

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



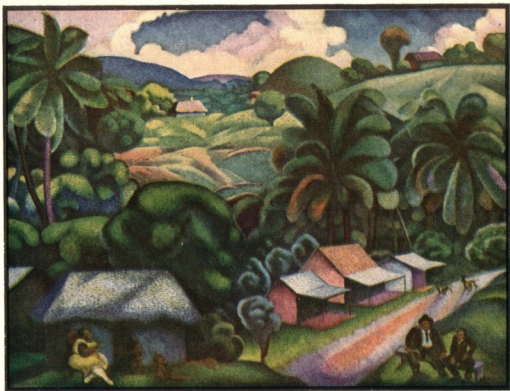
Underwood & Underwood

Volume XVII

HEADMASTER OF ETON & BOY

*He teaches the Pope, the Tugs, the Wet & Dry Bobs.
(See EDUCATION)*

Number 26



ON November 21, 1930, as the steamship *Majestic* put out from New York Harbor, Mr. Thomas Lincoln Chadbourne, sitting in the stateroom of his suite with a fragrant Cuban cigar between his lips, must have pondered on the strange company of Argonauts he was leading upon a still stranger quest. All argosies seek the Golden Fleece, but the particular fleece which he was seeking was larger, more golden, more elusive than any that had hitherto been captured and brought home. This fleece was nothing less than the revival of a world industry on the verge of hopeless bankruptcy.

Before him lay an adventure in high diplomacy, diplomacy not of governments but of commerce. Other men had formed industrial cartels, but none so large, so inclusive as that which he projected. Other schemes had been evolved to improve prices of rubber, of wheat, of coffee (by restricting supply), but all had met with failure. He was looking to succeed with sugar, a commodity produced in at least half the countries of the world, a commodity which governments with all their power had tried in vain to stabilize.

Thus FORTUNE, in its July issue, introduces the story of a year of brilliant, tortuous business diplomacy. Its background: the sugar industry's despair. Its locale: Cuba, Amsterdam, Wall Street, Berlin. Its hero: an indomitable lawyer with a flair for finesse.

In vivid paragraphs FORTUNE traces the history of Cuban cane sugar, from its 1920 high of twenty-two and a half cents a pound, when Cuba danced the mad dance of millions, to its 1930 low of one and four-hundredths cents a pound, when Cuba reached its sixth stage of

despair; of Javanese sugar, from its great plague forty years ago to its disease-resisting, highest-yield-per-acre crop of today; of European beet sugar from its industrial beginnings by Napoleonic fiat to the bumper crops that have added beet surplus to cane surplus . . .

To Europe Mr. Chadbourne carried herculean height (6 feet, 6 inches), herculean weight (240 pounds) and a herculean club: Cuba's million and a half tons of unsaleable, surplus sugar. Over this surplus, President Machado had given Mr. Chadbourne absolute control. By dropping it in the world market, Mr. Chadbourne could wreck the world's entire sugar industry.

FORTUNE tells how Mr. Chadbourne, aided by his million-and-a-half-ton club, by his ability as a truly great poker player, and by the disarming publicity of Mr. Ivy Lee, first won the Dutch-Javanese to his plan for restrictions of export, then the sugar exporters of Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary and Belgium, and finally, after patient delay of many months, the Germans.

Details of this story are fascinating, told as only FORTUNE can tell them. And, like all FORTUNE stories, the diplomacy of Mr. Chadbourne is a story worth telling, worth knowing.

Fortune

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"Yapping"

Sirs:

... I was shocked to read in the Sports department of the June 13 issue the phrase "one Joe Kennedy, a yapping Negro janitor ... twittering with prayer."

Nothing in the story justified the unkindness of the adjective "yapping." No other Derby winner was characterized in such an ungracious way.

I am a white man myself and some of my best friends are Negroes. Ordinarily I pay little attention to evidences of ignorant race prejudice, but when a magazine which boasts of accuracy and lack of bias publishes a statement like the above, I am surprised and shocked.

Incidentally I have purchased my last copy of Time.

HARRY WARWICK

New York City

Joe Kennedy's extensively superfluous comments on his winnings which constituted yapping might be quoted for pages. Short samples: "Love covers everything. ... I shan't become one of the idle rich. ... I'll have to go somewhere to get away. ... I believe I won because of my faith in God. ... Shucks, \$145,000 isn't a fortune. ... Money isn't everything. ..." The Boston Daily Globe described him as "completely bewildered"; the N. Y. Herald Tribune as "a trembling Negro ... tears streaming down his cheeks."—Ed.

Sorry to Say

Sirs:

I read with great interest your comments upon the 150th anniversary of Phillips Exeter Academy. However, I have discovered a few details which are not absolutely straight. And, as a member of the Lower Middle (2nd year) class, I would like to show you where you are wrong; for Time is wrong.

1) You state, referring to Thomas William Lamont, that "he would see the modest basement offices of the school paper, *The Exonian*." As a member of the editorial board, I would like to draw your attention to the fact that the offices of *The Exonian* are located next to the old Post Office, directly over the basement room of The Grill, far-jamed Exeter eating place.

2) "Smoking is allowed in the rooms though not in the street." I am sorry to say that this will no longer be the case. With the construction of the new dormitories, and the remodeling of the old (Peabody, Hoyt, Soule), smoking will no longer be allowed in the dorms, but only in the smoking rooms provided. Thus will perish one of the most favored of undergraduate privileges, long the main attraction to the Yard dorms (Peabody, Hoyt, Soule).

3) "The School has its drink (the 'lead shot'), a fearful mixture of the sweetest and heaviest syrups of the soda fountain." I am sorry to say that this drink seems to have gone the way of all popular drinks: here today and gone tomorrow. I have been in Exeter for several years, and I have as yet to meet such a drink, though I have met many fearful ones. For example: Welch grape juice in a milk shake,

thus making their advertised "Purple Cow." ...

ROBERT B. HARRISON

Exeter, N. H.

No Lead Shot

Sirs:

Your article entitled "Exeter's 150th" in the issue of June 13 was decidedly off-color (if you will pardon me for saying so) in many respects. For your own benefit Exeter won first place in the competition for the Phi Beta Kappa Trophy sponsored by Harvard University in which the outstanding preparatory schools in New England were entered. This would seem to prove that Exeter is more "potent" scholastically than other schools of its kind, despite your contention to the contrary.

What, if you please, is the drink commonly termed "the lead shot"? In my rather brief sojourn of two years here, I have yet to drink this "fearful mixture of the sweetest and heaviest syrups of the soda fountain." Yet I frequent the soda fountains of Exeter with much regularity. But, being rather sceptical by nature and decidedly curious and feeling that my reputation as a soda fountain connoisseur was at stake, I made rather extensive inquiries, but regret to say that my search was unrewarded, for every storekeeper and proprietor in Exeter answered my demand for Exeter's favorite drink with a blank stare of dismay not unmingled with surprise which showed clearly that they were questioning my perfect sanity, a fact which caused me no little embarrassment.

Outside of these two phases, I thought your article pretty nearly hit the nail on the head. So, while congratulating you on your article, I wish you at the same time would acknowledge these two grievous mistakes.

DAVIS P. HARDING

Managing Editor

The Exonian

Exeter, N. H.

Laugh

Sirs:

IMMORAL AMERICANS MAY ELEVENTH ISSUE CAUSES BIG LAUGH AMONG US HERE STOP WHY DONT YOU TRY ACCURACY STOP THOUGH BETTER OF YOU

ELLERY WALTER

Moscow, U.S.S.R.

To Ellery ("Around the World on One Leg") Walter all praise for reaching Moscow. Time quoted Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co.'s Engineer Clarence Warren who said, on returning from Russia with Mrs. Warren (TIME, May 11):

"Nearly every American woman that goes to Russia with her husband on business and stays any length of time, returns to the United States an entirely different woman—and not a happier or better looking one either. They usually take to drink and a large percentage of those who have lived in Russia for more than a year are hopelessly addicted to liquor."

Said Mrs. Warren:

"Russia is the most immoral country I ever entered and I have been through most European countries. Even Americans are contaminated. They encounter the Russian interpreters who are usually girls, young, pretty, shrewd and

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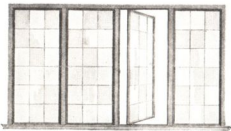
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without morals. There are Americans in Russia now who are going to find it difficult to get out when their babies are born."

TIME presented Mr. and Mrs. Warren's observations as news, made no comment as to their accuracy.—Ed.

Sirs:

I am writing to you to protest the interview with Mr. & Mrs. Clarence Warren. . . .

I have lived for over a year in Russia so that I feel I can speak with some knowledge. . . . In our own group of 32 engineers and their wives, and in the group of over 200 American skilled workmen with their families living near us and working on the auto plant, there have been no cases of drinking among the women and few among the men. The Russians all remark upon the small amount of drinking indulged in by Americans, and certainly Mr. Warren's remark. . . . is without foundation. There is not a woman here who could, under any stretch of the imagination, fit into that class. . . . The women here are busy making comfortable homes for their husbands and themselves, and lead normal lives.

Mrs. Warren may have been misled by Russians when she went to buy in the stores, but my experience has made me wonder at the goodwill and tolerance shown by the Russians toward the many privileges we enjoy. We buy in our own store unlimited quantities of any available article, and such a privilege is so unusual that we have marvelled that none of the Russians with whom we have come in contact have ever begrudged us a thing we got.

As for the immorality, shrewdness and beauty of the interpreters, one of our men remarked that Mr. Warren must speak for the morals of all the girl interpreters, they are distinctly lacking in shrewdness, and most of them have little beauty to the American eye.

I feel that the majority of the American women will probably return to the U. S. different views, but the difference is that we have had some experience in self-sacrifice, we have learned what it means not to be eternally protected as we are at home, and we have a better conception of the hardships that millions of people are undergoing in the world—hardships which they meet so cheerfully that we feel we dare not complain if the many concessions we receive do not equal the comforts we have had in the U. S.

MRS. ALLAN S. AUSTIN

Austin Clothhouse
"Austrostry"
Nijni-Novgorod, U.S.S.R.

Daughter-in-Law Margretta Stroop Austin has been in Russia for some 14 months with Son Allan Stewart Austin, 26, who is Supervising Engineer of City Construction at New Nijni-Novgorod ("Austingrad").

Father Wilbert J. Austin, President of Cleveland's famed Austin Co. (engineers and builders), has on his Cleveland desk a large, translucent, electrically-lighted earth globe on which New Nijni-Novgorod is spotted 270 miles east of Moscow.

The city Son Austin is now building will be the Detroit of Russia, her centre for straight line mass production of motor cars. The Austin Co.'s fee: \$50,000.00.—Ed.

Day-Coacher

Sirs:

In "Tornado v. Train" (TIME, June 8) you say that "in the string of eleven Pullmans there were 119 passengers," etc. The inference is that the one man killed was a Pullman passenger. Such is not the fact. The unfortunate traveler rode in a day coach. Fear-stricken he jumped through a window; the car a moment later was blown over on him. The Pullman Co. is proud of the fact that last year (1930) we carried 10,300,000 passengers (12,814,000 passenger miles (1,183,566,000 vehicle miles) and only one of these passengers was killed.

JAMES KEELEY
Vice President

The Pullman Co.
Chicago, Ill.

Fargo's Wind

Sirs:

In TIME, June 8, under "Tornado v. Train," you tell of the accident to the Great Northern's *Empire Builder*, where said *Builder* was damped over on its side by the morning, and you use the expression "a wreck unique in U. S. railroad history."

I cannot permit my old boyhood home town of Fargo to be short of any her heroism for she has performed this trick twice. Back somewhere in the 90's the best my time-dimmed memory will do, the Northern Pacific's crack limited of that bygone period moved westward out of Fargo early one morning. A mile west from town was the Big Slough across which ran an earthen fill. As the train reached this causeway a tornado struck it and turned every Pullman of the train on its side. But in this case no one was hurt.

Probably the Northern Pacific's wreck record will confirm this, but I saw this peculiar accident within an hour after it happened, and my pride in Fargo's wind-power prevents my keeping silence.

C. E. FISHER

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pajamas & Mortarboard

Sirs:

Fearing you of the East may still think this territory possibly "BACKWARD" *à la* Grundy, believe it I think to report a seeing Street Girl Graduate on the street in Moorhead, our twin town (see map), wearing bright crimson beach pajamas and her MORTARBOARD.

Incidentally, just outside Moorhead a playful twister tossed *The Empire Builder*, crack transcontinental flier, in a wheatfield recently.

VICTOR W. FLINT
Sales Manager

Dakota Breeders Hatchery
Fargo, N. Dak.

Plug-Ugly's News

Sirs:

As a traveling man, I have heard many sad stories, in various parts of the country, as have my brethren "plug-uglies."

Last week, however, I heard a most refreshing bona fide report: the Austing Mills, in Lawrence, Mass., a typical N. E. mill city, have added 2,200 help during the last two months. May was the biggest month since the War!

They are now working nights.
Other Lawrence mills are working full weeks. It is like old times to see the Washington Mills (American Woolen Co.) working all six floors and on Friday.

There is just an attempt to pass the good news along.

Quincy, Mass. S. W. HUMPHREY

Back-to-Front

Sirs:

I find that TIME, if read from the back page to the front is a lot more absorbing.

KENNETH GOGGIN

Boston, Mass.

Cover-to-cover readers differ as to which cover they begin with. Some start in the middle and work crab-wise.—Ed.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine
(Week U. S. Pub. Off.)

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TIME

Vol. XVII, No. 26

The Weekly Newsmagazine

June 29, 1931

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Moratorium

Late last week the White House stirred with sudden, mysterious activity. President Hoover had not been back 30 minutes from his Mid-West trip (see p. 10) before Secretary of State Stimson hurried in to see him. Soon a presidential message to Utah's Senator Reed Smoot in Salt Lake City started the Finance Committee Chairman at top speed to Washington. Connecticut's Representative Tilson, House floor leader, was asked to the White House for the night. Pennsylvania's Senator Reed was asked to report for breakfast next morning. Virginia's Senator Glass hustled up from his Lynchburg home to answer a Hoover summons. Massachusetts' Representative Treadway had to leave an Amherst alumni banquet because his President wanted him quickly in Washington. Acting Secretary of the Treasury Mills kept popping in and out of the President's office every few minutes. President Hoover talked over long-distance telephone with Senator Borah in Idaho, Senator Robinson in Arkansas, Representative Hawley in Oregon. Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, junketing in Canada, received a call from the White House in a Toronto drug store. Other Senators and Representatives, Republican and Democratic, trooped into the White House to confer with the President, trooped out again nodding their heads in silent approval. Secretary of the Treasury Mellon was reached by telephone in England for a long talk with the President.

Out of the commotion came word, vague at first, that President Hoover had started to Do Something about the world-wide Depression of which he had spoken so often, from which he had just again appeared in his Mid-Western speeches. For weeks he had been mulling over the situation. Germany, he knew, was in desperate straits. Ambassador Sackett had lately been home with first-hand reports and descriptions. Ambassadors Gibson and Dawes on recent White House visits had told of the bog into which Europe's economy, weighted by Germany, was sinking. Senator Morrow, just back from Germany, had brought word of the fear of an armed uprising there. The President had been reading in the newspapers of Chancellor Brüning's visit to Prime Minister MacDonald at "Chequers" to seek relief from Reparations (TIME, June 15). U. S. bankers with five billion dollars invested in Europe had long been prodding the White House to ACT, to avert Germany's economic and perhaps political collapse. Since June 1, \$250,000,000 in gold reserves had fled from the Reichsbank.

Well did President Hoover know that if Germany went under, her fall would submerge the rest of the world in a new flood of hard times. Between conferences and telephone calls, he wearily observed to a secretary: "I now know why the World War wasn't prevented."

To still wild rumors about his plans, President Hoover first announced that he was considering "certain steps we might take to assist in economic recovery here and abroad," spoke of "strengthening the situation in Germany." In response, the New York stockmarket bounced up an average of eight points in the strongest single advance since the 1929 crash.

At 4:30 on a dull Saturday afternoon, with the temperature 102° in the Washington streets, the Press was informed that the President would receive at 6 o'clock. At that hour the White House lobby was jammed with 100 excited correspondents. Five minutes passed—ten—15. Was there some mistake? Had the President changed his mind? Finally at 6:20 the President's door was swung open and in rushed the correspondents. The President's air-conditioned office was delightfully cool (70°) compared to the heat outside. Behind his desk stood Mr. Hoover in blue coat, white flannels, canvas shoes. Beside him stood Messrs. Stimson and Mills. The newsmen were so wrought up at the prospect of a big story that the President advised them to "relax and take it easy" because what he had to say to them was not for release until the next day when the country could ponder his words at its Sunday leisure.

When all was quiet in the circular, greenish room, President Hoover slowly read aloud a clear, articulate statement in which he proposed a one-year moratorium on all War debts to the U. S. and on all Reparations from Germany.

The President's plan was simple: The

U. S. would forego one year's principal and interest payments, totaling \$245,000,000, from Britain, France, Italy and the lesser Allied powers, plus \$15,000,000 from Germany (for expenses of the Army of Occupation), provided the Allies would collectively forego a total of \$385,000,000 in Reparations from Germany under the Young Plan for a like period. By implication the Allies were also to suspend debt payments among themselves. Declared President Hoover:

"The purpose of this action is to give the forthcoming year to the economic recovery of the world and to help free the recuperative forces already in motion in the U. S. from retarding influences from abroad. The world-wide Depression has affected the countries of Europe more severely than our own. Some of these countries are feeling to a serious extent the drain on national economy. . . . There is an abnormal movement of gold into the U. S.* which is lowering the credit stability of many foreign countries. These and other difficulties abroad diminish buying power for our exports and in a measure are the cause of our continued unemployment and continued lower prices to our farmers. . . ."

"The essence of this proposition is to give time to permit debtor governments to recover their national prosperity. I am suggesting to the American people that they be wise creditors and good neighbors. . . ."

President Hoover concluded with a broad hint that "inasmuch as the burden of competitive armaments has contributed to bring about this Depression," the other powers had better give thought to arms cuts at next year's conference, if they want any permanent modification of the U. S. debts.

Not alone could President Hoover execute a moratorium, even if the other nations accepted his proposal. War debt settlements are part of U. S. law and only Congress can suspend their operation. It was to win Congressional support well in advance that the President had summoned some Senators and Representatives to the White House, telephoned others. Adroitly he had averted political opposition by pitching his plan on a non-partisan level. In his statement he was able to list 21 Senators (twelve of them Democrats) and 18 Congressmen (four of them Democrats) by whom "this course of action has been approved." Next debt pay day is Dec. 15. Congress assembles Dec. 7. President Hoover was confident that, with the support already lined up, he could have the debt laws suspended in the first

*U. S. gold supplies increased approximately \$110,000,000 from June 1 to June 20.

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National Affairs—(Continued)

week of the session. As further political insurance, the President also had his moratorium plan approved by potent Democrat Owen D. Young, chairman of the committee which fixed German Reparations "permanently" in 1929. Announced Mr. Young: "The proposal . . . is not only the action of a wise creditor but the helpful word of a great democracy. Coming at a time when we are all beginning to doubt whether a democracy could act promptly, wisely and helpfully, it is most encouraging."

As Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Hoover was a member of the U. S. Debt Funding Commission which negotiated final settlement with the Allies. No one is more familiar than he with the Republican Party's long insistence that no legal or moral connection exists between the Allied Debts and German Reparations, despite the fact that 75% of Germany's \$28,000,000 Reparation payments are destined to reach the U. S. as Debt payments from the Allies. The Hoover moratorium proposal was the first time a Republican President had ever admitted a connection between these two great items of international finance as a matter of practical economy. Trying to reconcile party policy and practical necessity, he offered this neat but ostrich-like explanation:

"We purposely did not participate in either general reparations or the division of colonies or property. The repayment of debts due to us . . . was settled upon a basis not contingent upon German reparations or related thereto. Therefore, reparations is necessarily wholly a European problem with which we have no relation."

"I do not approve in any remote sense of the cancellation of the debts to us. World confidence would not be enhanced by such action. None of our debtor nations has ever suggested it. But as the basis of the settlement of these debts was the capacity under normal conditions of the debtor to pay, we should be consistent with our own policies and principles if we take into account the abnormal situation now existing in the world. I am sure the American people have no desire to attempt to extract any sum beyond the capacity of any debtor to pay, and it is our view that broad vision requires that our Government should recognize the situation as it exists. . . . It represents our willingness to make a contribution to the early restoration of world prosperity, in which our own people have so deep an interest."

How urgently President Hoover desires an early return of world prosperity was testified, next day, by his unwillingness to have the U. S. enter a world conference on reparations suspension. Speed, in his opinion, rather than diplomatic bickering was the desired psychological factor in the plan.

TRANSPORTATION Rivers, Roads & Rates

Fortnight ago the U. S. towboat *General Ashburn* paddled proudly up the Illinois River on a three-day trip from St. Louis. When it reached Peoria it pushed the big steel barge it had brought up to

the city's new \$400,000 wharf and warehouse. Whistles tooted, bands played, citizens cheered to celebrate the opening of one more link in the Government's vast mid-continent waterway system.*

Smartly erect on the Peoria dock stood Secretary of War Hurley to welcome this first cargo to the Illinois cornlands.

whose long legal service with the Union Pacific trained him for the presidency of the reorganized Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific, represented the Western and Mountain-Pacific group of roads. Whiteford R. Cole, president of Louisville & Nashville, represented the Southern roads. An experienced, aggressive trio,



International

PRESIDENTS COLE, PELLEY, SCANDRETT
900,000 stockholders watched with interest.

