

# TIME

*The Weekly Newsmagazine*



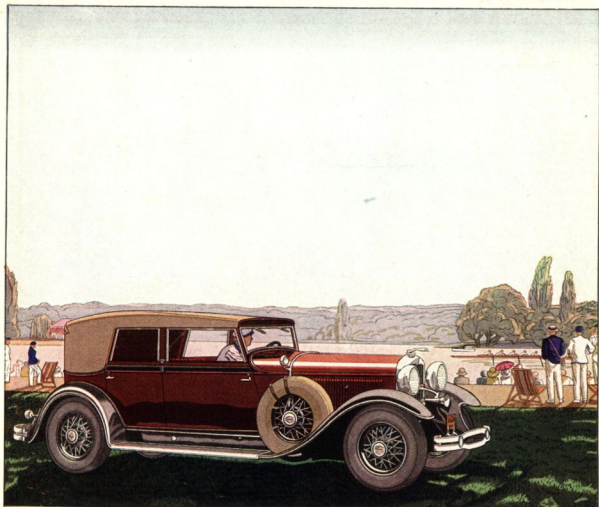
*Acme*

Volume XVII

**MORTON DOWNEY**

*He got nickels not to sing.  
(See Music)*

Number 25



THE NEW LINCOLN DIETRICH CONVERTIBLE SEDAN

## *Poise that Reflects Unfailing Character*

THE LINCOLN has a way of communicating its own qualities of excellence even to those who see it swiftly passing by. For its hidden values—the precision with which it is built, the enduring quality of its mechanism and body—are immediately evident in the distinguished beauty of this motor car. It is designed in every part of chassis and body to satisfy those who fully appreciate a fine automobile.

This fusion of luxury and power is fully revealed to those who know the Lincoln best. All that they expect of it—in sensitive power and air-borne ease of riding—is fulfilled. And they recognize in the Lincoln a motor car painstakingly built to carry them safely and comfortably, a finished product of engineering skill and precision craftsmanship.

The Lincoln is driven with a flowing sense of effortless power. Its free-wheeling transmission permits gears to be shifted smoothly and quietly from second gear into high, from high back to second—as you will—without disengaging the clutch. And, by removing pressure from the accelerator, the car is allowed to glide on momentum, with the engine idling.

The great comfort and safety, which have always contributed to the Lincoln's character, are made even more evident by the long, low chassis with 145-inch wheelbase and the wider tread. In appearance, in luxury, in smooth power, this is an automobile of unfailing qualities . . . "as nearly perfect a motor car as it is possible to produce." The prices of the new Lincoln range from \$4400 up, f.o.b. Detroit.



## To those who want to Quit Work some day



**T**HIS PAGE is addressed to those thousands of earnest, hard-working men and women who want to take things easier some day. It tells how, by following a simple, definite plan, they can provide for themselves in later years a *guaranteed income they cannot outlive*.

### How the Plan Works

It doesn't matter whether your present income is large or merely average. It doesn't matter whether you are making fifty dollars a week or five hundred. If you follow this plan you will some day have an income upon which to retire.

The plan calls for the deposit of only a few dollars each month—the exact amount depending on your age. The minute you make your first deposit, your biggest money worries begin to disappear.

Even if you should become totally and permanently disabled, you would not need to worry. Shortly thereafter, we would mail you a check every month so long as your disability continued, even if it lasted the rest of your life.

And not only that, your monthly payments would be made for you out of a special fund provided by the company for that purpose.

The Phoenix Mutual Company, which of-

fers you this opportunity, is an old established company. For over three-quarters of a century it has been helping thousands of men and women to end money worries.

### Get this free book

But you're not interested in us. You are interested in what we can do for *you*. An illustrated 28-page book called "How to Get the Things You Want" tells you exactly that. It tells how you can become financially independent—how you can retire on an income—how you can provide money for emergencies—money to leave your home free of debt—money for other needs.

This financial plan is simple, reasonable, and logical. The minute you read about it you will realize why it accomplishes such desirable results—not for failures, not for people who can't make ends meet, but for hard-working, forward-looking people who know what they want and are ready to make definite plans to get it. No obligation. Get your copy of the book now.

### NEW RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN

Here is what a dividend-paying \$10,000 policy will do for you:

#### *It guarantees when you are 65*

A Monthly Income for Life of \$100 which assures a return of at least \$10,000, and perhaps much more, depending upon how long you live.  
Or, if you prefer, a Cash Settlement of \$12,000.

#### *It guarantees upon death from any cause before age 65*

A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of \$10,000.  
Or a monthly income for life.

#### *It guarantees upon death from accidental means before age 60*

A Cash Payment to your beneficiary of \$20,000.  
Or double the monthly income for life.

#### *It guarantees in event of permanent total disability before age 60*

A Monthly Disability Income of \$100 and payment of your premiums while you are disabled.  
Plans for retirement at 55 or 60 are also available.



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Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book,

"HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT."

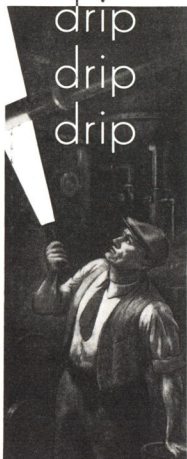
Name  Date of Birth

Business Address

Home Address

# DRIP...DRIP

drip  
drip  
drip  
drip



NIGHT foreman Callahan stopped, listened. Strange, that sound... *drip, drip, drip.* Someone leave a faucet open? No—all was well in the wash room.

He went downstairs. It sounded closer now. He flashed his light across the floor... whistled. The whole floor was drenching wet! Something wrong! He sent a searching beam along the carrier pipes... there it was! Water lines to the dye tanks leaking... in a dozen places!

"Gone," said the steam fitter, "completely gone." The superintendent raised his brows. "Gone!... why those pipes can't be gone this quick... can't be!" But the steam fitter was right. "They'll have to be yanked out," he said. The superintendent winced. He knew what that meant.

But there was no other way. New water lines were installed. But this

time steps were taken that the tragedy might never occur again. The new lines were of Copper. How much the trouble cost this company we do

not know—they were 6-inch lines—but the pity is, it could have been avoided.

Naturally, a manufacturer may seek economy in the building of his plant. And in the making of his product. But often the saving he seeks by using substitutes for Copper, Brass or Bronze is wiped out by later loss.

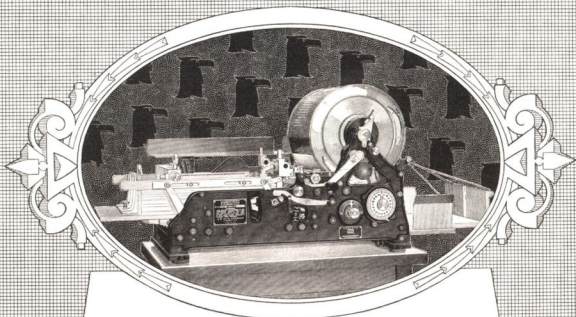
In your building, substitutes for these enduring metals may cause trouble. And in your product, endanger its appearance or performance. Play safe. Use Copper, Brass and Bronze—metals of proved dependability.

The ductility of Copper and its alloys, the ease with which they can be worked, provide numerous advantages and economies. If you have a metal problem, tell us about it. We will gladly cooperate with you in the practical application of Copper and its many alloys to your specific needs.

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RESEARCH ASSOCIATION  
25 Broadway, New York

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# M I M E O G R A P H



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## Analgetic

## SHAVE

"IT LULLS THE SKIN"



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GIANT TUBE

**M**ILLIONS 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 li-n-g-e-r—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

## "Morituri"

Sirs:

In speaking of David Starr Jordan's pacifism in 1917, TIME said (June 8), that "In New Haven, Yale students booed and jeered him." I was present at the meeting he held there, and this statement is not so. It is true that there were rumors of disturbance before the meeting. On the afternoon of it the Student Council posted signs about the campus urging fair play. This was observed. The meeting began in Lamson Lyceum. Jordan entered with Professor William Lyon Phelps who courageously had promised to introduce him. As they mounted the platform, Mr. Phelps said (with pardonable nervousness), "We who are about to die, salute you." This mollified the dogs of war, and Jordan began his speech. The crowding in the hall and the clamoring of those outside to be admitted necessitated the sudden transference of the meeting to Woolsey Hall. This was accomplished with noble confusion, but no "jeering." At last installed in Woolsey, Jordan recommenced his speech which was listened to politely for perhaps 20 minutes, when the crowd began drifting outside. There it formed itself into an inevitable parade behind an inevitable band, and marched off about the town to the strains of martial music—a comparatively mild and unobjectionable performance for a student body committed to a war that was to end all wars.

WILMARTH S. LEWIS

Farmington, Conn.

TIME's authority: Thomas Beer's *The Mauve Decade*. But Subscriber Lewis' version, minimizing hoots & jeers, is perhaps more exact.—Ed.

## Seventh Day, Fourth Story

Sirs:

In your issue of TIME, May 25, I notice on p. 64, in your section devoted to Books, you give a short review of *Behind Moroccan Walls* by Henriette Celarié. Mme Celarié states that this is a collection of true stories and sketches and forthwith you narrate the incident about the woman who had succeeded in cuckolding her husband, returns too late one night, to find him awake, angry, suspicious, herself locked out. Pretending despair, she says she will drown herself in the well if he does not open the door; throws a big stone down the well and hides. The husband, hearing the splash, comes out to investigate; the wife slips in, bars the door. Now it is her turn to shout abuse and call on Allah and the neighbors.

If you will refer to the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, Seventh Day, Fourth Story, you shall find this tale narrated exactly as above: the characters being Toifano and his wife Madam Ghita which makes me think that if this story, related to Mme Celarié is true, then this is a case where history repeated itself, almost verbatim.

GEORGE GOULD

Boston, Mass.

Sirs:

... Someone must have been kidding Author—

\*From the salutation of Roman gladiators on entering the arena—*Ave, Imperator, morituri te salutantur*.—Ed.

ess Celarié if she tells this as a true story, else some *Marocaine*, a devotee of Boccaccio, called on her knowledge of his works to pull herself out of a nasty jam.

The same story appears in the *Decameron*, and is the fourth story of the seventh day.

JOHN V. SANDERS

Morgantown, W. Va.

Authoress Celarié introduces the interlude by asking *Marocaine* Batoul "How can a woman among you deceive her husband... [when] the houses are so shut in, the women so well guarded?" Batoul replies with several personal anecdotes and a story of which she is not sure "whether it is true. It is a very old one." When Mme Celarié begs for another "story" Batoul complies with the stone-in-the-well tale. Mme Celarié's equivocal comment on these narratives: "These old stories, recalling those gusty ones of our ancestors in the Middle Ages, seldom fail to bring a laugh in native homes."

Other alert Readers who recognized the source of Mme Celarié's story were: James W. Gaynor, Albany, N. Y.; Howard Hildebrand, Lisbon, Ohio; Lee Keidel, Lawrenceburg, Ind.; James L. Stern, Philadelphia; Nelson H. Brooks, New Haven, Conn.; Cyril J. Bath, Cleveland; Edward H. Sapt Jr., Wenonah, N. J.; Gerald V. Strang, Berkeley, Calif.; David H. Shearer, Rochester, N. Y.; Q. L. Quinlivan, Arlington, N. J.; W. A. Gardner, Evanston, Ill.; Lewis C. Hawkins, Fair Haven, N. J.—Ed.

## Providence Garbage

Sirs:

Kindly permit me to call your attention to a misstatement in your June 1 magazine on p. 12 where it is stated in connection with garbage disposal that "the cost of incineration runs from 25¢ per ton at Florence, S. C. to 85¢ per ton in Providence, R. I., where the plant is a quarter of a mile from City Hall."

The cost of collection and disposal of rubbish and garbage in the City of Providence for the fiscal year ending Sept. 30, 1930 was \$4.869 per ton; \$1.661 per ton for incineration and disposal including administration and maintenance of building, furnaces, grounds and disposal equipment and \$3.207 for collection including administration and maintenance of collection equipment, garage, stable, etc., a total as above stated of about \$4.87 per ton.

It is apparent that the cost of incineration at Florence, S. C. is based upon an entirely different system of cost accounting from ours and does not include the various items that we include, so that comparative costs unless based upon the same system of accounting have no value.

For your information I am enclosing a copy of report of the operation, appropriation and expenditures of the Garbage and Rubbish Disposal Department of the City of Providence

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

ROY E. LARSEN

CIRCULATION MANAGER, TIME, INC.

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

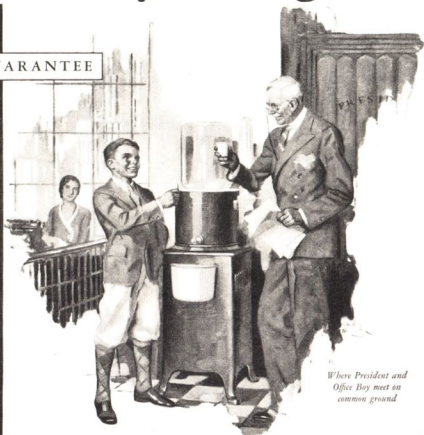
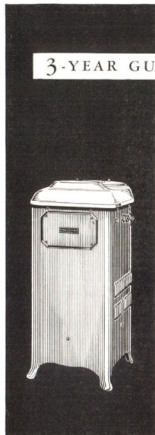
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ADDRESS.....

THE MODERN WATER COOLER IS ELECTRICAL

# 9 a. m. efficiency all day long

3-YEAR GUARANTEE



Where President and  
Office Boy meet on  
common ground

**W**IDE AWAKE—on their toes—greeting 5 P.M. with the clear-eyed alertness of 9 A.M.—that's the sort of office force every executive wants! In your office—in any office—a General Electric Water Cooler will increase efficiency—build good will among employees, visitors, customers—keep summer tempers at the smiling point!

Guaranteed for 3 long years against maintenance expense, the General Electric Water Cooler actually pays its own way in service saved, in time saved, in work well done. Never needs attention—all the mech-

anism is hermetically sealed in steel—operates in a silencing bath of oil. Costs but little—consumes a minimum of current.

Investigate—*now*. Learn about the new easy purchase terms—the full 3-Year Guarantee—the score of advantages that makes this General Electric product the outstanding low-cost good will builder—the guardian of office efficiency—the summer temper regulator supreme! General Electric Co., Electric Refrigeration Dept., Section H6, 1400 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

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### WATER COOLER

COMMERCIAL, DOMESTIC, AND APARTMENT HOUSE REFRIGERATORS · ELECTRIC MILK COOLERS



## The children's basement playroom should be . . . DRY and SANITARY

A damp or wet playroom in the basement is no place for children to play. Not only the playroom but the entire basement can be made a dry, livable part of the home. When you build a new home insist that Medusa Waterproofed Gray Portland Cement be used in the concrete foundation and floor. This cement has been "Successful for 21 Years." If you, your architect, or builder want complete information on Medusa Waterproofed Portland Cements we will be pleased to send you complete details upon request. • If your present basement is damp, write giving us the details and our Technical Department will give you the necessary information to make your basement dry and sanitary.

MEDUSA PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY  
1002 Engineers Building Dept. A Cleveland, Ohio

Manufacturer of Medusa Gray Portland Cement (Plain and Waterproofed); Medusa Waterproofing (Powder or Paste); Medusa White Portland Cement (Plain and Waterproofed); Medusa Portland Cement Paint; Medusa-Mix, the Masonry Cement; and Medusa Stone-T Mortar Cement.

# MEDUSA

"WATERPROOFED" PORTLAND CEMENTS  
Successful for 21 Years

for the fiscal year ending Sept. 30, 1930.

FRANK E. WATERMAN  
Commissioner of Public Works  
Providence, R. I.

The cost of garbage disposal in Providence, Florence and 40 other municipalities was set forth in *Municipal Sanitation*. Of the \$218,000 Providence spent last year on garbage & rubbish, \$142,000 was for collection, \$73,000 for incineration. Among the collection costs were \$107,000 in wages, \$6,263 for gasoline, \$4,450 for feed and hay, \$1,104 for wagon repairing and horseshoeing. Incineration wages (cranemen, firemen, hoppermen *et al.*) totalled \$54,000.—Ed.

### Not Ex-Cathedra

Sirs:

TIME, June 7, p. 18 stated "Upon corporations great & small Pius XI made this infallible pronouncement." Also footnote same page, "When speaking *ex-cathedra* or in an encyclical, bull, etc. the Pope assumes a formal infallibility not attaching to his lesser, daily remarks."

The recent encyclicals were not *ex-cathedra* although involving matters of faith and morals. Unless *ex-cathedra*, encyclicals, bulls, etc. are not infallible. (See *Catholic Encyclopedia*, Volumes 5 and 7.)

MILES F. McDONALD  
FRANK S. EASBY-SMITH

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sirs:

I would call attention to an inaccurate statement appearing in TIME, June 7. It is there incorrectly stated that "Pius XI made this infallible pronouncement: 'The regulations legally enacted' etc."

The Holy Father is there merely stating a fact of common observation; he is not speaking *ex-cathedra* and consequently the declaration is no more infallible than the same statement would be if made by anyone else possessed of the same information concerning the economic conditions in question.

The Pope speaks *ex-cathedra*, and in consequence infallibly, when and only when he defines formally that a doctrine is of faith. I will give but one example of such an *ex-cathedra* pronouncement. It may be found in the Bull *Ineffabilis Deus* of Pius IX. Rather too long to be quoted verbatim and in full, it runs substantially thus: "By the authority of Our Lord Jesus Christ . . . we declare, pronounce and define" that the doctrine which holds the Blessed Virgin Mary to have been "preserved . . . immune from all stain of original sin, has been revealed by God, and is therefore to be firmly and constantly believed by all the faithful."

C. A. PRINDEVILLE, C. M., D. D.

St. Mary's Seminary  
Perryville, Mo.

TIME erred in stating that in Pope Pius XI's encyclical, *Quadragesimo Anno*, he was speaking *ex-cathedra*. The encyclical was issued too late to be subjected to TIME's usual checking procedure.—Ed.

### Fight On & On & On

Sirs:

Appreciating your desire to be correct in all statements in your magazine, I call your attention to an article on p. 21 of your issue of May 25, headed "Arizona Overruled" and starting with the words "Angry Arizona."

Arizonans, like the 100 Colonial patriots who dressed as Mohave Indians and threw the tea overboard in Boston, are not angry but terribly in earnest.

There are too many old pioneers in Arizona who in the early days made their way through cactus and thorn, hunger and thirst, their flintlock rifles ready to repel attack, in order to make Arizona a safe and pleasant place in which to live, for them ever to see Arizona surrender her State rights. While false propaganda has fooled many in the Colorado River fight, and has unwittingly led you into error in the article referred to, yet right must finally triumph, and

(Continued on page 10)

# THE first Hundred Years



"If you can't have your grocery on a corner," said Samuel Pierce to Eldad Worcester in the year 1831, "don't have one at all."

You should see the S. S. Pierce Co.'s "corner stores" in Boston today! Annual sales running into millions—50,000 active accounts—deliveries made by a fleet of 82 motor trucks—in short, store-keeping on a scale that would have frightened either Samuel or Eldad.

Centennial year this year for S. S. Pierce—and for the International Harvester Company. And this makes doubly interesting the fact that Boston's historic grocery uses a Harvester product—International Trucks.

They are trucks of quality and efficiency—with these one hundred years of manufacturing experience and service behind them. They have to be to meet the rigid standards of the S. S. Pierce Co. They must prove their worth on a "cost per stop" basis—and they do it!

They'll prove themselves for you, too! And that statement stands whether or not your trucking prob-



*Delivery service of the little corner grocery was by wheelbarrow in 1831. A far cry from the service rendered by these Internationals in 1931.*

lems have a single point in common with those of the S. S. Pierce Co. Internationals today are meeting every conceivable kind of trucking problem. They recommend themselves to any size of business or any type of industry, through operating cost and upkeep that is uncommonly low. They clinch the matter by providing extra speed and extra stamina—and striking good looks.

Experience privileges us to make this unqualified statement: whatever tests of performance or economy you may apply to trucks—an International will come through with colors flying. Try one on your own job—and see!

\* \* \*

A full line of trucks from  $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton to 5-ton. One of the 183 Company-owned branches in the U. S. A. and Canada, or any International dealer, will demonstrate them to you—and service them for you in the same exceptional manner with which International Trucks perform.



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

# INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS



# Over 1,000 NEW DEALERS

*joined with*

# Fire

## *in 30 DAYS!*

Now over 25,000 Firestone Service Dealers in all parts of the country are prepared to give you these **EXTRA VALUES** *at no extra cost*



**1. Gum-Dipping Adds**

**58%** Longer Flexing Life to every Cord  
**25 to 40%** Longer Tire Life

**2. Double Cord Breaker Gives**

**26%** Greater Protection against Blowouts  
**56%** Stronger Union between Tread and Cord Body

**3. Thick Tough Tread Gives**

**25%** Longer Non-Skid Wear

**TIRE DEALERS** do not judge tires by outside appearance alone. Quality and construction, in addition to appearance, determine the kind of service the tire will give.

The inside facts of Firestone construction have convinced these dealers that Firestone gives greatest values. These same inside facts will convince *you*, too—and *you* can see them at any Firestone Service Dealer's store. There you will find actual sections cut from Firestone and other tires. *Compare them* and see the extra width—extra thickness—extra weight and extra plies under the tread that Firestone gives you.

Firestone gives you all these extra values because Firestone saves by purchasing in the primary markets, by economical production in Firestone Factories, the most efficient in the world, and by direct distribution through over 25,000 Service Dealers.

Call on the Firestone Service Dealer **TODAY**. *Compare cross sections* and judge for yourself.

**Double Guarantee—**

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

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

**COMPARE****Construction—Quality—Price**

4-50-21 [30x4.50]	Our Tire	*A Special Brand Mail Order Tire
<b>More Rubber Vol., cu. in.</b>	<b>172</b>	<b>161</b>
<b>More Weight, pounds</b>	<b>16.99</b>	<b>15.73</b>
<b>More Width, inches</b>	<b>4.75</b>	<b>4.74</b>
<b>More Thickness, inches</b>	<b>.627</b>	<b>.578</b>
<b>More Plies at Tread</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Same Price</b>	<b>\$5.69</b>	<b>\$5.69</b>

**COMPARE THESE PRICES**

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

We list below the leading replacement sizes.

MAKE OF CAR	TIRE SIZE	Our Dealers' Cash Price Each	*A Special Brand Mail Order Price	Our Dealers' Cash Price, Per Pair
Ford	4-40-21	<b>\$4.98</b>	\$4.98	<b>\$ 9.96</b>
Chevrolet	1-50-20	<b>5.60</b>	5.60	<b>10.90</b>
Ford	4-50-21	<b>5.69</b>	5.69	<b>11.10</b>
Ford Chevrolet Whippet	1-75-19	<b>6.65</b>	6.65	<b>12.90</b>
Erskine Plymouth	4-75-20	<b>6.75</b>	6.75	<b>13.10</b>
Chandler DeSoto Dodge Durant Graham-P. Pontiac Roosevelt Willys-K.	5-00-19	<b>6.98</b>	6.98	<b>13.60</b>
Essex Nash	5-00-20	<b>7.10</b>	7.10	<b>13.80</b>
Marquette Oldsmobile	5-25-18	<b>7.90</b>	7.90	<b>15.30</b>
Buick	5-25-21	<b>8.57</b>	8.57	<b>16.70</b>
Auburn Jordan Reo	5-50-18	<b>8.75</b>	8.75	<b>17.00</b>
Gardner Marmon Oakland Peerless Studebaker Chrysler Viking	5-50-19	<b>8.90</b>	8.90	<b>17.30</b>
Franklin Hudson Hupmobile LaSalle Packard	6-00-18	<b>11.20</b>	11.20	<b>21.70</b>
Pierce-Ar's Stutz Cadillac Lincoln	6-00-19	<b>11.40</b>	11.40	<b>22.10</b>
	6-00-20	<b>11.50</b>	11.50	<b>22.30</b>
	6-00-21	<b>11.65</b>	11.65	<b>22.60</b>
	6-50-20	<b>13.10</b>	13.10	<b>25.40</b>
	7-00-20	<b>15.35</b>	15.35	<b>29.80</b>

**COMPARE****Construction—Quality—Price**

5-00-19 [29x5.00]	Our Tire	*A Special Brand Mail Order Tire
<b>More Rubber Volume, cu. in.</b>	<b>204</b>	<b>183</b>
<b>More Weight, pounds</b>	<b>19.08</b>	<b>17.16</b>
<b>More Width, inches</b>	<b>5.23</b>	<b>5.22</b>
<b>More Thickness, inches</b>	<b>.647</b>	<b>.583</b>
<b>More Plies at tread</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>Same Price</b>	<b>\$6.25</b>	<b>\$6.25</b>

**COMPARE****Construction—Quality—Price**

6-00-19 [31x6.00]	Our Tire	*A Special Brand Mail Order Tire
<b>More Rubber Volume, cu. in.</b>	<b>310</b>	<b>294</b>
<b>More Weight, pounds</b>	<b>29.07</b>	<b>28.08</b>
<b>More Width, inches</b>	<b>6.00</b>	<b>5.98</b>
<b>More Thickness, inches</b>	<b>.91</b>	<b>.90</b>
<b>More Plies at tread</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>Lower Price</b>	<b>\$14.90</b>	<b>\$14.95</b>



Call on the Firestone Service Dealer or Service Store in Your Community and See For Yourself Sections Cut From Various Tires.

Compare Quality—Construction—and Price!

# Inside news on Tommy Armour's win of the British Open

TOMMY ARMOUR, in his recent win of the British Open, played the Spalding Golf Ball and Spalding Cushion-neck Golf Clubs—Irons and Woods.

Thus, Tommy upheld a tradition of this famous tournament. For, with but three exceptions, the Spalding Ball has been played by the winners of the British Open every year it has been held since 1913. Such consistent performance is convincing proof of the outstanding controllability, absolute uniformity and extreme distance of the Spalding Ball.

And today, Spalding Cushion-neck Clubs are the Clubs of the Champions. Most of the world-famous tournament-playing Professionals now play them. They are the only clubs with uniform, controlled torque. As one Professional expressed it, "We can't afford *not* to play them."

