ky.)
Robert Maynard Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, son of Berea's President William James Hutchins. . . . LL.D.
Sir Wilfrid Thomason Grenfell. . . . LL.D.

Catholic University of America
(Washington, D. C.)

Paul Claudel, French Ambassador to the U.S. . . . LL.D.

Columbia University (New York, N. Y.)

Jay Downer, chief engineer of the Westchester County Park Commission. . . . Sc.D.

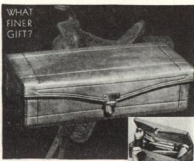
Luther Pfahler Eisenhart, dean of the faculty of Princeton University. . . . Sc.D.

Charles Judson Herrick, professor of Neurology in the University of Chicago. . . . Sc.D.

Arthur Dehon Little, chemical engineer. Sc.D.
Claude Moore Fuess, professor of English on the Elizabeth Milbank Anderson Foundation at Phillips Academy, Andover. . . . LL.D.

Francis Pendleton Gaines, president of Washington and Lee University. . . . LL.D.

Frank Porter Graham, president of the University of North Carolina. . . . LL.D.



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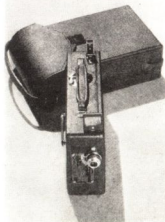
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 Harold Fowler McCormick, International Har-
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*Variant spellings of the family name.

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 William Joseph (Wild Bill) Donovan, one-
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 Wesleyan University.....L.L.D.
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Wilbur Andrew Cechel, managing editor of the
 Weekly Kansas City Star.....L.L.D.
 Manley Ottmer Hudson, international lawyer,
 member of the Permanent Secretariat of the
 League of Nations at Geneva.....L.L.D.
 (Conferred during Journalism Week, May 3-5)
 Chao-Chu Wu, Chinese Minister to the U. S.
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Sweeps

King George, wearing a black silk hat, a cutaway and a gardenia in his button-hole, put down his field glasses and a man at the side of the track put up the names of the horses who had finished first, second and third in the British Derby at Epsom Downs—Cameronian, Orpen, Sandwich. Immediately there began the amazing procedure of publicizing the real winners of the Derby, which has for years been recognized as merely a spectacular way of deciding the greatest race-horse lotteries in the world. An extraordinary crew, most of them convinced that their success was in some measure due to shrewdness, determination or piety, the winners* included:

King Alfonso XIII of Spain, whose name had been put on a ticket presumably for a joke. He got a \$500 consolation prize.

The Hon. H. O. Edwardes, youngest son of Lord Kensington, who won \$72,900, first prize in the London Stock Exchange Sweepstakes.

One Joe Kennedy, a yapping Negro janitor of West Indian extraction who heard the race by radio in Boston's Morgan Memorial. Tottering to his knees and twittering with prayer, he said: "Thanks Lord, for all the luck you have brought me." Later he announced that he would send his son to Harvard, his girls to Radcliffe and summon his wife from Jamaica. Shrewd, he secured a manager to aid him to hold onto the \$150,000 he had won on Cameronian.

A blind, 60-year-old London basket-maker, who said: "Trade is bad and the money [\$150,000] will be very handy."

A London grocer's clerk whose employer had discharged him for gambling.

An elevator starter in the Keith Building, Cincinnati, who won \$50,000. After hearing a radio description of the race, he said to his wife: "Well, honey, I must be hurrying along now and go to work."

A butler named Cross, of Colney, Norwich, England, 73 years old and retired on a pension, who remarked: "Whatever I get will be a godsend."

A school-girl in Catford, England, who, when informed that she had won \$50,000, said: "I shall buy myself a pretty dog."

Rose Milligan, a barmaid in Louth, Ireland, whose nom de plume on the ticket was "My Pub Now" because she had always wanted to own a saloon. She said

*Most spectacular of last year's sweepstakes winners were Daniel Dougherty, apartment house doorman and his sons Edward P., 20, and Daniel J., 23, Brooklyn broker's clerks who won \$149,262 on Blenheim. In reporting their ridiculous doings—which included a trip to Canada, family bickerings, \$10 for a luncheon check—TIME (June 16, 1930) promised to report the Dougherty financial status a year later. Last week, the two Dougherty sons were still broker's clerks, still lived in Brooklyn with Father Dougherty, now retired. Each had invested his money in stocks which had not gone down too much. Each son owned a Chrysler roadster. Said Daniel Dougherty: "Thank God we haven't gone high but... we weren't suckers with the money." Edward Dougherty said he might give up his job, study to be a doctor.

that with her \$50,000 she would get one.

Eleven members of a Herefordshire Golf Club who, when they learned they had together won \$75,000, began arguing about who should get the biggest share.

A Manchester, N. H., crippled 39-year-old female millworker, who got \$34,099 and planned to spend it on her 11-year-old son.

A Swiss headwaiter in a Birmingham hotel. He shared a first prize in the Calcutta Sweeps (\$500,000) with one of the customers, who was found in a hospital where he had been taken after an automobile accident.

A grocer in Hopkinsville, Ky., who paid a dollar for his ticket and won \$136,399 on Cameronian. His wife danced a jig and nodded when he announced his plans to "send receipts to all my creditors and then burn the account book publicly."

Little attention was paid to the appalling number of persons who held losing tickets on the Derby. One of these, an older named Joe Kennedy on the *S. S. American Banker*, persisted in supposing that he and not Blackamoore Kennedy in Boston had won the \$150,000 on Cameronian. A bigger and better loser was the Maharajah of Patiala who, as is his custom, patronized the Calcutta Sweepstakes heavily and bought an additional \$25,000 worth of tickets in the Irish Hospital Stakes. He got no prize.

There are four big sweepstakes, a large number of smaller ones, decided by the Derby each year:

The Calcutta Sweepstakes, oldest and until this year, largest, was organized in 1871 by members of the Royal Calcutta Turf Club, who were disappointed at being away from England on Derby Day. Expenses of running the Calcutta Sweepstakes—small because the bookkeeping is done by a group of Turf Club members—are paid by the interest accrued on ticket money, this year about \$5,000,000 banked in Calcutta before the running of the Derby.

The largest of the Sweeps decided last week was the *Dublin Hospitals Sweepstakes Trust*, run by the Hospitals Trust, Ltd., officially approved by the Irish Government and superintended by Dublin politicians. A staff of 1,200 clerks are required to handle its accounts. The tickets are sold for ten shillings apiece; agents keep two out of each book of twelve as their commission. The draw, supervised by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, is conducted by ten hospital nurses who pick the tickets from the port-holes in a steel cylinder in which they have been thoroughly churned. Twenty-three hospitals of the Irish Free State received last week 25% of the total taking of the Hospitals Trust—\$8,563,797. One of the 10 first prizes was the \$150,000 won by Blackamoore Joe Kennedy.

The 100,000 tickets in the *Stock Exchange Mutual Subscription Fund* are scarcer than the others and sell for five dollars each.

In Canada, Unit No. 33 of the *Army and Navy Veterans of Canada* runs two sweepstakes every year, the largest on the Derby. Since sweeps are illegal in Que-

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THE NEW-SIZE KRO-FLITE

is just as long as the old!

THEY said 1930 distance had passed from this earth forever. They said that under the new specifications, *all* golf balls would be shorter.

But they didn't reckon with Kro-Flite's patented cover! That cover—which has gained undying fame because of its unequaled toughness—permitted certain very important refinements in the manufacture of the Kro-Flite Ball.

How important? The Driving Machine can answer that. The Driving Machine—in hundreds of tests at Chicopee, Mass., and Pinehurst, N. C.—proved that, except in the teeth of a gale, the new-size Kro-Flite is every bit as long as the old. And, riding with the wind, it's even longer!

The Driving Machine also proved that Kro-Flite is the only ball that does retain its distance. All other balls made in the new size were tested, too. And every other ball was shorter in the 1931 size than it was in the old.

The closest thing to Kro-Flite's great achievement is found in the Spalding Ball. The Spalding Ball is just a trifle behind its 1930 distance. But it's longer than any other new-size ball—it's still the world's longest golf ball!

If you top a shot occasionally, play the Kro-Flite. It is the toughest ball the game has ever seen. It *can't* be cut. If you are a low-handicap golfer, play the Spalding—the mighty Ball of the Champions.

Your Professional will supply you with either. So will your Spalding Dealer or any Spalding Store. Each is 75 cents.

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KRO-FLITE

made by Spalding

each

75

cents

The 2 INGRAM barbers

[JERRY JAR OR TERRY TUBE]

give you a shave as Cool
as a General's Salute!



COOL and snappy! That's the Army manner—and that's the Ingram shave! For the two Ingram barbers (Terry Tube or Jerry Jar) give you a shave that is absolutely unequalled.

Even the sun-baked chin of a muleskinner feels as smooth as a debutante's cheek. The toughest beard that ever sprouted lies down and rolls over when the greatest shaving cream ever made attacks it. Ingram's is

cool! Cool!! COOL!!!

You'll never know what shaving comfort really is until you try one of the Ingram barbers—for both boys carry the same fine cream. You'll recognize its difference as soon as the first dab of cool lather nestles on your cheek.

Ingram's is cool because it has got things in it that make it cool... three

special ingredients that soothe and tone the skin while you shave. You don't need a lotion after you use Ingram's... simply because it's more than a shaving cream. It's a shaving cream and a lotion and a face tonic combined!

And all this goes for Ingram's in either package. Tube or jar, it's the same cooling, soothing, chin-charming stuff! No smarts, no nasty nicks.

Hard to believe? Not after you've tried it! That's why we're offering you 10 cool shaves FREE. We're betting those 10 shaves that you'll like Ingram's, and we know we're backing a winner. Just send the cool coupon below.

10 COOL SHAVES—FREE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. D-61
110 Washington St.
New York, N. Y.

I'd like to try 10 cool Ingram shaves

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

bec, the drawings are held in Newfound-land, where the Government takes an 8% tax—on, last week, \$1,140,000. Most U. S. Derby speculators buy tickets in the Army and Navy Sweeps and the Dublin Hospitals Sweeps.

Easily overlooked in the gratification or disappointment of the estimated 10,000,000 ticket holders in these and other Derby sweepstakes was the satisfaction of John Arthur Dewar, who inherited Camronian with the rest of the race horses that had belonged to his uncle, the late whiskey-distilling Thomas Robert Dewar (TIME, April 21, 1930). Said Derby-winner Dewar: "I am the most delighted man in the world."

British Open

Golf tournaments quite often end with a dramatic situation like the one which occurred in the British Open at Carnoustie, Scotland, last week. Tommy Armour was waiting around the club-house with his long nose in a highball glass, wearing the sly expression which comes partly from the formation of his face, with its sloping forehead and weak chin, partly from the way his eyelid droops over his blind left eye. Out on the course, the man who seemed likely to beat him—Jose Jurado, a slight wiry professional from the Argentine—was playing his last round. Armour had finished with a score of 296, four strokes less than critics had estimated would be necessary to win the tournament. Jurado had started his last round with 35 for the first nine and needed only to play the last nine holes in 39 (three over par) to beat Armour by a stroke.

Jurado, with his quick, almost jerky swing, his swart little face and peculiar accent, has been a spectacular figure in European golf since he first played in the British Open five years ago and tied for sixth place. This year, with Jones, who has won three times, and Hagen, who has won four times, out of the Open, it seemed that he, or one of several British players would have a chance. MacDonald Smith, another Americanized Scot, who finished second to Jones twice last year, won the qualifying rounds. In the championship play he slipped back and Jurado, Armour, Joe Kirkwood, stocky little Gene Sarazen, Johnny Farrell who carried a rabbit's foot in his pocket, and two British professionals, Cotton and Twine, were near the lead after the second round. Armour finished his fourth round early in the next afternoon with a brilliant 71 and had nothing to do but sit around the clubhouse while the other scores were posted.