Aboard the *General Ashburn*, Major General Thomas Quinn Ashburn, chairman of Inland Waterways Corp., the Government's barge line, saluted his superior. Behind the *General Ashburn* pulled the towboat *Wynoka*, with another steel barge and three empty lighters. The first freight—400 tons or about 16 carloads of sisal, sugar, coffee, soap, canned goods, shipped from St. Louis at a total saving of \$1,100 under the rail freight rate—was unloaded and *General Ashburn* insisted: "The waterways make more commerce to the railroads than they take from them. . . . I challenge the roads to produce one instance of a freight train taken off by water competition."

General Ashburn's waterway party at Peoria, nevertheless, stood for one of four major reasons why the railroads of the land, after a month of agitation, formally petitioned the Interstate Commerce Commission last week for a 15% freight rate increase. The three other reasons are: Depression, motor trucks, pipelines. At their Manhattan meeting fortnight ago (TIME, June 23) the carrier executives named three of their colleagues to approach the I. C. C. Representing the Eastern roads was big, breezy John Jeremiah Pelley, who rose from Illinois school-teaching to head New York, New Haven & Hartford. Henry Alexander Scandrett,

Presidents Pelley, Scandrett & Cole in five days prepared a 5,500-word petition which was as much an appeal for public support as it was a formal application to the I. C. C. Into it they packed the roads' best arguments for rate-upping. Prime points made:

Policy. When Depression hit the roads they had a choice of two policies: 1) drastic retrenchment, including wage cuts; 2) normal operation. At President Hoover's suggestion they followed Policy No. 2 "as long as it could be justified." As the slump continued "it became evident that the policy above stated had failed" to restore prosperity. Hence adjustments were now imperative.

Fair Return. The Transportation Act of 1920 sets 5½% as a "fair return" for the railroads. In nine years (1921-30) the carriers failed by \$2,579,000,000 to earn what the law allowed on valuations set by the I. C. C. They earned 3½% last year. This year's earnings would be at the rate of 2½%. "If the carriers were permitted to participate in periods of prosperity equally with other business, they should equally sacrifice in periods of adversity. But they are denied such participation by law." Because they cannot accumulate reserves in good times, they need revenue adjustments in hard times to keep going. A 15% rate increase will not raise their net return above 4%.

Efficiency. The roads have practiced every sort of economy to cut down operating costs. As proof of efficiency, they increased ton-miles per train-hour from 7,506 in 1921 to 10,839 in 1930. Freight

*The entire Gulf-to-Great Lakes route will be opened by 1933 when improvements between Starved Rock and Lockport are finished. The Missouri River will be ready for barge service to Kansas City before next year.

†The first downstream shipment, made simultaneously, consisted of 40 carloads of cement.

National Affairs—(Continued)

locomotive miles per day were raised from 49.5 in 1921 to 58 in 1930, passenger locomotive miles from 103 to 116. Coal to move 1,000 tons one mile was cut from 162 lb. in 1921 to 121 in 1930. A passenger car required 17 lb. of coal to run a mile in 1921, 14 lb. in 1930. Cited was Secretary of Commerce Hoover's praise in 1926 of the reorganization and efficient management of U. S. railroads since the War.

Securities. Declines in railroad stocks and bonds, due to reduced earnings, have jeopardized their status as legal investment for savings banks, insurance companies and trusts. Carrier credit must be maintained for future improvements. "All that is necessary to maintain an adequate national system of transportation is that the country should be willing to pay a reasonable price for it and that railway investors and railway managements should be able to act on that assurance."

Wages. The roads, though laying off "many thousands" of workers, have maintained basic wage scales, as promised President Hoover. Any move to reduce wages would require "the long procedure of conference and arbitration" under the Railway Labor Act. The results of such negotiations would be too belated to help carriers in their present emergency.

Freight Rates. Only by a blanket percentage increase in all freight rates for all roads as was done in 1914, 1917 and 1920 can the carriers obtain the necessary relief, they said. Joint water-&-rail rates and existing differentials would be maintained. The Commission, however, was asked to approach the question not from the rate angle, necessitating protracted hearings on the "reasonableness" of each proposal, but from the broader revenue angle as an emergency step for financial relief.

Protests against rate-upping began to pour in upon President Hoover and the I. C. C. The U. S. Fisheries Association, the League for Independent Political Action, the Northwest Retail Coal Dealers Association, the Wyoming Stock Dealers Association and Senators Caraway, Brookhart, Shipstead were among the first protestants. The National League of Commission Merchants said that the roads last year got \$268,000,000 for hauling 973,605 carloads of fresh fruit and vegetables that sold for \$489,000,000, warned that 15% rate increase would raise fruit and vegetable prices by \$40,000,000.

Investors. Meanwhile the holders of \$19,500,000,000 in U. S. railroad securities moved to protect their interests. In Manhattan meetings were held of the National Association of Investors in Railroad and Public Utility Securities and the Emergency Committee on Railroad Investments of Life Insurance Companies and Mutual Savings Banks. Savings banks have \$1,600,000,000 or 12% of their total assets in rail bonds. About 17% or \$3,000,000,000 of life insurance capital is in carrier investments. There were 987,651 individual stockholders in 1929 with a stake in the railroads.

CRIME

U. S. v. Gangs

"Alphonse Capone," said a Federal attorney in Chicago last week, "in Indictment 22,852 you are charged with attempting to evade and defeat your income taxes. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty," muttered Gangster Capone. "Indictment 23,256 charges you with conspiracy to violate the national Prohibition Act. How do you plead, guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty," mumbled the porcine racketeer. Having thus made himself liable to 34 years imprisonment and \$90,000 in fines arising from charges brought during the previous fortnight (TIME, June 15, 22), Public Enemy Capone ("Snorky" to his cronies), attired in a sulphur-colored suit, was hurried off to the freight elevator remarking that he "hoped everybody was satisfied."

Well satisfied were most U. S. citizens. Well satisfied was President Herbert Clark Hoover, credited with personally setting in motion the Government's war against

Uncle Sam with one hand trying to lock up a man for his felonies and with the other hand trying to collect a good income tax out of the fruits of his felonies. . . . To top it off, Capone pleads guilty both ways; so while Mr. Mitchell edges him up to the jail, Mr. Mellon halts him at the door to make a thrifty touch for the Capone liquor income tax. Capone may get a little of what is coming to him for his curious code of ethics, but is Uncle Sam's code of ethics any less peculiar than Capone's?"

Secretary Mellon may not get all of Snorky's \$215,000 in delinquent taxes, for most of the racketeer's worldly goods have been shrewdly placed in his wife's and mother's names. And there was small chance of Capone's getting all of the Federal punishment coming to him. Snorky's attorneys believed that by saving the Government the trouble of a trial they may get their client off with a sentence of three years for both offenses. Still pending is a six-month sentence for contempt of Federal Court (TIME, March 9). Capone, now aged 33, hopes that when he leaves prison he will still be a



Acme-P. & A.—International—Keystone—Wide World

PUBLIC ENEMIES (NEW YORK'S TOP SIX)*

They live on beer, milk, whiskey, artichokes.

organized crime. Well satisfied was U. S. District Attorney George Emmerson Q. (for nothing) Johnson, bushy spearhead of the Chicago drive. Not so well satisfied was Henry Hastings Curran, president of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. In Washington he lamented: "Never before have we seen

young man, that times will be better, that he can profitably resume business.

Meantime, word came that Johnny ("The Immune") Torrio—who brought

*Upper rank (left to right): Owen Madden, Irving Wexler, William Duffy.

Lower rank: Arthur Feigenheimer, Ciro Terranova, Larry Fay.

National Affairs—(Continued)

Snorkey from New York to Chicago eleven years ago, was later scared out of town by rival gangs—would come back from Florida to succeed his onetime protégé. Gangster Torrio has been erroneously reported as hiding in Italy. His pretensions to the Chicago gangland throne will probably not go unchallenged. Hardly had the Capone pleas been entered last week before two gunmen were shot down in a reawakened feud between the South Side gangs of Frank McErlane and Edward ("Spike") O'Donnell. Attorney Johnson said that the Government also had plans in the event of Torrio's return.

With Capone in captivity, it was announced that 40 of the Federal agents who had worked on his case had been transferred to New York City where the next phase of the Government's racketeer hunt will take place. A day later the luck and courage of one of the city's six Public Enemies ran out when he fainted in an uptown police station. He was Arthur Feigenheimer alias "Dutch" Schultz, prominent member of the Bronx beaige. In a run-in with two city detectives outside his Fifth Avenue apartment, Gangster Schultz saw one of his four henchmen shot down, fled. Captured, taken to headquarters, Gangster Schultz begged for a sedative, said that he was on the verge of nervous prostration, asked that no camera flashlights be exploded. After he was placed under \$150,000 bail (it was later halved, he was released) for carrying a gun and resisting arrest, U. S. Attorney George Zerdin Medallie announced that he was trying to bring tax evasion and bootlegging charges against the pale-faced hoodlum.

The five other prescribed gangsters against whom the Government will concentrate in New York are: Irving Wexler ("Waxy Gordon"), East Side whiskey peddler; Owen "Oweny" Madden, extortionist, laundry racketeer; Larry Fay, shady proprietor of night clubs, taxi-cabs, milk associations; Bill Duffy, cabaret owner and prize fight manager; Ciro Terranova, "The Artichoke King," who collects his levy from markets.

Ring-Around-A-Rosy

Greatest single U. S. bank crash was that of New York City's slyly named, shyster officered Bank of United States, which last December closed the doors of its 59 branches on 400,000 customers who had \$160,000,000 deposited at the time. Investigation by the State revealed a vast tangle of suspicious irregularities. After two months eight officers of the bank were indicted for willful misappropriation of funds. Five were ordered to trial: President Bernard K. Marcus, son of the institution's founder, Russian-born Chairman of the Executive Committee Saul Singer; Counsel Isidor Jacob Kresel, one-time prosecutor of the city's police and judiciary investigation; Herbert Singer, 24-year-old son of Saul, law clerk in Counsel Kresel's office; Henry W. Pollock, executive vice president in charge of the bank's law department.

Counsel Kresel fell ill, is yet to be tried.

But last week, after a criminal trial which lasted three months—the longest in the history of New York county—justice was meted out to the other four. All save Pollock, on whom the jury could not agree, were found guilty, liable to seven years in prison, \$1,000 fine. They were remanded to jail without bail.

The deal for which the culprits were held responsible was selected from a host of other shady practices by which the bank's officers, ponc-stricken by the 1929 stockmarket crash, guided the institution to ruin. It was a game of financial ring-around-a-rosy, played as follows:

Bankus Corp. and City Financial Corp., subsidiaries of the Bank of U. S., had a book value of \$4,800,000 worth of real estate equities, but owed the parent organization \$8,000,000. How were the subsidiaries to pay off? Two dummy organizations, headed by Herbert Singer, were formed. Each was capitalized at \$100, issued 100 shares of stock. They were called Premier Holding Corp. and Bolivar Development Corp.

Bankus reappraised its holdings at \$8,000,000, the amount it owed the bank, traded them to Premier for its worthless stock. Then Bankus sold the stock to Bolivar for \$4,800,000 on credit. Then, to get some actual money into the deal, three safe deposit companies controlled by Bank of U. S. borrowed \$8,000,000 from the bank, bought Premier's shares from Bolivar. Bolivar then paid its debt to Bankus (\$4,800,000) with part of the money received, lent Bankus the remaining \$3,200,000. Bankus was now able to pay its debt to the bank with money the bank had gratuitously put in the game. In other words, no money ever really changed hands; the bank was still \$8,000,000 out of pocket.

STATES & CITIES

All for Centralia

This summer the City of Centralia in the State of Washington will hold its 20th annual Southwest Washington Pioneer Picnic. Last week the City of Centralia took steps to insure that this Pioneer Picnic shall be the real thing. A special city ordinance was passed: every man in town must let his whiskers grow from July 8 to Aug. 12.

POLITICAL NOTE

Profit & Loss

While President Hoover, back at his White House desk, strove to minimize the political significance of his 2,500-mi. Mid-West trip which ended last week, G. O. Politicians who will conduct his campaign for re-election next year balanced up the trip's profit & loss. On his excursion the President behaved like a candidate, even if he did not talk like one. He took local Republican leaders aboard his special train for political hobnobbing. From the rear platform of his car he conversed easily with boys about dogs and fishing. He unbent to the point of making several extemporaneous speeches. He shook thousands of hands.

Yet the behavior of the Hoover crowds was not all the President's friends wished for. They were respectful but cool. They lifted their hats but not their voices. The silence of the Indianapolis street crowds, which were far smaller than advertised, prompted a local Republican to explain to correspondents that they were tired from long standing and waiting for the President. Remarkd an irreverent news-hawk: "Well, they're not standing on their hands, are they?"

At the Harding tomb in Marion spectators seemed far more interested in Calvin Coolidge than in President Hoover. They so pressed about him that he could not reach his own car and had to be driven away in a commandeered machine. Springfield was the most cordial to the President but even there was no "whooping-it-up-for-Hoover," no lusty demonstrations, no hat-tossing. Careful planning by the Hoover bodyguard averted all unfriendly exhibitions throughout the trip. At Springfield 350 "hunger marchers" who planned to demonstrate before the President were kept off-stage under virtual arrest by the local police. Republicans comforted themselves with the thought that, as Alfred Emanuel Smith discovered in 1928, noisy receptions do not always mean big votes.

The President's Indianapolis speech did him the most political good. The Indiana editors present were primed for partisan bellyhoovering. Applause was clocked as follows:

The President's introduction	2 min. 30 sec.
Senator Watson	30 sec.
Governor Leslie	10 sec.
Prosperity	8 sec.
Avoidance of strikes	3 sec.
Immigration Restriction	12 sec.
U. S. v. foreign conditions	5 sec.
Against a dele	14 sec.
Farm Protection	6 sec.
20-Year Plan	12 sec.
Miscellaneous	1 min. 37 sec.
Total Applause	5 min. 47 sec.

Because it unburiel old skeletons of Republican scandal, President Hoover's dedication of the Harding memorial was the most politically costly event of the whole trip. Though the President met the issue squarely by declaring that Harding had been betrayed by his trusted friends, nevertheless the malodorous names of Albert Bacon Fall and Harry Micaiah Daugherty bobbed up to be linked in headlines with his own. Daugherty, a trustee of the Harding Memorial Association, was present at the Marion ceremony, sat behind the President. Later a controversy arose as to whether President Hoover had greeted with a handshake the man who as Attorney General was driven out of the same Cabinet in which he sat as Secretary of Commerce.

President Hoover's denunciation of those who had betrayed Harding ended Bribe Fall's hopes that he would be pardoned.

Even before he got back to Washington, President Hoover was publicly interrogated about his Harding speech by Senator Thomas James Walsh, relentless Teapot Dome inquisitor. With an eye cocked on politics, Senator Walsh said:

"That was an interesting bit of history

National Affairs—(Continued)

introduced by President Hoover, namely the realization by Harding that he had been betrayed. . . . Intimations to that effect have frequently been made, but never by any one in a position to know as well as the President. . . . Of the faithlessness of which particular friend or friends did President Harding have knowledge—Fall, Daugherty, Forbes or Miller? If he had such knowledge, why did he not peremptorily dismiss them?

COMMUNICATION

RPA v. RCA

Last week great Radio Corporation of America, with its swarm of subsidiaries, was fighting for its life before the Federal Radio Commission. After years of industrial supremacy this Goliath of the air had been driven back against the wall by a little David called the Radio Protective Association ("Against Radio Monopoly"). At stake were 1,403 Federal licenses whereunder RCA's National Broadcasting Co. Inc., RCA Communications Inc., Radiomarine Corp. of America and RCA-Victor Co. Inc., did business.

When Congress passed the Federal Radio Act in 1927 it suspected the existence of an "air trust." Therefore in Section 13 of that law it directed the Federal Radio Commission to void all licenses of broadcasting and communications companies "finally adjudged guilty by a Federal court of unlawfully monopolizing or attempting to monopolize radio communications through the control of radio apparatus." RCA with some 4,000 patents dominated the radio manufacturing field, compelled

court at Wilmington, Del. and asked Judge Hugh Martin Morris to pass on the legality of RCA's tube contract with competitors. Judge Morris ruled that the contract was a violation of the Clayton Anti-Trust Law as it tended to create a monopoly. RCA appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court which in April refused to set aside what amounted to a monopoly conviction as specified by the Federal Radio Act.

In line with this judgment the Federal Radio Commission summoned RCA and its subsidiaries to show cause why the extreme penalty of the law should not be invoked and its licenses canceled July 15. At last RPA had RCA on the defense before a government body empowered to sweep RCA's vast business into the junk pile at one stroke.

Before the Commission appeared President Merlin Hall Aylesworth to plead for the life of his National Broadcasting Co.'s seven stations (WRC, Washington; WEA and WJZ, New York; KGO, San Francisco; KOA, Denver; WTAM, Cleveland; WENR, Chicago). His company had, he said, \$17,000,000 in unfulfilled broadcasting contracts on hand. It had earned its first "small profit" last year on \$20,000,000 gross business. It had leased 27 new studios in Manhattan's Radio City. A revocation of its licenses would ruin its business. Questioned by caustic Representative Frank R. Reid of Illinois, an intervener in the case, about the Delaware case, Mr. Aylesworth said: "I know very little about it. I wouldn't know a vacuum tube from an inner tube. I'm a broadcaster." Observed Representative Reid: "You're a slicker, too." Retorted Broadcaster Aylesworth: "Well, it's something to be called a slicker by a Congressman."

Officials of RCA Communications contended that if the Commission withdrew its 113 point-to-point licenses, they would be gobbled up by foreign countries "like Russia and Mexico" and the U. S. would be virtually forced out of the international wireless field. Jeopardy to life at sea was depicted by Radiomarine officials if that company should lose its 1,122 ship-shore licenses because of its parent company's law violation. RCA-Victor declared it would have to cease television experimentation if the Commission ruled against it. Summing up for RCA, Louis Titus, chief attorney, declared an "unspeakable disaster" would follow the Commission's refusal to renew RCA licenses. His prime legal argument was that Congress meant to put off the air as unfit only those who criminally violated the Sherman Act, not those who merely broke the civil provisions of the Clayton Act.

To put RCA out of business has for the last four years been the sole mission in the life of Oswald Francis Schuette (pronounced Shooty), active head of RPA. Born in Chicago 59 years ago, Mr. Schuette for years was a reporter on the Chicago Daily News. He was its Berlin correspondent during the War, followed the German armies at the front. Afterwards about Washington he liked to wear the field green jacket of a German officer. When he helped organize independent

radio manufacturers into RPA, his friends told him that he, neither lawyer nor radio expert, was crazy to try to buck the well-heeled legal and technical staffs of RCA. But he kept pounding away before Congressional Committees and in the Press



Harris & Ewing

OSWALD FRANCIS SCHUETTE

Trust-buster or barnacle?

about RCA's "patent racketeering." His foes called him and his indpendents "barnacles" and "pirates." Lacking funds at first for a court fight (a radio patent suit costs \$100,000 or more), Mr. Schuette concentrated in what he called the "court of public opinion." Tall, thin-haired, deep voiced, he complains in his small disorderly Washington office: "The biggest thing I hold against RCA is that they keep me away from my wife and four children in Illinois."

Last week Anti-Monopolist Schuette was in his glory before the Radio Commission. He sobbed of "the army of broken, bankrupt business men, dealers, manufacturers and engineers who have been crushed by this trust." He quoted Herbert Hoover as Secretary of Commerce: "It is inconceivable that the American people will ever permit a particular group to obtain a monopoly in the new means of communication." He argued for a maximum penalty for RCA.

Others urging the Commission to annihilate RCA included the American Federation of Labor and the Milwaukee Journal. Declared Representative Reid: "RCA's arguments are the same as those advanced by Mr. Al Capone. . . . He also contends that his operations bring happiness to the farm and fireside and comfort to ships at sea but the Federal Government has not conceded that this gives him permission to violate the law."

The hearings over, the Commission took the case under consideration. Generally expected was that it would deny RCA at least one important license renewal to furnish a test case for the entire issue to be reviewed by the Supreme Court.



BROADCASTER AYLESWORTH

"It's something to be called a slicker by a Congressman."

rival firms making sets under a patent-license-and-royalty system to install only RCA vacuum tubes in their products. So complete was its grip on the industry that five independent radio manufacturers, backed by RPA, went into the Federal

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

Reaction to Hoover

"A gift from Heaven!" cried German Foreign Minister Dr. Julius Curtius when told last week that President Hoover proposed a year's postponement of War Debt and Reparations payments (see p. 7).

"We endorse with unqualified joy," continued Dr. Curtius, "the heroic gesture which President Hoover has made. . . . He has placed his finger on the crucial spot!"