If you want the same old thrill out of golf, play the new-size Spalding Ball. If you want a *new* thrill out of golf, play Spalding Cushion-neck Clubs.

★ ★ ★

We are proud of the fact that Tommy Armour is a member of the Spalding Field Advisory Committee—a group of leading golfers who carry out Spalding's policy of testing in actual play, as well as in the laboratory.

*A. G. Spalding & Bros.*

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in that knowledge we fight on and on and on, regardless of every obstacle.

ANNIE CAMPBELL JONES

Member of House of Representatives  
Prescott, Ariz.

## No Feud

Sirs:

In the issue of TIME under date of June 8, on p. 31 the following appears:

"In Louisville last April, says Editor Edward A. Jonas of the Louisville *Herald-Post*, 'were many, a great many, piteously at loose ends, pathetically seeking guidance. . . . A personal feud had ruined great institutions, closed banks, precipitated a general bankruptcy. And still its fury raged. . . .'"

In the footnote referred to at the bottom of this column containing the above article, appears this note:

"Between Judge Robert Worth Bingham, publisher of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and *Times*, and James B. Brown, editor & publisher of the *Herald-Post*. Publisher Brown is president of National Bank of Kentucky which, involved with the Caldwell-Lea crash (see p. 19), was closed along with other local banks. Now to re-open, it promises payment in full."

As attorney for Judge Robert W. Bingham, I desire to call your attention to the fact that the above article is untrue and libelous and does him grave injustice and injury. As a matter of fact, any investigation will prove that the closing of the National Bank of Kentucky of this city was not the result of any so-called "personal feud," alleged in the article as existing between Judge Bingham and Mr. James B. Brown, President of said bank, nor did any such "personal feud" exist, nor did any such alleged "feud" ruin great institutions, close banks or precipitate a general bankruptcy."

The failure of the National Bank of Kentucky was due to mismanagement, and precipitated by final affiliation with Caldwell & Co. through control by Banco-Kentucky Co., and the receiver of said bank, appointed by the Comptroller of the Currency, now has pending in the Federal Court a suit to recover some \$12,000,000 from the directors of said bank for alleged mismanagement of its affairs.

In view of these facts, which as we have said can be easily verified, we assume that you will promptly publish a retraction and correction of said article. . . .

ARTHUR PETER

Peter, Lee, Tabb, Krieger & Heyburn  
Louisville, Ky.

Between Louisville Publishers Bingham and Brown exists professional and political rivalry. The editor of Publisher Brown's newspaper called it a feud but TIME was not warranted in accepting this description. TIME deeply regrets the implication that Publisher Bingham had any connection with the collapse of Mr. Brown's National Bank of Kentucky.—Ed.

## TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

(Orig. 10-10 Price 50c)

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## Electric alarm

Sure awakening, on the dot of the second now, with this new electric alarm clock! A real rouser, and dependable always. Its friendly, persistent buzz calls you exactly at the moment you decree. And this new "777," like all Hammonds, is free from the annoying tick of spring clocks. Quiet! Here's a positive time-keeper with its famous sweep second hand. Plug into any alternating current light socket and let the powerhouse generators supply you electrically perfect seconds—and an alarm that calls you easily—surely—and on the dot! At department stores, jewelers and electric shops. Or write us direct for illustrated booklet. The Hammond Clock Company, Chicago. In Canada: The Hammond Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto.



"777"  
The new Logan electric alarm. In beautiful walnut bakelite case. Price \$7.77. Other models to \$12.50. Chase clocks \$72.50 to \$110.

# HAMMOND

ELECTRIC CLOCKS

# "The real truth is that is no Beast"...



*"Skin" of fabled monster that lived in fire becomes  
indispensable ingredient in thousands of acres of Johns-Manville Roofs*

MARCO POLO, redoubtable traveler, brought back strange tales from Tartary. He wrote:

*"In this same mountain is a vein of the material from which the Salamander is made. For the real truth is that the Salamander is no beast, as they allege in our part of the world, but is a substance found in the earth."*

Thus with two crisp sentences the Venetian destroyed the theory that asbestos was derived from the skin of the Salamander, fabled monster which lived in fire. He told further how silky threads of asbestos were woven into napkins for the Grand Khan—tableware calculated to withstand torrid entertainment!

Yet good reporter though he was, Marco Polo's "scoop" was more than a thousand years late—for authentic ac-

counts have come down of the use of imperishable asbestos wicks by the Vestal Virgins in their lamps, which they were obligated to keep burning without fail.

\* \* \*

Wood burns. Asbestos is unchanged by flames or by temperatures up to 1500 degrees F. Stone disintegrates—asbestos defies erosion. Iron rusts—asbestos is immune.

Yet its fibres, seemingly delicate as cobwebs, can be spun into yarns and woven into cloth weighing only one pound to the square yard.

The modern history of asbestos is the history of Johns-Manville. The first surviving asbestos roofing advertisement appeared over the name of H. W. Johns (later Johns-Manville) "Patenter and sole manufacturer, established 1858."

Since that day, thousands of acres of Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings, of various types, have been laid over the homes, factories, business buildings, institutions, of growing America.

Owners of vast deposits of the finest asbestos (the raw product varies greatly in quality), inheritors of an unmatched experience in its use, the present-day Johns-Manville supplies the world with built-up roofs for flat-top buildings, imperishable Transite for factories and warehouses, sturdy roll roofings for barns, outbuildings, and colorful, everlasting Asbestos Shingles for modern homes—in all of which silky fibres of asbestos are the indispensable ingredient. By other processes these fibres are made a part of Johns-Manville Insulations, Packings, Friction Materials . . . "The real truth is that the Salamander is no beast."



# the Salamander

## MARCO POLO



*Camera of STEICHEN, photographer of great men and beautiful women, catches the play of late afternoon sunlight on a Salem Roof*

▪ Long have architects sought a modern roof—modern in the sense that it would defy fire, weather and time, yet achieve the charm of the weathered, hand-hewn shingles of early New England.

In the opinion of leaders of the profession, the quest is ended with Salem Shingles. There is no obvious newness in a Salem Roof. Rather a feeling of tradition, age, substance, authenticity. Salem Shingles are made of asbestos fibres and Portland cement, combined under great pressure.

\* \* \*

**TRANSITE wins test: Minnesota By-Products Coke Co. uses it on 9 plant structures**

▪ Johns-Manville Transite, made of asbestos fibres and Portland cement, combined under a pressure of 300,000 lbs. to the square foot, is used for both roofing and siding. It is not affected by weather, industrial gases and fumes.

So when gases, coke dust and moisture proved poisonous to corrugated metal roofing and siding of the Minnesota By-Products Coke Company plant, Transite was given a chance to prove itself. A sheet of corrugated metal and a sheet of Transite were suspended over a rotary coke screen where hot coke dust and steam had a good opportunity to do their work.

After three years the sheets were inspected. The corrugated metal was badly rusted and eaten away. The Transite was in excellent condition.

Now Minnesota By-Products Coke Company has used Transite on nine plant structures. It will never require paint or replacement.



*Johns-Manville roofs downtown Cleveland*

▪ Prominent in the cluster of Cleveland skyscrapers are Johns-Manville Built-Up Roofs, on these buildings: (1) Terminal Tower (2) Hotel Cleveland (3) Old Stone Church (4) Otis Elevator Co. (5) Plain

Dealer Pub. Co. (6) Central National Bank (7) Union Trust Co. (8) Cleveland Trust Co. (9) Cleveland Athletic Club (10) Halle Brothers Co. (11) B. F. Keith Building (12) Sheriff Street Market.

# Johns-Manville



**Controls**  
**HEAT, COLD, SOUND**  
**Protects against**  
**FIRE AND WEATHER**



*...aren't YOU entitled  
to these comforts?*



In a Bryant-gas-heated home where I am furnace man you can . . .

- throw away your coal shovel and junk your ash can . . .
- eliminate all fuel storage . . .
- add the basement to the useful, livable space in your home . . .
- make a single match your winter's kindling . . .
- tend furnace by the calendar, not by the clock . . .
- lighten the daily housework . . .
- save rugs, paint and hangings . . .
- postpone redecorating and reupholstering . . .
- do away with dangerous ups-and-downs of inside temperature . . .
- hold temperatures constant within a single, thermometer-measured degree . . .
- live in a warm house, sleep in a cool one . . .
- laugh at blizzards . . .
- and ENJOY the furnace months . . .

The Bryant Heater & Manufacturing Company,  
17815 St. Clair Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

**BRYANT**  
**GAS**  
**HEATING**



**BRYANT**

*Automatic* **GAS HEATING**

# TIME

Vol. XVII, No. 25

The Weekly Newsmagazine

June 22, 1931

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE PRESIDENCY

#### 20-Year Plan

A special Chesapeake & Ohio train late one night last week picked up President Hoover at Orange, Va., whither he had motored from his Rapidan camp, and carried him across the Appalachians and the Alleghenies on what was widely recognized as the opening of his campaign for re-election next year. His special whisked him through West Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio, all States that had turned against him last year, and on to Indiana. At Indianapolis he detrained, was greeted by Governor Harry Guyer Leslie. His first address was delivered in the evening to 5,000 members and guests of the Indiana Republican Editorial Association dining at the State Fair Grounds.

As Prosperity was the Republican text in the 1928 campaign, so Depression is generally expected to be its theme in 1932. Therefore the President spoke on this subject as "dominant before the country today." Excerpts:

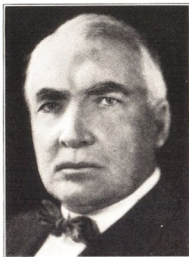
**Causes.** "The main causes of this Depression came from outside the U. S. . . . our wild speculation, our stock promotion, our loose and extravagant business methods, our unprecedented drought . . . the malign inheritances of the Great War . . . huge taxes . . . mounting armament . . . over-rapid expansion of production, collapse in price of many foreign raw materials . . . the demonetization of silver. . . .

**Doughnut's Hole.** "Repeated shocks stimulate fear and hesitation among our businessmen. These fears and apprehensions are unnecessarily increased by that minority of people who would make political capital out of the Depression through magnifying our unemployment and losses. Other small groups make their contribution to distress by raids on our markets to profit from depreciation of securities and commodities. Both groups are within the law; they are equally condemned by public and business opinion. . . . With no desire to minimize the realities we must appraise the other side of this picture. We must not look only at the empty hole in the middle of the doughnut. . . . Our people are working harder. . . . Savings are the largest in our history. . . . Consumption is proceeding at a higher rate. . . . Stability is on the ascendancy. The underlying forces of recovery are asserting themselves. . . ."

**Ship Steadying.** "We have assured the country from panic. . . . We have steadily urged the maintenance of wages. . . . We have sustained the people in 21 [drought] States. . . . We are saving our farmers and workmen through the tariff. . . . We are holding down taxation. . . .

We are rigidly excluding immigration. . . . We shall keep this ship steady in the storm. . . . We will prevent any unnecessary distress. . . . We will recover from the Depression."

**Patent Medicines.** "We are confronted with scores of theoretical panaceas which



Underwood & Underwood

WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING

He had a dim realization.

would inevitably delay recovery. . . . Some . . . agitate for economic patent medicines from foreign lands. . . . Others [believe] that by some legerdemain we can legislate ourselves out of a worldwide Depression. . . . Nothing can be gained in recovery of employment by detouring capital into the Treasury by

taxes or loans, on the assumption that the Government can create more employment than industry and commerce. . . . We have had one proposal after another which amounts to a dole from the Treasury. The largest is that of unemployment insurance. . . . The net results of Governmental doles are to lower wages and to endow the slacker. . . . It is proposed that we can expedite recovery by another [tariff] revision. Nothing would more prolong Depression than a session of Congress devoted to this purpose. . . ."

**Plan.** "Many citizens insist we produce an advance 'plan' for the future development of the U. S. I presume the 'plan' idea is an infection from the slogan '5-year-plan' through which Russia is struggling to redeem herself from ten years of starvation and misery. I am able to propose an American plan to you. We plan to take care of 20,000,000 increase in population in the next 20 years. We plan to build for them 4,000,000 new and better homes, thousands of new and still more beautiful city buildings, thousands of factories; to increase the capacity of our railways; to add thousands of miles of highways and waterways; to install 25,000,000 electrical horsepower; to grow 20% more farm products. We plan to provide new parks, schools, colleges and churches. We plan more leisure for men and women. . . . We plan to secure a greater diffusion of wealth, a decrease in poverty and a great reduction in crime. . . . We should have full faith and confidence in those mighty resources, those intellectual and spiritual forces which have impelled this Nation to a success never before known in history. . . . Under the guidance of divine Providence they will return to us a greater and more wholesome prosperity than we have ever known."

Thus by offering his auditors a Plan in dramatic form did President Hoover envisage the country's surging advance through the next two decades.

Next morning President Hoover breakfasted on Indiana strawberries and cream at the executive mansion. His special train then carried him into Ohio and to the white marble tomb of Warren Gamaliel Harding at Marion.†

†This was President Hoover's retort to William Randolph Hearst's \$5,000,000 public works bond issue.

[Into his Cabinet in 1921 Harding brought what he called "best minds." After a decade Secretary of State Hughes is Chief Justice of the U. S.; Secretary Mellon still sits in the Treasury; Attorney General Daugherty is a political outcast; Postmaster General Hays is cinema tsar; Secretary of the Interior Fall is on the penitentiary doorstep; Secretary of Commerce Hoover is in the White House; Secretary of Labor Davis is in the Senate from Pennsylvania. Dead are Secretaries of War Weeks, of the Navy Denby, of Agriculture Wallace.

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## National Affairs—(Continued)

The day to dedicate this \$800,000 memorial had come at long last. What, if anything, would the President have to say about the scandals of the Harding era? Would he ignore them and thus stultify himself? Or would he name names and thus antagonize Republican Ohio?

With the 30th President standing by, the 31st President delivered a speech on the 29th President which was altogether felicitous for the occasion. Excerpts:

"It was [Harding's] mission to compose the prejudices and conflicts at home, to lessen the threats of renewed war. When in two years he died, new peace treaties had been made; tranquillity had been restored; employment had been renewed and a long period of prosperity had begun. . . . My first meeting with Warren Harding was during the War. Late one evening the then Senator came to my office. When he was announced, there flashed into my mind the thought that here was some complaint or request. . . . Instead the Senator said simply: 'I've not come to get anything. I just want you to know that if you wish the help of a friend, telephone me what you want. I am there to serve and to help.' That statement was typical of him.

"I accompanied the President to Alaska. . . . We came to know that here was a man whose soul was being seared by a great disillusionment. We saw him gradually weaken from mental anxiety. Warren Harding had a dim realization that he had been betrayed by a few of the men whom he had trusted, by men who he had believed were his devoted friends. It was later proved in the courts that these men had betrayed not alone [his] friendship and trust but their country. That was the tragedy of the life of Warren Harding. . . . The breakdown of the faith of the people in the honesty of the Government [is] a crime for which punishment can never atone. . . . Warren Harding was a man of delicate sense of honor, of sympathetic heart, of transcendent gentleness of soul. . . . of passionate patriotism. . . . of deep religious feeling."

¶ A year's trial President Hoover last week exiled dial telephones from the White House.

¶ President Hoover's name was last week posted on the bulletin board of Washington's fashionable Racquet Club for failure to pay a 25¢ house bill. Telephone calls by Son Allan accounted for the bill. Payment was quickly made and a clerk repaid.

¶ By executive order last week President Hoover opened confidential income tax returns of the U. S. to officials of States with local income tax laws. Purpose: to help States catch evaders of local levies. No one below a governor could request the inspection privilege.

¶ Last week President Hoover gave a garden party to 800 disabled War veterans. To a man in a wheel chair who said he was soon returning to California, the President remarked: "Fine! I'm not a native but I've lived there long enough to know what's the best place for a disabled veteran. It isn't often a Californian can be happy anywhere else very long."

## THE CABINET

### Pest Holes

By President Hoover's decree 79 foreign cities last week found themselves officially designated as unhealthy places. Effect of the Hoover order: a U. S. diplomat or consul who serves one year in any of 79 "pest holes" gets credit for 18 months toward his retirement. World travelers were not surprised to find on the list such notoriously uncomfortable communities as Aden, Arabia; Canton, China; Baghdad, Iraq; Dakar, Senegal; Guayaquil, Ecuador; Leopoldville, Belgian Congo; Monrovia, Liberia and a host of Central American cities. What they found hard to understand, though, was the stamp of unhealthiness the Government had placed on such metropolitan centres as Hongkong, Nanking and Shanghai, on Havana and Saigon, on Bombay and Madras.

### Squatters

When President Hoover bought 168 acres of land atop the Blue Ridge for \$5 per acre, leased 2,000 acres more along the Rapidan and moved out to his camp for week-ends, members of his Cabinet trailed along after him. They liked his selection of a resort. Last year, therefore, Attorney General Mitchell, Secretary of the Interior Wilbur and Secretary of Agriculture Hyde clubbed together to build a camp of their own about a mile below the President's. They were under the impression that all that country was soon to become a national preserve, so they did not bother themselves much about legal details. As a result they found themselves last week involved in unfavorable publicity when the Madison Timber Corp., owner of the land on which they camp, accused them of being nothing better than squatters.

In a condemnation proceeding at Madison, Va. the lumber company officials swore that the Cabinet camp, with its four luxurious cabins costing \$20,000, had been built without their permission, that no lease had been sought or signed. The Rapidan Marine force of 120 men under Major Earl Long had also squatted on their property for a year before bothering about a lease.\* When timbermen tried to go on their own lands, they were seized by the officious Marine guards of the camp and escorted off by the seat of the pants. The lumber company had to pay taxes increased by improvements on their property which they could not even get to. Altogether the Government was pictured as putting over a dirty deal on private industry.

When President Hoover picked the Rapidan for his camp, he had no idea that his presence there would hurt, rather than help Virginia gather up private land to contribute as the Shenandoah National Park. The President's camp boomed mountain-side values. The Madison Timber Corp., putting a \$1,000,000 price on

land sought by the State, argued that their property was worth it, not entirely as timber perhaps, but as a potential summer resort. The President, they claimed, had given the region priceless advertising and had put in an 8 mi. road worth \$200,000, and power and telephone lines worth another \$100,000. They insisted that the presidential improvements enlarged the value of their timber land far beyond what Virginia was ready to pay for it.

## TRANSPORTATION

### Rate Upping

Led by George Blow Elliott, president of Atlantic Coast Line, the railroads of the South last week joined those of the East and West in a united movement for the general freight rate increase projected last month in Chicago (TIME, May 18, June 1). Meeting in Manhattan's Hotel Biltmore, the executives of all the important carriers of the land appointed a committee to petition the Interstate Commerce Commission within a week for blanket authority to up rates 15%. The committee: New Haven's Pelley, Milwaukee's Scandrett, Louisville & Nashville's Cole.

Though they were asking for a 15% rate increase on all freight as an emergency measure to offset lost revenues and thereby avert wage cuts, defaults and receiverships, the carriers intimated they had no idea of using such wholesale authority, if granted, to an extreme. Many rates, particularly those on short-haul goods for which trucks compete, would not be changed. What the roads were really after was I. C. C. permission to adjust rates of their own choosing within a 15% range, thereby increasing their operating revenue by 10%. To avoid protracted arguments over individual rates, they consolidated their plan into one blanket petition for a horizontal increase for all lines.

The I. C. C. was "sympathetic" toward the carriers' plight and ready to speed up hearings on what promised to be its biggest case of the decade. At the earliest, however, no final decision was expected before autumn.

Last week the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce swung to the carriers' support, contended that a rate increase would trend the economic trend. And to the I. C. C. from the North Dakota Board of Railroad Commissioners came the first formal protest against the carriers' proposal on the theory that its authorization "would greatly prolong" the Depression.

### No Bridge

In William Wallace Atterbury's magnificent Pennsylvania Station in Manhattan one evening last week occurred a passing commotion. Under the grey concourse lights were gathered some 200 persons, mostly girls, some young and lithe, some young and statuesque. They made weary travelers stop and stare. Surrounded by luggage, scented with flowers and perfume, bright with jewelry, they laughed, giggled, squeaked shrilly. Flashlights were taken

\*Announced last week was a plan to cut the Marine Corps by 1,000 men to 16,500 to save \$1,000,000.

## National Affairs—(Continued)

In the centre of the group stood a grey-haired, hook-nosed man puffing a big cigar. He was Florenz Ziegfeld. About him were the stars, the 70 "glorified" girls, the dance directors, technical men, wardrobe mistresses, musicians *et al.* of the forthcoming *Follies*, first in four years. With farewell whoops, the troupers trooped down the stairs to their special train of nine cars which carried them to Pittsburgh for a week's tryout before their Broadway opening.

Such theatrical scenes could not occur in any Manhattan station belonging to Daniel Willard's Baltimore & Ohio R. R. because it has no station for them to occur in. And last week the War Department doomed any chance of its having such a station for years and years by disapproving construction of a bridge across the Hudson River which would bring the B. & O. tracks over from New Jersey to New York.

Mr. Willard became president of the B. & O. in 1910 and that same year the Pennsylvania opened its Manhattan terminal. For two decades he has been plotting and planning how he could get his line across the river to compete with the Pennsylvania in the country's richest passenger market. A huge Hudson River bridge to Manhattan's 57th Street seemed the solution. Though no official sponsor, President Willard rooted hard for this project. Now he is 70 years old; his great career as a railroader is drawing to a natural close. The War Department's disapproval meant that he would probably never live to see the day when the B. & O. gets into New York and carries a long train of sleeping *Follies* beauties to Washington or Pittsburgh or anywhere.

The War Department after prolonged re-examination turned down the North River Bridge Co.'s specifications on the ground that its proposed structure would be a menace to navigation.\*

Where the Army and the bridgemen split was on clearance. The War Department insisted that the bridge centre must be at least 200 ft. above the water, its pierheads 185 ft. The bridge company offered 180 ft. centre clearance and 154 ft. at the pierheads, declared the structure, if made higher, would be economically unsound because of increased approaches. The Army's specifications, it said, would add \$25,000,000 to a cost that already rose close to \$200,000,000. But the Army insisted on 200 ft. clearance to accommodate the masts of the *Leviathan*, *Majestic*, *Olympic*, *Bremen* and *Berengaria*, which otherwise could not get above 57th Street. The Bridge company pointed out that 135 ft. was the highest liner stack, offered to put collapsible masts on vessels that could not get under their span. The Army's decision was a victory for the Fifth Avenue Association and other civic groups who argued that the congested mid-town district could not absorb new traffic from the bridge.

\*The Hudson River is called the North River in its flow along Manhattan Island's west shore. Transatlantic liners sail from piers on the North River (N. R.), not the Hudson.

### CRIME

#### U. S. v. Capone

Last week the third Federal lash was laid across the porcine back of Chicago's Alphonse Capone. In addition to the six-month sentence he received (and has appealed) for contempt of Federal Court



International  
CHICAGO'S U. S. DISTRICT ATTORNEY  
No ordinary Johnson, he.

(TIME, March 9), and the indictment for income tax evasion for which he may receive 32 years in prison and a fine of \$80,000 (TIME, June 15), he and 68 henchmen were indicted by a Federal



International  
SNORKEY  
... to his intimates.

Grand Jury for conspiracy to violate the national Prohibition laws. The true bill did not mention the various Capone side-lines such as gambling, bordellos, whiskey peddling, specified only the "manu-

facture and transportation of beer for beverage purposes in the Chicago area on a large scale." Brought to light were 5,000 separate offenses, the unit of manufacture for each offense being one 1,500-gal. vat of beer, the unit of transportation one 30-bbl. truckload.

Evidence against Capone and his followers had been gathered by Prohibition agents with the co-operation of the same agents who dug up the grounds for his tax evasion indictment. Their facts and figures had the sound of Big Business. The Capone beer syndicate, they found, had a daily turnover of \$75,000, an annual gross income of \$27,000,000, or \$270,000,000 for the ten years it has been in operation. The personal Capone fortune was reckoned at \$20,000,000, although agents were only able to find direct evidence of a \$20,000 maximum annual income on which he failed to pay taxes. By tapping wires Federal operatives also uncovered another little-known bit of information. Public Enemy Capone is known as "Snorkey" to his intimates.

Leading executives of Snorkey & Co. indicted last week were: Joe Fusco, business manager of the syndicate's beer department; Bert Delaney, superintendent of manufactures; Steve Swoboda, veteran brewmaster. Snorkey is liable to two years imprisonment, \$10,000 fine if convicted. Federal punishment now hanging over the head of the arch criminal: 34½ years in prison, \$90,000 in fines. So impressed was Snorkey by the magnitude of the threatened punishment, it was said last week, that he offered to "compromise" the case with the Government by payment of \$4,000,000. But officials of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, to whom the overtures had been made, let it be known that Capone-freedom was not for sale.

Prosecutor of the 68 culprits is Victor E. La Rue, First Assistant U. S. Attorney. He is used to wholesale liquor cases. At Rockford, Ill., he recently tried a batch of 43 "leggers, convicted 36. But the driving force behind the Federal battering ram against Chicago gangdom was soft-spoken, bush-haired U. S. District Attorney George Emmerson Q. Johnson, born and bred on an Iowa farm 56 years ago. When he was graduated from Lake Forest College of Law, he put a Q meaning nothing into his name to distinguish him from all other George E. Johnsons. He has practiced law in Chicago since 1900, plays much golf badly. So confident was he that the Capone gang has been financially wrecked that he permitted Snorkey to go free on the \$50,000 already posted.

While messages of congratulation poured into Attorney Johnson's office, he insisted that the credit should be shared by eight sleuths of the special Prohibition unit. Headed by Agent Elliot Ness, their average age is 30, all are college graduates. Their average salary is \$2,800. Not only did they risk death, said the prosecutor, but resisted bribes far in excess of a year's wages.

Asked if he thought he had good cases, happily replied Attorney Johnson: "We never indicted unless we have a good case. This is the end of Scarface Al."