Jurado started late and his gallery got larger as the players ahead of him finished. When he reached the tenth hole, there were about 20,000 people following him. One of them was his friend the Prince of Wales who, wearing a blue beret and the same kind of clothes, looked so much like Jurado that it was hard to tell them apart. Jurado made his big mistake when he sent his brassie shot into the crowd on the tenth fairway and took a five. At the 14th, playing into a stiff wind, he was on in three and down in three putts for a six. He played the next two holes in par and still had a comfortable margin—one over par

INGRAM'S
Shaving
Cream

to tie—when he teed up his ball at the 17th.

The safe way to play the 17th was to use an iron from the tee and play between two bends of the brook that crossed the fairway. Jurado played safe but he was nervous; his topped ball landed on a tiny island in the first bend of the brook, his third was trapped, and he took a six for the hole. On the long 18th he still had a chance to tie, if his second was on the green, or if he played his second short, got a good chip shot and sank his first putt. Jurado was cautious again. He played his second short of the brook, chipped to the green and almost smiled when he saw the ball roll to within three yards of the hole and stop. Any good professional would have been able to sink the putt eight times out of ten. Jurado leaned over the ball and tapped it with his putter. It rolled slowly across the green, wavered and stopped not quite up and to one side of the cup.

Said the Prince of Wales: "What a strain, even to watch!" Jose Jurado, his face suddenly relaxed, his manner gay, shrugged his shoulders, putted again, lifted his ball out of the cup, and walked over to shake hands with Armour, who had won.

When Armour came to the U. S. from Scotland as an amateur in 1920, he made



International

HANDS OF ARMOUR

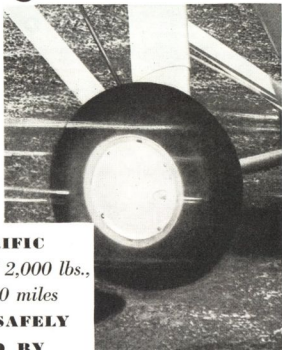
Easier to keep one eye on the ball than two?

himself unpopular by offering to play opponents who had beaten him "for dough." It seemed most unlikely that, handicapped by a blind eye and injured left arm, he would ever be as good a golfer as Bobby Cruickshank, with whom he had learned to play on a course near Edinburgh, but Armour, after he had turned professional, won the U. S. Open in 1927. Experts who studied his game then reversed their reasoning, decided that it was easier to keep one eye on the ball than two, found cause for Armour's brilliant long iron shots and powerful drives in his long peculiar hands, with their tapering fingers, heavy thumbs and broad palms.



The little Laird biplane in which Charles "Speed" Holman won the Thompson Trophy in the 1930 Chicago Air Races.

ON AMERICA'S FASTEST PLANE—



**THE TERRIFIC
IMPACT of 2,000 lbs.,
landing at 70 miles
per hour is SAFELY
ABSORBED BY
GOODRICH LOW PRESSURE TIRES..**

THE hazards of landing a racing airplane capable of a speed of five miles a minute are such that the careful selection of tires is a matter of paramount importance.

In view of this fact it is most significant that record-breaking pilot, William (Billy) Brock, equipped the little Laird biplane, winner of the 1930 Thompson Trophy, with Goodrich Low Pressure Tires.

Whether the plane is fast or slow—the landing place a regulation field or a rock-strewn patch on a mountain side, Goodrich Low Pressure Tires give an added measure of safety to every take-off and landing.

Goodrich Low Pressure Tires can be easily and quickly installed on any plane—with or without brakes.

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

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Another B. F. Goodrich Product

*Over 40 rubber articles for airplanes • Silvertown Tires • Streamline Windshields • Tail Wheels
Hose • Tubing • Engine Mounts • Crash Pads • Accessories*

Last Minute Air News

Planes flown under the American Flag traveled 225,000,000 miles in 1930.

During this same period 34 leading air lines carried 385,910 passengers and 9,000,000 pounds of mail.

Mileage of major air lines for the first quarter of 1931 is 47% ahead of 1930.



A E R O N A U T I C S

"Not for a Million"

Last April Charles William Anderson Scott, a rangy young man who was once champion boxer of the Royal Air Force, landed his Gipsy-Moth at Port Darwin, Australia 9 days 3 hr. 20 min. after leaving Kent, England. His time just beat the record of Wing-Commander Kingsford-Smith; but Lieut. Scott wearily declared: "I wouldn't make the attempt again for a million pounds." Last week Lieut. Scott arrived back in England. His time from Australia was 10 days, 23 hr.—nearly two days better than Kingsford-Smith's record for that direction. Ill from exhaust fumes, scorched by sun, wind and engine heat, Lieut. Scott said: "It is too far and I am really glad it is all over."

Flunked

It was final examination day for students of parachute jumping at the Army's Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill., and Private Harold L. Osborne was being borne aloft to make his final qualifying jump. Nervously he rehearsed his instructions to "bail out," to count to ten while he hurtled downward clear of the ship, then pull the ripcord of his 'chute. At a nod from the pilot of the plane, Private Osborne clambered half out of the cockpit, glanced once at the earth 2,000 ft. below, was seized by the "jitters." He dared not let go, he dared not turn back; so he reached for the

steel ring above his heart and yanked it. In a split second the silk 'chute whipped out of its pack in the propeller blast, jerked Private Osborne from his perch—and fouled itself securely on the plane's tail surfaces. Twenty feet below the unhappy soldier dangled, swinging out behind the speeding plane like the weighted tail of a kite, while the cursing pilot struggled to stabilize the ship. At length the officer signalled to Osborne to cut himself loose and descend by the emergency 'chute strapped upon his chest. But Private Osborne had no knife. Then another plane flew up, maneuvered above Osborne while an officer lowered a sandbag to which a knife was tied. After a half-hour's effort, Osborne caught the knife, freed himself, opened his second 'chute and landed safely in a corn field. There his irate instructors found him, angrily informed him he must repeat the parachute course.

Lindberghiana

One day last week Charles Augustus Lindbergh telephoned the State Department in Washington and said that Undersecretary Castle might announce that Col. Lindbergh and wife would soon fly to the Orient—"if the press was interested." The press was interested and scamped, hundred-legged, after the Lindberghs. Publicity-wise cities on the Pacific coast—San Francisco, Seattle, Ketchikan, Alaska—employed the telegraph to urge

their airports upon the flyer as the "logical jumping-off point" for his flight. The known facts:

The Lindberghs desire to visit Japan and parts of China, "just for the visit." They propose to travel the whole distance by easy stages from New York and return in their Lockheed-Sirius, the low-wing monoplane in which they made a transcontinental speed flight last year. At North Beach Airport, N. J., last week the landing wheels of the plane were replaced by pontoons to permit frequent landings for repairs and refuelling.*

The route to be taken was undecided. The Lindberghs might fly east from New York across the Arctic Circle via Labrador, Greenland and Spitsbergen to Peiping, a course that would take them only 850 mi. from the North Pole. Or they might fly west across northern U. S. or Canada (where water stops are plentiful) to Seattle, British Columbia or Alaska, thence to bear along the Aleutian Islands, the southmost tip of Kamchatka, Siberia and across the stepping stones of the Kurile Islands to Japan.

Neither route is totally virgin to aircraft; and neither is without hazard. In 1924 the famed U. S. Army round-world flyers fought fog, wind and snow along the Alaska-Aleutian route (that was in May). Five years later the Russian plane *Land of the Soviets* crossed eastward from Siberia to Alaska. Last month little Seiji ("Kite Crazy") Yoshihara, armed with Japanese goodwill to President Hoover, flew a small Junkers seaplane from Tokyo as far as Shana in the Kuriles. There his ship was so badly buffeted that he temporarily abandoned the flight, returned to Tokyo for a new plane.

On the eastern route, Greenland has been attained by planes from North America or Europe three times before. Spitsbergen figured importantly in the Arctic flights of Wilkins, Byrd, Amundsen. But no plane has yet blazed a trail thence into the Orient. Greatest danger on either route: fog. The Lindbergh plane is radio-equipped. Mrs. Lindbergh, who qualified for a private pilot's license last fortnight, will share the controls.

Meticulously Col. Lindbergh repeated over and over again last week that his proposed journey was nothing but a pleasure trip; he sought no record, would bear no diplomatic tiding. He had confided in the State Department only to obtain permission for flying over foreign lands. But whether he wills it or no, it became evident that the flyer cannot escape goodwill. Inevitably, his flight must have significance. The Philippine Tourist Association cabled: "Commercial aviation in the Philippines desperately needs stimulation. Come help us." Chinese aviation interests saw a "great step" toward establishment of trans-Pacific commercial air routes. Japanese newspapers banzaied with joy. The Tokyo *Hochi Shimbun*, backer of luckless Seiji, promised to send him soon with a new plane on a return visit.

*Just as Col. Lindbergh climbed into the ship with his wife to flight-test it last week a process server handed him a summons in a suit by a press-clipping bureau. Lindbergh accepted it, but after he had taken off an unknown Lindbergh-admirer felled the strutting server with a punch to the jaw.



Trim, well-turned lines distinguish this new J & M white buckskin called the HAIG. It's already a favorite among sportsmen... Fine looking, fine wearing and characteristic of J & M styles for every town and country purpose.

Prices \$12.50 and up. J & M has an interesting style booklet for you, free.

JOHNSTON & MURPHY
44 Lincoln St., Newark, N. J.

THE JOHNSTON & MURPHY SHOE

JOHNSTON & MURPHY
SHOES FOR MEN



ON THE LINE

NOT OFTEN does the National Air Transport assemble its fleet of Ford tri-motored, all-metal planes, because, like a railroad, the "rolling stock" must keep moving. Every hour day and night an N. A. T. plane is humming through the skies on its scheduled way, carrying cargo of passengers, mail or express.

The fleet of fourteen-passenger transports is pictured here about to take its place with the famous fliers of the United Air Lines, of which National Air Transport is one of the most active divisions. You can properly imagine each of these perfectly groomed machines taking off to a different destination over established lines, guided by electric beacons, controlled from point to point by radio telegraph and telephone.

Their goals might be: New York . . . Dallas . . . Toledo . . . Fort Worth . . . Cleveland . . . Tulsa . . .

Chicago . . . Moline . . . Kansas City . . . Oklahoma.

From all these points the National Air Transport can today make swift connection with sister air-lines flying to all important centers west of the Mississippi. You can now fly by National Air Transport, without stop-overs, from the Atlantic to the Pacific in 31 hours; and from the Pacific to the Atlantic in 28 hours.

Five years' experience in transport flying and eleven million miles of successful operation are the foundation of this necessary transportation service.

Of course, Ford all-metal, tri-motored commercial transports form an important part of the National Air Transport fleet. For Ford planes are in demand wherever the American public has learned to accept aviation as a commercial factor of importance.

Last year alone Ford planes flew 8,000,000 miles!

FORD MOTOR COMPANY



C O R D

FRONT DRIVE
greatest fine
car value

\$2395

L. O. B. Auburn, Indiana
Equipment other than standard at extra cost
Prices subject to change without notice



AUBURN AUTOMOBILE CO., AUBURN, INDIANA

The announcement of the flight came just a week after the *Saturday Evening Post* undertook to bring the public up-to-date on its Lindbergh, with an article by Donald E. Keyhoe, his longtime friend and biographer. Col. Lindbergh was quoted as saying of his wife: "She is a better navigator than I am. She watches the map carefully while I have a habit of wandering around. . . . She could make a solo transcontinental flight right now."