President Hoover was 4,000 miles from Berlin last week. Germans lavished much of their joy and thanks on Ambassador Frederic Sackett who recently vacationed in Washington. Several German editors thought that Mr. Sackett's "graphic word-pictures of German misery" had conjured up in Mr. Hoover's brain the vision which made him act. To Ambassador Sackett at the U. S. Embassy hurried Dr. Curtius to cry: "The German Government accepts unconditionally. . . ."

If accepted by all important nations concerned (and Mr. Hoover made such acceptance his *sine qua non*), the President's plan will relieve the German treasury for a year of paying to:

France	\$200,000,000
Britain	80,000,000
Japan	4,000
Italy	45,000,000
U. S.	15,000,000
Belgium	24,000,000
Other Allies	30,000,000
	\$400,004,000

During fiscal 1932 (begins July 1), the U. S. Treasury would not collect War Debt payments from:

Britain	\$160,000,000
France	50,000,000
Italy	14,000,000
Belgium	8,000,000
Poland	7,000,000
Czechoslovakia	3,000,000
Other Allies	3,000,000
	\$243,000,000

Germany (on cost of U. S. Army of Occupation)

\$15,000,000
\$260,000,000

French "Prudence." "I think," Dr. Curtius told Berlin reporters last week, "the time has come to say that our foreign policy of conciliation and of international co-operation is now fully justified. It took an iron nerve to hold out when on every side there was clamor for haste. We must not forget that, next to the United States, France makes the heaviest sacrifice. Everything possible will be done by Germany to make it easy for France to accept."

In France this optimistic assumption by Dr. Curtius that France would make her proposed sacrifice was met by Prime Minister Pierre Laval and every member of his Cabinet with silence. For them spoke the semi-official *Journal des Débats*: "Germany has never signed any agreement without the intention, sooner or later, of tearing it up. Is it thought at Washington that a triumph of political immorality is the last word in wisdom?"

"In our opinion France cannot consent

to suspension of the payment of reparations by Germany. First of all, we need them. Secondly, in accepting the American proposal in full we would deal a mortal blow to the Young Plan, which is founded on the existence of non-postponable payments which in all circumstances should be paid."

Sauerwein. Also a French Government spokesperson is *Le Matin*. On its editorial page this paper was politely hostile last week; but beneath the signature of famed Foreign News Editor Jules Sauerwein *Le Matin* went the limit.

"My admiration for Mr. Hoover's initiative," wrote M. Sauerwein "sourly," "would be without reserve if he had confined himself to the proposal that the United States should sacrifice one year's War Debt payments without making this



AMBASSADOR SACKETT

Cried Dr. Curtius: "A gift from Heaven!"

conditional upon the sacrifice of any reparations payments by Germany's other creditor nations."*

Should the French Government accept President Hoover's plan France would forego \$200,000,000 in German Reparations payments and would be relieved of making Debt payments to the U. S. and Britain totaling \$114,000,000. Thus the net "sacrifice" of France would be \$86,000,000 for one year. Translate that into francs and you get the figure 445,600,000 francs!

This "staggering sacrifice"—for so in francs it appears to Frenchmen—will give the prudent, frugal, patriotic, Chamber of Deputies a maximum of pause.

J. Ramsay Pressure-Putty. In Great Britain last week realists at once saw

*"This 'Sauerwein plan' is exactly opposite to Mr. Hoover's purpose of assistance to Germany. What M. Sauerwein proposed was a sacrifice (by the U. S. exclusively) of what is owed in War Debts by France & Allies—leaving France & Allies free to collect their full toll of German Reparations. If the 'Sauerwein plan' had not come from the leading French journalistic expert on foreign affairs it would have to be labeled 'willfully preposterous.'"

that to accomplish President Hoover's purpose—if it can be accomplished—extreme pressure will have to be brought on France—and on Italy which would sacrifice \$8,000,000.

James Ramsay MacDonald admitted to correspondents that he is President Hoover's pressure-putty. "I am charged with the diplomatic side of the question," said he. "Negotiations may be necessary with certain powers." On July 17 Pressure-Putty MacDonald will go to Berlin, will return the pressure-putting call of German Chancellor Heinrich Brüning on Scot MacDonald at "Chequer" (TIME, June 15). Thus world public opinion will be mobilized against expected French opposition.

British public opinion last week was pro-Hoover. The sacrifice asked of the Empire is only \$20,000,000, only 11% of what Britain collects. France is asked to sacrifice nearly 50%; Italy 18%.

Englishmen, who know U. S. citizens better than Frenchmen, saw at once that President Hoover had taken a step from which the U. S. can perhaps be led into cancellation of War Debts—some years hence.

Jester G. B. Shaw proposed last week that Britain wangle the U. S. into "a suspension of from 50 to 100 years." But the "Ford of Britain," Sir Herbert Austin, maker of midget cars, was quite serious when he said, "President Hoover's step will bring the greatest credit to the United States, but a three-year suspension would be more effective."

This idea was already sprouting in the U. S. last week. Melvin ("Mel") Traylor, drawing Chicago First National Bank president and leading organizer of Europe's B. I. S. (Bank for International Settlements), said: "I believe the suspension should be longer." Echoed Banker George M. Reynolds of Continental Illinois Bank & Trust: "We can afford to wait a year or two or even three if necessary."

Other Comments. The Japanese Government intimated that they will gladly sacrifice the \$4,000 owed Japan by Germany next year in Reparations. "Japan," added her spokesman proudly, "has no War Debt to the United States."

Benito Mussolini cogitated the Hoover plan last week, kept the Italian press from anything more definite than enthusiastic but totally vague expressions.

Johann Schober, Austrian Foreign Minister: "A noble and important action."

David Lloyd George: "Had an all-round cancellation of debts taken place in 1922, when my Government proposed it. . . ."

Sir Josiah Stamp: "Mr. Hoover's offer is a good point for revival of American trade and therefore good for Britain. The results are important psychologically and will be felt immediately. . . ."

Premier Kolstad of Norway: ". . . Deserves the most earnest consideration."

Shanghai businessmen, oddly enough, were among the most excited rejoicers at what President Hoover proposed.* Shang-

*Stocks on practically every exchange in the world shot up last week at Mr. Hoover's words.

Foreign News—(Continued)

hai bankers said that the Hoover postponement would raise the price of silver, help to raise China's pitifully sunk silver-standard currency. Their theory: postponing will "improve world trade." In this improvement China will share. More trade with China will increase the demand for silver in which she deals. In Shanghai the price of silver upped suddenly, fantastically some 10%.

GREAT BRITAIN

Westminster's Word

In Pope Pius' latest encyclical (TIME, June 1) His Holiness said: "No one can be a good Catholic and at the same time a true Socialist."

In Great Britain, where the Labor Party is Socialist in platform and doctrine, Socialist Ramsay MacDonald was urged by

lest anyone should think he had contradicted the encyclical by this interpretation, Cardinal Bourne explained that after joining a political party a good Catholic must beware of "erroneous principles which sometimes affect parties."

His Eminence intimated that a good Catholic can belong to the British Labor Party and yet eschew its Socialist principles. He went further. He boldly intimated that Socialist principles are eschewed by many Laborites. With ineffable mildness Cardinal Bourne said of the Labor Party:

"We shall find some persons therein whose opinions are not in accord with the teachings and principles of the Catholic Church and I suppose there are some who say that they are Socialists in the technical sense—something no true Catholic can be."

Thus His Eminence coined a new and useful term: "Technical Socialist." Hereafter a British Catholic can be a Non-Technical Socialist with good conscience, should avoid the pitfall of becoming a Technical Socialist.

THE NETHERLANDS

Queen to Paris

She is a good woman of plain tastes; she has an Eastern empire and a fat Prince Consort; she is the Queen Victoria of today; she was last week in Paris for the first time in 19 years—Her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, Princess of Orange-Nassau, Duchess of Mecklenburg, Hon. LL.D.

The good & great Queen, although she went to Paris last week, did not sleep in the wicked, noisy *ville lumineuse*. She stopped at no hotel as other visiting royalties do. (Edward of Wales or Gustav of Sweden would have gone to the Hotel Meurice. Indian potentates incline to the Ritz.) Accompanied by Crown Princess Juliana, but not by plump Prince Henry, Her Majesty took up brief residence in a chateau outside Paris in the Valley of Chevreuse. She and her daughter had come to Paris as a royal duty; they must inspect the Dutch East Indies exhibit at the French Colonial Exposition (TIME, May 11). Thoroughly last week they did inspect it. Next year or the year after Crown Princess Juliana will tour the Dutch East Indies, just as Edward of Wales tours for his father.

Naturally, the new President of France, 74-year-old Paul Doumer, entertained the comparatively young Dutch Queen (she is only 51) at his Elysée Palace. Next came a return banquet at the Dutch Legation—and that was all.

GERMANY

Hitler, Hohenzollern & God

August Wilhelm, fourth son of Wilhelm II, harangued German Fascists at Brunswick last week thus: "Adolf Hitler is God's gift to Germany. Where Hitler leads, a Hohenzollern can conscientiously follow."

ITALY-PAPAL STATE

Politics—That's Me!

Pope Pius XI faced last week the approaching feast days of St. John, St. Peter and St. Paul. Was it possible to keep Italians from celebrating these great days with public processions? Would there be more religious mutinies against the Pontiff's order of no more parades during his conflict with *Il Duce* (TIME, June 22). Already three towns had defied the order, parading on St. Anthony's feast day fortnight ago. What to do?

In his wisdom last week the Supreme Pontiff gave bishops throughout Italy "discretion" to relax his ban in their dioceses. Instantly Antonio Cardinal Ascalesi, Archbishop of Naples, approved processions in honor of St. Anthony. Neapolitans, fit to burst for the past two weeks with suppressed eagerness to parade, were filled with joy.

Secrets within Secrets. To Judge from their press communiqués last week neither Vatican nor Quirinal was at all certain where their quarrel stood. It was all but ended, according to the State; it most certainly was not, according to the Church.

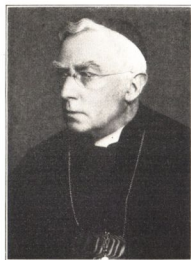
Pope Pius had abandoned his demands for "apology," said the State. Yes, retorted the Church, but His Holiness still demanded "reassuring words." He has had our expression of "regret" countered the State. But that was not "reassuring," objected the Church. Comic was a discovery at the Italian Foreign Office that mixed with the morning's mail was an unstamped diplomatic note of the first importance from Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Secretary of State. How did it get there? Not through the mail. It was not brought by the Papal Ambassador, for he had not called. Foreign Minister Dino Grandi, no Sherlock Holmes, shrugged: "An unseen messenger seems to have brought it—most unusual!"

But two facts were hard and clear: 1) Religious processions had been resumed by the Church; 2) the State had permitted reopening of some Catholic clubs.

"La Politique, C'est Moi!" That Signor Benito Mussolini was in no humble mood last week was clear from an interview which he rattled off in French to Correspondent Jacques de Marsillac of the *Paris Journal*.

"My formula," said *Il Duce*, "is clear: Everything within the state, nothing outside the state, nothing against the state!"

Presumably referring to Pope Pius, the Premier continued "I will not admit that anybody, absolutely not anybody, shall touch in any way that which belongs to the state. . . . The child, as soon as he is old enough to learn, belongs to the state alone. No sharing is possible. Maybe this will be judged Spartan doctrine carried to an extreme. One can not deny, however, that it is clear. We are in process of reconstructing Italy—a great Italy! It is a colossal task such as I do not believe has often been tried. The antique city [of Rome] has nothing in common with the nation of more than 42,000,000 inhabitants."



ALFRED P. A.

FRANCIS CARDINAL BOURNE

... expounded a technical pitfall.

his hotter-headed Clydeside followers to flay the Encyclical. But he kept his temper, mildly said: "I shall wait for an interpretation by some Catholic dignitary in this country."

Not until last week did the interpretation come, from Francis Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster.* His Eminence was once Domestic Prelate to Pope Leo XIII whose Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum* ("Concerning New Things") was the basis for Pope Pius XI's new encyclical, *Quadragesimo Anno* ("In the 40th Year" after Leo's). His authoritative word was as follows:

"There is nothing in the encyclical which should deter Catholics from becoming members of the British Labor Party. . . . Good, sincere Catholics have been Conservatives and Liberals and Laborites."

*His enormous, comparatively new red-&-white-striped Westminster Cathedral must be carefully distinguished from the Church of England's ancient stone Westminster Abbey, a few streets distant.

Foreign News—(Continued)

Vividly Benito Mussolini described how his own Cabinet and Party works. "In the régime's private meetings we discuss ardently," he said, "but at a certain moment I say: 'The case has been heard!' and the discussion ceases. I then decide and everybody obeys. An oath of obedience is sworn on entering the Fascist party."

"I wish that there be religion throughout the country," concluded *Il Duce*, "and that the children may be taught their catechism. I will send them to communion in a body on Sunday, in their Balilla uniforms or otherwise. For that I let the priests work. That's religion. The rest is politics at *la politique—c'est moi!*"

"Odious, Odious, Odious." Catholic education of youth is the very apple of Pope Pius' eye. Soon after *Il Duce's* utterance *Il Papa* denounced the state's "persecution." He said: "It is said not to be against the Pope, but it is against his heart and against the very apple of our eye!"

"All bishops (in Italy) declare," continued His Holiness, "that life is being made a burden to them and that they are constantly subjected to the most odious espionage, odious secret accusations and constant odious threats. It is true that while hope in men fails us, our spirit is refreshed by sure consolation in divine help and divine consolation."

INDIA

Loin Cloth Logic

"Mr. Winston Churchill has denounced me as 'a half-naked, seditious fakir,'" observed Mahandas Karamchand Gandhi, nine-tenths-naked at Calcutta last week. "It has become the fashion to laugh at my loin cloth. I would like to explain what it means to me and why I wear it."

"Ten years ago I was working in Madras urging some of my countrymen to clothe themselves in *khaddar* [native homespun]. But these people, who were sympathetic, all replied: 'We are too poor to buy *khaddar*; it is too dear.' Then for the first time I seemed to see the difference between them and me."

"I had on my cap, vest and full *dhoti* [three-foot-wide loin cloth]. My hearers were only a strip of cloth about four inches wide. I saw that where my clothing uttered only a partial truth of the poverty of India, these millions, compulsorily naked save for their narrow *langotis*, gave through their bare limbs the starkest truth."

"What effective answer could I give them unless I too divested myself of every bit of clothing with which I could decently dispense and put myself to a still greater extent in harmony with the ill-clad masses? I adopted the small *dhoti* [two-foot-wide loin cloth] then and there, and I have worn it ever since."

"Millions of Indians," concluded Mr. Gandhi sternly, "own nothing in the world but that little strip of cloth which preserves them from disgrace. I am not leading a 'back to the loin cloth' movement. We have been in these straits ever since the British have ruled India."



MAHARAJA OF JAMMU & KASHMIR

Acme-P. & A.

... spent his winnings on prayer fests, food fests.

(See below)

"In London, if I am invited to visit His Majesty the King Emperor, I will wear nothing more than that which is the symbol of India's distress—the loin cloth."

Third to First Wife

To the Gods and to Goddesses of the Hindu pantheon prodigious sacrifices were promised by Sir Hari Singh, Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir, if they would give him a son.

They gave him a son (TIME, March 23). Sir Hari, who had bet rich friends that they would, collected big winnings. Last week despatches told how he has spent \$300,000 on a "Nazar Durbār" to celebrate the babe's birth. In addition to paying for prayer fests and food fests, he has:

- ☛ Promoted his son's mother from third to first wife.
- ☛ Named his man-child Yuvraj Shri Karansinghji.
- ☛ Canceled all land revenues owed the State by tenants up to 1918.
- ☛ Ordered that girls shall receive free primary school education, previously received only by boys.
- ☛ Created 500 new scholarships "for the education of indigent orphans."
- ☛ Lifted the ban which previously barred widows from remarriage in Jammu and Kashmir.

Shivering Spines Royal

What sends shivers up an Indian potentate's languid spine is the nightmare that Britain may some day confiscate his realm. Last week to the Emir of Khairpur came a messenger with worst tidings.

The Emir was informed that his State, the only one unconfiscated in the great province of Sind, was then & there confiscated by the Government of Bombay under orders from Viscount Willingdon, new Viceroy of India.

Why?

The reason was crisp, British. According to the decree of confiscation, "H. H. Mir Ali Nawaz Khan Talpur, Emir of Khairpur, has been guilty of consistent, disastrous mismanagement of the financial affairs of Khairpur and of indifference to his subjects' welfare evinced through his continued prolonged absences from his State."

Emir Ali did the only thing he could: lodged an appeal with the Indian Chamber of Princes. If they solidly back him up (as they were not expected last week to do) unseated Emir Ali may regain his seat.

In St. Germain-en-Laye, outside Paris, last week the Ex-Maharaja of Indore, forced to abdicate by Britain for "immorality" (TIME, March 8, 1926), moved out of his \$1,000,000 Château Holkar, offered it for sale. With his U. S. wife, former Miss Nancy Ann Miller of Seattle, the Ex-Maharaja will live at a Paris hotel, will continue to give champagne suppers to whites and browns.

St. Gandhi's Silver Throne

To St. Gandhi, sitting last week in the small city of Borsad, came an Indian woman, rich, modest and adoring.

"Who I am does not matter, Mahatma," said she, "but accept, Great Soul, this silver throne and this silver footstool!"

Blinking and winking, the small scrawny Mahatma peered up at the rich Indian woman's big servants, holding respectfully the silver throne & silver footstool.

Merrily St. Gandhi cried, "Let us have an auction! How much am I bid for these good gifts?"

While the throne-giver hung her head, Auctioneer Gandhi worked up the bids of those present to \$1,500 for both throne & footstool. Cash was paid by the successful bidder on the spot. Beaming, St. Gandhi turned over the cash as a contribution to the coffers of his Nationalist Party,

Foreign News—(Continued)

TURKEY

Hubble-Bubble

Mustafa Kemal Pasha has taken the fez off Turkey's head, put on a hat instead; but even Dictator Kemal has not put a briar pipe in Turkey's mouth. Turks still smoke (at home or in coffee houses) the romantic, long-tubed, hubble-bubbling *nargile*.

In Istanbul last week the Turkish Chamber of Commerce received an order for "a hubble-bubble encrusted with pearls and diamonds" from the Berlin Chamber of Commerce.

Berlin has not gone hubble-bubble. Stiffly the B. C. C.'s corresponding secretary explained that he was referring to the T. C. C. "an order for a hubble-bubble received from a wealthy American who lives on Rhode Island."

Flattered by this unusual U. S. order, the Turkish Chamber of Commerce sent a possible U. S. trend toward the *nargile*, announced last week that not only can a pearl and diamond encrusted hubble-bubble be supplied by special order but that all kinds of hubble-bubbles can be had from Turkey in styles and prices to fit every U. S. taste and purse.

Advantage of a hubble-bubble: the smoke is cooled, filtered and (if desired) perfumed by being sucked through plain (or perfumed) water.

Disadvantage: it takes determination and an aptitude for strong sucking really to enjoy hubble-bubbling.

AUSTRIA

New Cabinet

Austrian politicians stick together in a crisis, but when crisis is past Austria's Cabinet is apt to fall. Last week Chancellor Otto Ender & Cabinet were forced to resign after averting an Austrian panic with an agreement whereby the State guarantees the liabilities of Austria's key bank, her great and almost bankrupt *Kreditanstalt* (TIME, June 8). Although Dr. Ender had deserved well of Austria, his friends & enemies preferred not to associate themselves with the guarantee his Cabinet had given, hence they permitted it to fall.

Some Viennese remained panicky. One day last week a woman entered the Bank of Austria with \$2,000 worth of Austrian gold schillings. To the astonished cashier she said: "I want to exchange this for American dollars."

"But why, Madame? What you have is actual gold. Why do you want paper dollars?"

"I want dollars!" snapped the woman. "This is only Austrian gold. Who knows what may happen to poor Austria?"

Chancellor Ender, although he had resigned, felt chesty. To President Wilhelm Miklas he said with a certain arrogance that he, having saved the *Kreditanstalt* and averted panic, would "consent" to form another Cabinet with the understanding that he would ask Parliament to grant him "extraordinary powers."

Excited Viennese editors headlined:

"Ender bids for Dictatorship!" His attempt to form a Cabinet promptly failed. So did other attempts by other Austrian statesmen last week. Even bald, beak-nosed, Monsignor Ignaz Seipel, boss of the powerful Christian Socialist party, failed after trying until 2:30 a. m. to form a Cabinet.

President Miklas looked about for a new national leader. He chose Dr. Karl Buresch, Governor of Lower Austria, handed him the Chancellor's mandate. In less than 24 hours Dr. Buresch had whipped together an excellent Cabinet including:

Foreign Minister, Dr. Johann Schober, negotiator of the "Customs Union" agreement with Germany (TIME, March 30).

Finance Minister, Professor Joseph Redlich, recently returned from lecturing at Harvard University. A most able economist and "above party," he is just the pilot to steer Austria into quiet fiscal waters.

Minister of War, Herr Karl Vaugoin, a bristling, strutting, "strong man." As Austria is disarmed he can do small harm.

Vienna's sensation-of-the-week was news that her *Wirtschaftspolizei* ("business police") were hunting Banker Fritz Ehrenfest, a former director of *Kreditanstalt*. When they find him they expect to prove that he lost \$15,000,000 of *Kreditanstalt's* funds in Manhattan's punctured stockmarket.