## National Affairs—(Continued)

### RACES

#### Scottsboro Case

*Crash, crash!* Two windows in the U. S. consulate at Dresden. Plump fell a bottle on the consulate's floor. While young German Communists hooted and whistled outside, an American clerk picked up the bottle, found a note: "We protest the execution of eight young Negro workers in Alabama. Down with American murder and imperialism! For the brotherhood of black and white young proletarians! An end to the bloody lynching of our Negro co-workers!"

Thus last week did the case of eight blackmoors, condemned to death for rape, take on its first international aspect. Beginning with the same violent methods at U. S. embassies and consulates. Reds made the Sacco-Vanzetti case a world issue.

Two months ago the population of Scottsboro, Ala., temporarily increased five fold. Some 10,000 visitors swarmed to town to be on hand for the trial of nine itinerant Negroes who had been charged with assaulting two white girls. The girls, clad in overalls and accompanied by seven white men, had been "bumming" their way in a freight car from Chattanooga, Tenn., to Huntsville, Ala., when the Negroes, aged from 14 to 21, boarded the train, pitched out five of the young women's companions, knocked the other two unconscious. Then, the girls said, they were raped. Their assailants were surrounded, overcome by a posse when the train reached Paint Rock, Ala. Within two weeks and two days of the arrest, three juries returned a verdict of guilty against eight of the Negroes. They were sentenced to death in the electric chair on July 10. A mistrial was ordered for the youngest. Throughout the trials, 1,000 National Guardsmen were held in readiness to suppress race disorders.

Startled by the celerity of Alabama justice, the International Labor Defense protested "the legal lynching of Negro workers on framed charges." Liberal and racial organizations began to bestir themselves for an appeal in behalf of the condemned. Although ready with praise for the State's having made "every honest effort to give the accused a fair trial," these groups claimed: 1) that a fair trial was impossible under the circumstances; 2) that physicians were unable to find conclusive evidence of rape on the girls; 3) that the girls were bad, anyway.

While the new defense was being prepared for the Negroes, a split occurred within the ranks of their supporters. The Chattanooga Interdenominational Ministers' Alliance of Negro Divines denounced the International Labor Defense, accused it of interesting itself in the case "mainly for the purpose of drawing Negroes out of the South into the Communist organization."

First public figure to enter the altercation was Author Theodore Dreiser, who protested the Scottsboro affair to Governor Miller of Alabama.

Meanwhile the condemned men have made small outcry. Jailed at Gadsden, Ala., one complained: "We just don't like that death sentence."

#### Depressed Negro

That the Negro, North and South, has been harder hit by the Depression than the white man was the gist of a report handed last week to the Department of Labor by the National Urban League. Upon investigation the League found that whites, dropping down the economic scale, have taken jobs normally held by Negroes. Black migration to cities has made a bad situation worse. Declared the League report: "The economic structure of the entire Negro race is in an alarming state of disrepair."

Most newsworthy of the League's findings were figures indicating a marked disproportion between urban Negro population and unemployment. Negroes, composing 17% of Baltimore's residents, account for 31% of that city's joblessness. In Charleston, S. C., half black, seven Negroes are out of work to every three white men. Negro population and unemployment percentages in other cities: Chicago, 4% and 16%; Memphis, 38% and 75%; Philadelphia, 7% and 25%; Pittsburgh, 8% and 38%.

Against these figures must be set two large facts: 1) most Negro employment is in domestic service or unskilled labor, occupations first to feel the effects of hard times; 2) as a race Negroes relatively work more than whites (of all white males 75% are gainfully employed in normal times whereas 81% of black males have paying jobs). Two Negro women work to every white woman. Result: Negro unemployment statistics have a way of glaring out against population figures. The blacks of Charleston constitute 50% of its population but presumably they do 70% of the city's work—which is precisely their percentage in Charleston's total joblessness.

### POLITICAL NOTES

#### Mortgage v. Strangle Hold

Republicans and Democrats fell to haggling again last week over national political finances. In reporting their current position, the Democrats revealed that they were still \$707,054 in the red, of which \$295,250 came from Chairman John Jacob Raskob. During the last three months Mr. Raskob has increased his party's debt to him by \$40,000. These figures caused the Republican National Committee to remark through the convenient mouth of West Virginia's Senator Hatfield: "Mr. Raskob is steadily increasing the size of the mortgage which he holds on the once proud party of Jefferson and Jackson."

It took the Democratic National Committee a week to collect figures for a reply. Washington's Senator Clarence Cleveland Dill, as the party's respondent, pointed out that of the \$6,541,000 in the 1928 Republican campaign fund, \$2,580,000 was contributed by 239 rich men. Said he: "The Standard Oil's contribution was \$92,500, the automobile manufacturers' \$225,000, the steel magnates' \$127,000, Wall Street's leading figures' \$305,000. . . . Here are the names of 31 men whose

contributions to elect Hoover reach the surprising figure of \$698,000. . . . These men and these interests have no 'mortgage' on the Republican party, it is true. They have a strangle hold."

Next day to drive home his point Senator Dill named 24 men who he said gave the G. O. P. \$477,000 in 1928 and got back from the Treasury, either individually or through their corporations, tax refunds totalling \$14,655,279. Though Senator Dill would have great difficulty in proving any connection between these funds and refunds, his charge was prime political ammunition. Large contributions and refunds listed among the 24: Jeremiah Milbank \$25,000 and \$891,443; the Brothers Van Sweringen \$65,000 and \$353,364; the Rockefellers, father and son \$50,000 and \$8,545,309; William Nelson Cromwell \$25,000 and \$222,652; Harvey Firestone \$25,000 and \$2,960,000; Charles Hayden \$25,000 and \$1,876,000; the late George Fisher Baker Sr. \$20,000 and \$97,388,915.

"It pays to be a Republican," declared Senator Dill. "They get their money back 24,000%."

#### Young Republicans

In the big, airy ballroom on the tenth floor of Washington's New Willard Hotel assembled for two days last week some 400 men and women. A few were Negro. Many were young. All were Republican. They had been called together by energetic Robert Hendry Lucas, executive director of the Republican National Committee, for a party "fight talk." They nominally paid their own expenses from every State in the Union to be inculcated with the Hoover brand of Republicanism. As a matter of practical politics, their rally marked the Republican National Committee's first mass gesture toward renominating and re-electing the President. The defensive, almost apologetic quality of the G. O. P. campaign next year was foreshadowed in every speech.

For all its campus mannerisms, its enthusiasm and noise, this mixed crowd was not collegiate at heart. Director Lucas, who views higher education with political alarm, had carefully picked his Young Republican delegates mostly from petty job-holders. Last April he said: "Many of our universities and colleges are literally saturated with Radicalism. Text books, classroom lectures and private conversations . . . are antagonistic to the traditional policies of the Republican party. . . . As it is hopeless to expect a reform . . . the approach to the young man and woman must be made independent of our educational system."

The program conformed to this concept of youthful intelligence. In trite partisan speeches, Democrats and Progressives were flayed, the Republican tariff extolled, the Depression minimized, the Hoover policies lauded. Prohibition was silenced as an issue. Little or no effort was made by the oldsters who ran the meetings to freshen up political thought for the youngsters.

Keynoted Senator Simeon Davison Fess,

## National Affairs—(Continued)

G. O. P. chairman: "When the American people realize what President Hoover has done for them in the present emergency, he will not only be unanimously renominated but he will be overwhelmingly re-elected. . . . [applause and cheers] . . . We should be thankful we have at the head of the Government a man who is the embodiment of all that is capable, strong, patient, sympathetic, protective, conservative, purposeful and beneficial. . . ."

Secretary of Agriculture Arthur M. Hyde set off a ten-minute riot of applause, when, coiling his long, lanky legs around the microphone stand, he declared: "Do you know what a 'yes but' man is? He's the fellow who says 'Yeah, the program's all right but—'. Sure, the President's O.K. but—'. We've got several of those fellows in the party and before you go home I wish you'd stop in at the War Department and get an armful of polo mallets. Then, whenever you meet one of those fellows, use the mallets. Let's have no buts about it. The President IS all right. . . . I doubt if any man has ever been subjected to the malice organized to the nth degree which he has, but he has never raised his voice in complaint. . . . There was a time in my life when I was a Progressive but I can't understand what there is progressive about running around in circles and singing hymns of hate." Quoting Kipling's "If" at length Secretary Hyde concluded: "That's Herbert Hoover, your president and mine!"

Introduced by Director Lucas as "well fitted to discuss any phase of politics," John P. Davis, young Massachusetts Negro, rose to remark: "With its right hand dripping blood, the Democratic party lynched Negroes body and soul in the South and with its left hand attempted to lead us to the polls in the North. Success of the Republican party will be in direct proportion to the co-operation you white Republicans seek with colored Republicans."

After a White House reception the Young Republicans concluded their rally with a four-hour banquet and dance ("Good eats and dancing for those who indulge," promised the invitation). The young couples were slow in mixing though Director Lucas worked hard to make the affair pleasantly informal. As everybody was having ice cream and cake, the band, by some awful mistake, played the Brown Derby's "Sidewalks of New York" which all lustily sang.

### STATES & CITIES

#### Tennessee Monument

Last week Tennessee refused to tear down its famed monument to prejudice. Before the State House of Representatives was a bill to abolish the law which forbids discussion of evolution in the public schools. Cried the bill's sponsor: "I'm getting tired of having people refer to Tennessee as the State with the monkey statute." Exclaimed another friend of evolution: "This law has done more to indict the intelligence of Tennessee than any bill ever passed." But the majority of Tennessee legislators were neither tired

nor ashamed. They voted down the anti-evolution repealer §8-to-14.

Six years ago a high-school instructor named John Thomas Scopes ambled into the drugstore at Dayton, Tenn. There he



JOHN THOMAS SCOPES

*After the soda, came geology, jungle, wife and fever.*

met his friend George W. Rappelyea, chemist and coal man. Outside a rickety old Ford rattled down the dusty main street of the village (pop. 1705). The Cumberland hills beyond drew a green circle around Dayton's early summer stagnation. Perched on soda fountain stools, Rappelyea and Scopes discussed the State's month-old law against teaching evolution. They both believed in the theory, loudly agreed the new statute was "damn nonsense." Lounging oldsters pricked up their ears when Teacher Scopes declared he was still using a biology textbook which explained the theory of evolution and which the State had not recalled. Chemist Rappelyea was sure the law, if taken to court, could be reduced to an absurdity, pitched into oblivion. Teacher Scopes guessed it could, too. A bargain was struck: Chemist Rappelyea would swear out a warrant against his friend for violating the anti-evolution law and thus force a test of the question. Arm in arm they left the drugstore with a plan which was, in a few weeks, to develop into one of the most amazing trials in U. S. history (TIME, May 18, 1925 et seq.).

After his conviction for violating Tennessee's "monkey law" and his \$100 fine, young Scopes went to the University of Chicago on funds raised for him by sympathetic scientists. He specialized in biology and geology. He joined the Venezuela Gulf Oil Co., went deep into remote South American Oil fields, married a fellow employee last year. After a serious tropical illness he returned to Chicago to study for a Ph.D. William Jennings Bryan sleeps on a Virginia hillside overlooking the Potomac while Dayton has long since relapsed to sultry stagnation.

### "Hey, Bilbo!"

One day last week Linda Gaddy Bilbo, tall, thin, grey-haired wife of the stocky little pecan-growing Governor of Mississippi, summoned her Cadillac to the front door of the Bilbo home at Poplarville, Miss. To her Negro chauffeur, an ex-convict pardoned by her husband, she named her destination: West Point, N. Y. Then away she drove to visit her son, Cadet Theodore Gilmore Bilbo Jr., a plebe at the U. S. Military Academy.

Several days later James C. Hall, president of the Master Guides of America, was crying up trade, as is his wont, on Washington's Pennsylvania Ave. before the White House. He spotted tourists' cars by their out-of-town licenses and hailed them with some appropriate local epithet. "Hey, Cracker!" he would call to Georgians. Tourists from Illinois were greeted with "Hey, Capone!" and from North Carolina, "Hey, Tar Heel!" When Guide Hall saw a big car with a Mississippi tag rolling toward him, he sung out the state cry: "Hey, Bilbo!"

The car coasted to the curb. Here, thought Guide Hall as he ran forward, was a fat fee. Out of the car's window was stuck a woman's face, its wrinkles beaming delight, its bespectacled brown eyes fairly dancing. "How," she asked, "could you tell it?"

"Tell what?" responded baffled Guide Hall.

"Why, that I am Mrs. Bilbo, of course."

Meanwhile Linda Gaddy Bilbo's husband stayed on the Poplarville pecan plantation while his State went from bad to worse financially. A bull-headed little man of the Bleas-Vardaman stripe, Governor Bilbo continued dead to pleas to call a special session of the Legislature to consider only fiscal legislation. The rump session last April at which no impeachments were promised failed to budge him (TIME, May 4). The State deficit had passed the \$3,000,000 mark, was bowling along toward \$7,000,000 by the year's end. With tax collections off, only by hand-to-mouth borrowing from lenient bankers could the State keep its institutions half-way going. A serious crisis is anticipated in December when \$6,000,000 in State obligations fall due.

Only Alabama (\$1,284) is poorer in per capita wealth than Mississippi (\$1,376). Only South Carolina (55%) has a denser Negro population than Mississippi (52%). Only Louisiana and South Carolina are more illiterate. Mississippi has the highest birth rate, lowest death rate in the South. It was the first state of the Union to ratify the 13th Amendment. It is cursed with the most virulent form of partisan Democratic politics. Its last great man: John Sharp Williams.

Surrounded by his nut trees, Governor Bilbo pondered these facts, and others, wrote a speech in which he forecast Mississippi's future, told why it got in such a bad hole. Later in the week he set forth on a typical Bilboan barnstorming trip through the State's swamp towns and back-country villages. State law barred him from re-election but he was bent on picking his own successor.

## FOREIGN NEWS

## RUSSIA

*Spoons, Knives, Forks*

Recently at a Soviet banquet British Ambassador Sir Esmond Ovey noticed with a start that his fork bore the coat of arms of Great Britain, had presumably been stolen from the pre-Revolution British Embassy at Petrograd (TIME, May 11).

Suave, Sir Esmond made no protest at the banquet. Resolute, he exerted quiet pressure later. Last week in the British House of Commons Capt. Victor Cazalet, Oxonian, M. P. who greatly admires money, popped this question:

"Will the Government state how much silver plate belonging to the British Embassy in Russia remains to be found to complete the service?"

Readily answered George Lansbury, His Majesty's First Commissioner of Works:

"A number of spoons, knives and forks have been returned, but the bulk of the service dishes, plates and centerpieces is still missing."

Captain V. C.: "Is there any hope of the other articles turning up?"

Mr. G. L.: "Hope springs eternal, you know" (Laughter).

*MENACE! Menace!*

THE RED TRADE MENACE, famed travel diary of a U. S. reporter in Russia, won the 1930 Pulitzer Prize as "the best example of correspondence during the year" (TIME, May 11). This year Diarist Hubert Renfro Knickerbocker, gunning again for the Pulitzer Prize, has stalked not through Russia but through Europe. His bag: *Fighting the Red Trade Menace*.

As this series of 24 daily articles closed in the New York Evening Post fellow news-stalkers warmly congratulated Mr. Knickerbocker but flayed the Post for attempting by sensational headlines to make his 24 neat rifle shots sound like a big gun cannonade. The essence of *Fighting the Red Trade Menace* is this: Mr. Knickerbocker proves conclusively that no nation or group of nations is putting up a real fight against Soviet competition or dumping.

**Fight-Minded Finland.** After stalking over all Europe, Mr. Knickerbocker found only one nation with the *seesaw* (guts) to fight Soviet traders, namely Finland.\* In Helsingfors, the resolute Finnish populace was found to be building poison-gasproof rooms in private homes, factories, hotels and hospitals. The idea: Leningrad is only one hour by plane from Helsingfors. At any moment a Soviet air fleet may appear over the Finnish capital, loose gas bombs. On hotel tables at Helsingfors are round green receptacles for coins. A sign on each beseeches: "Give your bit for gas defense!"

**Refreshing Ryti.** Conscientious, metic-

\**Seesaw*, it was explained to me by a Finnish scholar, writes Mr. Knickerbocker, "is simply Finnish for that quality which the English call 'intestinal fortitude,' and Americans call 'guts.' In the Finnish scholar's terms it is 'the unconscious capital of a man after he has exhausted his conscious resources.'"

ulous, Mr. Knickerbocker states that he does not think Soviet Russia will attack in the near future either Finland or any other country. He discounts the Finnish gas scare 99%, but he hails Chairman Risto Ryti of the Bank of Finland as "most refreshing . . . after two months'



RISTO RYTI

International

*He is the man who has the seesaw.*

experience of listening to the complaints and pleas of businessmen in other parts of Europe for governmental protection and international protection, but above all for protection by somebody else against Russian dumping."

Mr. Ryti's advice to businessmen is: "Protect yourselves. Undersell the Russians!"

Said he: "We [Finns] cannot withdraw from the [lumber] market. We must fight for it. But people say that we cannot compete with Russia owing to the economic methods employed by that country. We must, however, do so, and we can do so with hopes of success. We have many technical advantages. Our forests are better situated, our waterways are better and shorter, our men and horses are better provisioned, and the skill and efficiency of our workers are higher than those of the conscripted workers of Russia."

"Even Russia does not get her timber for nothing, and the deeper they cut the further they must go for their timber, and even if Russia cared nothing for making profit the fall in the price of timber comes at a very inconvenient time for her. Its effect on the success or non-success of the Five-Year Plan can be great."

"Every fall in timber prices will affect Russia's trade balance and hinder the realization of the Five-Year Plan."

Ironically Mr. Knickerbocker notes that even fight-minded, lumber-growing Finland bought \$2,000,000 worth of Soviet timber last year, although "this, it was explained to me, was nearly all bought by one man, who has been severely criticized for doing so."

Thus even Finland, in which alone Mr. Knickerbocker found the guts to fight, is not presenting a united fight-front to Soviet competition.

**Is There a Menace?** On his travels Mr. Knickerbocker saw such menacing sights as 14 kinds of Soviet spaghetti underselling the Italian product in Milan. He saw at Riga, Latvia, a Soviet-built Fordson tractor offered at a lower price than the genuine Fordson. But Mr. Knickerbocker did not conclude that either Henry Ford or the Italian spaghetti industry is "menaced."

Mr. Ford, as able, meticulous Mr. Knickerbocker learned, has protested to the Soviet Government, with the result that Soviet-built Fordsons will probably not be sold outside Russia—not at least until Mr. Ford has fulfilled his \$30,000,000 contract with Moscow, thus strengthening by that much the Soviet Power. Thus if Henry Ford is potentially menaced by Soviet Russia, he is now asking as loud as he can for what he is going to get.

In Italy, Mr. Knickerbocker reported, the ordinary businessman has never heard of the Five-Year Plan. *Il Duce* favors trade with Russia. He controls the Italian press.

In the Netherlands, too, Mr. Knickerbocker found shrewd Dutchmen only too content to buy whatever Russians will dump cheap.

**Tory Hypocrites.** In Great Britain, U. S. Reporter Knickerbocker reported hypocrisy: Tories squawking in the House of Commons about Soviet dumping of a few tons of candy, soap and "two shiploads of butter"; but the same Tory element eager to sell spinning and weaving machinery to Soviet Russia which, eventually, must depress further the sore-depressed textile industry of Lancashire. This depression Mr. Knickerbocker dramatized thus: in 1913 exports of British cotton piece goods exceeded seven billion square yards; last year they were less than two and one-half billion square yards!

Much of this drop was due of course to St. Gandhi's Indian boycott of British goods. Commander Locker-Lampson, British M. P. (Conservative) has said (without adding a shadow of proof): "Russian rubles would be found in the pockets of Mr. Gandhi if he wore breeches like the rest of us!" Ably Mr. Knickerbocker notes that British Tories always thus hurl their anti-Soviet charges without proof, that Laborite MacDonald is one of the few statesmen to document what he says about Russia.

**Conclusion.** "All the important nations of Europe," Mr. Knickerbocker concludes, "have embraced 'the Red Trade Menace.' . . . America is scarcely more popular as a commercial force in Europe than is the Soviet Union, and if Europe were to achieve the incredible and unite it would unite as well against the United States as against Soviet Russia."

"Not one great European nation or important taker of Soviet goods has put down an embargo, nor has this investigation revealed the slightest likelihood that

## Foreign News—(Continued)

they will do so. . . . They have not put down embargoes because the majority interests and majority of population of Europe have not suffered but benefited by cheap Soviet oil and timber. They have not done so because Soviet exports hit almost no country in its home markets but only in its foreign markets, over which it has no control."

As a final fillip to his series, Mr. Knickerbocker expresses confidence that Europe has abandoned or will abandon or has never tried such weapons as: 1) War; 2) Embargo; 3) Import restriction by license; 4) Setting up a Capitalist foreign trade monopoly to oppose the Soviet foreign trade monopoly.

"There remains," declares Pulitzer Prize Knickerbocker, "Solution No. 5: unrestricted trade with the Soviet Union. This, in substance, is Europe's choice."

## SPAIN

## Wisdom in Reverse

Spain's most "picturesque" citizens—her most old fashioned ones—inhabit the sunny southlands upon which are sprinkled such romantic cities as Seville, Granada, Cordoba, Cadiz. In joint session at Seville last week the governors of Spain's sunniest provinces decided that something must be done at once to end unemployment.

They did that something. They decreed that hereafter "no tractor or other mechanical farm implement" shall be used in southern Spain. With farm machinery at a standstill there will be work for many, many farmhands—so reasoned the picturesque governors. Their decree, of course, is Russia's Five Year Plan in reverse. Spain has just become a Republic, but her sunny south is incurably reactionary.

## Jews Free

Every child knows the couplet:

*In fourteen hundred and ninety-two  
Columbus sailed the ocean blue.*

But not every child knows that,

*In fourteen hundred and ninety-two  
Spain banished each and every Jew.*

On her knees (a few months before Columbus sighted America) pious Queen Isabella implored the blessing of Heaven for a royal edict by which King Ferdinand: 1) banished all Jews and other heretics from Spain; 2) decreed that his remaining subjects must actively practice the Catholic religion.

Tireless Torquemada was appointed by Ferdinand & Isabella to enforce the decree as Grand Inquisitor. He and his Holy Inquisition succeeded as few men have ever succeeded since the world began. Their work endured for more than 400 years. Not until last week was a Jewish couple married by a rabbi in Madrid "publicly."

The term is relative. Moses Cohen, 29, was married in his apartment to Rachel Ventura, 22, "publicly" in the sense that their intention was known. They were married "privately" in the sense that Moses Cohen's apartment is above a restaurant and a modiste shop and all Moses

Cohen's window curtains were tightly drawn "because of the heat." There being no rabbi in Spain, the service was performed by a Moroccan banker, Rabbi Menahem Corias.

As a test case the wedding was a success. There was no riot. Said the bride, leaning on Moses Cohen's arm, "We are



POPE PIUS XI

"Thank God that His Holiness rules . . . so valiantly"—Cardinal Hayes

both descendants of Jewish families who were expelled from Spain in the time of Queen Isabella."

Thus people realized, last week, the unique continuity of Grand Inquisitor Torquemada's work in Spain. Queen Isabella was no more and possibly less pious than His Most Catholic Majesty King Alfonso XIII, now ousted (TIME, April 27). In every crisis Alfonso XIII turned for intercession to the Holy Virgin. When a Cabinet was sworn in by His Majesty it was always before the Crucifix and two twinkling candles (TIME, March 2). He never permitted Protestants to build places of worship in Spain in the form of a church or to advertise or indicate by any sign the places where they did worship. Jews, more harshly treated, had but three secret synagogues in all Spain. Celebration of a Jewish marriage was a criminal offense.

Jews believe that Catholic Alcalá Zamora, Spain's new Provisional President, has in his veins a trace of Jewish blood. Last week when Pedro Cardinal Segura y Saenz, Archbishop of Toledo, returned from a visit to Pope Pius XI and attempted to slip into Spain, he was caught by police of the Zamora Government, detained under virtual arrest at Guadalajara, "asked to leave Spain."

ITALY-PAPAL STATE  
Pontiff's Week

¶ Through his local bishops Pope Pius XI placed under interdict (cut off from rites of Mother Church) the towns of Afragola, Niciarto and Mirabella last week. Well these townsmen knew that *Il Duce* had closed Catholic clubs throughout Italy (TIME, June 8) and that *Il Papa* had forbidden religious processions as a protest gesture. But *Duce* or no *Duce*, *Papa* or no *Papa*, the townsmen paraded their saints.

Worst offender against Pius XI was Afragola (population 50,000). A mob of 5,000 rushed the local monastery, demanded the wooden statue of St. Anthony with intent to parade it.

Monks slammed the monastery doors in the mob's face. Cursing the monks, the scalawags rushed off to a carpenter shop where another statue of St. Anthony was roughly hewn. This they paraded, cheering, praying, stuffed a hole in the statue's side with paper money (some of it U. S. dollar bills sent home by emigrants).

¶ Padua has just built two new hotels, hopes for big pilgrim trade during the 700th Anniversary Year of St. Anthony of Padua which began last week. Pilgrims particularly like parades. But Padua obeyed the order of Pius XI: "No parades!"

¶ Italy is the Pope's footstool but the world is his parish. To the Vatican last week came ex-Empress Zita of Austria-Hungary. It was necessary for the Pope to listen for hours to her plans to revive the Hungarian crown (once a bulwark of the Papacy) in favor of her handsome young son "Little Otto" (TIME, Dec. 1).

¶ Pope Pius does not propose to be treated by Orthodox Princess Ileana of Rumania and her mother Dowager Queen Marie as he was by Orthodox Tsar Boris of Bulgaria. His Orthodox Majesty, after marrying a daughter of Catholic King Vittorio Emanuele in Italy by Papal Dispensation (TIME, Nov. 3), remarried his Tsarina in Sofia with Orthodox rites (TIME, Nov. 10).

Last week Pius XI granted dispensations for the marriage of Rumania's Orthodox Ileana to Austria's Catholic Archduke Anton von Habsburg with two limitations: there must be only one marriage (Catholic); and Orthodox Ileana must rear all children she may have as Catholics.