Other Lindberghiana:

While he "hasn't had much trouble lately," he still dares not pause in the city streets lest he attract a crowd of gawpers.

He and his wife cannot dine in public nor attend theatres save in a disguise not described by Author Keyhoe.

He has not read a book of fiction since before his Paris flight.

Last year he put more money into commercial aviation than he took out in salaries.

On four days each week he motors 112 mi. round-trip between his Princeton, N. J. home and his Manhattan office.

He is "moderately fond of radio music" but prefers a waltz in "pleasantly slow rhythm" to "something in modern tempo, a staccato piece without much melody."

DO-X at Last

The horseshoe that hangs in the navigation room of the great Dornier flying boat *DO-X* finally justified its presence last week when the ship roared across the South Atlantic and landed prettily at Natal, Brazil. It was seven months after she had set out from Lake Constance, Switzerland. The flight from Bolama, Portuguese Guinea, West Africa, whither the boat bestirred itself a month ago, was made in three jumps: a short one to the Cape Verde Islands where it remained nearly a week; a long and creditable one (1,400 mi.) to Fernando Noronha Island, 200 mi. off the Brazilian mainland; and an easy hop to Natal, strategic point for many a transatlantic flight. Besides Capt. Friedrich Christiansen the *DO-X* carried twelve persons, including the Portuguese Admiral Gago Coutinho.

The *DO-X* is to remain in Natal about three weeks for overhauling and visit Rio de Janeiro for about a month before proceeding to the U. S. The famed elaborate furnishings, which had been pulled out of the cabin and shipped by steamer, will be restored in South America.

Some comment was aroused last week by the report from Germany that Designer Dornier contemplated replacing the plane's twelve Curtiss Conqueror engines with six oil-burning engines now under development. To that the Curtiss-Wright Corp. promptly replied by displaying cablegrams of congratulation from Designer Dornier and Capt. Christiansen on the performance of the motors.

General Italo Balbo, whose famed triads leaped the Atlantic to Natal last January, was nearly drowned last week in the Bay of Naples when his seaplane struck a submerged buoy in taking off, and sank. Two months ago the general's adjutant, Col. Umberto Maddalena, and two flyers of the squadron were killed when a propeller snapped and tore through the cabin of their plane (*TIME*, March 30).



After Your Bath — After Your Shave
You NEED This Talcum

PROTECTS YOUR SKIN... Absorbs excess facial oils... Makes you look and feel clean all day long... It is the largest selling man's talcum in the world because it is "made for men." 25c for a generous tin.

March of Time

Last Spring Performance

Friday, June 19th

10:30 P. M.

Eastern Daylight Time

STATIONS

WADC	WCAO	WNAC
WKBW	WBT	WBBM
WKRC	WIK	WXYZ
WOWO	WDRC	KMBC
WDSU	WABC	KOIL
WCAU	WJAS	WEAN
WFBL	WSPD	WMAL
WCCO	KMOX	WLAC

Do subscriber-listeners vote for continuance of "The March of Time" in the Autumn?

PEOPLE

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

A voice teacher from Peiping armed himself with an array of musical instruments and stage costumes, journeyed to Tientsin, there to instruct **Hsuan Tung**, onetime Manchu Emperor of China, in the art of operatics. Since his expulsion from Peiping seven years ago, Hsuan has lived modestly as "Mr. Henry Pu Yi," has amused himself with a variety of hobbies including cycling, tennis, skating.

In July **Calvin Coolidge** will cease writing his daily newspaper articles for McClure Newspaper Syndicate until some time in September. News of his proposed vacation recalled an excerpt from one of his recent articles: "The brains of the country need relaxation and refreshment more than ever this season."

When Manhattan Banker **John Edward Aldred** ordered holiday bathers off the private beach of his home, Ormston House at Locust Valley, L. I., they pelted him with stones. Next day a private police booth was erected on Banker Aldred's estate which is flanked by the homes and beaches of **George Fisher Baker**, **Mrs. Henry Pomeroy Davison** and **John Pierpont Morgan**.

Jack Sharkey, heavyweight boxer, driving his daily newspaper around Brookline, Mass., stopped at a hail of distress near Chestnut Hill reservoir. From an automobile partly submerged in the water he pulled one **Mrs. Henry Robbins** and one **Joseph E. McMorrow** who had been teaching the woman to drive when she lost control.

In Manhattan **Lowell Fess**, 35, son of bone-dry U. S. Senator **Simeon Davison Fess**, chairman of the Republican National Committee, appeared in magistrate's court, shielding his face with a straw hat, having passed the early morning hours in a lock-up. He heard himself charged with disorderly conduct, heard that he "while intoxicated did use abusive and profane language and attempted to take the officer's baton." He had, moreover, shouted to the desk sergeant in the police station: "I'm going to burn you all up for this! Wait till you hear from the Senator from Ohio!" Fess admitted the whole story, of how he had been refused entrance to a night club, and then had called upon a nearby policeman to help him "crash the gate." When the policeman (whom he referred to in court as "Dick") had tried to quiet him, Fess directed his hostility at him. To the magistrate Fess explained: "I was celebrating an addition to our family four days ago. I want the court to accept my apology." He showed some snarkshots to the magistrate, paid \$10 fine, walked out.

The \$350,000 mansion built at Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y. by the late "Madame" **Sarah J. Walker** with part of the fortune which she made from the sales of hair-straightener to other Negroes, was offered at auction. But in contrast to the



"Now
You, Too,
May
Enjoy

THE SAME DELICIOUS LOBSTER We're Feasting on in Gloucester!"

WILL YOU TRY what some folks have said is the nicest fresh lobster they ever tasted if I send it to you at my risk and expense? No matter where you live you may enjoy this tempting dainty just as we are here in Gloucester. My method of supplying you brings Lobster into your home as fresh and tasty as though you could see from your door the rocky island of Freeport where the choicest lobsters in the world come from! Right out of the lobster traps I take them—pack just the crisp, tender, whole-claw and body pieces of pink-white meat in parchment lined packages, so as to retain all the wonderful deep-sea flavor and deliver direct to you.

Right from the Sea . . . At Half Cost!

HERE'S A REAL SEASHORE TREAT for you. Unpack it in your home and it is just as if you took this delicious lobster meat from the shell yourself. Each package contains all the good meat of nearly two pounds of lobster in the shell, and when you figure that lobster in the shell costs from 70c to 90c a pound, you see that my lobster really costs much less than half—for what you actually eat.

Try This Fresh Lobster at My Risk

JUST TO SHOW YOU how good it is—for no words of mine can fully describe the appetizing flavor—I'm going to send you, if you'll let me, six full sized packages of this Delicious Lobster, to try right in your own home. If, after trying a delicious Lobster Salad, Stew or Newburg, you decide that this Fresh Chicken Lobster is the best you've ever tasted, put the remaining five packages on your pantry shelf for other happy meals. On the other hand, if you wish, you may return at my expense the five packages and I'll thank you for trying the contents of the one trial package.

Could any offer be fairer than that? I couldn't make such an offer if I weren't absolutely sure that my lobster is the best to be had anywhere. Mail the coupon and see for yourself.

FRANK E. DAVIS, The Gloucester Fisherman
326 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

MAIL THIS COUPON

Frank E. Davis,
The Gloucester Fisherman,
326 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.
All right, Mr. Davis: You may send me the six packages of Fresh Lobster. I'll try the contents of one package and if I do not agree that it is something unusually good, I'll return five packages at your expense. Should I decide to keep it, however, I'm to send you, within 10 days, \$5.95, your special introductory price. That's fair!

Name:
Address:
Bank or Other Reference:



Remember—My packages of Lobster are hermetically sealed—will keep in your home for months. My Cook Book, sent FREE with your Lobster, gives you many wonderful recipes.

Golf Clubs B.T.N. 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

Year's Greatest Travel Bargain!
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5 COUNTRIES—30 DAYS—ALL EXPENSES
New Canada, England, Holland, Belgium, France, Oregon, various Canadian Pacific Lines, etc.
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Ideally Located Prep Schools



Thirty-one years under the Founder's management. Location—Atlanta in the Blue Ridge foothills 1050 ft. elevation, the very heart of the Southland. Equipment—includes sixteen buildings, superb gym, tile-lined swimming pool, beautiful campus, drill and athletic fields. Cultured Home Life living with teachers. Three Courses—Classical, Engineering, Commercial, meeting college entrance requirements. Small Classes. Supervised Study, giving special attention to every cadet. Band of 40 pieces, orchestra, glee club. National Patronage Limited to 300 cadets. Junior Department—boys 9 to 14. Member Association of Military Schools and Colleges of the United States and The Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Total expense \$900. For Catalog, address Georgia Military Academy, Department C, College Park, Ga.



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A MEMORIAL becomes an integral part of the setting in which it is erected. Its very permanency emphasizes the need for careful selection and attention to individual requirements.

For almost a century, Harrison Craftsmen have fulfilled, with lasting satisfaction, the desires of thousands of a discriminating clientele.

Whether their needs called for a humble marker, a modest sarcophagus or a stately mausoleum, the House of Harrison has created a memorial which has brought to its hallowed place of rest—Beauty That Lives Eternal.

Write for Booklet T containing illustrations and examples of memorials created by Harrison Craftsmen.

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HARRISON MEMORIALS

COUNTRY-WIDE SERVICE



eager crowds who scrambled to buy the furnishings last winter (TIME, Dec. 8) only a few desultory bidders appeared at "Villa Lewaro." Their dim enthusiasm became dimmer when the famed \$25,000 organ in the house refused to play. The housekeeper who alone knew the secret of its operation was absent. When nothing better than a \$50,000 bid could be aroused for the entire property, a lawyer for the estate bid it at \$60,000. He spoke vaguely of making the estate a hotel for Negroes, or a "national cultural shrine."

Sir Arthur Keith, famed British anthropologist, addressing the University of Aberdeen where he was once a student, said: "Nature keeps her human orchard healthy by pruning, and war is her pruning hook. We cannot dispense with her services. . . . Race prejudice, I believe, works for the ultimate good of mankind and must be given a recognized place in all our efforts to obtain natural justice in the world."

Broadcast was Publisher William Randolph Hearst's cure for the Depression: a \$5,000,000,000 Federal bond issue to be spent on public works. Said he: "A gigantic appropriation would immediately set the machinery in motion for the restoration of prosperity, provided, of course, the Government did not set on it like a deluded hen on a porcelain doorknob." Mr. Hearst declared that President Hoover knew how to restore prosperity but that neither his actions nor proposals were "on a scale commensurate with the magnitude of the problem." Endorsed was the Hearst plan by politicians, educators, clergymen looking for publicity.

Aboard their yacht *Infanta*, John Barrymore and wife (Cinemactress Dolores Costello) with their 14-month-old baby were cruising Alaskan waters "for rest."

To his oculist in London went Herbert Stanley Morrison, Britain's Minister of Transport. Purpose: to be fitted with eyeglasses which may qualify him for renewal of his automobile driver's license. In a new transportation act recently drawn up by Minister Morrison, stringent qualifications of eyesight were imposed. Minister Morrison could not meet them, was forced to abandon his practice of driving daily between his South London home and Whitehall office.

To the New York *Evening Post's* contest for snapshots of pets, Lucretia Bori submitted a photograph of her wire-haired terrier Rowdy, seated on a velocipede. The *Post* declared the picture eligible for the finals of the competition. First prize: \$25.

Among those seriously ill were: Princess Marie Louise Augusta, 58, granddaughter of Queen Victoria and a first cousin of King George (intestinal infection and fever); the Duchess of Vendôme, sister of King Albert of the Belgians who visited her last week by airplane from Brussels. Recovered from illness were Capt. Robert Dollar, 87, famed California shipping tycoon, and John Philip Sousa.