RUSSIA

Camel Laugh

Came a picture of a laughing camel last week from Stalingrad—namesake town of Dictator Josef Stalin.

At the Stalingrad Tractor Works



Acme-P. & A.

ORDER OF THE CAMEL

... for laziness, breakage.

("world's largest") there have been 2,789 breakdowns of machinery in four months. Production for 1930 was scheduled at 50,000 tractors. It was 47,000 tractors

behind schedule at the close of the year.

To spur the workers, to make them ashamed of their clumsiness, the Government has conferred upon Stalingrad in mocking poster form "The Order of the Camel for Lazy Work & Breakage." Anyone can see that the camel (see cut) is laughing, hee-hawing, mocking clumsy workers.

In most European countries to call a man a camel (French *chameau*, German *Kamel*) is merely to call him "stupid" or a "simp." Most insulting in French or German are compounds of animal names such as "You camel-toad-elephant-crocodile-rat-pig!" If a one-word insult is wanted it is hard to do better in French than *saligot* (filthy beast), in German, *schweinpelz* (filthy beast).

51¢, 16¢, 8 1/3¢?

Inside Russia her rubles are legally worth 51¢ each. By special treaty Soviet rubles bid at Japanese fish auctions are legally worth 32.5 sen (16¢). These facts are plain. But recently at Irkutsk roving Correspondent Henry Wales of the *Chicago Tribune* stumbled upon a ruble puzzle.

Puzzle: Mr. Wales was told at the Soviet gold mines in Irkutsk that the cost of producing \$1 worth of gold is twelve rubles, or \$6.12 (if the Soviet valuation of 51¢ be placed upon each ruble). Is the Government then losing \$5.12 every time its mines turn out \$1 worth of gold? Production is being rapidly stepped up.

If the ruble is really worth 51¢ the Government is breaking even. If the ruble is really worth less than 51¢ the Government is making a profit.

Rover Wales was reminded that for a private person to possess gold in Russia is a crime. He was told that a Chinese caught in Irkutsk with 1,600 ounces of gold was "sent to the salt mines at hard labor" despite his foreign nationality.

Said a U. S. technical expert at Irkutsk to Rover Wales: "There are three big shoe factories here but I have never been able to buy a pair of shoes and neither has anyone else I know. We pay \$7.50 a pound for butter and \$1.25 a quart for milk." Dean of the U. S. colony at Irkutsk is former U. S. Consul Fowler who has lived in Russia for 30 consecutive years, likes the country.

VENEZUELA

Imposing Gomez

When Venezuela's Congress requested President Juan Bautista Perez to resign, and when he resigned after serving only two years of his seven-year term (TIME, June 22), Venezuelans assumed that General Juan Vicente Gomez, the 74-year-old Dictator, desired to resume the Presidency.

This assumption last week proved correct. Congress by unanimous vote elected General Gomez President of Venezuela. His boast: "I have imposed peace in my country."

Foreign News—(Continued)

SPAIN

Republic's Week

Spain's Ambassador to the Holy See asked Pope Pius XI last week to recall Pedro Cardinal Segura y Saenz, Primate of Spain, from Spain.

His Holiness refused to recall His Eminence. Promptly the Spanish Government expelled Primate Segura y Saenz in a motor car.

Dumped into France, His Eminence said: "No respect was shown to my position as Primate of Spain nor to my character as a priest and a prince of the Church. I was treated as if I were a common criminal."

After visiting Pius XI in Rome, Cardinal Segura y Saenz returned to Spain "by stealth" according to the Spanish Government (TIME, June 22). Because in a pastoral letter he has extolled Monarchy and flayed the Republic, the Republic expelled Cardinal Segura y Saenz as "dangerous to the public safety."

¶ The Bank of France gestured confidence in Spain's Republican Government last week by granting a credit of 300,000,000 francs (\$12,000,000) to the Bank of Spain. Purpose: to strengthen the weak Spanish peseta, keep it from slipping lower.

¶ This Sunday, June 28, Spaniards elect the first Parliament they have been permitted to elect since the late Dictator Primo de Rivera seized power in 1923.

Of the 1,500 candidates nominated throughout Spain last week "less than 20 are Monarchists" according to an Exchange Telegraph. Thus the new Parliament was expected to draft a Republican Constitution for Spain. But furious fights loom as to the character of the new Republic. Shall it be, as Catalonians and Basques demand, a union of federated states like the U. S. and Germany? Or shall it be, as central and southern Spaniards insist, a republic like France, highly centralized, composed not of sovereign states but of subordinate provinces?

¶ Jesting at the corpulence of ex-Queen Victoria Eugénie, Madrid's leading Socialist Daily *El Socialista* mocked last week: "But we hear from Mr. Bourbon [Alfonso XIII] that (in exile) the Queen is losing weight."

¶ The new "Great Madrid Bull Ring," largest in Spain and seating 26,000 bull-fans, was inaugurated last week with the first fight of a series which will last for 14 days "in celebration of the Republic."

Because the fights are a celebration, Spain's highest-paid bull despatchers are performing gratis.

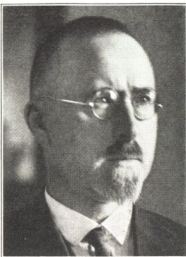
POLAND

Little Brother

Col. Jan Pilsudski, spruce, sleek-bearded, is the little brother of big Marshal Josef Pilsudski, walrus-mustached Dictator. Recently Col. Jan was made Finance Minister (TIME, June 8) and people wondered what he would do—for

Col. Jan had had no previous fiscal experience whatever.

Usually Col. Jan does what he is told to do by Marshal Josef. Last week he was perhaps told to economize. Abruptly



© Keystone

COL. JAN PILSUDSKI

... abolished five governments.

he announced that five of Poland's 13 provincial governments would be abolished "to save administrative expense," completed his chore-of-the-week by slashing \$55,005,000 off the Polish Government's proposed expenditures for 1931.

CHINA

Low Have You Sunk

Rich expatriate Chinese have contributed millions of dollars to the cause of President Chiang Kai-shek. Astute, he has just built at Nanking a \$240,000 "Guest House" in which visiting Chinese donors and prospective donors will be sumptuously entertained. In style it is an Imperial Palace of Old China. Its spacious gardens spread over nine mow (1½ acres). Pompously the small, shrill-voiced, wasp-waisted President inaugurated this gilded trap for contributions. Then, briskly he set out on his long promised military campaign to crush bandits & rebels (TIME, June 15).

Before marching forth President Chiang issued, through his publicity bureau, a thoroughgoing rebuke to his brainiest rebel foe, Foreign Minister Eugene Chen of the new, revolutionary "Chinese Government" at Canton (TIME, June 8). Suitable for framing, this quaint manifesto read as follows:

"Low have the Canton rebels sunk, having taken you for their Minister of Foreign Affairs! As a Trinidad-born foreigner posing as Chinese, you were only a messenger boy during the late Sun Yat-sen's Government at Canton.

"Later, because you understood one word of Chinese yet were utterly incapable of reading the language, you became a convenient trumpet for your Russian

master, Borodin, who had you appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs [in 1926]. When Borodin was exiled you followed to Moscow [in 1927].

"Now, because of belief among the ignorant Canton rebels that Chen's voice carried Chen's thoughts, not merely Borodin's echo, as it really was, they take you back although you remain in the pay of the Soviets!

"But, do not think that insolent, bizarre and colorful phraseology which attracted notice in 1926 and 1927 would again serve today. Continue flinging mud, because we also can play the same game, and the charges we have made against you are true, known to every one.

"We advise you to go back forthwith to your native Trinidad; return to the hearts of your wife and children there and think no more of imposing yourself on the people of China and interfering in their domestic politics."

Born in Trinidad, smart Mr. Chen went originally to London where he became a prosperous solicitor. In 1926 Chen and Chiang, who now scorns him, were fellow revolutionaries in Canton. Both took Russian gold then, but Marshal Chiang, having conquered half of China (1927), broke with Moscow whereas Chen did not. During Chiang's war of conquest Chen was his No. 1 Chinese propagandist, won thousands of recruits and many a battle for Chiang with his "insolent, bizarre and colorful phraseology." Today Mr. Chen, who is back in Canton repeating the revolution of 1926, insolently pictures President Chiang as a would-be Emperor of China on bizarre posters, colorfully calls the ancient walls of President Chiang's capital city "Nanking's Rococo Façade."

BRAZIL

Amortizing Priest & Brat

In the *Brazilian American*, goodwill weekly printed at Rio de Janeiro in English, appeared this item:

"Augusto de Lima, staunch defender of all that is orthodox, occupied a half column in yesterday's *A Noite* to express his horror and indignation at the news from Maranhao that the city of Sao Luiz amid general rejoicing had enjoyed a holiday on the occasion of the baptism of the infant Lenin, first-born of the Interventor, or provisional governor, the Reverend Padre Serra. Not only does Mr. de Lima regard the babe's name as an affront to Christian civilization, but he bitterly observes that while there have been other instances in Brazil of unworthy priests fathering brats, this is the first case on record of an entire community dropping work to celebrate such an event.

"This morning's *Correio da Manhã* makes the doleful announcement that President Getulio Vargas [of Brazil] has resolved to retire the Reverend Padre Serra and install a new Interventor in Maranhao. But Father Serra has his virtues as well as his slight defects. His financial management has enabled Maranhao to pay up in full interest and amortization on her public debt. No small accomplishment in these days of economic stress."



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JULIUS GREGORY—Architect



View of Goodyear Rubber Flooring in Riverdale residence, New York City—Julius Gregory, Architect

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CIGARETTE
APPETITE?**

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THE PRESS

Five Starr Faithfull

If the bruised body of a pretty girl with veronal in the liver were washed ashore on the sands of Long Beach, N. Y.; if she were found to be of respectable but somewhat eccentric family; if her diary revealed her as a neurotic and alluded to childhood misadventures with an unnamed, elderly and prominent man; if the girl's name were Sadie Schmitz and she lived, say, on West 17th Street, New York; if such a case occurred in cool weather with an abundance of other news breaking concurrently—how would the newspapers treat it? Probable answer: as a good local five-day sex mystery, to be slipped off the front pages of conservative papers if no solution was forthcoming.

But if the dead girl's name were *Starr Faithfull*; if she had had an eventful sex life on two continents; if her address were No. 12 St. Luke's Place, three doors from Mayor James J. Walker; if her sister, Tucker Faithfull, were a secretive girl whose full lips and slim legs photographed well; and if the story broke during a heat wave and a scarcity of big news—then, as happened last fortnight, the august *New York Times* might consider it fit to print front-page for nearly two weeks. Cyrus H. K. Curtis' polite *New York Evening Post* might feature on its front page a three-column drawing of the girl's family and dog in their home. The *Chicago Tribune* might feel called upon to print an 8-column banner: **SCAN SLAIN GIRL'S LOVE DIARY**. The *Atlanta Constitution*, *San Francisco Examiner*, *Milwaukee Sentinel*, *Cincinnati Enquirer*, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, *New Orleans Times-Picayune*, *Indianapolis News* might go for the story, as go for it they did. So did the newspapers of Boston, so energetically that Andrew J. Peters, onetime Boston Mayor, whose wife was a distant cousin of Starr Faithfull's mother, found occasion to issue a formal denial that he had ever been improperly involved with the girl.

The potentialities of the strange story as hot-weather reading were in nowise chilled by Nassau County's publicity-wise District Attorney Elvin Newton Edwards, who had just finished the noisy business of sending hare-brained Francis ("Two-Gun") Crowley to the electric chair (*TIME*, June 15). Soon after Starr Faithfull's body was found, the district attorney announced she had been killed by two men, one prominent in politics, her body taken out in a boat and thrown overboard. Next day he declared that the girl was knocked unconscious aboard a boat, then thrown into the water. By then the prominent politician had been "practically eliminated." Ultimately Prosecutor Edwards was weighing suicide against the murder theory.

But the paucity of essential facts was more than made up for to the Press by Starr Faithfull's background and home life. The family, occupying one floor of a brownstone house, consisted of Starr, her sister, her mother and step-father, Stanley Faithfull, a not prosperous chemist

and salesman for a pneumatic mattress concern. Lean, gimlet-eyed, red-whiskered, bewildered, he talked & talked to the thronging newshawks who came away with many conflicting stories and white lies. For some reason his daughter was made an "heiress" by the first sensational stories, a description soon dropped by all but the



Acme-P. & A.

THE LATE STARR FAITHFULL

If her name had been Sadie Schmitz . . . ?

tabloids. But other newspapers kept the family endowed with an air of gentility, apparently as an excuse to give the story special attention.

Officials of the United Press, impressed by the national demand for the story, set out to get all they could of it. Believing that reporters on the case were using wrong strategy, they simply asked for, and immediately obtained, a private interview with the parents. They won Faithfull's confidence, persuaded him that a full explanation of Starr's makeup would mitigate the impression of promiscuity which had gone forth. The result, an "exclusive" for the U. P., was the full details of how the girl had been induced to unnatural sexual antics at the age of eleven by the elderly man, a trusted friend of the family; how he had repeatedly over a period of years taken her on automobile trips, stopping at hotels, with knowledge and consent of the parents who never dreamed that his interest was other than fatherly; how Starr, who was emotionally unbalanced as a result, finally made known the facts to her parents; how they obtained a \$20,000 settlement from the despoiler to pay for treatment of Starr by psychiatrists and neurologists. For all their effort, they said, Starr never fully recovered normality. With their full knowledge if not their consent she had run around with (and after) all kinds of men in all kinds of places "looking for happiness." In return for the story, Faithfull insisted only on a letter which would prove that no payment was being made for it to him or his family.

The *New York World-Telegram* and

other United Press subscribers embellished Father Faithfull's sad story with fascimiles of erotic pages from Starr's memory book, letters, telegrams. Star writers were put on the lurid story to treat it as an epic of injured innocence, a *cause célèbre* of the decade. Fresh interest, fresh front-page stories (again including the *Times*) were supplied by the arrival from England of a Cunard Line doctor who revealed that Heroine Faithfull had come to see him on shipboard just before she disappeared from home, that he had sent her away because she was drunk, that she had written him she was going to commit suicide. The doctor's picture now made display material as the epic passed into its third week. Observers marveled at what the great U. S. Press could do with the conjunction of a perfect front-page name, a sexy death mystery and a spell of hot weather.

Tuesday Evening Post

Just as surely as the laundry goes out Monday, and the fishman calls on Friday, and the funny papers come on Sunday, just as surely for the past 33 years has the *Saturday Evening Post* come out on Thursday. So rigorous has been its routine that the publisher dealt harshly with dealers who smuggled copies to impatient customers on Wednesday night. Hence, this week, many and many a reader felt cause to consult his calendar; for there, before him, was his copy of the *Saturday Evening Post* on Tuesday. It was no irregularity; Tuesday is official Post-day henceforth.

In its announcement of the change, Curtis Publishing Co. explained that Thursday was adopted in 1898 as publication day because in those days most retail shopping was done on Saturday. With shopping now spread throughout the week, earlier publication would presumably be more advantageous to the advertiser of retail goods.

Publishers are also aware that the *Post*, *Collier's* and *Liberty* have long been jockeying for preferred time-position on the newsstands. On the theory that a magazine becomes a backnumber after the date printed on its cover, *Liberty* and *Collier's* are dated more than a week later than their appearance. The *Post* hitherto depended on the big weekend trade to absorb its newsstand stock, sometimes sent boys about on Monday to pick up remaining copies of the current issue and peddle them as best they could. By moving ahead to Tuesday, the *Post* presents itself with two more sales days per week. It apparently feels secure in the belief that *Collier's* and *Liberty* can move no farther ahead of their cover-dates without appearing ridiculous.

Of newstand sale days, Friday is the biggest, Monday the slackest.

Lottery Notice

Because of "complaints from every section of the country" following widespread stories about the Grand National and Espom Derby sweepstake lotteries (*TIME*, April 6; June 15), last week the Post Office Department announced that henceforth it would rigidly enforce the statute against disseminating lottery news. Penalty for first violation: \$1,000 fine.

S P O R T

Rowing

At Poughkeepsie, where rain made the Hudson gloomy and smooth, and at New London, where \$45,000,000 worth of yachts were crowded into the mouth of the Thames, were rowed last week the two great rowing races of the year.

At Poughkeepsie Columbia was the favorite. Columbia had won its early season sprint races so easily. But there was a rumor that the boat had gone stale. Cornell, with bald-headed, 30-year-old Pete McManus in the waist of the shell and seven other heavy, experienced men bending to the barks of big-voiced little Coxswain Burke, had a splendid chance. Syracuse, with six veterans and the lightest crew in the race, was in the outside lane, least protected from the wind. Washington, having beaten California, seemed to be the best of the three Western crews. Wisconsin rows only in the Poughkeepsie race and this year's crew was said to be the best that had ever come from Madison. Navy, Penn and M. I. T. were not really considered to have a chance, except that any crew has a chance in a race two miles longer than the regattas that lead up to it.

The river stretched down from the starting line dark and smooth as a mirror, dimpled by the rain. The crews splashed away to a fair start, with the Navy ahead for a second, then Pennsylvania, then Washington. Washington kept the lead and pushed three lengths ahead of the Navy in the first mile. Coxswain Burke was keeping the Cornell boat close to Syracuse. The Columbia boat was going badly, rowing a high, laborious beat without much run between the strokes.

In the second mile, Navy pushed out from the field, trying to keep up with Washington while the other shells slipped back. For a time Washington kept on gaining, rowing 36 to Navy's 34, but by the end of the second mile Navy was only a length and a half behind, still rowing a lower beat of the long, stylized Glendon stroke. With a mile and a half to go, Navy was less than a length behind, still gaining. The Washington stroke, John Ginger, bothered by having to watch the Navy boat as well as Cornell, stepped up his stroke to 38. In the Cornell boat, Burke had stopped watching Syracuse and was telling his crew that the Navy would surely crack in a minute.

The Navy boat passed Washington at the start of the last mile and Coxswain Burke told his sweating men to row, row, row after that Navy shell. The last half mile was a wildly exciting match between the two, with Washington struggling to keep up with Cornell. The Navy stroke, Ray Hunter, could see both boats laboring along behind him. When Cornell began to gain he sent the Navy stroke up to 40 and kept it smooth across the finish, which he crossed to the absurdly disconsolate hooting of a destroyer's fog horn. Cornell was only a length behind, Washington third, the rest of the shells strung out up the river—California, Syracuse, Penn. Columbia, inexplicably ragged and ineffectual, finished seventh, just ahead of Wisconsin. M. I. T. was last.

Coach Richard ("Dick") Glendon of Navy, whose son, Richard ("Rich") Glendon Jr. coaches Columbia, had thought well of his crew but was satisfied to watch the race from the observation train. When it was over, pleased at a result which contradicted rumors that he was too old to function, he entrained with his son for their farm on Cape Cod, where he planned to spend the summer playing checkers.

At New London. The crew race between Harvard and Yale, begun in 1852, is the oldest college sporting event in the U. S. It was attended this year, as usual, by a round of post-commencement gaieties, drunken parties in the Griswold Hotel, highball parties on board almost a thousand boats, picnic parties along the banks of the Thames. On Herbert L. Pratt's white yacht *Whisper*, dressed up in yachting gear, were Siam's King Prajadhipok & Queen Rambai Barni. The King



Wide World

"KILLER" CASSEDY

The aristocracy responded.

followed the Junior Varsity and Freshman races in the referee's launch, snapping about him in all directions with a moving picture camera.

For the first time in the nine years since Ed Leader brought Washington's rowing tricks and a surly, inspirational coaching technique to Yale, Harvard was the favorite. Yale's chances, with a varsity that has been weak all season, were further diminished when four men were dropped for smoking cigars, drinking beer.

It was 8 p. m. before the judges considered wind and tide proper for the race up-river. Whatever possibility there might have been that Leader had been able to round his crew into form at the last minute disappeared almost as soon as the two shells pulled away. Harvard spurred for a hundred yards, got a length's lead, increased it gradually for the next three miles. Goodale, the Yale stroke, sent his beat up to 35 in a frantic effort to catch up. The Harvard boat, six pounds heavier on the average, with good Harvard names in every slide except the dark-headed

sophomore stroke Gerard ("Killer") Cassedy, let Yale begin to gain. Cassedy, son of a onetime Cambridge plumber, nicknamed "Killer" because of the terrific stroke he sets for the Harvard aristocrats in back of him, let the Yale bow creep up to within a deck of the Harvard stern. Then he raised his beat to 36, the Harvard screws responded, and over the line they slid two and a half lengths ahead. Jack Hollowell, the Harvard captain, collapsed and had to be lifted out of his seat, carried ashore in a launch. In the Yale boat, Bill Garnsey, No. 4, nearly collapsed in the last quarter-mile. Sheldon Foster, bow, finished the race almost unconscious but still trying to wave his oar.

Who Won

¶ The St. John's College lacrosse team, U. S. Intercollegiate Association champions; the North American championship, beating a team of Canadian All-Stars, by a total of 5 goals to 3 in a two-game series. The second game, at Baltimore, won by Canada, 1 to 0, was interrupted by a fist fight between a St. John's defense man and an All-Star forward, in which both teams and 200 spectators participated. Police restored order. Later, a violent thunder storm drenched field, players, 8,000 spectators.