¶ Hot home to the Pontiff from Lithuania came Papal Internuncio Monsignor Bartolini whom the Lithuanian Government had declared *persona non grata*. Despatches from Kovno, Lithuanian Capital, accused Monsignor Bartolini of "interfering in Lithuanian cultural and educational affairs."

¶ Mrs. Nicholas Frederic Brady, executive chairman of the U. S. Girl Scouts, had audience with His Holiness.

¶ From Manhattan, Patrick Cardinal Hayes cabled "... Thank God that His Holiness rules the Church of God so valiantly."



## Foreign News—(Continued)

### NORWAY

#### Porsgrund Outrage

In law-abiding Norway mob resistance to policemen is all but unknown. Suddenly last week 1,000 water front workers, on strike at Porsgrund, grew ugly, resisted 120 policemen, drove them back and back until they took refuge in a factory.

So alarmed in Oslo was Norwegian Premier Ludvig Kolstad by this outrage that he despatched to Porsgrund two destroyers, two minelayers, a company of the Royal Guard, a machine gun battery and police bomb squads. Not content with even these precautions, Premier Kolstad called conscripts in and around Porsgrund, thereby compelling a majority of the 1,000 strikers into the Norwegian Army. Should they resist further, they could be shot as deserters.

In Oslo 500 Communists, enraged by the Premier's stern action, mobbed and seriously injured four policemen.

The Government has good reason to be jumpy. For the last two months Norway has been weathering a nationwide lockout imposed by well-organized employers to force super-organized labor unions to accept wage cuts of 15%.

Last week Norwegian union funds were just beginning to run low, Norwegian union leaders were trying to borrow from Danish and Swedish unions.

Norwegian industries at a standstill last week were: shipyards, textiles, leather, tobacco, pulp, paper, rubber, soap, shoes, electro-chemicals, chocolate, clothing, sawmills, building trades, electrical and printing industries.

### JUGOSLAVIA

#### Caged Pribichevich

In Belgrade last week sleek, bespectacled, fussy-dressed King Alexander was hotly besieged by his former family friends the Pribicheviches.

Milan Pribichevich, Valerian Pribichevich, Adam Pribichevich—potent brothers all—all demanded audience at the Royal Palace. Telegrams poured in from members of the Independent ("Pribichevich") Democratic party. But to all appeals King Alexander remained deaf. He would not, to please the Three Brothers Pribichevich, release from custody last week Brother No. 4: that great Croatian Statesman Svetozar Pribichevich, "one of the founders of Yugoslavia" (founded 1920).

The custody in which Brother Svetozar Pribichevich languished was peculiar. He was not in jail, but in a hospital. He did not particularly mind being in a hospital. What enraged all the Pribicheviches was the Government's announced resolve to banish Brother Svetozar Pribichevich for a second time to the tiny Serbian village of Brus, 20 miles from the nearest railway. When told last week that he would be sent back to Brus, Svetozar Pribichevich, a small, lean man, dramatically went on a hunger strike.

Wailed Mme Bosilka Pribichevich: "My Svetozar will die! He will die!"

"Svetozar," cried Col. Milan Pribichevich, "will die rather than yield!"

"Svetozar will never yield to the Dictatorship!" cried Adam Pribichevich.

By "the Dictatorship" is meant King Alexander's concentration of almost all power in the hands of himself and hard-eyed, hard-jawed General Pera Zivkovich. Prime Minister (TIME, Feb. 11, 1929). When Founder Svetozar Pribichevich saw the Croats playing a poor second to the Serbs in the new government, he promptly protested, was banished to Brus. There he would have remained but for another, a more potent founder: Professor Thomas Garrigue Masaryk.

Professor Masaryk founded not Jugoslavia but neighboring Czechoslovakia of which he has been first and only President. Founders, he thinks, should stand together like kings. Banish one founder and you

### FRANCE

#### 13th President

In the sumptuous palace of a courtesan (Madame de Pompadour) the 13th President of France was inaugurated on Saturday the 13th last week, swore no oath, placed his finger tips upon no Bible.

Women had no part in the Presidential drama. Mme Doumergue, 12-day bride of the outgoing President, impatiently awaited the bridegroom at her rural estate near Toulouse. Mme Doumer, wife of the incoming President, ate lunch with her husband on the great day—no more.

At 2 p. m. a cavalcade of the *Garde Républicaine* pranced and clattered up to the Little Luxembourg Palace, in which are the sumptuous apartments of the



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THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE, WIFE & GRANDDAUGHTERS

When food was scarce, he was poor.

injure the dignity, the prestige of all founders.

Sternly President Masaryk intimated to King Alexander that it simply would not do to keep Svetozar Pribichevich at Brus. Result: he was transferred to the Belgrade Hospital, one of the cleanest and most pleasant places in Belgrade. To help her husband get out Mme Bosilka Pribichevich presently announced: "I have gone on a hunger strike"

"So have I!" promptly declared Colonel Milan Pribichevich.

"We have also!" cried Adam Pribichevich next day, speaking for himself and Valerian Pribichevich.

Jugoslav papers, barred by the Government from printing a single word of Pribichevich news, printed column-long stories last week about how King Alexander was making a "triumphant tour of upper Croatia."

President of the Senate. Here Mme and M. Paul Doumer have lived for the past four years. Last week, only four days before President-Elect Doumer's inaugural, he resigned as President of the Senate (which elected as its new President Senator Albert Lebrun). As the horses stamped and swished their tails in the courtyard last week, Premier Pierre Laval arrived. He and President-Elect Doumer then motored slowly (so that the *Garde Républicaine* could keep up) to the Palace of the Elysée.

In this palace have slept Madame de Pompadour, the Emperor Franz Josef, Tsar Alexander I, Queen Victoria and the Sultan Abdul Aziz—though not all at the same time. Here Napoleon Bonaparte signed his second abdication as Emperor of the French. Here since 1873 have slept the twelve Presidents of the French Republic.



## Foreign News—(Continued)

Two have died in office: Sadi Carnot and Félix Faure. Six have resigned: Adolphe Thiers (1st President), Marshal MacMahon and Alexandre Millerand under political pressure; Jules Grevy because of scandalous traffic by his son-in-law in Legion of Honor decorations; Jean Casimir-Perier because he was "irked by the restrictions upon the President"; and Paul Deschanel when his health broke down.

Only four of the twelve Presidents have completed their seven-year terms: Emile Loubet, Armand Fallières, Raymond Poincaré and Gaston Doumergue. If the President is a snooper he can have great fun—for a duplicate of every letter, telegram or cablegram received by the French Foreign Office goes by right and custom to the Elysée.

At the Elysée as the *Garde Républicaine* clattered up last week, MM. Doumer and Laval alighted, there waited impatiently Bridgroom Doumergue. He was not going to stay for the whole ceremony, had given fair warning that he would make the next train for Toulouse.

Solemnly Doumer faced Doumergue. In one minute flat the retiring President made his speech of welcome. In one minute flat the new President replied. Both then signed a document which officially transferred the Presidential Mandate. But that was not all.

Portentously the Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, General Yvon Du-bail, approached President Doumer bearing the red cordon and Grand Collar of the Legion of Honor, a collar made of 15 gold medallions, 13 of them inscribed with the name of a President of France.

"Monsieur le Président," said General Dubail, bestowing the cordon and collar on M. Doumer, "we recognize you as Grand Master of the Legion of Honor."

Man can say no more. Conceived by the Emperor Napoleon, the Legion of Honor is French honor incarnate—and to the Latin honor is all. As a supreme honor to Emperor Napoleon the original Grand Collar reposes in his tomb. The President of France wears only a duplicate. Man can do no more.

"I was Hungry." Off to catch his train dashed Bridgroom Doumergue. Thus he broke the tradition that the retiring President drives with the new President to catch formally upon the "Mayor of Paris" (President of the Municipal Council), Count Jean de Castellane at the "City Hall" (Hotel de Ville).

In his fairly long speech at the Hotel de Ville, last week, white-haired, white-bearded President Doumer recalled the fall of Sedan in 1870 and the ensuing siege of Paris.

"I was in Paris then," said M. le Président who was born in Auvergne, "and I was hungry. Food during the siege was scarce and dear. I was a boy and I was poor. . . ."

"In 1914, as a man already old, I was witness to the courage, gaiety and fortitude of Paris under the German bombardment!"

Back to the Elysée drove President Doumer to receive the resignation of Pre-

mier Laval and his Cabinet. As custom decrees M. Doumer asked M. Laval to form on the spot a "new" Cabinet exactly like the old. He did so. He could then say: "I have been twice Premier of France."

Enter Madame Doumer—as the statesmen depart. This good lady declined last week to move at once into the Elysée. By her actions, not by words, she showed that she thought M. Doumergue during his six years and 11½ months of bachelor residence at the Elysée had been about as good a housekeeper as most bachelors are.

The Doumers did not actually move in until the Elysée had been furiously swept, scrubbed, dusted for two days. After this preliminary assault, General Housekeeper Mme Doumer will lead a frontal attack on the old palace by painters, paperers, floor-waxers, basement-scrubbers, water-spout fixers.

## GERMANY

### Ballyhooer's Return

Exactly what Chancellor Heinrich Brüning might have expected when he ballyhooed Germany's fiscal depression and growing radicalism on his visit to England, came to pass last week.

Citizens of the U. S.—world's quickest reactors to ballyhoo—instantly began withdrawing short term credits from Germany. During the week it was estimated that \$100,000,000 of U. S. credits were withdrawn. German businessmen were furious. Stocks fell on Berlin 'change. In certain Berlin banking circles U. S. correspondents were told:

"Your bankers have no nerve. It is a world calamity that America dominates the money market. Your bankers, who deplore a run on their banks at home, are starting an irresponsible run of their own on Germany."

"Brüning crack up!" To take a calm view of the Germany which faced Chancellor Heinrich Brüning and Foreign Minister Julius Curtius on their return to Berlin last week indeed took nerve.

The German press, virtually without exception, was thundering against Chancellor Brüning's "emergency decree," issued in his absence by President von Hindenburg. Its upping of the income tax, gasoline tax, tobacco tax; its slashing of the wages of state employees and the unemployment dole; finally an impression that "Iron Cross" Brüning had written his decree with a ruthlessness fanatic & unfeeling—all this profoundly displeased the German populace.

In Berlin it was not necessary to haricade any streets against rioters. In Hamburg, Kassel and Frankfurt-am-Main it was.

In Kassel a policeman was killed and a 90-year-old shoemaker shot dead as he watched the riot from his window. In Hamburg five people were wounded. In Bremen rioters stoned policemen, belabored them with short lengths of drain-pipe. In Mühlheim six Communists and a police captain were seriously injured. In Berlin order was preserved and bloodshed

prevented only by heroic measures. Exemplified when 12,000 Communists mass met at the *Sportsplatz*, perspiring policemen patted and searched every one of the 12,000 for arms. As Drs. Brüning and Curtius rode through Berlin on their return Fascists jeered them yelling:

"Germany wake up! Brüning crack up!"

"Freedom & Bread!" Not without reason is Dr. Brüning called new Germany's "Iron Chancellor." He stood like iron against demands from his own Catholic Center Party that Dr. Curtius be "sacrificed" to the mob, dropped from the Cabinet.

Even Dr. Curtius' own People's Party seemed to want to get rid of him (his popularity has waned since he "bungled" the Austro-German customs union scheme). At a hectic midnight meeting the People's Party caucus ignored pleas by Dr. Curtius and President Luther of the Reichsbank, voted stubbornly and contrarily to desert the Brüning Cabinet, desert Dr. Curtius and go into Opposition. That amazing act shook the Iron Chancellor's nerve. He began to hint to the Socialists (Germany's largest party) that his emergency decree is "subject to amendment."

Leaving this bait behind, Chancellor Brüning hopped onto a train for Neudeck in East Prussia. There among very green trees stands a very red house, built of old red tiles and red plaster by direction of its occupant, Old Paul von Hindenburg.

Earnestly President and Chancellor talked. There was stirring, they knew, among the politicians in Berlin a demand that the Reichstag—now in recess—be convened. Should this be done it would upset the Brüning program of ruling Germany by Presidential decree as a semi-dictator while the Reichstag is not in session. Young Heinrich, 46, told Old Paul, 83, that the steering committee of the Reichstag was about equally divided as to whether the Reichstag should be called or not. What to do?

Old Paul did all he could. He sent Young Heinrich back to Berlin with the word that HINDENBURG did NOT favor convening the Reichstag. As the steering committee prepared to meet, it faced not only the President's potent advice but a dire threat by Dr. Brüning. Desperately he threatened to dissolve the Reichstag rather than allow it to meet.

This would mean new elections—with Germany in ferment. It would certainly mean large Communist gains, might mean a Fascist landslide.\* In his Munich bailiwick last week Fascist Adolf Hitler said: "On the day of [Fascist] victory the German people will be given a new emergency decree which will put them in a position to say:

"We won't pay any longer, for the Germany of today is different from the Germany of yesterday. Dire distress brought us back to our senses and therein lies our power and might and our right to freedom and bread!"

\*The Fascist Party is already second largest.

## Foreign News—(Continued)

### RUMANIA

#### "Modern Kingship"

Closer and closer last week, Carol II edged from Kingship to Dictatorship. He announced that hereafter he will attend every session of the Cabinet. He called



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MAGDA LUPESCU

Majesties hogged.

to his royal palace his old leering tutor, Professor Nicholas Jorga (the new Prime Minister) and other members of the new Cabinet. To them he said: "I have now found a group of men—yourselves—with whose co-operation I hope to realize my ideals!"

To this Premier Jorga, well coached, responded: "Your Majesty's activities will not be restricted by any respect for obsolete formalities. . . . Modern kingship is founded, in the first place, upon the concentration in itself of forces for the good of the country. . . . Consequently, it is necessary to sweep away pseudo-democratic prejudices, for every politician realizes that a group of altruistic but wise men can achieve much more than the whole structure of a democracy. . . ."

The first act of the altruistic-but-wise men and King Carol last week was to decree that hereafter 10% shall be the maximum interest payable by any rural debtor in Rumania. Heretofore village loan sharks have bled many a hard-pressed farmer to economic death by loans at 60% plus.

#### Magda v. Helen

World's No. 1 courtesan today is Mme Magda Lupescu, red-haired Jewish mistress of King Carol II.

Pressure by Courtesan Magda to oust Queen Helen (not merely from power but physically from Rumania) has been merciless for months. Not long ago an English friend of the hard-pressed Queen received

word from her that "surrender seems inevitable." Last week Bucharest buzzed with the rumored terms of surrender: Queen Helen was said to have demanded a capital sum which would yield \$40,000 in annual interest. His Majesty was said to be beating Her Majesty down, offering "\$40,000 a year guaranteed by the Rumanian Government"—a totally different thing.

By no means rich is the mother of King Carol's private secretary. But last week this good woman bought a palace in Bucharest for \$65,000. It is intended, affirmed rumor, for Courtesan Magda. No lover of stuffy boudoirs, this healthy, active woman, daughter of a Jewish junkman named Wolff, who became Carol's mistress in 1919, is happiest in the out-of-doors. Therefore a small army of laborers was promptly put to work at altering the palace, re-landscaping its handsome park.

### BULGARIA

#### Rain

Throughout Bulgaria last week it rained. Score:

Bulgarian bridges swept away by floods: 50.

Bulgarians drowned in the floods: 15.  
Bulgarians struck dead by lightning: 10.

### TURKEY

#### Coffee Quarrel

At the Battle of Magnesia in 190 B.C. two potent Roman legions worsted the hordes of King Antiochus, won the decisive victory which placed all Asia Minor under the *Pax Romana*.

Last week in ancient Magnesia (called Minissa by modern Turks) irate coffee house owners banged shut the doors of their coffee houses, bolted, barred and made them fast.

Magnesians, to whom a coffee house is the equivalent of a saloon (pious Mohammedans are total abstainers), wandered wistfully about the streets, gossiped loudly, cursed Dictator Mustafa Kemal Pasha under their breath.

By the Dictator's decree, a tax equivalent to two U. S. cents has been laid on each cup of coffee served in a Turkish coffee house. Dictator Kemal, not pious, tipsles champagne frequently. So potent is he, however, that last week only ancient Magnesia resisted the coffee tax. In all Turkey, only Magnesian coffee houses were shut.

### VENEZUELA

#### Gomez' Joke

In Venezuela gnarled, 74-year-old General Juan Vicente Gomez is still IT. By a freak Constitutional amendment (passed at his behest) he is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and is not responsible to the President of Venezuela. Presumably by General Gomez' order last week the Venezuelan Congress demanded, received and accepted by unanimous vote the resignation of President Juan Bautista Perez,

elected only two years ago for a seven-year term.

In Peru, where Dictator Augusto B. Leguia was last year deposed (TIME, Sept. 8) a leading Lima paper *La Prensa* commented last week: "General Gomez makes 'Presidents' and maintains them in office until he is bored by the joke. . . . Joking aside, the tyranny in Venezuela has such a grotesque aspect that we must congratulate ourselves that even in the worst of the Leguia regime we did not have anything like it!"

### JAPAN

#### Canal's Kahn

The South Manchuria Railway is Japan's Panama Canal. She holds it by treaty & might. It is a vital artery of Japan's trade, tapping the rich Chinese territory of Manchuria in which so many thousands of Japanese farmers have settled. Japan ought to have done years ago what she did last week—namely, appointed a President of the South Manchuria Railway who is above party strife.

Previous presidents have been appointed by their party when it won control of the



International

COUNT UCHIDA

No railroader is nobler.

Government, have lost their jobs when the Opposition party managed to seize power. But last week Japan made President of the South Manchuria Railway her august, aloof Count Yasuya Uchida.

The Count, who reminds one of a Japanese Otto Kahn, dresses with extreme care, has exquisite taste & tact, has been thrice Foreign Minister. He has also been a member of the Son of Heaven's august Privy Council. He is above party and by far the highest ranking citizen of Japan ever placed in charge of her Panama Canal.

Tastefully, tactfully Count Uchida said last week: "My policies are three: preservation of Manchuria from civil war; an open door to trade and enterprise; and maintenance of Japan's treaty rights."

# Foreign News—(Continued)

## CHINA

### "A Cantonese, Suh!"

Dr. C. C. Wu is a Chinese southern gentleman.

Southern gentlemen are alike in this toast: the South, may she always be right; but the South right or wrong.

Last week Dr. C. C. Wu, Chinese Minister at Washington, did a Robert E. Lee. Since 1929 he has represented the "Chinese Government" which is the "Nanking Government"—Nanking being a city in central China. Recently China's southern gentlemen in Canton staged a revolution (TIME, May 11), set up their own "Chinese Government."

As a southern gentleman Dr. Wu could only do what he did last week. He resigned as the Minister in Washington of central Nanking.

"I am a Cantonese," he explained, simply, as one explains, "I am a Virginian, Suh."

### Canton's Week

☛ Japan recognized the new revolutionary "Chinese Government" at Canton last week as a government *de facto*.

☛ Great Britain held up at Hongkong \$1,000,000 worth of munitions consigned to Canton.

☛ Relations between the three-week-old Canton Government and three-year-old Nanking Government (the one recognized as the *de jure* Government of China by all Great Powers) settled down last week to a threat of war plus an agreement to divide customs revenues.

While protesting the iniquity of Canton, Nanking agreed nevertheless to let



Underwood & Underwood  
KENTUCKY'S CHAN  
... still spoiling.

the Southerners collect customs revenues in their area without hindrance.

Nanking's purpose in this yielding what Canton had already seized was merely to preserve intact, so far as possible, the complicated customs collection machinery

in which numerous foreign experts function as important cogs. Cog A. C. E. Braud, the English Customs Commissioner at Canton, squeaked: "I accept this new arrangement under protest."

☛ Morris Abraham Cohen, English-born Jewish trick-shot pistol expert, was gazzetted by the Canton Government last week a Brigadier General. Brigadier General Cohen says he was born in London, says it with the accent and gestures of a New York East Sider. From 1921 until the death of great Dr. Sun Yat-sen in 1925, "Sure Shot" Cohen was the personal bodyguard of the Father of the Chinese Republic.

With General Cohen there also deserted to the new Canton Government last week Ace Bert Hall of Bowling Green, Ky. In 1913 Aviator Hall and his mechanic were Turkey's two-man air force in the Balkan War. When the World War broke Aviator Hall was in Paris, joined the Foreign Legion, left it later to help found the famed Lafayette Escadrille. He shot down nine German planes, was decorated seven times by Allied Governments. Aged 50 he is still spoiling for fights, picks plenty in China, where he is "General Chan."

Until recently "General Chan" fought for Nanking under General Chang Hui-chang, Commander-in-chief of the Nanking air force. Last week in Canton General Chang Hui-chang took office as Commander-in-chief of the Canton air force. Cried loyal "General Chan," "Our Canton air force is superior to Nanking's, both in pilots and in number of planes!"

### New President, New Slaughter

Marshal Chiang Kai-shek was re-elected President of China last week—not by the Chinese people, for they have no vote, but by the fifth Congress of his "People's Party" in Nanking.

Up to last week President Chiang had not kept his promise to march inland from Nanking and exterminate China's Communist Generals or personally die in the attempt. But last week Chiang's Government admitted that the Communist Generals have recently "slaughtered or otherwise disposed of 20,000 Government troops in a series of encounters in Kiangsi, Hunan and Fukien provinces." Promiser Chiang promised to send 200,000 troops to rout the Reds.

Re-elected with President Chiang was his great fiscal backer Finance Minister T. V. Soong, potent Shanghai banker and head of the "Soong Dynasty" which rules all central China from behind what its enemies call "Nanking's rocco facade."

### Dastard & Venerable Mother

China's No. 1 dastard, Marshal Chang Tsung-chang, who robbed & raped his way around and around famed Shantung province two years ago (TIME, April 8, 1929), emerged last week from his retirement at Beppu, Japanese hot-spring resort.

Traveling with a suite which included his Venerable Mother, three of his numerous wives, half a dozen of his staff members and his suites, Marshal Chang

steamed over to Dairen, Manchuria—his usual jumping off place for a plunder-raid on China.

To meet Dastard Chang in Dairen came representatives of China's two highest-minded, purest-hearted itinerant warriors: the "Christian Marshal" Feng Yu-hsiang, and Marshal Yen Hsi-shan, former



CHAMPION BAD CHINAMAN

Except for having shot the Emperor's cousin, his recent behavior has been exemplary.

"Model Governor" of Shansi Province (TIME, Sept. 29).

Previously, high-minded, pure-hearted Feng & Yen have fought Chang. But last week they seemed to have something to discuss with the dastard, extortion, mass-murderer and Champion Bad Chinaman. Marshal Chang's behavior in Japan has been exemplary except for having shot, from the window of his hotel, the ex-Emperor of China's cousin, suspected of having fiddled about in the Marshal's harem.

### "On the Tires"

Newsstories that he had died of typhoid fever made Marshal Chang Hsueh-Liang, Vice-Commander of the Nanking Government's Army & Navy, sit up and take notice in the Rockefeller Hospital at Peking last week. Among other things typhoid-convalescent Chang noticed that the first motor truck ever built in China had snorted out of his great arsenal in Mukden.

Engine, gears and other complicated parts of Chang's truck were imported from the U. S.; but his arsenal made the steel wheels, frame, radiator and other simple parts. Said a spokesman for China's first truck:

"This is Model 100. We are preparing for an output at the plant of five Model 100's each month, each having a rated load on the tires of 10,000 pounds. We shall also make each month ten Model 75's, each having a rated load on the tires of 7,500 pounds."

## C I N E M A

## Chatter v. Lies

That the distinction between chattering and lying was one too delicate to be perceived by many cinema executives became apparent again last week in a recrudescence of a major controversy concerning the services of Cinematress Ruth Chatterton.

Last January, Warner Bros. announced that they had signed contracts with, among others, two prominent Paramount stars, Ruth Chatterton and William Powell. "Chatter-Chippies"—female reporters of

chippies because, 1) she is so far the only failed female stage-star to make an even greater success in talkies than she had previously made on the stage; 2) she has probably made more successful talkies than any other cinematress.

## Bow Out

The troubles of Cinematress Clara Bow really began when Benjamin P. Schulberg, Paramount's Western managing director of production, then associate producer, signed her to make silent cinemas in 1925. She was then a well-stuffed Brooklyn redhead with a Coney Island character. Two years later, when she had been the incarnation of Author Elinor Glyn's *It*, she was the most famed cinematress in the U. S. She had her name made into a big electric sign for her father to hang outside his Brooklyn restaurant.

Her troubles began in earnest a little more than a year ago. First, she was reported to have settled a large sum of cash on the wife of a Dr. Earl Pierson. Next, her engagement to Cabaretist Harry Richmond was announced, over-publicized, abruptly broken. She lost \$13,500 gambling at Calneva, Nev., and refused to pay. Finally came the trial of her thieving secretary, Daisy de Bow, who, in the effort to make it seem that her character had suffered from proximity to Cinematress Bow, revealed that Clara Bow played poker six nights a week, bought herself a \$10,000 engagement ring, gave rings and watches to her men friends—of whom Secretary de Bow mentioned Richman, Pierson, Gary Cooper, Lothar Mendez, Rex Bell. A Hollywood publisher of a weekly tabloid, Frederic H. Girma, then printed Bow anecdotes, was charged with sending obscene matter through the mails. After the case was tried, Cinematress Bow suffered a second nervous breakdown, had to stop work on *The Secret Call*, was taken to a sanatorium to rest.

Last week, when she was preparing to go to the ranch of friend Rex Bell for further recuperation, Executive Schulberg announced that Clara Bow's contract with Paramount, running till next October, had been cancelled at her request. Said he: "This ends a long and successful . . . affiliation. . . . We are all anxious to see you emerge as the greatest and most popular actress. . . ."

Clara Bow changed her dyed hair from its celebrated red to pale yellow to avoid recognition, dressed herself in jodhpurs, a silk polo shirt, a whip equipped with powder case. At Friend Bell's ranch she said: "I wanted my contract broken if Paramount saw fit so that I might get back on my feet again. . . . It's like leaving home to leave the studio after all these years, but I know it is the best thing for me to do." She declared that after resting, she would become a free lance again, mentioned screen offers from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Howard Hughes, a bid from the Shuberts in Manhattan, banded words regarding a 20-week stage tour at \$20,000 a week. Also, the "It Girl" announced with a straight face: "I am going to write the story of my life—everything that's happened since I was three years

old. I'm going to dedicate it to the Great American Public."