RELIGION

Federal Council Scotched

Scotchmen as represented in the two larger U. S. Presbyterian bodies got after the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America last week. Immediate excitement of attack was the Federal Council's recent report to the 27 Protestant Churches for which it performs social research, that U. S. churchmen advised a tolerant attitude toward Birth Control (TIME, March 30).

That Birth Control report enraged the Patriarch of the Northwest, Dr. Mark Allison Matthews of Seattle. Dr. Matthews is lawyer as well as preacher. As soon as he was called to Seattle (1902) he began cleaning up that wicked stopover towards the Klondike goldfields. He disrupted the brothels in the valleys and smashed the gambling dens on the hills.



International

LION OF SEATTLE

He cleaned up a wicked stopover.

He brought the regenerate to God, and now with a congregation of 7,886 and with 27 branch Sunday Schools has the largest Presbyterian Church in the world on his hands. He is a tall, slender, white-haired Lion of Judah, 63. He habitually wears a frock coat and, like the late William Jennings Bryan whom he much resembles in dogmatic religious zeal, he affects a broad-brimmed slouch hat.

Before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. at Pittsburgh last week, Dr. Matthews rose to his full height and, with the authority of a onetime (1912) moderator and an everlasting warrior, denounced: "The Federal Council must be taught to understand that the Presbyterian Church is not going to stand for ill-advised utterances on moral subjects, and if it cannot be taught, our financial support [\$18,000] will be withdrawn. [Let] the Federal Council be instructed to hold its peace on questions of delicacy, morality and integrity until we have an opportunity to talk them over."

Others voted with Dr. Matthews to applaud those who carry through "the biggest job in the world . . . of making a successful home" and to flay those who "pandering to the weaknesses of human nature for thirty pieces of silver . . . unfortunately find ways to gratify their passions without the responsibilities of marriage and who, like the harlot of old, wipe their mouths, and say I have not sinned."

So the Presbyterians at Pittsburgh pocketed Birth Control.

Cool heads, however, guided by retiring Moderator Hugh Thomson Kerr,* prevented the Pittsburgh General Assembly withholding its \$18,000 from the Federal Council.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. (South) at Montreat, N. C., last week made no such ado about Birth Control and the Council. Forthright conservatives who know their own minds, they simply denounced Birth Control, refused to allot their annual scat of \$750 to the Federal Council, and voted complete severance from that inter-denominational organization, although expressing for it unanimous "fraternal love."

The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America was a first step, taken 23 years ago, toward co-operation of U. S. Protestant denominations. It was hoped that it might at least give to Protestantism a united voice on moral, not theological, questions. For the long distant future there was hope that eventually all the Protestant bodies flourishing in the U. S. would merge into one staunch Protestant Church.

Deliberately the Federal Council has avoided any gesture toward such organic union. Few critics of the Federal Council know that there is written into its constitution this article: "This Federal Council shall have no authority over the constituent bodies adhering to it; but its province shall be limited to the expression of its counsel and the recommending of a course of action in matters of common interest to the churches, local councils and individual Christians. It has no authority to draw up a common creed or form of government or of worship, or in any way to limit the full autonomy of the Christian bodies adhering to it."

Nonetheless, the Federal Council has on record in its golden book the happy union of the Christian Church with the National Council of Congregational Churches. On another leaf of that metaphorical book are written the names of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. (South), the United Presbyterian Church, the Reformed Church in America (Dutch) and the Reformed Church in the U. S. (German) who, it was hoped, might unite.

Last week the Southern Presbyterians and the Dutch Reformed ordered their names stricken from the list. They will, for at least the time being, hear nothing more about union with the other Presbyterian Churches.

*New Moderator is Dr. Lewis Seymour Mudge, who was also re-elected Stated Clerk for a third five-year term.



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THE PRODUCTS of Rochester, New York, are known in every corner of the world. And high in the list of firms which have added to the fame of the "Flower City" is the name of Yawman and Erbe Manufacturing Company, makers of "Y and E" office equipment, which is sold everywhere.

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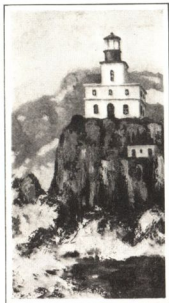
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Season's Summary

Summarizing last week, *Variety* (amusement trade paper) estimated that the 1930-31 season had produced 154 new shows, 29 less than the previous one. Based on the length of run and financial success, there were 20 hits, 29 moderate successes, 105 failures, or about one paying venture out of five (standard for show business). During the 39-week period Manhattan's 65 theatres kept open 60% of the time, an average somewhat gloomier than that of previous years.

Most interesting feature of *Variety's* retrospection was its annual rating of metropolitan daily dramatic critics. For the second time in his two years, John Mason Brown of the evening *Post* was judged to have more correctly forecast the fates of the 154 shows than any of his nine competitor newspaper-critics. His percentage was 81.7%. He had seen 104 performances, prognosticating correctly 85 times, making 18 errors.

At the bottom of the critical list, surprisingly, came Gilbert Gabriel of the *American*. When he worked for the *Sun*, Critic Gabriel's name led all the rest in 1925-26 and 1926-27. Shrewdly surmising that the Hearstpaper's business department must have had a restraining hand on Critic Gabriel's column, observed *Variety*: "This year . . . Gabriel was obviously pitching from the dugout."

Winning Critic Brown was born in Louisville, Ky., 31 years ago, has almost lost his accent. Graduated from Harvard in 1923, he traveled abroad for a year, came back to head the dramatic department of the University of Montana Summer School. Then he worked for *Theatre Arts Monthly*, then for the *Post*. His criticisms are noteworthy for their intelligence as well as iconoclasm. Critic Brown is hard to please. A onetime student at famed Professor George Pierce Baker's 47 Workshop, Critic Brown has never written a play himself but has published critical works (*Uptage*, *Modern Theatre in Revolt*). This summer he will again teach at the University of Montana.

The other critics in order of guess ability were: J. Brooks Atkinson (*Times*), John Anderson (*Journal*), Percy Hammond (*Herald Tribune*), Walter Winchell (*Mirror*), Robert Garland (*World-Telegram*), Richard Lockridge (*Sun*), Gilbert Seldes (*Graphic*), Burns Mantle (*News*), Gilbert Gabriel (*American*).

Variety itself claimed to have beaten them all by a score of 92.4%.

Most movie critics are women. Best movie critic of the year—that is, the one who made the most successful forecasts about box office accomplishments of first run films—was not from New York City, but from Chicago. She was "Doris Arden" of the *Chicago Times* (a tabloid), who went to 262 movies, guessed right 183 times, wrong 73 times, made the winning percentage of 69.8%. Last year Miss Arden happened to be two women: Eleanor Keen and Muriel Vernon whom she succeeded in October. Miss Keen has a Ph.D. from Columbia, never saw more

than three films a year before she got her job. Best record among her 16 Manhattan and Chicago colleagues, only five of whom are men, was made by William Boehnel of the New York *World-Telegram*



Acme-P. & A.

JOHN MASON BROWN

Gabriel went to the bottom.

with a score of 68.9%. *Variety* estimated that of the year's 306 pictures, 58 were hits, 137 were moderate successes, 111 were failures.

New Plays in Manhattan

The Third Little Show. Had this revue not opened the same week as *The Band Wagon* it would have seemed a fairly remarkable production. For the most part it is above-average entertainment, featuring puckish Beatrice Lillie and small Ernest Truex (*Lystrata, Napi*).

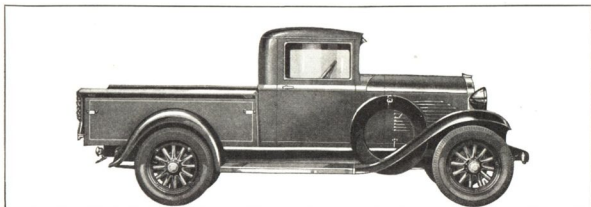
The secret of Miss Lillie's high comedy is that she appears to enjoy her clowning as much as the audience. Her funniest sketch in *The Third Little Show* is enacted in a Paris dive whither Miss Lillie, a visiting Englishwoman, and a spinsterish companion have repaired for a cup of tea. In spite of murder and rapine which takes place under her nose, Miss Lillie doggedly finishes her repast, incredibly chipper even when a corpse is draped over her shoulders. She also obliges with that old favorite: "There are Fairies at the Bottom of My Garden."

Most elaborate interlude in *The Third Little Show* is a travesty on current gang drama. Locale is the office of someone who looks a great deal like Chicago's Alphonse ("Scarface Al") Capone, and the young lovers promise each other:

First we'll have two girls,
Later we'll get new girls.
You'll be Adam, I'll be the madam
In our cottage in Cicero.

Best tunes from this tuneless production: "Falling In Love," "I've Lost My Heart," "You Forgot Your Gloves."

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The Band Wagon has the services of Satirist George S. Kaufman (*Once In A Lifetime*) to show how ridiculous musical extravaganzas can be when done wrong, and Lyricist Howard Dietz and Composer Arthur Schwartz (*The Little Show, Three's A Crowd*) to demonstrate how good a revue can be when done right. Mr. Kaufman has first innings, sets his colleagues a stiff pace by presenting as a prelude a mad kaleidoscope of musically clichéd. There is an insanely pointless blackout, a senseless, sugary melody sung by ingénue and juvenile, a ludicrous torch song. A gesticulating chorus stamps out shouting:

*If you haven't got rhythm,
If you haven't got rhythm,
If you haven't got rhythm,
Then you haven't got rhythm!*

Mr. Kaufman fares mercilessly lampooned most of the usual elements of their craft, it is up to Messrs. Dietz & Schwartz to turn out something well out of the ordinary. They do. In rapid succession, lively, gracious Fred & Adele Astaire (*Funny Face, Smiles*) entertain with dancing to an accordion played by Brother Fred; a tasteful tune, "High & Low," is introduced; Frank Morgan (*Topaze*) and straight-faced Helen Broderick (*Fifty Million Frenchmen*) engage in a long argument while waiting for a taxi; Dancer Tilly Losch (*This Year Of Grace*) exhibits herself sinuously in a tasteful routine. Included in the tomfoolery is that extremely funny man Philip Loeb (*Garrick Gaieties, June Moon*).

Lead team of *The Band Wagon* is, of course, the Astaires. Never has this versatile pair been set to better advantage. A two incorrigible Parisian children playing hoops in the Parc Monceau (perhaps the loveliest of Albert R. Johnson's settings) it is evident that the Astaires have come a long way since leaving their native Omaha, Neb. Future revues will have a hard time equalling *The Band Wagon's* beauty, charm, imagination.

Unexpected Husband is very coarse and, for the most part, quite funny. It is the work of Barry Connors (*Applesauce, The Patsy*), who has managed to construct a lively, summery farce without becoming sleazy.

The play relates the difficulties of a rich loafer named Perry Morrison who gets drunk and runs off with his friend's fiancée, also drunk. Thereafter the hero is dogged until the final curtain by newspaper reporters, the girl's large father from the Texas badlands and alcoholic amnesia. Included in the proceedings is an inebriated Justice of the Peace (Hugh Cameron) whose lampoon of a toper is as amusing as Robert Middlemass' broad portrayal of the sturdy Western parent. At one point, when Mr. Middlemass has particularly good cause to suspect his daughter of impure conduct, he pulls a revolver, threatens to "let this hell stink start spitting all over the place." *Unexpected Husband* is inoffensively rough-&-tumble diversion.

*In *Beggar On Horseback* (1924), Mr. Kaufman's joke at the popular ballade was "If You Turned Me Down Like You Turned Me Down, Then Why Did You Turn Me Down?"