P E O P L E

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

British Economist **John Maynard Keynes**, lecturing in Manhattan on Depression, remarked: "There is nothing President Hoover could do that an earthquake couldn't do better."

At Beverly Hills, Calif., **Lawrence Tibbett Jr.**, son of the opera and cinema singer, gave a party, took his friends into the family swimming pool. While the party was in progress, Singer Tibbett telephoned his wife from Manhattan. Suddenly she cried: "Larry's drowning!" Singer Tibbett held the wire through a terrifying 20 min. while the party pulled Larry out of the pool, pressed the water from his lungs, revived him. Then Mrs. Tibbett came back to the telephone and said: "He's all right now, dear."

At McLean, Va., a six-ft. snake bit 17-month-old **Percy Crosby Jr.**, son of the cartoonist of "Skippy." A puppy held the snake at bay until Cartoonist Crosby killed it. It was non-poisonous.

Composer **Rudolf Friml** (*Rose Marie*, *Vagabond King*, *Luau*) was ordered arrested in Hollywood for failing to provide for his ailing 10-year-old daughter.

At Pontiac, Mich., **Willis M. Brewer**, onetime (1930) national vice commander of the American Legion, was sentenced to from six to 15 years imprisonment for embezzling \$2,500 intended for the care of War orphans.



Will your underground mains be a threat or a promise?

THE great water supply lines which many cities plan to lay or extend in 1931 can subject taxpayers to a constant *threat* of expense. Or they can give time-tested *promise* of uninterrupted service and low maintenance costs for at least one hundred years.

The taxes or rates you pay for water service depend largely upon the kind of water mains your city has laid or expects to lay. If they are long-lived cast iron mains, you and your fellow taxpayers will help to pay for them *only once*. If they are mains of shorter and uncertain life, taxes or rates must go up to pay the heavy cost of replacements or repairs. And, remember, that digging, laying a new pipe line, and back-filling trenches will cost more than the original installation.

Short-lived water or gas mains, even though their first cost may occasionally be lower, face the taxpayers with the threat of unnecessary costs. That is why the majority of engineers prefer to specify long-lived cast iron pipe for underground mains. Cast iron pipe is laid but once and

paid for but once in any man's life-time. It is the only pipe whose useful life is rated by engineers at a minimum of one hundred years. In America's oldest cities you'll find cast iron mains laid 80, 90, and more than 100 years ago, still serving and saving millions of dollars for taxpayers.

The reason for the long life of cast iron pipe is its effective resistance to rust. Cast iron is the only ferrous metal for water and gas mains that will not disintegrate from rust. This characteristic makes cast iron pipe the most practicable for underground mains, for rust will not destroy it.

When you see pipe being laid in or near your town, look for the "Q-check" trademark stenciled on every length. This trade-

mark stands for cast iron pipe produced by modern methods in accordance with established specifications, by the leading founders listed below.

The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association is always glad to supply information to individual taxpayers or to civic groups regarding the planning of new, or the extending of present, water supply systems. We also welcome inquiries from engineers and city officials concerning the use of cast iron pipe for water, gas, sewers, highway culverts and industrial needs. Address: The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

* * *

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Look for the "Q-check" symbol as shown above. It is the registered trademark of the Cast Iron Pipe Research Association.

CAST IRON PIPE

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MANOIR
RICHELIEU
Murray
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Province of
Quebec



The Dream of the First Seigneur

In writing of the *Sieur de Comporté*, that colourful and romantic first Seigneur of Murray Bay, Professor George M. Wrong says: "He had plans to settle his great fief... dreams of a feudal domain, of a seigniorial château looking out across the great river".

Today, nearly two-and-a-half centuries later, the MANOIR RICHELIEU stands as the embodiment of a dream that thus has been fulfilled. Only, its tenants are its guests and every guest a lord of all he surveys at Murray Bay.

Here, in the heart of old French-Canada, will be found entertainment and sport at its best. Golf on one of the finest courses on the continent. Tennis on splendid *en-tout-cas* courts. Swimming in a large outdoor salt-water pool. Riding over woodland trails. Motor drives into the picturesque back country. And, at the end of every day, the superb luxury and comfort of the MANOIR RICHELIEU.

• Write for an attractive illustrated booklet which describes this unique resort. Also, a pamphlet, "Freedom from Hay-Fever at Murray Bay", may interest you or a friend.

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United States . . . or your own Tourist Agent

It is customary at the banquet of the graduating class of Wellesley, of which Chief Justice **Charles Evans Hughes** was an honorary member this year, for engaged girls to run around the table when their names are called, for married members to stand on their chairs. When the name of Honorary Classmate Hughes was called, he, married 42 years, hopped up on his chair, grinned broadly.

At Reno, **Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.**, eccentric, kinky-haired socialite, unsuccessful journalist, geographical author (*Park Avenue, Palm Beach, Reno*), called in the newspaper reporters. He told them that he had seen Cartoonist **Peter Arno** of *The New Yorker* kissing Mrs. Vanderbilt, that he had just caught Arno bringing Mrs. Vanderbilt home, had chased him with a revolver (Vanderbilt is an honorary Nevada State Policeman), tried to kill him. Later Mr. Vanderbilt's attorney modified the story, said that his client had gone after Mr. Arno but had thought better of it, returned home. There, he said, he discovered that his gun had been unloaded at the time.

Mr. Arno appeared at the office of the Reno Chief of Police, said that if Mr. Vanderbilt had chased him the night before he had not noticed it, but he complained that Mr. Vanderbilt had telephoned that he was going to get a gunman to kill him. Advised the Police Chief: "You look big enough to take care of yourself. If anyone's bothering you, go punch him in the jaw!"

Uphot: Mr. Vanderbilt sued his wife for divorce; threatened to sue Mr. Arno for alienating her affections. Mr. Arno, who is in Reno to get a divorce from **Lois Long** ("Lipstick" of *The New Yorker*), meditated a suit against Mr. Vanderbilt for slander.

CINEMA

Again Arbuckle?

Ten years ago, famed Funnyman Roscoe Conkling ("Fatty") Arbuckle was tried for manslaughter after being found in a rumpled hotel room with the corpse of an obscure cinemactress named Virginia Rappe. He was acquitted. But, because many suspicious persons thought he might have caused the death of Cinemactress Rappe by attacking her, perhaps with a beer bottle, no cinema producers dared antagonize their audiences by hiring Funnyman Arbuckle. Funnyman Arbuckle tried a vaudeville tour, a Hollywood nightclub. When the nightclub failed, he got a job writing "gags" for Mack Sennett, has more recently, as "William Goodrich," been an assistant director for Educational Film Exchanges.

Last March *Photoplay* (monthly) printed an article about Funnyman Arbuckle called "Just Let Me Work," quoted the chief Arbuckle ambition: "I want to go back to the screen. I think I can entertain and gladden the people. . . ." Editor James R. Quirk of *Photoplay* gave a radio talk, asked his listeners whether they thought Funnyman Arbuckle should be permitted to return to the screen under

his own name. Last week, in the July *Photoplay* James R. Quirk gave the answer. He had received 3,000 letters from people who thought Arbuckle should be permitted to resume cinemacting; among the letter-writers were the foreman of the first Arbuckle jury and San Francisco District Attorney Matthew Brady who prosecuted him.

A few people did not want Fatty Arbuckle to return. One was Canon William



International

"WILLIAM GOODRICH"

"I think I can entertain."

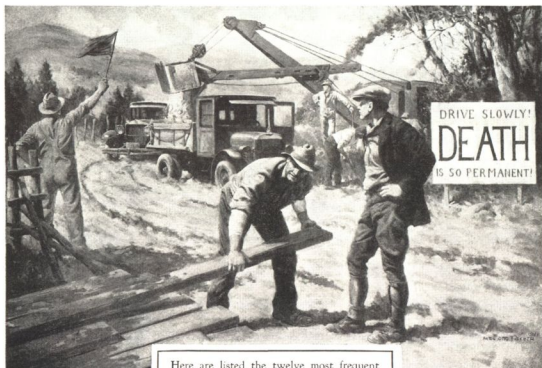
Sheafe Chase, who said: "I have no personal animosity toward this man but I think it very unwise to have him restored at this time to what I consider a very important moral influence in the community." Wrote Editor Quirk: "No one ever accused Arbuckle of making a picture that wasn't clean."

The New Pictures

Smart Money (Warner Brothers) is a fast, factual and exciting cinema about a Greek gambler named, after several real ones, Nick.* He gets started in a small-town barber shop, running a poker game on the side. His customers so respect his poker playing that they stake him for a big-town game. Ingenious Nick gets cheated on his first excursion; the next time he gets punched in the face. The third time he wins, and afterward uses a big-town barber shop as a blind for his elaborate gambling house. Especially fond of blondes, he puts a manicurist's leg and asks her for advice, keeps a blonde canary in a cage. He warms up his luck by rubbing a blackamoor's head, a hunchback's shoulder, the lapels of his own loud clothing. When the police send a lady to get evidence on his gambling-house, Nick gives her a drink, then kicks her from behind. The picture grows a little less lively toward the end. Knowing that Nick trusts all blondes, the police use one to trap him. Nick is last seen on the platform

*The two most celebrated real ones: the late Nick Forelli, son of a Syrian hop-seller, who once bet \$327,000 on a horse to win, was reputed to have won and lost \$1,000,000 three times in his career; Nick ("The Greek") Dandolos, craps, lowball and faro player, friend of Jack Dempsey.

Caution or Accident?



The grim warning "Drive Slowly, Death is so Permanent!" has been heeded by thousands of drivers over dangerous roads.

Here are listed the twelve most frequent means of accidental injuries in the order of their fatality:

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Automobiles | 7. Firearms |
| 2. Falls | 8. Machines |
| 3. Drownings | 9. Mines and Quarries |
| 4. Burns | 10. Fires |
| 5. Railroads | 11. Poisons |
| 6. Poisonous Gases | 12. Suffocations |

In this country accidents are now the largest single cause of the Crippling, Dependency and Destitution which call for relief.

© 1931 M. L. I. CO.

ACCIDENTS took 100,000 lives, caused approximately 10,000,000 more or less serious injuries and cost more than \$1,000,000,000 last year in the United States.

Among those killed by accident were 18,000 children under fifteen years of age.

No one knows how many accidental injuries and deaths are due to uncontrollable circumstances. Nevertheless, how many of the accidents which happened to members of your family or your friends—accidents which you know all about—could have been avoided?

Last year there were about 46,000 fatal accidents in homes and in industry. Elsewhere there were about 54,000 accidental deaths. Among the latter group 32,500—motorists and pedestrians—were killed by automobiles.

But while the tide of accidents is steadily rising, there are some bright spots in the dark record.



Better traffic regulations in a large number of cities are reducing the percentage of street accidents and the toll of killed and maimed children.

Police officers and school teachers are training children to be careful.

Safety appliances and methods installed by the foremost industries are saving many lives.

But systematic accident prevention in homes has hardly begun.

Falls in homes caused 8,000 deaths last year; burns, scalds and explosions 5,400; asphyxiations 3,600; and fatal poisonings 2,000. Much remains to be done to check home accidents caused by recklessness and thoughtlessness.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company urges you to send for its free booklets on accident prevention. Ask for Booklets 731-Q.

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of a train, with an overcoat over his handcuffed wrists, offering two to one that he will be out in five years.

In the effort to vary, however slightly, the frayed formula for underworld pictures, Warner Brothers stumbled into the environment of illegal gambling, a field so fertile it is hard to see how it had hitherto been neglected. Nick is played by Edward G. Robinson, an actor with the face of a depraved cherub and a voice which makes everything he says seem violently profane. In *Smart Money* he does again several of the things he did in *Little Caesar* but not so many that the rôle is repetitious. His pal, who dies after Nick has hit him for suggesting that his last bad blonde is a stool-pigeon, is James Cagney (*Public Enemy*).

The Viking (Varick Frissell Production) is the picture about seal hunting which the late Varick Frissell, Yale '26, nephew of Pennsylvania's Governor Pinchot, was finishing when his ship blew up off White Bay, Newfoundland, killing him and 25 others (*TIME*, March 23). It tells a feeble love story about two sealers, one a braggart, the other a "jinker" (unlucky sealer), both attached to the same girl. But interesting and important is the middle part of the picture where the love story is practically forgotten and there is shown a journalistic record of a perilous and picturesque method of earning a livelihood. Producer Frissell secured an old-time sealing boat, the *Viking*, and the services of Captain Bob Bartlett, who skippered Admiral Peary to the Pole and has since realized handsomely on the exploit, to sail it. Better still, he secured a cast of 250 Newfoundland "swilers," photographed them honestly engaged in a real seal-hunt.

Episodes in the seal-hunt have that intimate realism which the cinema alone can give such a subject. The *Viking* grinds through ice sometimes so thick that it has to be dynamited. When a radio report reveals a seal herd 20 miles away, the swilers debark and scramble over 20 miles of barren ice to find them. The hunt itself—the men deploying to stalk the seals, killing them with shotguns—is ably but too briefly photographed. Tragic is the situation of one squeaking white baby seal, stuck to a lump of ice; when his mother pauses to nose him off, both are shot. After the hunt, the sealers haul their "sculps" (seal skins) back across the ice. The jinker and his rival get left behind in a blizzard, the story sets in again.

Much of the excitement which Producer Frissell felt about seal-hunting survives in his picture (he was going to call it *White Thunder*) and saves it both from the apathy of newsreels and from the pretentiousness of most commercialized films intended to be exotic. Best shot in *The Viking* is an iceberg with waves breaking against it. Producer Frissell wanted also to make a shot of an iceberg turning over and had gone back to Labrador to try to get one when the *Viking* blew up. Before *The Viking's* Manhattan première last week, Dr. and Mrs. Lewis Fox Frissell gave a dinner to Governor and Mrs. Pinchot; their other son, Phelps Montgomery Frissell, was killed eight years ago while climbing in the Alps.

Confessions of a Co-ed (Paramount) is an excessively stupid little production which serves no apparent purpose except to belittle the talents of Cinematress Sylvia Sidney who is featured in it. She appears as a college student bedazzled by a classmate (Phillips Holmes) whose toothy smiles will seem to audiences less seductive than benign. When he seduces and deserts her, she marries his roommate in a puzzled state of mind. She is still puzzled when her seducer reappears, three years after graduation. He is still smiling vaguely, but his intentions have improved. They love each other and will act accordingly.

Cinema audiences stopped believing that all college students were morons several years ago and *Confessions of a Co-ed* will therefore seem implausible as well as dull. Its dialog, anonymously contributed, is comparable to Mother Goose without rhymes and its campus *mise-en-scène* suggests the cloisters of a day nursery for retarded adolescents. If anyone



Paramount Pictures

SYLVIA SIDNEY

For her, no eggs or underclothes.

can take any interest at all in *Confessions of a Co-ed*, it will be because Sylvia Sidney almost manages to make real emotions out of fake situations. One of the many young actresses who have effected a successful transfer from the stage to talkies, she replaced Clara Bow in *City Streets* when the Daisy de Boe scandal and Cinematress Bow's indispositions made the substitution necessary. She is now being groomed, though inefficiently, to be a star.

Born in The Bronx, she left school to go on the stage, stole the play when, in *Crime*, she sat on a park bench and said "Squeeze me" to boy friends. She has her make-up prescribed for her by a chemist; other kinds poison her. Scarcely five feet tall, she loathes outdoor exercise, has a quick temper and five nicknames (Slivick, Monkey, Goofy, Brat, Funny Face). She speaks Yiddish, wears no underclothes, cannot eat eggs, can twist her right wrist so that it cracks, likes to go to Bellevue Hospital to hear lectures on psychology.

EDUCATION

Beside Windsor

(See front cover)

Throughout the U. S. last week schoolboys had packed their college pennants in mothballs and were off for summer holidays. But in England, school was by no means over. At Harrow, Governor's Speech Day took place. This week at Eton prize awards are being made. Then will follow one of the year's most pleasant occasions: the Long Weekend of the Long (Summer) Term.

To Lord's Cricket Ground* in London's pleasant suburbs will the schoolboy go, to see played the Eton-Harrow cricket match.† He will perhaps be in charge of his aunt, a large dowager to whom this represents the last great event of the Season. She will have been to the Private View of the Royal Academy, to Ascot, to at least one of the Courts, and her flowered garden party frocks (indispensable to London ladies in the Season) will have been put through a strenuous series of functions. She will be glad when she can get off to the country, for during these three days she will find her hands full with taking her nephew to teasops, grill-rooms, music halls. After the last ball has been bowled at Lord's, she will chaperone at the Eton-Harrow dance at Hurlingham, and Monday send the "nipper" back to school, along with the other small Etonians (under 5 ft. 4 in.) in topplers and truncated jacket, large Etonians in topplers and morning coats; small Harrovians in jackets and straw "boaters," large Harrovians in tails and that same straw headgear which the school wears in all seasons.

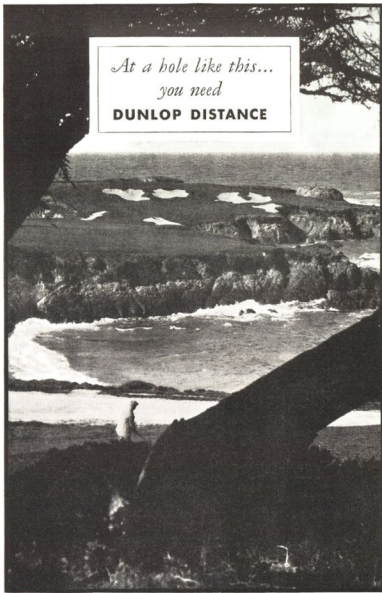
For the rest of the term—until the last of July—British public school boys have no such pother of examinations and commencements as occupy the attention of U. S. students. They study, perhaps with less application than during winter months. Most of their time they devote to sport: cricket, tennis, fives, swimming, and in a number of schools, rowing. Eton is a rowing school, and Eton's distinction between Wet Bobs (crew men) and Dry Bobs (land sports) has become almost universal in British public schools. So keen is rivalry between Wets & Drys, each regarding his sport as gentlemanly, typically British, that a master becomes known as Wet or Dry according to the prevalent temper of his sympathies. Predominantly Dry Bob and cricketish is Harrow; but Eton began playing cricket in 1730 and Harrow has no record of it before 1771. Eton has lost no Eton-Harrow match since 1908 (but eight were drawn), and Old Etonians like to remember that Old Etonian Wellington said: "The Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton!" Harrovians counter by pointing out that Eton has some 1,100 students from which to choose its cricketers; Harrow only 700.

Seven weeks of holiday stretch from the end of the Summer Term to the be-

*Founded in 1787 by Thomas Lord, a Yorkshire ground bowler, Lord's is the home of the Marylebone Cricket Club, world arbiter.

†At the first Eton-Harrow match in 1801, Bowler Tom Loyd beat Harrow in one inning, caught cold forthwith and died.

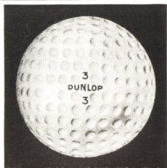
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MESH OR RECESSED MARKING

gining of the Autumn Term. To Eton (King's College of Our Lady of Eton beside Windsor) will then come a new batch of 13 and 14-year-olds. As pupils in Britain's largest, most expensive (average total yearly cost: \$2,000) and most famed public school,* they will spend some five years on the green campus in the shadow of many a fine Gothic building, across the Thames from Windsor Castle. Some of them will go up to Oxford when they finish their course, spend three years there, return then to Eton to teach Latin and cricket to the boys. Their progress through the school depends quite upon their own aptitudes. They must finish the Lower School before the age of 16. Then, under the guidance of the masters of the 28 houses and the tutors who supervise outside work, they must advance through a series of divisions, a new one every term, until the course is finished. One may complete one's course at any time during the year: there is no

*Famed young Etonians this year are: Hon. Francis David Langhorne Astor and Hon. Michael Langhorne Astor, Viscounts Clerveaux and Northland; Earl of Shrewsbury. Eton's many celebrated graduates include: 17 British Prime Ministers, (Harrow has six including Lord Peel, Lord Palmerston and Stanley Baldwin), Lord Roberts, Viscount Byng, Marquis Curzon, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Major General Cornwallis, Arthur Wellesley Duke of Wellington, Novelist Henry Fielding, Poets Phineas and Giles Fletcher, Edmund Waller, Thomas Gray, Percy Bysshe Shelley (but George Gordon Lord Byron was a Harrovian).

graduation. But at the end of the term the "Head Beak" (beak=master) delivers a Leaving Address and presents each graduate with a Leaving Book.