Observers wondered whether there would ever be any deals pending. They recalled the cases of:

The late Cinematress Mabel Normand, whose career suffered when her name was mentioned in connection with the mysterious murder of Director William Desmond Taylor, and later when her chauffeur shot Courtland Dines, wealthy stockbroker.

Cinematress Mary Miles Minter, whose retirement came also after Director Taylor's murder.

Cinematress Mary Nolan, who had to change her name from Imogene Wilson because of unfavorable publicity she received after Funnymen Frank Tinney blacked her eyes.

The late Aluma Rubens, who was swept off by a current of rumors that she was a drug addict.

## The New Pictures

**Chances** (First National) is a well-photographed, well-acted cinema which uses the War as a background for romance. Chief figures are two brothers and a girl with whom both are in love. She (Rose Hobart) falls in love with the more personable of the two (Douglas Fairbanks Jr.) when he is home on leave. When the other brother learns of it, he loses interest in the War and, feeling thoroughly cheated, does not greatly object to being killed. Before dying, he shakes hands with the lucky brother who, severely wounded, goes back to England and the girl. *Chances* might have been a better cinema if fewer shots of wheels, particularly wheels with



International

RUTH CHATTERTON

*They had her and held her.*

Hollywood studio gossip—became vastly excited, spoke of a war between Paramount and Warner Bros. Paramount executives remained calm, insisted that Cinematress Chatterton was still a Paramount star.

Nothing more was said about Paramount v. Warner re Chatterton till last spring when chatter-chippies relayed rumors that, at a quiet conference between Paramount and Warner executives, Warner Bros. had returned Ruth Chatterton to Paramount, agreed not to take her away. It was clear, by this time, that there was something in the situation which the reporters had failed to unearth but those familiar with the vagaries and deceptions of their sources supposed that the reporters were not to blame.

The Chatterton chatter became an uproar for the third time last week when Hearst-Chippy Louella O. Parsons reported that "Ruth Chatterton goes to Warner Bros. That is definite and final." Paramount announced that they had made arrangements to buy Author Philip Barry's stage success *Tomorrow and Tomorrow* to be made into Cinematress Chatterton's next talkie, stated that there had been no change in the situation since the agreement last spring. Warner Bros. officials refused to comment on the rumor.

Ownership of Cinematress Chatterton was a new question of interest to more than the gumchewing public of chatter-



HOBART &amp; FAIRBANKS

*. . . on treacherous ground.*

balloon tires, had been shown in those stenographic flashes which are as yet the only means the talkies have discovered to indicate motion from one place to another. Its somewhat sentimental story is by no means a novelty but the dialog is terse and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. has an English accent which, if he uses it at home, must make his father feel like a pants-presser.

Rose Hobart is a charming and intelligent actress, who is now on that treacherous middle ground between a successful debut (as Julie in *Liliom*) and stardom.



## A R T

By no means awed at this status, Cinemactress Hobart was in much the same position a year ago when, after making her second talkie (*A Lady Surrenders*), she returned to the stage whence she had been coaxed by Carl Laemmle Jr., who admired her in *Death Takes a Holiday*. Her face, not conventionally beautiful, photographs better when turned toward the camera than in profile. The charm of her low voice perfectly survives recording. Born Rose Kefer in Manhattan 25 years ago of musician parents (her father, a cellist; her mother, a singer) Miss Hobart was educated to be a concert pianist. Instead she became a proficient harpist. At 18 she married a theatrical scene designer, is now divorced. She is domestic, practical, thrifty; makes her own clothes, cooks well. She is a competent horsewoman, swimmer, diver.

**Night Angel** (Paramount). Director Edmund Goulding had too much respect for the story he had to tell, perhaps because he wrote it himself. It concerned a public prosecutor who befriends a pretty waif after he has caused her mother, a jolly old woman with bad connections, to be put in jail. Having befriended, he falls in love with her, kills a beer garden malefactor who mistreats her and is put on trial for murder. The waif gives the testimony which causes a jury to free him.

What Director Goulding wanted to do was to make a searching character study of everyone involved, to show the unhappy struggle with which the prosecutor attempted to justify to himself and the polite world in which he lived, an attachment for a seductive girl in an environment of thuggery and toss-potting. Like many another able artist, he attacked a theme too big for him. The result was a slow and trite melodrama, in which Fredric March, hampered by a small mustache and an air of being in a quandary, gave slow chase to Nancy Carroll who had so few opportunities to do anything that she became almost a permanent waif. Director Goulding laid the scene in Prague and used this as an excuse for producing, with elaborate shots of doorways, streets and stairways, a general air of German impressionism which would have been equally suitable to a wild west show. By bellyhooping this picture, Paramount only succeeded in making Nancy Carroll slightly ridiculous.

**I Take This Woman** (Paramount). Gary Cooper has the long mulish upper lip which, originally applauded under the nose of Bill Hart, has since become requisite for any cinemactor impersonating a taciturn but adventurous cowboy. In this picture, of which the formula was borrowed from Mary Roberts Rinehart, the cowboy so impresses an effete blonde playgirl (Carole Lombard) that, sent to her father's ranch for an alcohol holiday, she stays on, marries the cowboy, spends a hard winter on his cattle farm. At this point, the picture trails off into a string of absurdly erratic episodes. The blonde package goes home and takes up with an old admirer. The cowboy joins a rodeo and gets thrown off his horse. Playgirl and cowboy are reconciled for a conclusion which seems unnecessarily delayed.

## Story Picture

The paintings of Jacques Louis David carry the insignia of that austere and serious age which, now ignorantly identified with the flippancies of a decadent court, preceded and precipitated the French Revolution. Large somber canvases, they exclude flippancy and tell, with a dignified and almost Alexandrine rhythm, the most ennobling dramas of classical history—*The Rape of the Sabines*, *Leonidas at Thermopylae*, *The Oath of the*

he had to pay 60,000 francs for it. However, as Painter David had prophesied to his Emperor, M. de Trudaine refused all offers, said to Painter David: "I pray you to say to Napoleon that I esteem your work above any price." Disgruntled, Napoleon remarked, "It is necessary that I respect property," stopped trying to get the *Death of Socrates*.

A year or two after the completion of his *Socrates*, public enthusiasm for Painter David's sketch for the picture of *The Oath*



Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

## DAVID'S DEATH OF SOCRATES

Said Sir Joshua: "The greatest effort of art since the Sistine Chapel and the Stanze of Raphael."

*Horatii*, *Brutus*, *The Grief of Andromache* and, most somber and perhaps imposing of all, the *Death of Socrates*—called, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, "the greatest effort of art since the Sistine Chapel and the Stanze of Raphael."

Painted in 1787, twelve years after Artist David won the Prix de Rome, it relates, in the same mood of admiration, the story which was incorporated in perhaps the finest of Plato's dialogues—how Socrates, imprisoned after an unfair trial in which his sarcasm frightened but antagonized his judges, met death calmly, almost gaily. His illustration showed Socrates reaching for a cup of hemlock with one hand and pointing toward an ungracious sky with the other, while eight of his disciples, in attitudes of profound dejection, surrounded the couch on which he had composed himself for his final and most brilliant argument. A picture which, to an age which worshipped stoicism, had the emotional value of a Crucifixion, it achieved, like most of Painter David's works, immense success when it was first shown at the Paris Salon, later in the gallery of a M. de Trudaine who had commissioned it.

Years later, the Emperor Napoleon conceived the project of making a national collection of David's works in the Imperial Museum. He ordered Painter David to buy back the *Death of Socrates* even if

of the Tennis Court and his strong but not violent republicanism caused him to be elected to the September 1792 Convention. The next year, he voted for the death of Louis XVI. Later he became President of the Convention, found French inspiration for his pictures of historic catastrophes—*Last Moments of Lepelletier de Saint-Fermeau*, *Marat Assassinated*. When Napoleon became Emperor, Painter David portrayed him seated on a fiery horse, pointing the road to Italy.

After the return of the Bourbons in 1814 Painter David, deemed a regicide, was exiled. He retired to Brussels, where, renewing his interest in antiquity, he painted *Amor Quitting Psyche*, *Mars Disarmed by Venus*, rejected an offer to be made Minister of Fine Arts in Berlin and died in 1825.

Last week, Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art announced that it had bought the *Death of Socrates*, which able Critic-Artist Walter Pach last year found the heirs of M. de Trudaine ready to sell for a price which was not divulged. Said Curator of Paintings Bryson Burroughs: "Many today are repelled by . . . its smooth, unaccented surface, and tight handling, by its didacticism and sheer ineffectuality. But others who can overcome the impediments of fashionable taste . . . will appreciate its true and lasting merit. . . ."



## P E O P L E

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

Learning that Philanthropist & Mrs. **Edward Stephen Harkness** were staying at Claridge's Hotel, London, Their Majesties **George V & Queen Mary** hastened to send them a message. Next day, at the top of the Court Circular, high above the social arrangements of dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts, barons, appeared this item: "Mr. & Mrs. Edward Harkness had the honor of being received by the King and Queen this morning." Not greeted at a mere Court (there were two last week at which 19 U. S. women were presented), the Harknesses visited Their Majesties in their private study, chatted half an hour. Said the London *Times*: "The reception . . . may be accepted as a royal expression of gratitude felt by the British people for his benefactions, distinguished no less by the grace with which they were given than by their generous extent. . . ." Mr. Harkness said nothing.

When **Lord Louis Mountbatten**, cousin of George V, fell off his pony during a polo match at Roehampton, onetime **King Alfonso** of Spain quickly ran out on the field, helped carry him to the dressing rooms.

**Mahatma Gandhi** announced that when he attends the Federal Structures Committee meeting in London next September he will live in an East End poorhouse called Kingsley Hall and will appear before the King barefoot and clad in loincloth and shawl, weather permitting.

**Prince Svasti**, gracious, Westernized father of Queen Rambai Barni of Siam, went to a performance of *The Green Pastures* in Manhattan. Entering the theatre he spied a poor man and his wife who held a small baby in their arms. Prince Svasti stopped to admire the child, offered the man a roll of money. At first the man refused. Then he broke down, told the Prince that he had three more children, that he was jobless, about to be evicted from his home. When a crowd gathered, Prince Svasti took up a collection, persuaded the indigent pair to accept it.

At Yale's new Peabody Museum, the skeleton of **Brontosaurus excelsus**, a huge plant-eating dinosaur, was placed on formal exhibition by Director Richard Swann Lull.† Discovered in 1881 in the Como Bluff, near Medicine Bow (Wyo.),

\*In September 1930, Mr. Harkness placed \$100,000.000, with no strings attached, in the hands of five British trustees, the income to be distributed among British charities at the discretion of the trustees. Mr. Harkness has bestowed over \$100,000,000 in worthy causes.

(Other dinosaurs: double-beamed *Diplodocus* which measured 85 ft. along long tail and long neck; stocky *Brachiosaurus* which could look over a four-story building; the grapple *Leontosaurus*; spike-tailed *Spinosaurus* with a crest of bony armor-plate along his spine. Alligators and crocodiles are insignificant living relatives of the Dinosaurs who ruled the earth from 420 to 150 million years ago.



MR. HARKNESS

. . . topped the circular.

Yale's **Brontosaurus** was the first of its genus and species made known to science, is the type specimen. It is nearly 70 ft. long, weighs 6½ tons, is 120,000,000 years old. The skeleton remained unmounted until the University could provide a sufficiently large and substantial place for its display. Another smaller **Brontosaurus** is in Manhattan's American Museum of Natural History.

**Pelham Grenville Wodehouse**, famed English humorist, looked back over his year's connection with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film company, commented: "They paid me \$2,000 a week—\$104,000—and I cannot see what they engaged me for. . . . Twice during the year they brought completed scenarios of other people's stories to me and asked me to do some dialog. Fifteen or sixteen people had tinkered with those stories. The dialog was quite adequate. All I did was touch it up here and there. . . . They were extremely nice to me, but I feel as if I have cheated them. . . . It's all so unbelievable, isn't it?"

Visiting **Eva Le Gallienne**, actress-directrix of Manhattan's Civic Repertory Theatre, on her farm near Weston, Conn., was her good friend Actress **Josephine Hutchinson**. They went to the basement with a maid to light the gas water heater. The heater exploded, knocked Miss Le Gallienne unconscious, burned her and Miss Hutchinson severely. The maid, also scorched, ran for the gardener. The gardener put out the flames, took the three women to Norwalk hospital. The maid was found not seriously injured, the maids will recover without disfigurement.

Banker **James Alexander Stillman** of National City Bank arrived in England. Mindful that he is the father of two children by Mrs. Florence H. Leeds, one-

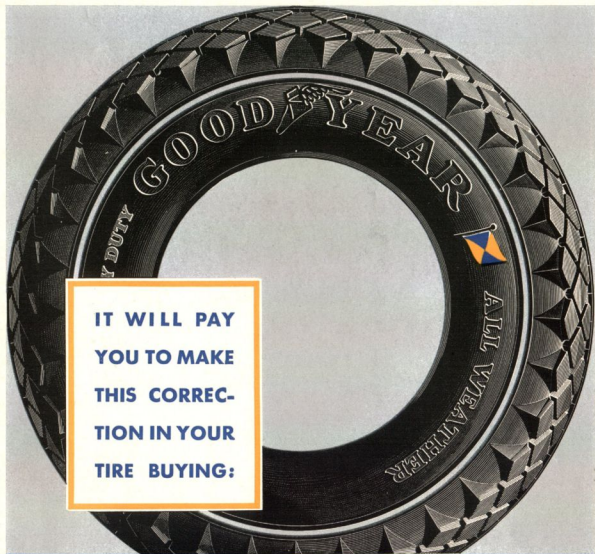
time chorus girl, newshawks asked him if he expected to fall in love again. "Well," said he, "English girls are very attractive—and who knows but maybe I shall. But if I do I shall not marry the girl."

**Jacob Gould Schurman**, longtime (1892-1920) president of Cornell, one-time (1925-29) Ambassador to Germany, turned over the new \$500,000 University Hall to the University of Heidelberg, where he was once a student. The building, for which Mr. Schurman collected the money, is made of white stone, stands at one side of University Platz, contains an elaborate "senate" room. It is the gift of 37 Americans in recognition of "Heidelberg's helpful service to our culture, science and civilization." Donors whose names were inscribed in a marble tablet included: **John Davison Rockefeller Jr.**, **James Speyer**, **Paul Moritz Warburg**, **William Averell Harriman**, **Walter Percy Chrysler**, **William Fox**. The Lord Mayor of Heidelberg announced that the city council had voted to name one of the town's streets *Schurmanstrasse*. The Gold Honor Plaque of the City of Baden was bestowed on Mr. Schurman by officials of that city.

**Leopold Stokowski**, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, returned to Paris from a brief Russian junket. Said he: "The people in the streets all walk quickly with grave, preoccupied faces; they do not smile. If they bump into each other they do not apologize. . . . In Moscow the Opera is magnificent. . . . Every department is perfect. . . . It alone seems to have escaped from politics, for the repertoire is the same as before the War. Children's theatres, which receive special government attention, are nothing but propaganda centres. In one I saw what were represented as aristocratic Red Cross nurses refusing to give common soldiers anything to drink and letting them die."

New York's Governor **Franklin Delano Roosevelt**, leading candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination, made news last week when he: 1) addressed the graduating class of Vassar College ("The class ignorance of the educated classes about governmental matters is . . . most appalling. . . . This letter I received from a lady, a college graduate, who wrote to her Governor to find out why her garbage wasn't removed"); 2) addressed, as a onetime student, the graduating class at smart Groton School ("I have received letters from men of foremost prominence who have asked me why their garbage is not collected every day"); 3) lunched momentarily with President-maker **Edward Mandell House**, Wilson's "silent partner," at Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

Aboard the steamship *Roma*, Mrs. **Charlotte Nash Nixon-Nirdlinger** returned to the U. S. from Nice, where a court had justified her killing her wealthy, elderly husband. Said she: "Sometimes I'm sorry that I am beautiful, considering all the trouble I've had over it." During the interview Baby Charlotte screamed and Son Fred, 4, beat Grandmother Nash on the head with a paper horn.



IT WILL PAY  
YOU TO MAKE  
THIS CORREC-  
TION IN YOUR  
TIRE BUYING:

....."I WILL BUY  
ONLY *the* ~~X~~ LEADING  
MAKE OF TIRE"..

"Say it with bricks, Boys"



SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS

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# — but the Scripps-Howard editor changed the war-cry to a peace petition

LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM

"Say it with bricks, boys. Heave 'em at every cab you see, no matter who's in it . . ." harangued a ringleader of striking taxi drivers in a city where Scripps-Howard publishes a newspaper.

"Heave away" . . . the cab companies speaking . . . "we're holding out."

Leaving the public right in the middle. Between the two embattled factions. The target for the bricks. For not only were cabs smashed and burned and rolled off cliffs, but bottles and bricks were actually hurled at every passing cab . . . and its innocent passenger.

200 people injured!

Mob violence ablaze.

And still both sides refusing to arbitrate.

Now Scripps-Howard sympathizes with labor and its problems . . . but has no sympathy for sabotage and violence. Sympathizes with invested capital and its problems . . . but not with an obstinate, obsolete attitude. And fights both with equal vigor when innocent outsiders are caught between the overt acts of the two.

So the whole power of this paper was thrown into an impartial attack upon

the tactics of strikers and owners alike.

Responding to the paper's editorial suggestion, the Mayor of the city ruled every taxicab off the streets. For six weeks the city went cabless.

And . . . brickless.

There is great persuasion in no profits and no wages. A practical demonstration of the truth of one editorial in the campaign . . . "The Public Has Rights." Owners and strikers came together and settled their disputes.

SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers seek no judge and jury role. They are newspapers, not reform bureaus nor arbitration boards. But a newspaper grows in exact proportion to the service it renders its readers. Not only in gathering the news, but in changing conditions that create news of danger to the public welfare and safety.

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## M E D I C I N E

## Big Meeting

Mayor Harry Arista Mackey of Philadelphia assured the American Medical Association convention there last week that Philadelphia was perfectly safe for them. The doctors did not investigate. They industriously streamed between the convention hall and their hotels. The hotels were overcrowded. The A. M. A. had forecast 5,000 doctors and their wives would attend the convention. About 7,500 appeared. The wives visited places and collected free samples. The husbands talked and listened to a practically unassimilable number of medical facts, of which some held attention, *viz*:

**Unhappy Wives** stimulated Robert Latou Dickinson, Manhattan gynecologist, to study marital discontent. He asked 1,000 married women certain impudent questions. As women will, they answered him. The women were "what may be called the cultural type . . . urban, of good family background, married to professional men of moderate income [e. g. physicians], each with one or two children. They were considered socially normal in the ordinary relationships of work and life."

The marital tales of 230 widows, divorcees and newly-marrieds he put aside as not being characteristic. Of the rest, 365 said they were not dissatisfied with married life; 30 said they did not know; 375 said they were downright dissatisfied.

The unhappy blamed their condition on early education and religious sexual taboos, on relatives-in-law, money, children (but most declared they wanted more), and on housekeeping. Some had had "a shock in childhood related to the sex side of life." But most of all, they complained of unsatisfactory marital sex-life, often due to faulty courtship of husbands. Said Dr. Dickinson: "Teaching men and women the medical art of love is one of the most important steps toward preventive medicine and better social adjustments."

The unhappy wives compensate themselves for their connubial discontent by going on shopping sprees; by taking up art, religion, morals, culture, society, politics; by being cute, girlish and kittenish, by nagging, by yammering.

**Dementia Praecox.** That extreme condition of dull wits and sluggish brain called dementia praecox (adolescent insanity) affects so many people in the U. S. that all the hospitals of the country could not contain them. Roy Graham Hoskins of Boston counted 140,000 in mental hospitals alone. The need for solution of the dementia praecox problem "is exigent," yet it "is being grossly neglected." Signs of this mental disease are constant melancholy and self-absorption. Bad cases behave like very young, helpless children.

Walter Freeman of Washington, brilliant young (36) chairman of the A. M. A. section on Nervous & Mental Diseases, suggested that dementia praecox may be a deficiency disease, comparable to scurvy or rickets. The brain may become unable to use the oxygen it requires. Supporting Dr. Freeman's suggestion is the fact that

lack of oxygen in the brain causes more or less evanescent dementias, as mountain sickness, carbon monoxide poisoning, partial suffocation, circulatory failure. If so, keeping the nitwit in the open air or in a chamber full of excess oxygen ought to help. Artificial fevers may stimulate oxygen absorption. Psychoneurologists are



International

DR. WALTER FREEMAN

He: Give the nitwit oxygen.

beginning to experiment along these lines. What gives them hope is that in epilepsy, although what initiates the fits is not known, there is a disturbance of the body's water balance. Regulating the epileptic's diet has kept him measurably free from seizures.

**Vitamins, Yeast, Orange Juice, Bran.** "Everybody seems to be going crazy over vitamin D. . . . Some folks are going nuts on processes of irradiation," broadcast Morris Fishbein, editor of the A. M. A. Journal, expert in grocery store jargon as well as in scientific argot. Dr. Fishbein is chairman of the A. M. A.'s Committee on Foods, which offers to give a seal of approval for food manufacturers to use. The committee has been examining such branded foods for a year, has approved less than a fourth, has advised the manufacturers to alter their claims. Thus "Grape Nuts," to get the A. M. A. seal, will have to be renamed because it contains no grapes, no nuts.

The public's current interest in food stirred up typically sound & dogmatic Fishbein pronouncements: "The best diet of man includes adequate quantities of all the well-known food substances. Such a diet will provide adequate quantities of the vitamins. The use of insulin for diabetes, of liver extract for pernicious anemia, of whole liver, heart and kidneys for anemia in general indicates the folly of vegetarianism."

"Every new discovery in medical science is promptly exploited beyond reason by commercial interests. Yeast is merely a food rich in vitamin B with some

laxative effect. It is not a panacea for pimples or dyspepsia.

"Orange juice is simply a pleasant drink rich in vitamin C, with a slightly alkaline effect eventually in the body. It is not a cure for acidosis nor will it prevent either falling hair or falling teeth."

"Bran is a good food for horses but may be severely irritating to a delicate stomach and intestinal tract."

"Whole wheat bread is somewhat richer in vitamins and roughage than white bread. It has not been shown that it will prevent cancer and there is no evidence that a modern, civilized diet causes cancer."

A. M. A. trustees are making Dr. Fishbein take his first vacation in 17 years this summer. He and his family will wander over Europe.

**Whooping Cough** is a far more dreadful disease than the public realizes. The characteristic whoop sounds terrific. The real danger of the cough is the sudden and pervasive strain on the body. Adults frequently become infected. To them whooping is more dangerous than to children. The victim suffocates. His muscles go into spasms. Blood vessels are apt to break, muscles to tear, secondary infections to take root. Such attacks occur sometimes 100 times a day, but 20 times is the average. The main thing to do is to quiet such spasms by sedatives. Useful in carefully prescribed amounts are paregoric, codein, heroin, antipyrin, chloral hydrate, benzyl benzoate. Perhaps the best was that suggested last week by W. Ambrose McGee of Richmond, Va.—doubling the rectum with a mixture of ether and olive oil.

**Rickets.** About half the children doctors are called to examine show some signs of rickets. Signs of advanced rickets include: big, fatty head; loose, flabby skin (it resembles an oversized, ill-fitting glove); pinched, chicken breast; puffed belly; bow legs; little lumps on the joints, especially the wrists and ankles. Outdoor play, artificial sun lamps, codliver oil, animal fats and other foods which contain vitamin D prevent rickets. At Philadelphia Alfred Fabian Hess of Manhattan and associates advised milk from cows fed with irradiated yeast or viosterol as an excellent general preventive.

**Naughty Brain.** George Washington Crile of Cleveland said that the frontal lobe, the thinking part of the brain, is the naughty contributing cause of stomach ulcer, exophthalmic goiter, irritable heart, and possibly diabetes—all diseases to which high-strung, emotionally and physically active persons are prone.

His reasoning was as follows:

The thyroid controls the accumulation of energy in the body. The brain, the sympathetic nervous system and the adrenal glands jointly control the expenditure of this energy. "Because the entire organism is capable of just so much oxidation—hence so much energy—natural selection endowed the brain and the nervous system with the power of driving one group of organs and inhibiting all the others. . . ."

"The professional man, the banker, the businessman, the statesman, the soldier, although achieving their survival by the control of nature's energy in the infinitely

# France

## Trace Napoleon to Fontainebleau, and follow Josephine to Malmaison

France awaits you, from Paris the iridescent to the tiniest village of enchanting beauty ▼ This year Paris is "a-world-in-one" with its Colonial Overseas Exposition, a miniature drama of empire building stretched along the Seine... see the Royal Cambodian ballet... hear the tiger roar in his native jungle... a Mahariste on his tall white camel... see the march of the Gods, ceremonies old in magic a thousand years ago ▼ Blois, and down the long hallways you can almost see grim Catherine de Medici and Anne of Brittany... little Jeanne d'Arc meeting her king at Chinon... you go back and back where history itself grows dim at Carnac... Rennes and Duguesclin stalking the streets at midnight ▼ Provence, the land of the Troubadours... old Nîmes with its impressive Roman Arena... Arles, built in the time of Julius Caesar ▼ The snow-crowned Pyrenees with its picturesque Basque country... the peaceful and cool resorts of the Vosges... the royal gaieties of Le Touquet ▼ Marseilles with all North Africa a-jostle in its streets... the whole Riviera, sleek and laughing in the sun... Chamonix and look up to Mont Blanc... Strasbourg and the rose and purple Gothic of its Cathedral.



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complicated web of life, fear and worry and hate in every tissue and organ of their bodies. . . .

Thus the brain, particularly the comparatively new frontal lobe, is shunting energy from other vital parts of the body by draining the powers of the sympathetic system and the adrenals.