Famous Anachronisms

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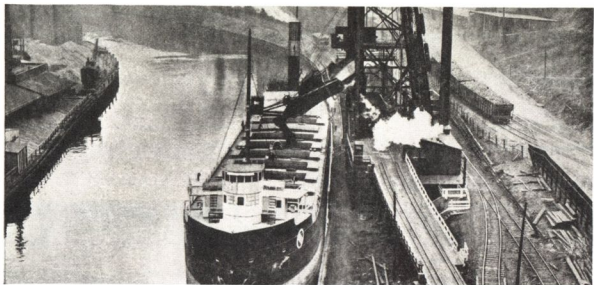
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BUSINESS & FINANCE

Bounty from Britain

In 1909 the late Frank Winfield Woolworth might well have looked back with pride upon the 30-year history of his store chain. From a single unit in Lancaster, Pa., Woolworth stores had multiplied until in that year they numbered 590. Sales had grown to the startling total of \$50,000,000 a year. And with possible sites for stores all over the U. S. Mr. Woolworth might well have faced the future with a justified smugness. Yet in 1909 Mr. Woolworth, a devoted worshipper of Napoleon, showed brilliant commercial strategy by opening a store in Liverpool. F. W. Woolworth & Co., Ltd., as the British unit was called, grew until last year it operated 428 "3d to 6d Stores." During most of the past two decades the earnings of the parent company have been jumping far faster than those of the British unit. Since 1927, however, only the British earnings have kept Woolworth Co. from reporting a decrease in its own figures. And when last week Woolworth shares again neared their May high of \$72½ (remarkable because it bettered by 25¢ the 1930 high) the reason was that the accumulated reserves of the British company were to be capitalized. Had Mr. Woolworth lived until last week, nothing could have pleased him more than this timely reward of his generalship.

Many a feature-writer has culled extra money by writing of the romance of Mr. Woolworth's rise. Yet there was little romance to it. He was a frugal, practical merchant with a good idea to work on. Success brought him the ailment common to many another U. S. tycoon—a Napoleonic complex. In 1913 this found expression. That year he built for himself a great monument, the Woolworth building, internationally hailed as a "Cathedral of Commerce." On the 24th floor he placed the company's offices. His private office represented a \$35,000 departure from frugality. It was a careful duplicate of Napoleon's library, even to the three throne chairs. Looking down from the wall was a large portrait of the stern-mouthed Emperor. When in 1919 Mr. Woolworth was on his deathbed, he was pleased to know that there was a capable man to succeed him: Hubert Templeton Parson, with the company since 1892. And he would have been more pleased if he could have known that when Mr. Parson moved into the Napoleonic office he was going to take down the Emperor's picture, substitute one of the proud-eyed Founder.

President Parson, 58, fits well in the fancy office. He prides himself on keeping his desk clean, never appearing busy. He has taste. He likes the opera and dis-

likes tobacco. In both his \$1,000,000 Long Branch, N. J. home and his \$1,200,000 Paris residence are pipe-organs, tapestries. A link between Mr. Parson and the Founder is Charles Sumner Woolworth, 74, now chairman of the company his brother founded. He lives in Scranton, in



Underwood & Underwood
HUBERT T. PARSON

... took down the Emperor and sat in his chair.

seldom in Manhattan except for board meetings.

Under the management of Mr. Parson, Woolworth's stores and sales have increased steadily. Yet the profit from the U. S. stores has dropped during the past four years, with net income being held at a fairly stable figure only by increased "income from securities owned," "interest received," and "undistributed earnings of subsidiaries." How the increased "income from securities owned" has bolstered the Woolworth net is shown in the table below.

Thus far 1931 sales have been running better 1930. May sales dropped 4.7% from May last year, and sales for the first five months were down 2.1%. But last week Mr. Parson was undaunted. "The extra day which we lost in May will come in June this year," said he, "and we expect to make up practically all of our loss in sales for the year during the month of June." But despite this cheer, last week the chief bullish news on Woolworth was the announcement of the plans regarding the British company.

The essence of the transaction will be that stockholders of the British company

receive a big stock dividend of preferred shares which bear the right to buy more common. The preferred will be given to N. M. Rothschild & Sons for public sale. When the deal is completed F. W. Woolworth Co. will have received about \$27,000,000 in cash, a bonus on an investment carried on the books at only around \$29,000,000. Rumorists quickly decided that a similar deal would take place in the German Woolworth Co., operating 60 "25 to 50 pf. Stores." But since the German company is carried at only around \$2,000,000, was formed in 1927 and has had no chance to build up such fat reserves as the British unit, it is unlikely that the time for German plum-picking has arrived. If the Woolworth directors decide to pass the British bounty on to the shareholders it would amount to almost \$3 a share on the common stock which now pays \$2.40. If they decide to keep it, the profit and loss surplus would jump to just under \$100,000,000. Seldom in corporate finance have "hidden assets" loomed so formidable when actually dragged from darkness into the light of reality.

In Chicago

The sky was already streaked with light when, last Monday morning, Chicago's most prominent bankers prepared to go home, happy in the knowledge that a major crisis in Chicago banking had been successfully passed. Centre of the disturbance was the Foreman-State National Bank and its affiliate, Foreman-State Trust & Savings Bank. In these two institutions Chicagoans had left \$199,000,000 in deposits, only \$3,000,000 less than the sum which was frozen when Bank of United States failed.

For 69 years there have been Foreman banks in Chicago. Their founder was Gerhard Foreman, a Jew who came to this country from Germany in 1850. His son, Oscar G. Foreman, 67, heads the Foreman executive committees. Oscar Foreman's nephew, Harold Edwin Foreman, serves as chairman of the board. Other Foremans have prominent executive positions in the system. Weakest spot in the Foreman system has been the large real estate interests of the banks.

Last Saturday morning the Foreman officers realized the frozen condition of many of their real estate loans had impaired the banks' liquidity, that disaster was near. The directors, including Albert Davis Lasker, William Wrigley Jr., John Daniel Hertz, and members of the Foreman family, raised sufficient funds to tide the bank through the day. An appeal was then made to other Chicago bankers.

By nightfall Sunday nothing definite had been reached. It had been rumored that Continental Illinois Bank & Trust Co. would take over the Foreman institutions. It had been rumored that a new bank would be organized. Newspapermen, looting in the marble lobby of the Foreman Building, grew impatient for definite news of what was taking place on the 38th floor where James Barton McDougall and Eugene Morgan Stevens of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago were closeted with the city's biggest bankers.

Just before 2 a. m. Arthur Reynolds of Continental Illinois bank announced that First National Bank of Chicago would take

WOOLWORTH INCOME

	Stores Operated (U. S.)	Sales*	Net Profit of U. S. Stores*	Income from Securities Owned plus Undistributed Earnings of Subsidiaries*	Net in Income*
1927	1,581	272.7	26.5	6.4	35.3
1928	1,725	287.3	25.8	7.1	35.3
1929	1,825	303	24.7	8.5	35.6
1930	1,881	289.2	22.7	9.2	34.7

*In millions of dollars

over the assets of the Foreman institutions. To protect First National against loss, the Clearing House guaranteed a \$10,000,000 indemnity fund, Foreman stockholders posted an additional \$2,550,000. Yet even so the deal required courage and hero of the conference was Melvin Alvah Traylor, First National's able & active president. After the deal, First National will have resources of \$883,000,000, ranking it as second in Chicago to only the \$1,122,000,000 Continental Illinois.

Simultaneously another deal emerged from the conference. It was a deal long-rumored, without malign significance. Central Trust Co. of Illinois, long known as "The Dawes Bank" because its honorary chairman is Ambassador Charles Gates Dawes, announced it would merge with The National Bank of the Republic. The new Central Republic Bank & Trust will have resources of \$350,000,000. Its existence will please the Continental Illinois and First National Banks, both of whom are said to have long-wished for a third big bank in Chicago. Not included in the deal were six small banks connected with the Foreman system. Monday morning they promptly closed their doors until their status could be learned. Knowledge that the "trouble-spot" has been erased brought cheer to La Salle Street, also to Wall Street where stocks again rallied. But no rallier was Foreman stock which opened at \$30 offered, nothing bid, against Saturday's \$105, a recent price of \$250. And Chicagoans were of the opinion that the historic Foreman family has passed forever out of the Chicago banking scene.

Fitkin Sells Again

"If I possess outstanding qualities, I suppose they are good judgment, courage, industry, and a certain inborn genius." So once spoke Abram Edward Fitkin, 52,



International

ABRAM EDWARD FITKIN

... let Insull have 200 towns.

whose business consists primarily of buying and selling utility properties, who last week was once again negotiating a big deal with Samuel Insull.

Abram Edward Fitkin was the son of a

harnessmaker, had twelve brothers and sisters. He studied for the ministry, married at 17. Five years later he announced: "It is better to be a good businessman than a poor minister." He became a bond salesman, saved up \$75,000 from commissions. With a \$400,000 loan from a friend at the Guaranty Trust, he bought control of the water, light and power company at San Angelo, Texas. By 1927 he controlled properties worth more than \$300,000,000 which he sold to the Insull interests. Biggest of these companies was National Public Service Corp.* He then formed Pacific Public Service Co., sold control of it to Standard Oil Co. of California in 1929.

Being a good businessman has not caused Mr. Fitkin to forget his religious training. In memory of a son who died at 18 he has built the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital at Yale, the Raleigh Fitkin and Paul Morgan Hospital at Asbury Park, N. J., the Raleigh Fitkin Memorial Hospital at Bremersdorp, Swaziland, South Africa (which he visits frequently). Another gift was \$1,000,000 for the establishment of the 200-acre Raleigh Memorial Farm and Institute for Crippled Orphans at Scobeyville, N. J.

When he is not yachting on *Memory III*, Mr. Fitkin lives at Allenhurst, N. J., on a large estate overlooking the ocean. A few years ago he went to California, saw and liked bungalows. The result was that when he returned he moved his colonial home to the back of the estate, built a large bungalow on its site. On this estate, he raised, besides many an imported shrub and prize dog, an able active son: Willis Carridine Fitkin, 23, who is now vice president of the Fitkin companies.

The deal on which Father & Son were working last week consisted of selling the Eastern electric and water properties of Atlantic Public Utilities, Inc., to the Insull interests. After getting control of Atlantic last year through a holding company Mr. Fitkin promptly placed it in receivership. Atlantic has \$60,000,000 in assets, more than half of which will be sold to Insull. The remaining assets are in water and ice properties and the 160-mi. Cleveland Southwestern Ry. What Mr. Insull buys from Mr. Fitkin is the electric and water service of 200 communities in 13 states, most of which are along the Atlantic seaboard. Although his new acquisitions add less than 100,000 customers to the several million he already has, the deal gives Mr. Insull his first toe-hold in Connecticut and Massachusetts and leaves Rhode Island the only State on the Atlantic seaboard which contains no Insull unit.

Death of Schiff

As it must to all men. Death came last week to Mortimer Leo Schiff, one of the senior partners of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., recently elected president of Boy Scouts of America which he helped found and of which he is the American-famed Silver Buffalo, the British-famed Silver Wolf.

*A holding company with subsidiaries in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Ohio and West Virginia.