Head Beak of Eton, and perhaps Head Beak of all British Beaks, is Rev. Dr. Cyril Argentine Alington, 59, headmaster of Eton since 1916. Tall, personable, he is an Oxonian, onetime (1908-16) headmaster of Shrewsbury School, chaplain since 1921 to King George V. To carry on at Eton he refused the deanship of Canterbury Cathedral. (But his salary of more than \$5,000 is greater than a dean's living.) His students admire his strong face and square shoulders (he played football at Marlborough). His fine, sonorous voice commands their rapt attention at every Leaving Address. Like most British schoolmen, Head Beak Alington is a versatile but chiefly intramural scholar. England knows well his "jolly good remarks" on all subjects. Samples: "I believe our taste in some matters is not as good as that of other nations, for example our homes, which are exceedingly ugly. . . . No class of Englishmen have a monopoly on any virtue or vice. . . . Women are frauds because they pretend to be the artistic sex, which is untrue, since there are no really great feminine poets and artists, while women musicians spend their time playing and singing music written by men. . . . Education exists to prevent people from being vulgar, stupid and ignorant." On one occasion, lecturing to his students, he proved irrefutably that the Almighty is an Old Etonian. When Douglas Fairbanks & Mary Pickford visited England in 1923 and expressed a desire to visit Eton, Dr. Alington said: "Pickford? Fairbanks? Who are they?"

Dr. Alington says that by his bedside is a volume of the mystery stories of Valentine Williams, a writer much admired in Britain. Also he reads, as most knowing Britishers do, the ghost stories of his colleague Montague Rhodes ("Monty") James, Provost of Eton. The administrative and business affairs of Eton are in the hands of Ghost Story Writer James, who is furthermore a world-famed authority on early British stained glass and ancient manuscripts.

Eton is the most individual and matured of British schools. But even here is that insuperable tradition which aims today as it did when Percy Bysshe Shelley was at Eton to stamp every boy with the mark of the British game-playing gentleman. Games begin in the Autumn Term with football and soccer.* Hardy youngsters may join the Eton Beagles and hunt hares on foot—a sport which last February the British League for the Prohibition of Cruel Sports protested (TIME, Feb. 9). Everyone at Eton looks forward to St. Andrew's Day (Nov. 30) when the famed Wall Game takes place between teams representing Eton's 70 scholarship students, the Collegers (called "Tugs" from their traditional toga-like garments of black broadcloth) and the Oppidans (the rest of the students). The Wall Game is played with a football the size of a grapefruit against a long wall. Object is to

drizzle the ball down the wall and send it through a goal. This is almost impossible under the complicated rules; only three goals have been scored in the last century. The game lasts an hour, and since it is unlikely that any score will be made, the winner is decided according to the number of "shies" (throws) made at the goal. As a spectacle, the Wall Game offers little but the sight of numerous brawny youths scrambling in a pile against the Wall and accomplishing, apparently, nothing but the destruction of each other's clothes and complexions.

Eton's greatest holiday takes place on Speech Day. This, June 4, is the birthday of King George III, Eton's greatest patron, who is more revered even than King Henry VI who founded Eton in 1440. It is because King George III is dead that Eton keeps to its melancholy mourning garb of black suit and shiny top hat. All but 20 Etonians must throughout the year observe a number of strict rules: they must leave unbuttoned the bottom waistcoat button (and in after life they usually continue to do so). They must walk, with coat collar turned up, on only one side of the town streets. They may not carry an umbrella rolled up. The 20 leaders of the schools, the "Pops," however, are permitted proudly to exhibit the insignia of their position at all times: a boutonniere, a tightly rolled umbrella, patent leather shoes, a gaily colored waistcoat, and top hat affixed with blobs of colored sealing wax.

All are privileged to dress as Pops on the day of Eton-Harrow match and on June 4. There are then cricket, fireworks, a parade of crews costumed as 18th century sailors, and from the river the sounds of the famed Eton Boating Song. Because this is the school's gala day, Old Etonians the world over celebrate it with alumni dinners. In India one might travel 1,000 miles and dine with a score of local governors, all Old Etonians, wearing cravats of black striped with pale blue. In Manhattan this month 20 Old Etonians assembled in honor of Speech Day. The day before was the birthday of His Majesty King George V. But Eton does not celebrate that.

Wilbur's Leave

Alumni who believe that Stanford University suffers while its president, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, carries on as U. S. Secretary of the Interior, waited anxiously last week as Stanford's Board of Trustees held its meeting in San Francisco. Few were surprised but many were increasingly dissatisfied when the Board, after what was called "considerable discussion," announced "that at the request of the President of the United States, and in recognition of the outstanding importance to the nation of the continuation to effective completion of the services of Dr. Wilbur as Secretary of the Interior, his leave be extended to and including Dec. 31, 1932." Dr. Robert Eckles Swain will continue as acting president; Dr. Wilbur will continue to draw no salary. Opponents of the plan to abolish Stanford's lower division (TIME, June 8) took comfort in reflecting that while Dr. Wilbur is absent the plan will not be consummated.

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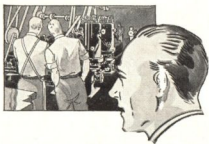
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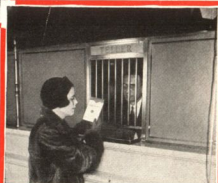


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M E D I C I N E

Cleveland's Centre

Philadelphia and Chicago last week discussed establishing medical centres. Philadelphia's would centre around the University of Pennsylvania's medical school; Chicago's around the Cook County Hospital. Stimulus of Chicago's discussion was the presidential election of the Chicago Medical Society last week.* Stimulus at Philadelphia was the meeting there the



Harris & Ewing

SAMUEL MATHER

... thankful for many blessings.

week before of the American Medical Association (TIME, June 22).

Both discussions happened to coincide with last week's dedication of Cleveland's Medical Centre.

The medical centre is a new idea in U. S. medicine. The practice of medicine may be outlined thus:

- 1) The private practitioner, who usually has some hospital connections.
- 2) The private clinic established by a shrewd doctor or group of doctors with a following.
- 3) The general hospital, private or governmental.
- 4) The special hospital, private or governmental, specializing in mental diseases, tuberculosis, cancer, orthopedics or some comparative feature of medicine.
- 5) The teaching hospital, which is a general or a special hospital, or both, in the same or separate buildings. The teaching hospital is always connected with a medical school.
- 6) The medical centre, which includes a medical school, several related hospitals and, peculiarly, research institutes. Best examples (though none is yet complete): the Johns Hopkins group at Baltimore, the Harvard group at Boston, Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Centre (Manhattan).

When an outsider thinks of Cleveland medicine he is likely to think first of George Washington Crile's Cleveland

Clinic. That is Dr. Crile's private business. Native Clevelanders first think of Lakeside Hospital, fondest philanthropy of Cleveland's famed Samuel Mather. He has been its president 32 years. To it he has diverted much wealth from his vast iron ore, coal and steel business (Pickands, Mather & Co.). Lakeside has long been the teaching hospital for Western Reserve University's school of medicine. The two institutions used to be downtown, a half-mile from Mr. Mather's mansion on lower Euclid Avenue. The increase of smoky Cleveland factories and busy commercial buildings a generation ago drove the first families to the city's eastern outskirts. But Mr. Mather still lives downtown.

The inconveniences of smoke and commerce were annoying to the medical school and Lakeside Hospital. The two institutions ought to move, decided Mr. Mather, to the east, like the rest of the city. He guided them to a \$5,000,000 area adjoining Western Reserve University and Case School of Applied Science. First he built a Medical School with his own money. That was finished in 1924. Then he got help to build schools of Nursing, Pharmacy and Dentistry, the Medical Library, Babies & Children's Hospital, Maternity Hospital, Rainbow Hospital (for crippled children), and an Institute for Pathology.

Those well started, he took \$1,000,000 from one of his banks and called for more donations. Edward Stephen Harkness gave \$1,000,000. Fourteen other less rich men each gave \$100,000 or more. The whole community gave the rest—a total of \$8,000,000. Result was the six new buildings dedicated last week—Lakeside Hospital, Leonard C. Hanna House (private hospital cases), and Mather, Harvey and Lowman Houses (nurses' dormitories).

Samuel Mather was, of course, the peg for the laurel wreaths of the occasion. Gathered about his silvery dignity were the men who run Cleveland—the bankers, steel men, coal men, hardware manufacturers, lawyers, politicians, scholars. It seemed to them a specially good time to honor Samuel Mather for in a few weeks (July 13) he would celebrate his 80th birthday.

Samuel Mather did not go to Harvard after graduating from St. Mark's School 62 years ago, because he was seriously injured that summer vacation working for his father's Cleveland Iron Mining Co. as timekeeper and payroll clerk. He convalesced in Europe for two years and returned directly to the family business. He amplified it until he became rated Ohio's richest citizen. Unlike John Davison Rockefeller, he and his wealth did not move away from Cleveland.

Those who would praise Samuel Mather learn that he dislikes full blown praise. Rev. James De Long Williamson, his old friend, last week said simply: "Samuel Mather, today we dedicate to the service of mankind an institution that reflects your vision, devotion, sacrifice and generosity." The brief response of Mr. Mather, a religious Episcopalian: "I am thankful for the many blessings that have come to me and for the friends who stood loyally behind me through life."

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MUSIC

Summer Opera

Singers had returned from between-season holidays, stages and canopies had been rebuilt, guarantors were glancing over their bank accounts last week as summer opera began in these cities:

Cincinnati. In the Zoological Garden there is a covered auditorium through whose open sides one may gaze over green lawns and gardens to a lake where swans and ducks swim. Sometimes during a *pianissimo* a lion's distant roar intrudes. Zoo men are careful to lock up the peacocks on opera nights. Here last week Ambrose Thomas' *Mignon* and Friedrich Smetana's *Bartered Bride* opened Cincinnati's season: eight weeks of standard grand opera, two of light opera (this year, Vincent Youman's & Herbert Stothart's *Wildflower* and Rudolf Friml's *Firefly*). Conductor is Isaac Van Grove. Of the able if not world-celebrated singers the most popular are Sopranos Myrna Sharlow and Josephine Lucchese, Contralto Marta Wittkowska, Tenor Forrest Lamont, Basso Herbert Gould.

Last year the Zoo Opera was in need of patrons, felt that an endowment campaign would be necessary if it was to continue. One of its two great patrons died six years ago—Mrs. Mary Emery. The other was Mrs. Annie Sinton Taft, widow of Publisher Charles Phelps Taft of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, who felt unable to carry the annual deficit alone. But after her death last February (TIME, Feb. 9) it was found that the Taft estate left provision for paying the Zoo deficit which now includes that of the Opera (formerly paid separately).

Ravinia Park. Chicago's Louis Eckstein is perhaps the only melophile virtually to own an opera since mad King Ludwig II of Bavaria who in the middle of the last century sat many a time alone while his troupe sang for him in a great empty theatre. As president and chief guarantor of Ravinia Opera Mr. Eckstein is in his own way a mad king: he has paid for Ravinia some \$1,000,000 in the last 20 years and said that as long as he lives there will be opera there. But his creation is no mere plaything: it has become today the world's finest summer opera.

From all along the Lake Michigan shore to wooded Ravinia went one night last week the first audience of the ten-week season. Because one may listen for as low as \$1.25 (outside the opera pavilion, but still near enough to hear perfectly), there came people in shirt sleeves as well as gentry in starched collars and *décolleté*. First performance was a novelty: Gioachino Rossini's highly difficult *William Tell* which Chicago had not heard since 1919. Ravinia fans were glad to hear once more Elisabeth Rethberg as Mathilde, plump soprano daughter of Tyrant Gessler, and Giovanni Martinelli as her lover Arnold, heroic tenor patriot. Soprano Rethberg's bright Saxon face will soon be tanned dark beneath her pink & white make-up, for each year she takes a house near the lake, spends long days swimming.

Soon other Ravinia favorites will appear in the season's two remaining novelties: Soprano Lucrezia Bori and Tenor

Edward Johnson in Deems Taylor's *Peter Ibbetson*, and tall, dark French Soprano Yvonne Gall in *La Basoche*, André Messager's gay comic opera.

Chicago believes that this season's deficit (last year's was \$241,000) will be large as usual, and even larger for Patron Eckstein; other guarantors already feel pinched. But to all rumors of any change in policy Patron Eckstein replies: "Ravina will never be permitted to pass into the hands of those who would devote it to cheap amusement."

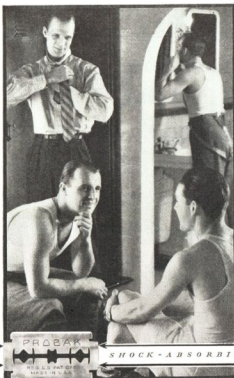
St. Louis. The "Muny Opera" of the Municipal Theatre Association of St. Louis opened its 13th season three weeks ago. Once devoted mainly to light opera—Gilbert & Sullivan, Johann Strauss, Franz Lehar *et al.*—it has acquired a revolving stage, a number of onetime Shubert musical comedy singers, and last year a Shubert director, Milton L., nephew of Producers Lee & Jake (TIME, June 9, 1930). Its productions are now more in the Broadway manner than in that of the Savoy or the Strauss-Theater (see below). In the second week came 60,000 (a record) to Forest Park to the open air amphitheatre, to see *The Street Singer* with Queenie Smith starring. Next two productions are *Music in May* and *Nina Rosa*.

Poor Vienna

To all who feel pleasantly dreamy at the mere mention of *An der Schönen Blauen Donau*, to lovers of the bustled, candle-lit atmosphere of *Die Fledermaus* and the sprightly, stagily Hungarian *Gypsy Baron*, there was sadness in the news last week that the *Johann-Strauss-Theater* in Vienna had gone bankrupt. Not because of any association with Strauss and his works (the theatre was built in 1908) was it to be regretted, but its passing marked another step in the decline of Vienna's once-renowned product, the operetta.

Here had been given the premières of most of the works of Franz Lehar. Now Vienna is poverty-ridden. The *Tonfilm* offers potent competition with the ordinary run of state theatres, and many composers—like Oskar Straus (*The Waltz Dream*)—have gone over to the talkies. Bustling Berlin can make money with Lehar and Strauss; but Berlin has its Max Reinhardt who, in mounting *Die Fledermaus*, can give his singers real champagne to drink as they sing "Hock! Champagner, König aller Weine!"

To cheer up depressed Vienna some 2,000 Rotarians & wives arrived last week for the 22nd Annual Convention of Rotary International. About 50 of the visitors pranced about the capital in green Tyrolean kneepants, short jackets, feather-peaked hats. Composer Lehar, who still resides in Vienna, is the conductor-member of Vienna's Rotary Club, rehearsed the two operettas *The Merry Widow* and *The Land of Smiles* to entertain his fellow Rotarians during their visit. Most complex item of Rotarian business to be settled: whereas each Rotary club admits only one representative of each profession; and whereas in India and the Malay Peninsula the British lawyer and native lawyer practice in different courts; shall their practices be designated as distinct professions, a member of each admitted?



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Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.		
Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.		
<input type="checkbox"/>	The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene	
<input type="checkbox"/>	Use of Antiseptics in the Home	
Name.....	(Please print name)	
Address.....		
City.....	State.....	(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

SCIENCE

Summer Meeting

A fortnight ago Sir Arthur Keith remarked: "Nature keeps her human orchard healthy by pruning and war is her pruning hook." This was during his rectorial address at the University of Aberdeen, and was the mature judgment of a great anthropologist, the 1927 president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

Sir Arthur's dictum last week became Professor Franz Boas' rhetorical opportunity. Professor Boas is also a great anthropologist, and 1932 president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The A. A. A. S. last week was at Pasadena, holding its first summer meeting. Ordinarily at the regular annual meetings (Christmas school holidays) the incoming president presides and the retiring president gives a learned address. As an innovation for the summer meeting President Thomas Hunt Morgan sat still while President-elect Boas talked.

On the value of war Professor Boas and Sir Arthur disagreed diametrically. Cried the American: "I do not see how such a statement can be justified in any way. War eliminates the physically strong. War increases all the devastating scourges of mankind such as tuberculosis and genital diseases. War weakens the growing generation."

On another population point the two anthropologists disagreed. Sir Arthur had said: "In race antipathy and race prejudice nature has implanted for her own end the improvement of mankind through racial differentiation."

Professor Boas growled back: "I challenge him to prove that race antipathy is implanted by nature and not the effect of social causes which are active in every closed social group, no matter whether it is racially heterogeneous or homogeneous." He offered as proof the willing miscegenation of whites, Indians and Negroes in Central and South America, of white lust for Negro slave wenches in the oldtime U. S. South.

He made a prediction which ranked the citizens of California. His prediction was to the effect that, to the accepted U. S. mixture of European stocks, must eventually come the addition of Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos.

Significant among technical papers were: 16,000,000 Volts. The Germans, Drs. F. Lange and A. Bräsch, would have had their expenses paid to Pasadena, if they had been able to get away from their research at the University of Berlin. In lieu of their presence, they sent a report, read by Dr. Alexander Goetz of Caltech, which caused much amazement. In 1927 the two first rigged a wire between two peaks at Monte Generoso, near the Italian-Swiss border. That is a region of frequent and violent thunderstorms. Like Benjamin Franklin, the Germans intended to bring lightning to earth. When the rigging was set and lightning bolted, the emitted sparks jumped a 15-ft. gap. Improved rigging carried lightning sparks which spanned 55 ft. That meant that 16,000,000 volts had momentarily been trapped.



Senharty Head Lighthouse, on the east end of Nantucket Island. Established 1830.

Bleak dunes and gray seas only emphasize the rugged character of the light. Rich flavor and fine aroma set off the friendly mellow character of



SKILLFUL blending of the choicest high-grade tobaccos gives OLD BRIAR not only a distinctive flavor and fragrance but also the distinguishing life and sparkle which specially mark OLD BRIAR character. You have only to smoke it to realize how pleasingly it differs from ordinary blends.



15¢
size

UNITED STATES
TOBACCO COMPANY
RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

How to utilize that mighty force? A vacuum tube would help. But what kind? Drs. Lange & Brasch returned to Berlin and constructed a trial tube, of layers of paper, rubber and aluminum insulated with cheap oil. In one end was a porcelain window. Through this comparatively simple tube they shot a current of 2,600,000 volts, which the tube withstood. The electronic stream which the current set moving was equivalent to the emanations of 100,000 grams of radium, more than all now in use throughout the world. The rays drilled a one-inch hole in a piece of brass. They passed through a foot of lead. Now Drs. Lange & Brasch are building a similar tube to carry the 16,000,000 volts which lightning often strikes at Monte Generoso. They think they will have almost the equal of *Robert Andrews Millikan's* cosmic rays.

Listening attentively to Dr. Goetz's reading were the two U. S. men who had built the heretofore most powerful X-ray tubes on earth. *William David Coolidge* of General Electric built a 900,000-volt tube now in Manhattan's Memorial Hospital for use on cancer patients. *Charles Christian Lauritsen* has built a 750,000-volt tube at Caltech, is now assembling a 1,200,000-volt copy.

Moon & Earthquakes. Californians can now buy a cheap, durable seismograph to register the earthquakes under their bungalows and skyscrapers. The standard seismograph is useful to record faint local or powerful distant quakes. A strong quake in the near vicinity of such a seismograph wrecks the delicate mechanism. The machines now being set in California consist simply of a pendulum held away from the plumb by a weak trigger. An earth jar releases the pendulum, whose subsequent swinging indicates the direction and force of the earth jolt.

Some shrewd observations by *Maxwell W. Allen* of Sanger, Calif. indicated that earth quivers along the San Jacinto Valley (a fault in the earth's crust) occurred nearly five hours after the moon passed its meridian. There are three explanations of this coincidence: 1) the moon causes a tidal drag in the cracked earth; 2) the moon tide piles up enough water at the head of the Gulf of California to overbalance the insecurely fixed earth; 3) the water and earth tides join their forces.

Neutrons? The three unresolvable basic units of the universe are, according to contemporary physics, the proton (positive electricity), the electron (negative electricity), and the photon (light). There may be a fourth, suggested *Dr. W. Pauli* of the Institute of Technology at Zurich. He calls it the *neutron*. Reason for hypothesizing the neutron: When beta rays pop away from a substance like radium, the substance loses a certain amount of energy. But the energy of the departing beta rays is always less than the substance's energy loss. What happens to the difference? *Dr. Pauli* surmises that it rides away on what he calls a neutron.

Gold & Infantile Paralysis. *Drs. Frederick Ebersson & William G. Mossman* of San Francisco reported a swift detector of infantile paralysis. To a few drops of suspected blood is added a rosy solution of gold. If the disease is present the rosy gold solution flocculates, becomes bluish or violet.

Distinction always carries its mark of recognition.



CRANE'S BOND

FOR BUSINESS STATIONERY

CRANE & CO., INC.
DALTON, MASS.

AMERICAN COMMONWEALTHS POWER SYSTEM

Advantages of Diversification

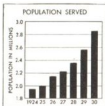
THESE charts—so sharply contrasting the chart of general business during this period of recession and readjustment—testify eloquently to the advantages of widely diversified operations in an essential field of industry.

Moreover, they show how the position of the American Commonwealths Power System has been protected by the strategic location of the properties in economically stabilized areas which have been less subject to drastic deflation than that of the country as a whole.

The annual report of the American Commonwealths Power System, just issued, is in general a record of impressive gains. In particular, the following may be noted:

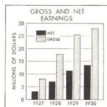
Increased Sales: Sales of electricity in the System during the fiscal year ended December 31, 1930, were 161,861,018 k.w.h. as against 148,377,475 k.w.h. for the previous year. Sales of manufactured gas were 12,969,868,000 cubic feet as against 12,844,166,000 cubic feet for a corresponding period a year ago. This gain appears all the more impressive in view of curtailed industrial consumption.