Dr. Crile has prevented this in 84 cases by simply cutting certain nerves which hook up the brain with the adrenals. Thus the adrenals were cut off from the naughty brain's influence, and the vegetative parts of the body could function unhindered. Stomach and intestinal ulcers cleared up with amazing speed. Exophthalmic goiter subsided. High strung individuals quieted down.

**Addison's Disease.** Perhaps the greatest medical discovery of the past year was that a hormone from the cortex of the adrenal glands relieved the almost invariably fatal Addison's Disease (TIME, Dec. 13). In Addison's Disease the skin becomes bronze colored. There are other constitutional changes. The trouble originates with destruction of the cortex of the glands which are situated just above the kidneys. The adrenals more and more are coming to be considered the "brains" of the living processes.

When Addison's Disease and its treatment came up for report at Philadelphia, a fight for glory impended. Wilbur Willis Swingle and Joseph John Piffner with money from Parke, Davis & Co. and laboratory facilities at Princeton and the Long Island Biological Laboratories, isolated a cortical hormone. Leonard George Rountree and associates at the Mayo Clinic used the Swingle-Piffner hormone on 20 cases of Addison's Disease. Four cases, too far gone for relief, died. The others showed remarkable recuperation as long as they received injections of the hormone. The present cost of keeping an Addison's Disease patient in good health is now about \$3,000 a year. But now that the method of extracting the hormone from the adrenal glands of cattle is known, the yearly cost may soon be cut to \$500.

Before Drs. Swingle and Piffner announced their hormone, Frank Alexander Hartman, professor and head of the physiology department of the University of Buffalo, had isolated a similar, if not identical substance from the adrenals. He calls his cortical extract *cortin*. He lacks money and facilities to carry out experiments. He was not on the Philadelphia program. No glory quarrel flashed; but he had a champion, Clayton Wellington Greene of Buffalo, who carefully reminded the A. M. A. of his friend's efforts.

**Doctors' Health.** Among remarkable observations of the 7,500 doctors at Philadelphia was the fact that while most of them abstain from smoking and drinking, most of them show nervous strain in their faces, postures, gaits. Young doctors die of accidents and acute infections, but by far the greatest number of those who have passed 45 die of some kind of heart disease. To contemporary young men Reginald Fitz of Harvard advised precaution in their activities. To medical schools and hospitals he advised devices for physical recreation for the intensely working students and internes. (Harvard

medical students have annual physical examinations, a new dormitory, a gymnasium, and a playground.)

Regarding personal care by the older men Dr. Fitz, 46, was cynical: "Those of us past the 45-year-old mark no doubt will continue on our way regardless of what we should do, putting on more weight than we ought, neglecting vacations and exercise, gambling with fatalistic optimism that we shall not fall ill, overworking, overworrying and developing arteriosclerosis with the same cheerful indifference as have our predecessors."

**Miscellany.** And then there were a great number of miscellaneous items; nasal sinuses displayed by Warren Beagle Davis of Philadelphia. Harrison Stanford Martland of Newark's pieces of radium-rotted bones. How mites which live on rats transmit typhus fever, by Jesse Bedford Shelmire Jr. and Walter E. Dove of Dallas. The description by Fred DeForest Wiedman of Philadelphia of the skin infection technically called dermatophytosis, popularly ringworm, and in certain advertisements "athlete's foot." Xanthomatosis, which makes children look like frogs, squatty and pop-eyed, and which Merrill Clary Sosman of Harvard found X-rays will relieve and sometimes cure. The scolding which Harvard's George Richards Minot gave lazy physicians because they think liver extracts will cure every kind of anemia. The scorn with which Arthur Joseph Cramp of Chicago flayed sellers and buyers of patent medicines. The plan of Theodore Louis Sqaier of Milwaukee's A. O. Smith Corp. (FORTUNE, Nov. 1930) to preserve the life-long medical record of every person in a community. The criticism by Harrison H. Shouder of Nashville of the free Government medical attention to war veterans for illnesses not due to war injuries. The refusal of Roy Lyman Wilbur of Stanford and the Department of the Interior to comment on Federalized or State Medicine. The suggestion by retiring President William Gerry Morgan of Washington that the A. M. A. president get \$5,000 a year and the president-elect \$2,500 for necessary travel expenses.

**Scientific Exhibits** were unusually informative. Putting them up cost the A. M. A. \$50,000. Notable were the fresh pathological exhibit which looked and smelled like a tidy butcher shop; the exhibit on fractures with demonstrations of their proper setting and immobilizing with plaster of paris bandages or splints; the exhibit on varicose veins with local patients getting their swollen veins plugged by a solution of glucose and salt. A couple of pet Belgian hares lay comfortably tied in cradles so that an ear of each could be held under a microscope. In the lightly clamped ear was a tiny window through which an observer could see blood cells flowing and flesh growing.

The A. M. A.'s first prize for exhibits, a gold medal, went neither to the biggest, nor the neatest, nor the cleverest, nor the most learned presentation. Jacob Furth, an immunologist at the Henry Phipps Institute of the University of Pennsylvania, a onetime worker at the Rockefeller Institute, won the gold medal for his demonstration of experimental leucemia. Leucemia is a blood disease closely resembling

# A YOUNG MOTHER . . HAS WORDS WITH HERSELF ABOUT

## .. "pink tooth brush!"

"HER two tiny teeth are so white that they fairly sparkle! I suppose mine looked like that when I lay in a bassinet. Even two years ago they certainly were brighter than they are today. Why, at this rate, I'm afraid that by the time she's old enough to be *critical* of her mother's looks, she'll never know that once upon a time people had rather nice things to say about my smile!

"I wonder . . that 'pink' upon my tooth brush! What does it have to do with my teeth looking cloudy and dim? Why, they're as dull as a blue Monday. And my gums are so touchy and soft that they can't be of much help to my teeth! I'm going to try massage. I'm going to get Ipana and I'm going to write it now upon the telephone pad—we're going to see about this 'pink tooth brush' business."



"I wonder . . that  
'pink' on my tooth brush,  
morning after morning."



A glance over the luncheon table, the dinner table, and you'll notice at once that most of our modern foods are *soft foods*. And soft foods certainly give our gums no work to do.

Lacking exercise and stimulation, the gums grow more lazy, more touchy with every day. In time they become so tender that "pink tooth brush" makes its appearance.

And, while that first tinge of "pink" on your brush isn't a national calamity, don't ignore its warning. For it often opens the way to many gum troubles—gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even the dread, though much rarer, pyorrhea.

Neglected too long, "pink tooth brush" may threaten some of your soundest and whitest teeth through infection at their roots.

Don't tolerate "pink tooth brush." There's a simple, inexpensive way to defeat it. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it regularly—it is a marvelous cleanser—and then, each time you use it, put some *fresh* Ipana on your brush or finger-tip and *massage it into these touchy gums of yours*.

Twice each day.

Within a few days your teeth will regain a sparkle they haven't had for years. And within a month, your gums will be less lazy and far firmer. For the zircon in Ipana—plus the massage—tones and stimulates the gums back to healthy hardness. Keep on using Ipana with massage—and you'll see mighty little of "pink tooth brush."

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cancer. The blood contains abnormally vast numbers of white blood cells. Usually the spleen and liver are hugely enlarged. Bone marrow is usually affected. Dr. Furth isolated a virus from leucemic chickens. The virus stimulated leucemia in other chickens. He got a virus from leucemic mice, which affected other mice deleteriously. Presumably a virus causes human leucemia. Chicken virus does not affect mice, nor vice versa. Dr. Furth



*International*

GREAT SURGEON JUD  
*He remembered the public.*

demonstrated all that with charts and figures. He, 35, graduate of the German University of Prague (1921), thought that he was obliged to work up his exhibit all by himself. Largely for his industry was he given the first prize.

**Presidents.** When William Gerry Morgan, 63, of Washington straightened the green ribbon with its gold pendant around his neck, he became demonstrably the retiring 1930 president of the A. M. A. That was immediately after Edward Starr Judd, 52, of the Mayo Clinic, had delivered the speech which signified his installation as 1931 president.

Dr. Judd is often called, though this is but a matter of expert opinion, the greatest practicing U. S. surgeon. He is a stocky, diffident homebody,\* somewhat given to philosophizing. "I believe that it would not be out of place to establish departments in medical schools for the purpose of giving courses that would teach common sense methods in the practice of the art of medicine. . . . There are many ways in which information concerning medical facts may be given to the public that are certain to be helpful in establishing a more confident and intimate relationship between the public and the profession: public health and other medical lectures . . . the daily press . . . the radio. . . . A physician is not qualified to take up special work until he has spent some time in general practice."

Two days after Dr. Judd's inauguration as 1931 president, the medical power of the southwest, Edward Henry Cary, 59,

was chosen president for 1932. Dr. Cary is a rich man. He started his wealth with medicine, increased it by marriage, multiplied it by business. An Alabamian who worked his way through Manhattan night schools and through Bellevue Hospital Medical School, he became first dean of the medical school of Baylor University and its professor of ophthalmology & otolaryngology (1902). His private eye, ear & throat practice became large. Twenty years ago he married Georgia Fonda Schneider, of an old, wealthy Texas family. (At Philadelphia Mrs. Cary in a black & eggshell chiffon & lace gown was reckoned the best-dressed doctor's wife. Georgie, eldest of her three daughters, was along with her.) He built and gave Baylor its Cary Hall. Two years ago he surrendered his many university connections, except the professorship, and became medical dean-emeritus.

He was by that time a busy business man and Dallas' foremost constructor. He owns the twin 20-story Medical Arts Buildings which, although not Dallas' tallest, are its biggest. On their top floors is the Cary Clinic, one of the country's best. The Cary Clinic now constitutes his chief contact with practical medicine. He is nominally eye & ear man for three railroads. He is head of the A. P. Cary surgical supply house which his brother established, and of the Cary-Schneider Investment Co. which looks after the family's general business interests. Right now he is helping Dallas in the expenditure of \$25,000,000 on civic improvements. His varied interests go further: fraternal work (32° Mason, Shriner), a religion (Baptist), politics (Democrat). A strong



*Acme-P. & A.*

BIG BUSINESSMAN CARY

*. . . began with eyes and ears.*

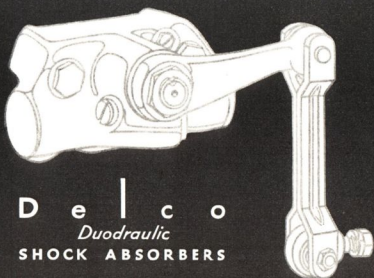
argument for his election as A. M. A. president was his large scale building experience. He will supervise the construction of a new A. M. A. headquarters building in Chicago. The diversion which enthralled him most is golf, and once golf awarded him its most coveted prize: four months ago he lammed out a hole in one. He let out a joyous whoop which was heard "all the way to Alabama."

\*Mrs. Judd is a niece of the Mayos.



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## S P O R T

### At Belmont Park

By the time the Belmont Stakes is run each year, at Belmont Park near Manhattan, the racing season is usually far enough advanced for experts to have a clear idea of which horses are the year's best three-year-olds. Sometimes there is an odds-on favorite, as was Man O'War who set an American record when he won the Belmont in 1920. Sometimes, especially when a horse not entered in the Kentucky Derby meets the Derby winner in the Belmont, it is a great match race. It was supposed to be a match race a year ago when William Woodward's Derby-winner Gallant Fox (later the greatest money horse—\$38,165—in racing history) beat the late Harry Payne Whitney's Which-one by four lengths. It was supposed to be a match race again last week when Mrs. Payne Whitney's Derby-winner Twenty Grand ran against George D. Widener's Jamestown and Mrs. Katherine Elkins Hitt's Sun Meadow.

The Belmont Stakes, not so thoroughly publicized as the Kentucky Derby, attracts a smaller and proportionately more socialite crowd, is worth more (\$58,770) to the winner. The race was run on a hot sunny afternoon, with Twenty Grand the favorite, Jamestown a second choice at even money. The horses broke out of the starting stalls together, then straightened out with Jamestown ahead and Twenty Grand last. They stayed in practically the same positions with Twenty Grand running easily and well behind the leaders as he did in the Derby, till the last turn. Then Twenty Grand and Sun Meadow began to move up and the three horses came into the stretch almost exactly abreast. In front of the stands, it suddenly seemed that Jamestown and Sun Meadow were racing on a treadmill. Twenty Grand ran a length, two lengths, three lengths ahead of them, crossed the finish line eight lengths ahead of Sun Meadow who had beaten Jamestown by a nose. Twenty Grand's time, 2:29½ for a mile and a half (distance of the Belmont Stakes since 1926), was a new record for the Belmont; his total money winnings (\$164,075) for Wood Memorial, Derby, Belmont and his two-year-old races made it seem likely that in later races this year—the Arlington Classic, at Arlington, Ill.; Travers, at Saratoga—he would pass Gallant Fox's record.

Mrs. Payne Whitney, who inherited the late Payne Whitney's Greentree Stable among other items of the largest estate ever recorded in the U. S., ran out on the track, caught Twenty Grand's bridle, tried to keep him quiet while photographers took their picture.

### At Portmarnock

It was the biggest crowd of women that had ever been seen on an Irish golf course. They scuttled along over the hillocks and through the furze of the seaside course at Portmarnock, Ireland, last week, dropping purses, strings of pearls and beads, rings, rosaries. They were following two 21-year-old English girls in the finals of the British Women's Golf Championship. One

of the two, Enid Wilson, an inch over six feet tall, had won the medal. She had beaten Elsie Corlett who had put out the only American girl in the tournament in the third round. The other, a head shorter, was Wanda Morgan, who lives in Kent, likes to paint, was unknown as a golfer till a year ago.

After lunch, Wanda Morgan was only one down but in the afternoon she began to slice her drives, lost the match on the 30th green when Enid Wilson was seven up. Champion Wilson's father had promised her either an automobile or a trip to the U. S. if she won. She chose the latter, planned to compete in the Women's Championships of both the U. S. and Canada.

### Carnegie Bulletin

A year and a half ago, the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching published a comprehensive *Bulletin* 23 which contained specific mention of those U. S. colleges which hired their football players. Last week the Carnegie Foundation published *Bulletin* 26 on sport, less sensational than its predecessor, which said: 1) commercialization of athletics is diminishing at most colleges, practiced more actively than ever by a few; 2) public interest in football is waning, undergraduate enthusiasm for intramural sport increasing.

### Who Won

☛ Primo Carnera, monstrous Italian heavyweight; a bout at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn; by knocking out one Pat Redmond, unknown and incapable Irishman, in the first round. Both giants moved ponderously about the ring, Carnera pushing his great fist, Redmond pawing helplessly for less than a minute; then Carnera upset his opponent with a well-aimed right to the jaw. Redmond arose unsteadily at the count of eight, went down and out a minute later under a curving left hook that literally wrapped about his jaw and chin.

☛ Aubrey Boomer, British pro for the St. Cloud Club, near Paris; the French Open Golf championship at Deauville, with a 291. Tied for second were Argentine Thomas Gentia, Percy Alliss. British pro for the Wannsee Golf Club, Berlin.

☛ *Shamrock V*, Sir Thomas Lipton's famed unsuccessful America's Cup Challenger; a 40-mile race at Cowes, beating King George's *Britannia* by seven minutes.

☛ Lady Astor, only female entrant in the Parliamentary golf tournament at Walton Heath, Surrey; her fourth round match against Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who has won the tournament twice in the last six years.

☛ The Princeton baseball team, Frank Bowman pitching; a game against Yale, 3-1, preceded by parades of Princeton alumni dressed as soldiers, sailors, legionaries, firemen, cowboys, policemen, toradors, big game hunters.

☛ Larry Gaines, a splay-footed, rough-kneed, lazy blackamoor pugilist; a Leicester, England fight against Phil Scott, famed British heavyweight who had been training for four months, got knocked out in the second round.



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## P R E S S

### McLean Bauble

From Newport to Washington last week hurried Evelyn Walsh McLean, wearer of the famed Hope ("Hoodoo") diamond, estranged wife of Publisher Edward Beale ("Ned") McLean of the Washington *Post*. She went to the bedside of the irresponsible Ned, who had been laid low by myocarditis (inflammation of the muscular walls of the heart), but not just to smooth his brow. Her visit to the Capital had the two-fold purpose of fighting Ned's Mexican divorce, and fighting the proposed sale of the *Post* in the interest of her three children.

Of the five newspapers in Washington none is great. None, perused by a man from Mars, would suggest itself to him as a journal of the Capital of a powerful nation. All are, to a degree, the provincial organs of the District of Columbia. And nearer the bottom of the scale of merit than the top is the *Post*, of which Oswald Garrison Villard once said: "Its chief claim to fame is that Sousa named an excellent march after it."

The *Post* is a stablemate of the Hope diamond in the sense that it has been



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EVELYN WALSH McLEAN

... seemed sweetly sad.

dangled as an ornament to its owner. In fact it has been said that the McLeans were credited with three social attributes in Washington: their huge estate, "Friendship"; the Hope diamond (variously evaluated from \$114,000 to \$2,000,000) and the *Post*. The *Post* and Cincinnati *Enquirer* were part of the vast estate left by his father John R. McLean, who made a fortune in natural gas. But Ned's father had so little confidence in him that all real control was vested in trustees, lawyers, bankers, advisers. However, Ned had sufficient hand in affairs to make the *Post* the leading spokesman for his cronies the late Warren Harding and the "Ohio Gang" (see p. 15). Then the McLeans were well able to wear their *Post* as a bauble. Those were the days of the parties at "Friend-

ship," incredibly lavish affairs attended by "everybody" in Washington. Though she presided as hostess, often wearing the great diamond,\* Evelyn McLean seemed by contrast somewhat Victorian, somewhat "sweetly sad."

Prospective purchaser of the *Post* for \$3,000,000, is David Lawrence, smart talker & writer, publisher of the *United States Daily*. The *Daily*, which he financed by personally raising a vast sum of money from 72 "sponsors," has shown no signs of prospering. In the *Post* negotiations the names of Eugene Meyer and Bernard Baruch were mentioned by rumor as backers. But why David Lawrence wanted the *Post* was not made clear.

## R E L I G I O N

### Irritating Mouse

Henceforth no Jew may blow the Ram's Horn (*shofar*) on the site of the Temple of Solomon. He may bring out the Ark and the Scrolls (on tables of a size specially prescribed) only on special holy and fast days proclaimed by the chief rabbis of Jerusalem, on Atonement Day and at New Year. Moslems, on the other hand, shall not annoy Jews at their daily devotions, nor construct, repair or demolish any building adjoining the Wall. Neither faction may make political demonstrations or speeches at any time. Thus, last week, the British commission adjudicated the differences between Moslems and Jews over the Wailing Wall. For both Moslems and Jews the 13-month British Labor Party had brought forth a very inconsequential and irritating mouse.

What the Jews chiefly wanted was recognition of the legal right to unrestricted use of the sacred place. What the Moslems chiefly wanted was disarmament of Jews from the Wall. What the commission had done was to reiterate and legalize the *status quo*. Irrate, the Grand Mufti of the Palestine Arabs said that his followers had never recognized the commission's authority, could not abide by its decision. Although unsatisfied, Chief Rabbi Kook said: "We gain nothing under the new law, but we lose nothing we had before."

On the Long Island estate of Mrs. Martin Wiley Littleton, wife of the famed Manhattan criminal lawyer, there is an exact reproduction of a house which Mrs. Littleton once saw in Palestine. In the house is Mrs. Littleton's large Biblical library and collection of 15th and 16th century literature. Surrounding the house is a wall 100 ft. square. On the wall, last week, finishing touches were being put to a panorama of Palestine by Artist Frieda Abrahams of Jerusalem. The Alfresco mural depicts the Sea of Galilee, the Hills of Judea, Nazareth, Jerusalem, the Wailing Wall. As soon as it is completed, Mrs. Littleton plans to turn over her library to the use of preachers, Bible students, Sunday school-masters.

\*By Sunday-supplement lore, the Hope diamond is "accursed." When the McLeans' first-born, Vinson Walsh McLean, was killed by an automobile, gun-cheerers promptly accepted the tragedy as further proof of the diamond's "curse."



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## SCIENCE

### Submarine Failures

To Sir George Hubert Wilkins and his 18 men in the 24-year-old submarine *Nautilus*—surface cruising the North Atlantic to England last week, en route to the North Pole—went radiograms as foreboding as the witch cries that menaced Macbeth.

On the opposite side of the earth, in the Yellow Sea of Wei-hai-wei, the spunky new British submarine *Poseidon* came spuming to the surface like a dolphin after air. The hatches sprang open. The crew started clambering out. Thirty-one were on deck and 18 below when the *Yuta*, Chinese merchantman, smacked against the *Poseidon's* forward starboard side. In two minutes the *Poseidon* sank in 120 ft. of water.

Invention had promised succor for just such a disaster. In the U. S. Lieut. Charles Bowers Momsen and in England R. H. Davis have each invented a "lung" for submarine escape. The essential parts of both devices are a small tank of compressed oxygen, an inflated bag and a mouthpiece. Connecting mouthpiece and tank is a stout tube. Thus a man escaping from a sunken submarine can breathe the minutes required for him to hob to the surface and rescue. That is, if he can get out of his deep, steel prison. Since the Momsen "lung" was invented there has been no U. S. submarine catastrophe to give it vital testing. And for the Davis "lung" none until last week.

While in the Yellow Sea the British rescue forces were frantically hunting for oily bubbles which would show where the *Poseidon* lay, one man popped to the surface. Then another. The Davis "lung" had served them well. But the compressed air which had ejected them like torpedoes from the *Poseidon's* hatches had bruised them mortally. Four more men came through all right.

Then divers descended and hammered a Morse-code query against the *Poseidon's* hull. The return tap-taps indicated that at least eight of the 18 were alive. A day passed and the taps from the *Poseidon* ceased. The British Admiralty decided that the 18 men were dead.

Bit by bit this doleful news reached the old *Nautilus* toddling over the Atlantic toward England. What if, in the Arctic, an iceberg clapped against them?

Cruising had been smooth and uneventful. Then unexpectedly the batteries began to fail. Next the starboard engine failed completely. On one engine, the *Nautilus* grunted through quiet seas at 8 knots. A gale came up. All night the crippled submarine fought the waves. By morning Sir Hubert decided he had better wireless for help. The U. S. S. *Wyoming* and *Arkansas* turned to rescue. The Shipping Board tanker *Independence Hall* was close to the *Nautilus*. The liner *President Roosevelt* headed for the trouble. In the rocky sea it took all day long to throw a line between the *Nautilus* and the *Wyoming*. By dark the hawser was snug and, as other ships turned to their proper business, the *Wyoming* began an 850-mi. tow of the *Nautilus* to Queenstown, Ireland and repairs.



## AERONAUTICS

### 'Giro Crackup

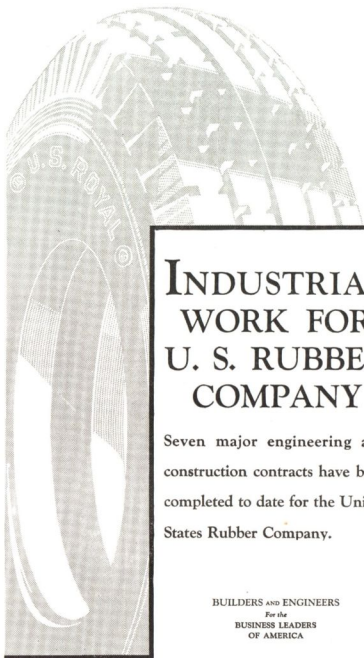
Sooner or later it was inevitable that, as autogiros came into common use, there should be crackups. Some day, no doubt, one of those accidents will cause death. The safety features which insure the 'giro against tumbling plummet-like from the sky are not supposed to be proof against every fault of piloting. Builders of the ship may well have wondered in idle moments, How serious will be the first accident to "crash" U. S. headlines? Who will be the pilot? A foolish stunt flyer descending into a busy street? A drunken playboy flying into the side of a skyscraper? A witless novice slamming the controls this way and that? Last week the builders knew the answers. The accident, at Abilene, Tex., was not serious. But, unfortunately for the 'giro, its story was carried to the front page of practically every newspaper in the land by a highly publicized publicist—Amelia Earhart Putnam.

Mrs. Putnam, who had once publicized the autogiro by making an altitude flight (TIME, April 20), was this time advertising Beechnut products, by a transcontinental flight to and from Oakland, Calif. Her own autogiro, with Beechnut painted on the sides, was the second "windmill plane" to be seen west of the Mississippi. Whatever could be done to publicize the flight, was done, for Beechnut's sake.

Making the return journey to New York last week Mrs. Putnam and Mechanic Eddie de Vaught were taking off from Abilene, Tex. Mrs. Putnam, by her own explanation, neglected to make a sufficient run before boosting the 'giro into the air. Lacking momentum, the ship failed to get altitude, clipped a landing light at the edge of a parking enclosure. Pilot Putnam "sat down," striking two automobiles, damaging the plane, injuring nobody. Then she proceeded to Oklahoma City to resume her flight in another 'giro which is owned by the Beechnut Company.

Mrs. Putnam was scrupulous in her praise of the autogiro for the slightness of the accident. But she could not prevent the headlines which varied from MISS EARHART AVOIDS SERIOUS AUTO-GIRO CRASH, through AMELIA EARHART'S AUTOGIRO CRASHES TO EARHART AUTOGIRO SPINS TO EARTH IN TEXAS CYCLONE.

Since 1928 when she flew as "baggage" from Newfoundland to Wales in a monoplane piloted by the late Wilmer Stultz and Lou Gordon, Miss Earhart had to submit to such labels as "Lady Lindy," "First Lady of the Air," etc. Her name was bought by *Cosmopolitan*, which engaged her as aviation editor, then by Transcontinental Air Transport, which appointed her assistant to the general traffic manager. Last autumn she was given charge of publicity for Ludington Line (plane-per-hour) operating between New York and Washington, a job lately delegated elsewhere. Few months ago Miss Earhart married her friend and sponsor, Publisher George Palmer Putnam (TIME, Feb. 16).