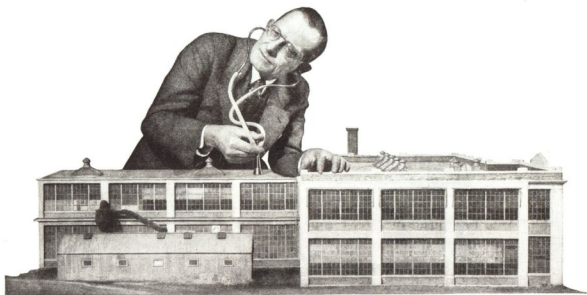
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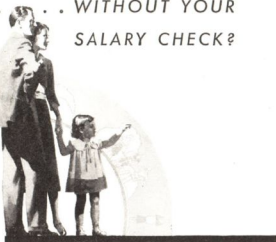
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SUPPOSE you failed to get your salary check this month . . . and next month . . . and the month after that. Suppose you *never* received another pay check. How long could you live the way you're living? Could you afford a car . . . educational advantages for your children . . . and all the comforts that go to make up your present living standards?

- Most men rely upon personal earning power to give them the things they want. But such income is seldom reliable. Countless factors may affect it adversely . . . unexpected business difficulties . . . illness . . . the loss of your position through reorganization or a merger . . . and many others. Even though a man may be spared from these contingencies, advancing age will, in all but exceptional cases, eventually take its toll in lessened earning power.

- It is short-sighted to be dependent upon so uncertain a source of income. The sensible way is to establish a solid financial foundation for yourself that will enable you to face the future with confidence. You can build *stand-by* income with sound bonds . . . income that is independent of personal earnings and that will stand by you in times of unexpected reverses, and also in your later years when personal earnings almost inevitably decline.

- Halsey, Stuart & Co., aims to serve those who recognize that well-secured income is the essential purpose of investment. Bonds are ideal for that purpose, and from its very beginning this house has confined its business to that class of investment securities. We shall welcome the opportunity to help you build a bond account which will provide *stand-by* income . . . to supplement and eventually replace uncertain personal earnings. Our booklet, *Looking Ahead Financially*, discusses this subject fully. Write for booklet TM-61.

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Daylight saving time — one hour later

Had Mr. Schiff lived another day he would have been 54. He was in good health and spirits on the last day of his life. He attended a luncheon given by Percy Hampton Johnston, president of Chemical Bank & Trust Co. in honor of the U. S. Ambassador to Germany. There he chatted with his friend Thomas William Lamont of the rival House of Morgan and a collection of bank presidents. Having lunched well, he remarked that it was "a fine day for golf," and went to Piping Rock Club which he helped to found years ago on Long Island's smart North Shore. There he played against his daughter, Mrs. Richard Brown West Hall, whose husband, a member of Winthrop, Mitchell & Co., was at his office. Then he went to his Oyster Bay home. Jovial, hungry, he descended the stairs two at a time when dinner was announced. At the table were his daughter and son, John M. Schiff, graduate of Yale in 1925. After dinner he chatted quietly with his son, who since Jan. 1 has also been his partner in Kuhn, Loeb. About 10:30 he went to his bedroom, put his knife, wallet, loose change and other knickknacks on the dresser, went to bed. About 4 a. m. he awakened and felt a strange sensation near his heart. He arose, put on a silk dressing gown, wrapped himself in a blanket and sat by the window. It was in this position that he was found by his valet who entered the room to awaken him at 7 o'clock.

Mr. Schiff's mother was Theresa Loeb. His father was that great Jacob Henry Schiff who gave to the house of Kuhn, Loeb fame equal to Morgan's. Mortimer was graduated from Amherst in 1896, studied railroads in the U. S., banking in Europe. On the first day of the 20th Century he was made a partner in the firm. Many times a millionaire, he was active in philanthropy, a collector of art treasures. His death left only nine partners in his firm, an unusually small roster. They are: Felix Moritz Warburg, Otto Hermann Kahn, Jerome J. Hanauer, George W. Rozenizer, Lewis Lichtenstein Strauss, Sir William Wiseman, John M. Schiff, Gilbert Wolff Kahn and Frederick M. Warburg.

Standard Mergers

It was indicated last week that \$1,770,993,000-in-assets Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey might consolidate with the \$610,296,000-in-assets Standard Oil Co. of California, forming a huge company which, in a good year, might well earn the stupendous total of \$166,000,000. And an alliance between Standard Oil Co. of Ohio and the onetime Standard unit, Ohio Oil Co., was widely discussed. The reason for this hubbub was that the last day during which the U. S. Department of Justice could have appealed to the Supreme Court to halt the proposed merger between Standard Oil Co. of New York and Vacuum Oil Co. had come and gone, and the Department of Justice had NOT appealed.

Although the legal path for the Standard of New York-Vacuum deal is now clear, owing to recent changes in stockmarket valuations, it will probably not go through on the original terms announced when the two companies decided to merge 16 months ago. The exchange ratio was to have been the equivalent of three Standard for one Vacuum.

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Modern Accountancy points with pride to its inevitable service in the building of the *mind* of business. In the simple logic of its Budget, in its Detailed Audit, its orderly control of physical activities, its System in Management—it is a never-ending source of *mental* inspiration to the executive who is giving his life to put the *best he has* into the *building of a better business*.

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CHICAGO	KALAMAZOO	ST. PAUL
CINCINNATI	KANSAS CITY	SAN ANTONIO
CLEVELAND	LOS ANGELES	SAN FRANCISCO
COLUMBUS	LOUISVILLE	SEATTLE
DALLAS	MEMPHIS	TAMPA
DAVENPORT	MIAMI	TOLSON
DAYTON	MILWAUKEE	TULSA
DENVER	MINNEAPOLIS	WASHINGTON
DETROIT	NEW ORLEANS	WHEELING
ERIC	NEW YORK	WINSTON-SALEM
FORT WAYNE	OMAHA	YOUNGSTOWN
	PHILADELPHIA	

M E D I C I N E

Cracked Brains

Psychiatrists, crack experts on cracked brains, met at Toronto last week, and for a moment entertained the scientifically crazy notion of forbidding a psychoanalysis of Abraham Lincoln's personality.

Dr. Abraham Arden Brill of Manhattan, a Freud disciple, was scheduled to read a paper on "Abraham Lincoln as a Humorist." Lincoln, from what Dr. Brill has been able to learn out of Lincoln biographies, was a *schizoid-maniac*. That appellation is not so horrendous as it seems in type. A schizoid is a "split personality." He has subtle conflicts among the psychic components of his personality. A manic is a moody person, one subject to fits of exaltation and depression. When a manic or a schizoid or any type of mental aberration annoys his neighbors, they call him crazy and have him locked up. Yet there is no perfectly sane person on earth. Sanity is merely the general average of a community's general behavior.

Lincoln's moodiness, Dr. Brill reasons, was a result of his personality conflicts. "Two contrasting natures struggled within him, the inheritance from an untutored, roving and unstable father, who treated him brutally; and from a cheerful, fine, affectionate mother from whom Lincoln claimed to have inherited his power of analysis, his logic, his mental activity, and his ambition."

Another psycho-analytic peep at Lincoln: "Lincoln was a very aggressive person, and hence one would expect him to be also sexually aggressive. According to Herndon, Mr. Lincoln had a strong passion for women. And yet, much to his credit, he lived a pure and virtuous life."

Another peep: "What is very peculiar about Lincoln's stories and jokes, his own and those he appropriated from others, is the fact that many, if not most, are of an aggressive or algolagnic nature, treating of pain, suffering and death, and that a great many of them were so frankly sexual as to be classed as obscene."

An analysis: "[Lincoln's] moods never reached to that degree of profundity to justify the diagnosis of insanity. At all times Lincoln remained in touch with reality. His ego never sought refuge in insanity."

Dr. Brill's intention to present this analysis of Lincoln to the American Psychiatric Association at Toronto last week, raised the cat-calls of those who hate "debunkers" of U. S. heroes. Dr. Edward Everett Hicks, Brooklyn psychiatrist and Son of the Revolution, cried: "It is about time the American people awoke to the fact that we have an element in this country who seem to thrive on slime and filth, even to attacking the memory of the greatest personalities. . . . Blaspheming the memory of the immortal dead should cease."

The American Psychiatric Association

*e.g. Edgar Lee Masters on Lincoln (TIME, Feb. 16); Rupert Hughes, *et al* on Washington (TIME, Oct. 23, 1930).

[Dr. Brill, 36, was born in Austria, got his Ph.D. from New York University 30 years ago.

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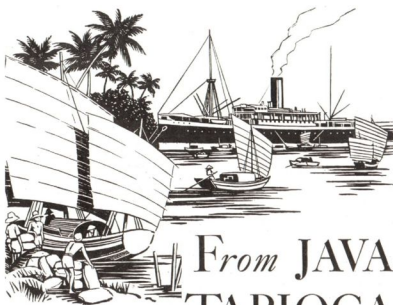
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the last twenty years the same Baltimore company has, with rare exception, been awarded the exclusive yearly government gum contract for postage stamps.

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And all the details of each transaction have been handled by the Baltimore Trust Company as part of a service which for many years has specialized in foreign finance.

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TRUST
MEMBER
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RESERVE
SYSTEM

did not deter Dr. Brill from his Lincoln psychoanalysis at Toronto last week. The great majority of the mental specialists at the convention treated the controversy as an amusing byplay to their serious business of telling each other their pet methods of ameliorating and preventing psychoses. And their methods were not very new. The tenor of most was that the individual must not overstrain his brain, that the more he knows about his mental workings the better for himself and for society.

MILESTONES

Born. To Roy Edward Larsen, vice president of TIME, and to Mrs. Margaret Zerbe Larsen; a son, Robert Roy; in Manhattan. Weight: 8 lb.

Engaged. Eleanor Allen Lamont, Smith College junior, daughter of Morgan-Partner Thomas William Lamont (see 26); and Charles Crehore Cunningham, Harvard junior, captain of next year's Harvard hockey team.

Engaged. Josephine Young, only daughter of Owen D. Young, Bryn Mawr graduate, employee in National Broadcasting Co.'s educational department; and Everett Needham Case, assistant secretary of General Electric Co., confidential secretary to Owen D. Young, secretary of Princeton's Class of 1922; son of Board Chairman James Herbert Case of Manhattan's Federal Reserve Bank.

Engaged. Elizabeth Parker Case, sister of Everett Needham Case (see above), member of this year's Vassar graduating class; and Hamilton Robinson, law student at Queen's College, Oxford, son of Medieval History Professor Chalfant Robinson of Princeton University.

Engaged. Dorothy Rose Duveen, only daughter of Sir Joseph Duveen, London and Manhattan art dealer; and William Francis Cuthbert Garthwaite, 25, son of Sir William Garthwaite, British ship owner and banker; in London.*

Married. Natica de Acosta, Manhattan socialite, actress of "bits" on Broadway (*One, Two, Three!*); and George Troubridge Elliman, employee of Doubleday, Doran Co., son of Manhattan Realtor Douglas Ludlow Elliman; in Manhattan.

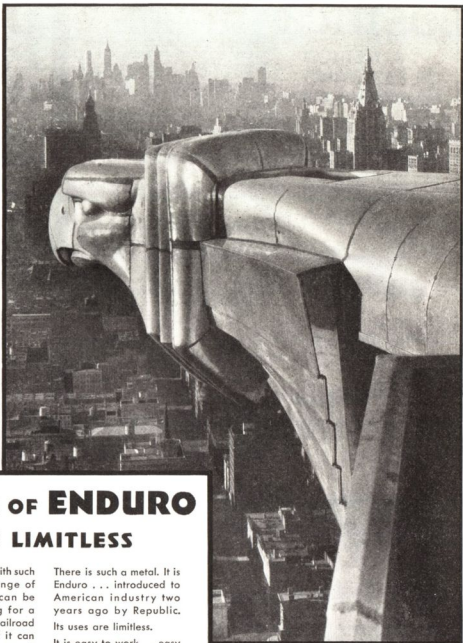
Married. Jane Lee, daughter of new President Thomas George Lee of Armour & Co. (meat packing); and William Edward Graham, son of famed Architect Ernest Robert Graham (Flatiron Bldg., New York; New Civic Opera House, Chicago); in Chicago.