Increased Revenues: Gross Revenues were greater by \$2,404,383.41 and



Net Earnings (excluding those from its Canadian properties) revealed the more than proportionate increase of \$2,095,846.07, reflecting greatly

enhanced operating efficiency.



More Customers: The number of customers—domestic and industrial—served by the System at the close of the fiscal year numbered 460,371.

New Construction: During the year over \$7,600,000 was expended for new electric and gas facilities to keep pace with the growing demand for both gas and electricity in the territories served.

New Investors: As of the end of the fiscal year the stockholders of the American Commonwealths Power Corporation and affiliated companies exceeded 36,000, representative of every State of the Union and many foreign countries.

American Commonwealths Power System has, in four years, grown into one of the important utility systems of the North American continent. The System now serves a population of over 2,850,000 in 522 communities in 26 American states and in 3 rapidly growing provinces of Canada. At the close of 1930 total assets exceeded \$200,000,000.

The Annual Report, including complete information on the entire System, may be obtained from your investment security dealer, or address Secretary

American Commonwealths Power Corporation

Grand Rapids

120 Broadway, New York

St. Louis

BUSINESS & FINANCE

Advertising v. Adversity

From the same Latin parents (*ad* and *verso*) come "advertising" and "adversity." Last week 2,300 disciples of the former heard how their noun may do much to drive from the land its unwelcome brother. Depression has brought advertising its problems, as it has to every other industry. Clients, frantically endeavoring to save money, are very apt to curtail advertising expenditures. Smart campaigns which in normal times would bring in great results may strike against locked purses and collapse. So an unusual gravity pervaded the convention in



© Underwood & Underwood

GILBERT TENNENT HODGES

He pointed under the bed.

Manhattan last week of the Advertising Federation of America. But, after heeding the many speeches, most of the conventioners went home more cheerful than they came.

One roundly applauded speaker was Charles Franklin Kettering, long, loose-jointed head of General Motors Research Corp. Obscure to the general public, Researcher Kettering deserves fame as the inventor of the self-starter (first used by Cadillac), as an important contributor to the perfection of Duco, Ethyl Gasoline, Frigidaires. Surrounded at home and at work by strange mechanical devices which simplify life,* Mr. Kettering has decided that the chief block to progress is the stagnancy of human minds. Less diabolic than it first sounds is his theory that discontent and dissatisfaction are the best motive forces for improvement and progress. Last week he reiterated his credo that research is "a method of keeping everybody reasonably dissatisfied with what he has."

The hope for business, according to Mr. Kettering, is in the development of new

products rather than "stirring up the mud." Said he: "There is a horrible thing in this world known as monotony. When we continue to produce the same things, the same model indefinitely . . . the people don't want to buy it. . . . We are suffering today from that thing called standardization. . . . Never has it been so difficult to sell a new idea as it is today. We are suffering with industrial stagnation, and that is all that is wrong with us."

The advantages of advertising during Depression, the relative merits of newspapers, radio, and cinema as mediums, government-control of industry, and the advantages of college training were other topics elaborated. Professionally fond of catch-lines, the advertising men felt like applauding the following:

"If the books were closed today, the United States would go down in history as a people strangled by its own success."

—*Glenn Frank*, president of University of Wisconsin.

"While all these rumors of wage reductions are rampant there isn't a chance of buying power creeping out from under the bed."—*Gilbert Tennent Hodges*, oldtime New York Sun man, past president of the Federation who was elected again last week.

"To get out of the depression simply means to get dollars into circulation."—*Kenneth Collins*, executive vice president, R. H. Macy & Co., Inc.

"The saying now is, 'Be goodlooking and keep your husband.'"—*Mrs. Anna Steeve Richardson*, director of Good Citizenship Bureau, Woman's Home Companion.

"The voice of the Church should be heard in your columns. Advertising is a golden opportunity and a stern duty to promote and protect the welfare of humanity."—*Bruce Barton* of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn.

"We find in our country that cowpaths lead to prosperity."—*Charles F. Collisson*, farm editor, *Minneapolis Tribune*.

"Advertising when creative is controlled by wisdom, by research, by common sense—otherwise it is merely publicity running wild."—*Joseph Herbert Appel* of John Wanamaker's.

Slump. A summary of newspaper advertising lineage, compiled by Media Records, Inc., last week showed the conventioners how great the slump in advertising has been. In 81 cities the first-five-month totals for 226 daily and 113 Sunday papers was 11.4% below last year. The decline of different kinds of lineage was as follows:

Retail	6.2%
General	13.6
Automotive	32.4
Financial	25.8
Classified	12.7
Legal	4.2

Ericsson to I. T. & T.

In 1923 Col. Sosthenes (Greek for "life strength") Behn went to Spain where he saw an opportunity to make his International Telephone & Telegraph Corporation more international. In Madrid he en-

countered much excitement. Bidding against him for the Spanish telephone system were Ericsson Co. of Sweden and Siemens & Halske of Germany. Col. Behn cabled for a corps of U. S. engineers, accountants and typists, shut his troops in a hotel suite, sat up many a night writing newly modified contracts. After strenuous haggling that lasted nearly a year, Col. Behn obtained ex-King Alfonso's then valuable signature, and, consequently, a potent toe-hold on the Continent.

Less dramatic but equally momentous was I. T. & T.'s acquisition last week of a "dominant interest" in L. M. Ericsson Telephone Co. The purchase was made from Kreuger & Toll, Swedish match monopolists, bankers, and industrialists



Acme-P. & A.

SOSTHENES BEHN

. . . acquired an artistic ally.

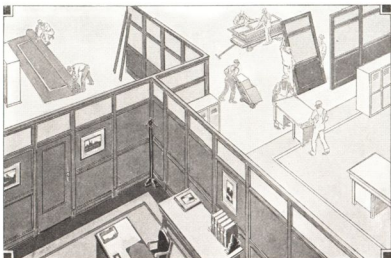
who have been dominant in Ericsson for only nine months (TIME, Sept. 15).

Although Swedes must regret what amounts to the loss of one of their nation's greatest enterprises, the deal opens new and larger spheres to Herr Kreuger. His company received large amounts of I. T. & T. stock in return for Ericsson and is now thought to be the largest individual holder in the Behn Brothers' mighty system. Immediately in line for the I. T. & T. directorate were both Herr Kreuger and his U. S. colleague, Frederic Winkhop Allen of Lee, Higginson & Co. Banker Kreuger will likewise become a member of International's executive committee.

An artist in the world of finance, Herr Kreuger is especially versed in the subtle business of dealing with governments. He negotiates loans for them and in return gets rich concessions. Canny trader of the North, he is an ideal ally for the French-&Danish blooded Behns in flinging their communication net over the world. And just as henceforth Kreuger & Toll's great banking resources will probably be available for the International system, Herr Kreuger will come closer to alliance with J. P. Morgan & Co. and National City, bankers for International.

In addition to acquiring the talent of Herr Kreuger, International receives prop-

*In his house are eleven Frigidaires; electric buttons to open and close bedroom windows. On his yacht each stateroom has a dial telephone, a catalog of numbered phonograph records. The occupant can dial the number of a record, hear it played by radio. If the phonograph is busy, he may tune in on whatever is being played.



PARTITIONS CAN, AND SHOULD BE, AS MOVABLE AS FURNITURE



WHEN changes must be made in office layout—as they inevitably must—the bulk of the cost usually lies in the destruction and re-erection of partitions.

This cost is no longer necessary. Your partitions can and should be as movable as your furniture.

Hauserman Steel Partitions offer you this advantage. Their beauty of design and finish, and their movability and long life recommend them as an extremely sound and permanent investment.

A copy of "Office Planning Studies," a carefully prepared and illustrated 40-page book, illustrating the economical use of floor-space will be gladly mailed on request.



This careful study of office layout and planning may be of great value to you. Copy mailed free on request.

THE E. F. HAUSERMAN CO.

Organized for Service Nationally
6859 GRANT AVENUE . . . CLEVELAND, OHIO

Factory Directed Planning and Erection
Service from these 14 Factory Branches

Newark	Kansas City	Cincinnati
Philadelphia	Chicago	St. Louis
Buffalo	Pittsburgh	Cleveland
Boston	Detroit	New York
Washington, D. C.	Albany, N. Y.	

erties of tremendous value. The I. T. & T. system will now consist of 1,000,000 telephones in 14 nations. It will have manufacturing units whose combined business will reach a total of \$100,000,000 a year.* Just as it will give to Ericsson the right to use Bell's patents in foreign countries, it will receive the benefits of the Swedish concern's European research and patents. In the manufacturing field only large rival is Siemens & Halske of Germany, but last week an alliance with them was already rumored. The biggest telephone rival is General Telephone & Electric Corp. of the U. S. and Great Britain, affiliated with Transamerica.

The cosmopolitan Behn Brothers were born on the tiny West Indian island of St. Thomas, Sosthenes in 1882, Hernand in 1880. Both were schooled in Corsica and Paris. Sosthenes, the more aggressive of the two, went to Manhattan at the start of the century, grew a beard to look older than he was, went into the foreign banking trade. In 1906 both brothers took over their stepfather's Porto Rican sugar plantation. When the Porto Rico Telephone Co. fell into the hands of a friend who had accepted it in payment of a bad debt, the Behn Brothers took it over, combined with it the Cuban telephone system a few years later. They have been accumulating telephone and telegraph systems the world over ever since.† I. T. & T.'s most noteworthy purchase in North America was the Mackay companies which included Postal Telegraph-Cable Co., bought in 1928.

Col. Sosthenes, the more glamorous half of the Brothers Behn, acquired his title during the World War when, he distinguished himself with the U. S. Signal Corps in France. An industrial Don Quixote, he specializes in daring enterprises. As chairman of I. T. & T. he has been able to do what he likes. Behn Brother Hernand is less bold, more intuitive. Their friends sometimes call them the "Balanced Behns."

Out Steps Chrysler

A Manhattan automobile editor was blindfolded last week, taken for four rides. Three times he guessed the number of cylinders in the car. On the fourth ride he mistook a four for an eight. Happy over his error were the officials of the third biggest U. S. motor company.

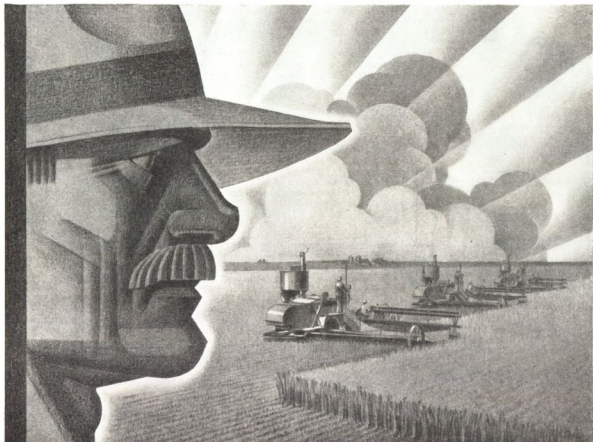
The four-cylinder car which felt like an eight was a new Plymouth soon to be launched by Chrysler Corp. Chief claim of the new car will be its vibrationlessness, resulting from a patented development which Chrysler engineers call a basic change in construction. But chief reason why other motor-makers await the new Plymouth's appearance (early in July) with keen interest is that it is expected to sell around \$500, to compete with Chevrolet and Ford. Ever since

*A. T. & T.'s total manufactures: \$361,000,000.

†Some tongue-twisting units of International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. are: Nippon Denki Kabushiki Kaisha, Tokyo, Japan; Österreichische Telefon-Fabrik Aktiengesellschaft, Vienna, Austria; Aktieselskabet Skandinavisk Kabel-og Gummifabrikker, Oslo, Norway; Standard Villamossai Részvény Társaság, Budapest, Hungary; Societate Anonima Romana de Telefoane, Bucharest, Rumania.

HAUSERMAN MOVABLE PARTITIONS

STEEL



*An industry allied with the modern
tillers of the soil—GRINDING*

AGRICULTURE « » « »

Marvelous machines for time and labor saving, doing the work of the world's most ancient industry . . . cultivating—harvesting. Mechanical parts, made mechanically perfect by the grinding wheel and the grinding machine, make possible their great accomplishments. Norton Company, Worcester, Mass.

NORTON

Grinding Wheels Abrasives for Polishing
 Abrasive Aggregate Floor and Stair Tile . . .
 Grinding and Lapping Machines Refractories
 Porous Plates Pulpstones . . .

Great Industries
No. 5



OVERTIME ..in your office?

- Six o'clock . . . and unfinished letters for a thousand Miss Smiths to type. Possibly it's re-typing, if carbons have smudged . . . or, if messy erasures have spoiled the first drafts.
- "Overtime"—the most severe test of employee loyalty—often, results from use of unsuitable office papers.
- Safety lies in selecting a watermarked bond paper of known performance. Hollingsworth Basic Bond is the modern product of 100 years of paper-making. Before this paper comes to you, it passes nineteen different tests—the same tests that it meets in your offices.
- Because of its unusual quality at popular price, watermarked Hollingsworth Basic Bond is commonly used for all office purposes. It's available at your printer, in twelve colors and white.

HOLLINGSWORTH & WHITNEY COMPANY
Manufacturers • New York • Boston • Chicago

Hollingsworth BASIC BOND

THE ALL-PURPOSE BOND PAPER



FREE—This guide book for selecting bond papers. Send coupon with your letterhead to Dept. 305, Hollingsworth & Whitney Co., 140 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Name _____

Position _____

Chrysler bought Maxwell it has made a four, competed with Chevrolet and Ford. But a cheaper four with newsworthy features and a determined selling campaign would make Chrysler a far bigger factor in the field than hitherto.

To develop its new car, Chrysler Corp. has spent \$500,000 in experimental work and testing, \$2,000,000 in tooling, dies and machinery, \$7,500,000 in supplying its 10,000 Plymouth dealers with display and demonstration cars. In Detroit is the Plymouth plant, considered one of the most modern in the industry. Although it has a capacity of 2,000 cars a day, only that many units were produced during the whole month of May. In June production was upped to 11,000 cars; the July schedule calls for 15,000.

Proud of his company's enterprise in the face of Depression was Walter P. Chrysler. Said he: "The Chrysler Corporation is able to take this bold step forward while others are singing the 'depression blues' because there are associated with me some men who have met the economic problems of the land . . . with raised fists—fighting rather than moaning."

The motor industry has not yet forgotten Chrysler's great sales' strides of 1928. Last week it was debated whether a similar sensation may be expected when the new Plymouths start rolling through the land. It has already been shown that Ford can be successfully competed against. During the first four months of the year Chevrolet made 30.8% of the industry's entire passenger sales against Ford's 30%.* In 1929 the ratios were Chevrolet 20%, Ford 34%.

Foreign Trade

Reporting on foreign trade last week the Department of Commerce said that the total value of exports in May was the poorest since October 1914. Yet the excess of exports over imports ("balance of trade") continued large; ran at \$193,700,000 for the first five months. The value of imports and exports alike is about 36% below a year ago, although prices have fallen only some 20% during the period. The *Annalist Index* of business activity, adjusted for seasonal changes and trends, put May activity at 77.5% against April's 80.8%, January's low of 74.4%.

Deals & Developments

Bridge Bids. Last week a bid of \$10,494,000 won for McClintic-Marshall, Bethlehem Steel Corp.'s new subsidiary, the job of constructing the superstructure for San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge. Close behind was Columbia Steel, United States Steel Corp.'s subsidiary, whose bid was \$182,000 higher. For the construction of the approach spans, Columbia Steel's winning bid of \$996,000 was \$97,400 under McClintic-Marshall's.

Pipe Order. Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co. received an order for 41,000 tons of steel pipe, called 1,000 men back to work.

\$20,000,000 Refund. Six months ago the management of Transamerica Corp.

*Georgia sales are not included in months of January, February and March.



MONEY THAT FIRE COULDN'T DESTROY

A fire . . . swift . . . destructive . . . everything in ashes. The insurance covered all loss . . . except one hundred and thirty dollars that had been burned. *But this, too, was recovered, for it was in A. B. A. Cheques.*

Kept in the house for convenience or carried with you when traveling, A. B. A. Cheques are positive insurance against the loss of your money by fire, theft or destruction in any form.

A. B. A. Cheques are safer than cash, and readily spendable. Get them at your own bank . . . use them anywhere.



A·B·A CHEQUES

CERTIFIED

OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF
AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

decided its shares at \$13½ were undervalued, called upon shareholders to contribute funds for a market pool (TIME, Dec. 20). Last week all the money received (said to be \$20,000,000) was returned to stockholders, plus interest at 4%. Surprising was the pool's statement that the money had been kept in a bank, never touched. But it was also gratifying word to the pool's contributors, for last week Transamerica shares were at \$7 against the year's top of \$18.

G-M out of Glass. Potent in many lines of industry in addition to automobiles, last week General Motors Corp. retired from the glass-making business. For a reputed sum of \$9,000,000 G-M sold its subsidiary, National Plate Glass Co. to big Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co. (unconnected with Ford Motor Co.). Said L-O-F President John D. Biggers, "We have been working on these negotiations for five months and are all very happy." For the next seven years the bulk of glass used by General Motors will be bought from Libbey-Owens-Ford, a contract probably involving over \$50,000,000.

"Save Our Ships." Two of the country's greatest steamship companies sent out frantic calls of S. O. S. last week. Gravely the United States Shipping Board pondered whether or not it should go to the rescue, and if it should, how to go. Loudest of the calls was from United States Lines Inc. whose master is ambitious Paul W. Chapman. In 1929, U. S. Lines acquired eleven vessels from the U. S. Shipping Board for \$16,000,000, paid \$4,000,000 down. It has two large ships a-building which will cost \$22,000,000, and on which but \$2,500,000 has been paid. Last year U. S. Lines lost \$728,000; this year they will lose more. The gist of Mr. Chapman's S. O. S. was that the Government should take back all or part of the fleet, allow United States Lines to operate them for the Government's account, or after payment of a lump sum.

The other S. O. S. was from Munson Steamship Lines (80 vessels), inter-coastal and Caribbean operator owned by Frank C. Munson & family. In 1925 Munson Lines bought four ships from the Board. It was supposed to have operated at a profit even in difficult 1930. Shipping men believed the Board would disregard the Munson plea.

Personnel

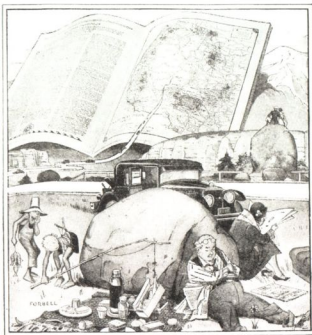
During the past fortnight the following changes were news:

William Fox, onetime cinemagnate (1906-30), was dropped from the board of **Fox Film Corp.**, now Chase-dominated. By contract he retains a \$500,000-a-year salary until 1935. A new Fox director whose election was a surprise was **David K. Esterline**, son-in-law of Andrew William Mellon.

George Mallory Pyncheon, senior partner of defunct Pyncheon & Co., took a salaried job with **Potter & Co.**, members of the New York Stock Exchange.

Nathan S. Jones, founder of **Manufacturers Trust Co.**, Manhattan chairman of its board of directors, resigned. This had been rumored ever since **Harvey Dow Gibson** & associates bought control of Manufacturers from Goldman Sachs Trading Corp. (TIME, Jan. 12).

This is the Summer to "SEE AMERICA" with Aetna!



IF YOU want to enjoy the finest vacation you ever had—in your own car—and at very moderate expense—

If you feel the call of America's wonderland—snow-capped mountains, canyons, sparkling valleys—

Then send for our new—

BOOK OF 22 MOTOR TOURS "Seeing America with Aetna"

—the most unique vacation guide ever offered to motorists!

But wherever you tour, see the Aetna-izer in your community before you go! For just as world travelers

need passports, so you too will need a "passport"—an Aetna Combination Automobile Policy—to protect you under the new Automobile Financial Responsibility Laws. 13 states and 2 provinces in Canada may now, under certain conditions, take away your right to drive unless you can produce acceptable evidence of financial responsibility, such as an Aetna policy.

An Aetna Combination Automobile Policy covers every insurable motoring risk and guarantees personal, friendly service from Coast to Coast through—

25,000 Aetna Representatives

ÆTNA-IZE

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

The Aetna is the first multiple line insurance organization in America to pay to its policyholders one billion dollars.



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



MAIL THIS TODAY

The Aetna Casualty & Surety Co., Hartford, Conn. Gentlemen: Send me your 48-page Tour Book, "Seeing America with Aetna", illustrated with 22 large 2-color maps. I enclose 12¢ to cover mailing costs. (Canada 22¢).

Name _____ T-6

Address _____



Send for "What Rich Men Know"

This booklet describes the unusual advantages of this new type of low-priced trust investment in a group of the leading common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Moody's composite rating "A".

20th CENTURY

FIXED TRUST SHARES

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Protect-

all important business, legal
and personal writing and re-
cord against obliteration by
moisture, fading,
chemical eradicators,
heat, light, age.

IMPART DISTINCTIVE APPEARANCE ALSO, WITH

As all HIGGINS' **Eternal Ink**
JET BLACK - NEVER FADES - PROOF AGAINST CHEMICALS
For Steel Pens & Fountain Pens

Costs No More Than Ordinary Inks
Made only by Chas. M. Higgins & Co., Inc., 671 Ninth St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y., Makers of Higgins' American Drawing
Inks, Writing Inks and Adhesives for Half a Century.