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## Kudos

**Bowdoin College** (Brunswick, Me.)  
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Frederick Hale, U. S. Senator...L.L.D.  
Earl Baldwin Smith, Princeton art professor...L.H.D.  
Margaret Deland, novelist...Litt.D.  
Isaiah Bowman, geographer...Sc.D.  
Mortimer Warren, pathologist...Sc.D.  
Melvin Thomas Copeland, professor at Harvard Business School...Sc.D.  
Herbert T. Powers, attorney...Sc.D.  
Herbert Lindsay Swett, publicity man for Maine...M.A.

**Brown University** (Providence, R. I.)  
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Sir Henry Worth Thornton, Canadian National Railways...L.L.D.  
Wilbur Lucius Cross, Gov. of Conn....Litt.D.  
Amrose Swasey, Cleveland manufacturer of telescopes...Sc.D.  
Leon Edgar Truesdell, U. S. Bureau of Census...Sc.D.  
Lillian Moller Gilbreth, consulting engineer...Sc.D.  
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Rev. Edward Wilcox Babcock, Troy, N. Y....D.D.  
Raymond Mathewson Hood, Manhattan architect...M.A.  
Dr. John Mathews Peters, R. I. Hospital...M.A.

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Arthur William Cutten, Chicago capitalist...L.L.D.  
Leon Robinson Gignilliat, superintendent, Culver Military Academy...Sc.D.  
Francis Gordon Brigham, chief of staff at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston...Sc.D.  
Maurice Hindus, writer on Russia...Litt.D.  
Henry Bailey Rathbone, journalism professor at New York University...Litt.D.

**Dartmouth College** (Hanover, N. H.)  
Dwight Whitney Morrow, U. S. Senator...L.L.D.  
James Lukens McConaughy, president of Wesleyan University...L.L.D.  
Fred Taylor Field, Massachusetts judge...L.L.D.  
George Rublee, New Hampshire lawyer...L.L.D.  
Kwan-ichi Asakawa, Yale professor...Litt.D.  
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Evaris Boutell Greene, President American Historical Association...Litt.D.  
Lawrence Brown, M. D., lung specialist...Sc.D.  
William Patten, Dartmouth zoology professor...Sc.D.

**Georgia School of Technology** (Atlanta, Ga.)

Harry F. Guggenheim, Ambassador to Cuba...Sc.D.

**Lafayette College** (Easton, Pa.)  
William John Cooper, U. S. Commissioner of Education...L.L.D.  
Thomas Sovereign Gates, president of University of Pennsylvania...L.L.D.  
Robert Sellers Frazer, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania...L.L.D.  
William Achenbach Wetzel, Trenton, N. J., high-school...Ed.D.  
Rev. Hugh Thomson Kerr, Presbyterian leader...D.D.  
Rev. Edmund Graham Wilson, Presbyterian Board secretary...D.D.

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Ernest Carroll Moore, director, Southern Branch of the University of California, Los Angeles...L.L.D.  
Don Gregorio Martinez Sierra, Spanish playwright (*Cradle Song, Kingdom of God*)...Litt.D.

**University of Minnesota** (Minneapolis, Minn.)

Frank Billings Kellogg, onetime U. S. Secretary of State...L.L.D.  
George Edgar Vincent, Rockefeller Foundation...L.L.D.

**University of New Hampshire** (Durham, N. H.)

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George William McClelland, vice president of the University...L.L.D.  
Charles Ezra Henry, president of Temple University...L.L.D.  
Howard McClenahan, secretary of Franklin Institute...Sc.D.  
Arthur Hobson Quinn, English professor at Pennsylvania...Litt.D.  
Olga Samaroff, pianist...Mus.D.  
Gilbert Haven Fall, Head Master of Chestnut Hill Academy...M.A.

**University of Southern California** (Los Angeles, Calif.)

Claire Dux, Chicago operatic soprano...Mus.D.

**Yale University** (New Haven, Conn.)

George Townsend Adey, Manhattan broker...M.A.  
Edwin Park Root, clock manufacturer...M.A.  
James Grafton Rogers, Asst. Sec. of State...M.A.  
Samuel Randall Detweiler, anatomy professor at Columbia...M.S.  
Eugene Lindsay Opie, U. of Pennsylvania pathologist...Sc.D.  
John Ripley Freeman, Providence engineer...Sc.D.  
Frank Chamberlin Porter, Yale theologian...D.D.  
Learned Hand, judge U. S. Circuit Court...L.L.D.  
Hugh Gibson, Ambassador to Belgium...L.L.D.  
Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior...L.L.D.

## Sad Story

Ghosts of rum-tipping, slave-swopping Early Americans arose last week, as Evolution has often done (see p. 19), to plague contemporary pedagogy. To the School Board of Franklin, Pa. had been recommended a new textbook for the seventh and eighth grades—*Socialized History of the U. S.* by Charles Van Nest and Henry Smith. The board read the book, was divided in its opinion. Especially objectionable seemed two passages:

"During the 17th Century the people of Europe did not drink water as a beverage as we do today. When they came as colonists to the New World they continued to drink the same beverage that they had been used to in Europe, that is, whenever they could get it. In many cases, however, they were forced to drink water and were actually surprised that no ill effects came of it.

"Nearly all the colonists drank strong liquor... Here is a sad story: The New England colonists made most of the rum. They took it to Africa and bought Negroes with it, they took the Negroes to the West Indies and exchanged them for molasses to make more rum to buy more negroes to get more molasses to make more rum. There was no end to this cycle."

Though approved by the Franklin superintendent of schools, a principal and two instructors, the selection of the history was postponed. Said Ambrose Sheasley, a school director: "The book gives a distorted opinion of pioneer living conditions. Why go into all that detail about drinking and then have the young mind find justification for conditions as they are today?"

# in the center of "the ring..."

Forget, for the moment, the unique editorial program that has made *Better Homes & Gardens* the fastest growing non-fiction monthly in America. Just remember that the women who welcome this magazine into their homes and hearts wear *wedding rings*. And, by the same token, just remember that the married woman is a better prospect for Better Foods.

Because the *married woman* means not just one mouth to feed but at least two—usually three or four or more.

Because the *married woman* views food as a serious family problem—calling for a serious, sizable budget.

Because the *married woman* is more interested in a magazine that talks Home and Food and Child Care—instead of fashions and foibles and frilly fiction.

HERE is a select circle of wedding-ring readership... a circle attracted to *Better Homes & Gardens* through its exclusive home appeal... a circle that takes in its friendly embrace city, town and suburb... that unites 1,400,000 families with a common purpose: the making of a *better home*. More than that—

*Better Homes & Gardens* is the one magazine edited exclusively for the *gardened home* family. It is the one magazine dedicated *solely* to the things that lie closest to a woman's heart... the things that give Life fullness and meaning.

Translate that into terms of food consumption and—what does it mean?

It means a home where pantries are ample and not apologetic. A home where living is still a gracious art—and cooking is still a pleasure. A home where appetites are sharpened razor-keen by garden work and outdoor play. Where the dinner bell brings more feet a-running. Where more meals are eaten *at home*. Where men have much to do with menu-making.

Summed up and simmered down, it means an 18-carat market for products of equal mettle. Why not put *your brand* in the center of this "ring"?



## BETTER HOMES & GARDENS

*The Gardened Home... a Better Market for*



**BETTER  
FOODS**

## THE FIVE-YEAR PLAN



IN 1917, Lenin seized control of 180 million lives and the largest country on the face of the earth. The world shuddered, laughed or cheered—according to its lights. Twelve years later, the 5-year plan was inaugurated. Almost overnight, it seems, the world has stopped shuddering, laughing or cheering. It is too busy with paper and pencil doing a little figuring . . . A country — *or a business* — that sets for itself a program beyond this year and the next (yet not in the visionary future) is a factor to be reckoned with.

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# BUSINESS & FINANCE

## Week's Statistics

Last week Dominick & Dominick finished a study of corporate earnings, revealed that less than 1/10th of 1% of all U. S. companies accounted for 40% of the total 1930 corporate earnings, have 45% of total corporate gross assets. Only 3.4% of all U. S. manufacturing companies employ more than 250 workers, only 1.4% employ more than 500.

## Californians Shocked

"One of California's outstanding citizens," was what San Francisco's Mayor James Rolph Jr. called James A. Talbot of Richfield Oil Co. in 1928. An outstanding act of Outlander Talbot had just been



Underwood & Underwood

### OUTLANDER TALBOT

Richfield kept *Carissima*?

the offering of his private tri-motor airplane to Mayor Rolph and his visiting friend, Mayor James John Walker.

Last week Citizen Talbot went into his long-rumored bankruptcy. For one day it seemed that Mr. Talbot was merely a businessman whose strength had been weakened by over-expansion, who was left floundering in Depression's flood. But the next day California Corporation Commissioner Raymond Le Roy Haight made charges which, if true, will strip the last vestige of decency from the friend of Mayors. Also involved in the hideous charges last week was Clarence M. Fuller, onetime Richfield president, still solvent but jobless.

Early this year Richfield Oil Co. of California, whose \$85,181,551 assets contained only \$921,691 in cash against \$24,745,564 current liabilities, went into receivership (TIME, Jan. 26). It was soon rumored that Cities Service was in control of the company, would absorb it. But Cities Service, it developed, awaited definite figures on Richfield. Last week

Commissioner Haight, after an eight-month investigation, revealed that Richfield has a \$54,000,000 deficit. More sensational was his statement that there are "strong indications" that the records had been falsified. And even more sensational was his assertion that Outlander Talbot and the "brilliant" Mr. Fuller had used the company's money to pay their sons' expenses, to clothe and bewile their wives, to keep their yachts in order, and to pay club dues.

The news was a shock to Californians, for Mr. Talbot was the Pacific Coast's big example of a boom-made man. Two decades ago he was clerking for Western Pipe and Steel Co., later was its president. He made smart deals, such as securing an option on Japanese steel under embargo during the War, selling to the Government when steel became scarce and the embargo was lifted. His drive and Mr. Fuller's flashy marketing and advertising ideas kept Richfield running its rapid expansion course. He was quiet in business, rewarded justly and reprimanded mercilessly. He was an air enthusiast, held much stock in Fokker Aircraft Corp. before General Motors took control, also helped found Western Air Express which has likewise been aided by General Motors (TIME, March 16). He had a \$150,000 "air yacht," also the sea-going Krupp-built *Carissima*. He gave big parties, was said to have been one of the semi-mythical "Big 10" bull market operators, was reputedly worth \$20,000,000. He never turned bear, clung to Los Angeles real estate. The Richfield crash dazed him, ruined his health. Friends fondly predicted he would soon stage a remarkable comeback. But last week they admitted that any comeback will be contingent upon his manner of answering the charges which have piled upon him.

## Bear v. Bear

In the boom days of 1928 a stock called Alaska Juneau sold for \$1 a share and this year it has sold for \$20. It is, of course, a gold-mining stock—the one kind of stock which Bears can logically be bullish on—for when everything else goes down, gold becomes more valuable. Last week Wall Street brokers had a tall tale to tell of a fight among the bears which centered on Alaska Juneau and made it the most exciting stock on the Exchange.

Bears? Bears? They are referred to daily in every financial paper. But who are the bears? Who are the men who have (so rightly) believed that stocks would go down and who have consequently sold short and sold again? Their names are rarely mentioned, for while it is eminently reputable (though sometimes painful) to be called a Big Bull, it is not nice to be labeled, out in public, Bear.

Two, who have emerged from anonymity because of the size of their operations and the reputed size of the fortunes they have made by selling short, are William ("Bad Bill") Danforth and Bernard ("Big Ben") Smith. Last week's tall tale had it that Bear Danforth had decided to turn Bull; had decided to buy Can, Steel and

other leaders; and believed, moreover, that his fellow Big Bears concurred in his change of financial heart. But Bear Smith, it appeared, had concurred in no such thing. So, while Bear-turned-Bull Danforth bought, Bear-still-Bear Smith sold. Mr. Danforth was extremely annoyed. To get back at Mr. Smith, the best thing Mr. Danforth could do was to sell Alaska Juneau, and he did and he did. And that, said brokers, is why Alaska Juneau went down from \$20 to \$13 while little bears crowded round the post and wondered bitterly why. . . .

"Bad Bill" Danforth's rightful lair is in Boston. Even before 1929 fortune made several spectacular visits to him, married and vanished. The first market break found him in a good cash position and he exuberantly began "selling the list," and he sold time and again. Soon the Danforth



International

### "BAD BILL" DANFORTH

. . . smacked 'em.

legend began to grow (TIME, Oct. 28, 1929). His tall, lean figure became familiar in the inner sanctums of Manhattan's speculating circles. Indian-like in appearance, he maintained an Indian's calm, made no tactical blunders. Aged 45, he likes golf, plays at the Westchester Country Club with other big market operators. He likes airplanes, flies about in his Bellanca. Last winter he did not spend much time in his Brookline home (said to contain the biggest & best bedroom in Boston), could usually be seen in the office of M. J. Meehan & Co., Sherry-Netherlands Hotel, Manhattan. Last week he was to all reports still strutting in his new bullskin.

When stocks were going up Bernard E. Smith, floor trader with an office at W. E. Hutton & Co., was a bull. Not until the decline was well under way did he loom as a powerful bear. He is of medium height, fairly heavily built and a little mysterious to all but a few men in Wall Street. He is quiet, says "smack 'em" whenever stocks



are mentioned. He has been mentioned as the No. 1 Bear in Case Threshing and is reported to have bet \$1,000 that by the end of 1933 Case would sell lower than his pet, Alaska Juneau. At the time their respective prices were \$90 and \$12. He is supposed often to have been heavily short of Westinghouse and General American Tank Car. Once last winter he appeared unexpectedly, dramatically, on the floor of the Exchange a little before the opening although he was supposed to be in Florida. As soon as trading began he rushed about selling stocks heavily. Then he went back to Florida.

Last year "Smack 'Em Ben" is said to have been asked if he were any relation of David Lamar, onetime "Wolf of Wall Street," manytime a criminal suspect. He is supposed to have laughed, replied, "Sure, I'm the brother-in-law of the Wolf of Wall Street." The New York *World* telephoned him to ask if this fact was true. He thought it was a joke, said yes. The next morning the *World* published a story in which it said that Bernard E. Smith was David Lamar's brother-in-law. Within 24 hours this statement was retracted.

At present Bear Smith is thought to be in a fairly neutral position, biding his time.

## Deals & Developments

**Steel Wages Off.** Employees of Empire Steel Corp. recently refused to accept a 5% reduction, balked at another 10% reduction in wages. Harassed, Empire went into receivership (TIME, June 8).

Last week the employees, fearful of no wages at all, voluntarily suggested to the receivers that their pay be cut 5%.

**McClintic-Marshall.** When young Howard H. McClintic and Charles D. Marshall started a fabricated steel business in 1909, backed by Andrew William Mellon, their first order was for the Marshall Field store in Chicago. Last week McClintic-Marshall, now a Bethlehem subsidiary, received a 25,000 ton order for the new Marshall Field Estate office building, Chicago, which will be 42 stories high. The steel will be shipped by freight, not by express as was done for the first order.

## In Chicago, Cont'd

After last fortnight's big bank mergers in Chicago, La Salle Street and the Loop breathed more easily. But fear and suspicion grew rampant in outlying districts. Armored cars rushed from the big Loop banks, carried millions of dollars to little banks where unexpected runs had started. But not all the outlying banks were in a condition to warrant saving. In one crack the twelve banks of the John Bain chain went down, affecting laborers and commuting clerks in such Southside districts as Stony Island, Auburn Park, Englewood and Chicago Lawn. Although onetime Scot and onetime Plumber Bain said depositors would receive 100%, the alarm spread. By the end of the week 29 banks had closed. Evanston, Des Plaines, Washington Park and Beverly Hills had been added, along with other communities, to U. S. towns where bank failures have caused suffering. Biggest of these was North-Western Trust & Savings Bank.

affiliated with the Foreman group, with \$14,000,000 in deposits. Smallest was Industrial State Bank with only \$265,000 entrusted to it. Total deposits in the 29 banks were almost \$75,000,000. Talk of re-openings was widely heard.

Brave steps were made to calm public fears. The Chicago *Daily News* found encouragement in the fact that if all the resources of all Chicago banks were placed in \$50 gold pieces they would fill a 30-foot street for 3 1/2 miles, that if they were placed in solid silver they would pave a road to Milwaukee. Mayor Anton Joseph Cermak (whose city last week was \$55,000,000 in salary arrears) rushed to Lawndale State Bank to assure depositors that their bank was sound. When a run started on Chicago City Bank & Trust Co. (in Englewood on the South side), Melvin Alvah Traylor of First National Bank said his institution would guarantee that Chicago City Bank's depositors would be paid. Impatiently he added: "They need a bank. If the people of that community want to wreck their own bank, they can go ahead." Chicago Bank & Trust was not wrecked. In other banks presidents and vice presidents stood in the lobby calming depositors. The best example of this had occurred early in the week in the lobby of Foreman-State National Bank. Announcement that the Foreman banks had been taken over by First National Bank was, of course, the beginning of the collapse of confidence. Frightened depositors came to Foreman Bank to get their money even after the deal was announced. The Foreman president, able Banker Walter William Head, assured them everything was all right, jumped on a chair to shout "Now, all of you who believe me raise your hands. All right, then, all of you who aren't afraid get out of the way and let those who are afraid get up to the windows and get their money." Few came up; some of these had foolishly taken their money, deposited in First National whither it would have gone if not withdrawn.

Bankers last week blamed Chicago's real estate situation for most of the trouble, also blamed Illinois banking laws for its spreading. In Illinois a bank can have no branches. This leads to many small banks, making possible a situation such as was seen last week. In 1930, 126 of Illinois' 1,683 banks were suspended.

## 6th Bankers Trust President

Samuel Sloan Colt, conservatively bold and comparatively young, last week became sixth president of the powerful Bankers Trust Co. of Manhattan. Next month Mr. Colt will be 39. Since his Yale graduation in 1914, he has tended strictly to his business, which was banking, except for a War interlude. He was first a first lieutenant, last a major in the Ordnance service. War over, he returned to the Farmers' Loan & Trust, soon became a vice president. Farmers' Loan merged with the National City Bank. He continued as vice president. Seward Prosser of Bankers Trust, a bank which ranks in inter-bank power next after the late George Fisher Baker's First National, last year made Mr. Colt one of his vice presidents.

Other Banker's Trust changes last week: Henry Jessup Cochran from presi-

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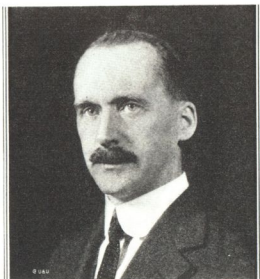
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## Leonard P. Ayres says:

"There is good evidence that the bottom of the depression was reached in December and January, and now business is bumping along on an irregular bottom . . . but there is a real basis for hope that definite recovery may get under way after Labor Day."

WALL STREET JOURNAL MAY 28, 1931



COL. LEONARD P. AYRES  
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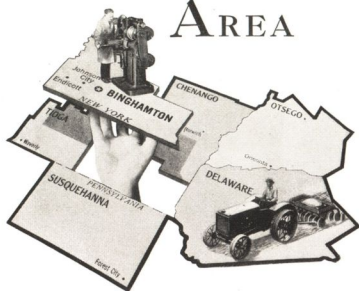
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SIX counties make up the Binghamton Buying Area. One of them, Broome County, should yield 78% of your industrial sales in this area. On the other hand, half of the consumer buying power, and over nine-tenths of the area's farm wealth will be found in the other five counties.

Analyses like this can be made for all nine New York State Buying Areas, through the facts presented in the new marketing manual published by the 16 Marine Midland Banks.

Behind the facts are business firms and business men. The officers of the 16 Marine Midland Banks, located throughout the area, are in a splendid position to know these firms—and these men. The marketing manual can probably point out what your objectives should be in New York State. The officers of Marine Midland Banks can probably tell you who you should see in each community to attain those objectives.

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### Banks of the

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BINGHAMTON . . . . . Peoples Trust Company	JAMESTOWN . . . . . Union Trust Company
JOHNSON CITY . . . . . Workers Trust Company	LACKAWANNA . . . . . Lackawanna National Bank
CORTLAND . . . . . Cortland Trust Company	SNYDER . . . . . Bank of Snyder
ROCHESTER . . . . . Union Trust Company	TONAWANDA . . . . . First Trust Company
ALBION . . . . . Orleans County Trust Company	NORTH TONAWANDA . . . . . State Trust Company
LOCKPORT . . . . . Niagara County National Bank & Trust Co.	NIAGARA FALLS . . . . . Power City Trust Company

dent (5th) to vice chairman of the board. Albert Arthur Tilney (4th president) from vice chairman to chairman; Seward Prosser (3rd president) from chairman to chairman of the managing committee. (1st and 2nd Presidents Edmund C. Converse and Benjamin Strong are dead.)

The late great Henry Pomeroy Davison founded Bankers Trust 19 years ago with \$1,000,000 capital, \$500,000 surplus. Last March capital was \$25,000,000, surplus and undivided profits \$87,000,000, total resources \$833,000,000.

Bankers Trust has withstood Depression better than most banks. There have been rumors of its merging with some other institution. Last week's executive changes may be the strategic deploying of powers for such a move.

### Index

Wall Street's passenger traffic has shrunk according to these figures given out by Interborough Rapid Transit Co.:

Fares Collected, first

four months:	1929	1931
Wall & William Streets . . . . .	4,084,000	3,501,000
Wall & Broadway . . . . .	4,386,000	3,882,000

A mental attitude "engendered by the performance of the securities markets" was blamed by *Iron Age* last fortnight for the slackening of steel demand. Production last week was averaging a shade under 40% of capacity against 41% the week before, 70% in the same week last year. Scrap steel prices reached the lowest levels last week since December 1914. At the end of May 105 blast furnaces were in operation, a loss of eight for the month, and only 33.4% of the total. The course of the automobile industry is expected to affect vitally future steel operations.

Automobile production for the first half year is now estimated at 1,700,000 units against 2,309,000 in the same period of last year. But the second half is expected to show a smaller rate of decline than the second half of last year, and a total of 2,900,000 units for 1931 is forecast. Last week General Motors' dealers took more cars than during May 1930. But G-M's retail sales were 122,000 cars during May against 131,000 in May last year.

H. H. Franklin Manufacturing Co. resumed operations after a two-weeks' halt. Unfilled orders are 10% higher than a month ago despite the fact that normal shipments were made during the shutdown, and deliveries to dealers in June have been 10% ahead of the same period in May.

Electric power production last week was running about 3% under 1930.

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Dreams.. a month's fishing every summer...time after fifty, or maybe sixty, to sit back and think things out...freedom to let young fellows burn the midnight oil while you go places you planned to see at romantic eighteen—and never did.

But why only *dreams*?

There are over 100,000 men and women from New York to San Francisco, from Montreal to ports 500 miles east of Madagascar, who are working now to make these dreams come true. Regularly they take a part of their earnings and put it to work for them. Some day their hard earned savings will be their sole support—and set them free.

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In Cartersville, Ga. a two-year-old boy fell into a well. His mother, Mrs. Wesley Scott, 18, hastily knotted together a number of ropes, started to descend by the improvised life line. The rope broke and she fell into the water, seizing the baby as she struck the surface. For three hours she cried for help, until passersby heard, rescued mother and child.

### Well

In Mexico, Mo. Mrs. C. Williams' cat fell into a well. Mrs. Williams tried to rescue the cat, fell into the well. Mr. Williams tried to rescue his wife, fell into the well. Police rescued Mr. and Mrs. Williams. The cat drowned.

### Cheek

At a horse show in Montebucario, Italy, a horse bit a large chunk out of Theodore Crema's cheek. In intense pain and indignation, Theodore Crema thrust his hand into the horse's mouth, recovered the gob of flesh, drove with it several miles to a hospital. Surgeons restored the piece to Theodore Crema's face.

### Swallower

In Pittsburgh Morris Dye, 17, swallowed two safety pins, was taken to Homeopathic Hospital. Awaiting treatment, he borrowed a double-edged razor blade from a fellow patient, wrapped it in paper, swallowed it. The blade lodged midway to the stomach, was extracted by an esophagoscope invented by famed Dr. Chevalier Jackson. The safety pins rested comfortably in Morris Dye's stomach, pending another operation.

### Mother

In Laibach, Yugoslavia a circus lioness, trained to an act in which her cub is placed in a perambulator, thought she recognized her offspring among the spectators. She pulled a 7-month-old infant from its buggy, playfully mauled it about until the trainer recovered it. Unhurt save for a few bruises and scratches, the baby was restored to its prostrate mother.

### Hen

In Manchester, Iowa a white leghorn hen owned by Emil Wendling Jr. knocks on the kitchen door by flapping her wings against it, walks to an old coat in the corner of the room, lays an egg in it and "knocks" to be let outdoors again. In two months the hen laid 50 eggs by that procedure.

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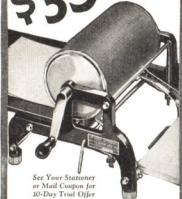
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Just as helpful to business recovery as increased employment is the contribution of the family finance company: lending money with which hundreds of thousands of families can pay their bills promptly. The campaign of which this advertisement is a part is aggressively going after prosperity by speeding collections. It is now appearing in newspapers of four and three-quarter million circulation. Interested citizens are invited to write for more information about the personal finance business. Address Department T-4, Household Finance Corporation, Palmolive Building, Chicago, Illinois.

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## M I L E S T O N E S

**Married.** August Belmont 3d, Harvard graduate, son of the late August Belmont Jr.; and Elizabeth Lee Saltonstall, Boston socialite, daughter of John Lee Saltonstall, onetime (1911-12) member of the Massachusetts Legislature; in Hamilton, Mass.

**Married.** Anthony Joseph Drexel Biddle Jr., 34, fun-loving Manhattan and Philadelphia socialite-sportsman, divorced secretly last March by Mrs. Mary Duke Biddle, niece of the late great tobacco tycoon James Buchanan ("Buck") Duke, daughter of the late Benjamin Newton Duke who left her over \$50,000,000 in 1929; and Mrs. Margaret Boyce Thompson Schulze, 34, only daughter of the late mining tycoon Col. William Boyce Thompson who died last June (TIME, July 7, 1930) leaving an estate of over \$85,000,000; in London.