Married. Isaac Frederick Marcossion,

*Last week Sir Joseph was reported to have commissioned Manhattan Architect John Russell Pope to design the \$250,000 wing he is giving to London's famed Tate Gallery to house sculptures and water-colors.



Fantastic gargoyles, peering out over Manhattan from the sixty-first floor of the Chrysler building, are made entirely of Enduro. Already exposed for more than a year to the elements and to the city's grime and soot and dust, they still gleam in the sunshine like burnished armor. Photograph by Margaret Bourke-White.



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famed interviewer for the *Satevepost*; and Mrs. Frances Barberey; in Wynote, Pa.

Married. Madeleine B. McCarter, daughter of President Thomas Nesbitt McCarter of Public Service Corporation of New Jersey; and Carlos Dexter Kelly, Manhattan stockbroker; in Rumson, N. J.

Married. William Hanson Moore 3d, 29, board chairman of Maryland College and Woodbrook School for boys; and Mabelle Symington of Long Island City, N. Y.; in Astoria, N. Y.

Married. F. Ogden Nash, light versifier (*Hard Lines*);* and Frances Rider Leonard, Baltimore Junior Leaguer; in Baltimore, Md.

Seeking Divorce. Nancy Carroll (Ann Veronica La Hiff), cinemactress (*Abbie's Irish Rose*); from John M. Kirkland, playwright whose *Frankie and Johnnie* was closed by Manhattan police last autumn; in Nogales, Mexico. Grounds: incompatibility. Said Cinemactress Carroll: "It was like cutting off our baby's curls and watching her grow up. But romance and big business simply will not mix—for long." Later it was reported she was to marry Bolton Mallory, editor-in-chief of *Life*.

Died. Major Jordan Lawrence Mott, 50, grandson of Jordan Lawrence Mott who founded J. L. Mott Iron Works and became Acting Mayor of New York City in 1879; at Steamboat Station, near Roseburg, Ore. Young "millionaire reporter" in 1910 for a succession of Manhattan newspapers, he found journalism "far too dull," ran off to China with an actress, Mrs. Frances Hewitt Bowne, spent the rest of his days boating and writing novels of outdoor life (*Prairie, Sea and Snow*, etc.).

Died. Levi Lingo Rue, 70, famed retired board chairman of Philadelphia bank; of heart disease; in Philadelphia.

Died. Solon Irving Bailey, 76, retired director of the Harvard observatory; in Hanover, Mass.

Died. Hussein ibn Ali, 76, onetime King of Hedjaz and Grand Sheriff of Mecca, father of King Feisal of Iraq; father of Emir Abdullah of Transjordan; father of King Ali who succeeded him for a short time when he was forced to abdicate in 1924; in Amman, near Jerusalem. Aided by Col. Thomas Edward Lawrence, he revolted against the Turks in 1916, dreamed of establishing a Pan-Arabian Empire which, says Col. Lawrence, the Allied Powers promised him in a treaty in 1915. But Arabia was parcelled out and he became King only of the Hedjaz, was de-throned by Ibn Saud and exiled in 1924.

Died. Asa Shove Wing, 81, president since 1906 of Provident Mutual Life Insurance Co.; after a long illness; in his summer home at Sandwich, Mass.

*What shall I do with so and so?
She won't say yes and she won't say no.
"A descendant of the Prophet and local governor of Mecca."

the Paris Opera

Photo Engraving Gallery



and this Coal Mine



both ARE PROTECTED WITH LEAD

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As companion to this new Professional Desk, the GF Aluminum Swivel Chair—with Side Chair to match—is the greatest improvement in office chairs ever made. Half the weight of similar chairs of wood, it possesses a beauty, strength and

flexibility of movement not found in chairs made of any other material.

Executives demand the finest tools for their factory workers. The GF Professional Desk and GF Aluminum Chairs provide the utmost in fine tools for efficient office work. Write for additional information regarding these new GF Products. The General Fireproofing Company, Youngstown, Ohio and Toronto, Ontario.

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CINEMA

The New Pictures

A Free Soul (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). There is nothing on the stage or screen more impressive than a Barrymore indicating degenerate addiction to alcohol—a condition which causes the eyes to pop out and the nostrils to grow, though almost imperceptibly, wider. In this picture, it is Lionel's adroitness at such tricks which enables you to believe in incidents, which, however convincingly they be arranged, are basically somewhat ridiculous. He impersonates Stephen Ashe, a brilliant and bibulous lawyer whose daughter is so much influenced by his eccentric conduct that she sees nothing wrong in having an affair with a gangster whom he has defected in court. There ensues an agreement between father and daughter: she will give up the gangster if he will give up the bottle. The agreement lasts till Stephen Ashe gets drunk again. He then disappears and his daughter goes back to her gangster. When the gangster's attentions



NORMA SHEARER

Her virtue varies as father's temperance.

become painfully ungallant, a fastidious young man with an English accent (Leslie Howard) goes to his gambling rooms and shoots him, then pleads guilty to murder. Stephen Ashe reappears in time to conclude his brilliant defense of the murderer by falling dead in front of the jury box. Best shot: a cup-bearer keeping Stephen Ashe drunk so he can win his last case.

When a good actress finds that a picture has been stolen from her it may be a tribute to her artistry as well as proof of experience. It would be inexact to say that Lionel Barrymore steals this picture from Norma Shearer, but the rôle of Jan Ashe is certainly less well suited to her crisp and brilliant personality than others she has played in recently (*Let Us Be Gay*, *The Divorcee*, *Strangers May Kiss*). Barrymore drew a fat pat—his first since he decided to be a director two years ago—and made the most of it. The vogue of Norma Shearer may not be enhanced by

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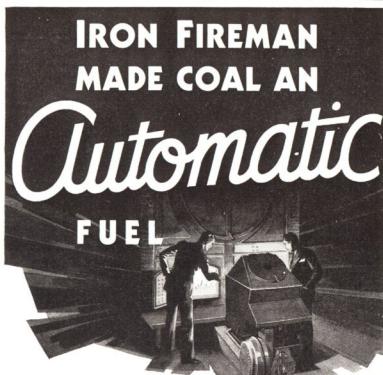
A Free Soul but it shows no sign of waning. As talking pictures emerged from the stage of experiment, she became the embodiment of the new mood in cinema drama to which they seemed best adapted—a mood which can be loosely described as Sophistication. That the cool glitter of an intelligence, added to patrician beauty, should have won her such immense and protracted popularity has suggested a fact which Hollywood might not otherwise have discovered; that if the talkies have not created a new cinema public, they have changed the old one beyond recognition.

Daddy Long Legs (Fox). Ever since her first talkie *Sunny Side Up* Fox directors have been faced with the apparently impossible task of finding for Actress Janet Gaynor another rôle in which she would be able to give an equally profitable demonstration of her appealing sweetness and charm. This sentimental romance gives Actress Gaynor a chance to flutter about in an orphan asylum, endearing herself to the authorities by telling stories to the other orphans and feeding them ice-cream. A youthful philanthropist (Warner Baxter) who sees her in the performance of her good turns finds her behavior so cajoling that he decides to pay her way through college. She, unaware of his identity, sees his shadow distorted on the floor one day and coins a nickname for him, Daddy Long Legs.

Presently Actress Gaynor is required to make a commencement day speech, and does so in diction which has improved so much that her rôle is not laughably incongruous. She then meets Daddy Long Legs and finds to her surprise, that he is a personable young man whom she has met and admired before. *Daddy Long Legs* should achieve its purpose—to rekindle the admirers of Actress Gaynor, who was voted the most popular cinema performer of 1930.

Lover Come Back (Columbia). When Cinemactress Betty Bronson appeared as Peter Pan six years ago, she surprised admirers of Maude Adams by making a success comparable to Miss Adams's. Last year she temporarily retired from the screen, went on a vaudeville tour.

She finally reappeared last week, 23 years old and slightly heavier about the stern, as a wheedling soubrette whose bad habits included nasal baby-talk, semi-dipsomania and an appetite for carnal misbehavior. Her performance was skillful, as was that of Actress Constance Cummings, but the story—in which the two girls wrangled for the attentions of a young business man who, though he succumbed in turn to both, never seemed much interested in either one—was a trifle of the type which Hollywood now turns out in case-lots. When repulsing the advances of a suave but likeable playboy who employs her as his private secretary (a scene which serves as the hallmark of office romance in the cinema) Actress Cummings manages better than a majority of the other actresses who have been involved in the same formula to make gaiety of manner suggest the desirable combination of virtue and worldly wisdom.

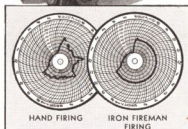


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To Readers of The Newsmagazine:

YOU, your friends and neighbors, the same sort of people in every community and country, are the readers of TIME, the One and Only Newsmagazine. You are the people whose interests stretch out beyond the railroad depot. You read TIME because it keeps you well-informed, because you are, as a class, the alert members of the community. Today there are 1,155,000 of you in 350,000 homes. If you could stand aside for a moment and see yourselves as American industry sees you, you would see a market—the *primary market of the country*.*

PROSPERITY came naturally to you in the days of the Great Inflation, and even within the past year your total wealth has been surveyed at the astounding sum of fifty-seven billion dollars—one-sixth of the national wealth. In the aggregate your income is six and one-half billion dollars, 60% of you have incomes over \$5,000 a year; 70% over \$4,000.

YOU account for a large percentage of the privately owned airplanes in the country. You spend about \$4,000,000 a year for travel on air lines. You own 65,000 Fords, one-sixth of all the Packards on the road, and your total number of automobiles in use is 472,000. As executives you control billions of dollars of industrial purchases for factory and office. You are the nation's bankers, lawyers,

manufacturers, distributors, teachers, railroad and utility operators, miners and smelters, insurance men, editors, political and social leaders. Many of you are among the most potent men in the U. S. Others, younger, are rising to future leadership.

YOU may be spending less today than in some other years. But essentially you maintain in private life a standard of living which you have no intention of lowering. A few months ago TIME asked a sample group of you what your buying plans were for the year and you told us:

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\$ 26,470,000 for draperies, rugs, furniture, etc.
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people to provide the backbone of buying in this year 1931? They advertise to you in TIME knowing that you read TIME cover-to-cover every week, that you are *not only a steady but an accessible market*—readers in fact as well as in name.

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The Weekly Newsmagazine

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BOOKS

Culture Syllabus*

ADVENTURES IN GENIUS—Will Durant
—Simon & Schuster (\$4).†

Marx was wrong, says Will Durant. "The real history of man is not in prices and wages, nor in elections and battles, nor in the even tenor of the common man; it is in the lasting contributions made by geniuses to the sum of human civilization



WILLIAM JAMES DURANT

... from seminary to syllabusness.

and culture. . . . [The world's] history is properly the history of its great men." Says Durant, the pendulum has swung too far; it is time to turn again to hero-worship. "Too soon we extinguished the flame of our hope and our reverence. Let us change the ikons, and light the candles again."

This syllabus of culture, or notebook of Durant, lists: ten Greatest Thinkers (Confucius, Plato, Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas, Copernicus, Bacon, Newton, Voltaire, Kant, Darwin); ten Greatest Poets (Homer, Author of the Psalms, Euripides, Lucretius, Dante, Li-po, Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley, Whitman); 100 Best Books for an education (approximate cost, \$300; time required for reading: four years at seven hours per week, ten hours per volume). Syllabuster Durant reviews his favorite modern philosophers (Spengler, Keyserling, Bertrand Russell), his favorite modern literary lights (Gustave Flaubert, Anatole France, John Cowper Powys), fills up the rest of his 426 pages with comments on his trips to Palestine, India, China, with a reprinted debate, philosophical address, open letter, and magazine article.