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The largest publishers of PRIVATELY PRINTED
literature in the United States, invite you to send for their
free catalogue of limited and uncopyrighted editions
on CURIOUS and ESOTERICA.

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PERSONAL STATIONERY

• Made "Just for You!"

Your name and address neatly printed in **\$1**
blue on 200 sheets and 100 envelopes of clear
white bond paper. 3 letter monogram if you
prefer. An ideal gift with your friend's name.
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AERONAUTICS

Season Opened

A middle-aged German photographer named Otto Hillig and a youthful Danish farmer-turned-aviator named Holger Hørriss flew in a Bellanca last week from New York to St. John, N. B.—and the 1931 season of transatlantic flying was officially opened. They settled down to await another break in the weather for their hop to Denmark; in Hillig's words, "just a couple of immigrants going home."

Few days after the "immigrants" start, beautiful Socialite Ruth Nichols followed in her fast Lockheed. Forced to land into the setting sun at the St. John airport and partially blinded by the glare, Miss Nichols overshot the field, nosed over, badly damaged the landing gear of her plane, escaped serious injury.

But flyers and their fates held scant concern for St. John that day. For in the forenoon fire broke out on the town's busy waterfront, swept through blocks of piers and grain elevators, destroyed the Canadian Pacific steamer *Empress* and several harbor craft, was checked shortly before Pilot Nichols' plane arrived. Estimated loss: \$10,000,000.

Zeppelin Swim

Returning home from a flight over Switzerland one day last week the *Graf Zeppelin* dipped low over Lake Constance. But instead of flying on to her hangar at Friedrichshafen near the north shore, the great silver sausage slowed to a standstill about 100 ft. above the water. Capt. Ernst Lehmann barked orders, rang signals. Six open tanks were dropped at cable-ends. Striking the surface they quickly filled with water, helped drag the great ship down. First the *Graf* poked her nose gingerly into the lake, then gently let her stern settle until she rested evenly upon her water-proofed gondolas. An umbrella-like sea-anchor was thrown out. Two collapsible rubber boats were launched. After several minutes maneuvers the equipment was taken aboard again and the *Graf* taxied a mile or so along the water. Then, dropping water ballast, she arose easily, sailed on to her hangar.

This peculiar conduct of the *Graf* was by way of preparation for her projected Arctic flight. It satisfied the officers that, in good weather, the ship can put off and take aboard personnel for hunting or exploration. But the proposed rendezvous with Sir Hubert Wilkins' submarine *Nautilus* was abandoned because of the diver's misfortunes in crossing the Atlantic (TIME, June 22).

Last week's demonstration was the first "landing" on Lake Constance since 1912, the first water landing anywhere of a dirigible of modern size. But the early Zeppelins were constructed for this very purpose, were built and housed in floating hangars on Lake Constance. In those days the anchor tanks were not lowered by cable, but gas was valved until the cars themselves touched the surface. Enough water ballast would then be admitted to tanks in the cars (which were seaworthy) to counteract the lifting

power.* Thus balanced, the Zeppelins maneuvered easily as water ships by their own propellers and rudders.

Many a sea-landing was made during the War, sometimes to take aboard the commander of a German mine-sweeper, fly him over a mine field located by the Zeppelin, and return him to his command. On occasion a suspected merchantman would be halted by a Zeppelin, boarded by an officer. If contraband were found the steamer's crew was ordered to its small boats and the steamer bombed to the bottom by the Zeppelin. That practice was abandoned, however, because of the danger of destruction by incendiary bullets from the steamer.

Wholly unrelated to a dirigible save by its bullet shape, airplane motor and propeller drive is a so-called "rail Zeppelin" which made its maiden trip over a commercial route in Germany last week. With Inventor Franz Kruckenberg & Wife in the coach, the great aluminum-covered projectile shot along the rails from Hamburg to Berlin at an average speed of 106 m. p. h., better than the schedule of Luft Hansa planes. On part of the run it hit 143 m. p. h., a rail record.

The "rail Zeppelin" is 85 ft. long. Streamlined into its tail is a 600-h. p. inline motor which drives a four-bladed "pusher" propeller. Testing for damage from the propeller blast, or from suction caused by the whizzing body, observers last week placed papers near the rails. As the locomotive roared by, none of the papers stirred, so effective was the streamlining.

Channel Glide

Fortnight ago the London *Daily Mail* offered a \$5,000 prize for the first glider flight across the English channel and back. One day last week Austria's famed Glider Pilot Robert Kronfeld, onetime holder of the world's record, cast loose from a towing airplane over Calais, tussled with headwinds for two hours, landed at Dover. His return flight to Calais was in darkness, took only 20 min. Pilot Kronfeld won the *Daily Mail's* prize. But much of the newspaper's thunder had been stolen day before when one Lissaut Beardmore, Canadian opera singer, made a one-way channel flight with the secret backing of the rival *Daily Express*.

MILESTONES

Married. Mary Delafield, daughter of President Edward Coleman Delafield of Bank of America; and Albert Ludlow Kramer Jr., Manhattan poloist and yachtman; in Riverdale, N. Y.

Married. William A. Rockefeller, 36, Greenwich (Conn.) banker, grandnephew of John Davison Rockefeller; and a Mrs. Mary Ball Boyer, 36, interior decorator; in Detroit, Mich.

*The lifting power increases when the dirigible comes to rest because the absence of a cooling flow of wind (from the ship's motion) allows the gas to expand.

Divorced. Henry Ward Beecher Jr., son of the late great Brooklyn preacher; by Mrs. Mary Frances Beecher; in Reno. Charge: cruelty.

Appointed. Capt. Ernest Granville Diggle of S.S. *Aquitania*, onetime commander of the *Mauretania* and *Beren-garia*; to be commodore of the Cunard Line fleet; succeeding Capt. Sir Arthur Henry Rostron who retired last month.

Birthdays. Cyrus Herman Kotsch-mar Curtis (81), Daniel Carter Beard (81), Ernestine Schumann-Heink (70), James John Walker (50), Edward Prince of Wales (37), Mrs. Anne Morrow Lind-bergh (25), Charles Augustus Lindbergh Jr. (1).

Died. Ralph Harman Booth, 57, U. S. Minister to Denmark; of heart disease and a kidney ailment; in Bad Gastein, Austria. An oldtime journalist, he became editor and publisher in 1904 of the *Detroit Tribune*, founded Booth News-papers Inc. with his brother George G. Booth. As president of the chain he controlled eight Michigan newspapers.

Died. Frederick Lincoln Siddons, 66, Associate Justice since 1915 and dean of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, presiding justice in the trial of Oilman Harry Ford Sinclair for conspiracy in the Teapot Dome case (TIME, April 15, 1929); of acute indigestion and dilation of the heart; in Washington. British-born, he was a great-grandson of Actress Sarah Siddons, had been urged in his youth to go on the stage.

Died. Mrs. Natalie Harris Hammond, 70, wife of Mining Engineer John Hays Hammond, mother of Inventor John Hays Jr., Artist Natalie, Composer Richard and Capitalist Harris Hammond; of inflammation of the brain; in Washington. Friend of royalty, diplomatic hostess (her husband was U. S. Special Ambassador to the coronation of King George V in 1911), she was with Engineer Hammond in South Africa. She fought for his freedom when, after Jameson's Raid, he was condemned to death by President Paul Kruger of the South African Republic.

Died. Charles Talbot Aldrich, 74, treasurer of Aldrich Bros. Co. (textiles), donor with his brother Henry (see below) of \$1,100,000 to Brown University and Rhode Island Hospital; after long illness; in Providence, R. I.

Died. Henry L. Aldrich, 77, president of Aldrich Bros. Co.; of apoplexy following the death of his brother (they lived their lives together, never married); in Providence.

Died. Clement Armand Fallières, 89, eighth president of France (1906-13); of a heart attack; at his Mezin home. Defeated candidate in his election was Paul Doumer, present President. In the Fallières administration occurred the famed vindication of Alfred Dreyfus.

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Part Timer

In Dallas, Rev. B. P. Brown, 30, part-time preacher and part-time baggage clerk, was found by police hanging, gagged and nude, by a rope from a chandelier over the pulpit in his church. For two days he repeated a shocking story of attempted lynching by four "enemies." Then he confessed: he had intended suicide, changed his mind.

\$3.77

In Batanga, Cameroun, West Africa, black Pastor Eduma Musambi heard of "starving Americans," raised \$3.77 among his Bulu parishioners, sent it through a missionary to Presbyterian mission headquarters in Manhattan.

Buckle

In New Orleans, Joe Martin of St. Tammany Parish, arraigned before U. S. Commissioners, sported a shiny belt buckle six inches wide engraved with two men drinking beer and the inscription, "Bootlegging King of Slidell."

Cure

In Manhattan Dr. Edward L. Mann appealed for a health education campaign among the foreign-born, cited his own knowledge of a case in which a mother attempted to cure her infant daughter of whooping cough by feeding her a live goldfish.

Nickel

In Washington Mrs. Rita Nickel sued a department store for \$50,000 because a male employee opened the door of a closet in which she was trying on a dress.

Blind

In Memphis, Dr. Ernest Gleaves, blind osteopath, won a divorce from his blind wife on charges of misconduct with a former sweetheart, also blind. Two blind witnesses testified for Dr. Gleaves.

Transgressors

In Boston Carl Salin and Mike Yasuck, arrested for mauling one another, were sentenced each to recite the Lord's Prayer to the other three times.

Puny

In Poplar Bluff, Mo., "Uncle" Tommy Kemp, 118, complained of feeling old. Said he: "I've been puny most of the spring and couldn't do my farming. . . . About all I can do is sit around the house and be a grouch."

Confidence

In Chicago John C. Braschler, accused of operating a confidence game, failed to appear in court when his case was called. Explained his lawyer, "He's a juror in a criminal case in another court." "What kind of a case?" the court inquired. Replied the lawyer: "Operating a confidence game."

B O O K S

*Rise & Decline**

SINCE CALVARY—Lewis Browne—Macmillan (\$3.50).

Without actually saying it in so many words, Lewis Browne has based his history of Christianity on the assumption that the Church is aged, weakening. Some modern readers, few modern Churchmen will agree with him.

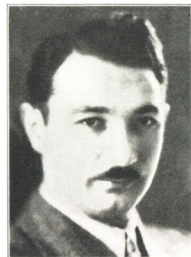
Author Browne's viewpoint is skeptical from the start; says he: "The stand taken by the present author is influenced by the most recent school of New Testament criticism . . . which maintains that the Gospels are valid sources only for the history of the Primitive Church, not for the life of Jesus." The Resurrection, the Ascension he calls "comforting delusions." Though he thinks St. Paul "superb nonetheless" he dubs him "a fanatic, a stubborn, heedless, Christ-dumb agitator." Browne deprecates the establishment of the priesthood, thinks it was "as ominous as it was inevitable. Created so 'bank' the fire of Christian faith, the priesthood threatened after a time to extinguish that fire altogether. Yet had not some form of organization developed, the fire might have gone out of itself immediately."

Browne finds an interesting analogy to Christianity under the Roman Empire. "Like Communism in the twentieth century, the new religion was made the bugaboo and the scapegoat of the age. . . . There was a fearfulness about it, a loud insurgency, which made it seem a thousandfold its size. (The analogy with Communism is disconcertingly close.)" When Christianity became legal, then official, it began what Browne describes as a reign of terror. "Of all the virtues possessed by the Christians, tolerance was last and least." Under Julian the Apostate's empery came a brief interregnum. Even St. Augustine is flayed by Author Browne. "The extravagance of his belief in the innate wickedness of mankind leads one to suspect that he may have suffered from some psychic maladjustment. Perhaps the root of the trouble lay in his peculiar emotional relationship to his mother. . . ." The period of troublous popes (954-963) he says "is often spoken of even by Catholic historians as the Papal Pornocracy;" but he does not credit "the curious legend that one of the popes was a woman in disguise."

"Christianity in the beginning was like a warming glance that strove to light up the gray face of a spent civilization. . . . When the old Roman Empire passed away, the gleam remained, evoking a face of its own, the Roman Catholic Church. . . . For many years it shone like the morning sun struggling to break through a lowered sky. But then the face began to harden. . . . The features stood out in grotesque distortion, the mouth very wide from shrieking anathemas, the nose long and sharp to detect heresies; and the skin

was covered with the scabs of corruption."

With what Protestants call the Reformation, says Historian Browne, began the breaking up of the Church which has continued to our day. "A century after Luther's death a contemporary . . . was able to list 180 different sects!" The late Great War "did bring about a perceptible



LEWIS BROWNE

"The analogy with Communism is disconcertingly close."

improvement in the fortunes of the religious establishments. Naturally enough, the Catholic Church profited the most, for in the stress of the war days, and even more in the confusion that came after them, it seemed the one stable thing left in the world." Author Browne concludes: only "the foolish of the world" now have a religion they can believe in.

The Author. Lewis Browne, 34, was born in London, came to the U. S. in 1912, went to Hebrew Union College Rabbinical Seminary and later became rabbi of the Newark, N. J. Free Synagogue where he was associated with Liberal Rabbi Stephen Samuel Wise. Five years ago he resigned from the rabbinate to write; traveled in the Orient and Russia to gather material on comparative religions. Other books: *The Story of the Jews*, *This Believing World*, *That Man Heine*.

Threnody

AFTER LEAVING MR. MACKENZIE—Jean Rhys—Knopf (\$2).

If you and your environment are both in cheerful mood you may safely expose yourself to Author Jean Rhys's infra-red rays. Otherwise, take a brisk walk before and after. *After Leaving Mr. Mackenzie* is a story of such completely hopeless despair that there is nothing to do about it except close the book, admit

Jean Rhys has given you a bad hour and a half. Whether you will also admit she has added to your experience is between you and your conscience.

When you first meet Julia she is alone in a dingy Paris hotel room, her latest keeper, Mr. Mackenzie, having recently left her. A respectable though not a likeable person, he still sends her money through his lawyers. Julia does nothing with the money but spend it foolishly, indifferently. She lies late in bed, drinks too much, buys clothes she cannot afford. Gradually it dawns on you that she is not merely constitutionally shiftless but has given up. She is nearly middle-aged, her first lover left her when she was 19.

Mr. Mackenzie's lawyer sends her a final payment. Knowing it is no use, Julia goes to look for him, trails him to a restaurant, returns his check, slaps his face. An Englishman at a nearby table follows her and gives her some money. She goes back to England to see her paralyzed and dying mother. Julia's sister is not glad to see her, gives her many a hard word and look. When her mother is dead, when she has borrowed all she can from ex-lovers, Julia goes back again to Paris. When you see the last of her she has not yet committed suicide but it would probably be the best thing.

The Author's real name is unknown but something quite different from "Jean Rhys." Born in Dominica, B. W. I., she went to England at 16, went to famed Actor Sir Herbert Beerbaum Tree's Dramatic Academy, then for two years toured the English provinces in the chorus of a musicomedie. After the War she married a Dutch poet, wandered with him from European pillar to post. She has been an English tutor, mannequin, model, nursery governess. Other books: *The Left Bank*, *Quartet*.

Ould Ireland

THE GARDEN—L. A. G. Strong—Knopf (\$2.50).

This novel about a Dublin that has gone forever has little in common with James Joyce's masterpiece *Ulysses*. Author Strong's Dublin is a pleasant pre-War summer-holiday place seen through the eyes of a boy who spends his vacations there; the slums and sordidness of the city are in the background, rarely stumbled on. Author Strong regrets the passing of this old easy-going dirty Dublin but mildly thinks it a good thing; there is no violence in his book or in his Hibernian patriotism.*

Dermot was really Irish but his father had lost the habit of it, lived with his family in Plymouth, took them over to his wife's relations in Dublin for the summer holiday. Dermot was only a little boy when he first began to look forward to the summer. Every year he had a little better time, learned to like more things. At first his best friend and chief amusement was his grandfather's pet monkey; when one year he found the monkey relegated to the zoo Dermot thought his heart was broken. But it was the monkey's heart that broke. Dermot's grandfather was an Irish Protestant gentleman

*Unlike Author Joyce, who called Ireland "the old sow that eats her farrow."

*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.

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of the old school, free in his language, narrow in his conduct. His favorite expression: "I declare to me God." But it was Dermot's Uncle Ben and his family that really won him to Dublin. They were religious too, but they laughed all the time, liked to play jokes on each other and the world at large.

Dermot was an unlively, delicate boy. He found no friends his own age, but three Dublin loafers became his great cronies. They were never too busy to help him fish. Though it cramped their conversation, they scrupulously respected his innocence. When Dermot came home from school with the facts of life, they were greatly relieved, talked freely thenceforth. Only one of them worked: his self-appointed task was to break up meetings of the Salvation Army by hanging on the outskirts and muttering obscene insults. As the Army flourished his job grew harder, but he never ducked it. Most exciting adventures Dermot had in these younger years was helping to catch a conger eel and seeing a bad motorcycle smash. But Author Strong makes it appear a very good kind of life and far from dull. The War brings this pleasant reminiscence up to date with a wrench.

The Author. Leonard Alfred George Strong, like the traditional Irish literary man, lives in England. Onetime cartoonist, ballad singer, broadcaster, actor, member of the Oxford literary colony (others: Aldous Leonard Huxley, Robert Graves, Richard Hughes, Edmund Charles Blunden), schoolteacher, he now cultivates exclusively a less & thankless muse. Publisher Knopf believes in his future to such an extent that he is publishing four of Author Strong's books this year. Other books: *Dewey Rides*, *The Jealous Ghost*, *The English Captain*.

The Garden is the July choice of the Book League.

Old-Fashioned

DWARF'S BLOOD—Edith Olivier—*Viking* (\$2.50).

Nicholas was a fine figure of a man and came from an old English family, but he was born in Australia, never saw his native country till the death of his uncle left him the family estate. He fell in love with the place at sight, though it had fallen into wrack & ruin. Its restoration became his career. When he and his neighbor's daughter Alethea fell in love everybody except one disappointed suitor thought it was splendid. For a time everything went swimmingly. Alethea bore Nicholas a bouncing daughter, later a boy. When the boy turned out to be perfectly formed but a dwarf Nicholas refused to see him, hated to have him around.

Alethea could never understand the violence of Nicholas's feeling until one day his mother arrived from Australia. She was a hideous dwarf. Nicholas hated her, hated the thought that he had dwarf's blood in his veins, was morbidly afraid he himself had a dwarf's soul in a man's body. After a terrible scene Alethea took the little boy and ran away to her aunt in Germany. Though eventually she went back to her husband, for years she did not dare have her son in the same house with him. The boy grew up with a talent

for drawing; his first exhibition in London was a great success. When the War came Nicholas went to it, got through unscathed, returned to his family a wiser man. Alethea risked bringing the family together. When Nicholas saw the portrait his son had painted of Alethea his heart was changed; he realized his son was no real dwarf, but a big man.

The Author has written her tale in a manner that seems old-fashioned, courtly, Victorian when compared with contemporary styles. At times reminiscent of her friend, David Garnett, she has none of Garnett's slyness; her implications are altogether moral. Member of an old Huguenot family that has lived in England for generations, daughter of a Victorian clergyman, Edith Olivier lives in Wilton, on the edge of Salisbury Plain, in a house that was once the dairy on the Earl of Pembroke's estate. Near neighbor is Siegfried Sassoon (*Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*—TIME, Sept. 29). Authoress Olivier rarely goes to London; when she does, Sylvia Townsend Warner and many another writer are glad to see her. Other books: *The Love Child*, *As Far As Jane's Grandmother's*, *The Triumphant Footman*.

Dwarf's Blood is the July choice of the Literary Guild.

Sentiment

THE SIXTH JOURNEY—Alice Grant Rosman—Minton, Balch (\$2).

Nothing sells like sentiment. Three weeks ago Publishers Minton, Balch emitted this "Prosperity note": "Last year the American News Co. ordered 7,500 copies of [Alice Grant Rosman's] *The Young & Secret* in advance of publication; this year they have ordered 10,000 copies of *The Sixth Journey*."

Architect John Falconer had behind him a guilty secret and the beginnings of a successful career. The secret was an illegitimate daughter Judy, and his recently dead wife had discovered it, had insisted on adopting Judy as a niece. Falconer thought his wife was a saint, especially after she died. But when he met Hilary on a boat from South Africa he fell hard for her, was soon engaged.

Meantime Judy had been handed over to Falconer's unco guid sister Gertrude and was not having a very happy time of it. Judy had never been told who her real father was or what was wrong with her, but at 13 she had begun to worry. When Falconer arrived in England Judy was whisked off to a farm in the country, where she was made the slavey of an ill-natured old nurse who treated her like a moral leper. When one night in a fit of rage the nurse explained to Judy what a bastard was, told her she was it, Judy was horrified, ran away. When they finally found her, unco guiddness and her own adolescent fears had almost added her little pate; it took all of Hilary's affectionate tact to mend matters.

The Author. An Australian "of early pioneer stock" Alice Grant Rosman went to England as a young girl, has lived there ever since. She wanted to write fiction but found newspaper work better pay till 1928, when her first novel, *The Window*, went up with a bang. Other Books: *Visitors to Hugo*, *The Young & Secret*.



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