**Married.** Eleanor Pratt, granddaughter of the late Charles Pratt who was a co-founder of Standard Oil Co. and founder of Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, N. Y.; and James Ramsay Hunt Jr., son of Dr. James Ramsay Hunt who served as Wartime neuropsychiatrist with the A. E. F.; at St. John's of Lattingtown, Locust Valley, L. I. (tiny socialite church to which Banker John Pierpont Morgan presented last year a brand new carved oak interior).

**Married.** Margaret G. Spence, foster-daughter and heiress of the late Clara B. Spence who founded Manhattan's socialite Spence School for Girls, ward of Principal Charlotte S. Baker of the school; and George Callendine Heck Jr., Manhattan socialite, Harvard man (1930); in Manhattan.

**Married.** Margaret Morton Eustis, granddaughter of the late Levi Parsons Morton, banker and vice president of the U. S. (1889-93); and David Edward Finley, Special Assistant to Secretary of the Treasury Andrew William Mellon; in Oatlands, Va.

**Seeking Divorce.** Mrs. Eva Baur Hansl; from Raleigh Hansl, retired Manhattan stockbroker; in Bridgeport, Conn. She called her husband an "incurable Princeton man," because he made her live in Princeton from 1918 to 1921 while he took graduate courses, and suggested that they should live together as "college chums."

**Elected.** Pierre Benoit, French novelist; to be a member of the French Academy (traditionally limited to 40 members); succeeding the late dramatist Georges de Porto-Riche.

General Max Weyand, commander-in-chief of the French army, to succeed the late Marshal Joseph Jacques Césaire Joffre.

Left. By Mortimer Leo Schiff, Man-

hattan banker and philanthropist who died last fortnight (TIME, June 15); an estate estimated at \$100,000,000. Of this \$1,000,000 goes to his son John Mortimer Schiff, \$750,000 to his daughter Mrs. Dorothy Schiff Hall, \$250,000 to her husband Richard Brown West Hall (to revert to the residuary estate should the Halls die childless). To philanthropic and educational institutions goes \$1,001,000, of which \$500,000 is for the Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies, \$100,000 for the Boy Scouts of America (of which Banker Schiff was elected president three weeks before he died), \$50,000 to his alma mater, Amherst College. To his family retainers and to every employee of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. go gifts ranging from \$100 to \$20,000. City and country houses and three-fifths of the residuary estate are left, in trust, to Mrs. Adele Gertrude Schiff, the remaining two-fifths in trust to the two children. Upon the death of Mrs. Schiff two-thirds of her share goes to John Mortimer Schiff provided he has not married without her permission. One-third goes to Mrs. Dorothy Schiff Hall.

**Died.** William Edwin Rudge, 54, famed printer; in Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

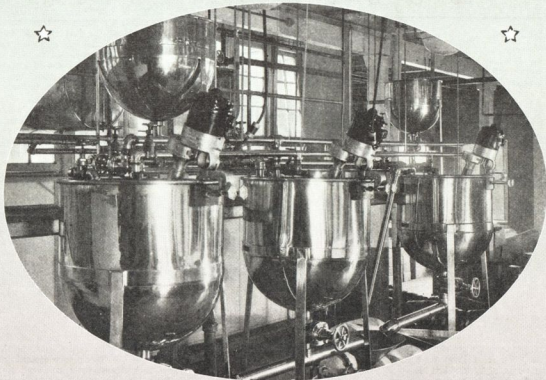
**Died.** William Thurston Hincks, 61, founder (with his brother Robert Stanley) of Hincks Brothers & Co., investment bankers; after three months' illness; in Bridgeport.

**Died.** George D. McLaughlin, 67, Chicago clubman, merchant (Manor House coffee), brother of Sportsman Frederic McLaughlin; as the result of an automobile accident near Lake Forest, Ill.

**Died.** Dr. Franklin Henry Giddings, 76, pioneer U. S. sociologist, professor emeritus of sociology at Columbia University; after a long illness; in Scarsdale, N. Y. An oldtime editorial writer for the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, he succeeded Woodrow Wilson as economics professor at Bryn Mawr College in 1888, went to Columbia in 1894, first U. S. sociology professor to hold a chair so designated. To a science still largely abstract he brought a new, exact method, involving for the first time statistical studies. His authoritative *Principles of Sociology* was ten years a-writing.

**Died.** Anna Adams Gordon, 78, nine years world president of the W. C. T. U.; in a sanatorium at Castle, N. Y.; of a general breakdown. She served the Dry cause for 54 years, was 21 years secretary to Founder Frances Willard of the W. C. T. U.

**Died.** Jesse Boot, Baron Trent of Nottingham, 81, founder of the \$25,000,000 drug store chain, Boot's Cash Chemists, which with 770 shops in England controls Boot's Pure Drug Co. and four subsidiary companies; of paralysis; in St. Helier, island of Jersey.



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# ALLEGHENY METAL



## MUSIC

## Harvest Moon

(See front cover)

Morton Downey received last week \$4,500 from the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. (Camels) for singing, in his high, cajoling tenor, half a dozen songs into the radio every evening. The week before he got \$5,500 for appearing briefly on the stage of Manhattan's Paramount Theatre. Six weeks ago he closed his supper-club in the smart Delmonico Hotel. For last week alone, the royalties on his own song "Wabash Moon" (which, until he recently adopted "Carolina Moon" because Camels are made in Winston-Salem, N. C., was the "signature" of his broadcasts) amounted to \$1,600. It was consequently clear that Morton Downey had been the outstanding success of the radio season which, last week, had begun to draw in its antennae for the summer when static, storms and holidays make new attractions scarcer on the air.

No flash in tin-pan alley, it was a typical troubadour's success—quick, dramatic, amazingly profitable. Half a year ago, though he had a chauffeur to drive his Rolls-Royce, Morton Downey was wondering if he had enough money to hire an orchestra and open a night-club. He had just come back from London where in 1927 the Prince of Wales liked his voice so much that he had him sing an encore eleven times, but that was no guarantee that he would be able to make a luxurious

living in Manhattan. Troubadour Downey had nothing much in his pocket except a cable from William S. Paley, president of Columbia Broadcasting Co., promising him a chance. In November he started the Delmonico Club, broadcast from it first



MIRROR'S FRONT PAGE

The flowers had eyes.

once a week, then three times. Radio listeners liked his voice—high, sweet, and vaguely Irish—so much that a month later he was given a chance to compete with Blackfacis Amos 'n Andy whose grouchy arguments were considered an impregnable favorite with dinner-table audiences. The final proof of an immense, mysterious appeal was then found in the fact that some listeners, although not most, preferred Downey.

Vastly tickled by his fame, Troubadour Downey has no reluctance in stating that he eats three banana splits daily, has a blue chow named Teddy, sleeps raw\* in a double bed, calls his wife "Lover," is covered with moles, bleeds easily when shaving. Superstitious, he still carries a cats-eye ring and holy medals for good luck. Because his name appears in their advertisements, he keeps Camels in his pocket and gives them all to friends. Quick-tempered, he once rebuked a famous polo player who was making too much noise in his night club. Shrewd, when Walter Winchell, famed obstetrician of the New York *Mirror*, noted wearing dinner clothes, tried to get in his club, Troubadour Downey turned him out, profited when Winchell publicized the incident.

The Downey success story, rewritten in such episodes, had been started in a chapter already partially forgotten five years before. A pudgy Irish youth, the son of a day laborer who raised a large family in Wallingford, Conn. and Brooklyn, he had stopped going to school when

he was 15, sold candy on trains, acted in small time vaudeville, been an agent for Victrola records. There was nothing then to confirm his impression that he was a singer except the fact that his mother, annoyed by his childish caterwaulings, had often given him a nickel to keep quiet. Tammany Politician James Hagan helped him get jobs—the first one singing ten times a day in a burlesque theatre.

Later he met Paul Whiteman, sang with his orchestra on the *Leviathan*. When not singing he blew into a French horn that had no notes. He became a popular night club entertainer in Manhattan, then in London where his pudgy, unimpressive physique was an even less noticeable handicap than it had been in the U. S. Bored with night clubs, he made three talking pictures which attracted scant notice, met and married Barbara Bennett, went to Hollywood where he accomplished nothing except learning to ride a horse.

Practically forgotten when he returned to Manhattan after another London venture last autumn, Morton Downey owes his present affluence largely to Columbia's William S. Paley. Able Salesman Paley, eager to entice Camel advertising from the National Broadcasting Co., persuaded him to sing a sample program through a long-distance telephone to Winston-Salem, N. C., where it was relayed to Camel executives through a local station. It was an ideal episode for his recrudescence success story for Downey did his telephonic trial while his wife was undergoing a surgical operation.\*

Plump, chatty, irresponsible, Troubadour Downey is still addicted to expensive cars, large apartments and other luxuries precious to those who have learned they may not keep them long, but he banks three quarters of his income, no longer has a chauffeur. He is proud that his appeal is not, like that of Rudy Vallee and other famed radio entertainers, based on vocal sexuality. It rests, rather, upon the fact that his high, clear voice broadcasts much more smoothly, more truly than voices which, louder and more pretentious, would easily be recognized as superior to his on a concert stage. A voice endearing and mellifluous, silvery and vaguely sad, it is the one which all high tenors in glee clubs, bathrooms and social club quarets imagine to be theirs. When singing he stands still, raises his arms rarely in his single gesture, lifts his round face to the ceiling so that it looks not unlike that Moon—Wabash, June or Carolina—which shines in the sky like a yellow coin for all ambitious troubadours.

\*Second of the three famed daughters of Actor Richard Bennett, Barbara was best known as dancing partner of the late Maurice. If Troubadour Downey had any doubts about his own importance they were doubtless resolved last month when he saw the front page of the tabloid New York *Mirror* almost entirely occupied by a photograph of his wife. A wily cameraman gained admittance to her hospital by bringing a large bouquet. In the bouquet was hidden a camera.

Constance, eldest Bennett daughter, married and divorced Millionaire Philip Plant, became a Pathé cinema star, was recently borrowed by Warner Brothers at the largest salary (\$300,000 for ten weeks) ever paid a cinematist. Joan, youngest daughter, acted on the Manhattan stage in *Jaragon*, was selected by John Barrymore as his leading woman in *Moby Dick* (TIME, Aug. 25).

—John Hancock Series—

## How good is your wife's sales resistance?

Even if it is perfect, she won't want to be bothered by schemes for disposing of her inheritance.

And she won't be, if you safeguard her with a Life Insurance Trust—an arrangement which makes certain that all the things you plan to do for her will be done anyway, no matter what happens to you.

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Please send me information about Life Insurance Trusts.

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Over Sixty-Eight Years in Business

\*Meaning, naked. This has become a common reply to a common question of New York *Daily News* Columnist Sidney Skolsky.

## Umpa Umpa Stuff

*Giovinenza, giovinezza,  
Primavera di bellezza,  
Nel dolore e ne l'ebbrezza  
Il tuo canto esulterà!*<sup>\*</sup>

Exuberantly Mediterranean, dear to the hearts of Young Italy, are these words which open the chorus of the official Fascist anthem. But the accompanying music, though certainly no worse than that of many another patriotic song, is what *Variety* calls "ump-a ump-a stuff." It is more singable, more lively than "The Star-Spangled Banner" but immeasurably less musical than "Die Wacht Am Rhein," the Tsarist anthem, or the Haydn tune which the Austrian Empire took for its national hymn. It was natural, then, that the whole world of music should have risen in arms during the last month because a Fascist official demanded that Arturo Toscanini play "Giovinenza" at a memorial concert in Bologna devoted to the works of his friend, the late Giuseppe Martucci (1836-1909). It was even more natural that the world should become indignant because a group of Fascisti assaulted him for his refusal to do so.

In a villa high above St. Moritz in Switzerland, a pale and haggard Toscanini was last week recovering from Fascist buffets. Soon he would go to Wahnfried



TOSCANINI

The lights go out at three.

("Dream-Peace"), the villa Richard Wagner built at Bayreuth. There, as guest of Frau Winifred Wagner (widow of the late Siegfried and director of Bayreuth affairs), he was to begin rehearsals for the opening concert of the summer festival. Because his art demanded tranquility, he wished no further discussion of the inci-

<sup>\*</sup>Youth, youth,  
Springtime of beauty,  
In sorrow and in joy  
Will your song rise!

AFTER ALL . . .

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dent. But Italy was behind him; at last the world could view his case whole.

As everyone knows, Conductor Toscanini is violently anti-Fascist. His political views as well as his low opinion of the musical value of "Giovinezza" prompted him long ago to refuse to play it, and *il Fascismo* once became so irritated as to threaten him with its famed, ugly castor oil cure. It was no new experience for him when Leandro Arpinati, Under Secretary of the Interior, and Boss of Bologna, requested that before the Bologna concert last month he perform the Fascist tune and the "Marcia Reale" (royal march of the house of Savoy). Though Conductor Toscanini suspected no trap, he stoutly refused. Boss Arpinati suggested that the Bologna town band be permitted to play the pieces. "Impossible!" cried the maestro. It was an evening in memory of his dead friend. "That would be a masquerade, not a concert!"

At the entrance to the concert hall that night an angry crowd awaited him. "A morte! (Kill him!)" they shouted. "Is it true you refused to play the Fascist hymn?" He stood firm, his eyes flashing, his moustache bristling. "Yes, it is true!" Then their blows rained upon him . . . his mouth gushed blood. . . .

In the confusion of reports that followed the press of Italy was unanimous in its condemnation of Toscanini. The maestro's friends insisted that the attack was a carefully-planned ambush. A cautious French press made no mention of the incident. Carabinieri, soldiers, detectives watched the Toscanini house in Milan; he was a prisoner; his passport was withdrawn; he would be disciplined, it was said, by Dictator Mussolini. Last week his passport was returned and it was reported that he had been guarded only because civil authorities feared further incidents.

From a world quick to conclude that Art had been insulted, came expressions of indignation. Students at the Bologna Conservatory of Music shouted *Evviva Toscanini!* and were at once clapped into jail. In Berlin, Leopold Stokowski of the Philadelphia Orchestra cried: "The Fascists will kill that man yet. He is so sensitive that he will never be able to stand the shock!" Sergei Koussevitzky of the Boston Symphony cancelled a contract to conduct a June festival at La Scala in Milan, called the incident "an insult not only to him but to artists generally!" Hastening from Zurich to Milan, Ossip Gabrilowitsch of the Detroit Symphony, who had also cancelled La Scala contracts, visited Toscanini and sent off an indignant signed article to the New York Times. But one able conductor, Fritz Reiner, who until this year led the Cincinnati Symphony, amiably complied with vociferous requests and performed the two patriotic airs at a La Scala concert.

As for the maestro himself, he cabled his U. S. secretary: "I am tranquil." And in sunny, quiet St. Moritz last week he was unmolested. Visitors were told he would see no one. Said a neighbor: "Something goes on until two or three o'clock in the morning. Lights are turned on in the villa. A piano answers softly to the master's hands. Then the music stops and the lights go out. These musicians have their own way of resting."

## B O O K S

*Cavalry, C. S. A.\**

BEDFORD FORREST AND HIS CRITTER COMPANY—Andrew Nelson Lytle—*Min-ton, Balch* (\$5).†

Robert E. Lee's cavalry general was James Ewell Brown ("Jeb") Stuart, killed at Yellow Tavern in the last days of the war, but when somebody asked Lee at Appomattox who was the greatest soldier under his command, Lee answered, "A man I have never seen, sir. His name is Forrest."

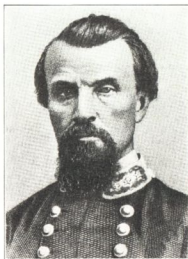
Nathan Bedford Forrest (1821-77) was no flower of Southern chivalry but a tough off-shoot of Tennessee pioneers. He talked like a poor white; it is doubtful if he ever read a book on tactics; but he fought like the devil. Biographer Lytle, strong Forrest partisan, implies that if Forrest's abilities had been recognized in time the western campaign might have had a different outcome. But Forrest's commander was General Braxton Bragg, whom Forrest soon distrusted, finally despised. One day he stamped into Bragg's tent, spoke thus: "You may as well not issue any more orders to me, for I will not obey them. And I will hold you personally responsible for any further indignities you try to inflict on me. You have threatened to arrest me for not obeying your orders promptly. I dare you to do it, and I say to you that if you ever again try to interfere with me or cross my path, it will be at the peril of your life." Bragg did not take the dare.

Forrest was a born fighter; what he had to learn about soldiering he learned at Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Hog Mountain, Chickamauga, Brice's Cross-Roads. He had a great contempt for West Pointers. After a disastrous action whose plans he had not approved, his commander, General Stephen D. Lee, called a council of war, asked Forrest if he had any ideas. "Yes, sir," said Forrest. "I've always got ideas, and I'll tell you one thing, General Lee. If I knew as much about West Point tactics as you, the Yankees would whip hell out of me every day."

Forrest's name became a by-word in the West. When with 500 men he captured 1,700 Federals, ecstatic Southerners dubbed him the Wizard of the Saddle. Sherman vowed he would get him "if it costs 10,000 lives and breaks the Treasury. There will never be peace in Tennessee until Forrest is dead!" But when his was the last organized Confederate force in the West, when news came of Lee's and Johnston's surrenders, Forrest knew the game was up. His men crowded round him, begged him to lead them to Mexico to avoid surrendering. He was tempted, but realized it was a fool idea, surrendered.

After the war Forrest, a delegate to the first post-war Democratic convention, went to Manhattan, "attracted so much

attention that he could not move about the streets without drawing a crowd." One day he got tired of the press, "swept his mighty shoulders around and shouted," cleared the street. As soon as he heard about the Ku Klux Klan he joined it, was elected "Grand Wizard of the Invisible



NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST

... solved the Manhattan traffic problem. Empire." (Robert E. Lee had written refusing the command, approving the idea but saying that his approval must remain "invisible.") In 1877 Forrest died, full of years, scars, memories of battles.

**The Author.** Andrew Nelson Lytle is one of the group of young literary Southerners (others: Allen Tate, John Crowe Ransom, Lyle Lanier) which is trying to organize an agrarian movement in the South. Author Lytle lives on a farm in north Alabama. *Bedford Forrest* is his first book.

*Pitkin Passes*

THE ART OF LEARNING—Walter B. Pitkin—*Whitely House* (\$2.50).\*

"[This] book is emphatically not intended for sappy souls who sigh for inspiration, in the hope of being kicked upstairs. . . . It is a work book. In the hands of a lusty toiler, it will show solid profits." No trilling Pippa of pedagogy, no profound Paracelsus either, Professor Pitkin is nothing if not practical, hates waste, is hot after results. In this Pitkin-esque textbook, thumb-printed with many a helpful hint, anecdote, rule, bristling with statistics and questionnaires, you may spend some lively hours, may even learn something about learning.

What shall you learn? Says Pitkin, you must decide that for yourself; but he advises one of the three "hardy perennials in

the garden of knowledge": geography, psychology, mathematics. When is the best time of day to work? "For more than 30 years I have made it a rule to study and do other intellectual work as early as possible in the morning. Whenever I can get under way before seven, I do so. Eight o'clock is late. Nine is fatal." Regularity is important. "Work a little every day at your subject. I mean that you should work 365 days a year at it, except during leap years. Then put in 366 days." Logical, loyal to efficiency, Pitkin gave up smoking when he found it was slowing up his brain work, advises others so to do.

**The Author.** Walter Boughton Pitkin has worked at 40 different jobs. He started herding cattle at 14, at 53 is professor of journalism at Columbia University. In his spare time he writes books, occasionally gives galvanizing advice to editors of moribund magazines.

*Yes-Girl*

THE JEWEL—Claire Goll—*Knopf* (\$2).\*

Marie was a Parisian maid-of-all-work but a country girl at heart. She worked for the Deloses, an avaricious jeweler and his discontented wife, was in love with Babylas, a mulatto chauffeur. Babylas' motives were neither pure nor unmixed; he took Marie for lack of something better, and hoped through her to get at her master's jewels. When Babylas told Marie his scheme she was horrified, carried her fear so openly on her face that M. Delos took it for an invitation and complacently accepted it. Marie, servant and a yes-girl, wrung her hands and said nothing, not even when she discovered she was pregnant. As soon as Mme Delos saw what was Marie's trouble she fired her.

Marie's few servant friends did what they could for her; now & then a man helped her after blackmailing her into submission; but there was nothing but a little time between her and the bottom of the hill. Her baby was born at a charity hospital and lived long enough to break her heart by dying. At the end Marie found the Seine more comfortable than the boulevards.

Authoress Claire Goll has made a sordid story a little too true to be sordid. Entertaining Publisher Knopf has indicated the dual nature of the book, beckons two different publics by putting out *The Jewel* in two different jackets: one lurid, one chaste.

*Bogus*

FATHER MALACHY'S MIRACLE—Bruce Marshall—*Doubleday, Doran* (\$2.50).\*

Far & few are the writers who can monkey with fantasy without getting just too cute for words. Inimitable Max Beerholm managed it; some still think Sir James Matthew Barrie, Alan Alexander Milne, Christopher Morley have made surprisingly few errors. Fantasia Bruce Marshall follows a less gossamer authority, Gilbert Keith Chesterton; but in his hands the Chestertonian whimsy loses its robustness, gets all buttered up with sticky sentiment. Not that Author Marshall cannot be very sharp on occasion, but, like the latter-day Chesterton, he is sharp only with non-Catholic things.

Roman Catholic Father Malachy Mulli-

†Published May 29.

\*Published June 3.

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

\*Published June 5.

gan was summoned from his monastery to an Edinburgh parish to teach a slipshod congregation how to chant plain song. Across the street from the church were two grievous eyesores: a Church of England edifice placarded with snappy ads for religion, and the Garden of Eden dance hall. Of the two, the Garden of Eden was slightly more offensive to the Catholic priest. Father Malachy, meeting the Anglican parson on the street and becoming involved in theological argument, became so annoyed that he promised to perform a miracle: he would cause the Garden of Eden to be transported wherever the Anglican parson wished, at precisely 11:30 the following night. Next evening they met; the parson chose Bass Rock, a little island some 20 miles away; Father Malachy prayed; the deed was done.

Unfortunately the result was not all that the good Father had hoped. Newspapers made a great but skeptical fuss. Protestants openly disbelieved; agnostics thought there was a trick in it; the Roman Catholic Church was more or less embarrassed. Finally Father Malachy, persuaded by an anxious colleague to clinch the matter by performing another miracle, prayed that the dance hall should be returned to its original location. It was done; and in 48 hours the public had forgotten it had ever moved.

Father Malachy's actions may offend some rigidly Catholic readers, but that is not Catholic Author Marshall's intention. Father Malachy is supposed to be a sweet old thing; it is his sweetness (not to say sapiness) that may offend most. This is

the way you catch him thinking about God: "Dear old Almighty God; He was a One, He was."

**The Author** was crippled by the War; brims with Roman Catholic sweetness &



BRUCE MARSHALL

"Dear old Almighty God; He was a One, He was."

light. He works at accounting, writes novels in his spare time, hopes soon to have more spare time. Other books: *This Sorry Scheme*, *The Stopping Venus*, *The Little Friend*.

## Too Bad

AND NO BIRDS SING—Pauline Leader—*Vanguard* (\$2.50).

*And No Birds Sing* bears out the popular notion that blind people are happier than the deaf. Ostensibly the heart-wringing autobiography of a poor girl who lost her hearing, this book reads almost like a parody of the o-pity-me school.

She was fat and she was Jewish and her pride was inordinate. She hated her father, her mother, her sisters, the tenement they lived in, the market that gave them their living, the boys & girls she went to school with, the teachers who did not like her. She admits she was dirty and implies she was not much help around the house. She felt she was cut out for higher things, flew into tantrums when she was crossed. She drove her mother wild with suspicious fear by friendships with elderly men, by going to their rooms to talk. Her father beat her but it did no good. One day in her teens she fell ill; when she recovered her hearing was gone.

She became more rebelliously ferocious than ever, turned her gentler impulses to writing poetry, to talking to her soul: "Sh-sh-sh, dear, sh-sh-sh. Stop your quivering. Stop your quivering, dear. I'll know. We have each other. You must not quiver, dear." She ran away to Manhattan to be a poet, got a room in Greenwich Village, was fired from a succession of jobs. One day she went to a clinic and told the nurse she thought she was going to have a baby (though she did not really think so). She was sent to a home for wayward girls. During the five days she was there she suffered terribly. One of the worst things was watching the staff eat "hot, golden biscuits, while we tore apart cold rolls." When they discovered she was not going to have a baby they lectured her, sent her away. She thought it was wonderful to be free again.

**The Author** will not allow her publishers to tell anything about her, but they say her autobiography is true, candid.

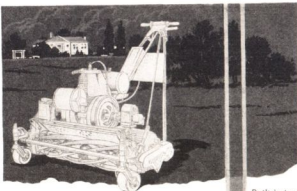
## Western

GUNSIGHT TRAIL—Alan LeMay—*Farmer & Rinehart* (\$2).

Detective stories have come a long way from Holmes. Best plots are no longer always like chess-problems with one master mind coolly moving toward a mate; clever detectionists now often simplify the story, multiply and humanize the characters. *Gunsight Trail* is a combination of Western and murder story; it makes a lively yarn.

Cowpuncher Clay Hughes, heading for a job in Buckhorn Valley, made camp on Gunsight Pass. As he was smoking a bed-time cigaret he heard a mule bray, later a shot. He thought it was probably all right until a dying man staggered up to his fire, sprawled dead in the embers. Next day when Clay got to the "Lazy M" Ranch he foolishly let it be known that the murdered man had said something to him before he died. That night Clay was locked up, shot at through the window. Before he could find out what it was all about, hell began to pop in the Buckhorn. Luckily for him Clay was no softy, was also the hero. He fulfilled both rôles handsomely before the smoke cleared away and peace and potential piteousness descended on the Valley.

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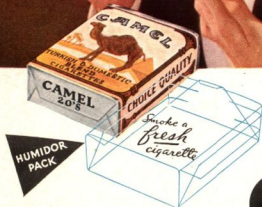
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