Not content with a mere abracadabresque chanting of holy names, Durant follows up his list of required reading with

many a hortatory ejaculation. "Absorb every word of Taine's chapter on Byron. . . . Do not miss the odes of Keats. . . . Go then, to William James. . . ." Nothing if not an enthusiast, he exclaims of John Cowper Powys: "Here is the finest American prose since Santayana." *

The Significance. Not many philosophers have become popular in their own lifetime, in the sense that their writing has brought them much money. But Syllabuster Will Durant, ably backed by Popularizing Publishers Simon & Schuster, made a killing with his *The Story of Philosophy*. Critics scoffed at it, pointed out that the sum-total of philosophy could not be compressed or even adequately presented in one book or by one man. Readers bought over 500,000 copies, felt their culture increasing whether they read it or not. *Adventures in Genius* should suit the same public.

The Author. William James Durant is an escaped Roman Catholic, was educated by French nuns in North Adams, Mass. (his birthplace, 1885), later by Jesuits in Jersey City. He found reporting on Hearst's New York *Evening Journal* too fast for a philosopher, became professor of many languages at Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J. He entered the seminary there, but reading in the library cost him his faith. After a tour of Europe he took up graduate work in philosophy, biology, psychology at Columbia University. From 1914-27 he was director of Manhattan's Labor Temple School. He is married, has one daughter (Ethel Benvenuta), lives at Great Neck, L. I., where for the last five years he has been working on a five-volume *Story of Civilization*. The first volume, on the Orient, is to be published next year. Other books: *Transition, The Mansions of Philosophy, The Case for India*.

Men & Insects

THE GRASSHOPPERS COME—David Garnett—Brewer, Warren & Putnam (\$2.50).

In all David Garnett's books a Meaning lurks around the corner, but it will not bite you, it is muzzled, and it will not show its head unless you whistle for it. *The Grasshoppers Come* begins and ends with a description of the migratory habits of grasshoppers or locusts; the story is about airplanes, a long-distance flight.

Mrs. Beanlands, suddenly dowered by widowhood with money and a chance to gesture, thought it would be romantic to make a non-stop flight from England to Hong-Kong. Adventurer Wilmot Shap, eyeing her fortune, encouraged her, went along as navigator, hoped the trip would end in a wedding. Pilot Jimmy Wrecks, scarred and one-eyed from crashes, went because he was paid to fly the ship, thought they had a good chance of coming through. But they did not. Somewhere over East-

*Spanish-born, cosmopolite, onetime Harvard professor.

ern Turkestan oil began to spray back from the engine; Jimmy had to make a forced landing in a rocky valley. The plane was wrecked; Jimmy's foot was hurt; the others were all right.

They divided the last sandwiches; Mrs. Beanlands and Shap trudged off through the desert to find help; Jimmy sat and waited. They never came back. After several days Jimmy nearly despaired. Then clouds of migratory grasshoppers dropped from the sky. He cooked and ate them, kept life going till a cruising Chinese pilot saw his beacon. Author Garnett



DAVID GARNETT

... never lets his Meaning bite.

ends his story thus: "When they fell in waterless desert places they died; where they passed they left desert; they sprouted wings and flew. Their seed sprang again in wingless armies from the earth. They had no reason and little that might be called instinct. All their movements are due to the heat of the sun. They are thermotropic."

The Author. David Garnett's father Edward was a critic, his mother Constance a translator of the great Russians, so David set out to be an economic botanist, discovered a new kind of mushroom. A conscientious observer, he served during the War on the Friends' War Victims Relief Expedition. Then he gave up botany, started a bookshop with Francis Birrell. When Francis Meynell launched the Nonesuch Press, Garnett became a partner, later sold out his share in the bookshop to have more time to write. His wife Rachel has illustrated several of his books (including *The Grasshoppers Come*) with woodcuts. Other books: *Lady Into Fox, A Man in the Zoo, Go She Must!, No Love*.

Parting Kicker

DEATH AND TAXES—Dorothy Parker—Viking (\$1.75).

A racily conversational prose-puncher, a "critic" who makes you stop, look & listen by the amusing mock-violence of her own irrelevant reactions, Mrs. Parker has written, in *Laments for the Living*, some first-rate dialogs. But when her climate curdles her to rhyme, her curtness often

†Published May 28.

*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.

turns to slightly acidulous whey. Poetess Parker's ideas can usually be contained in a quatrain though she often lets them wander farther. *Death and Taxes* has a few neat quatrains:

SANCTUARY

*My Land is bare of chattering folk;
The clouds are low along the ridges,
And sweet's the air with curly smoke
From all my burning bridges.*

Dorothy Parker patented (though she did not invent) the trick, O. Henryish finale: the sudden, exasperated curse of a woman who simply cannot stand things any longer. But it is some years since she began popping out these oaths; you expect them now, and feel a little cheated when she fails you. She fails often in *Death and Taxes*, is sometimes reminiscent of minor-but-masculine Poet A. E. Housman, more often of Any Sentimentalist. A Parthian poetess, her chief claim to attention still resides in her parting kick:

THE FLAW IN PAGANISM

*Drink and dance and laugh and lie,
Love, the reeling midnight through,
For tomorrow we shall die!
(But, alas, we never do.)*

The Author. Dorothy Rothschild Parker, 37, divorced wife of one Edwin Pond Parker II, is half Jewish, half Scottish. She has worked on *Vogue*, *Vanity Fair*, is now the *New Yorker's* "Constant Reader." During the Sacco-Vanzetti disturbances she was arrested in Boston for "loitering and sauntering," paid a \$5 fine. Short, dark, tired-looking, she is superstitious, pessimistic, hates to be alone. She

is fond of her dachshund, Robinson. She lives in sociable isolation at Manhattan's literary Hotel Algonquin. Other books: *Laments for the Living* (TIME, June 16, 1930); *Enough Rope*, *Sunset Gun* (verse).

New Mexican Mooncalf

STARRY ADVENTURE—Mary Austin—Houghton Mifflin (\$2.50).*

Ever since the time he thought he saw God peeping over the top of an aspen tree Gard lived in expectation of something wonderful happening to him. He did not know what it would be but he was sure it would happen in New Mexico, because that was the country he lived in and loved. Gard had a fine time although there were few boys to play with and his family was not rich. His father was a "lunger," and ex-professor from the East; his mother a vestal virgin dedicated to keeping the home fires burning.

When the rich Hetheringtons bought a neighboring ranch to summer in Gard became great pals with their young daughter Jane; he told her about the Something Wonderful he was expecting; she thought he would probably get it. But he did not find it in college. He let the War go by without him, worked on the ranch instead. Then he joined up with an architect; he liked building, but it was not quite it. Jane suddenly appeared and asked him to marry her, to save her from her family who had persuaded her to get engaged to a tycoonish Easterner. Just to be friendly Gard went through the cere-

*Published May 27.

mony; Jane went East to put that in her family's pipe. Gard considered himself bound to Jane until the rightly notorious Mrs. Ballintin thought it would be quaint to have a New Mexican house and got her clutches on Gard. Then he thought it had come at last. When she first beckoned him into her room at night he was sure of it. Pretty soon he found she was just amusing herself. Then Jane came back. Gard told her everything. Jane kept her head; one fine day they discovered they were in love with each other.

The Author is reputed to know more about Indians of the Southwest than any other U. S. woman. She lived 16 years in the California desert, working like an Indian woman, studying their lore. In 1891 she married Stafford W. Austin. When her only child died she began to write. For a time she was one of the Carmel, Calif. literary colony, then built a house at Santa Fe, N. M. Between literary jobs she goes on what she calls "jam-bores," makes enormous quantities of jam, jellies, pickles for herself & friends. Her flower-garden is famed. Other books: *Isidro, A Woman of Genius*, No. 26 Jayne Street, *The American Rhythm*.

Sorry Doctor

AMOK—Stefan Zweig—Viking (\$1.50).

Narrator of this sad story was a doctor who ran amuck. Resident in a native village in the Dutch East Indies, he was lonely, bored till one day in walked a beautiful Englishwoman, a rich trader's wife. She was in trouble: her husband, who had been away five months, was about to return; she was going to have a baby by another man; she wanted the doctor to perform an illegal operation while there was time. She offered him a fortune to do it. The doctor did not like her manner: she was supercilious, but she fired his blood. He refused the money and made her an uncertain proposal. The lady gave him one look, walked out.

No sooner had she gone than the doctor began to feel guilty, was soon beside himself with remorse, aggravated by fever. He pursued her to the city, dogged her footsteps, offered his services imploringly. At last he was summoned. She had gone to the Chinese quarter, to a filthy old harriidan who had nearly killed her, was now at death's door. All the doctor could do was hold the door open politely. But after she was dead he made out a false certificate of the cause of death, so that her husband would never know. Then he left his job, went back to Europe. On the same boat traveled the lady's husband, with her body in a lead coffin. The doctor feared that her husband, his suspicions aroused, might order an autopsy. So he took big steps to prevent it.

The Author. Stefan Zweig, of Salzburg, Austria, is no kin to Arnold Zweig of Berlin, author of *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*. Well and comfortably educated, he wandered the world, might have continued indefinitely had it not been for the War, which turned him to writing and made him a European best-seller. Manhattan theatre-goers know his adaptation of Ben Jonson's *Volpone*. Other U. S.-translated books: *Confessions*, *Adepts in Self-Portraiture*, *Joseph Foucké*.



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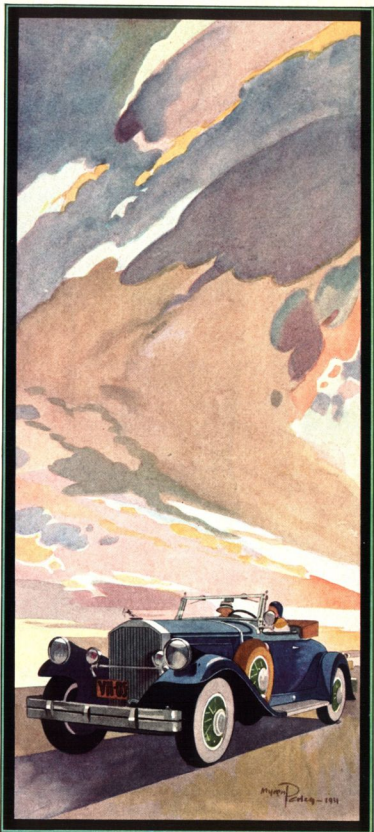
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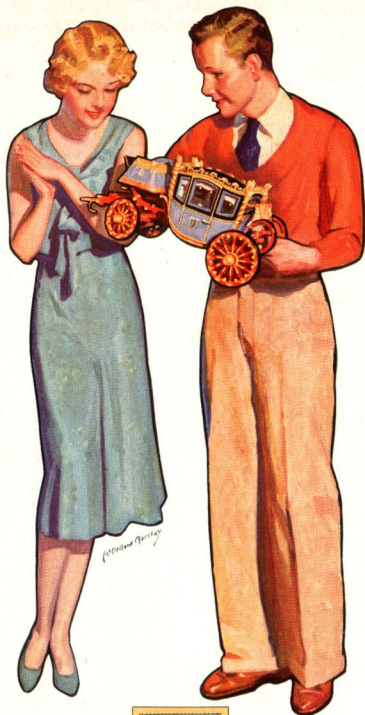
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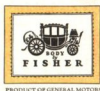
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